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WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED

CENTURY PATH



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A MAGAZINE

devoted to

THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY

the promulgation of

THEOSOPHY

and

The Study of Ancient and Modern

ETHICS, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND ART

Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

Vol. XIV

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Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

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No. 1

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Universities, Science, and Culture

IN the discussions as to the use of a university education and whether it fits a man for business, there is danger of losing sight of the meaning of the word "culture." And there are so many shoddy kinds of "culture" that sneers seem often justified. If culture means the amassing of a pile of mere information or the acquisition of a certain tone of manners, then perhaps it is not worth while.

But in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, entitled "The Making of the Scientific Investigator,"* a very different view is taken of culture. We cannot find space to quote much, but a few brief extracts will show the writer's point of view.

The true aim and project of the university seems to me to be, in the first instance, to help the man to find himself, and only in the second instance to educate him.

Universities arose out of the desire for freedom of thought; they were associations formed by men of eager and independent mind, to enable them to pursue their researches with mutual aid and in freedom; there was no fixed curriculum, but those who had anything to teach gathered around themselves bands of disciples. This view of the writer's throws a light on the question of the value of a university education; perhaps our university education is too much of a set curriculum; perhaps our universities are not "browsing places for the mind."

The occupation of a lifetime is not to be chosen by cold reason, but by the warmth of the heart. When friends go and the purse gets lean, a man may be kept warm by the enthusiasm for his work.

If offered the choice between a teachership which pays us \$1500 but absorbs all our time, and a graduate fellowship which only gives us \$500 but leaves our time free, we ought to choose the latter. We should not make money our prime object.

University teaching, it seems to me, should be called successful only when it helps a man to independent thinking. . . . The

Imagination, Judgment, and an Ideal
highest that graduate work can foster is independent thinking, not scholastic learning. A man may be led to knowledge, but he cannot be made to think.

There are three particular gifts that the investigator should cherish to his utmost: imagination, judgment and the maintenance of an ideal. . . .

The man of science may be very directly benefited by a study of the great poets, and he will learn thereby how close is the bond between science and art. Yet many still hold the strange idea that the

* By Thomas H. Montgomery, Jr., Professor of Zoology, University of Pennsylvania.

scientist lacks all fancy, as though he could ever explain without the help of it! He who has no gift of imagination has no place in science. . . .

Breadth of judgment may be helped by catholicity of interest. Some men seem to do their best by devoting every energy to one problem, seeing nothing outside of it. Their mind is a short-focus lens, with consequent penetration, but it can not see the garden for the weeds. . . .

Expression of contempt for any source of knowledge is an acknowledgment of ignorance. . . .

A man should keep a noble aim in sight and never let it be hidden by the clouds of circumstance. That ideal must be something much grander than any detail we have immediately in hand, our several efforts only approximations towards it. We are, it seems to me, to consider the investigations of science as all directed to one end, though no man will see its consummation, the interpretation of that great melody, the universe. Here is a subject without end, all human knowledge may be employed in its elaboration. . . . Our project is to try to decipher the nature of man and of the universe, and for this there is full need of every iota of strength and determination and talent there may be in us.

This writer begins his admirable paper by asking, How far may a man influence his character and destiny? and concludes that he can do so to a limited extent.

What will be the outcome of any individual is to greatest extent a matter of his inheritance, it is the blood that tells. All of us make our advent and helpless . . . yet no two human infants are alike . . . for because they are of different parentage they possess at the beginning different qualities. . . . The organism is much more than a set of structures and substances, it is a chain of processes linked continuously with the remote past.

In these reflections the continuity of human life is very clearly foreshadowed; but conventional philosophy (one of our hereditary limitations) denies it full expression. This clear-headed and thoughtful writer seems content to accept a single short life of seventy years as sufficient to provide us with ideals and enthusiasms, despite the presumption that the grave must bring all to a close. But it is evident that the grave is not the end of a man's earthly career; he leaves the earth with his character still in the process of molding and his ideals still unfulfilled. Even so he does enter life with a ready-formed character. The two facts must be made to explain each other. A single life is only a section of our career; that career does not begin with the cradle nor end with the grave.

The writer's assumption that man can mold his character and destiny, of course implies the admission of an independent initiative in man, a Will and an Intelligence that are not bound by hereditary conditions. Thus is the dual nature of man implied—the Ego, and

the personality. The whole philosophy of the writer becomes unintelligible except upon the assumption that Man himself is immortal throughout the incarnations. We thus see how any reasonable view of life leads inevitably to the acceptance of the true teachings regarding man's nature. The Soul is conditioned by its

The Thinker

and his

instruments

heredity, physical and otherwise. The physical heredity is that inherited by the body from its ancestry; but there are other kinds of ancestry.

Man could mold his character to much greater effect if he understood better the constitution of his own nature. The conventional theological and other ideas stand much in his way. In analysing the "mind," we fail to discriminate sufficiently between the mortal and the immortal, the personal and the universal, between the brain-mind, and the true Intellect. There is no survival for the personality, but there is for the Individuality. When we work unselfishly for a future that lies beyond the span of our present terrestrial life, we are not working for a future in which we shall have no part. This people feel intuitively, and it gives them their inspiration to work. We feel intuitively that our real Self did not come into existence out of nothing at birth, and that it cannot cease to exist at death. But we need a clearer formulation of these intuitions.

Ideals belong

to the

Divine Man

materialism and utilitarianism, and more unselfish generous working for great ideals is indeed welcome; but

it would have gained greater force if he had been able to *express* his conviction of the essential unity and immortality of Man. In short, the conventional outlook upon life fails to explain our intuitions and ideals; we know it must be wrong. Great need, then, is there for a philosophy which shall endow these convictions with reality so that they can avail to stem the growing tide of materialistic and animalistic theories of life! STUDENT

A Christian-Islâm University

Bible and Korân to be Studied Together

MOHAMMEDAN, opening a Mohammedan college in India, said:

The ideal before us is to make this institution a great center of research and learning and a source of moral influence for Mussulmans from the Atlantic to the great wall of China. . . . The object of this college is to produce men morally and intellectually equipped for developing the resources of the country and becoming captains of commerce and industry, leaders of men and moral teachers of their people. . . . Our community is not only backward morally, intellectually, and materially, but even more spiritually in the true sense. We want among students that atmosphere of self-sacrifice, true devotion, pity for suffering, that sense of dependence and responsibility toward an infinite power, the light of which can only be known through our emotions, and whose influence must permeate every moment of our lives.

In this program the distinction between sacred and secular does not seem to exist; worldly progress and moral progress are one and the same thing. The two are not kept apart, the one for Sunday and the other for week-days; religion is a part of daily life.

The tremendous influence of Theosophical thought is making its characteristic mark everywhere, but Christian missionary effort has probably contributed its share to the re-

sult. In missionary work there has been much worthy devotion, and this zeal has perhaps separated itself from its dogmatic admixture and become an independent uplifting force, combining its influence with that of the spirit of material progress and making a resultant in the direction indicated.

The quotation is from a church paper, which points out the remarkable progress Islâm is making. It has invaded China, occupied the Malay archipelago, is spreading through central Africa, and in the south of Russia. Canon Scott Holland says it has a remarkable power of taking in all the material given it, all the races with which it comes in contact, and making them its own. Everywhere it is laying hold of the people, and winning its greatest prestige where it has no political power.

But the spread of Islâm is not more remarkable than the stir that is taking place in Islâm itself; a new spirit of breadth is being preached, as against the old dogmatism. All this is calculated to make the Christian churches think—if they *do* think! What can they say about Christianity that cannot be said about Islâm? As illustrating their attitude, which is startlingly new compared to what has gone before, let us quote again.

In this movement to harmonize religious zeal with western ideas lies the present opportunity of the church of Christ. It is plain that missionary work among Mohammedans cannot be guided by traditional methods of antagonism, for Islâm stands alongside of Christianity in a battle against pantheism, atheism and idolatry. The fundamental tenets of Islâm, the one personal God and the revelation of his character as the all-merciful and yet righteous judge, is the foundation on which co-operation and mutual understanding can be effected. It has been suggested recently by Bishop Knox of Manchester, Eng., that the first method of putting the forces of Christianity in touch with Mohammedanism in a sympathetic way would be the establishment of a great Christian university at Cairo, open to students of both religions, where the lingua franca would be Arabic and where the Bible and the Korân could both be studied.

"Sakes alive!" is the only appropriate comment that comes up. It is a good old New England exclamation, and the above is quoted in the *Boston Transcript*, on the very soil where all those stern old fathers of Christian piety lived about whom we read in American literary beginnings. Is it not enough to make them all turn in their graves to hear of a college where the Bible and the — but no, it is too much; the blasphemy will not pass our lips. It appears that the wonderful evolution that went on among those early settlers has not come to a stop yet. The erstwhile foes, having sharpened their swords on each other, have become comrades in arms against a common foe which each has at last detected in his own ranks. Instead of Christianity plus materialism, fighting Islâm plus materialism, it is now Christianity and Islâm fighting materialism.

And the writer talks of Islâm attempting to harmonize religious zeal with western ideas. So western ideas are in need of such harmonizing? And the Mohammedans are trying to harmonize them for us — trying to make our ideals religious? And Christianity sees its opportunity in this attempt on the part of Islâm? What opportunity? The opportunity to push Christianity? Not so, all that is abandoned; the opportunity to found a college to study

English and Arabic, the Bible and the Korân.

True, the wish to vindicate the paramountcy of Christianity yet lurks; but that wish will yield good fruit; for such paramountcy can be established by no other means than merit. We cannot now establish Christianity by the sword nor by superiority in trade or learning; because other nations are matching us in these accomplishments. So we must try it by persuasion, and it will be necessary to produce our very best brand of Christianity. But suppose the Cairo college should turn the Christians into Muslims. Is it not rather a risky experiment?

Well, we have the Cross and Crescent allying themselves; now we only need the *Solar Disk*, and then we shall have the complete Mercury symbol of the Divine man. So we had better try the Pârsis next. STUDENT

The Ancient Constellation Figures

ONE of the temporary results of the wave of materialism from which science is just beginning to emerge, has been the tendency to eliminate constellation figures and star-names from text-books and atlases. Let us hope that this will not last long, for it will be found that there are important clues to past history hidden in all these diagrams and names. An incident occurred, when the "nineteenth" century was in its teens, which is perhaps not very widely known. A high French Mason arrived in London to consult the Grand Masters of England and Denmark. The latter, however, could not attend owing to ill-health, and after a protracted delay the former had to return to France. He was to have initiated the M. W. G. M. of England into certain mysteries. He brought with him a set of celestial charts, with figures beautifully drawn and highly emblazoned. In 1822 a valuable star-atlas and catalog was published in London by one Alexander Jamieson, containing beautifully colored and carefully drawn constellation figures. In 1850 inquiry was made of Neele, then a very old man, in the hope of discovering from whence were the originals. He said that the originals were very large, that he and his son had to reduce them according to a scale given by Jamieson, and that they were splendidly drawn and highly emblazoned, and to use Neele's own words, "seemed to be foreign monkish charts." The picturing of the originals was copied very carefully.

The *ancient* constellations outlined on these charts are as follows: Cassiopeia, Andromeda, Pisces, Cetus, Phoenix, Triangula, Aries, Eridanus, Perseus, Caput Medusae, Horologium, Taurus, Auriga, Orion, Lepus, Caela Sculptoria, Lynx, Gemini, Canis Major, Canis Minor, Argo Navis, Ursa Major, Cancer, Le Chat, Hydra, Leo Minor, Leo, Draco, Crater, Centaurus, Coma Berenices, Virgo, Corvus, Canes Venatici, Boötes, Libra, Circinus, Ursa Minor, Serpens, Mons Maenalus, Lupus, Scorpius, Corona Borealis, Hercules, Ophiuchus, Ara, Sagittarius, Lyra, Aquila, Antinöus, Corona Australis, Cygnus, Sagitta, Capricornus, Cepheus, Delphinus, Equuleus, Aquarius, Pegasus, Piscis Australis. The three double turns of Draco seem to symbolize the three inversions of the poles (vide *The Secret Doctrine*). There was a way of applying the Triple Tau to these charts, belonging to Chaldaea, or Medea, or more probably, Atlantis — but the names were different. STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Melody in Words

THE *Westminster Gazette* has been trying to get its readers to solve the problem of verbal beauty, of the beauty intrinsic in words, to send in their samples of words that to them seem beautiful. The critic William Archer commenting on the whole result, thinks that no words are intrinsically beautiful—at any rate that the intrinsic element of beauty is very slight, any considerable beauty depending on meaning and association.

In a small minority of words which are wholly or partly onomatopoeic [that is, imitative of the sound of which they are the name, like *grunt*] the meaning is not, so to speak, detachable; but in the great majority it is, and when once the meaning is detached we see that all appreciable aesthetic quality has departed with it.

No real laws of verbal beauty have yet been systematized, hardly even searched for. But they must exist, and words must be beautiful, despite Mr. Archer.

A word is not beautiful when it has a number of sharp consonants breaking it into two or three bits of which each contains a thin or short vowel. When it seems so, association is confusing the issue. Most people would think a *bickering brook* contains two pretty words. This is association; the words are not pretty. Omit one of the two consonants merely; read, a *bickering book*. On the other hand, are not *Angioma* and *Erythema* graceful and beautiful words?—till you know their meaning, for one is a tumor and the other a skin disease!

Why are they beautiful and why are the other two, altered or not, ugly? Why is *Aeonian* and why *Aeolian* beautiful? Try the first with the *ōn* syllable pronounced as if it were the preposition *ōn*, and the second with *ōl* sounded as in *Oliver*. The beauty has mostly gone with the shortening of the vowel.

Whence we reach the rule that a beautiful word must have at least one large stressed vowel.

Now consider how much inferior is the word *Ethiopian* to the possible word *Ethionian* or *Etheomian*. In a perfectly beautiful word the long vowel will be followed by one of those consonants that permit of the continuance of the voice—*l, m, n, r, z*. Sharp *s* is not in this group, for though it does not close up the syllable like a *p* or *t*, it prolongs it by a hiss. The letter *z* in our list includes of course the blunt *s*, as in *rose*, where the voice continues.

The reason underlying this rule of beauty is that the long vowel, floating out upon one of the fluid consonants, *permits the voice to introduce feeling*. And there is even time for the feeling, and consequently the note and harmonics, to change a little as the vowel goes on. Doubly is this true where there are two vowels, one leading into the other, as in *Aeolian*, especially where the first is one of the thin ones, *ee* and *oo*, expanding into one of the larger ones, *ah* and *oh*.

To sum up, we should say that the absolutely beautiful word flows through its vowels, unbroken by one of the cutting consonants; that the first and last vowels are thin or

short, though the last should not be *cut* short, the middle one being full and open. Feeling begins with the first, reaches its fullness on the middle and dies away on the third—if third there be. If not, the second must be prolonged. The words *Aeolian* and *Aeonian* exactly satisfy these requirements. *Rose* is beautiful, for the *o* can be given its own introduction and gradual close. *Rosy* is less so, for the short final *y* makes an abrupt, not gradual, finish. *Roseate* is better, for the *two* short vowels permit of the final shading away. *Roseal*, used by one or two poets, is best of all, for the final *l*, unlike the *t* or *y*, permits the voice to finish when and how it likes.

STUDENT

Physical Degeneracy

A JUST issued census bulletin ought to be giving some of the biologists a bad time. For it shows that the deathrate, which for 1908 was 15.4 per 1000, was only 15 for 1909. Preventive and curative medicine is having some little victories.

Nature's way is to kill the weaklings, if possible before they can reach parenthood. Only the strong survive and the health of the species is thus maintained or bettered. A falling deathrate in the human species, when the fall is due to the skill of the doctors, is therefore surely a calamity. The weakly infant and the consumptive young man should, if anything, be encouraged to die.

But the human species differs from the animal in that it is itself *by its own habits* the continuous producer of its own failures. Its failures, its weaklings, are an artificial production, the artifice having nothing in the least mysterious about it. If they were all wiped out tomorrow by some omnipotent Herod, leaving only the ideally healthy, another generation would see exactly the same situation reproduced. For the causes of the weakness are hardly more in the weak than in the rest. The weak are merely manifestation points. The habits leading to physical degeneracy exist uniformly throughout society. At some locus of extra pressure, at some focus of extra convergence, they manifest. Make a list of the negative and positive habits that would have to be adopted to secure perfect health, going into the matter thoroughly, omitting nothing; add to these the habit of mental serenity, content, good feeling toward all others—and then ask where, in what level of society, in what single family or life all the rules coming into view are complied with? Complied with! Ask in what level of society some of the most urgent of them—and though urgent, never mentioned—are not grossly violated. Consider whether the general keynote be not *license*, heard first in the lives of the children who may eat what they like when they like, and sounded more and more strongly as the years go on. There is complaint at the marriage of the man whose youth has been touched with consumption. At that of the man whose youth has been touched with *moral* disease, so long as there are no overt signs, nothing physical, we say nothing.

Then consider whether, when your Herod has done his work, that social pressure—outcome of greed—which forces a large proportion of society down below the point at which hygienic living is possible, at which the mere knowing about it is possible, whether that would have ceased.

STUDENT

Bacon Again

ENGLAND, we learn, has made up its mind that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. We learn it from Sir Edwin Durnin-Lawrence, who, in a book just issued, clinches the proof.

England is now declining any longer to dishonor and defame the greatest genius of all time by continuing to identify him with the mean, drunken, ignorant, and absolutely unlettered rustic of Stratford, who never in his life wrote so much as his own name, and in all probability was totally unable to read one single line of print.

That bit of rhetoric is not, however, the clinch. The clinch comes from the mouth of the clown in *Love's Labour's Lost* when he utters the noble word *honorificabilitudinitatibus*. The word had been in print long before, but Bacon, ever studying how to slip in his name unbeknownst—if indeed he might not be said rather to write his plays round cyphers than to put cyphers into his plays—saw his chance. Sitting up several nights in succession with pen and paper he ascertained that the letters of this word could be arranged so as to read *Hi ludi F Baconis nati tui tui orbi*, a piece of bad Latin badly scanning which translates *These plays F Bacon's offspring are preserved for the world*.

Could anything be more convincing? With one accord England says no. She had been nearly convinced before. The only thing that troubled her was that by the use of the proper methods, those pursued by such success by the Baconians, Bacon's signature had been found in *The Light of Asia*, a Tibetan grammar, the bill of fare of a German restaurant, and Gray's *Elegy*; whilst another researcher showed that Milton had written the tales of Boccaccio, and Charles II *Paradise Lost*.

But in case anyone were not yet convinced there is more. Take the initial and final letters of the words, give them numbers corresponding to their place in the alphabet, and add them up. They come to 136 *which is the page in the first folio where the word occurs*. Treat all the letters in the same way and the sum is 287. But Ben Jonson's tribute to Shakespeare—which of course was really Bacon's, another deep ruse—when cooked a little, turns out to have 287 letters! And, says *The Evening Post* of New York,

of course the real test in this evidence is the still more startling thought that such a discovery should have been made exactly 287 years after the first folio appeared.

After this we must give way. We will devote ourselves henceforth, not to reading the plays but to searching in them for more and more places in which Bacon buried his irrepressible name. But what a fortune he could have made as editor of the Young Folk's Puzzle Column in a weekly paper! STUDENT

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

Prehistoric City in Guerrero, Mexico

A REPORT in the *Mexican Daily Record*, Sept. 30, describes a discovery of the ruins of a large ancient city on the Balsas River, in the state of Guerrero. In the valley of Placeres del Oro to Coyuca de Catalan, and from that point down the river to Zirandaro, there are remains of thousands of dwellings, and scores of pyramids from 20 to 100 feet high.

It has been the general belief that the races preceding the Aztecs in this region were barbarians, and that the cultured peoples lived at Mitla, Palenque, etc. Now comes this revelation that there were cultured people here.

At a point where the river had eroded a channel some 65 feet deep, an archaeological party uncovered a pyramid, the center of a city covering some twenty kilometers of ruins. So this site had been first buried then excavated by slow natural processes. In the heart of the pyramid were found what are supposed to be the remains of the king or chief whose tomb it was —

a few bones such as might be left over from cremation, in a carved stone receptacle; on stone shelves were packed dress ornaments of shell; a beautifully carved casket contained the teeth, and obsidian and jade tools lay around.

But the chief discovery was two great tablets of stone, 28 by 18 by 2 inches. On each are three faces; on one tablet the mouth is closed, on the other it is open. Circling each head is a double-tongued serpent; on the tablet with the open mouths, the serpent approaches the face, on the other it recedes. Bordering the tablets are entwined serpents and hieroglyphics like the markings made by Navajos.

For a distance of three square miles are great buildings made of boulders, and within this space alone are ten pyramids; the largest is close on 300 feet square, sloping in terraces to nearly 90 feet. Masses of diorite covered with hieroglyphics are found in the ruins. In one pyramid there is an old excavation about 15 feet from the surface, and plastered walls can be seen; the local Indians say apartments containing golden images were found.

Thus accumulate the records of prehistoric American civilization, belonging to that mysterious age of zodiacs and hieroglyphic language which seems to have existed on both sides of the Atlantic. At present the great body of modern scholarship is hardly awake to the existence of these previous volumes in the book of humanity. STUDENT



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

STANDING STONES OF CALLERNISH, ISLE OF LEWIS, SCOTLAND

Reproduced by permission of Valentine and Sons, Ltd., Dundee

Standing Stones of Callernish

ANOTHER illustration of these appeared on Sept. 25. The most remarkable feature is that the circle, 63 feet in diameter, has 12 stones with a large central obelisk; these are supposed to represent the sun and the 12 signs of the zodiac. From this circle four lines of stones extend to the cardinal points; one of these lines is double, and twice the length of the other three. No one, however, would be so foolish as to suppose that Christianity is here signified; these stones must be incomparably older than that. The fact is that the symbol is quite one of the familiar ancient geometrical ones. It is related to the cube, and is made by opening out a cardboard cube. H.

Bible and Archaeology

RECENTLY we had occasion to mention in the CENTURY PATH the efforts of some evangelists to strengthen faith in the Bible by adducing a number of proofs of its partial accuracy in archaeological and historical matters. What was really proved was that the Bible is not always wrong, but quite often right, on these points; so that it takes rank among a vast number of other books which are also partially right and partially wrong in their history and archaeology. Thus a very poor case is made out for the Bible; and the argument is even likely to shake faith in the minds of those who had not doubted or who had supposed that the Bible did not

stand in need of vindication by such a precarious method.

We find the same thing again in a newspaper, which says that the era of absolute faith in the Bible, which obtained in the time of such men as Cotton Mather and Alexander Cruden, was succeeded by a wave of criticism which denied many things; and that this wave has been succeeded by a still later wave that has re-established the authenticity of many Biblical statements. The Hittites are no longer regarded as a Biblical invention, but are shown to have existed by the discoveries of Garstang and others in Asia Minor; and so with Assyrian lore and other points mentioned. But how does all this justify the statement that —

The value of Holy Writ, even in a historical sense, is clearly proved, and as further explorations are made it is safe to assume that other corroborative facts will come to light to strengthen the faith of the scientist and the archaeologist, as well as the faith of the humble spiritual believer, in what that "grand old man," Gladstone, has denominated "the impregnable rock of holy Scripture."

The worst is that the Bible shares this advantage in company with so many other religious books, so that any argument which applies to the former applies to the latter. Buddhism, Hindûism, Confucianism, etc., could be vindicated in the same way. It is not well to make the Bible stand on its weakest leg. The temple does not need any buttresses if its foundations are safe. STUDENT

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

The World of the Atom

SCIENCE has discovered the solar system in the atom, or rather, discovered the atom as a solar system—except that it knows as yet of no sun. There are planets and comets, but the source of the power that keeps them cycling in their orbits is not revealed.

The atom is an imaginary sphere just as the solar system is. That is, its boundary is merely the distance outside which the contained electrons—the planets and comets, on the greater scale—do not go, within which they circle. An eminent physicist remarks:

In the solar system the diameter of the earth is 1/24000 part of its orbit round the sun. Consequently if the earth represented an electron, an atom would occupy a sphere with the sun as center and four times the distance of the earth as radius. In other words, if an average atom is composed of electrons, they are about as far apart in that atom in proportion to their size as the planets in the solar system are in proportion to their size.

In the lightest atom known to us, that of hydrogen, there are at least 700 electrons—a populous solar system. They are revolving in orbits. As it is an almost infinitely small solar system, so the time of revolution is almost infinitely small. But it is not so small as to be out of range of counting. We know the rate of light waves in the ether. Science counts that of red light as four-hundred trillion per second. Since each revolution of an electron generates a wave, the revolutions of the electrons round their center in a red hot atom must be of that rate. Atoms are not always red hot, but the calculation gives us some idea of the rapidity of motion within it and of the amount of energy we should have at command if we knew of any method of breaking up an atom.

Not all of these little planets, as we should expect, are revolving at the same rate around their centers, any more than Mercury revolves around the sun at the same rate as Mars. If we examine the light coming from a glowing atom of, say gold, we find that it contains rays of all the colors, but some of them much stronger than others. The spectrum of sodium or mercury will again be different. And the difference is so definite for the different elements that this method of making them glow, splitting their light into a band or spectrum by means of a prism, and noting the peculiarities, constitutes a test for the presence of very minute quantities of them. The electrons, as far as is known, are all the same, luminous electric points. The elements of chemistry differ one from another in respect of the number of electrons their atoms contain and the relative rapidities of the ether-disturbing whirl which the electrons keep up.

A current of electrons, when *not* bound in an atom but running free, constitutes a current of electricity. And they are all electro-negative in character. The positive pole of a battery is merely the pole from which a stream of these are emerging. Of positive electricity, strictly speaking, nothing is known.

The hypothetical center of the atom, its not yet discovered sun, is supposed to be a charge of this, or to be charged with this; and hence

his attraction for his planets. But he has never yet been isolated and made to show his properties.

Imagination must be allowed a little play. Are there beings to whom our solar system is an atom, one of countless which they study *en masse* and as to the habitability of which they may possibly speculate? And at the other pole, are there inhabitants on the little "planets" in the atom, little beings who look on at their sunrises and sunsets, their eclipses and comets? We shall never know till we can alter the key of our consciousness at will, harmonizing it to the whole keyboard of the universe instead of but to our one octave. We have not yet sympathy enough, the power of feeling-like.

STUDENT

Magnetic Astrology

ARE there electric charges on the sun corresponding to the planets and following the planets round? There are at any rate some phenomena which suggest it.

When two dissimilar bodies are pressed together and then separated, they are

in general united more or less permanently by lines of force, the region between them being in a state of tension along the lines and of pressure at right angles.

The tension along the lines tends to bring the two bodies nearer; that is, they attract each other. The pressure at right angles, that is the repulsion of the lines for each other, would give the figure of force, if it could be seen, a spindle shape.

If the sun and planets were ever parts of one mass, then the separation of the mass would involve the existence of such figures of force connecting all of them with all of the others. The attraction would not be identical with, but in addition to, gravitational attraction. There are several kinds of cohesion or attraction:—that of molecules for molecules, which gives the quality of solidity; that of atoms for atoms, chemical attraction; that among the electrons within the atom, maintaining the being of the atom; ordinary magnetic attraction; the attraction of opposite electrical charges; that of parallel electrical currents; and gravity. The reduction of them all to one principle will doubtless be some day completed.

Everybody now knows of sun-spots and their 11-year cycle of maximum presence and activity. They are near the sun's equator and of course share in the sun's 26-day rotation. When they come within shortest range of either or both of the two inner planets they are perceptibly affected. Moving from left to right across the disk of the sun, we can see, observing them from our planet, that when Venus or Mercury is to the right of the disk they diminish in size as they approach it; when the planet is to the left they increase as they pass to the right; when the planet is fully behind, and so 180° from the center of our side of the disk, they are at their greatest. Says Balfour Stewart:

In fine they are least in the immediate neighborhood of Venus or Mercury and greatest when that

portion of the sun to which they are attached is carried by rotation to the position furthest from the influential planet.

But it is more than probable that there are figures of force of this kind between all the planets and between each of them and the sun, making the solar system one whole. The full knowledge of these figures, with their varying angles to each other, their concurrences and oppositions, would constitute a sort of electro-magnetic astrology.

STUDENT

The Cleaner Way

VIVISECTIONISTS make much capital of the doctrine of cerebral localization, whose facts were partly discovered by the practice of their art. Certain areas of the brain surface correspond to certain powers of synthetic movement and to certain sensations. Through this discovery surgery has a good many lives to its credit. Symptoms, paralysis of motion or sensation, may sometimes indicate where an abscess is forming, where a spicule of bone is pressing, or what not. Opening the skull at the place thus indicated, a cure may be made. Has not the vivisection of Ferrier and others been thus justified of her children? And is not all further vivisection justified in advance?

But the same discovery not only might have been but was made in another way, without vivisection or pain and not only by but *on* the investigators.

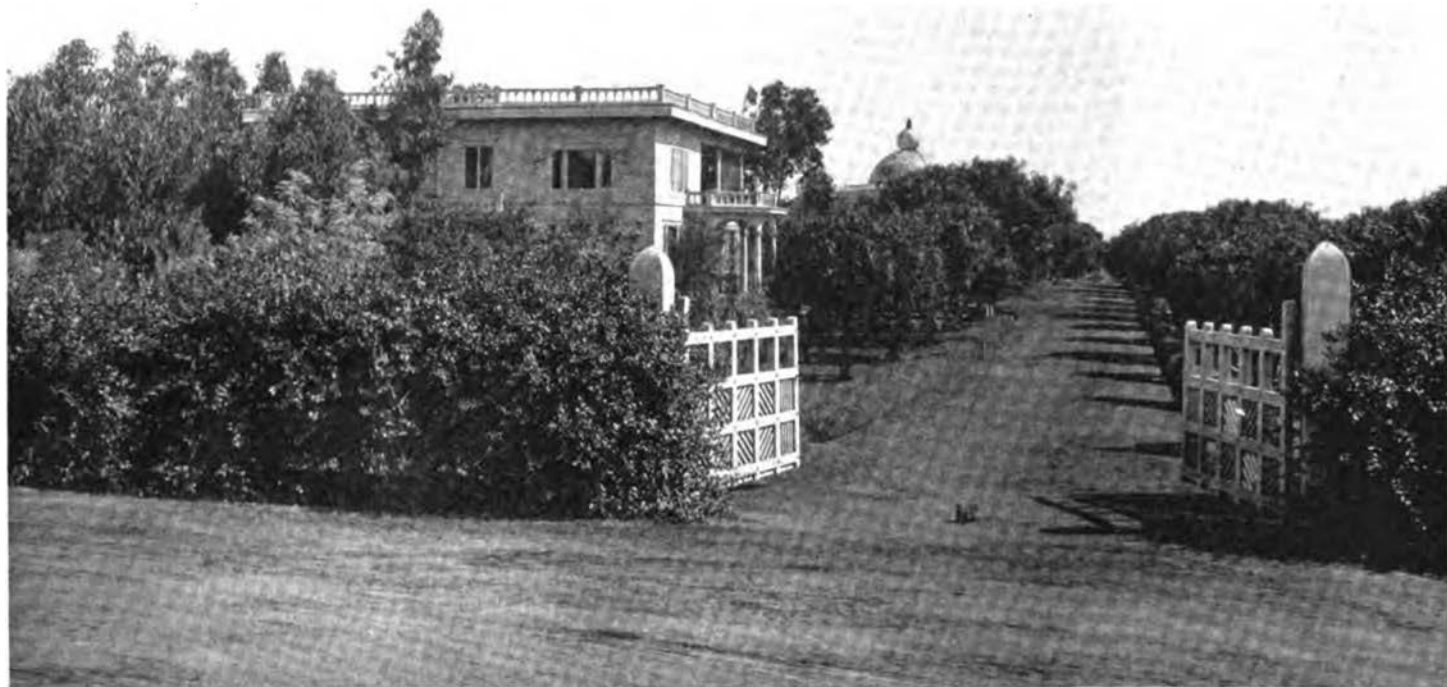
Physiology knows that every sort of brain exertion raises the temperature of the brain as a whole, or of that part of it especially concerned, the rise sometimes reaching a degree F. Thirty years ago Amidon made some careful studies around this general fact. Says James (*Psychology*):

Applying a number of delicate surface-thermometers simultaneously against the scalp, he found that when different muscles of the body were made to contract vigorously for ten minutes or more, different regions of the scalp rose in temperature, that the regions were well focalized, and that the rise of temperature was often considerably over a Fahrenheit degree. As a result of his investigations he gives a diagram in which numbered regions represent the areas of highest temperature for the various special movements which were investigated. To a large extent they correspond to the centers for the same movements assigned by Ferrier and others on other grounds; only they cover more of the skull.

They do not correspond exactly because Ferrier's work was done on dogs and monkeys. If to these researches of Amidon we add those of the post-mortem room, that is, if we consider all the knowledge resulting from the examination of the brains of those who have died manifesting certain symptoms of paralysis, we have the entire body of localization facts otherwise reached by vivisection.

We venture to assert that there is no knowledge now in the possession of physiology which might not have been—or has not been—obtained without vivisection: and further, that had the time and energy spent in vivisection been otherwise used, physiology and medicine would stand far in advance of where they now are.

M. D.



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ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA

Bee Visitors

IT is never safe to be without a small bottle of sugar solution, otherwise you may find yourself in the awkward position of having nothing to offer the bees which find their way from time to time into your room. This morning a melancholy buzzing called my attention to the fact that a honey-bee was trying to force her way to freedom through my window pane. By a little tact and cautious management she was easily persuaded to step on to a piece of cloth and of course the next thing was to offer her the wet cork of the sugar bottle to suck. In the twinkling of an eye she protruded her long, red, hollow tongue and very soon she had pumped up a large drop into her capacious crop. As she drank she scraped her legs together and then groomed her sides clean from all adhering dust. She was very beautiful, a perfect harmony of brown and gray fur finely contrasted with her glossy black legs that fairly glittered in the strong sunshine. Her smooth brown eyes beamed with silent satisfaction, and all the while the pliable tongue was busily stirring in the syrup. At last when fully loaded she rose in the air and buzzed in little circles round my hand. The circles now took on a wider swing until she seemed to have impressed the hospitable locality upon her mind, when she made the proverbial "bee-line" for home.

The writer has fed many a score of bees and they have always behaved like ladies. When a bee receives the offer of a drop of syrup on a comfortable steady finger why should she waste "the shining hour" in sting-

**MAGNA EST VERITAS, ET
PRAEVALEBIT****AGAINST the threats**

Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm:
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled:
Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness.

From Milton's *Comus*

ing? She employs her time to better advantage. There is many a worthy Theosophist who reads with solemn approval in his *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* about being "the friend of all creatures" and yet has never had the elementary courtesy to offer hospitality to the bees who blunder into his house in the summer. By all means read your *Gîtâ*; but don't forget the syrup bottle. STUDENT

Wood for Matches

FROM a Forest Service Bulletin we learn that the civilized world strikes three million matches a minute. From the same source we also learn that seven billion are struck in a year. Calculation shows us that in an ordinary Julian year there are 525,960 minutes, which gives 1,577,880,000,000 or over one and a half trillion matches. The error of calculation is over twenty-two thousand per cent, which shows what a vague idea

people have of the meaning of large figures; for "seven billion is the enormous number for the entire year," says the recorder, little recking that he has got the number two hundred and twenty times too small.

Those living under the American flag are said to be responsible for half the amount. The recorder wonders whether people would smoke less if they had to coax a spark from tinder every time they wanted a cigar light; or whether they would smoke more so as not to let their fire go out. Undoubtedly they would smoke less. But the demand for matches is over-stimulated by the supply. As long as we have only to take out our match-box and strike, we will do so, not even caring whether we waste two or three where a little care would have made one suffice. But limit our supply, and we can get along just as well on a small fraction of the number. So we could get along without any, as men have done before and still do now in many places.

We understand that the match is not a by-product of manufacture, but a main product, the by-products in many factories being such trifles as doors and window-sashes. The most suitable trees are the pines, linden, aspen, white cedar, poplar, birch, and willow. A rapid increase in stumpage prices has taken place, and this leads to the more economical use of forests. It may be remarked that wood is by no means the only substance usable or used for match-sticks: waxed thread is largely used in Europe. Tooth-picks are another article made of fine wood, on which great economy could be effected. TRAVERS



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:
My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly, if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

Religion

IN thinking over the subject of Religion one is forced to the conclusion that there is a vast distinction between Religion and the creeds. The derivation of the two words gives a hint of the difference, the underlying idea of Religion being something which binds men together in Unity, while a Creed is merely something believed and has always proved itself a separative force, as witness the thousand creeds of today. Creeds tend always to concrete fixed forms of dogmatic belief. While the religious sense is a universal intuitive perception of the solidarity and divinity of Humanity, an innate reverence for that Abstract Spiritual Power that is felt to lie at the back of all things, opening up the way for a conception of Universal Brotherhood on earth.

In her great work *The Secret Doctrine* Madame H. P. Blavatsky treats in a very instructive and interesting manner, of Religion itself and the origin of the exoteric formalistic and ritualistic religions of the world, that came later.

Theosophy teaches that Evolution proceeds through Seven Great Races of Mankind which succeed each other, placing the origin of man, as we know him now, a sevenfold being, many millions of years ago, when the physical animal form received the incarnating spiritual Ray, the gift of Mind, making him a *Self-conscious* being—from his *Spiritual* progenitors, in the middle of the Third Great Race. We men of today are of the Fifth Race and between that day, and now, two continents have risen and sunk. The Third Race men are called Lemurians and their continent was in part where the Indian Ocean now rolls, but also included Australia, and part of California, and what is now the Pacific Ocean.

Speaking of this Race, Madame Blavatsky says (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 272):

No sooner had the mental age of man been opened to understanding, than the Third Race felt itself one with the ever-present as the ever to be unknown and invisible ALL, the One Universal Deity. Endowed with divine powers, and feeling in himself his *inner* God, each felt he was a Man-God in his nature, though an animal in his physical Self. . . . At the dawn of his consciousness, the man . . . had no beliefs that could be called *religion*. That is to say he was equally as ignorant of "gay religions, full of pomp and gold" as of any system of faith or outward worship. But if the term is to be defined as the binding together of the masses in one form of reverence paid to those we feel higher than ourselves, of piety—as a feeling expressed by a child toward a loved parent—then even the earliest Lemurians had a religion—and a most beautiful one—from the very beginning of their intellectual life. . . . It was the "Golden Age" in those days of old, the age when the "gods walked the earth, and mixed freely with mortals."

the only divine manifestation, is the one ennobling religion of Humanity.

We catch the echoes of these primeval spiritual Truths in the teachings of the Founders of the World's Religions, and we learn in Theosophy that the Spiritual Teachers of the Race all belong to that Inner Body of the Custodians of the Truth—the Wisdom-Religion—giving out so much of it as the Age could assimilate. Once more the Custodians have sent forth their Messengers, and the Ancient Truths have been given expression to in Theosophy that the *true religious spirit* may dwell again amongst men; that they may search out the teachings of their respective Saviors, Buddha, Jesus, Zoroaster, Krishna, Lao-Tze, and *follow the Path they show*; learning meanwhile that the Truths they teach are Universal, and the Path is *One*. E. I. W.



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PALACE OF DIAZ GANA (PRIVATE RESIDENCE), SANTIAGO, CHILE

Since then the Gods departed (i. e. became invisible). She further says:

When moved by the law of evolution the sons of Wisdom infused into him (man) the spark of consciousness, the first feeling it awoke to life and activity was a sense of solidarity, of one-ness with his Spiritual creators.

And *The Secret Doctrine* shows how from the time humanity became self-conscious, the struggle on earth for the supremacy of spirit over matter, or matter over spirit began. Those who early conquered the material element in them, became the Custodians for future Humanity of the Truth about nature and man. The less successful turned in time to the worship of Form, they *deified Matter*, and sowed the seeds in those "more than prehistoric days" of the later exoteric ritualistic religious creeds which have done so much harm in the world through divorcing man's thoughts from his Unity with Divinity—his *inner* God, and from Nature as its manifestation; for as Madame Blavatsky beautifully expresses it:

The silent worship of abstract or *noumenal* Nature,

The Power That is in Us

HOW little do we realize the power that is in us! For so long have we been taught to look outside for aid, and away from the guiding power of our own divinity, that we play false to our possibilities in some particular almost every day of our lives, shrinking both in thought and action from the very real responsibility that is ours.

But need we continue to do this? Need we bind ourselves hand and foot, so to say, to our past weaknesses?

Theosophy emphatically answers, No! showing us at the same time that to get rid of our failings we must bestir ourselves, for no outside power can live our lives for us, or do our work. There is no other way to fulfil our destiny as human beings, than by striving to make manifest the inner Divinity that is in the heart of each of us. To take but one step on that path clears away a little the veil from before our eyes that hides the light. It is in this way alone that true evolution proceeds, through the Divine Power that is within. W.

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Russell

Question Since no great unanimity in opinion exists as to what is Truth, where can we find a solid foundation upon which to build the religion of the ages, which shall be a permanent form for the faith of the people? We must have something solid to build upon.

Answer It is perhaps natural for a materialistic people to look for a solid foundation upon which to build, and we find that this idea of the value of a solid foundation for a building is used as a symbol in itself for wisdom and good sense, and is thus familiar to those nations that do not live in earthquake zones; but it would be interesting to know if it is as commonly used in the literature of a country like Japan, where the earth is so constantly shaken by earthquakes that the people have been forced to find something more stable than the earth to which to anchor their structures. That seems at first a hard proposition, but it is solved by a recognition of the fact that the greatest stability lies in the enormous power of "inertia," and it is to this that the Japanese architect anchors his floating structure. He piles all the weight possible on the roof, thereby raising the center of gravity above the area of disturbance, which is the surface of the earth, and supports the whole upon light legs balanced upon smooth and slightly convex surfaces. These latter being in the ground move first when there is an earth tremor, and so rapid is the motion that the building above is undisturbed, remaining in place by virtue of its own inertia, while the foundations move around under the supporting posts. Thus the real foundation upon which the building depends may be said to be up in the air. The center of gravity is anchored to inertia, if I may say so.

But in countries more free from earthquakes, people are not easily persuaded that the earth is a fluid body subject to constant change in all its parts; it is so typical to them of the foundation of things that it must ever stand as the very emblem of solidity so long as the idea of solidity remains fixed in the popular mind. The popular mind at present undoubtedly tends towards that kind of materialism that demands a solid basis for any superstructure whether it be material or mental. At a time when the mind of the people was deeply steeped in religious mysticism or even in mere superstition, then it was quite different; the basis of life in that case was some abstraction, a mystery, the unknown, the marvelous. The improbable was almost needed to make any idea acceptable, and the element of wonder and of awe entered largely into all conceptions of life, colored all the thoughts of the people and consequently made all history and tradition for them more or less fabulous. But when materialism is the key note of the thought of the age then the wonderful and the improbable disappear and the traditions that cannot be made to fit into the measure of probability are utterly discarded.

Now today the popular mind tends to this attitude, and consequently religion is changing its character or being entirely repudiated by great masses of people, while at the same time a desperate effort is being made by orthodox religions to show that the faith in the miraculous basis of their creed is as vigorous

as ever. But the first fruits of our Occidental system of education are to be seen in a general decay of mysticism and a widespread agnosticism which being but a negative condition leaves the people open to any influence that is active at the time, and the most active for some time has been the influence of materialism.

The tendency is to look for a solid foundation upon which to build, and to believe that there is such a thing to be found in the mental and material world. But science has rapidly passed from the first stage of speculation upon the unknown, through the temporary hallucination which led to positive assertion and equally positive negation, upon which popular materialism now rests, to the present stage of metaphysical speculation, which approaches

self of man anchored to the Spiritual Self which is universal. Thus the basis of the religion you would build must be in the spiritual universal self, and all lesser selves must find their root there or perish in the shocks and cataclysms of the ceaseless changes of form in the material world, where all is in an eternal state of growth, decay, and renewal. This is the doctrine of the Christ, of the Buddha, of Krishna, and of all Spiritual Teachers; it is the doctrine of Theosophy.

I am that which began,
Out of me the years roll,
Out of me god and man,
I am equal and whole;
God changes and man, and the form of them bodily;
I am the Soul.

(From *Hertha*)
STUDENT



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ENVIRONS OF PLESTIN-LES-GRÈVES, CÔTES DU NORD, FRANCE

The Beach and the Hotels

rapidly to the standpoint of the ancient mystic philosopher. Advanced science has almost arrived at the point of making the real basis of matter immaterial, (they still kick at the word spiritual). Already some are beginning to see that there is no ultimate in matter, and to these the further illumination that Theosophy contains must soon make an irresistible appeal. But the people have not yet arrived at this position, they are just trying to assimilate what the advanced science has already rejected, and so the popular attitude is materialistic in the ordinary sense, and while many feel the need of some system of thought or of some religion that will give them help and hope in life and some explanation of the eternal problems of life and death and the beyond, yet they dare not trust their own intuition because they think they must first find a solid foundation of fact upon which to build. But there is no solidity in mere facts, as there is no permanent stability in the earth.

The only thing we know for certain is the reality (to us) of our own self; that is what all else is referred to; and it is that upon which our life is built, and, like the building referred to, it has its center of gravity well up above the ground, where the vibrations and shocks of the restless earth can not shake it, if the structure is not too solidly rooted in the earth itself. Like the center of gravity of the building anchored to inertia, so is the

THE THEOSOPHICAL ADDRESS AT ISIS THEATER

THE meeting of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY at Isis Theater last evening was a most interesting and delightful one in every respect. An address written by Rev. S. J. Neill of the Literary Staff at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, was read by Miss Elizabeth Bonn, on "Theosophical Thoughts from Famous Authors." Many quotations were given both from ancient and modern writers, such as Wordsworth, Carlyle, Bailey, Shakespeare, Emerson, of the moderns, and Plato, Cicero, Chrysostom, St. Paul, as well as many others of the ancients, showing that the great Theosophical teachings especially of Reincarnation and Karma, and the real nature and Divinity of Man have been very widely held by the greatest thinkers of the ages.

A well-rendered and delightful music program was given by some of the Râja Yoga students of the Isis Conservatory of Music, this including First Movement from Quartet by Schumann, piano and strings; violin solo, "Méditation" from *Thaïs*, Massenet; *Sérénade*, Moszkowsky, piano and strings.—San Diego Union

Note. The full address will be published in next issue of the CENTURY PATH, and we therefore do not quote from it here.

REMEMBER that to change thy opinion and to follow him who corrects thy error is as consistent with freedom as it is to persist in thy error. For it is thy own, the activity which is exerted according to thy own movement and judgment, and indeed according to thy own understanding too.—*Marcus Aurelius*

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

Omar's Wine Divine

FROM time to time voices are lifted up against Omar Khayyam in the press both here and in England; in spite of the idea that has been put forward that his poem is symbolic, like the work of nearly all the Persian poets. With these latter, who belonged to the Sûfi school of mystics, wine was the symbol of that meditation by which, as they taught, a man can become at one with the Divine Self within him, the Self of the world and of humanity; but then, it is asserted that Omar did not belong to the Sûfi sect; and most people hold that his wine did actually mean the juice of the grape, and that his doctrine was no better than it seems at the most casual reading.

The wise thing would be to see how far the higher meaning can be applied to Omar's writings; and not to judge him until after a careful examination. Often we find him condemned chiefly on the strength of this verse:

Into this Universe and why not knowing,
I came like water, willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as wind along the waste,
I knew not whither, willy-nilly blowing.

Now it is never fair to take a passage out of its context, and judge the writer on its merits alone. Here are the verses that precede. Omar has been speaking of the conclusions of the science and religion of his day, and setting them against the conclusions of his own doctrine of the wine. Then he says:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

Which, paraphrased, amounts to this:

"When I was young I made full trial of both science and religion, and heard all the arguments of both, and learned nothing satisfying."

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make
it grow;
And this was all the harvest that I reaped—
I came like Water, and like Wind I go.

Into this Universe, and Why not knowing,
I came like Water, . . .

and so forth.

Clearly he means that this was the conclusion he was driven to by examination of the conflicting claims of science and religion. He has examined both, and arrives as a result at this dreary fatalistic agnosticism.

MEMBERSHIP

In the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

But then he goes on to say:

What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence?
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

"What, I am to be unconcerned with that which comes after death, and with that which was before birth? Such an attitude is insolence (to the Divine Soul within me?); and many a Cup of this forbidden Wine must drown the memory of it."

Surely Omar unequivocally condemns the very teaching that is so often considered to be his own message here; characterizes it as "insolence," and would blot the whole memory of it from his being with "this forbidden Wine." Now it would seem that the spiritual wine would be more likely to be meant here, than the other kind; but at any rate it is certain that Omar condemns emphatically the "willy-nilly flowing" conception of life; calls it insolence, and offers "Wine" as the remedy for it.

STUDENT

Karma and Memory

To forget is not to be restored;
To lose with time the sense of what we did
Cancels not what we did; what's done remains.
—Clough

THE poet seems to be arguing against some one who has advocated the value of oblivion; yet Theosophists, in explaining the doctrine of Reincarnation, often have to argue in favor of oblivion against people who are complaining of it. Why do we not remember our past lives? they ask; and how can we profit by our past experiences if we do not recall them? Let them settle up with the poet. We must pay our debts whether we remember having contracted them or not; and so with our deserved benefits, for they also are debts.

But forgetfulness is evidently a great help to us; it enables us to begin again. Otherwise our memory would be so burdened with the past that we should not be able to attend to the present. The doctrine of Reincarnation

is perfectly logical, just and reasonable, if examined with proper attention. STUDENT

Some Christian Dogmas

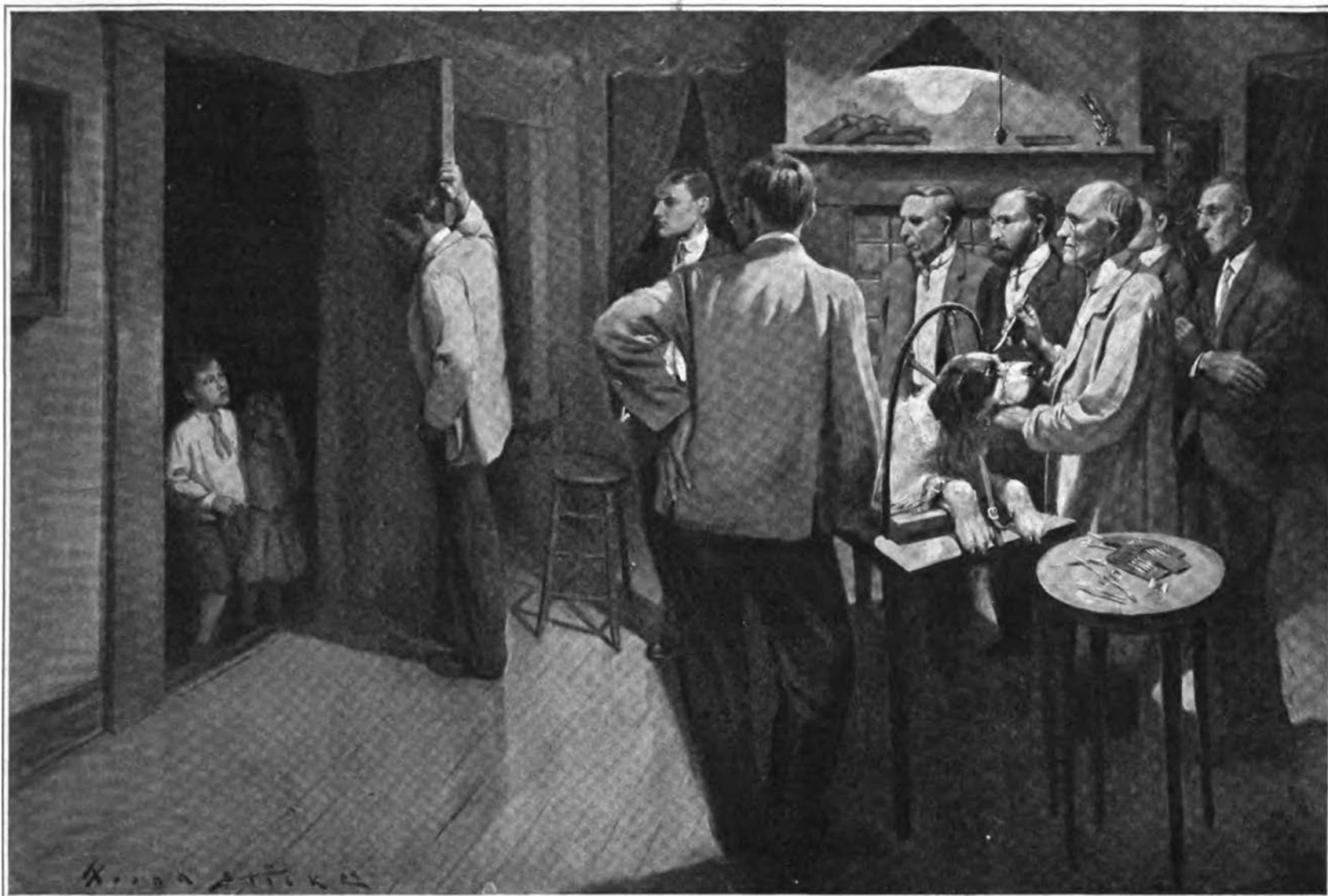
HERE is an extract from a review, in the *Boston Transcript*, of a missionary book:

Dr. Bunker, after making friends with two little children, is moved to ask himself, "Can it be possible that so many children in this land (Burmah) must be lost forever?" He then proceeds to assure us that he has prayed many times that God would move His stewards in Christian lands to such liberality in the support that these millions of heathen children may not be left to perish in their spiritual night.

If our Baptist brethren in general hold such opinions as are set forth in the quotations we have made from Dr. Bunker's book, it would almost seem as if missionaries of a broader gospel might be sent to them with manifest advantage.

The heart of the *man* spoke out for the moment and sent a brief ray of light up to the bewildered brain. But, alas! the clouds soon rolled back again. It is easier to see the cruelty of foreign gods than that of our own. What must the Christian religion look like to an intelligent heathen, who has never been drilled to revere it and regards it with a natural unimpaired vision? No Kâli could be more savage than a god who creates millions of beautiful children, only to consign them to everlasting torment. This kind of religion is simply madness and nothing less. And it still abides among us. Theosophists have to attack it because it is there; but other Christians resent the attacks and say that Theosophists are misrepresenting Christianity. The better class of Christians should spare no effort to disown those doctrines which, as they say, misrepresent their religion, and to make it quite clear to the public what Christianity really does teach and what it does not. Even learned bishops definitely teach, as being essential Christian doctrines, teachings which are tantamount to those just quoted. Belief in the atonement of Jesus Christ either is or is not necessary to salvation. If it is, the heathen are damned; if it is not, then why must we profess it? This missionary was more literal—and logical! E.

To be ultra . . . is to be dissatisfied with the albatross, with snow, with the swan, and the lily in the name of whiteness; it is to be the partisan of things to the point of being their enemy; it is to be so very pro that you are contra.—Victor Hugo



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"PLEASE, MISTER! HAVE YOU SEEN OUR DOG?"

'For the Benefit of the People of the Earth and all Creatures'

"AND all Creatures!" Not alone for the benefit of Humanity is the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY established.

Its declaration that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature does not stop at human nature, but includes in its wide-spreading arms all creatures animate and inanimate. How short-sighted it seems to a student of Theosophy to assume that our responsibility for justice, fair-dealing, kindness, sympathy, and all the virtues ends with our relations to our fellow humanity, and is not equally binding in our relations with the creatures below us.

Is it not a strange spectacle that men of science who have made it their profession to study the laws of life and nature should have failed to sense this interdependence between all the forms of life, and the more accentuated the nearer those forms are to man? I can find no explanation for it save in the supposition that in their studies and investigations they have overlooked the basic fact that man is a spiritual being, and that the basis of the Universe is spiritual. Once recognize this and vivisection becomes then and there an impossibility, even the thought of it will vanish from the mind.

Vivisection I regard as the logical outcome of a purely materialistic philosophy, the very

acme of selfishness. Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die; this life is all and therefore we must preserve it at all costs, even at the cost of the dumb suffering and mute appeal of tortured animals.

"Selfishness," said Katherine Tingley, "is the insanity of the age." Vivisection is possible because the race-consciousness permits it. It is not an unrelated fact and so long as it is treated as such, so long shall we fail of solving it. To all observers of human affairs it is plain that the present age is one of accentuation on all lines. Every tendency of human nature is forcing its barriers, seeking free and untrammelled expression. On the one hand the tendency of the age is towards animality, sensual gratification as never before in recorded history, even in the days when luxury and reveling were at their height in Babylon or Rome.

To those who doubt this, I would say: Study the Police Court records, the insanity and suicide records, not as mere statistics, but investigate the causes. Physicians know these well enough, and know too how wide spread is the attempt after sensual self-gratification in subtler and subtler forms and how frequent the demands continually made upon them by their patients to cheat Nature and enable the latter to escape the *physical* penalty of broken physical and *moral* laws.

With how many in the world today in our Western civilization is physical well-being and

sensual gratification the summum bonum of life? Some people talk of psychic pleasures, but they are the very acme of sensual, for the psychic nature is the seat of the senses and the physical is but an instrument for, and an outer covering of, the psychic nature. To those who have studied these subjects it is well-known that certain abnormal natures revel in the infliction of pain on others and find the keenest gratification when such infliction is accompanied by blood shedding. It is well known that some of the most fearful of modern crimes have arisen because of this, and it is rightly regarded as a phase of insanity.

It may be objected that this is no parallel case; that in vivisection experiments there may be practically no bloodshed; but I assert that the same elements are brought into play, the difference being that vivisection is carried out more systematically and *scientifically*, i. e. professedly so though it is a misnomer if we consider the true meaning of science. That which so offends against the laws of life would be impossible if those laws were truly known. It is possible only where there is ignorance of those laws.

Medical science has no adequate explanation of the fearful crimes just referred to, and those who practise vivisection do not realize that if not in the same class they are in the next one closely allied to it. I do not accuse all who practise vivisection of this. I believe there are

some, very, very few, who must be regarded in their practice of it as actuated (however mistakenly) by the desire to add to beneficent medical knowledge for the alleviation of suffering and the cure of disease, and who consequently feel justified in pursuing their investigations by this means. But as said, however sincere may be their motives, they are, I claim, acting in defiance of the laws of life and the beneficent purposes of nature.

But what is the explanation of the attraction that the practice of vivisection comes to have upon the mind of the majority of those who practise vivisection? (I except the very few just referred to.) I venture to say it is a form of vampirism, an attempt to gain a certain sensuous gratification through a subtle psychic transference of consciousness, heightened in the degree that the torture is the more exquisite and prolonged. Who would not shrink in horror from a vampire? Would you trust your child in the hands of one?

Oh! the subtlety of the human mind to seek to justify such inhuman conduct, and plead the excuse that it is for the alleviation of pain and in the interest of human welfare. Human welfare includes and is interdependent with animal welfare; but the torture of animals wounds the very heart of Nature, and is a drain upon the very life-blood of Humanity, though we be unconscious of it.

In spite of the many who are seeking truth, it is an age of sophistry, and so it is that these advocates of vivisection are permitted to utter their platitudes and excuses that their investigation is in the interests of science (it is unworthy the very name) and for the benefit of suffering Humanity.

It is not my intention to discuss or mention the names of learned physicians who advocate or defend vivisection. There are equally and more truly learned men who condemn it, among them some of the most eminent physicians in the world; and I venture to assert that all the truly human, large-hearted, sympathetic (and we could add all the most essential attributes of a true physician and say, all true physicians) are unanimous in their denunciation of it. Seeing that it is the claim that vivisection is practised for the benefit of suffering Humanity, let us look for a moment at the matter from the standpoint of one of the sufferers—yes, of one suffering excruciatingly. What man or woman, think you, worthy of the name of human, of true manhood or womanhood, would consent to be relieved from their suffering and pain at the cost of the torture of a poor dumb dog. But, it is claimed, the lower creatures do not suffer so acutely as human beings. What has this to do with it? Oh! the unmanliness of such an excuse! No, indeed; we, men and women, and children too, have a capacity for suffering that seems in some cases almost limitless, and a power of endurance that, if we will, is godlike. And *we can speak*, *we can tell* of our sufferings; whereas a poor dumb animal can only moan; and sometimes, because the moaning is *annoying* (!) and *distracting* (!) even that poor means of making an appeal is removed by the merciless vivisection.

Yes; to endure is godlike; to be willing to be crucified for the sake of others is divine. But to torture dumb animals is hellish and cowardly. Can you not see the logic of it?

Have we not for nearly two thousand years been taught fear: fear of hell fire, fear of suffering, fear of the consequences of our own sins; that we are "miserable sinners," "worms of the dust," and that we can be saved only by the sacrifice and blood of another; that we must accept the doctrine of the vicarious atonement? Is it any wonder then that cowardice is ingrained into the very race consciousness and into the thought atmosphere of Christendom?

This illustrates what I said at first: that the question of vivisection is not an isolated one, but is the outcome of deep-seated causes. And so it happens in this enlightened age, albeit an age of turmoil, in which are to be found the terrors of vivisection, white slavery, unnamable vices, and oh! such poverty, wretchedness and degradation—so it happens that in this so-called Christian country, instead of following the example of the great Teacher whose name they profess, instead of suffering for others, we force even poor dumb animals to suffer and torture them for our sakes. We are not content that a Savior (so professing Christians say) should have suffered and borne our sins for us, cowards that we are; we are not willing to face our own sins and take the consequences; but we must go further and be more cowardly still and force poor dumb animals also to suffer for our sins, or if you will, for our ease, that we may be rid of pain. But I doubt if it is so very far from the truth to assert that human disease is more the result of sin, or vice, wrong-living, self-gratification, lack of self-control, than anything else; and we haven't enough manhood in us to take the consequences, but must experiment with dogs and other animals and torture them.

Recently it was reported in some of the daily papers that a cargo of two hundred monkeys had just arrived in this country, consigned to a certain scientific institution, for the purposes of the study of the brain; and it was stated that the said institution was an especially good customer for this line of trade.

How many people when they saw this announcement in their morning papers realized the significance of it? And why so few? Are we as a race becoming calloused, dead to all truly human attributes? What will wake us up? Perhaps only suffering, acute, agonizing suffering, as a race and individually, with no possible alleviation until we do wake up and with the godlike power of endurance learn the meaning of pain and of compassion, scorning to make others, even animals, suffer for us.

Do we not as a race need to learn that not only the physical Universe, but our lives, even our inmost thought and intent, are under the domain of absolute law, the law of cause and effect, of sowing and reaping? and that the statement of Jesus, "with whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again" was not merely part of the fervent appeal of a great religious Teacher to impress his hearers, but is an expression of unswerving law—a statement of fact inherent in the very nature of things?

To state that vivisection is practised in the interests of humanity is sophistry to befog the public mind and turn it away from the fact of the torture of animals; it is the unworthy subterfuge that "the end justifies the means." The fact remains that vivisection means the

torture of animals; it is a violation of the relation that ought to, and to a large extent *does*, exist between man as a responsible being and the animal world. It is possible only because man has become untrue to himself and forgotten the dignity and nobility of his true position.

Let it be understood that this is no indictment of the medical profession, as a whole one of the noblest and most beneficent in which man can engage, and in the ranks of which are to be found many who through their self-sacrifice and compassionate love for their fellows are to be counted as benefactors of the human race. In regard however to those who take part in this practice of vivisection it is useless to expect that any reform will come from them. They are not the only responsible ones. They are, as said, but the instruments for the expression of one phase of the world's life.

This reform must come from the personal united action of enlightened, compassionate men and women. I believe that only as enlightened citizens of this and other countries where this practice is engaged in become awakened to their responsibilities—not for themselves alone and their own conduct in their private lives, but as inseparable members of the great human family—only as public opinion is educated and aroused, can this blot upon our civilization be removed. Much honor is due to those who are in the forefront of the fight, who feel the responsibility of humanity for the less progressed kingdoms of Nature, dependent upon man for their welfare and evolution. Every lover of Nature, every lover of animals, everyone who feels the dignity and responsibility of manhood and womanhood, every man, woman, and child who has had the companionship and protection of a faithful dog, owes a debt of gratitude to the journal *Life* for the fight it has made against the indescribable torture of dumb animals.

"Please, Mister, have you seen our dog?"

I would that every vivisectionist, everyone who has taken any part in the torture of any animal, everyone, whether a medical student or practitioner, and everyone among the lay public who has not realized the awful injustice and inhumanity of such torture not alone to the animals but to the human race as such—I would that they might have ringing in their ears day and night this question, and might be haunted with this picture until they awoke to the full responsibility and dignity of human life.

"Please, Mister, have you seen our dog?"

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

Clipped from the Press

MAYOR GAYNOR of New York, who is now nearly recovered from the bullet of the assassin Gallagher, is most bitter against the yellow newspapers, because of their unkind attacks on him. Said he:

"The time is at hand when these journalistic scoundrels have got to stop or get out, and I am ready now to do my share to that end. They are absolutely without souls. If decent people would refuse to look at such newspapers, the thing would right itself at once. The journalism of New York City has been dragged to the lowest depth of degradation. The grossest libels instead of honest statements have gone on unchecked."—*Pathfinder*, Oct. 10

Special Subscription Offer

THE attention of our Readers is called to the Special Subscription Offer. See page 20.

✧ Art Music Literature and the Drama ✧



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

NORTHWEST CORNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
SHOWING THE BUILDINGS OF SOME OF THE PRIVATE OFFICES

Music—Its Curative Power

IN London there is a children's hospital known as "Tiny Tim's Refuge," named after the pathetic little figure in Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, and housing several hundred children who are crippled owing to withered, deformed, or paralysed limbs. For a long time music has been a feature of the life there, the children being given concerts twice daily. The instruments used have been mainly piano, violin and harp. The object was simply to bring some brightness and an undoubted refining influence into the lives of these patient little unfortunates.

Within the last year, however, Dr. Ramsay, one of the attending surgeons, noticed a very marked improvement in the case of certain children who had been left crippled after an attack of infantile paralysis, an improvement that could not be accounted for by any factor in the regular treatment. One day he observed that these particular children, while the music was going on, tried to keep time to it with their withered limbs. He put two and two together and began a series of experiments.

They encouraged the children to keep time with their feet and hands when the music was played. Then they began to specialize. They took a little

boy, whose right arm had been withered and useless, and they gave him a drum. To the accompaniment of the piano, his crippled arm was first raised and then dropped in unison with the rhythm. After a couple of weeks the child had gained strength enough and control enough to raise the arm himself without the aid of a friendly hand. The limb was rigid, however, and the drumstick frequently fell from the hand. They persevered.

Within a month control had begun to manifest itself over the crippled arm, and the child was able to hold the drumstick firmly in his hand and show a small flexure of the elbow. The limb itself had grown fully half an inch in circumference. In another month control of the wrist had been attained, and inside of six months the arm was well developed and almost as healthy as the left arm, which had not been affected by the paralysis. In six months a hopeless cripple had, by the aid of simple music and rhythmic exercises, been turned into a normal child.

The method which originated accidentally in this little home is now being extended to all institutions in England and will shortly appear in various homes for cripples on this side of the ocean.

This very method, with some divergence of detail, has been employed by Lomaland surgeons at Katherine Tingley's suggestion and under her direction for ten or more years. At the beginning of her Theosophical work, before she became the Leader of the Theosophical Movement, she declared that true music was the very portal of the Mysteries, that it had

not only a spiritualizing effect upon character but that the day would come when some long lost secrets with regard to its curative effect upon the human body would be re-discovered. It is certain that a study of Theosophical teachings in regard to music would throw a new light upon the experiments now being made by this London physician.

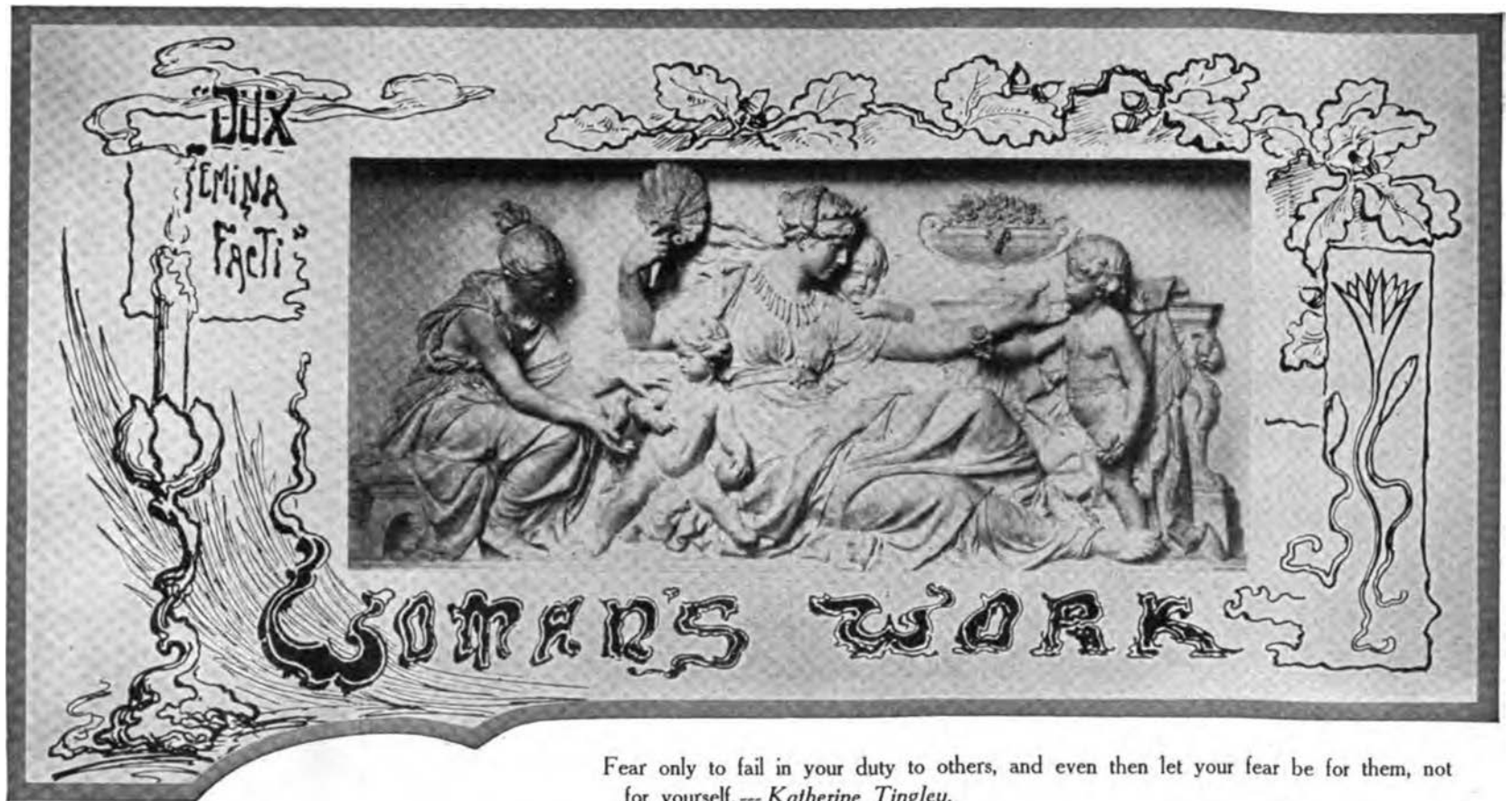
It seems as though a wave of Theosophical light were spreading all over the world.

We clip the following today (italics ours):

PARIS, France.—Marcel Sembat, a Socialist deputy, speaking at a meeting of the Association for the Development of Choral Singing, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant presiding, launched a project for all the boys and girls of France to sing themselves into moral health. He urged the establishment of municipal singing schools in all the cities and towns to offset the temptation of wineshops and cheap melodramas.

"Policemen will never settle the growing problem of juvenile delinquency," he said. "At the same time the so-labeled 'lost' boys and girls are not really lost. They need only healthy recreation, and the giving of their spare hours to choral singing seems to me to be an ideal diversion. The old saying that 'Music sweetens morals' is still true. The great need of the Republic today is a center of musical training in each city and town to which the young folks can be attracted and where they can be given lessons in choral singing."

STUDENT



Fear only to fail in your duty to others, and even then let your fear be for them, not for yourself. — Katherine Tingley.

Opportunities

IT is a mistaken notion that opportunities come only to the favored few. It is the teaching of Theosophy that every moment is laden with them, for one and for all. No one is omitted. The difficulty lies only in our will to see them. They lie in every event, every circumstance of our lives; in every moment of thought. All space is filled with them. They impinge upon us on every side. In short, we breathe and bathe in a sea of opportunities. If we fail to perceive them, it is because we fail to look for them where they are — close at hand. It is also the teaching of Theosophy that it is only by seizing and using these nearby opportunities that the greater ones beyond can ever be reached. If we allow these to lie about us untouched, restlessly turning our eyes in other directions, we become as if bathed in a pool of stagnant water, impure and unhealthy.

Life is full of such unhappy mortals, and often they are those who cry the loudest that no opportunities ever come to them. They have been looking at something in the distance which appears to them brilliant and shining. They long, they think, to do great things, but are not even able to do small ones. Or they have been envying their neighbors' opportunities and poisoning their minds through and through with that corroding passion — more subtle and more dangerous than the most deadly virus known to science. Or they have been carelessly killing time in sensations, indulging in what seemed pleasure to the body for the moment, and dulling every faculty they possess, until at last they live in a terrible nightmare, smothered under the weight of the wasted opportunities which the years had so kindly brought.

To a greater or less degree probably everyone has been guilty of all these mistakes. Those who have persisted in them long enough find themselves finally hemmed in on all sides, almost stifled by limitations which hold them

fast and chain them in their self-built prison. But this sensation of helplessness is all a delusion. Theosophy has power to awaken the soul even in the dregs of matter, and it teaches one so entrapped, that just there, just in that spot of all others, lie the greatest opportunities in the universe for that particular Soul. We are all in the positions in which we find ourselves because we have put ourselves there. No one can clear our atmosphere, no one can

MY OWN SONG

(By Harriet Prescott Spofford, whose home, as our readers know, is on beautiful Deer Island in the waters of the Merrimac. Just above and looking down upon it is "The Laurels" immortalized by Whittier — the childhood home of Katherine Tingley.)

O GLAD am I that I was born!
For who is sad when flaming morn
Bursts forth, or when the mighty night
Carries the soul from height to height!

To me, as to the child that sings,
The bird that claps his rain-washed wings,
The breeze that curls the sun-tipped flower,
Comes some new joy with each new hour.

Joy in the beauty of the earth,
Joy in the fire upon the hearth,
Joy in that potency of love
In which I live and breathe and move!

sever our chains, no one can enlarge our horizon *but ourselves*. And in no possible way can this be accomplished other than by seizing the opportunities which lie closest.

Opportunities are duties, and duties are opportunities. Each one, thoroughly seized and disposed of, does something to open our prison door, and clears the way for the next step. They are the means, and the only means, by which we can lift ourselves forward; they are so well adapted to our own particular weaknesses and our own particular needs.

When once this is realized, how precious one's duties become! They are like Angels of

Deliverance from the thralldom of Self; like heaven-sent Messengers to point the way to freedom.

Should we ungratefully pass these by and reach out to the duties of another, either envying their pleasing nature, or out of mistaken sentiment, imagining we can so help our friends, Theosophy teaches that we thereby commit a crime against nature. For not only do we thus deprive those, whom our vanity has persuaded us we can serve, of *their* means of growth, of *their* Angels of Deliverance, but we have neglected to do one of the things for which we ourselves were born. And worse than all, by not doing in the right spirit that which belonged to the moment for our evolution, we have, to that extent, kept the whole world waiting. For Theosophy teaches the solidarity of the human race, and shows that each one can help or retard the evolution of all.

Theosophy is truly the Light-bringer. It will destroy that dogma of priest-craft — the doctrine of vicarious atonement — which has helped so much to tighten the chains of ignorance and darken the prison windows, for ages, and will teach men how to regain their freedom — "The truth shall make us free."

GERTRUDE VAN PELT, M. D.

The Royal Part

WH Y not stop talking *responsibility* and talk *privilege* for a while? So much of heaviness and personality damps a certain type of mind whenever it essays to preach our never-ceasing responsibility, that the word itself, to some of us at least, has a humid and heavy suggestion. The responsibility of our position as Divine Souls in the panorama of a divine and evolving universe, our vast responsibility as co-workers with the Law, our indebtedness to duty, our self-made bondage to Karma, our debt of brotherliness and of compassion — why not say *privilege*?

Writhe and squirm as we will under the Karmic weight of piled-up unpleasantness (*we*



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PATHWAY THROUGH THE GARDENS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

did the piling of it, by the way) we must acknowledge that we could not honestly have it otherwise until its lesson is learned and its last item discharged. Our position is a privileged one, then, neither more nor less. Rebel as we may in our worser moments against the folly and littleness of our fellows (we, of course, are never small nor foolish) we admit, when the Warrior again gets our ear, that our position is a privileged one, no more, no less.

Think of it, anyway, this daily chance we have of association with kings and queens, members of a royal line — mostly without the scepter and seal of their heritage and wearing rags instead of royal regalia, but none the less noble and high in essence, in their real natures. For what is the teaching of Theosophy if not that in each inheres a double line of heredity, its one aspect physical, the product of nature, its other, spiritual, royal, divine, proclaiming us Sons of God, children of one Father, heirs of the spiritual potencies of the universe and of all time.

What is it that we contact when we say "Good morning," or "Lend a hand, will you?" — or when, better still, we find that over the mystic, unseen bridge that good-will and kindness fling across the abysses of personality, words are not needed as carriers? Silence is winged, often. What do we contact, if not Divinity, Royalty, whole universes of potential heroes, with heavens and paradises in the making?

To be sure, the scurf and grime of personality may be uppermost, but what are *we*,

to be confused or bothered by that? Are we "pickers and stealers" only, just camp-followers, or are we warriors and in place on the firing line, pioneers, discoverers?

Suppose the discoverer who found that matchless sculpture upon Melos had drawn away, disgusted at the soil and decay that was uppermost. Or suppose he had gone at the restoring of it with a groan at the "heavy responsibility" and a sigh that statues couldn't come to light under the pick ready cleaned! Or suppose that when he found it mutilated, both lovely arms gone, the face injured, the glorious torso gouged and jagged, the base all hacked and crippled — suppose he had flung it back into the dust-heap in disgust! What would the future have said of him; for, mutilated, scarred, forgotten, covered with the soil of waiting centuries, there yet shone out from every inch of its glorious contour — Divinity! Why, any true discoverer would handle the very dirt with reverence as long as it clung to the marble. Rest, shelter, food — would not everything be forgotten in the joy of that supreme — privilege?

Less of the divine in the human countenance, is there, than in that Greek marble? Nay, there is more, infinitely more, if we are discoverers enough to seek it out, if we have knowledge enough to know the dirt for what it is and the gleam of marble for what *that* is. Think it out on these lines and see if this "task" of living with each other, and confronting, day by day, all the crude overlayings and accumulations of the personal life, all

these extraneous and soiling qualities which (when we see them *in others*) so worry, or annoy or pain us — see if the word *responsibility* does not give way to the truer one, *privilege*.

Oh, my sisters! Life is a privilege, one that the gods themselves might crave. Indeed, are we not gods, and did we not crave it? Did we not choose just this path, this privilege, freely, compassionately? Did the little imps which sometimes perch on our shoulders and try to convince us that our lot is "hard" and "commonplace" and that *we* never exhibit the annoying weaknesses that so vex us in others — did these hobgoblins from the lower strata of consciousness have part or lot in that choice? Then why do we listen to them? Why do we have them around?

If we could rise to the rich, golden dignity of our real natures, our own Divinity, we should step forth with each new sunrise girt like Warriors, our whole being aglow with the passion of this search for the Divine in our fellows, in our duties, in our hopes and dreams — ah! this comprises it all — *in each other*. What discoveries would not be ours! What soul-treasures might we not unearth! What rare marbles from the Naxos and Carrara of character might we not release from perhaps age-long burial! Why, reverence would be the breath of our nostrils, silence would wrap and quiet our desires as a seamless robe, compassion would play upon our acts as the sunrise gleam upon mountain laurels, and life would be a mystery in the unveiling. STUDENT

OUR YOUNG FOLK

Report of the Services Held in Memory of Harold Cristadoro

Râja Yoga Academy, Point Loma,
California, October 3, 1910

KATHERINE TINGLEY, the resident students of Lomaland, and the pupils of the Râja Yoga Academy, assembled in the beautiful rotunda of the Academy on the evening of October 3rd, to do honor to the memory of Harold Cristadoro, who passed away at one o'clock on the morning of September 20th, at Pinar del Rio, Cuba.

Harold had been for three years teaching in the Râja Yoga Academy there, and had made a splendid record.

Next the Leader sat Harold's mother—brave, serene, inspiring. If ever there was a proof of the sweetness, the comfort, and the divine inspiration of Theosophy, it was shown in the attitude of this courageous mother. Devoted to her son with no ordinary love, seeking ever during his life to advance his highest interests, always fostering the noblest and most unselfish that was in him, and having placed him in the Râja Yoga Academy at Point Loma by dint of great perseverance, and after much opposition, she felt that at any rate Harold, of all her children, would at least approach the goal her soul longed to see them reach—that of service to Humanity.

With her dream partially realized, her son well advanced on the path of unselfish devotion to his less fortunate brothers and sisters of Humanity's great family, already rendering noble service to hundreds of little children in Cuba, and winning not only their esteem, gratitude, and respect, but that of their parents and friends, and the admiration of his fellow-teachers in Cuba—to lose such a one would try the bravest heart. But when the trial came Mrs. Cristadoro's love was shown to be pure and unalloyed gold.

She asked for no sympathy although it was given her in heaping measures, but advised us to be brave and told us to remember that Mr. Judge had said never to be depressed; for although we may rise again, those who are dependent on us may not have the strength to do so. She was contented with the decrees of the Great Universal Law—God, some may call It—and was grateful that Harold's life had been sanctified by even a few years of Theosophic work. Brave Mother, we salute thee!

After the strains of a stately *adagio*, born of Beethoven's pathetic soul, had passed away, one of Harold's classmates in a few fitting words explained the purpose of the meeting and paid a comrade's tribute to his memory.

In the center of the rotunda was a tastefully decorated altar, and upon this were the ribbons which had been used in Cuba at the services in honor of our comrade—such is the custom there, at memorial services.

Harold Cristadoro was one of the original



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HAROLD CRISTADORO

From THE SONG CELESTIAL

NAY, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
"These will I wear today!"
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

Edwin Arnold

thirteen members of the William Q. Judge Club of Point Loma; and after the first speech the nine members now at Point Loma formed a circle around the altar and read appropriate selections, the same as had been read in Cuba. Then clasping hands, we nine stood around the altar in silence.

What went on during that time no mortal can tell; but the effect was fairly awesome, it was magical, superb. The stillness of the surroundings was vibrant with uplifting thoughts, that much everyone felt; and the myriads of thoughts that flashed through our minds, and the thousands of ennobling feelings that warmed our hearts during that short time, only those participating can understand.

We had grown up together; we knew his

strength and knew his power; his battles and his struggles were ours, and only we knew of them; the victories he had won stood out clearly, and made our combats easier; we pictured him as we used to know him—as class-mate, as companion, as fellow-member and co-worker, and as comrade-in-arms; and at that moment we realized more fully than ever before, what the ties of our comradeship were.

He had been a faithful member of our club; he had lived up to its Constitution, and he had died in the performance of duty. "Never, never," we thought, "shall one of us fail in our obligation to our fellows. None of us has yet violated that Constitution, and none of us ever will. Comrade, you are with us still, and we cannot grieve for you, because your victory was well-earned, and we, faithful to the end, shall meet again and carry on the work we have begun."

As we clasped hands, with our souls breathing such thoughts and many others, the strains of "Abide with me; O Law, Abide with me," added to the sacredness of the moment. The music came from the voices of the Râja Yoga girls, like us his comrades in spirit; for his ideals and aspirations are also theirs. Could he not hear those strains which years before he himself had sung?

The song over, the boys took their seats and the spell was broken. But only momentarily, for then the Leader arose and spoke impressively, paying a beautiful tribute to his character.

The meeting closed with an appropriate selection from *Lohengrin*.

Beloved Comrade, the nobility of your young life must become an inspiration to all who knew you.

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Havamal

AMONG the rules of life as indicated by Havamal, the High Song of Odin, are:

1. The recognition of the evil in human nature, which calls for a struggle against our natural desires and forbearance toward the weakness of others.
2. Courage and faith both to bear the hard decrees of the Norns and to fight against enemies.
3. The struggle for independence in life with regard to knowledge as well as to fortune; an independence which should, therefore, be earned by a love of learning and industry.
4. A strict adherence to oaths and promises.
5. Candor and fidelity as well as foresight in love, devotion to the tried friend, but dissimulation toward the false, and war to the death against the implacable enemy.
6. Respect for old age.
7. Hospitality, liberality, and charity to the poor.
8. A prudent foresight in word and deed.
9. Temperance, not only in the gratification of the senses, but also in the exercise of power.
10. Contentment and cheerfulness.
11. Modesty and politeness in intercourse.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Nipper's Lesson

"**N**OW Nipper," said Tabby emphatically, "this is my supper. You go away." And she made the hair on her back and tail stand out very stiff and straight—enough to frighten anybody.

But Nipper was used to this. Almost every day he teased dear old Tabby Cat and especially at meal time. She often tried to be very stern with him, but he was so young, only a puppy, and so full of mischief, that sometimes she allowed him to take some of her food rather than drive him away, for she could do this easily enough with her sharp claws.

Nipper was a pretty little fox terrier. He was very frisky and had learned to jump high in the air for a piece of bread. He could skip around and run so fast that Tabby used to sit and look at him in amazement and wonder why he never kept still for a single moment.

One day a sad accident happened to Nipper. He was playing in the field where the men were cutting down the wheat with a reaper. He got too close and the sharp knives caught his little front foot and cut it badly. Poor little fellow, how he cried with the pain! But he made for home as fast as he could and went to his own cosy bed, having never felt so blue in all his short life before.

Tabby was drinking her milk as usual that night and she thought "I wonder where Nipper is!"

As soon as she had finished she went to look for him and such an unhappy little dog she had never found before. What did she do but lie down beside him and comfort him as best she could, and they had a long talk about the accident.

Tabby said that if he could keep his foot nice and clean and not try to walk on it for a long time, it would get quite well. Tabby knew, for she was old and experienced. Every day she was his constant companion. It was not easy to walk on three legs only and so he had to remain much quieter than he had ever before been.

"Tabby," said Nipper one day as the two were lying on the veranda in the sunshine, "I don't see what makes you so kind to me."

"Don't you?" answered Tabby.

"I have always been so unkind to you and teased you so much," he went on.

"I guess you didn't know any better," remarked Tabby.

"But why have you helped me after all the mean tricks I have played on you?"

"Because that is the only way I can help you to learn better," said she.

Then there was a long pause.

"Ah, Tabby," said Nipper after a while, "I'm never going to tease you again. I'm going to play with you, but not at meal time."

And after that there was never a happier pair of playmates than Tabby and Nipper.

Tabby, you see, knew a good deal about working for Brotherhood, even though she was only a nice old cat. There is always just such a way to begin.

ELVA



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THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

Percy Bysshe Shelley



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Florence Nightingale's First Patient

A NAME that has been long known and loved throughout the world is that of Florence Nightingale. There is indeed something almost angelic in the sound of the name. "Angel of Mercy" was the title which she bore in life and by which she will be remembered in death. The heroic service of this noble woman in soldiers' camps and upon battlefields is one of the greatest examples of kindness and self-sacrifice in the annals of human kind. So beloved was this gentle woman, it is said, that the sick and dying used to kiss her shadow as she passed their cots. The elements which made this life of such beauty and determined so useful a career for Florence Nightingale may be best understood from the following story:

"Her first experiences as a nurse were with her dolls, whose broken limbs and bruised heads she bandaged and cared for with all the tenderness and gentleness of her nature.

"As she grew older she became interested in caring for wounded or sick pets and other animals. Her first patient was a dog named Cap. The dog belonged to one of her father's shepherds, and one day she learned that Cap had been injured by some boys and that the shepherd was preparing to kill his beloved dog in order to save him from the suffering. In spite of the fact that she was still a little girl and very timid, she at once drove to the shepherd's home, and, with the aid of the clergyman of the parish, she nursed the wounds of the injured animal, and soon he was well again.

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G.

SILENCE is a friend that will never betray.
—Confucius

INDUSTRY need not wish.—Benj. Franklin
TEMPER is a weapon that we hold by the blade.—Barrie

EACH man has his own fortune in his own hands.—Goethe

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Possible sunshine, 371. Percentage, 58. Average num-
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servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

OCT.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
24	29.574	64	55	64	58	0.00	E	4
25	29.608	83	59	64	58	0.01	SE	6
26	29.688	79	61	63	62	0.00	SE	2
27	29.741	69	60	61	59	0.00	NW	4
28	29.755	63	61	63	60	0.00	N	3
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Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Vol. XIV

NOVEMBER 6, 1910

No. 1

Mirror of the Movement

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California
November 3, 1910

KATHERINE TINGLEY perceived long ago that California was the ideal place to establish the World-Center of the Theosophical Movement, and every year brings additional testimony to the wisdom of her choice of Point Loma as the Headquarters of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. The world in general is now beginning to recognize how splendidly nature has endowed the State of California. Not long ago Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, in an address to the students of Stanford University, said: "California today occupies a unique position. Because of its advantages and resources it is destined to be the future chosen home of a great people."

The city of San Diego, within whose boundaries Point Loma is contained, was little more than a village when the first Theosophical Congress was held here; the citizens were suffering from the reaction from a premature "boom," and the outlook seemed far from prosperous. But a change soon took place, and in proportion to the rapid development of the Theosophical Headquarters has San Diego grown in population, influence, and wealth, and as soon as the Panama Canal and the new railroads which are being constructed are finished, a still more rapid increase is certain. The interest aroused throughout America and other countries by the choosing of Point Loma as the Center of so world-wide and well-known an Organization as this, and the migration of the Leader and a large body of students here are admitted by the best citizens of Southern California as one of the greatest factors in helping to increase the prosperity of this section. The opening of the Raja Yoga Schools here and in the city of San Diego has also attracted many families who hastened to take advantage of the unique opportunities for the training of their children. The streets of the city are now full of life and bustle, handsome

public buildings and beautiful private residences are springing up in every quarter and a new and magnificent million dollar hotel, the Grant Hotel, has just been opened. It is a subject of comment with newcomers that a certain friendly feeling, a more brotherly spirit prevails in San Diego than they are accustomed to. We know that the influence of the regular free public meetings held by the Aryan Theosophical Society at the Isis Theater every Sunday with their ennobling teachings of Brotherhood has spread infinitely further than can be followed by the eye.

Point Loma Tent Village

GREAT improvements have been made in this establishment. The large and handsome Pavilion, which was formerly the central building of the Woman's Exchange and Mart (now removed to more suitable quarters) has been completely refitted, electrically lighted, and acquired by the Tent Village management. It provides a delightful place for the reception of transient visitors and for the social intercourse of the residents in the Tent Village. Conversaciones, Orchestral and other Concerts, etc., are held there regularly. The beautiful and extensive grounds upon which the Tent Village is built are leased from Katherine Tingley, but it is absolutely independent of the Theosophical Headquarters and management in every other respect. Owing to its convenient distance from the Theosophical Headquarters (about half a mile) and thanks to the courtesy of the proprietor, Mr. Alpheus M. Smith, formerly Director of the Theosophical Center in Chicago, tourists and visiting members receive many advantages from it.

Horticulture and Forestry at the Homestead

If we are to admire the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, what shall we say to those who make beautiful flowers, wholesome vegetables, and splendid forest trees appear on dry and almost barren soil where nothing but chapparal and cactus had been seen for several centuries at least. Such has been the work of the skilled foresters and gardeners and their assistants

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devoted to

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the promulgation of

THE O S O P H Y

and

The Study of Ancient and Modern

ETHICS, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND ART

Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 2

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'Natural Selection' Up to Date Survival of the Kindliest

THE old gospel was that Nature is red in tooth and claw and that man must be so likewise. Selfishness had been found to be the law of nature, so it must be the law of man too. The "fittest" who survive were those who had the reddest teeth and claws.

The new gospel is that sympathy and self-sacrifice are the law of human nature; hence they must be the law of Nature also. The fittest to survive is he who has the most sympathy.

The above statement may be objected to as crude; it is purposely made so.

Was the old teaching wrong, then? Not at all. Biological evolution, we are told, supports the new human gospel all right. Only the attempts to show that it does so are often amusing as well as gratifying.

We find the above touched upon in a lecture reported in the *English Mechanic* ("The Future of Humanity," by Neville Chamberlain). Under the head of "Mental Evolution" he expressed the following views.

Mental
Evolution

That in discussing mental evolution we must distinguish between intellect pure and simple and those qualities which make up what is called character.

That it was questionable whether, in pure intellect, we had any superiority over races we were accustomed to consider inferior. As witness the Japanese, the Bengali Babus, and even the Australian aborigines.

That in his opinion, when civilization was reached, evolution had done all that it could do for us in the way of intellect.

That now evolution was developing the other qualities — courage, earnestness, determination, judgment, and sympathy.

The lecturer then, in deference to the evolution theories, suggests that the above are the qualities which imply "fitness" and make for "survival"; and concludes with the optimistic view that the English need not despair, for natural selection will duly equip them with these, the qualities requisite for success.

On this we offer the following remarks.

The writer uses the word "Manas" is a "intellect" to denote only a lower grade of intelligence, that of the mind used for materialistic purposes. He does not suggest the existence of any higher intellect, but limits his definition of the higher qualities of the mind to courage, sympathy, etc.

We would suggest that there is a higher intellect, which we have not yet developed, and which is concerned with the intuitive percep-

tion of truth. It is not that we have to abandon intellect or relegate it to the second place, but that we have to rescue it from its subserviency to materialistic ends and apply it to the service of those higher moral qualities mentioned by the writer.

We would also suggest that the *laissez-faire* attitude implied by the optimistic faith in the spontaneous evolution of our character is a wrong attitude. The writer says that the process of natural selection contributed largely to our development of these virtues in the past; but there was a good deal of strenuousness concerned in the process. Men in the past did not sit still and wait for natural processes to evolve them. The trouble is that we are now sitting still and waiting — at least this is generally thought to be what is the matter. We are too easy — and the writer seems to propose that we shall be even more easy.

The confusion of thought here is evident. Natural selection is not a force or a cause or an agent; it is merely a descriptive term denoting an accomplished process. Miners and refiners produce fine gold from the rocks and sands, and thereby a process of selection is affected. But it is only a way of speaking to say that selection refined the gold; the workmen did it with their labor. It is the same with "natural selection." Natural selection is the result, not the cause. Without agents and workers there will be no natural selection. The word "nature" is used to denote the sum of a number of forces and agents; and in the present case those forces and agents are the moral qualities of man himself.

There are always two classes of people — those who work strenuously and those who watch the results. The latter may congratulate themselves on the results achieved without any effort on their part; but they forget that those results are only produced by the labors of others. If we all did the waiting and watching part, nothing would happen.

Granted that the unfit will be winnowed from the fit by the sieve of Time, which class will you be in? Unless you bestir yourself, you may be in the chaff that floats away because it is too light. For surely we must count energy among the qualities that make for fitness — indeed the writer actually does so. But it seems evident that the writer did not wish to imply such a negative attitude of mind; it was the evolution theories that did that; and that is where these old dogmas interfered with his ideas. The evolution dogmas are a kind of scientific theology, with

natural selection as the Jehovah. By believing in this god we are excused responsibility in precisely the same way as the believer in "salvation" is relieved. We cast our sins at the feet of natural selection; natural selection will separate the sheep from the goats.

Evolution

means Work

Evolution is accomplished by endeavor. If we sit still, we shall remain on the under side of circumstances, material for the endeavors of others. To wait for progress to carry us to our destination is absurd; we must get moving, or there will be no progress — for us.

Sympathy is mentioned among the higher faculties essential to progress. This marks a change from the idea that ruthless strength was the essential quality. Experience has taught us this lesson, and so we have to make the doctrine of natural selection square with it somehow. But we must get to work and develop this power of sympathy, and the other powers mentioned. Man must accomplish his own evolution. Evolution is the gradual unfolding of an inner power, but if we merely wait for it to unfold, it cannot do so. It must be invoked by action.

So the archaic pagan teaching that selfishness is a destructive force, and is opposite the true evolutionary force, is reinstated with credit. We can find plenty of evidence in Nature if we regard Nature in the right way. But even so, why must man copy Nature in everything? Is man the pupil of Nature? Yes, in many things; but in other things her teacher. Man stands higher than the other kingdoms; he has powers which they do not actively possess; they wait for him to move. Perhaps if man were not so red in tooth and claw, Nature would not be so.

STUDENT

The Almighty Electron

ETHER, electrons, kathode rays, *et hoc genus omne*, have provided for theorists inexhaustible resources for explaining anything that happens. No longer can we refuse to believe attested statements on the mere ground that they are inexplicable. A writer in that accredited scientific journal, the *Comptes Rendus*, says it is profitable to inquire into the possible effect of a large stream of cometary matter on the condensation of vapors, and that the cathodic theory of comets' tails has been largely invoked for the explanation of magnetic and auroral phenomena. If the kathode rays emanating from the sun, encountering the small particles of the comet's tail, produce rays analogous to Röntgen rays, these may penetrate deeply into the terrestrial atmosphere and produce ionization, etc. etc.

A forked rod of green wood, held in a particular manner, will, in the case of many persons, bend itself forcibly downwards, against the resistance of their hands, whenever they approach water; and by this means underground water can be located. The genuineness of this phenomena is attested by that most jealous of tests — its commercial value. Here is a fact needing explanation. Can the electrons and their ilk explain it? The conjunction of the "dowsers," his green stick, the earth, and the water or vein of metal, evidently makes a circuit of some kind; and the dip of the stick seems to indicate an effort to close that circuit. But such an investigation would lead researchers far afield and they may be

unwilling to undertake the enterprise. Those who venture to do so without the support of their kind tread a lonely and thorny path.

And what of poor old astrology? Can we not now rehabilitate it in an orthodox garb? It lost all credit through the base uses to which it was put, and so had to be set aside. Its present-day exponents, as a class, do not evoke our reverence. So perhaps we had better let it alone for the present. Still we may do the ancients the justice of admitting that perhaps after all they may have been right. If comets can shed kathode rays (and all that sort of thing), why not the moon and Mars? Why may not the "ambient," which we can actually see shining after sunset, ionize the atmosphere and penetrate through the transparent brain-pan into the mysterious fluidic electric viscus within? Perhaps each of the planets sheds a different kind of ray — call them alpha, beta, and gamma, or Venus, Mars, and Jupiter, or what you will — and so influences the brain in different ways. But we need not give away any more of these valuable suggestions.

Even prayer, we suppose, has been imagined as sending up a kind of radiation and evoking from some celestial fount a response in kind; and of course the significance of a burnt offering in this connexion is evident! There is hardly a thing we cannot explain with such a liberal outfit of machinery.

STUDENT

Individualism versus Conformity in Religion

THE great and fundamental controversies of religion arise only when a discrepancy is detected between the inward and the outward rule, and then there are only two possible solutions. If the spirit within us and the Bible (or Church) without us are at variance, *we must either follow the inward and disregard the outward law, else we must renounce the inward law and obey the outward.* The Romanist bids us obey the Church and crush our inward judgment; the spiritualist, on the contrary, follows his inward law, and, when necessary, defies Church, Bible, or any other authority. . . . In principle there are only two possible religions — the personal and the corporate, the spiritual and the external — William Francis Newman in *Phases of Faith*.

Where religious belief is a matter of opinion, and not of knowledge, the foregoing may be true. A man may cling to his own opinion or sacrifice it in favor of the opinions of others — this statement, however, being subject to the qualification that in deciding to defer the opinions of others, he may be said, in a sense, to follow his own judgment. But supposing the religion should be a matter of *knowledge*; how does the case stand then? We may gain an insight by taking a scientific instance. Could there be such a dispute as to the existence of the Great Salt Lake of Utah? Has a man in this case to choose between his own opinion and any orthodox doctrine? The unwise, delighting in controversy, often waste valuable breath over discussions like this; but to the wise it seems a question to be settled by reference to accessible evidence. In science, however, there are many points which, as in religion, are matters of opinion; such as whether minute bugs can or can not be propagated on etheric waves through interstellar space from planet to planet, or whether a cock crows because it is morning or because he can't help it. Yet an extension of our powers of locomotion or space-penetration in the one case, or an acquired ability to fathom the gallinaceous mind in the other, might turn

our faith into knowledge and bring all reasonable controversy to an end.

What things in religion are matters of knowledge — or, shall we say, matters of general consent — and what are matters of mere opinion?

The idea seems to be gaining ground that there are two strata in religion, one where the standing ground is common to all, the other where it is debatable. People are trying to get together on the basis of their common understanding, while at the same time recognizing their differences; this seems the keynote of recent religious conferences.

Does a man's interior experience necessarily conduct him into a region apart? Surely, it may lead him into realms where he will find other men, whose experience has led them to the same place. Given that religion may be distinguished into personal and social, and into inspirational and authoritative, how shall we couple these qualities? Must the inspiration be always personal?

There are things to be regulated by social polity and things that are left to individual decision. A body may frame rules as to the conduct of its members, but how can it determine what each one is to *believe*? It may determine what each one is to pretend to believe or to persuade himself that he believes. To secure belief, it must be able to convince the disciple, to demonstrate something to him.

A religious body can be defined as a body of people who have acquired a community of belief as a result of their several experiences. If a conflict arises between personal judgment and external authority, it may be that the individual is deluded, or that the authority is overstepping its rights.

Such questions as are here raised cannot be defined absolutely; but *self-knowledge* is the key. By this alone can we discriminate between the false and the true, whether in ourselves or in others. Could there ever be a real split between a sincere individual and an equally sincere authority? Is there not, in cases of splits, insincerity and self-delusion on one side or the other, perhaps on both?

Evolution promises that out of the contrast between individualism and forced acquiescence there shall grow a genuine unanimity — not as to details but as to essentials. Granted that men have points of difference and points of agreement, either one may become predominant so that we get varying degrees of harmony or discord. There is a certain divine and cosmic power called Harmony or Love or Music — a Spiritual power coming from man's Divine nature, not any of the lower emotions — and it is spoken of as being the great reconciler; it does not force us into mutual compliance but enables us to sense the analogy of contraries, the unity in variety. The writer quoted does not seem to have taken this into account (unless somewhere in the unquoted context). He considers one side of the question only. This is perhaps one of the Magical powers that have departed from Occidental religion, causing it to fall asunder into sects. It is a link which if it had a center in every heart, might bind together the world of nations of creeds like a family.

We need to study our Higher Nature and then we should wander less in the mazes of speculation and doubt. We should discern fewer differences and more likenesses. E.

✻ Some Views on XXth Century Problems ✻

Humanity's Veils

MAY not the fearful difficulty which the psychologists find in explaining the Self, the Ego, be due to their not having themselves found what they propose to make clear to others? Year by year the successive volumes and systems come forth. Each writer tells you something of what the rest who went before have said, then showing that it will not do at all. "My system, on the contrary, avoids all these difficulties. . . ."

But "my system" is in its turn doomed to just the same analysis and destruction as the rest.

We should think a carpenter insane if we found him looking among his tools for *himself*, deciding that as he could not find himself there was no self to find, and concluding that self was merely that "synthesizing actus" in which the tools connected the work of yesterday with that of today, that there was a certain "warmth and intimacy" about their memories of yesterday's work which prevented them confusing it with the yesterday's work of the tools in another shed. Says Hume:

For my part, when I enter most intimately into what I call *myself*, I always stumble on some particular perception or other of heat or cold, love or hatred, pain or pleasure. I can never catch *myself* at any time without a perception, and never can observe anything but the perception. [He forgets to consider *who it is that is trying to do so.*] When my perceptions are removed for any time, as by sound sleep, so long am I insensible of *myself*, and may truly be said not to exist. And were all my perceptions removed by death . . . I should be entirely annihilated.

Many years ago you had an intimate friend whom you loved. Last night you met him again, a dejected, drunken wreck in the gutter. You stopped, compelled him to speak to you, finally to tell you of his career — downward. As he spoke, his old self began to come back. With something of his old manner he told you how the crave grew and grew, finally overwhelming him. "Now," he said, "I have no choice; I hate the drink and the drinking, but I *must*."

His old self began to come back — we all use those words. Perhaps we have some such picture as that of the life coming back to a body that seemed dead, gradually flushing lips and cheeks.

All drunkards are, in respect of their drunkenness, alike; when nothing is left but a sot there is hardly any difference at all. All gluttons, in so far as their gluttony goes, are alike. When the thing is upon them, at the table, if you could look at them with a sight that saw not outer form but actual working of consciousness, you would see the same in poet and clubman and laborer. If you caught the eye of the poet for a moment and could shame him, how would he explain his shame? That he was letting in upon himself, letting actuate him, something which he knew was not self. And he would know that standing as self he could *throw off* that other thing and be himself.

In writing a treatise on psychology you could not speak of the dawn of time, for psychology has not yet decided what time is; nor could

you refer to reincarnation, for psychology does not yet know what incarnation is. But in the absence of intention to write one we can speak of both. We can carry somewhat further the ideas upon which we have touched. That veiling of the true self by alcohol is but an extreme case. We are all veiled selves, souls. How very much veiled we cannot now conceive. Ever since the soul touched matter, incarnated ages ago in the highest animal form, we have been letting veil after veil gather about us. For countless lives we have been letting swift thought rush at its will, so that now the mind must be brought back second by second to the task we want of it. For countless lives desires have had their license, so that now they can barely be restrained within the necessary social limits. It is only in their highest moments of inspiration that to the poet and musician come a few breaths of rarefied freedom. Then only do they catch some glimpse of their real selfhood and its powers. The rest of us do not even get so much. But the real veiled self of each of us has some specific divine creative work to do, waiting till he can shake off the veils which — except in some extreme cases, still seem to us to be our selves.

How then can psychology with its ratiocinations explain the self? The writers have never found it, are not on the way to find it. They are expecting to make mind yield an account of that which stands behind it and is potentially its master. Soul is the principle of specific differentiation between men as coexecutors of one great cosmic plan. But they have not yet got to their work. STUDENT

The Death Hour

THERE seems to be a discrepancy of testimony anent a dictum of Dr. Osler's in his essay on "immortality." Does a man "die as he has lived, uninfluenced practically by the thought of a future life"? According to the *Baltimore Herald*, a majority of the clergy think the doctor mistaken,

that dying men most times become aroused as to their fate; that in the final hours of mortality the soul gives unmistakable signs of passing to another existence. On the other hand a few men of the cloth agree with the famous physician. They say, as he does, that a man at the point of death differs little from what he has been in active life and that in outward appearance "man dieth as the beast dieth."

"Bunyan could not understand the quiet, easy death of Mr. Badman, and took it as an incontestable sign of his damnation," said Dr. Osler. "The ideal death of Cornelius, so beautifully described by Erasmus, is rarely seen. I have careful records of about 500 deathbeds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of the dying. The latter alone concern us here. Ninety suffered bodily pain and distress of one sort or another. Eleven showed mental apprehensions, two positive terror, one expressed spiritual exaltation, one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no sign one way or the other; like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting. The preacher was right: in this matter man hath no pre-eminence over the beast, 'as the one dieth, so dieth the other.'"

The death of Mr. Badman, to which Dr. Osler refers in support of his belief that men die as they live, is told in a dialog between Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Attentive.

"As his life was full of sin," says Mr. Wiseman, "so his death was without repentance. He had not, in all the time of his sickness, a sight and sense of his sins, but was so much at quiet as if he had never sinned in his life. He was as secure as if he had been as sinless as an angel. When he drew near his end there was no more alteration in him than what was made by his disease on his body. He was the self-same Mr. Badman still, not only in name, but in condition, and that to the very day of his death, and the moment in which he died. He died like a lamb, or, as men call it, like a chrisom child, quietly and without fear."

A military correspondent of the *New York Tribune* during the civil war, Junius Browne, who had the opportunity to witness many hundreds of deaths, contributed to the *Forum* a paper on his observations.

"The sights that I witnessed," he said, "were deeply distressing, but they furnish copious evidence of the fact, for such it surely seems to be, that whatever dread we have of death under ordinary conditions, we become resigned to it as it draws near. I cannot recall a single instance of a man who was troubled with doubt or alarm. They were not concerned about the future, but about the past and present, leaving messages and mementoes for the near and dear and passing away gently and in peace. . . ."

It is natural enough. The struggles of the animal part to keep awake in the body, to keep the body alive, are often over before the moment of death is even very near. It is more and more tinged with content to let go. So far as the man's mind shares the animal life, it shares this content in the relaxation, just as it is content to let go of the outer world in going to sleep.

But there is a higher content which neither science nor the Church explains, nor will till they know something about reincarnation.

Science talks of racial memory having become ingrained in the individual as instinct. But if the individual has been on the earth almost since the earth was and has experienced in himself the ceasing of countless incarnations, this memory too is ingrained — as the instinct that life does *not* cease, that consciousness will go on. And this instinct has had no reason to have fear woven into it as one of its threads.

The Church talks of the soul, but it does not talk of it as the enduring conscious light presiding over all the incarnations of that *derived* light which at each birth detaches itself therefrom, and becomes the thinking self of the man on earth. Death is bringing the two nearer by the very fact of the ceasing of the animal pulses. The benediction of the coming reunion has begun already, though the man may have no conscious recognition of what is happening. *Death itself, in its very nature, is thus antagonistic to fear.* Fear, where it exists, was created not by death but by some of the teachings of the Church, the Devil, Hell, an infuriated God and so forth. And these teachings, repeated generation after generation, have to some extent been ingrained as *false* instincts. "To some extent" — not so much after all. Witness such observers as Dr. Osler and the correspondent Browne, as well as the testimony of thousands who have passed well-nigh through the gates and come back. C.

Archaeology Palaeontology Ethnology

Discovery of America by the Northmen

THE *Granite State Magazine* (Manchester, N. H.) for 1908 is a summary of the accessible information regarding the discovery of America by the Norsemen and of their settlement in a region which the writer, Arthur W. Dudley, believes to be New Hampshire. The English and Spanish accounts of their own discoveries, remarks the editor in a prefatory note, abound with improbabilities, while those of the Northmen are clear and matter-of-fact. The Norse Sagas were until recently thought to be allegorical, and unreliable as history.

The Norsemen (the writer seems to use the word alternatively for Northmen) colonized Iceland about the year 700, established settlements in Greenland about twenty-five years later, and in the interval between 985 and 1000 explored the coast of North America from Labrador to Long Island Sound.

The Saga of Eric the Red exists in two versions, the *Hauksbok*, by Hauk Erlendsson, written between 1305 and 1334, and the *Flateyrbok*, written by Jon Thordharnson about 1387. They describe the Northmen's voyages to Vinland, the latter book adding material gathered from other sources. The Vinland voyages belong to about the year 1000. A valuable confirmation of the simple fact of the visit is given by Adam of Bremen, who visited Denmark in 1047, and who, in describing the Danish colonies, mentions not only Iceland and Greenland but another beyond, called Vinland on account of the wild grapes that grow there. *Antiquitates Americanae*, by Professor Charles Christian Rafn, published in 1837, brought the Icelandic Sagas prominently before modern scholars; and other works are *The History of the Icelandic Discovery of America*, by A. M. Reeves, *Da Costa's Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen*, and *Shafter's Voyages of the Northmen to America*. Most of these writers agree that the description of Vinland is most nearly fulfilled along the New England coast; and Fiske places it between Cape Cod and the mouth of the Pascataqua River. The fact that wild grapes grow on the New England coast in greater abundance than farther north seems to corroborate the view. It is considered probable that Columbus knew of these discoveries and was influenced by them.

From the Saga of Eric the Red we learn that about 965 Eric and his father Thorvald left Norway for Iceland. After Thorvald's death, Eric became involved in trouble owing to his strong passions, and was ultimately outlawed. He then equipped a ship and sailed westward across the main, arriving first at an ice-mountain which he called Blacksark. From thence he sailed southward, to seek a habitable country, and finally selected a site at a place that he named Eric'sfirth, where he remained three years. He called the country Greenland "because people would be attracted thither if the country had a good name." The following summer he returned to Iceland and remained there for one year; after which he set out to colonize the land he had discovered. Out of



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A DOLMEN. "HUNEBED" (HUN'S BED), EMMEN, HOLLAND

twenty-five ships fourteen only reached Greenland. This was in 985, fifteen years before Christianity was legally adopted in Iceland.

Leif Ericsson, who inherited his father's energy, later set out on a mission to Greenland, and was tossed by the sea and came upon an unknown land where there were self-sown wheat fields and vines and great trees called "Mauser," (The writer places the word "Maples" in parenthesis after this.) Then Leif's brother Thorstien made an expedition after the land discovered by Leif, but it came to naught and the ships returned to Eric'sfirth. But in the following year Leif sailed south again with one ship and thirty-five men. The first land sighted was of bare grass, and great ice-mountains lay inland. Putting to sea again they found a second land with broad stretches of white sand along the shore. "Then," said Leif, "this land shall have a name after its nature, and we will call it Markland." They returned to the ship and sailed away with northeast winds for seven *doegrs*—twelve-hour days—before they sighted land. They went ashore on an island off the mainland; then went aboard and sailed for a long time until they came to a river which flowed from the land into a lake and so into the sea. There were great bars at the mouth of the river so that it could only be entered at flood tide. They sailed into the mouth of the river and found self-sown wheat fields (? wild rice) in the hollows and vines on the hills. They dug pits on the shore at high tide and caught halibut, and found salmon and many animals.

The country thereabouts seemed to be possessed of such good qualities that cattle would need little or no fodder during the winters. The days and nights were of much more equal length than in Greenland or Iceland. One morning, when they looked about, they saw a large number of men in skin canoes. The men rowed toward them and went upon the land, marveling at those whom they saw before them. They were swarthy, ill-looking, and the hair of their heads was ugly. They had great eyes and were broad of cheek.

The remainder of this interesting number recounts the subsequent expeditions and adventures, showing how the descriptions tally with the landmarks of New Hampshire, and referring to the archaeological discoveries of what are believed to be relics of the Northmen.

OBSERVER

Fossils in Japan

A LECTURE on Japanese fossils was recently given in London by Marie C. Stopes, D. Sc., who has been studying palaeobotany in Japan under the auspices of the Royal Society.

Japan, said the lecturer, has been entirely underneath the sea several times. Proceeding, she pointed out the great contrast between the coal-bearing rocks of England and Japan. Practically all the coals worked in England come from the Primary or Palaeozoic period, so they are extremely old; but all the coals of Japan were formed in the Secondary period. The difference in age, therefore, between the fossils found in English and Japanese coal runs into many millions of years, and the difference in kind is very great. Fossils preserved in Japan are of a sort not before found in the world, and the specimens of petrified plants she obtained are most of them quite unique and will help to fill a gap in the history of the world as a whole. The lecturer stated that though we have known that the history of the flowering plants must date back very early, and though we have evidence in the leaves from many parts of the world that flowering plants were living in the Cretaceous period, hitherto no example of a flower had been found in that period. The lecturer, however, had the good fortune to obtain in Japan the first petrification of a flower ever found in any part of the world. One of the plants found seemed to be quite unique in the vegetable kingdom, and would require not only a new species and genus, but a new family altogether. S.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Reflex Action

THE physiological books give us diagrams of the process called reflex action. A hot match end touches the finger; the impression runs up a wire nerve along the arm to a place in the spinal cord, enters a large cell there, and is thence discharged as a *motor* current down another nerve wire to the arm muscles, a rapid motion following. Similarly the presence of food in the stomach, after a like double journey, works out into the secretion of gastric juice.

But there is more in that story of the hot match. We have figured the nerve cell in the spinal cord with two branches, one to receive the impression and one to send out a reply. Our picture must give it four, one of the other two going from it to the brain, one back to it from the brain. As soon as the nerve cell perceives the impression from the finger—to speak in terms at once anatomical and subjective—it sends up an account of the matter to the brain and awaits reply. In this case the brain is of the same opinion as the nerve cell—that the finger should be withdrawn. It can therefore leave the cell to attend to the matter, and perhaps, sends it no instructions at all.

Suppose, however, that the match is a hot *needle* in the hands of a surgeon, being used to destroy a wart. The cell cannot see any difference between that situation and the other and would, left to itself, cause the sudden motion of the arm. But before doing so it sends the proper message to the brain, and this time a reply comes back—*Don't* move the arm. The brain knows what is doing and has agreed to the pain beforehand.

"The brain knows"—that is the purely physiological way of putting it. But the brain, by a process we do not understand, hands its knowledge to the *mind*. It is really the mind that knows. Brain-cell motion reappears as mind motion, *subjective* motion. Then the will acts, does something—also unknown—in or upon the brain-cell, which thereupon sends a check current to the spinal cord cell.

The will could do something else. Suppose the needle is fixed immovably to the box of a battery, and the surgeon asks the patient to move his hand a little *nearer*. That brain cell, let us say, is connected with *two* spinal cord cells. With one we are acquainted. The other is in relation with that group of muscles needed for the motion requested by the surgeon. The will, then, with the understanding mind behind it, does something different in that brain cell, in the one case, from that which it does in the other.

Here is the point not understood by the psycho-physiologists, who consequently make of the whole of life with all its actions a mechanism, a more or less elaborate set of reflex actions. Where, they ask, can will come in?

Motion in brain cell disappears for a while, becoming motion of mind, thought, which, on the way to be returned to brain cell, has the path of return selected for it. Will and mind act in the interval of absence of motion—

molecular and finer—from the brain cell, its departure therefrom and return thereto.

Need it necessarily return thereto at all? We do not know. Two people look at a sublime piece of scenery. Both are strongly moved. "Moved"—we certainly use the right word; the motion is *emotion*. But one of the two breaks into exclamations, gestures and chattering, finally—may we not say?—discharging all the aroused *e-motion* as motion and sound. The other remains silent, stores up somewhere in his being that force which the first threw away.

We say that deep natures are silent ones. Each may be cause and effect of the other. Such natures may store much of the force that the rest of us throw away in words—more thoroughly spendthrift than we imagine. Motion saved that the rest of us waste, where is it? Transformed, "stepped up," to speak electrically, into mental voltage, and higher yet into spiritual, it may become by some most subtle action of the will, formative. Do we even know how the will acts when an encouraged patient gets well and a discouraged one dies? Silence of a certain positive kind may be the soul's building hour, its reception hour for the distillations of thought, its maturing time of will.

STUDENT

Dead Leaves

THE gardener who rushes up and wheels away the dead leaves from around the great trees in the park may be improving appearances, but he is cheating the trees. They know their business, or rather nature behind them knows it. She has not done with the leaves—has rather *placed* them where they are than merely *dropped* them. And their deadness is consistent with continued useful activity.

How trees get their nitrogen has been a matter of dispute for many years. Provided there is water such a tree as the Eucalyptus will make good growth in a sandy or rocky soil where analysis will show that there is hardly any nitrogen at all. And yet the majority of botanists deny to trees any power of fixing atmospheric nitrogen for themselves.

Forest soil steadily increases in nitrogenous content; this has to be accounted for. The dead leaves, as nitrogen *containers*, do not account for it. For in the first place most of their nitrogen has been removed from them by the tree before they fell; secondly they are always yielding free nitrogen back to the air as they decay; and thirdly, some of the nitrogen removed by the tree from the soil is represented in growth. And it is known for very few trees indeed that they are served like the legumes by nitrogen-fixing bacteria at the roots. Says Mr. Treadwell Cleveland, Jr., in a recent paper read before the Society of American Foresters:

The first explanation was made by Professor Henry of the Nancy (France) National School of Forests and Waters, who showed by experiments that dead leaves, especially when they lie upon a substratum of humus, possess the power of fixing a notable quantity of atmospheric nitrogen. He found that a plantation of *Pinus Maritima*, which

had been growing on pure sand since 1850, had accumulated in fifty-six years 240 pounds of nitrogen per acre, in addition to the nitrogen utilized in tree growth. . . . He found that the soil under an old oak standing near Nancy had stored 6569 pounds of nitrogen per acre in the soil that was within reach of the tree roots—a nitrogen content that is scarcely equalled and very rarely exceeded by artificially fertilized agricultural soil.

This newly known function of dead leaves, is then partly answerable for the tree's possession of nitrogen. The work of still unknown bacteria at the roots may or must also contribute. And there is something else:

The theory that plants are able to assimilate free atmospheric nitrogen by means of their trichomes [hairs on the reverse side of the leaves] was first advanced by Professor Jamieson, of the Agricultural Research Association, of Aberdeen, Scotland. . . . The results which he obtained aroused the interest of two foresters at the Royal Hungarian Forest Experiment Station at Selmechánya, Drs. G. Zemplén and J. Roth, who followed the same methods as Jamieson and secured results which entirely corroborated his. Like Jamieson, they found that the trichomes responded to the ordinary chemical reagents used to detect the presence of nitrogen; that the reaction is stronger with broadleaf trees than with conifers, . . . etc., etc.

These results are, as we have said, not yet everywhere accepted. But reasoning by exclusion would almost have sufficed to establish it that plants do at *some* part of their surface assimilate an element with which they are in such close and constant contact and which they need so continuously.

STUDENT

A Test of Vitality

BLOOD cells are, it seems, capable of living a very long time away from their home.

A French biologist, Jolly, had already shown that after fifteen days, preserved under proper conditions, they sometimes have vitality enough left to persevere with one of their favorite diversions—subdivision of themselves into two. But with still more care, keeping them at the freezing point, he has now observed movements after the lapse of four and one-half months and thinks this time can be greatly extended.

May this ever become a test of the general vitality of a human individual? It might perhaps be used—to some very small extent is used now—to estimate changes in the vital level of the *same* individual at different times. In a perfectly balanced state of health, the outcome of perfect heredity and of a life of perfect balance, the vitality of any one tissue would probably be on a level with that of any other. But who has such heredity or leads such a life? Our tissues are all of different ages. We occasionally see an old man—Lord Brougham was such a one—whose muscles are too feeble and tremulous to keep him on his feet for a minute, but whose mind (depending upon brain-cells) has lost little or nothing of its speed and grasp. Conversely it may be the brain cells which go in advance of the muscles. Blood cells, too, taken from a patient far advanced in disease of brain or spinal cord, might give every microscopic test of abundant health and vitality. M. D.



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SEAWEED-COVERED ROCKS ON THE PACIFIC SHORE, LOOKING SOUTH
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA

Lomaland Shore

THIS magnificent view needs no introduction, but exacts a word of appreciation from a nature-lover who feels sure of the sympathy of his readers. For those to whom the scene is familiar, imagination fills in the outlines and supplies the coloring. Here dwells a Genius whose charms shall dwell with us and help us to build "more stately mansions." H.

The Seventeen-Year Locust

ONE might construct a natural calendar out of the life-histories of insects, for these go through stages of metamorphosis which last for certain fixed periods according to the particular species in question. In most insects the whole life is comprised within a few weeks; the larval life of the day-fly extends over two or three years, and that of the cockchafer over three or four years. An American species of cicada, known as the "seventeen-year locust," though it is not a locust, occupies seventeen years in its development from the egg to the perfect winged insect. Its habitat is the eastern part of North America. In certain years it appears in immense numbers. The female deposits about ten eggs in a tender twig. About two months later the larvae creep forth,

fall to the ground and bury themselves in the soft mould among the roots of the tree, where they remain eating and growing for seventeen years. The skin is changed four times: in the second, fourth, eleventh, and fifteenth years. In the seventeenth year the pupa issues from the ground, crawls up a tree, and struggles out of its skin. The last appearance of the cicadas of the main swarm was in 1902, so they are due again in 1919. (Particulars from *Illustrierte Zeitung*).

"The life of man is but six cicadas; and though his years be prolonged for another cicada, yet are they misery. And it came to pass that in the second moulting of the third locust of his reign, the king went forth against the Amalekites." TRAVERS

Agriculture for Women

IT has been remarked that there is a type of woman, found in all civilized countries, but sometimes called, though without prejudice to the women of America, "the American girl," who have nothing to do and who consequently kill time with futile and extravagant activities. Modern conditions among the well-to-do have deprived them of the all-absorbing duties of the busy housewife or house-daughter.

Agriculture, horticulture, and fruit-growing seem to promise a useful channel for this unoccupied energy. According to a recent census in Germany, as a writer in the *Boston Transcript* tells us, as many women as men are engaged in agriculture in Württemberg; and of these 26,000 own the land on which they work. Poultry, fruit, and vegetables are the industries they find most suited to them. In 1870 a German woman came to Baltimore to study dentistry and was struck by the fact that America was sending fruit to Germany. After graduating, she went home with the idea of founding a school of fruit-growing for women in Germany but had to work at her profession for 23 years before she found herself possessed of the means to start the experiment. Once started, however, it won influential support, and now receives government patronage and has sixty students of rank and culture who learn to manage their own gardens and greenhouses, make dairy products and preserves, raise market vegetables, and keep the books.

The same thing has been started in various places in England; and in America also a beginning of organized work in this direction has been made. In the matter of individual enterprises the women of the Western States have achieved considerable success. T. H.



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly, if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

Master or Slave?

Will is the offspring of the Divine, the God in man; Desire, the motive power of the animal life.

Will is the exclusive possession of man. It divides him from the brute, in whom instinctive desire only is active.

WE often have hard words for those who keep the treasures of material life locked away from use either of themselves or others. Misers! we say scornfully. But what of ourselves? Do we realize how niggardly we act towards Nature's choicest gifts? What use do we make of *will*, our "*exclusive possession*" as human beings? Let us ask ourselves some questions, and let us face the answers. Are our daily lives purposeful, or do we drift? And if we are drifters, why are we?

I am supposing, of course, that we have some intellectual grasp of Theosophical teachings, and so, theoretically at least, we allow the duality of our natures. We cannot face all points of the compass at once; to reach the North means to turn one's back to the South, does it not? Do we mean to ally ourselves with the spiritual or material aspects of our nature, to arise and go to the Father—or to grovel with the swine? Because in one case we shall cultivate *the desires*; in the other, use our *will*. And let us clearly understand we must do our own work. No one else can either "*desire*" or "*will*" for us—unless we abdicate our position and become the irresponsible tool of the hypnotist, which is beside the present question, for, as responsible beings, we have naturally some special work to do in accord with our capacity.

We are certainly practically all well aware that we have a body with the allied passionate nature, and active desires of all kinds, such as to be comfortable, well thought of, well fed, housed, and clothed; to have the conditions

suitable to our temperament, and so on through the list of the hundred and one "*wants*" of material existence. If we look at the animal kingdom, we see the same wants there; the motive power of animal life, in man as well as beast must be *desire* unless he turns towards the inner higher life and develops actively his will through dominating his desires. Then he will eat and drink for sustenance, not from desire; he will do his work well, because it is right so to do it, not to gain praise or position thereby; and he will work for the comfort of others, not for his own.

Theosophy teaches us that we are Souls; but it also teaches that we can only be conscious of this fact and enter the joy of real life through action upon Soul lines, which can only be done by the steady, persistent, dominant *Will* to live and act in accordance with our divine nature. Day by day, through all the acts of our lives the choice comes to us—shall we be selfish or unselfish? Shall we

failed to comprehend them, and so is without that illumination which he might have—is not in touch with facts.

Perhaps the pessimist is always a man whose mind has run away with him. It has either wrested, or reasoned, away from him his human-divine power of *knowing* such truths as the above; or it has frightened him out of use of that power by making gloomy pictures of his own past or future, or of the Universe. It is either fear, or the rank weedy overgrowth of ratiocination, that makes the pessimist.

How does the soul know that it is immortal, not reachable by death?

As the sun is above the clouds, sees the clouds rise, veil him from the earth, and in time dissolve in the clear air, himself remaining unaffected; so the soul—itself beyond and above death—upon death, and that which is the prey and domain of death, looks down untouched. It surely may claim to know that it cannot be subject to that which arises, reigns,



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PERQUIAL FERRY, NEAR ST. MAUVES, CORNWALL, ENGLAND

work with Will or Desire, be Master or Slave?

Let us think of the work of our Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, and the example of their lives. Let us think of the on-coming generations of children and the needs of the world—and what shall be the answer? E. I. W.

Why Theosophy is Optimistic

WHAT Optimism hopes, Theosophy foresees. Its philosophy is the warrant of Optimism. A book which deserves more reading than it gets thus sums up the keynotes of this philosophy:

There are three truths which are absolute, and which cannot be lost, but yet remain silent for lack of speech.

"The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor have no limit.

"The principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us; is undying and eternally beneficent; is not seen, or heard, or smelt; but is perceived by the man who desires perception.

"Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment."

Whoever takes those three truths fully into his life must necessarily be an optimist by their warrant. The pessimist has partly or wholly

and disappears in regions altogether below it.

As soon as a man recognizes himself as a soul, he is of necessity a Theosophist and an optimist, for he now knows his destiny and can confidently preach the "three Truths." To understand the first two of these three requires almost no *thought*; whoever will do so may begin to *feel* that they are true; whoever will let this feeling grow within him will in time so thoroughly get hold of the *joy* in them that he will be able to look straight into the eyes of another man, of however lowly intellect, and say them with such conviction as to inspire in that other a portion of his own now clear and undislodgable knowledge. One burning match can ignite a boxful of others.

These truths, which are as great as is life itself are simple as the simplest mind of man. Feed the hungry with them.

Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry; it is a song.

Look for it and listen to it first in your own heart.

Perhaps men will go on "*dispensing gloom*" to themselves till they learn that they need not, and that a little attempt daily to *feel* the actuality of the first two "*Truths*" constitutes a self-dispensation of "*glory*." HJOLMAR

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question In *Isis Unveiled*, which I have been reading lately, I find mentioned that there exist many people who have no souls, and I understand that it is held by Theosophists that the soul may be lost. Will you please explain the meaning of this?

Answer The teaching that the soul may be lost is not one which is peculiar to Theosophy but is taught in all the ancient religions, and even by Jesus himself, who said: "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

It is universally taught in all religions and by the great teachers of Humanity that man's nature is dual; that he has a divine nature and an earthly nature. Without going into a further analysis, we may speak of the soul as this Higher Divine part of man, or as being the real man who uses the lower material man with his desires, passions, and sensations, as an instrument or means of gaining experience of earth-life; and furthermore that part of the soul's mission on earth is to purify, transmute, and raise up the lower material nature to become a fit habitation for the Divine. In the use of this instrument, the lower nature, the consciousness of the soul is reflected to greater or less degree into the lower man, and very often, as every one must know from experiences in his own life, the sense of the higher consciousness may be lost, or obscured and for a time forgotten.

If through a course of evil living *all* sense of the higher nature be lost, so that no longer can the influence of the soul be exerted in the life, the lower nature becomes in time cut off from all influences of the higher, and so becomes soulless. For it, the soul has become lost, and it, the lower nature, human only in form, must sink down into ever greater and greater degradation, until in the merciful purposes of Nature it ceases to exist as an entity, and all its elements go back to the great storehouse of Nature.

In another sense, however, there are many lost souls, and this in the very ordinary sense of being lost. There are very many whom we meet constantly who have lost their bearings, who do not know the meaning and purpose of life, whose higher natures apparently are sleeping. To such we can always lend a helping hand, and perhaps point out the way of their true progress and show them again the path that leads to the light.

A question was recently asked that, if there were lost souls and soulless people, would not all acts of Brotherhood be entirely wasted on them, and consequently ought we not to discriminate and bestow our help only where it can be appreciated. In answer to this I would say that true Brotherhood certainly implies the use of the faculty of discrimination, but that such discrimination must be in regard to the needs of the person and as to what true Brotherhood consists in, *not as to the recipient of our brotherliness*.

It is surely not our part to decide whether such and such persons may be soulless or not, but *if we can help them it is our privilege and opportunity to do so*, and the soullessness of such persons, wherever they exist, is a part of the Karma of the human race, our Karma, and we are in part responsible for it.

And even those soulless physical bodies actuated by the fiercest passions and the instruments of the most terrible crimes and vices, are part of this Universe and must be raised up with all the lower forms of life until they are purified, refined, and made fit for higher, nobler uses of the soul and become again instruments of the Divine. No, we have no right to say, "I will be a brother to this man, but not to this other." The one basic idea on which this whole philosophy of Theosophy rests is Unity, and from this Unity not even the greatest evil in the world, nor the most evil person can be separated; but must be finally transmuted, redeemed, and consciously made part of the divine.

STUDENT



HOWTH CASTLE, IRELAND

THEOSOPHIST. . . . Only the spiritual consciousness, whose root lies in eternity . . . may therefore be regarded as immortal. Everything else belongs to passing illusions.

INQUIRER. What do you really understand by illusion in this case?

THEO. That which is not permanent, the transitory, the evanescent and phenomenal. Under this category will come, therefore, our fleeting earth lives which are, as it were, the flowers of an existence whose roots are in eternity. The real world is the world of causes, of noumena. Just as in the natural world at the appointed season the plants, whose roots are hid in the earth, send up their shoots and leaves and then blossom and die, so the soul, the root of whose being is in the inner spiritual world, sends out its shoots and blossoms into the world of material physical existence. These blossoms live out their transitory day and then fade away and die, and the life essence, just as in the plant, is indrawn into the root to be again sent forth in due season. One having cognizance of these two aspects would be merely justified in declaring these transitory blossoms of earth-life illusions, and the only real life, that which lies behind.

This is what I mean. It is not the world in which blossom the transitory and evanescent flowers of personal lives which is the real permanent world, but that one in which we find the root of consciousness, the root which is beyond illusion and dwells in the eternity. —*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 176

THE THEOSOPHICAL ADDRESS
AT ISIS THEATER

AN interested audience listened to Professor C. J. Ryan at Isis Theater last evening lecture on the subject "The Opening of Some Closed Doors." The main part of his lecture dealt with the inner nature of man, which is understood so little today, and for an explanation of which Professor Ryan declared we must turn to Theosophy.

Introducing his subject Professor Ryan spoke in part as follows:

"Most people have had the peculiar experience of finding a door apparently locked, which had been left open, and then, after some fumbling with the key, trying the handle and finding that the door was not locked at all. On another occasion it may be that the door is really locked and that the key is in one's pocket, but its whereabouts has been completely

forgotten. According to Theosophy each of us lives in a splendid mansion, filled with treasures, of which we know little or nothing. We sit on the stairs or in an ill-furnished back room, while all around are doorways leading to marvelously beautiful places, halls of song and galleries of art, and wide free spaces where the sun shines and the fresh winds blow. How is it then that we pass our lives without making the effort needed to open the doors and move out into the larger life? Is it ignorance of the fact that we possess the keys to open the doors, or do we refuse to admit there are any doors at all? That is to say it is ignorance of the true meaning of the training-school we call life.

"Theosophy tells us we have the keys, and that though they may be rusty and require cleaning they are a true fit. Let us see how Theosophy can help us to step out from the bondage of our own making into freedom.

"The first thing is to clear up our ideas as to what we are in our real selves. The usual thing is to take ourselves for granted, and only to be startled into a momentary guess that there may be strange possibilities hidden within us by a revelation of unusual powers of attainment or depths of degradation in another, or by a sudden flash of insight into hitherto unsuspected qualities in ourselves.

"We must study mankind in the light of Theosophy. We soon find that instead of being merely an animal, perishing utterly at death, as so many scientific men, particularly in Continental Europe, tell us, or a simple and specially-created soul put into the body at birth as theology teaches, the nature of man is highly complex—truly "wonderfully and fearfully made," even that of the lowest savage—and the outward personality displays only a very limited part of the real soul, which has in itself the stored-up impressions of ages of past experience. The warfare between the two natures within the breast, the divine and compassionate, and the personal and selfish, is the clearest proof that man is at least dual in his intimate consciousness."—*San Diego Union*

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

Theosophic Thoughts from Famous Authors

All fires on earth are derived from the Sun, so the divine Wisdom-Religion has been the Sun of light and life to men throughout the ages. Theosophic thought is not confined to teachings on Karma and Reincarnation, though these are very important facts of Nature. All real wisdom concerning man and his relation to the Source of all things, is Theosophic. The field before us is therefore a wide one, and full of countless flowers of thought, only a small handful of which is here presented. We cannot do better than begin with the beautiful words of one who has been called the "high priest of nature," Wordsworth, where he speaks of man's higher Self, and his birth on earth. In common with other great thinkers he justly regards this present existence as the sleep or dream of the soul.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.

That the body is not the real man, but only the temporary covering of the soul, all great thinkers have perceived. The poet Spenser says:

For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form and doth the body make.

Carlyle gives us the same idea in his forceful language:

Creation lies before us like a glorious rainbow, but the Sun that made it is behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances, and sleep deepest when fancying ourselves most awake.

Again, speaking of the body, he says it is a

Shadow-system gathered round our Me, wherein for some moments of time the Divine Essence is revealed in Flesh.

In the celebrated *Dream of Scipio* by Cicero we have the same idea:

Strive on with the assurance that it is not you who are subject to death, but our body. . . . Of this be sure, that thou art a God.

Longfellow assures us that

The soul never grows old,

and his words link themselves to the teaching of the *Bhagavad-Gitā* where it says:

Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
Never was time it was not. End and Beginning are dreams!

MEMBERSHIP

In the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!

St. Chrysostom wrote, "The true Shekinah is Man." The true conception of what man is in his real nature, carries with it a correct idea of the change called Death.

"There is no death, what seems so is transition," says Longfellow. Plato taught that "The Soul always weaves her garments anew." The author of *Festus* says:

Death is another life. We bow our heads
At going out, we think; and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's,
Larger than this and lovelier.

Bacon said:

It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as faithful as the other.

Homer, like many others since, compares death to sleep in the words,

Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race.

Emerson teaches:

It is the secret of nature that all things subsist and do not die, but only retire a little from light, and afterwards return again. . . . Nothing is dead; men feign themselves dead, and endure mock funerals, and mournful obituaries, and there they stand looking out of the window, sound and well, in some new disguise.

We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded by a sleep,

are words of Shakespeare which Carlyle used to repeat with great emphasis, regarding them as pregnant with deepest significance.

Viewing life from a different aspect Richter says:

When we die, we shall find we have not lost our dreams; but that we have only lost our sleep.

It was in something of the same spirit that Plato wrote:

Here we are buried in the tomb of the flesh, from which at death we have resurrection.

Along with a true conception of the real Self in

man there springs a sense of true dignity. We know the truth of the words of St. Paul:

Know ye not that ye are the temples of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?

We can enter into the spirit of Novalis where he says:

He who touches a human hand touches heaven. . . . As the purpose of Nature is to personify the Invisible, human souls are the Persons (or masks) by which the leading parts are here acted with many changes of scenery.

As man rises to clearer and truer views of his own nature, his views of other things become clearer also. As he realizes that he contains in himself the little image, the microcosm, of the whole, he is the better able to study the glories of the Universe. With Emerson he perceives that

Nature is a mutable cloud, which is always and never the same. Through the brutality and toughness of matter a subtle spirit bends all things to its divine will. The world proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man. It is a *remoter* and *inferior* incarnation of God—a projection of God into the unconscious.

Again the same author says:

As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws, at his need, inexhaustible power.

Rising to this clearer air, voices from the mountain tops of the ages come to the awakened soul. Krishna, in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, Goethe, and the New Testament, utter words in different languages, but having the same meaning. Krishna says:

I established this whole universe with a single portion of myself, and remain separate.

Goethe voices the World-Spirit which says:

'Tis thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply
And weave the garment thou seest Him by.

St. Paul, as he stands in the midst of the Areopagus, declares to the Athenians, concerning the Unknown God,

For in Him we live and move and have our being.

Carlyle says:

All visible things are emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken is not there at all. Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and body it forth.

From these heights of thought where the whole Universe is perceived to be Divine Ideation, we turn to the life of man on earth, the better able to distinguish between the Divine and the merely psychic or physical. We understand with Pythagoras, how it is that "We are our own children"; or with



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MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS BUILDING

Wordsworth, "The child is father of the man." We perceive the working of Karma, that Divine Law, "Whose heart is Love, whose end is Peace and Consummation sweet," which gives us back in harvest the seed we have sown. The twin subjects of Karma and Reincarnation have been so frequently and so fully discussed that only a few quotations from famous authors will be given here.

Few sayings are more comprehensive than the words of H. W. Beecher:

We sleep, but the loom of time never stops; and the pattern which is weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

Nothing could be more distinct in regard to a former state of existence than certain parts of the New Testament. Jesus says:

What then if ye should behold the Son of Man ascending where he was before? Again he says:

O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was:

Take this in conjunction with his other words where he quotes from the Old Testament:

Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are Gods? (*Psalm 82, 6*) If he called them Gods, unto whom the Word of God came (and the Scripture cannot be broken), say ye of him, whom the Father sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God?

Goethe says:

The soul of man is like the water: from heaven it cometh, to heaven it mounteth.

Browning writes:

I shall never, in the years remaining
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues.
This of verse alone one life allows me:

Other heights in other lives, God willing.

In Tennyson's *De Profundis* we find the evolution of the Soul outlined in a few pregnant lines:

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Where all that was to be, in all that was,
Whirled for a million aeons thro' the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light —
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Through all this changing world of changeless law,

And every phase of ever heightening life,
And nine long months of ante-natal gloom,
Thou comest.

All through the Christian era, from Philo, who says:

Our soul, having lost its heavenly mansion, came down into the earthly body as a strange place,

to our latest poets and philosophers, the same golden thread of the ancient Wisdom-Religion runs; it holds the ages together.

The short space of a single article does not permit a full statement of many other "Theosophic Thoughts" which great men, age after age, have uttered, but a few striking sentences must be given. Emerson says:

Crime and punishment grow on one stem — the thief steals from himself, the swindler swindles himself.

The same writer again says, concerning the meaning or purpose of life:

We are put in training for a love that knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere. One day all men will be lovers, and every calamity will be dissolved in universal sunshine.

As we hear so much now-a-days about magic, these words from Milton will serve to show that other ages knew something about it too.

I oft have heard, but ne'er believed till now,
There are, who can by potent magic spells
Bend to their crooked purpose Nature's laws.

In men of very different casts of thought we find truly Theosophic thought. For instance in Martin Luther, and James Martineau: the former says:

God is invisible and indefinable, what we can define or see is not God.

The latter writes:

No inquirer can fix a direct and clear-sighted gaze towards truth, who is casting side-glances all the while on the prospects of his soul.

Compare what Luther says above with these words of the Rig-Veda:

Who is the God to whom we offer worship?
He whose shadow is immortality.

We have been able to snatch only a few flowers here and there, as we passed swiftly through the vast field of Theosophic thought, leaving thousands of others untouched. The more they are gathered the more they grow, for they have that supreme excellence which is mentioned in the "Pythagoric Sentences of Demophilus," where it says:

Esteem that to be eminently good, which when communicated to another will be increased to yourself.

REV. S. J. NEILL

Correspondence

Vicarious Atonement: Does Christianity Teach It?

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

Your editorial in the *CENTURY PATH* last week revealed a curious conception of "Salvation by Grace," the "Atonement," and the problem of vicarious suffering. From observation it seems to be a very usual one outside the Christian Churches, for one is constantly coming across it; but inside the churches one rarely meets it, for it rests on only a partial

knowledge of what Christianity really stands for. There is a vast difference between believing that Christ's offering of Himself can save from the effects of sin, and believing that it can save from the power of present sin in the individual life. The conception in your editorial appears to be the former; Christ's teaching and the Christian belief is certainly the latter.

We can only say that in our experience the former is very common within the Christian churches, for we are continually coming across most emphatic statements of it by prominent ministers. As we recently pointed out in the *CENTURY PATH*, the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Moule, quite a celebrated exponent of the evangelical position as well as a bishop in the Anglican church, not only affirms the former, but puts himself to great pains to explain that the latter is *not* the Christian teaching. We quote the Bishop again.

Here we must note accordingly two remarkable instances of misuse of the word Justification in the history of Christian thought. The first is found in the theology of the Schoolmen, the great thinkers of the Middle Ages in Western Christendom. . . . To them Justification appears to have meant much the same as regeneration, the great internal change in the state of our nature wrought by grace. The other instance appears in the sixteenth century, in the Decrees of the Council of Trent. . . . There Justification is described as "not the mere remission of sins but also the sanctification and renovation of the inner man." ("Justification by Faith," in *The Fundamentals: A Testimony to the Truth*; issued by "Two Christian Laymen," Chicago.)

These views, then, the Bishop calls errors, and his subsequent remarks enlarge on that point. Yet what does our correspondent say? Again we quote from her letter: continuing from the point where we broke off:

In that lies the inspiration and secret of Christian missionary effort. We have vividly realized a new power and energy in our lives, through the assurance of the presence of what we feel confident is the risen Christ with us and in us. It is an experience so clear and evident that it is impossible for us to doubt it. It breaks the power that old habits and sins have over us and transforms the world for us.

This, coupled with the writer's previous statement that the other doctrine is not a church doctrine but a misconception held by outsiders, flatly contradicts Bishop Moule. So we are left in the position of being obliged to throw over Bishop Moule, as one of those whose opinion "rests on only partial knowledge of what Christianity really stands for." And with him we must throw over a great many other important people who claim to know what Christianity stands for; for, as we have said, this so-called misconception is declared, and passionately declared, by leading authorities to be the essential Christian teaching.

Dr. Moule concludes his sermon with a quotation from Bishop Hopkins of Derry, who says that—

All the debts of the believer are chargeable upon Christ, and the righteousness of Christ is instated in the believer.

So the position of the *CENTURY PATH* is this: it has to combat what it considers to be error, wherever found. The Bishop of Durham writes a sermon which is widely circulated by a propaganda committee, and which contains a teaching which the *CENTURY PATH* (and also our correspondent) believes to be an error. Therefore the *CENTURY PATH* combats that error. And that error is put forward as being Christian teaching, together with an express repudiation of the teaching which our correspondent declares to be the right one.

All we can do under such circumstances is to assure our correspondent that we are extremely glad she does not hold the narrow views of the Bishop of Durham and others, but maintains views which are certainly much better; and to add that our argument, on the occasion in question, was not directed against this particular kind of Christianity

but against the other kind. We must however protest our right to wage war against the other kind as long as it continues to be rife. It is an undoubted fact that the teaching of vicarious atonement, in its baldness and simplicity, is preached extensively by Christian ministers as being a cardinal teaching of Christianity. There is no possibility of explaining it away; for the notion of remission of sins—not by our own merits, but by a special expiation—is not merely admitted but vehemently insisted on. This idea is upheld as an attraction; Christ will wash away our sins, no matter how guilty we may be; justice is satisfied by the sacrifice which Jesus made, whereby he took our guilt upon him. Theosophists and broad Christians are denounced because they teach that such a doctrine cannot be true and that man must reap the consequences of his own acts. When Theosophists or broad Christians state that the grace of Christ does not remit sins but regenerates us and causes us to leave off committing them, these ministers protest that such is a false teaching, as we have just seen Bishop Moule protesting.

We admit that many of these clergymen if approached privately, would stand for a broader doctrine, such as the one our correspondent has outlined; we admit that when attacked by Theosophists for the narrowness of their views, they will frequently disclaim those views. Nevertheless those views are preached; and as long as this is the case, Theosophists oppose them. Such is our position, and again we can only say that we wish the broader views which seem to obtain in private were more to the fore in public. If our efforts contribute to bringing about a clearing-up of the situation, and to a clearer definition of what the Christian or church teaching really is, they will not have been in vain. Let our correspondent, and all of similar mind, join hands with Theosophists in proclaiming that the narrow dogma of vicarious atonement is not a true Christian teaching.

Now we turn to another point, where we are *not* in agreement with our Correspondent. Continuing, she writes:

We know that it is able to purify and ennoble and strengthen anyone and everyone, however degraded and bad they are, and we know of no other force in the world that can accomplish that. Is it any wonder that men and women freely lay down their lives and spread the good news? Christ's command to us is, "Go ye into all the world and preach the good news to every creature," and when we have seen the vision of Him we go out with joy.

We know there are Christians who have experienced a regeneration of heart; but deny that Christianity is the only power that can accomplish this. Any religion can do the same. Also, no religion can do it unless the person opens his own heart to the grace from within. We take the saying, from another scripture:

In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them; but whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine. . . . In whatever form a devotee desires with faith to worship, it is I alone who inspire him with constancy therein.

Which we compare with the teaching:

I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.

We maintain that the Christ (the Christos) is the Divine Self, standing within the heart of man, and that through it communion is made with the Father, the Supreme Spirit. This teaching is common to all religions. Every devotee who believes it experiences regeneration. It is true that Jesus Christ teaches regeneration and the "second birth," whereby a new life is born in man and he forsakes his evil ways and enters upon the path of wisdom. Would that the bulk of Christians paid more attention to this teaching! But other Teachers and scriptures preach the same eternal truth; Christianity has no monopoly of it. Christianity has not, on the whole, succeeded particularly well in keeping this truth alive in the

human breast; it has done much to counteract the teaching by preaching the doctrine of vicarious atonement and other ecclesiastical dogmas. Christian missionaries go among the "heathen" and preach this latter doctrine today, in spite of what our correspondent says about the beneficent influence of missionaries. But people can gain the inner light without adopting Christian formulas; they can do it through their own religion.

For the Theosophist, who is a worker having to deal with actual conditions in the world, some greater power than Christianity is needed to awaken in man the sense of his essential Divinity, to regenerate him with a new power and energy to break up his old habits and transform the world for him. Christianity has had a long try; but the world stands badly in need of help, and Christianity is split all up into disagreeing sects. Many missionaries are giving way and adapting their teachings to suit the beliefs of the "heathen." The teachings of the Christian churches may suffice for a few people who have been brought up from earliest childhood amid all the surroundings and associations of a western Christian home; but how can we instil the same feelings into the mind of Hindüs and Chinese? We must have a much broader base for our gospel; we must preach the fundamental unity of all religions; and that Truth is founded on the light proceeding from the Divine Spark in the soul of all men.

If Theosophists thought it possible to regenerate civilization by a renewed and improved preaching of the Christian gospel alone, they might do so; but they do not think it possible. The gospel is too much encumbered with dogmatism and sectarianism; such attempts as have been made to infuse a new life into the Christian teaching have not been adequate. A new power was necessary; that is why H. P. Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society. And Theosophists claim that Theosophy has been the means of introducing a great regenerative power into the world; nay, even that it has to a great extent regenerated Christianity itself. Everywhere Christians are overhauling their religion, and preaching, as being essential Christianity, doctrines which they never would have dreamed of but for the influence of Theosophy, open and silent. The Christians have much to thank the Theosophists for; in many cases, when they oppose Theosophists, they are doing so with weapons borrowed from Theosophy. In fine, Christianity can try to prove its efficacy by vindicating itself as an effective agency; and we do not doubt it is trying to do so. But Theosophists decline to accept the "our goods are the best" statement until they have more evidence in support of the claim.

There is another important point in our correspondent's letter—as follows: If, as she implies, Jesus Christ's "sacrifice" cannot save us from the effects of sin, when and how do we suffer from those effects? That is where the ordinary Christian knowledge fails. Again, what of people who die in their sin without ever experiencing the blessed regeneration, perhaps never hearing of it? In short, we cannot do without some after-death provision for the adjustment of deserts and the balancing up of accounts. This is where the narrow doctrine of atonement fits in; it provides for all this by wiping every slate clean without more ado. But our correspondent's doctrine leaves the problem unsolved. This illustrates the fact that if we admit one truth, we must also admit everything that may follow from it; we cannot stop half-way. Many clergymen have felt this, and bishops and Doctors of Divinity are writing books, widely advertised, speculating on our after-death states and cautiously hinting at ideas of intermediate states of probation and purification. They do not, however, go the whole length of the Roman doctrine of Purgatory, wisely enough, probably.

Christianity, as ordinarily understood, has no such teaching as the Theosophical doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation; and until it has, it can never satisfy the world. Theosophists will not give up their noble philosophy in favor of a teaching which leaves so much unexplained. H. T. EDGE, B. A. (*Cantab.*)

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Fewer Painters and More Craftsmen Needed

THE London *Times* said recently, "There are too many artists, not only in England, but everywhere." Is this true? If by "artists" painters and sculptors in the conventional sense alone are meant, this may be correct, and it is to be feared that we must admit the truth of the following remarks from the same source:

It is a strange state of things. There are multitudes of painters, often skilled workmen, producing a kind of art which the public does not want. And there is the public wanting a kind of art which the painters do not produce. . . . It is the modern divorce between the arts and crafts which has done the mischief. In the fifteenth century the man who is now a minor painter struggling with a task beyond his powers would have been a craftsman doing work within his powers. Then there was a kind of process of natural selection among artists, and only the best became painters.

The mischief lies deeper, though, for the secret of the trouble lies in the divorce between life and art. In our overgrown, congested cities, where millions toil unnaturally for bread, art has become a pure exotic, music only a little less so. Of course it is possible to get quantities of "machine-made art," but these products are not really artistic, and their very cheapness and excellence of manufacture help to deteriorate the power of appreciating good art. As medicine tries to cure or at least to palliate the worst effects of the past and present unwholesome methods of living, mental and physical, so the fine arts today are gallantly struggling to modify the ugliness which is the natural outcome of the haste and unrest of the age, and the enormous development of the spirit of utilitarianism.

Perhaps there are other and deeper, unknown causes for the artistic depression of these days, which in our ignorance we label the Spirit of the Age. If we had definite knowledge of the recurring cycles of human consciousness, or could trace the individual reincarnations of nations and men, the causes would be clear; but the world has not yet realized the potencies lying behind the simple fact of Reincarnation. In consequence of the prevailing Western ignorance of Reincarnation, superficial reasons and superficial remedies are offered by would-be leaders of public opinion.

This age offers lip-service to the Goddess of Art, and the wealthier classes, by collecting specimens of the inspired works of past centuries, and by having their mansions furnished regardless of cost by the best firms, make believe that the worship is heart-felt. But the sacrifice is hollow.

Nor does the production of thousands of picture-painters mean that a nation is really artistic, for most of the pictures partake of the nature of curiosities in a cabinet, poor isolated things, shut off by a rigid barrier of gold frame. Easel-pictures are not a part of the vital forces of the age, and frescoed wall-paintings are little more so. Matter-of-fact process-blocks, definitely illustrating scientific

facts, are far more typical of the modern temperament in the West.

The true artist feels out of tune with the ideals of a day in which art-works are regarded largely as excellent "fillers," and in which decoration, at so much a yard, is called in to hide the poverty of architectural design. But what is he to do? He clings to his picture-making as the best vehicle available to express his perception of beauty in nature. In an artistic national atmosphere pictures would not be needed in large numbers, for everything would have the magic touch of harmony and the artist would be able to express himself in

harmony with the great Law. Life in which the behests of the higher nature were carried out perfectly could not but be artistic in every detail; for the qualities that distinguish poor art are only another aspect of the common faults of the lower nature, such as insincerity, extravagance, carelessness, and the like. The true spirit of art is in perfect harmony with the laws of life — everything in the right place, at the right time, and in the right manner, simplicity, sincerity, loveliness, and truth.

The world is profoundly indebted to Ruskin for having so strenuously pointed out in the teeth of severe opposition that the principles



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LA PLAZA REAL, BARCELONA, SPAIN

many different ways according to his capacity. In Japan, for instance, art has been for ages a national characteristic of the common life; it has not been confined to a select few who were out of touch with the masses, but aestheticism has permeated the most everyday matters.

Many changes will be necessary in Western countries before art will become an integral part of life; but we can each help to bring this a little nearer. One way is by refusing to buy ill-designed articles. Perfectly simple things, undecorated, are always far more satisfactory to persons of good taste than costly articles incrusting with machine-made so-called "ornament." Until the artistic judgment is fully grown it is safer to err on the side of simplicity.

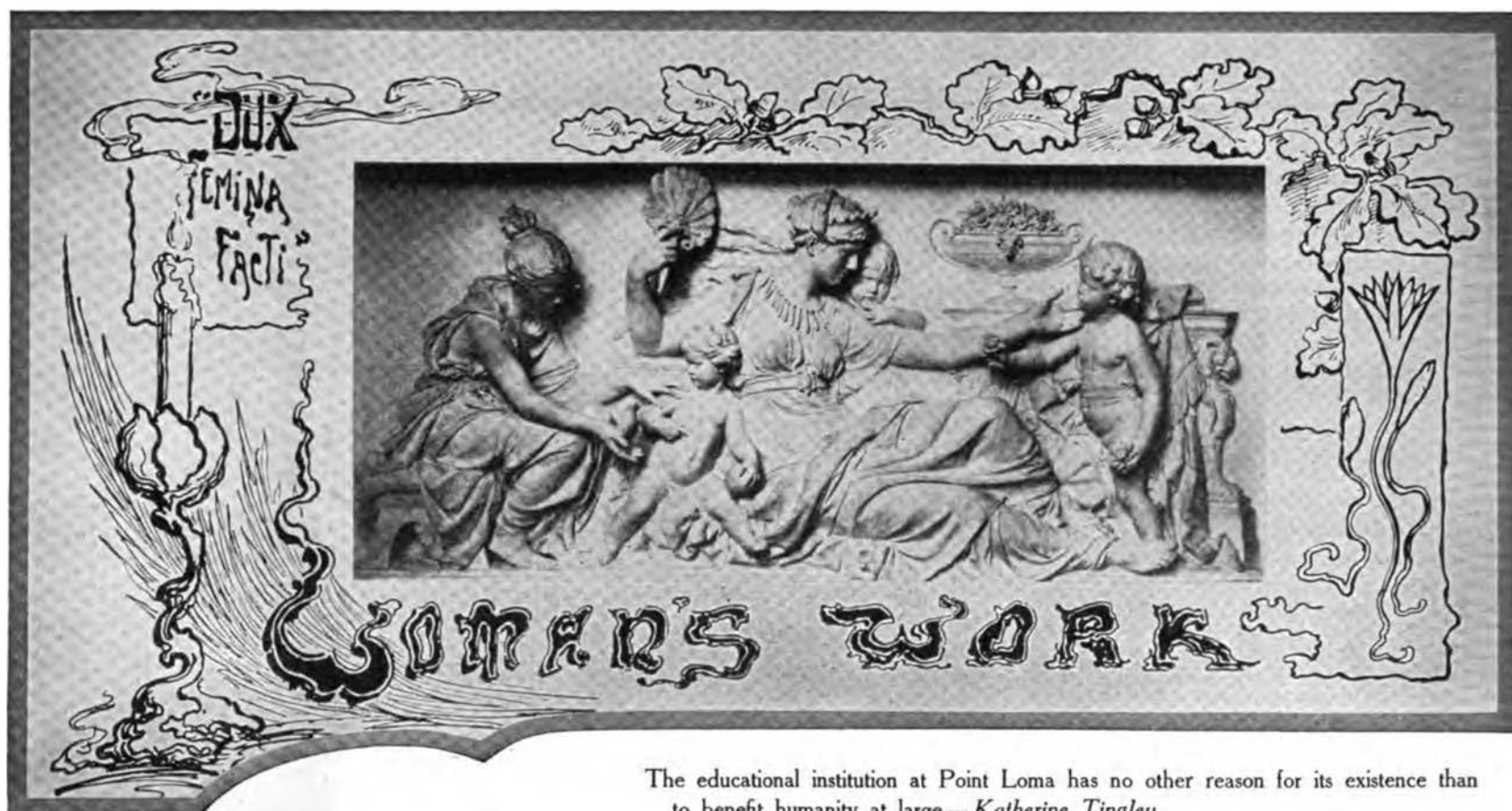
But the true method for a nation or a person to reach the artistic heights of discrimination as to what is beautiful and what is not, is nothing less than the living of life itself in

of art are akin to the vital processes in nature, and that decadent art visibly manifests destructive principles. The catchword "Art for Art's sake" is susceptible of a deep interpretation, but only when the word Art is recognized as being practically synonymous with the Law of Life.

In the December *Craftsman* a well-known artist writes, in anticipation of the artistic Utopia:

Instead of 999 students in every 1000 eventually finding an asylum in some "uncongenial atmosphere" at a bread-and-butter wage, disappointed men with a hazy chain of ideals, they would be master-craftsmen, putting life and beauty into our liberal arts; invaluable citizens, and incidentally economically independent, contented, joyous.

Rāja Yoga education, based on the principles of Theosophy which unbinds the soul from its fetters, is the means by which this, among other much needed reforms, must come about, be it soon or late. ART STUDENT



The educational institution at Point Loma has no other reason for its existence than to benefit humanity at large—Katherine Tingley

THE Department of State at Washington recently sent Dr. Thomas F. Har-

ington to Paris to represent the United States Bureau of Education at the International Congress of School Hygiene, the deliberations of which body are likely to have far-reaching results, for the nations of tomorrow are studying their A B C's in the school-rooms of today. But it is a trifle astounding to the Theosophical Student, particularly to one who is familiar with the educational work founded ten years ago in Lomaland by Katherine Tingley and still directed by her, to read of methods which are time-honored in the Râja Yoga system, being now brought forward as "discoveries."

One such is the proposal that the school assume responsibility for the health of the child, that each child who applies for admission be given a thorough physical examination (by a physician) and that each, upon leaving school later, be required to submit to a final similar test. The arrival in the field of the woman physician is indeed timely and eliminates the last possibility of parental objection to this in the case of daughters.

It was agreed that a further step would be the employment of a physician for each school, one who should be subject to call at any time and whose special concern should be the health of the children in his care. To quote from the report:

At the root of the whole question lay the methods for choosing the school doctor. The effectiveness of whatsoever measures might be adopted would depend greatly on the type of man who was to put them to work. Both of the physicians who had been appointed to report on this arrived independently at the same conclusion: that the school doctor need not be a specialist. It is highly necessary that he be a man of science and conscience. He would best be chosen by competitive examination. The chief items of his equipment would be a general medical knowledge of a superior type, with some specialization in the matter of infantile diseases. The ability to teach by familiar lectures was also

The School-Room of Today

declared important, and finally, that without the co-operation of teacher, doctor and parent, little could be done.

The prevention of contagious diseases brought much earnest discussion, for the function of the school doctor is quite as much to prevent disease as to cure disorders. The high death-rate from measles and whooping-cough was declared to be avoidable. I have no doubt that here in Boston, as elsewhere, it is to be accounted for by the criminal ignorance

SEEING that the children of today will be the men and women of the future, the great importance of this (educational) work surely cannot be over-estimated. Only by wise teaching, by training in self-reliance, self-discipline, concentration, and a recognition of the power of silence, can the lower qualities of the nature be overcome and the higher be developed, so that the children who are brought in touch with this Movement shall in their turn become practical workers for humanity. One of the great objects must be to bring home to their minds the old, old teaching that they are immortal souls, not divorced from beneficent Nature but in deed and in truth a part of it. . . . Intellectualism has no lasting power without the practice of the highest morality. --- Katherine Tingley

of parents—a larger subject than there is time to go into now, but which can be sketched by saying simply that there are parents who, supposing measles and whooping-cough necessary ordeals, deliberately expose their children to them. It has been proved that these diseases are more fatal than scarlet fever or smallpox.

Hereafter the school doctor cannot stop with the pupils. It was determined by the Congress that the physical examination of all the members (and applicants) of the teaching staff is just as important. The nervous disorder known as Graves' disease, a complaint not uncommon to teachers, is the sort of thing which acutely disqualifies an adult for dealing with a roomful of active, energetic children. Second, Graves' disease has been shown to be six times more common among women than among men (and women constitute the main part of our teaching force). Tuberculosis also must be

watched for among the members of the teaching profession. We can hardly expect to have healthy pupils if we place them under the care of

teachers who are physically unsound.

There is something naïve in the air of new-discovery; for all this and more was advocated by Katherine Tingley years ago, at the beginning of her work among poor children in the wretched East Side, New York. The opportunity to carry them out in actual practice, however, did not present itself until she established at Point Loma the School of Antiquity, of which the present Râja Yoga School and Academy are departments.

At the beginning of this work—that is, more than a decade ago—Katherine Tingley placed upon the faculty not merely a physician but a staff, one member being a woman physician. This staff has since been enlarged (at present including three women), but from the beginning two members of it have been resident physicians and in daily touch with the pupils, while the others (also resident in Lomaland) serve in a consulting capacity. In the office files of the Senior Resident Physician of this staff, Dr. Lorin F. Wood, may be seen the complete medical record of every child now in the Râja Yoga School or who ever has been, from the compulsory entrance examination on through later tests, history of diseases, etc., etc.

Those who know something of this Lomaland physician's work with the children of the Râja Yoga School, of the light Theosophy throws upon medicine, and of the high moral and spiritual demand made by Theosophy upon all who qualify as Students under Katherine Tingley's teaching, can read much between the lines and within these words from the above-quoted report (italics ours):

The chief items of his equipment would be a general medical knowledge of a superior type, with some specialization in the matter of infantile diseases.

It is highly necessary that he be a man of science and conscience.

A volume might be written on the lines of thought indicated at this point, but all Theosophical literature, general and special, touches it less or more remotely and there is not space to more than mention the fact that some, at least, of the "theories of today" in Paris are the "facts of today" in Lomaland and have been so for ten years. The "open-air school" so much discussed at the same Congress finds a substantial prototype at "The Cliffs," an educational sub-center at Point Loma, where the tots have studied out of doors for some years and, literally, the year around.

Here is another conclusion, interesting to Students. It is from the report quoted:

School training does not consist in accumulating as much knowledge in pupils' brains as they will hold, so much as in making them clever and healthy men.

Katherine Tingley wrote years ago:

The Theosophic education is not so much a something which is imparted. It is a liberation from the powers of the lower forces which hinder and check a growth which ought to be unchecked and spontaneous. . . . The basis of the whole of this education is the essential divinity of man, and the necessity for transmuting everything within his nature which is not divine. To do this no part can be neglected, and the physical nature must share to the full in the care and attention required. . . . The term education here has a much wider significance than it usually receives. It means no less than the development of the Soul, with all the capacities which belong to it. . . .

The aim of true education is not to acquire a store of facts. For this a retentive memory is the only requisite and we find all too often in the world that memory and knowledge are accredited with an identity which they in no way deserve. True education is the power to live in harmony with our environment and the ability to draw out from the recesses of our own nature all the potentialities of character. . . . Rāja Yoga means the complete balance of all the faculties, physical, mental, and moral. . . .

At the Rāja Yoga School the children are treated in accordance with the facts of life and the needs of life. The love which is given them is that truer affection which thinks ever of their welfare. . . . To truly love a child is to help it to develop its highest faculties.

The usual studies of school life are not neglected, but they are made to blend harmoniously with the entire system of education. Teachers of proved and recognized ability are provided and the school curriculum contains all that the schools of the world possess and very much more. Finally, the children are taught to regard themselves as integral and responsible parts of the nation to which they belong . . . and so to become exponents of the truest and wisest patriotism.

The correspondent to whom we are indebted for our report of this Congress remarks that the question of physical exercises was "sanely discussed without obsessing the members," and that the aims of a proper physical education were stated to be health, strength, dexterity, agility, courage, daring, perseverance, and will. It was agreed that all of these aims "it is entirely within the ability of the school to fulfil."

Unfortunately for the child in the school-room of today, however, the report contains abundant evidence that these aims are not now nor soon likely to be "within the ability of the school to fulfil." We aver that they will be achieved only when our educators build their methods on the rock of a rational philosophy of life. At present many of them admit that they have not found this rock, and all are searching. A few are nearing it—and we feel like crying out "Warm, warm, warmer!" as in the old days when Susy or May

came into the neighborhood of the hidden thimble. But so very many are still "cold, colder," fumbling with mittenless mental fingers in the glacial regions of the "new psychology."

If we desire proof that the foundation rock was not in evidence at the Congress, read the italicized sentence in the following (from the report); reflect that the delegates could not agree upon a method, and also upon the fact that the matter of handling such a subject with pupils "in groups" was for a moment seriously considered. The italics are ours:

No other subject was more thoroughly discussed than sexual education in the schools, yet the decisions were obliged to be extremely conservative. The most radical wing of the discussion was the women doctors from Germany who, in the best of faith, proposed methods to which the doctors of London and Paris were obliged to object. *In the end, no method by which instruction could be given in school to groups of pupils was adjudged suitable*

know it, some who have ecclesiastical leanings do not want to know it, and many think no special fulcrum to be necessary at all.

But a fulcrum is necessary. You cannot make over a man's body without a knowledge of what that body is in its every aspect of health and disease and all its marvelous inter-relations of states and systems. A Theosophic physician would tell you, going further, that this is impossible without a knowledge, also, of that unseen, war-enwrapped inner field of psychic and noetic action wherein lie the causes which produce sluggish, or weakened, or devitalized, or hypersensitive bodily states.

Nor can you make over a man's mind without a knowledge of the basis and constitution of mind—and where, save in Theosophy, can such knowledge be found? The fact that insanity is not only rapidly increasing but that certain types of it are becoming less and less curable is a subject worthy of serious thought.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

RAJA YOGA PUPILS AT DRILL AND CALLISTHENICS IN THE GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA

for adoption. Every method proposed was seen to have more elements for rejection than for acceptance. The whole matter is a double-edged instrument, capable of cutting as much to injure as to cure.

This is not a pleasant subject but it is vastly more so than the shocking affairs which come to light among children of school age every little while just because parents and teachers have lacked the knowledge of human nature that would have enabled them to give proper moral protection to the children in their care. And knowledge of human nature is the ripest fruitage of the tree of a true philosophy of life. "Know thyself" was the injunction of ancient Theosophy as it is today of modern. Yet on this vital topic educators to an international congress had nothing to offer but theories among which agreement was impossible.

Which goes to show that when once we have dissipated the glamor of fine words announcing new theories we come down to the hard and embarrassing fact that our educators are trying to move the world without a fulcrum on which to rest their lever. The discouraging feature is that while the fulcrum *does exist*—in Theosophy—and stands unshakably beneath the lever by which the Rāja Yoga system of education is lifting the world's life to higher levels today, the majority of educators do not

But in the last analysis, every one recognizes that no strained or diseased condition, mental or physical, can be radically cured without a knowledge of what the condition is, what caused it, what the normal condition is, and what must operate to restore and maintain health. Yet among teachers we find a generally admitted lack of knowledge as to *what the child himself is*, whether he is body or mind or soul or all three, whether his nature is dual or three-fold or myriad-fold, "fish, flesh, fowl"—or an animated dodecahedron. Which is no reflection upon educators who are, in general, the first to lament this lack, for most parents know less, and many, unlike the teachers, never give the subject a thought.

Yet thus the matter stands. The fact that the Rāja Yoga system of education is based upon a demonstrable and unassailable knowledge of child-nature shows what so markedly differentiates this system from all others. Its school-rooms suggest school-rooms, and of an ideal type, not extra-mural clinics; within them are to be found no unhappy, undisciplined, neglected, or misunderstood children, no walking examples of Graves' or any other disease among the teachers, no strain, no moods, no extremes, no experimentation. Every detail of the method is founded on knowledge, every step is taken in the light. H.

OUR YOUNG FOLK

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

SINCE its inauguration, April 13th, 1870, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, has been a source of encouragement, inspiration, instruction, and delight, not only to the millions who live in and around New York, but to people, and especially to young people, all over the United States. The suggestion for the establishment of this present permanent Museum was made by the Hon. John Hay. It was designed to be a center of education and culture, not merely a treasure-house of beautiful and interesting objects. Not "art for art's sake," but "art for humanity's sake," was the ideal of its generous founders and benefactors.

In furtherance of this plan, one of the most instructive departments of the Museum is the Central Hall of Casts. Here the student may have a complete survey in plaster, supplemented by photographs, of the history of sculpture from ancient Egyptian and Indian, to the modern sculptors Barye and Rodin. That sculpture may be studied in its relation to architecture, there are perfect models in miniature of the four architectural types, represented by the Egyptian Hypostyle Hall of the Temple of Karnak; the Greek Parthenon; the Roman Pantheon; and the medieval cathedral, Notre Dame. There are besides some fine original examples of medieval and modern sculpture. One remembers with delight the delicate flower-like beauty of the statue of the young California by the American sculptor, Hiram Powers.

Of the relics of hoary antiquity the Egyptian room shows a very fine collection. Pyramid temples and tombs have yielded up their treasures and the result is of fascinating interest. Ancient Phoenicians, Chaldeans, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Etruscans, pass in stately pageant before the visitors as they gaze in wonder and admiration upon the hundreds of objects for domestic and temple service, of gold, silver, bronze, alabaster, pottery, and glass-ware made by the hands of these vanished peoples. How life-like the Greek statuettes are! hardly less perfect than their great works of art. And the vases — such beautiful forms, the paintings upon them animated and charming enough to serve as illustrations for the Odyssey.

Who that saw Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair* could ever forget the first impression made by those crowding, straining horses? Or the dappled sunlight and stately cattle in the woodland scene by her brother Auguste? *Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella*, that huge and magnificent painting by the Bohemian, Brozik; the fine and heroic *Washington Crossing the Delaware* by the American Emanuel Leutze; Bastien Le Page's *Joan of Arc*, the Maid with the wonderful gray eyes who is seeing the Vision and hearing the Voices; *Thurselda at the Triumph of Germanicus* — all present never-fading pictures of great moments in history.

Many young people have been given new



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FIFTH AVENUE FAÇADE OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

THE statue — Buonarroti said — doth wait,
Thrall'd in the block, for me to emancipate.
The poem — saith the poet — wanders free
Till I betray it to captivity.

William Watson (Selected)

eyes to view nature with from the study of the many pictures by Corot, the painter-lyrist who loved the silvery light of the dawn and peopled his woodland glades with the airy flitting forms of other days. *Peace and Plenty*, by George Inness the distinguished American artist, a broad, rich, luminous landscape and harvest scene which glows with warm autumn hues, awakens gratitude and reverence for our bounteous American soil — a generous infection from the painter's own heart. And how eloquently and with what rich color of landscape setting does Jean François Millet show the poetry of common things and the nobility of work. Six of his pictures may be seen in the Museum. Among them his *Sower*, "that large gaunt man, who although he has nothing, scatters with superb gesture the bread of the future broadcast over the earth."

Two "Nocturnes," subtle, illusive, imaginative night scenes, and the exquisite *Lady in Gray*, show the unique art of Whistler; while a dream-like Venetian scene, with cloud-flecked scintillating blue sky, and a marine, showing a whaler floating phantom-like on a gorgeous sunset sea, represent finely the noble art of Turner, the great English master. There are beautiful portraits by Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney, and one by an American who came under English influence, that is especially dear to Americans. It is the life-like portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart, who never painted so well as when under the inspiration of the great man's presence.

Of the Old Masters one recalls at once the lovely *Madonna and Child* by Giovanni Bellini, that greatest of the early Venetian painters; the noble and stately portrait by Titian; the

Last Supper by the great Tintoretto; and especially that well-executed portrait of Columbus by Sebastiano del Piombo. A full-length portrait of a noble English gentleman with a handsome greyhound leaning caressingly against him, was painted by the great Flemish artist, Van Dyke at the height of his power. It is a masterpiece of grace, elegance, and refinement. Of that other great Fleming, Rubens, there is a serene and stately *Holy Family* that yet abounds in the over-flowing life and color which the artist delighted in. The virile, faithful delineation of character of Holbein the Younger, appears in his *Portrait of a Young Man*. The golden vibrating atmosphere of Claude Lorraine is seen in his beautiful *Seaport*.

Of old Dutch paintings there is a veritable galaxy. Three portraits by Rembrandt are shown, all virile, simple, dignified, and noble as was the artist himself. The superb technique and intuitive knowledge of character of Frans Hals appears in some admirable portraits. A landscape by Ruysdael is illustrative of his profound feeling for Nature in her somber moods; while delightful pictures of Dutch life out-of-doors and in-doors, in summer and in winter, among the high and among the lowly, by a notable group of contemporaneous artists give a clear idea of character and customs during the golden age of art in Holland, which was the same time that the little *Half Moon* tossed the Atlantic bringing the doughty Dutchmen who settled New Amsterdam.

Days could also be spent with profit examining the peerless collection of Chinese porcelains; the magnificent tapestries from the looms of Arras, Brussels, and the Gobelins; the musical instruments; the excellent drawings and other collections of worth. The growing Museum is doing much to awaken young Americans to the priceless treasures of beauty in their own souls waiting for expression in ennobling art.

B. B.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A True Story about the American Indians

THIS story was told by the great Welsh writer, Allen Raine, and in it is given an account of what actually happened to a Welshwoman, an ancestress of Allen Raine. Ellen and her husband, William, decided to go to America and settle in the West; and at the time of this event they were living in what was then the forest in Illinois, and William was cutting down trees, gradually clearing the land for farming. There were many Indians in the forest and they were said not to be friendly; but Ellen always insisted that if the white people had been friendly to the Red men, the Red men would have become friends instead of enemies. William believed they were all enemies of his and he made strong fastenings for all the doors and windows and taught Nellie, as Ellen was often called, to use a gun. He used to say to her, "You would see how friendly they can be, if a long file of them came into the house and took your scalp."

Nellie always answered that she believed the Indians would be friendly and kind to any one who treated them well.

One day when William had gone into the forest to the place where he was clearing the trees away, Nellie was doing a large baking. She had a roaring fire and she cooked much more than usual for dinner besides making cakes and pies and bread to last a number of days. The whole house smelled of the good food.

She was still busy when a steady muffled sound repeated itself so often that she stopped singing and turned to the door. There were the Indians! a file of them, all across the room, and through the window she saw many more ready to enter.

Quick as a flash, she stepped towards those nearest her, looking straight into their eyes with a smile of welcome. They looked at her in surprise, but when she pointed to the chairs and the table, they sat down gladly. Then she began to give them food.

This was a strange party, but the guests seemed to enjoy themselves. They ate their fill and went out into the yard. Then others came in and took their places. The cakes and pies disappeared and bread and bacon from the flitches hanging from the ceiling, had to be put before the hungry Indians, who became more friendly as the meal went on. When all had eaten, the chief, who had led them into the house, came to Nellie and spoke to her very courteously, undoubtedly thanking her for her hospitality.

There was much to tell when William came home. He had seen the footprints on his way



LAGUNA PUEBLO, AN INDIAN CITY OF MEXICO

GOING A-NUTTING

NO clouds are in the morning sky,
The vapors hug the stream—
Who says that life and love can die
In all this northern gleam?
At every turn the maples burn,
The quail is whistling free,
The partridge whirs, and the frosted burs
Are dropping for you and me.
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
Hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

Along our path the woods are bold,
And glow with ripe desire;
The yellow chestnut showers its gold,
The sumachs spread their fire;
The breezes feel as crisp as steel,
The buckwheat tops are red:
Then down the lane, love, scurry again,
And over the stubble tread!
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
Hilly, ho!
In the clear October morning.

Edmund Clarence Stedman



ADOBE HOUSES IN LAS VEGAS

and was much frightened. But Nellie was safe and said to him triumphantly, "Now you see, they will do no harm to any one who treats them well."

William, however, had no faith in them. He said that now that the Indians knew the place, they would come back and burn the house down, not that night, but certainly on the night after or the second night after. He would not leave the house next day, and looked well to all the bars and bolts.

On the third night they came. Nellie looked out and saw swarms of them in the yard. They came to the door and seemed to be hammering on it, but you may be sure that William did not open it. In a short time they all went away.

In the morning when they opened the door, what do you think they found? Stretched across two bars which the Indians had hammered into the side of the house, was a buck they had shot the day before. This was the Indians' way of returning the hospitality shown to them by Nellie. They brought her an offering of what to them was the choicest food of the forest.

She was delighted to think that after all, they *were* friendly, not content to come and take all she had, even though she welcomed them, but courteous enough to express their gratitude in their own way.

After that Nellie was stronger than ever in her belief in the Indians' kind-heartedness. She wished that they would come to pay her another visit. But they never did. M. G.

Indian Housekeeping

IF you were an Indian woman and lived in an adobe house, that is a house built of sun-dried bricks, you would find your housekeeping cares light. All that would be needed in the way of household utensils would be a stone for grinding corn and a mat made of rushes for a bed. Your principle article of diet would be corn ground on the stone with another stone like a sort of rolling pin, then mixed with a little water and rolled very thin and flat. This you would cook on a hot stone. Your oven, made of adobe too, standing about three feet high and looking like half a large egg with the rounded side uppermost, would stand not far from your door, outside of the house.

Much of your time would be spent in weaving a blanket or a basket or forming some jar or piece of pottery from the adobe clay. With a few pieces of pottery and several baskets in your house you would feel that you had all that was necessary; that is, if you were truly an Indian woman and lived in such a pueblo as Laguna. E. P.

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NOVEMBER the 6th, 1910

Total number of hours sunshine recorded during OCTOBER 218.
Possible sunshine, 352. Percentage, 62. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 7.02 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

OCT. Nov.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN		WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET	FALL		DIR	VEL
31	29.841	67	57	60	57	0.00		NE	2
1	29.787	67	59	59	57	0.00		NE	1
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Vol. XIV

NOVEMBER 13, 1910

No. 2

What Constitutes Brotherhood

HERE is much misunderstanding on the part of some as to the position that is taken by the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY in regard to its teachings of Brotherhood, and some would have us follow a back-boneless, sentimental idea which would make one afraid to speak in protest against the wrong and evil in the world for fear of being unbrotherly to someone. One of our Comrades, H. T. Edge, B. A. (*Cantab.*), one of the earliest members of the Society, a pupil under H. P. Blavatsky in the old days in London, and now a member of the Literary Staff at the International Headquarters at Point Loma, has recently written upon this subject, and it would be difficult to find anything more telling than this article, which has not heretofore been published, and from which I have the privilege of making extracts. He says:

Some people charge the Theosophical Society with unbrotherliness, and with a hypocritical use of the word "brotherhood," because it resists people who are misrepresenting it by propagating under its name teachings calculated to do harm; because it wages war against corruption; and because it defends itself from the attacks of those who are trying to destroy its work. To this I can only reply that there is evidently a difference between such a conception of brotherhood and a Theosophist's which does not imply that one must refrain from championing right and justice, combating wrong, or protecting the wronged. So long as there is injustice, vice, and cruelty in the world, and so long as there are people endeavoring to redress these evils, there will always be struggles; and every society which purposes to maintain among its members a high standard of integrity and honor must be prepared to protest whenever there is failure on the part of any of those members to keep up to this standard, even though it entail their severance from the main body.

That it is necessary to make such a protest the writer declares

is not due to any perversity in our disposition, but to the aforesaid unfortunate condition of mind among many of the people with whom that work brings us in contact. . . . We are a body of people devoted to the championship of truth and right and to the

resistance of error and wrong, and one of our chief duties is protection.

Some people speak of brotherhood as though they thought we needed instruction therein; yet we are people of reasonable intelligence and character, such as might be deemed capable of forming quite adequate conceptions of the meaning of that word. Let me ask what the duty of brotherhood would entail upon an honorable man who should witness (say) a shameful attempt to corrupt an *innocent child*? Would he, for fear of violating the spirit of brotherhood, refrain from withstanding the villain and compelling him, by force if necessary, to relinquish his attempt? Would he, from fear that some critic should charge him with sitting in judgment, excessive rules, or minor and major excommunications, remain "neutral" and allow the villain to accomplish his object? Would he attempt to reason with a nature immune against reason, or to persuade one not open to any persuasion but force? If so, I can only say that in my opinion he would be neglecting his duty towards the injured child by permitting him to be sacrificed; his duty towards his violator by encouraging the latter in his evil courses, and his duty towards humanity by failing to discharge the office of protector. But I know an honorable man would not do so.

Or to take another case. Would an honorable man be doing his duty to allow a person of arrested mentality to burn down a house or endanger life and property, for fear that he might be considered as restraining such a person? Which would be the true act of brotherhood, not only to the public, but also to the person referred to?

When it comes to be a question of facts in regard to acts or teachings *which are of a character that no decent person could possibly endorse*, there remains but one of two possible attitudes: either one must condemn these acts and teachings, or else by speech or silence one endorses them; and when one speaks of duty and brotherhood it should be remembered that there is a duty to the public which by unconsidered remarks may have been led into an ignorant approval of things which no fair-minded person could tolerate.

We should be imposing on the public if we permitted acts and teachings to be done and promulgated in the name of Theosophy which are contrary to its basic truths. *Yet there are people who blame us and think we are not brotherly because we feel it to be a duty to protest against the spread of corruption under the sacred and sheltering names used in the Theosophical teachings*; but if such circumstances do not justify us in opposing such proceedings and those concerned in them, then we must take definite issue as to the meaning of the word Brotherhood and the duties it entails.

PATH

via Copy 104

ANITY

ID ART

the educational work carried on at Point Loma, in Southern California, and in Cuba, by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in which are enlisted men of wealth and high business capacity under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, a woman of great executive ability. The work of both adults and the young along the lines of practical life is notable.—*Mexican Herald*, City of Mexico, Oct. 26

We often get inquiries as to the difference between the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY founded by H. P. Blavatsky in New York in 1875, continued after her death under her successor, William Q. Judge, and now under the direction of Katherine Tingley, and the so-called Theosophical Society with Headquarters at Adyar. In this connexion the following, taken from *United India*, published at Madras, September 17, 1910, may be interesting; we cannot but characterize it as

Regrettable

It is difficult to realize the extent of the injury rendered by Mrs. Besant to the cause of Indian progress. Her influence is everywhere exerted on the side of reaction and retrogression and we cannot help thinking that she is hardly a safe guide to educated Indians. What the country requires is men and women who would direct the people's thought on progressive lines and not inculcate balderdash of Oriental learning which, as remarked by the *Saturday Review*, cannot for a moment stand the test of scholarly criticism.

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Retractions

THE following are headlines of articles published in response to demand of Katherine Tingley's Attorneys.

New York Post, October 22
NOT IN MRS. TINGLEY'S CUSTODY

New York World, October 20
NOT WITH THEOSOPHISTS
MRS. TINGLEY CORRECTS REPORT AS TO
RELEASE OF MRS. QUINN

San Francisco Chronicle, October 21
AS TO "PRIVATE PRISONS"

IT IS PROVED THAT NO SUCH INSTITUTION
EXISTS AT POINT LOMA

St. Louis, Mo., Post Dispatch, October 28
KATHERINE TINGLEY ABSOLVED
IN MRS. JULIA QUINN CASE

CALIFORNIA COURT DISMISSES HER IN SUIT FOR
CUSTODY OF PHYSICIAN'S PRIVATE PATIENT

Rochester, N. Y., Democrat and Chronicle, Oct. 26
NOT DETAINED BY MRS. TINGLEY

Other retractions, including one by the *Boston Post*, will be noted in forthcoming issues.

Corrections

FOLLOWING a corrected Press Dispatch sent out by the Associated Press, October 21, 1910, published in a previous Supplement, October 30th (from *San Diego Union* of October 22), the best papers throughout the country immediately published corrections based on the facts therein presented. Many published the Associated Press Dispatch in full, showing that neither Katherine Tingley nor her agents nor the Theosophical Institution at Point Loma had anything to do with the Julia P. Quinn case, and further, that Dr. Lorin F. Wood alone acted as any reputable physician would have done. The following are the headlines of some of these corrected statements; others, held over for lack of space, will be published later.

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New York Herald, October 23
MRS. TINGLEY WINS POINT IN WILL FIGHT

New York Times, October 23
MRS. TINGLEY WINS POINT
POINT LOMA LEADER DEMURS SUCCESSFULLY
TO CONTEST IN MRS. THURSTON'S WILL

New York Evening Telegram, October 22
MRS. K. TINGLEY WINS POINT IN
\$350,000 SUIT

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New York Press, October 23
MRS. TINGLEY WINS POINT
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Boston Post, October 23
MRS. TINGLEY SCORES POINT
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\$350,000

Boston American, October 23
MRS. TINGLEY WINS
JUDGE SUSTAINS THE DEMURRER
OF THEOSOPHIST LEADER

Boston Evening Globe, October 22
FINDING FOR MRS. TINGLEY
DEMURRER SUSTAINED IN WILL CONTEST
ERRONEOUS REPORT MADE IN THE MATTER
OF MRS. QUINN
THEOSOPHIST LEADER NEVER HAD HER IN
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Boston Record, October 22
KATHERINE TINGLEY WINS AGAIN
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Vol. XIV

Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 3

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Character and Physiognomy
THERE is no incompatibility between patriotism on the small scale and patriotism on the large; and the international congresses now becoming so frequent must be regarded, not as replacing, but as amplifying patriotism. In these conferences, men meet and confer as men, on matters of common concern, of human concern; and thus the artificial barriers between nations become fainter, and a future commonwealth of peoples is prepared for by surer methods than any political negotiations. The latter, indeed, follow rather than lead sentiment.

The Fifth International Prison Congress has recently met at Washington, and three of the points brought out may be selected for comment. They are as follows.

A speaker vigorously assailed the theory, so closely associated with the name of Lombroso, that there is a definite criminal type of countenance. The whole study of crime had been retarded, he said, by this "superstition"; and the physical characteristics of saints and sinners, philosophers and murderers, were often the same. He did not believe a murderer could be revealed by his frontal curve, nor a thief by his bulging forehead or the shape of his nose.

Our features express *past* character, and do not necessarily, or even usually, express our *present* character. It is evident that our physical conformation does not change rapidly in accordance with the changes in our moods. The more mobile features may thus adapt themselves, but not the shape of the bones. A man with a forbidding type of countenance has, in accordance with just and inevitable laws of moral heredity, inherited those features; but it does not follow that they indicate his present character. It is very likely that he is resisting the tendencies indicated by his physiognomy. It is quite certain that his character is changing, either for better or worse, for no character can remain stationary. Hence the man with the low cast of features may be rapidly changing for the better, while the man with the Grecian mask may be rapidly developing a type of character that will eventually create a corresponding form. To describe the actual character we should have to search deeper than the physical mask. The study of form is not enough. Once grant that a man is able by his initiative power to change his character, and we see there must be two factors to consider — the Dweller in the tabernacle, and the tabernacle itself which he is molding. Suppose that there is no Dweller within, or that

the Dweller has so weak a hold that he cannot make his influence felt; then probably we should be right in saying that a man with a criminal body would behave criminally. And often no doubt this is the case; but how many times is it not the case! Lombroso did not study the dynamics of the indwelling man to any great extent. The speaker whom we have quoted seems to have gotten away from the doctrinaire position and to have regarded the matter from an ordinary standpoint. His experience, unclouded by this particular dogma, told him that men's features do not necessarily denote their present character. And the practical bearing of this truth is evident. However criminal may be the conformation of one's features, the inner man can always be appealed to, and a start made on the road leading to the changing of those features. But if we set out with the cruel dogma that a man is eternally bound by his physiognomy, do we not damn him at the outset? And what is this but the old materialistic pessimistic delusion that crops up in all sorts of disguises, religious as well as scientific?

Another point brought out was that prisoners in the United States should be used, as far as possible, in developing waste lands, such as the Everglades or the deserts or the forests. We have so much of this kind of work that the employment of criminals would not affect by competition any labor market; consequently we have an unparalleled advantage over other countries which have to invent unprofitable work for prisoners.

A third point was that the probation plan should be extended. This plan has recently been further extended in England. By it, first offenders, especially the young, are not punished, but released on probation. The effect of this merciful appeal to their better nature is described as most excellent, as well it might be. We do not appeal to people's better nature enough. We appeal too much to their lower nature. Politicians vie with each other in appeals to the people's supposed interests and comforts. When shall we have a politician who will appeal to their honor and self-sacrifice? He would find a response. Of course sentimental weakness has to be avoided, but the Conference seems to have recognized that fully. To appeal to the better nature, but without coddling the lower nature, is the idea. There is so much that can be done in that way.

In conclusion, the main lesson is to avoid dogmas that damn, dogmas that stigmatize the man as being fixed in a mold, dogmas that call

a man a criminal, a degenerate, a miserable sinner, or any other name calculated to arouse prejudice in the minds of listeners or to implant the seeds of despair in his own heart. It is true that practical sense demands that we recognize limitations; but practical sense also demands that we recognize possibilities. What we do need is discernment — and pity. E.

What is Fear?

A WRITER who has been trying to answer the question, "What is Fear?" concludes an argument with the remark that its essence is of self-preservation; in its last analysis it is a protection against destruction. Pain also has been described as a means of self-preservation. In certain ancient philosophies, however, there is no suggestion that pain and fear are beneficent and protective influences; on the contrary they are represented as unmitigated evils, due to ignorance, and to be got rid of by all means.

It seems to us as if the writer had failed to discriminate between caution and terror. Caution is sufficient as a protective element, and need not be accompanied by terror. Terror can hardly be regarded as conducive to safety, but cool courage certainly is. The writer seems to have made an attempt to justify fear, as a quality not to be despised, because it is a natural instinct; and this attempt is similar to that by which other animal propensities have been commended. But we must not forget that Man aims to rise superior to these propensities. It is true, as the writer says, that heroes will modestly confess their fear, while untried boasters will protest their fearlessness; yet we cannot take that as a vindication of fear; hero and coward alike indicate their dissent from that view. Courage is a virtue after all, and also a protection; for courage is not rashness.

Is not fear the abeyance of Will? Fear is one of those qualities which lie so deep that we cannot analyse them into anything else; it is one of the "prime factors" of character. It springs from ignorance and is indistinguishably blended with doubt, envy, and other shades of weakness. Animals have it, it is true, and it saves them; but animals have horns and teeth and offensive fluids, which serve the same purpose.

The effect of fear is to diminish, to shrivel, to unloosen, to make trembling; yet sometimes it congeals and paralyzes. This effect, produced in our astral or fluidic body, the *linga-sarira*, is manifested in the solid body, the *stihula-sarira*. Often fear, when it no longer exists (in connexion with a particular occasion) in the mind, survives as an instinct in the lower nature, which we have not yet mastered. Often the body, or the mind-of-the-body, will shy and tremble while we are laughing at it; but it is very inconvenient. It positively has to be broken in. You may know there is no pit in the dark path, but your legs don't know it, seemingly; and they have to convince themselves ere they will consent to carry you becomingly. This is not a joke; we actually possess this instinctive consciousness, which is so largely independent of reason until tamed.

In order to balance up the advantages and disadvantages of fear, we must discriminate between horror and caution. Caution is a

useful quality, but terror may do much damage. We know the story of the fish who was kept in a tank where there had once been a sheet of glass across the middle, and who continued for the rest of his life to swim around a short circuit, because he imagined the glass was still there and that he would bang his nose. Many of us spend our lives adroitly dodging obstacles, in which art we are so skilled that we do it unconsciously; so that we never test our powers, and remain always on the strong side of our barrier we might at any time have surmounted. When you find out the trick which your lower nature has been playing on you, you may have to summon the whole armory of your soul, so to say, in order to make yourself do something so trivial that you would blush to mention it to anyone. In the lesser world, as in the greater, great issues turn on insignificant points. The lower nature will fight over the veriest trifle, if it realizes that its credit and future predominance depend on the issue.

Fear is a great "Thou shalt not!" and should be met with an "I Will!" STUDENT

Did the Earth Come from the Sun?

WE see in a newspaper that a professor of physics and electrical engineering takes to task a professor of astronomy for being, as he says, too positive and extreme in his theories. The astronomer would seem to be endeavoring to supplant the nebular hypothesis with a theory of his own. But the other professor thinks there is probably truth in both theories; the nebular hypothesis is not mere bosh. The earth may have proceeded from the sun; or it may, as the new theory suggests, never have come from the sun at all, but have grown by the slow accretion of small cold particles.

We should say that there is room for a good many hypotheses; the truth is not likely to be contained in a small compass. We may at one time devise a theory of the universe that seems to account for everything; and later on find that there is room for plenty more. What, for instance, is the use of trying to devise an atomo-mechanical theory on the old lines, now that we have the new conceptions of infra-atomic physics and corpuscular radiation to work upon? Even if we knew all the possibilities of terrestrial physics and chemistry, should we be justified in applying them to ultra-terrestrial regions?

H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, referring to the *Rig-Veda*, shows that the sun and seven planets were born from "Mother-Space"—a Cosmic matrix not definable in terms of physics. Thus the planets were not evolved from the sun; the sun is their elder brother. This Cosmic matrix or world-stuff is described as both the fifth and sixth of seven COSMIC principles corresponding to the seven principles in man. It is also identified with cometary matter.

This Essence of Cometary matter . . . is totally different from any of the chemical or physical characteristics with which modern science is acquainted. It is homogeneous in its primitive form beyond the Solar Systems, and differentiates entirely once it crosses the boundaries of our Earth's region, vitiated by the atmospheres of the planets and the already compound matter of the interplanetary stuff. (Vol. I, p. 101.)

Thus there is a process of growth going on in space, as the World-Soul gradually builds

itself vehicles and the matter slowly grows denser and more concrete. But we shall never get far towards an understanding, so long as we regard the process of world-building as a soulless mechanism or haphazard process. As much as in the atoms of our own body, there is intelligence everywhere guiding the movements. The notion of a vast unconscious automatic universe is a nightmare. STUDENT

Standing-Room Only, in Heaven

A NEWSPAPER announces in a special cable from Rome that there is to be republished the work of the noted Benedictine, Desiderio, who at the beginning of the 18th century published minute data as to the space of heaven, announcing that most of the places were taken and that God would have to devise new plans of accommodation.

There were originally seats in Paradise for 111,111,111,000 souls, who were angels; but when a third of heaven revolted and were cast into the pit, it left 37,037,037,000 seats vacant. We are not told how the learned author arrives at his figures; but the 37 number being the reciprocal of 27, suggests cubic yards. The present writer remembers a book written by a clergyman a generation or two ago, called *Physico-Prophetic Essays*, in which the author, who was an enthusiastic man of science as well as a clergyman, discusses such questions as the nature of the resurrection body, etc. And there is a diagram representing the earth drawn to scale with the New Jerusalem upon it, intended to prove that the latter would overbalance the earth and change its axis.

Verily the Ego progresses, for we do not believe this sort of thing now. Yet there are still stages of enlightenment ahead of us. And there are those among our theological luminaries who seem to think we ought to go back a few stages. Is not heaven the Divine Harmony that awaits the pilgrim who has conquered life's illusions? The doctrine is also connected with the teaching as to Devachan, the Soul's rest between incarnations.

STUDENT

Drinking on the Wane

ENGLAND'S drink bill is on the decline. It reached its maximum in 1899, the year of the opening of the Boer War. Whether there is a connexion with that event, or with any other event that occurred in England in 1899, we will not venture to say. Since then the bill has fallen from 180 million pounds to 156 millions, and this in spite of an increasing population. Probably the figures refer to Great Britain and Ireland. Convictions for drunkenness have dropped, as also the figures for other crimes. Increased knowledge and self-respect due to education, and the greater prevalence of out-door sports, are assigned as contributory causes.

Pessimists and others have argued that drinking cannot be decreased by piling up taxes and dues and so rendering it expensive. But facts do not seem to support this.

Apparently there are many drinkers whose habits are largely a matter of choice, and who can stop or reduce their consumption under a little pressure. It may be truly said that the civilized world is on the whole convinced that drink is a mistake; and this is a great gain on the attitude of bygone generations. TRAVERS

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

National Atmospheres

IN the *Popular Science Monthly* Professor Pease Norton interestingly corrects the long exploded Malthusian proposition—that since population increases geometrically, that is by multiplication; and food arithmetically only, that is by addition: starvation awaits the human race. His correction has, he says, “greatly brightened his interest in all subjects of human history,” and is therefore worth giving almost in his own words.

Now a social group on any habitat at a given time exists through the application of a series of arts . . . productive ways of doing things which bring a return. There are the arts of the food supply . . . of house building, of useful clothing, of hygiene, etc. . . . The art is the product of the “one brain,” i.e., of the brain of a quality or degree slightly superior to the brains around it. . . . Now Professor Karl Pearson and Sir Francis Galton are wont to define the exceptional man as one in a certain proportion of the population. [But] the greater the population at a given time, when a new art is discovered, the greater will be the value of the art.

The invention of the sewing machine, for instance, might be said to be an addition to the wealth of the community of, say, a dollar per capita per annum—a million dollars a year in a population of a million people. And we may assume that the new arts during any period are the products of the inventive or exceptional minds, and that, the greater the population, the greater will be the number of the exceptional minds.

Greater population therefore means not only more people to be benefited but more exceptional minds to benefit them.

In other words, the capitalized value of new inventions for a given time tends to vary at least as the square of the population.

The professor, it will be seen, omits to note that if the distribution of wealth in a community is faulty, it may be in even worse case than if there were little or none to distribute. It may be like the famous waistcoat, a button too many at the top and an empty buttonhole at the bottom. A limitation and an extension of the argument will be seen by those who accept the doctrine of Reincarnation. Egos are drawn to incarnation amid environments that suit them. The most tractive or repellant of environments is the total mental atmosphere of the race or nation. If the atmosphere of a nation is strictly commercial and dollar-colored, are the great poets, musicians and philosophers of the past likely to come and breathe it? Will it make a pull upon them? Or will they rather wait (in that “place” where souls do wait between their incarnations) till the atmosphere is one in which they do their best work? Two million people, creating a strictly dollar-colored atmosphere, would be no more likely to attract a great poet than one million or a hundred thousand. The England of Elizabeth contained but four or five million people, but she managed to attract more dramatists and poets into incarnation than there are now in her forty and America’s hundred millions put together. Think of little Greece in her palmy days of art and poetry and philosophy! Her entire then population might be poured into New York, barely doubling its ordinary contents.

What sort of exceptional men are we attracting in numbers proportionate to our population? Poets? Musicians? Dramatists? Philosophers? Spiritual Teachers? Or most noticeably money-makers and mechanical inventors? Is a new and great literature manifestly arising?

Everyone may answer these questions according to his outlook. STUDENT

The “Creation” Doctrine

WHEN the doctrine of creation out of nothing took the place of something more philosophical, there were far-reaching consequences. The consequences run on down to our own age with its tremendous energy and its feeble will. A curious combination; and those who look back at ours from the age to come will see this before they see anything else. The energy possesses us rather than we it.

In the doctrine of creation the conception of will in action, while seeming to remain, in reality disappeared. The older doctrine made the passive divine ideation blaze out into formative energy impressing itself on formless matter, which, thus energized, vitalized and subsequently guided, could run through the whole drama of the universe. Man contained a ray of this same ideation with all its potentiality of formative will, to be used in constraining and guiding the lower substantive energies of his own being. He was a part of the Logos itself, carrying on its and his own work.

But in the other doctrine man, like matter, was but a bit of the created, with no share in the great work, no dignity. And the primary absence from the picture of that substance upon which divine will was to act, which it was to energize and constrain, took the very life from man’s conception of it. *Creation* was something incomprehensible, inimitable, no possible ideal for man to follow in his own life. The cosmic program was already arranged for him, none left for his hands to complete.

The flaw shows fatally. We cannot—have never been taught to, or that we can—make our ideals of what we should be intensify and blaze out into compelling will that might transform our lower natures even in a moment, stamping our ideals home upon them. We think and approve fine things—and then go our way as before. The ideals are nearly powerless, and the life that is actually lived is another stream. It has never been put better than by a thinker just dead:

A tendency to act only becomes effectively ingrained in us in proportion to the uninterrupted frequency with which the actions actually occur. Every time a resolve or a fine glow of feeling evaporates without bearing practical fruit is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge.

But it is exactly this normal path that is so abnormal. The writer refers to the case of Rousseau, going on:

But every one of us, in his measure, whenever, after glowing for an abstractly formulated Good,

he practically ignores some actual case, among the squalid “other particulars” of which that same Good lurk disguised, treads straight on Rousseau’s path. . . . The weeping of a Russian lady over the fictitious personages in the play, while her coachman is freezing to death on his seat outside, is the sort of thing that everywhere happens on a less glaring scale.

It may seem a far cry back to the *Creation* scheme. But the doctrine of the dignity and possibilities of will lay in the other. C.

The Eleatic Puzzle

ZENO does not seem to be yet understood. His problems of Achilles and the Tortoise, and the Arrow, are still quoted against him as examples of his confusion of thought. He confused, they say, the infinite divisibility of time with infinite extension of it. Give Achilles ten times the speed of the Tortoise; then, from the beginning of the race, the time occupied by Achilles in covering the space between them at any moment of the race is spent by the Tortoise in covering a further space equal to one tenth of that previously existing. The successive spaces between are always being divided by ten, and likewise the time spent in covering them. But no divisions of a quantity will ever make it nothing. So Achilles is always behind.

But Zeno’s point was that the brain mind, in better terms, the pictorializing intellect, cannot conceive any continuum whatever, whether of time or motion or space. It has to break it up into bits, and if pressed, reveals its entire inadequacy. It must *kill* the continua. It is incapable of dealing with *process*.

The arrow problem was to the same end. Does a flying arrow *move* in the length of space which it exactly fills, or is it still? Certainly it cannot move therein, for that it might do so the length of space would have to be greater than its own length. It cannot be still therein, either; for it would not be a flying arrow. The pictorializing intellect cannot conceive motion but only successive places.

It was against this many-izing trick of mind that Zeno directed his attacks. His modern representative, Bergson, has continued his work. Life and time are continuous becoming, only to be understood from within, in direct consciousness; spoiled and killed by consideration from without.

So with will or free will. Will is the ever-becoming self in action, its continuous becoming being known to itself from within. Looked at from without, the continuous becoming breaks up into separate acts, each regarded as pulled by cords of attraction this way and that, each the resultant of the pulls. Hence the pictorializing intellect makes a theory of determinism. But the apparent *pulls* are really a continuous free *going*, each move an artificially separate fragment of the continuous becoming. The ever-becoming of life is known to itself as will; will and life and becoming and self-consciousness are aspects of subjectivity, one ever self-enriching becoming. The intellectual difficulties in the way of free will are exactly those in the way of the moving arrow and Achilles. Yet the arrow does move and Achilles wins. H. C.

Archaeology Palaeontology Ethnology

The Secret Doctrine in Caledonia

THE following are extracts from the preface to the *History of Paganism in Caledonia*, by Thomas A. Wise, M. D., F. R. S. E., etc.

The identity of idea and design which reveals itself in the ancient paganism of Asiatic nations, as well as the similarity of the symbols of the stone monuments of Asia with several of those on the sculptured stones of ancient Pictavia, indicate a line of inquiry by which it is believed that the obscurity resting over the earliest monuments of history of Western Europe may in a certain degree be removed. With the assistance of our present knowledge of Eastern customs . . . the interest of these peculiar symbols is increased, as they appear in the northeast of Scotland carefully delineated on the circles of Celtic boulders usually called Druidical.

The descendants of the Aryan races believed that the sun, the origin of light, heat, and vegetation, was the proper emblem of the Deity; hence the prevalence of sun worship, which was a mode of adoring the attributes of the Supreme Power as most emphatically revealed to man in the beneficent action of that luminary.

The object of this work is to describe those monuments in Pictavia which contain heathen symbols, such as we find nowhere else outside of Asia, in evidence of the conclusion to which we have come, of an early direct communication between the extreme East and the extreme West, the regions of sunrise and sunset, the band of connexion being the existence of sun-worship.

As we are in the fifth sub-race of the Fifth Root-Race, we were preceded by the earlier sub-races of the Fifth Root-Race. And, as these earlier sub-races had run their whole cycle, they had attained to higher points in their respective evolutions than our sub-race has so far attained. Hence they had greater knowledge. This is why we find all over Europe and Asia, as well as in America, the remnant of what appears to have been a homogeneous civilization of great attainments. Their symbolism was the same because they had a common diffused knowledge; and scholars endeavor to explain this fact by supposing "migrations." Scholars also find themselves bewildered by their hypotheses of primitive stone-ages, etc., which they imagine to have preceded our own age; though stone-ages are not peculiar to any one place or time, but occur interstratified, as it were, with high culture in various places and times.

We need to pay more attention to these highly endowed ancestors of ours, instead of devoting so much time to studying the features of degenerate offshoots of humanity whose bones are dug up, and trying to prove that they were our ancestors. People who claim



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE RING OF STENNIS, ORKNEY

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that their ancestors came over with William the Conqueror do not usually wish to make out that they were descended from the decayed and bastard side-lines of their genealogical tree.

STUDENT

The Ring of Stennis

OF this circle only two stones are seen standing, but the Government is doing what it can to restore it by raising the prostrate stones. Perhaps our veneration may one day be rewarded by a recovery of the lost science to which these mysterious relics bear testimony. They are connected with the recording of time and the fixing of the epochs of the greater cyclic conjunctions as registered by the motions of the earth and heavenly bodies. The labor expended on their erection shows the importance that was attributed to this ancient knowledge.

H.

The Temple of Borobudur, Java

WE are indebted to newspaper science and archaeology for making the public aware of the existence of things they otherwise never would have heard of. Its mistakes in detail are usually of small importance compared with the importance of making the facts known. But sometimes we come upon remarkable statements.

The London *Sphere* has an illustrated note on the temple of Borobudur in Java, which is described as "recently discovered." The fact that it was dug out by Sir Stamford Raffles during the British occupancy of Java is indeed mentioned; but the fact that Sir Stamford was recalled in 1816, after which the

British occupancy terminated, is not mentioned.

The temple is called Buddhistic and assigned to the 7th century A. D., but it undoubtedly belongs to the period of Cyclopean architecture, though probably renewed and embellished in later times. Its size must strike one with amazement. It is built in seven square stages, the lowest stage being about 500 feet square. On the summit is a cupola 52 feet in diameter. This veritable mountain of stone is covered all over with intricate sculpture executed in hard trachyte. There are over three miles of bas-reliefs, which originally comprised 2141 pictures. On the outside of the wall of the second stage there are 104 niches, each with a statue, and between the niches are other statues; inside the same wall are 568 bas-reliefs. The labor spent on this temple dwarfs that spent on the Great Pyramid.

There are other such temples in Java. At Prambanam the "Thousand Temples" consists of an outer parallelogram of 84 temples, a second of 76, a third of 64, a fourth of 44, and a fifth of 28; in all, 296 temples, with a larger cruciform temple in the center.

Evidently the people who built and adorned these unparalleled monuments, whoever they were, were a great people; and it is strange so little is known of them, though the ruins have been known for a century. In our opinion the evidential value of these ruins is underrated by historians.

Java is also the place where Haeckel went to search in the woods for the ape-like ancestor of man — which perhaps built the temples and carved the beautiful pictures out of the granite!

STUDENT

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Metallic Bacteria

ARE there metallic bacteria, bacteria standing to metallic structure as ordinary bacteria stand to organic structure? The "contagious disease of metals" certainly suggests it; still more so the fact that the rusting of metals may be much longer delayed by boiling them in oil to which carbolic acid is added than in oil alone, notwithstanding that the acid is volatile. It looks as if something had been killed.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* has been arguing for the germ hypothesis. He thinks the germs do their work by condensing moisture upon the metals. But the moisture suggestion, though it may cover the case of iron, does not cover some contagious diseases of other metals, tin, for example, and copper.

He noticed that in the damp climate of the southeast coast of China, where he lives, rusting does not attack iron uniformly but spreads like lichen from foci often running over the surface in thin winding lines. Under magnification the threads showed as beaded, the beads being oval and diminishing in size as the advancing thread neared its growing termination. Sometimes the threads were moist, sometimes quite dry.

A clock which he had had for many years at last refused to go. He found that one of the little steel cups in which the points of the balance wheel ran had become rusted. Three times he cleaned it out, polished and oiled it; but with only temporary benefit, the rust quickly reappearing. Then he *boiled* it and the neighboring parts in oil, obtaining a cure which has lasted several years.

Microscopy has not so far revealed any germ in these cases. We should not think it was likely to do so whilst the microscopist has ordinary germs in his mind. The germs must be metallic, normal crystalline life perverted. Recent studies of *nascent* crystals, made during the extremely brief time before they settle down, enable us to use the word metallic or crystalline *life* without hesitation. The curious point is that the same proceedings that kill organic bacteria, antiseptics and boiling, should also kill these hypothetical inorganic ones. Still, metals can get tired, recover by rest, be narcotized with chloroform, and so on. Organic and inorganic life seem very close.

STUDENT

The Mathematician's Gleams

"WHEN I woke in the morning the problem was solved"—is not that a rather common experience? Something went on in the night. What?

Science now has her answer ready—the subconscious. The mathematician, Poincaré, has been writing about this. Several times he has got sudden illumination upon problems which he had spent hours or days in fruitlessly considering. He too says the subconscious, the subliminal; and then finds himself confronting a difficulty.

The subconscious does not work at random.

What is mathematical creation? It does not con-

sist in making new combinations with mathematical entities already known. Any one could do that, but the combinations so made would be infinite in number. . . . To create consists precisely in *not* making useless combinations and in making only those which are useful and which are only a small minority.

The possible number of new combinations with mathematical entities already known are infinite in number. We spent hours in trying that way, the way of exclusion, and got nothing. We turn to some other matter; the subconscious goes on with the work and *does* get something, solves the problem, creates a *new* mathematical entity. It seems then *not* to be an automaton but a genius going quickly to the mark.

A first hypothesis now presents itself: the subliminal self is in no way inferior to the conscious self; it is not purely automatic; it is capable of discernment; it has tact; delicacy; it knows how to choose, divine. What do I say? It knows *better* how to divine than the conscious self, since it succeeds where that has failed. In a word, is not the subliminal self superior to the conscious self?

Poincaré tries another explanation:

It is certain that the combinations which present themselves to the mind in a sort of sudden illumination, after an unconscious working somewhat prolonged, are generally useful and fertile combinations, which seem the result of a first impression. Does it follow that the subliminal self, having divined by a delicate intuition that these combinations would be useful, has formed only these, or has it formed many others which were lacking in interest and have remained unconscious?

That leaves the difficulty where it was, for we have to account for that "delicate intuition" on the part of an automaton.

In this second way of looking at it, all the combinations would be formed in consequence of the automatism of the subliminal self, but only the interesting ones would break into the domain of consciousness.

We have now to account for this power possessed by certain of these combinations, "the interesting ones," to "break into the domain of consciousness." We must either postulate the power, or the "delicate intuition."

Poincaré thus accounts for the power:

More generally, the privileged unconscious phenomena, those susceptible of becoming conscious, are those which, directly or indirectly, affect most profoundly our emotional sensibility.

The difficulty is still exactly where it was; for how did the subconscious know what combination would "affect our emotional sensibility"? Or was our emotional sensibility looking on *unconsciously*, but ready to seize anything that would appeal to it?

It may be, he says, surprising to see emotional sensibility appealed to at all in a matter so exclusively intellectual as mathematics. But

this would be to forget the feeling of mathematical beauty, of the harmony of numbers and forms, of geometric elegance. This is a true aesthetic feeling which all real mathematicians know, and surely it belongs to emotional sensibility.

The difficulty lies in the attempt to fuse *two* subconsciousnesses, or rather the subconscious with the supraconscious. The subconscious *does* go on with calculations, automatically, on the lines of our own previous fruitless work.

But the true *gnostic* deliverances, those attended by the "aesthetic feeling," those that open a new field, *do not bear the marks of being the result of calculation.*

It never happens that the unconscious work gives us the result of a somewhat long calculation *all made*, where we have only to apply fixed rules. We might think the wholly automatic self particularly apt for this sort of work, which is in a way exclusively mechanical. It seems that thinking in the evening upon the factors of a multiplication, we might hope to find the product ready made upon our awakening, or again that an algebraical calculation, for example a verification, would be made unconsciously. Nothing of the sort, as observation proves. All one may hope from these inspirations, fruits of unconscious work, is a point of departure for such calculations. As for the calculations themselves, they must be made in the second period of conscious work, that which follows the inspiration, and deduces their consequences.

It is doubtless too much to ask M. Poincaré to accept the *supraconscious*, intuition, *Buddhi*, which looks directly upon the springs of things. But this does exist, and is invoked by some men in some of their work. And then the man catches sight, *with it*, of some principles in the universe. Upon the knowledge thus directly gained, the brain-mind has to work in its slow, calculative, ratiocinatory, pencil and paper way. It is in us, not in nature, that the calculations are. Nature works quite simply. In the motion of the electrons in an atom and of the suns in space she practically solves portentous mathematical problems every moment. We, following after, take centuries and volumes to discover and put on paper a few of the equations. That same effort to understand which sometimes brings one of these equations in a flash from the supraconscious, may one day bring the entire solution. But could the seer, even then, tell the rest of us without the volumes of paper and calculations? In point of fact we understand already many more things than the mind does; but as we have elected to function almost entirely in the brain-mind we must accept and work with its limitations. Some day men will live habitually in what is now the supraconscious, the mind taking its proper place. Then they will have constantly and in unimaginable fullness that "aesthetic feeling" of which the mathematician gets an occasional flash. STUDENT

Birds and the Ether

A CORRESPONDENT of the (London) *Daily Mail*, remarking that among homing pigeons the losses this autumn have been heavier than ever before, offers wireless telegraphy as an explanation, the ever increasing occupancy of the ether by artificial waves. Birds may, he suggests, be in some relation with the ether, or rather with magnetic lines therein, which enables them to orient themselves in homing and in migration.

It *does* seem rather probable that modern telegraphy should in some way distort the configuration of the earth's ether and her magnetic lines of force therein. But if birds orient themselves as the theory suggests, then there should not only be losses among the homing pigeons but also among birds migrating for the winter. Are any reported? C.

Nature

Studies

The Need for Sympathy in Nature Study

TO Mr. W. M. Wheeler the great authority on ants we are indebted for the following luminous suggestion in his recent work.

The investigator who puts himself into sympathetic rapport with an animal is more likely to interpret its behavior correctly than one who uses it merely as so much material for the solution of some laboratory problem.

This supplies a hint as to why vivisection will never advance us very far into the heart of Nature. To be successful as a vivisector, compassion must be killed or at least suppressed, and the research must be prosecuted by aid of the mind alone, unwarmed by sympathy and unlit by love. Such an investigator by the aid of his five senses alone may indeed make a perfect study of an insect's anatomy and an accurate record of its habits; but he can never interpret those habits nor know *the insect itself apart from the body it inhabits*, because he has insulated himself from direct knowledge by killing compassion. To enter into the mind of an insect some higher faculty is needed. The mind of the observer must overflow and blend itself with the consciousness of the animal to be studied. You can never understand a man unless you like him, much less an ant.

The naturalist of recent days has been too much concerned with a classification of external forms. The future natural historian will be absorbed in the study of the animals themselves by identifying himself with their inmost character and essence. By a mind made subtle through sympathy and intuitive through love he will penetrate the dim consciousness of the animal by the simple process of making friends with it. The study of dead and dying bodies will be abandoned in favor of companionship with living pets. STUDENT

Man as Creator

ARRIVED on our Earth at the commencement of the Fourth in the present series of life-cycles and races, MAN is the first form that appears thereon, being preceded only by the mineral and vegetable kingdoms—even the latter *having to develop and continue its further evolution through man*. (Vol. I, p. 159)

THE mammalians of this Round owe their existence, in great measure, to man. (II, 187)

The above are two sample quotations, out of many that might be made, from *The Secret Doctrine*.

To understand them, we



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COUNTRY SCENE, COEVORDEN, PROVINCE OF DRENTHE, HOLLAND

LIFE'S DAILY PROSPECT

LONG have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother Earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

These given, what more need I desire
To stir, to soothe, or elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find or there create?

Wordsworth

must bear in mind that evolution is necessarily a double process—all forces are so, as Newton says. Therefore it is an incomplete statement to say either that a being has descended from matter or that it has descended from

spirit. Evolution is caused by spirit working in matter, the spirit thus gaining a vehicle for its manifestation, and the matter being made to grow and progress.

Materialism emphasizes matter so much that it reduces spirit to a mere abstraction. Yet spirit must be something, and a very potent something too. Man himself is mainly spirit, and he is one of the creators in nature. The influence of his thoughts constitutes a most powerful force in the unseen world. When his body dies, and the reincarnating Ego passes to its place of rest, the various astral and psychic elements

that entered into the complex composition of man's wonderful organism, disintegrate; and the material becomes available for creative work among the lower kingdoms of nature. Thus the analogies between man and animals may be explained otherwise than by supposing man to be the offspring of the animals. Probably the mistaken superstitious belief about the transmigration of human souls into animal bodies originated from a perversion of the occult teachings as to the part played by human cast-off relics in the formation of the creatures in the lower kingdoms of nature.

Man is largely responsible for the condition of the lower kingdoms; and anything unseemly which he finds there may be but the reflection of his own shortcomings. As a man is, so is his dog. Doubtless the terrible lusts and passions which we develop in ourselves find their most harmless vent in this way. There are creatures all stomach; others made for sloth; others for rapine. Some creatures set snares to catch their fellows, whom they then suck dry.

The vegetable kingdom likewise contains beneficial and noxious products; and it is subject to diseases, many of which follow strangely in the footsteps of civilization. Man does not realize his own power, and is fond of posing as the helpless victim of divine powers or mysterious cosmic forces. Nevertheless there lies before us in the future a far ampler field of discovery and achievement than the present scope of science affords. And perhaps some of the great and vanished civilizations of past ages have possessed and utilized such knowledge, thus stocking the world with useful plants and animals, an heirloom to which we have added little. STUDENT



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TYPICAL PEASANT DWELLING, DRENTHE, HOLLAND



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

A Grand Secret of the Ancient Mysteries

THE historical records of the times preceding the Christian Era, bear their unanimous testimony to the supreme importance which was attached by all ancient civilizations to the archaic *Mysteries*. In all countries and peoples which had the slightest pretense to thought and culture, the religious life of the people, their arts and their philosophy, were centered around these great symbolic festivals. And it can be conclusively shown, that every religious sect and cult of the 20th century has been directly derived from them by tradition and inheritance.

For the Western nations which are now on the crest of the wave of an apparent (material) prosperity, unprecedented in historical times, this fact is especially important. For if we are ever to learn how to cut the Gordian knot of the intermingled creeds and sects, of interwoven political, social, and religious aims and ideals which distract the seekers for Truth, we must undoubtedly look for the solution in the ancient systems of philosophy, which produced the great thinkers and reformers of antiquity.

Material prosperity is truly ours in full measure. Wonderful discoveries have harnessed the forces of nature to the will of man. Immediately in front of us, we can dimly see other discoveries opening out before us, leading into realms undreamed of fifty years ago. But we must be blind indeed, if we do not also perceive the deepening shadows of dangers which threaten to wreck the politics which are built solely upon these modern expansions of material knowledge.

In considering the conditions which work together for human welfare and happiness,

"THE WILL"

BLAME not the times in which we live,
Nor fortune frail and fugitive;
Blame not thy parents, nor the rule
Of vice or wrong once learned at school;
But blame thyself, O man!

Although both heaven and earth combined
To mold thy flesh and form thy mind,
Though every thought, word, action, will,
Was framed by powers beyond thee, still
Thou art thyself, O man!

And self to take or leave is free,
Feeling its own sufficiency:
In spite of science, spite of fate,
The judge within thee soon or late
Will blame but thee, O man!

Say not, I would but could not—He
Should bear the blame, who fashioned me—
Call you mere change of motive choice?
Scorning such pleas, the inner voice
Cries, "Thine the deed, O man!"

John Addington Symonds

it is clearly insufficient to take into account those only which build an outer environment. However much we may advance on these lines, they are only a part of the great whole. If the discoveries of the age serve no more complete purpose than to build fairy palaces for occupants whose lives are chaos, no real advancement has been made.

In looking around us, we are confronted everywhere with problems which the *progress of modern discoveries does not touch*. They are those questions which involve *human character*—the lives of the people of all grades from the highest to the lowest; and we cannot omit any of them, for they are every one of them a part of our corporate life. Look where we will, we find ourselves surrounded with dangers which threaten the happiness of the people, and which menace the stability of our home life. And so the discovery which is most needed in the present day is one which shall place us on the road to a higher regeneration of mankind; one that will unite us in a common endeavor to realize the higher attributes of our own being.

When we regard progress from this point of view, we shall see that it is the only progress which really counts. Nothing stands more completely proven than the truth that man's humanity to man is the basis of any real civilization of whatever age of the world's history. The knowledge and the wisdom that we need the most of all, in these days, does not depend upon the further development of natural forces, but upon the further discovery of the human possibilities which may become unveiled, to those who study the mysterious but mighty forces which govern human life.

There is every indication that the high Initiates of the Ancient Mysteries were well acquainted with the truths of Natural Law, upon which are founded the wonders of the present age. More than that, they knew of powers which are as yet undiscovered by us, even in these latter days of progress. But however astonishing some of this knowledge might well be to us, did we but know it, they also knew of that which was to them of such supreme importance that its value transcended everything else. It is this grand secret of the Mysteries which mankind has now almost completely forgotten, which was

the central point around which every other detail revolved, and from which it was derived. And upon its right comprehension depends the solution of every problem of human happiness and progress which confronts us now.

This secret cautiously taught by Plato and plainly and openly proclaimed by Jesus the Nazarene is the divinity of MAN.

He who will study the sacred scriptures of ancient times with a mind freed from the hypnotic influence of dark centuries of theological dogma, will perceive this noble truth underlying the pronouncements of all the great teachers and philosophers of the early ages. That man—as man—is essentially divine, a god incarnate in an animal body was the central truth of all the wisdom of the ancient sages. Everything else in human thought, knowledge, wisdom or progress revolved around this hidden center. Once well known to all men in the far off golden age, this great truth has now been well nigh forgotten. But the knowledge of it, and its practical application, has been once more re-established and publicly proclaimed by the teachings of ancient Theosophy, which were brought to the Western world in the latter period of the 19th century.

As H. P. Blavatsky has said:

Each human being is an incarnation of his God; one with his "Father in Heaven," just as Jesus, an Initiate, is made to say. . . . The Soul of his "Heavenly Father" is incarnated in him. This Soul is himself, if he is successful in assimilating the divine individuality while in his physical animal shell.

Thus the Christos or saving power which was anciently known by the sages, is that assemblage of divinities, one in Essence but divided in their manifestations, which put forth the redeeming "Light" and the teaching "Word" to be found in the hearts of all men. Immersed in the darkness of self-seeking and the sensuous life of the lower man, the Light may be obscured and men may not hear the "Lost Word"; yet the Light and the Word are eternally sure for those that seek them.

This was a Grand Secret of the Mysteries.
STUDENT

EVERY error must sooner or later do harm, and the greater the error the greater the harm it will do. The individual error must be atoned for by him who cherishes it and often he has to pay dearly for it. And the same thing holds good on a large scale of the common errors of whole nations. Therefore, it cannot too often be repeated that every error wherever we meet it, is to be pursued and rooted out as an enemy of mankind, and that there can be no such thing as privileged or sanctioned error. The thinker ought to attack it, even if humanity should cry out with pain like a sick man whose ulcer the physician touches.

For the power of truth is incredibly great and of unspeakable endurance. We find constant traces of it in all, even the most eccentric and absurd dogmas, of different times and different lands, often indeed in strange company, curiously mixed up with other things, but still recognizable. It is like a plant that germinates under a heap of great stones, but still struggles up to the light, disfigured, worn out, stunted in its growth—but yet, to the light.—Schopenhauer in *The World as Will and Idea*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question As the great majority of human beings have in every age been poor and unfortunate, does it not follow as a necessary corollary that they must have been reborn into something like their previous conditions? Where, then, is the justice of Karma and where is the new experience that the soul is supposed to reap in each new earth-life?

majority of people do think themselves poor and unfortunate, but it was not always so. There was once a Golden age, when there was no suffering or poverty, but all was joy and innocent happiness. Then came the Silver age, when men and women were still happy, though perhaps they began to know something of the pain that comes through the loss of innocence. The Bronze age followed, and then the present

statement that the great majority have always been poor and unfortunate; is his inference then correct, that there is no justice, and no progress? Not at all; all our observations of nature go to prove the contrary. We find nothing in nature standing still, but everywhere growth and development. Taking the analogy of nature, we must conclude that our observations of the conditions of humanity have not extended far enough—that we have neither gone far enough back into the past nor have we been able to see into the future. According to the scientific researches of students of nature, it took ages upon ages for the development of new species from old, yet the same act repeated an untold number of times by successive generations, the same unsatisfied longing, seeking satisfaction yet never finding it, through immeasurable periods of time, have at last produced new powers, created (by an infinitely slow process) new organs, so that finally the mineral passed into the plant, the plant became animal, the animal form became a fit habitation for the human mind.

A person who knew nothing about birds, nor the relation between the egg and the bird, might be much surprised at seeing a bird sitting upon her eggs in the nest and might reason long and philosophically thereon and argue that the egg forever remained an egg and that the bird forever sat thereon. Day after day to his sight the egg would present no change, yet we know that after fourteen or twenty-one days, or thereabouts, the shell breaks and the chick is born.

And may it not be that the suffering and pain endured life after life (and let us not forget the joys) at last cause that stirring of the divine life within the heart that at the appointed time man breaks his fetters and rises glorious on his soul wings in the free air and the sunlight. He is no more tied down to earth nor a slave to its suffering and wretchedness, because these have been dispelled by the soul's own radiance and joy. STUDENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL ADDRESS AT ISIS THEATER

AT Isis Theater last evening Professor Cranstone Woodhead's address "What is True Philosophy?" was listened to with the greatest interest and attention by a good audience. Professor Woodhead spoke especially of the archaic philosophies, and the ancient mysteries which by the best of the ancients, like Plato, Pythagoras, and others, were spoken of most highly. Another very interesting point that he made was from a statement of Madame Blavatsky, to the effect that "the ancient and real meaning of philosophy is not the love of wisdom, but the wisdom of love."

The following are a few brief extracts from Professor Woodhead's paper:

"No man can live without philosophizing, and every man has a philosophy of his own. To each man it represents his comprehension of those laws of being which define his position in life and the motives which govern his deeds, thoughts, and aspirations. Such has been the case ever since man, in the course of his long dual evolution, united a self-conscious mind to the other principles of his nature.

"There is a tradition among the pupils of H. P. Blavatsky that she solved the problem in a few pregnant words. 'The ancient and real meaning of philosophy,' she said, 'is not the love of wisdom but the wisdom of love.'

"All the philosophers of ancient days amongst whom some of the greatest were the founders of the world's religions were agreed in teaching that the supreme motive in the Universe is that of boundless love and compassion, and in tracing the evolution of existing things from this."—San Diego Union



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VIEW OF THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS BUILDING

Answer In the first place, the assertion that the "great majority of human beings have in every age been poor and unfortunate" is a pure assumption and certainly shows the need of following the advice of the Leader of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY to study ancient Egypt and America and the prehistoric myths and legends of all races. This is the Iron age, an age of darkness, unbrotherliness, suffering, and poverty. Perhaps today the

dark age of Iron, in which selfishness rules.

So, according to that truer history of tradition and myth, men have not always been unfortunate and poor. And the questioner seems to forget the bright days that come like gleams of sunshine into the lives of every one and the happy childhood days of even most of the children of the poorest.

But let us for a moment grant the really untenable position of the questioner, and let us accept for the moment his unwarranted

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Central Office Point Loma California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

The Churches and Healing

FROM Cincinnati it is reported that the Episcopal triennial convention discussed the question whether the sanction of the church should be given to the healing of the sick by prayer. The same question is being discussed among the clergy of the English Established church. We find, however, in the prayer books of these two churches (our American copy bears date 1879) an office for the visitation of the sick, containing prayers for the relief of the sufferer, and also an office for administering the sacrament to the dangerously sick. Are we right in inferring that these do not meet the present requirements of the advocates of healing?

In seeking for further information, with a view to answering this question, we find the speakers referring to the "Christian Science" cult in support of their argument; and one clergyman went so far as to say that the church had cast aside one of its most precious jewels, which had been picked up by a woman and misapplied. And this perhaps explains the divergence between the present demand for a new office and the old office as found in the prayer book. For, turning to the prayer book we find an attitude of which the following may serve as an illustration:

Sanctify, we beseech thee, this thy fatherly correction to him; that the sense of his weakness may add strength to his faith, and seriousness to his repentance: That, if it should be thy good pleasure to restore him to his former health, he may lead the residue of his life in thy fear and to thy glory: or else, give him grace so to take thy visitation . . .

This clearly shows that the sufferer is to regard his sickness as a trial and strengthening of his spiritual nature. But the attitude of the cults referred to seems to us to be very different. Their desire appears to be to heal the sickness in any case, and so far from being regarded as a spiritual trial, possibly designed for or tending to our benefit, sickness is to be regarded as an unmitigated evil.

We think that we have here indicated a characteristic difference between the spirit of the office in the prayer book and the spirit of those new healing cults which the speaker seemed desirous of emulating. It is therefore easy to understand that the old office might

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

be considered inadequate for the new purpose.

We are very far from suggesting that sickness should be permitted to run its course in accordance with bygone ideas as to "visitations of God." But we do think that the treating of disease should be the work of the physician rather than the pastor, and that the pastor should concern himself with the moral and spiritual aspect of the question. While

character; and while doubtless the organism may be roused by various means to a state of exaltation in which temporary cures are often possible, and even permanent cures occasionally, the general effect on the brain and nervous system is the same as that of any other stimulant. It would seem profanation to suggest that the Deity had anything

to do with these cures, or that the Divine power could be so invoked as if it were some African fetish. And undoubtedly the majority of churchmen hold higher ideas of the Deity than would thereby be implied. It is to be hoped that the churches will not go in for this kind of healing, but that they will endeavor to make the most of their office as moral and spiritual helpers of mankind. STUDENT



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HERBERT CROOKE

Director of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in England. Co-Editor of the *International Theosophical Chronicle*

we have among us such influences as the healing cults, there is need for ministers of religion to unite their services with those of enlightened men of science in a common endeavor to resist the encroachments of delusion and to promote health and sanity of view. We cannot but think, therefore, that the wish to copy these cults is a mistake. It would be most regrettable to have to include the churches in any strictures one might feel called on to make against the healing cults.

Theosophy teaches that the concentration of the mind upon the personality and upon physical health and comfort is most detrimental to

Servants of the Law

WHEN H. P. Blavatsky reached London in 1887, to complete her life-work with the publication of *The Secret Doctrine*, and with the enlarging of the Theosophical Society, there were devoted workers surrounding her, and many elsewhere. A wide-spread and influential literature had already been created, and the endeavor to assimilate it, amid the rush of activities, was no easy task for the workers of those days. Indeed it is not to be wondered at, that in spite of devotion and many admirable qualities, few were able to seize the real heart and purpose of H. P. Blavatsky's message. The worlds of thought and aspiration and effort, which H. P. Blavatsky opened up, assumed in the early days almost as many aspects as there were workers to interpret the teachings.

A few years soon followed, during which the steady guiding hand of W. Q. Judge preserved order amid the chaos of new ideas bursting on the world; and during that period there arose in different lands steady souls, not to be swayed by emotionalism, who beheld and followed the clear light shown by H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge in their writings, and who under most trying circumstances supported Theosophy and its Leaders, by their words and the example of their own lives. These workers in various lands have been, and are, the honored servants of the Law. One such is Herbert Crooke. STUDENT

Theosophy and the New Astronomy

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the great mathematician, wrote in 1675:

Nature is a perpetual circulatory worker, generating fluids out of solids, fixed things out of volatile, and volatile out of fixed, subtle out of gross and gross out of subtle. . . . Thus perhaps may all things be originated from Ether.

Long before Newton's time the same idea was current. Anaximenes in Greece taught that sidereal bodies were condensations from primordial matter spread out in space; ages before him Indian philosophers were holding similar views. Of late years the problem of the origin of solar systems has been attacked with the aid of the most refined processes of mathematics. Laplace thought he had settled it, but that was before the discovery of anomalies in the solar system which proved his theory so incomplete as to render it almost valueless in its original form. With the construction of Lord Rosse's great reflecting telescopes, and the 15-inch refractor of Harvard Observatory, about the middle of the last century, the Nebular Theory seemed to receive its death-blow, for so many apparently gaseous nebulae, hitherto irresolvable into stars, were found to be really resolvable into component stars, that it was concluded all nebulae must be resolvable into star-clusters upon the application of sufficient optical power. But the introduction of spectroscopic research has refuted this, and since 1864 there has been no possibility of denying that the heavens contain ample stores of the kind of material called for by the Nebular Theory, for in that year the spectroscope in the hands of the famous astronomer Sir Wm. Huggins, who died only a few months ago, proved that most of the nebulae were largely composed of a mysterious gaseous substance, unknown elsewhere, which is called "nebulium." Though Laplace's theory has been largely abandoned, it is generally admitted that some form of nebular hypothesis will explain the origin of solar systems. The latest and most striking theory is that recently advanced by Professor T. J. J. See, the eminent American mathematical astronomer, and it will doubtless be of real interest to our readers.

While the strong materialistic predilections of many scientists are still holding them back from the perception of the spiritual causes, or even the intelligent forces at work behind the veil of matter, we find that as they push on their investigations they are being forced willy-nilly towards the Theosophical position. The ancient knowledge is returning in cyclic order, though at present little more than the outer phenomena are being explored and theorized upon. H. P. Blavatsky says there is no doubt, of course, that what are called mechanical laws exist and rigidly obey their impulse, but behind them, and active in directing them, are intelligent mechanicians. The higher Science of the future will discover this, and the foundations of research will be entirely changed.

One of the fundamental laws of nature, according to Theosophy, is the law of Polarity or Duality; it runs through every manifestation and is the key to many mysteries. An all-embracing principle, it extends from the building of the universe to the smallest atom; it is well marked in human life and history, and a thorough understanding of it is a prime necessity for the student. It is therefore very interesting to Theosophists to watch how new

astronomical discoveries are compelling the recognition of the great principle of Duality in the making of the universe. For instance, Professor Kapteyn, of Groningen, Holland, considers he has demonstrated by laborious investigations that the stars are capable of being separated into two distinct and opposite streams drifting in contrary directions in space. This theory has been generally accepted by astronomers, and it conveys the idea of Duality very strongly.

Before referring to Professor See's hypothesis, it may be well to explain for the benefit of those readers who are not specially acquainted with the subject, that independently of the star-streams mentioned, a certain amount of definite structure has been lately shown to exist in the firmament. Surrounding the earth at a vast and quite unknown distance is the countless stratum of blazing suns, reduced, from its remoteness to the pale ribbon of misty light called the Milky Way or Galaxy. It appears to be a broken or irregular ring, but it may really be a flattish disk. As by far the greatest number of stars are crowded together in the Milky Way, it follows that the regions on either side of it are far poorer in stars; but lately a quite unexpected condition of affairs has been discovered in the comparatively vacant parts. In those regions of fewer stars, and especially at the two places farthest removed from the Galactic Circle, called the Poles of the Galaxy, we find an enormous increase in the number of the nebulae as compared with the limited number seen in the Milky Way or its vicinity.

The visible universe, then, is undeniably separated into two divisions: the Milky Way, with its millions and millions of starry systems; and the myriads of nebulae clustering together and crowding away from its vast ring or disk to regions of space immensely removed from it on either side. The thousands of separate stars scattered indiscriminately over the sky, of which the sun is one, are probably the nearer components of the Galaxy. Our knowledge of the existence of the multitude of nebulae referred to (about half a million) is due to the application of the perfected resources of photography to the mapping of the sky. By means of long exposures of highly sensitive plates in the giant space-penetrating telescopes of modern times, thousands of nebulae which are too faint to be glimpsed by human eyes have recorded their images for study and comparison.

Professor See's hypothesis, which attempts to explain the *modus operandi* of the evolution of the visible universe upon the physical plane, makes the dual process of attraction and repulsion its basis. It is as follows; we quote from the press reports, which are brief but clear:

Professor T. J. J. See, U. S. N., in charge of the naval astronomical observatory at Mare Island . . . tonight announced the completion of his researches in cosmical evolution to which he has devoted ten years of his time.

He stated his investigations have evolved a new and improved theory of the sidereal universe. One of the points attached to the discovery is that the congregation of the nebulae away from the Milky Way, with maximum accumulation near the poles of the Galaxy, is the result of the action of repulsive forces under which fine, cosmical dust, expelled from the stars, is driven as far away as possible from the Milky Way.

According to the speaker, science had not here-

tofore put forth any general theory of the origin and distribution of the nebulae. The result of a decade of study has shown that the nebulae are formed from dust expelled from the stars, while the stars in turn are formed from the condensation of the nebulae.

The noted scientist claimed his theory of cosmical evolution involved the action of both attractive and repulsive forces, and had enabled him to explain all classes of heavenly bodies.

The word "dust" is no doubt used in a special sense, for we have no evidence of the transmission across space of the coarse material particles such as the word dust popularly brings to mind, and as the nebulae are supposed to be principally composed of the unknown substance nebulium, it seems as if the "dust" must have become transmuted on its way to the confines of the visible universe. Professor See's theory strongly supports the Nebular Theory in its broad aspect, for it helps to clear up one of the greatest difficulties in the way of its acceptance, i. e., that "it throws no light upon the origin of diffused matter," as Herbert Spencer pointed out.

In *The Secret Doctrine* H. P. Blavatsky puts forward as a fundamental tenet in the Esoteric philosophy the universality of the great law of Duality which extends throughout the whole of Nature, beginning with the Divine Creative Emanation from the Ever-concealed Source behind and supporting all manifestation. She shows how this Duality manifests in Time in the periodic or cyclic laws of evolutionary progress. Professor See, in calling in both *attractive and repulsive* forces to explain cosmic evolution, has cast new light on old ground in scientific speculation; he has taken a position somewhat according with that held by the great Theosophical Teacher of the nineteenth century. Students will find in *The Secret Doctrine* an immense number of significant and enlightening remarks upon this point, especially as to the dual action of *Fohat*, "the animating principle electrifying every principle into life."

H. P. Blavatsky proves that initiated philosophers possessed the keys to real knowledge untold millenniums ago, and that parts of their teachings are preserved in allegory and otherwise in the comparatively recent world-religions and philosophies that men of today in shortsighted vision, look upon as so ancient. She shows that those sages had discovered that our universe is one of an infinite number, each being effect and cause in turn, and each being a little higher than the last in the endless process of "Ever-becoming." She speaks of the homogeneity of matter in its pristine state, "radiant and cool," appearing later in clusters or "curds" as the "star-stuff," the seeds of future worlds, and in many other ways she shows that modern theories are rapidly approaching those of the ancients; reappearing in accordance with the law of cyclic return. But the wise teachers of antiquity held far more advanced views—more spiritual views—than those now prevalent among scientists; they penetrated more deeply into the unseen; owing to their high development of mental and spiritual faculties, almost unknown today, they realized more vividly the existence of intelligent direction and control behind the outer appearances of force and matter.

One of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings that has puzzled many is that the appearance of the tenuous nebular substance which finally con-

densed into the Solar System was the result of the complete dissociation or "bursting into a million million pieces," as she vividly expresses it, of a previously existing luminous body. The cosmic "dust"—Laplace's "world-stuff"—given off by such dissolution, whether quickly or slowly, would provide an immense quantity of nebular material.

H. P. Blavatsky further says that *not all the stars are suns like ours*, but that some of them partake more of the nature of raw material—bricks she calls them—in the hands of the Artificer, from which the true Solar Systems are made. The dissolution or explosion of such a body would provide the nebulous substance needed. Possibly it has to go through some such purifying process before being fit to enter upon a new evolution. The existence of such luminous bodies has not yet been discovered by science. It is possible that we have no means of testing them.

Professor See's researches, both in the subject here considered, and in the problem of the Moon's origin, which he shows was not due to the Earth, are leading the New Astronomy rapidly towards new conceptions.

C. J. RYAN

Scientific Oddments

THE *Scientific American* states that "the motor-driven warship is very much in the air these days." Out with your telescopes then!

IN Hamburg, masonry construction has been repaired recently by injecting cement into the cracks. It was on two railway bridges. Holes were bored into, but not through, the stones, and cement forced in under atmospheric pressure, so that it permeated the cracks, where it hardened and consolidated the whole structure.

SVANTE ARRHENIUS discusses whether living organisms can pass from planet to planet borne by etheric pressure. He points out that extreme cold exercises a preservative influence on these minute germs. But Becquerel says Arrhenius has forgotten the ultra-violet light from incandescent stars, which would kill the germs. Interplanetary space must be sterilized, he says.

DIATOMS, the creatures whose microscopic shells form infusorial earth, multiply with amazing rapidity, a single individual producing nine million descendents in four weeks. This is nearly twelve billion per cent per annum simple interest, but at compound interest, compounded perhaps several times a day, must amount to much more. But there must surely be a high death-rate among diatoms.

MAPS for the use of aeroplanists are being published, in which are marked out in red and blue the leading features of the earth's surface as it looks from above. Mountains lose their vertical value and become lines of direction, railroads and main-roads are marked, and all broad patches such as cities, lakes, and woods. This kind of simplified map will be useful for others besides airmen.

MARCONI has found that the reach of wireless telegraphy is practically unlimited. During a voyage to Argentina, he sent up a kite at the end of a long wire, and by its aid received messages, which he had previously arranged for, from Nova Scotia and Ireland. The greatest distance covered in the daytime

was 3500 miles, and a greater distance could have been made if a storm had not interfered.

WHAT is described as a novel method of felling trees, though we seem to have heard of the idea before, has been successfully tried by a Berlin inventor. It consists in passing a fine steel wire around the tree and sawing it to and fro by an electric motor. The wire heats up and burns its way through, making a very clean cut; and a tree 20 inches in diameter can be felled in six minutes.

Do birds sing in thunderstorms? is asked in a newspaper, and answered by correspondents who testify to having heard various birds sing while the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed around. Singing during a thunderstorm, says the editor, is an entire contradiction of the human feeling; but what, we ask, is the human feeling? Some people are afraid, some grumpy during a thunderstorm; others feel a peace mingled with awe; others again are interested in it as a spectacle.

CHRISTIAN ministers wishing to view their Holy Land and other scriptural haunts must make haste, as these places are rapidly getting modernized. Tarsus, sacred to the memory of Paul, is slighted by 450 street lamps and 600 domestic incandescents from power supplied by the river Cydnus. One scarcely knows what to think. It shows the futility of trying to adapt the local and contemporary details of a religion to another age and place, though the essential teachings suit all circumstances.

FIFTY per cent of our imports are of an agricultural nature, says the *California Cultivator*, speaking from published statistics. The amount is between five and six hundred millions of dollars annually, and about half of these products come into competition with home-grown products. Under this class come sugar, tobacco, olive oil, raisins, prunes and other dried fruits, hay, skins, etc. This reminds us that man does not eat dollars, and we cannot all live by buying and selling among each other. Somebody has to get right down and scratch the soil, whether in America or Europe or China.

A LONG standing custom of using solutions of alum for intercepting the calorific rays in light received a rude shock when it was discovered that pure water intercepts the rays quite as well. In the same way potatoes make excellent paper-weights, but many other things will do equally well.

IN connexion with the diseases of metals, a subject that has been brought up from time to time, we may mention a case described in the *Globe* (London). The authorities of the Royal Museum at Dresden have discovered that a glass vase dating from the 18th century, in one of their show-cases, is suffering from a wasting disease. Not only this, but it is infecting other glasses near it. Medicines have been tried, but without result. One would have thought a wine-glass would be more likely to develop consumption than a vase.

THAT glass is a stiff liquid rather than a solid is well known to science. Metals will diffuse slowly into it from their fused salts; and it has recently been shown that this can

be done much more rapidly by electrolysis, using the fused salt as an anode. A small tube of soda- or potash-glass, containing fused potassium and sodium nitrates to act as cathode, is immersed in the fused salt of the required heavy metal; and thus barium, strontium, tin, lead, copper, iron, cobalt, and silver, have been introduced into the glass.

THE Indian tribes of the Putumayo River, a tributary of the Upper Amazon, practise what may be called a species of wireless telegraphy by the beating of hollow logs according to a code of rhythm. They burn out the logs so as to make them tubular, there being two of them, one giving out a graver sound and the other a more acute. The logs are hung up and beaten with a muffled stick, and the sound carries as far as from 12 to 15 kilometers.

It is satisfactory to know that phonographic records, though they are so largely put to uses that are vain or even base, are also being seriously studied by scientific men. In this way is being prepared what may in the future develop into a means of standardizing pronunciation pictorially. The microscope, applied to the scrutinizing of the records, reveals differences in tone that are not perceptible by the ear. It seems, therefore, quite possible to catalog the shapes of all kinds of vocal sounds. We might have a page, a chapter or a volume, devoted to *a* sounds—the various English *a*'s, the French, the Italian, etc. And so on with the other vowels and the consonants. Whenever humanity, or a portion of it, gets ready to agree upon a standardization of the sounds used in language, this research will prove useful. There can be legal standards, local fashions, etc., of pronunciation. A teacher or elocutionist will be able to send up his voice to Greenwich or Washington to be compared with the government standard, like a thermometer. People will be able to buy Paris fashion-plates of pronunciation, showing all the latest drawls and lisps. But seriously, the connexion between form and sound is a study which might lead us into the heart of the mysteries of nature. Number, sound, color, form: abstractions to our mind, when we endeavor to isolate them, but standing for principles or potencies that lie at the root of creation.

THE OBSERVER

Fifty-Seven Methodist Ministers not Quitting the Ministry

WITH regard to the report lately appearing in the public press that 57 Methodist ministers in the Upper Iowa Conference were about to leave the Ministry for more remunerative employment and cited in a Note on page 11 of the issue of CENTURY PATH of October 16, a correspondent sends in the following clipping from a well-known Methodist publication, *Zion's Herald*, which speaks for itself. As it is just to give both sides, the CENTURY PATH reproduces the clipping with pleasure.

In recent issues of certain daily papers it was declared that 57 men, mostly young, were this fall quitting the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Upper Iowa Conference, because the salaries were too small to afford a decent living. As secretary of the Upper Iowa Conference for the past eight years, and therefore in a position to know the facts, I wish to say that the statement is absolutely without foundation in fact.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Beowulf—A Mystery Song (Notes by a Student)

THE Anglo-Saxon epic *Beowulf*, the ancient trumpet-blast out of the North, rang over the waters from Sweden to Northumbria in the eighth century and was there muffled by monkish interpolations. This "stuffing," however, is very apparent.

"And had God most holy not awarded the victory," smells of the monastery cell, while the poem proper reeks with the odors of dust and spilled blood and rings with the shouts of brave, singing, sword-wielding, fighting, not praying, men.

Of *Beowulf*, Kate Milner Rabb writes:

And it has the greater value because it refused to be molded by priestly hands, but remained the rude but heroic monument of our Saxon ancestors.

A monument—that is, a reminder—indeed! Let us not forget the heroic deeds of our heroic earlier years.

To the mind of Hrothgar it came to build a lordly mead-hall . . . Heorot it was called, and when its high spires rose glistening in air, all hailed it with delight.

Perhaps here is plainly stated that once into the thought of the Soul-king it came to build him a body. With what delight was that joy-creating temple hailed!

But alas! The joy in hall . . . penetrated to the dismal fen where lay concealed the monster Grendel. . . . At night came Grendel to the hall, found sleeping the troop of warriors and bore away in his foul hands thirty of the honored thanes. Great was the sorrow in Heorot when in the morning twilight the deed of Grendel became known.

What if, alas! the sounds of happiness issuing from the house of man's life should stir his ancient enemy to attack; and, coming stealthily, finding the faculties of mind and body asleep, should bear away many who had lately feasted within the hall?

For twelve long winters . . . was Hrothgar plunged in grief; for so many years did this beautiful mead-hall, destined for joyful things, stand idle . . . the tidings of Grendel's ravages . . . reached the ears of a high-born thane, Beowulf. A strong man was he, his grasp equal to that of thirty men. Straightway commanded he a goodly ship to be made ready, chose fifteen of his bravest Goths, and swiftly they sailed over the swan-path to the great headlands and bright sea-cliffs of the Scyldings.

* * * * *

Cries Beowulf, the brave and compassionate:

I have come over seas to free him forever from his secret foe.

What if, after the bitter winter of idle remorse, there came One over the swan-path of compassion to the stricken temple of humanity?

When night, the cycle of darkness, came on, the king arose and committed the hall

sprung from Beowulf and fled, leaving in the warrior's grasp his arm and shoulder. Great was Beowulf's joy, for he knew that the wound meant death.

What if, to the harassed of the keeper of this mortal house, there came such a champion as Beowulf? Would not the king and queen, the lords and maids, coming forth in the morning, heap rich gifts upon the benefactor?

When the mead-hall had been cleansed and refitted, they gathered therein and listened to the song of the bard. . . . The song over, the queen . . . gave gifts to Beowulf . . . two armlets, a necklace, raiment and rings.

So they rejoiced, little knowing that another and other attacks were yet to be met, the first by the loathsome mother of Grendel, dwelling in the mile-wide mere.

Land-people heard I, liegemen, this saying

Dwellers in halls, they had seen very often

A pair of such mighty march-striding creatures,

Far-dwelling spirits, holding the moorlands:

One of them wore, as well they might notice,

The image of woman, the other one wretched

In guise of a man wandered in exile,

Except that he was huger than any of earthmen;

Earth-dwelling people entitled him Grendel

In days of yore; they knew not their father,

Whe'r ill-going spirits any were bore him

Ever before. They guard the wolf-coverts,

Lands inaccessible, wind-beaten nesses,

Fearfullest fen-deeps, where a flood from the mountains

'Neath mists of the nesses netherward rattles,

The stream under earth: not far is it henceward

Measured by mile-lengths that the mere-water standeth

Which forests hang over, with frost-whiting covered,

A firm-rooted forest, the floods overshadow.

There ever at night one an ill-meaning portent

A fire-flood may see; 'mong children of men

None so wise that wot of the bottom;

* * * * *

. . . Uncanny the place is:

Thence upward ascendeth the surging of waters, Wan to the welkin, when the wind is stirring

The weathers unpleasing, till the air groweth gloomy, And the heavens lower. Now is help to be gotten

From thee and thee only! The abode thou know'st not,

The dangerous place where thou'rt able to meet with The sin-laden hero: seek if thou darest!

For the feud I will full fee thee with money, With old-time treasure, as erstwhile I did thee,

With well-twisted jewels, if away thou shalt get thee.

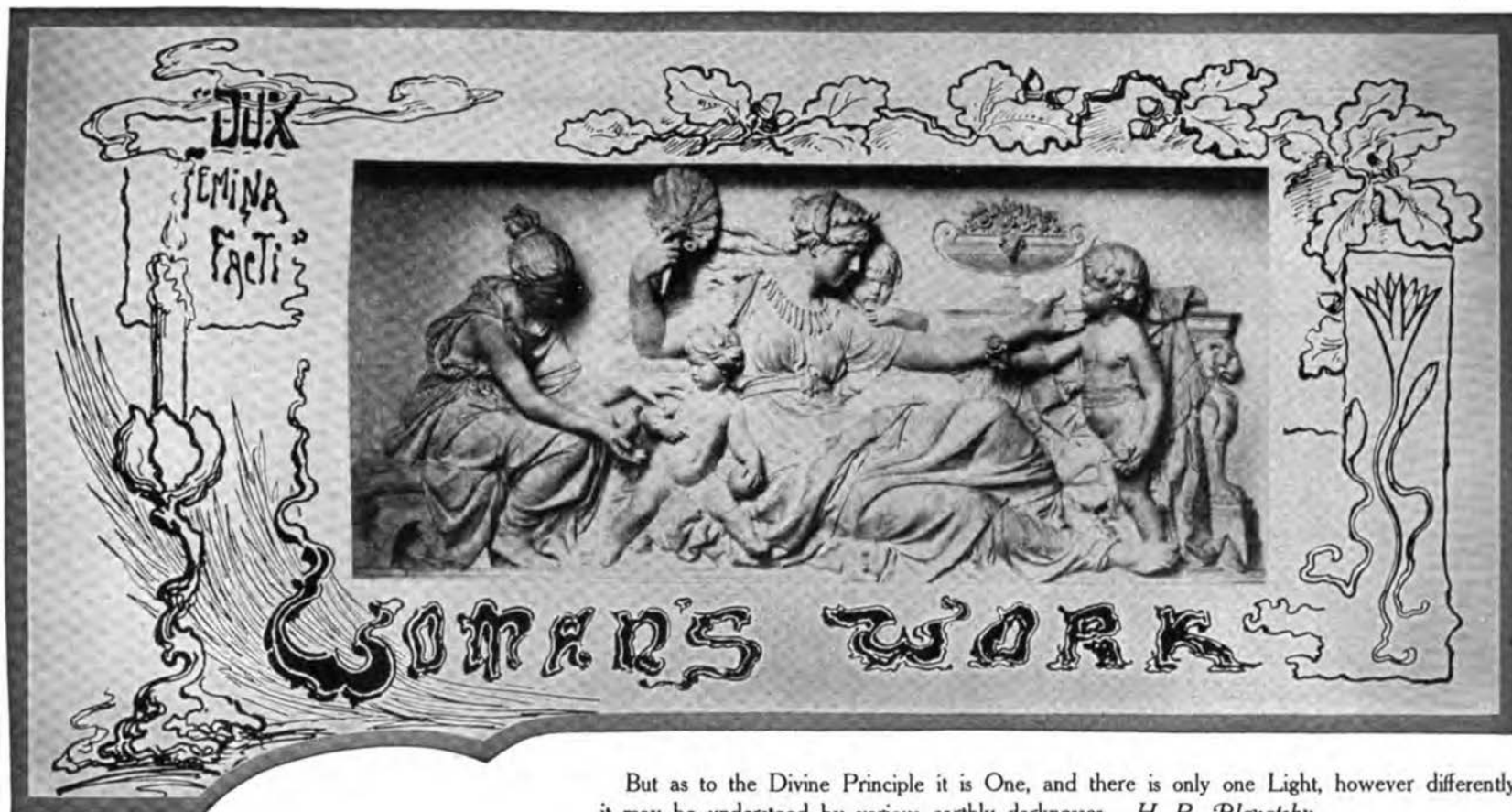


Lomaland Photo, and Engraving Dept.

LOHENGRIN—By R. Machell
(Copyright 1908 by Katherine Tingley)

of gold into the care of Beowulf, who alone awaited the coming of Grendel.

He came, with wrathful step and eyes aflame, bursting open the iron bolts of the great door . . . clutched the watchful Beowulf. Ne'er had he found a foe like this! Fearful, he turned to flee to his home in the fen, but the grip of Beowulf forbade flight. . . . The sword blade was of no avail, and him must Beowulf bring to death by the strength of his grip alone. . . . At last, with a scream that struck terror to every Dane's heart, the monster



But as to the Divine Principle it is One, and there is only one Light, however differently it may be understood by various earthly darknesses.—H. P. Blavatsky

IT seems that physical degeneration in our schools is becoming

so marked that the medical authorities are inquiring into the matter seriously. As a result of their deliberations in a recent convention of teachers, at least one doctor has come to the conclusion that the children are doing too much thinking! This is a marvelous decision in the face of all the facts, and let us hope that at least some of the doctors in the convention have done enough observing and thinking to hit a little closer to the mark.

The doctor above referred to, very wisely and truly says, that "unless a child is strong physically there is no use to expect him to be strong mentally. If we go on cultivating the mental side of the children, and neglecting the physical side, we shall have a race of dwarfs." Therefore his solution of this appalling state of affairs is to teach the children to *stop thinking* (!) and incidentally give them lessons in practical hygiene and also on diseases, etc.

Are we nothing but bodies? It is noteworthy as an index of modern thought that not a question is raised as to the moral training or lack of it, and that attention is not turned to the kind of thoughts which enter the minds of the pupils. And yet it is just here that the whole difficulty lies. There are thoughts which ennoble, inspire, and bring mental and bodily health. They are like the pure fresh breezes from the mountain heights, unsullied by the impurities of earth. And there are thoughts whose entrance into the mind are poison, alike to body and mind. They drag down, depress, vitiate, and interfere with the normal action of every organ.

Everybody knows this to be a fact from his own experience. All know the effect of bad news and good news on health, of a happy environment on the one hand and worry and anxiety on the other. It is to be hoped that all have had enough of unselfish and

Physical Deterioration in the School

pure thoughts to know their effect, as well as to be able to contrast

them with irritation towards others and various forms of personal strivings.

When these things can be so easily observed in the human being that each one has most closely under observation, it is not difficult to imagine how demoralizing are the tempers, petty jealousies, greed, small ambitions and competitions that are allowed among children today; in many instances one might say are even encouraged and cultivated. And when in addition to those which are perfectly patent, are added secret vices, the effects of which are written indelibly on the face, and for which all who have the welfare of children at heart (and indeed all who read the papers) know that schools have even had to be closed as for an epidemic—it is no wonder that the modern physique is not what it ought to be.

In the Rāja Yoga School it is all these things which the children are taught to stop—not thinking. They are *taught to think*, and to think with power, concentration, and purity.

One might almost assume that the majority of children have already been taught to stop thinking, for very few are capable of a connected train of thought. The action of their minds reminds one of the movements of the fly, without aim or purpose, a prey to every breeze of passion and external stimulus, wobbling, helpless, at the mercy of the winds. A good strong, steady current of thought would tone them up wonderfully, and do much to keep out of their minds the demoralizing elements with which the thought atmosphere of the world today is loaded.

For we are in a transition stage and have to deal with all the elements of disintegration and decay of an unhealthy civilization, while underneath we feel the glowing life, the inspiration and the promise of a new time, when more glorious ideals shall hold the eyes of our youth.

GERTRUDE VAN PELT

A MYSTERY

THE river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountain showed
The open pine between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang;
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang.

No clew of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above the crag
Could lean the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foothills
The mountain road should creep;
So, green and low, the meadows fold
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took,
The white, torn fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was passed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream?
Or glimpse through aeons old?
The secret which the mountains kept,
The river never told.—John G. Whittier

The 'Bird-Woman,' Sacajawea

ON November 15, 1805, just a century and five years ago, the Lewis and Clarke Expedition reached the mouth of the Columbia River, the first to reach the Pacific by crossing the continent north of Mexico. The expedition had been authorized by Congress on the President's recommendation, not only to render a service to science but to extend the claim of the young United States over this then unknown region.

The historian tells us that "procuring a guide and horses from the Shoshone Indians (in what is now Montana) they pushed on westward through the mountains, etc., etc.," and it is also stated that this journey "has scarcely been exceeded in romantic interest by later explorations in any quarter of the globe."

Not until a century had passed did the world know anything about this guide, without whose help at several critical junctures, according to the testimony of the explorers themselves, the expedition would have failed. This may have been due to the fact that the guide received neither pecuniary compensation nor official recognition for her services—for it was a young Indian woman, only sixteen years of age, who guided this expedition through untold peril and hardship, carrying her baby boy all the way, strapped to her back. It is good to know that this boy became later a leader of his tribe, with much of the compassionate and indomitable spirit that characterized his mother.

The services of the young Sacajawea, the only woman to accompany the party, consisting of Meriwether Lewis, Captain William Clarke, and twenty-eight men, had become wholly obscured until the women of Portland, Oregon, five years ago, erected a statue in Sacajawea's honor. The accompanying cut gives something of the imposing character of the statue, a description of which, together with an account of Sacajawea's life, was given in the CENTURY PATH at the time the statue was being erected.

Now this young Indian woman is again being honored, this time by the women of North Dakota, and a similar statue, in front of the Capitol Building at Bismarck, will serve in a new way to throw light on hitherto obscured heroism. The statue is of heroic size and while the State Legislature made an appropriation sufficient to cover the cost of the granite pedestal, the statue itself (of bronze) is the

gift of the women and children of North Dakota.

The following is quoted from a circular issued by the women who had charge of securing funds for this work and gives in concise form the leading facts (*italics ours*):

1. Sacajawea was the first North Dakotan whose name was enrolled on the pages of history.

Sacajawea was a Shoshone, as stated, and belonged by birth to territory that now falls within the boundaries of Wyoming. But when a tiny child she was captured by the Gros Ventre tribe of North Dakota, was reared by them, wore their tribal dress always, and carried the name which they bestowed upon her in childhood until she died.

So there is all propriety in recording Sacajawea as a "North Dakota woman"; and in thus recognizing as a sister one of alien race and belonging to what has so long been held aloof from as "savage," or at least "uncivilized," a very deep and clear-ringing note in the full chord of Universal Brotherhood has been sounded. "To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them" is one of the objects of the International Brotherhood League, and in the action of the women of two States we have something that will inevitably serve to a degree to bring this about. It would not be a surprise to learn that the women of Wyoming, also, should determine to pay similar tribute.

Sacajawea, in some of the long-obscured accounts left by those who knew the facts at the time, is described as having been very superior to the average woman of her tribe, fine of feature, in fact, beautiful, and with a face lighted by rare intelligence. An American Indian, and a woman, she was of course "uneducated" so far as the books and schools of "civilization" were concerned; but she was skilled in all the Indian woman's arts as well as in woodcraft, and possessed a rare knowledge of tribal traditions. A conversing acquaintance with French, which she

had been taught by her French husband, a man most unworthy of her, must be added. She knew when she volunteered that she would have to face untold hardships and possibly death. Says one historian of the expedition:

A Homer's song, the epic of a nation, clusters around the names of Lewis and Clarke. . . . Their story is the Iliad of the West.

To which the future must add the immortal words spoken of Dido, Builder and Queen of Carthage, "Dux femina facti."

The childhood name of this young girl means literally "Bird-Woman," symbolic in its foreshadowing of destiny. Sacajawea lived to be 100 years of age, dying at her tribal home. H.



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SACAJAWEA, THE GUIDE OF THE LEWIS AND CLARKE EXPEDITION
Memorial Statue Erected by the Women of Oregon

2. It is proper that we mark historic spots in our young and rising commonwealth.
3. Sacajawea was the only woman to accompany the Lewis and Clarke Expedition.
4. She was their guide and interpreter.
5. She protected them when threatened by hostile Indians.
6. She procured for them food and horses when they were destitute of both.
7. She saved their journals and valuable papers at the risk of her own life.
8. *She was the only one of the party who received no pecuniary compensation for her services.*
9. While enduring hardships and suffering, she ministered to the necessities of others.
10. She welcomed with intelligent appreciation the civilization of the white race.
11. She was the first pioneer mother to cross the Rocky Mountains and carry her baby into the Oregon country.

OUR YOUNG FOLK

THE LESSON

I DID not know the sky could be
So very soft, so very blue;
I did not know the land and sea
Could spread so fair before my view,
Until I learned, one cloudless day,
To banish hatred from my heart,
To put my foolish doubts away
And bid my envy to depart.

I did not know how richly I
With priceless gifts had been endowed;
With health and strength, I knew not why
I might be glad and brave and proud,
Until I learned to cease to grieve
Because some other won success,
But strove the harder to achieve
The fair rewards of worthiness.

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald

The Paths We Love

WHO does not love the memory of the old paths and lanes along which he played in childhood days? There was the lane that ran uphill past the old pine tree stumps, the home of the squirrels, then along the pasture, winding around a grove of shade trees, and still on until it came to the beautiful maple woods, where, in the spring, the fragrant wood-violets peeped out among the fallen leaves, and the mandrakes opened their little umbrellas as if to shield their may-apples from the spring showers.

Then the path that led across the fields to school, through the garden and the gate near the hawthorn tree, leading along beside the wild raspberry bushes, whose tempting fruit caused one to make many a stop; and still on to the butternut tree, that stood in the field where the wild strawberries grew. But even that did not end the fascinations of this old path, for farther on it led past the pond full of happy, wiggling pollywogs, where the children made rafts of some old planks and enjoyed such delightful boat rides. This path across the fields, though supposed to be the shorter route, always took a longer time to walk, owing to its numerous attractions.

And, oh! the path that led to the well, near the cedar swamp; leading through a field of gravel, where naught would grow but buckwheat, then over a rude stile, and down to the most secluded spot where the croaking of the frogs in the swamp was the only sound to be heard.

At Lomaland there is a path which begins in a broad and well graded road, winding past the tents of some of the students, then narrowing down to a sandy path around a hill covered with golden poppies, and white and purple flowers; then on and on, down a steep rugged hill beyond the camp



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THE GUARDIANS OF THE FOREST TEMPLE

of the young Rāja Yoga gardeners, until it comes to the cañon leading down from the Greek Theater to the ocean, where it ends in a great V-shaped cleft in the cliffs. And who can describe the mysteries of that cañon!—the caves and wild scenery; the beautiful ferns growing in it; the bee hives with their busy workers, that stand along in a row not far from the cliffs? But we are following the path which leads farther on along a grass-grown flat at the foot of a majestic hill, until we come to the parting of the way—one

branch leading on around the hills to other wonderful cañons, the other winding along until it reaches the cliffs, where the children, and grown folks too, scramble down, and in, and out, in an indescribable fashion, until, behold, the ocean at our feet! Then down a stair cut in the cliffs, and we are on the beach, with all its mysterious caves to explore.

In after years, when the children of the Rāja Yoga School have gone forth in the world carrying their message of Truth and Light to the nations, how dear to their memory will be this winding path that leads to the sea.

AUDREY

THERE is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and freeborn, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak, looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. . . . There is an affinity between all natures, animate and inanimate. The oak in the pride and lustihood of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man. It is the emblem of what a true nobleman should be: a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, a defense for the defenseless.—*Washington Irving*

FALSEHOOD is the art of cowards. Credulity without examination is the practice of idiots.

ANY order of things established through violence, even though in itself superior to the old, is still a tyranny.

BLIND distrust like blind confidence, is death to all great enterprises.

IN morals, thought and action should be inseparable. Thought without action is selfishness; action without thought is rashness.

THE curse of Cain is upon him who does not regard himself as the guardian of his brother.

EDUCATION is the bread of the soul.

ART does not imitate, it interprets.—*Joseph Mazzini*

THE life of man is like going a long distance with a heavy load upon the shoulders. Haste not. . . . Reproach none, but be ever watchful of thine own shortcomings. . . . Forbearance is the basis of length of days.—*Iyeyasu*



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THE FOREST TEMPLE (BEECHES) IN THE NEW FOREST, ENGLAND

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Power of Kind Thoughts

"SUPPOSE, Lena, instead of complaining so much of Roy's behavior, you begin to send him your kind thoughts. It will help both him and you, if you will try."

"Oh, Cousin Hilda, you have such queer ideas; how can I feel kindly to Roy when he is so rude and careless? Besides, I don't see how my *thoughts* can matter."

Just then they perceived Uncle Laurie standing close by and it seemed to Hilda that he had a twinkle in his blue eyes as he called them to sit under the old elm and listen to a story.

"Well," he began, "this story was told to me when I was in India, by a very old man, who said his grandfather told it to him. So you see it is an old story; but it holds a great truth."

"Once upon a time there lived in a certain village in India a prince, named Magha, who had great wisdom, and whose influence on the people was so good that a large number of families in the village became thoroughly united and brotherly under his leadership. They learned many things from him that made them better and happier. He taught them how to make good roads, and improve their buildings; but above all he taught them to think kind thoughts and to be ready to help others at any time a call came. They obeyed him because they saw how good he was and because they had learned to love him."

"There was only one discontented man in the village. He was the chief citizen, and as he was of a selfish nature and wanted riches for himself alone, he despised the simple kindly life of his neighbors. As their thoughts became more shining and helpful, his became more shadowed and selfish. Soon he was driven by these evil thoughts to attempt to break up the peace and happiness of the village."

"He went to the king and told him that he had discovered that a band of thieves were stealing from every one in the village. The king said if the chief citizen knew the robbers he was to bring them before him so that he could punish them. Then this evil man led all the kindly men of the village with the prince at their head, before the king and swore that they were thieves."

"The king was not like the prince. He was a wicked man himself and so believed the other wicked man's story. He said that all these so-called robbers were to be shut up and trampled to death by elephants."

"Prince Magha and his good people were then placed in a court and told to lie down on the floor. Then an enormous elephant was put into the court. Prince Magha had told the men to fear nothing, but to think kindly



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A COW THAT GIVES MILK FOR THE RAJA YOGA BABIES

thoughts even of the cruel king who was so unjust to them. Because they had obeyed Prince Magha before, and learned to close their minds to evil thoughts, they were able to do so now; and all kept calm, even in the face of a cruel death."

"The great elephant, however, was wiser than the wicked king. When he saw the men lying upon the floor, he stood still a moment, then gave a loud cry, and forced his way out of the court. This happened again and again, as other elephants were sent in his place."

"Then the king had the prisoners searched, to see if they had some drug that cast a spell over the elephants; but he found they had none. As he could not find out in any other way why the animals would not obey his orders, he asked Prince Magha what he and his men were doing to protect themselves."

"Prince Magha told him the only power they had was the power of loving thoughts and kind deeds. This, he said, must be the secret of the elephants' refusal to harm them."

"The king was ashamed. His eyes were opened to the truth at last, and he knew that he had been deceived. He gave them all their freedom, restored their property to them, and added the lands of the unjust citizen to theirs. He also sent the elephants to them, to serve them and the other people of the village."

"Thus their good thoughts saved them from all danger, serving as a protecting wall when nothing else could have been their defense."

M. H.

How Peter Pan Gets His New Clothes

PETER PAN, the parrot, has just got his new suit of clothes. Did he go to the tailor and select the material, decide on the cut of his trousers and the style of his coat? Oh no, not he. His suit grew out from under his own skin in the shape of little green feathers trimmed with blue and orange.

You may think this is an easy way to get

new clothes; but Peter found it was trouble enough because each little feather came tightly wrapped up in silk paper—at least it looked just like silk paper—and he had to unwrap every one of them himself and fluff them out.

As little birds have hundreds of feathers on their bodies, you can imagine that Peter was kept pretty busy getting those new feathers undone; besides, when they come through the skin after pushing the old feathers out, they are pin feathers and are stiff and sharp and uncomfortable. The old feathers dropping out, made him look very untidy, so that he really had a hard time of it for a while. But he only has one suit of clothes a year, which is not so bad.

I wish you could see him now. His little orange-colored

crest is new and bright; the deep blue of his long wing feathers looks very pretty with the fresh green feathers he wears on his back; his wings are like two little fans with rows and rows of feathers on top of one another in regular order, and the long tail is a fan too when he spreads it out to fly. The soft, light-green feathers on his breast and the darker green on the rest of his body have white down hidden underneath, like a little flannel shirt to keep him warm. As all these feathers must be kept smooth and nice if he is to feel well dressed and comfortable, Peter spends some time preening himself every day.

There are several advantages in having feathers for clothes, for they can be raised or lowered whenever it is necessary. For instance when Peter is frightened and wishes to hide from his enemy he pulls his feathers tight to his body, which makes him look small; but when he wants to play, or frighten something himself, he can puff them out and make himself look very large. He also expresses his feelings in many ways by raising or lowering his feathers. Then when it rains he can oil his coat from the little oil sack he keeps under his skin near his tail, and make it quite waterproof.

So you see clothes play quite an important part in a little bird's life as well as in our own. They are something we all must have. Even Pussy must have her new fur coat once a year, and horses and cows shed their hair and grow new coats. Snakes and frogs and lizards also shed their skins and have new ones. E. P.

BENEVOLENT feeling ennobles the most trifling actions.—*Thackeray*

HE who frowns in giving gives but little; he who smiles in giving gives abundantly.

HE who watches his field daily, finds at last a harvest there.

Do not cast a stone into the well from which you drink.—*The Talmud*

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Possible sunshine, 352. Percentage, 62. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 7.02 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

Nov.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN		WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET	FALL	DIR	VEL	
7	29.751	62	60	60	58	0.01	SE	2	
8	29.755	64	57	58	54	0.00	E	1	
9	29.747	65	55	58	53	0.00	NE	3	
10	29.750	64	55	58	56	0.00	E	2	
11	29.680	65	55	58	57	0.00	SE	2	
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Vol. XIV

NOVEMBER 20, 1910

No. 3

The Cyclone of October 13-18, 1910

Pinar Del Rio, Cuba

✽

THE cyclone, or rather cyclones (for in reality there were two), which struck the Island of Cuba this month, were the severest that have ravaged this unfortunate country since Cuban history began.

The first storm originated in Honduras about the 11th, and two days after we were warned in Pinar del Rio of an approaching cyclone. The morning of Thursday, October 13th, was rainy with occasional gusts of strong wind. The night previous to the 13th, at about 8 o'clock we were all startled by a sudden wind which burst on the calmness of the night, making the trees bend and the doors slam, and which then subsided as suddenly as it arose. This was really the first presage of the storm.

To those who have once experienced a cyclone there is no mistaking the leaden, gray sky, the fine rain, and the gusty, savage wind that announce its coming. But the surest indication is the falling of the barometer. All day Thursday these symptoms became severer, and we of the College were making preparations for an ugly night. But it was much worse than we reckoned for or expected.

At about 8.30 Thursday night the full fury of the storm burst on us from the east. It is difficult to describe a cyclone — it needs a poet or a Gautier, for the impression it gives is overwhelming. The wind came from the worst possible quarter for us, as the principal house and corridor face the northeast, and also coming from the east, the wind struck with full force those rooms which connect the original College building with the annex, which caused a terrific current of air to rush through the house.

The night was inky black and as it advanced the wind grew stronger. The rain drove in with such force as to sting the hands and face like hail. The wind shrieked and howled, the house shook, great trees bent like reeds and snapped, and every now and then a loud crash would announce a broken window or screen.

Pieces of paper and leaves would shoot through the air in a way that was almost uncanny. And ever above the smaller noises could be heard the deep bass rumbling of the cyclone.

It has a different sound from that of any other wind and can best be described as a terrific reverberation. Well, we weathered that night, and early the next morning the wind changed its quarter and came from the south. It did not however abate in fury but brought such a torrent of rain as I have never seen before. Dense masses of rain — not falling, but racing along horizontally, and striking the roofs with such force as to send up a shower of spray which, caught by the wind, dashed forward with the rain. It was grand to behold.

Now that the wind had changed its direction we had a chance to observe the damage done on the northeast side of the College. The awnings, although they had been tied up with stout cord, had broken loose and were twisted into all manner of shapes. The rooms were simply flooded; window panes and Persian blinds were blown in, and most extraordinary of all, a glass door was lifted clean off its hinges, thrown back against a bookshelf, and the glass was merely a little cracked. In that first night our wall was blown down in three places.

All day Friday the wind continued the same, which surprised us very much as after the change of quarter the wind usually abates and the cyclone ends. What actually happened was that the advance-guard of cyclone No. 1 had met that of cyclone No. 2, and was retarded thereby for four days, the wind where we were, staying in about the same quarter, that is, the south. But the cyclopic disturbance lasted for five days. This is explained as follows:

The rear-guard of cyclone No. 1 mingled with the advance-guard of No. 2 which was coming along the south coast from the east. Due to the rotary motion of the cyclone, it so happened that both No. 1 rear-guard and No. 2 advance-guard were blowing from the same quarter, south-southeast; and so the full fury of the second storm and no inconsiderable part

Portland *Oregonian*, October 22

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Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, October 23

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San Diego, Cal., *Sun*

MRS. TINGLEY NOT HELD RESPONSIBLE
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Las Novedades, New York, October 27

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Newburyport, Mass., *Herald*, October 24

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RESTRAINT ON THE PART OF MRS. TINGLEY

Newburyport, Mass., *News*, October 24

FIRST POINT FOR MRS. TINGLEY
DECISION OF THE CALIFORNIA COURT
SUSTAINING HER DEMURRER
PATTERSON'S CHARGE OF UNDUE INFLUENCE
WAS NOT UPHELD

The Plough and the Cross A Novel of the Ireland of Our Own Day

Some Reviews

IT will be of interest to our readers to know that Katherine Tingley has recently acquired the copyright of *The Plough and the Cross*, a most fascinating story of "New Ireland from Within," written by William Patrick O'Ryan, Editor of the *Irish Nation*, Dublin, Ireland. The American copyright edition of this story has just been issued and in both printing and binding it is a work of fine craftsmanship, and can be recommended as a charming Christmas present.

The following are reviews which have appeared in three of the most prominent and influential papers in Ireland, *The Irish Times*; *Irish Independent*; and *Catholic Times*. A review from the *Gaelic-American*, the leading Irish paper in New York will be published in next issue.

RECORDER

The Plough and the Cross is the result of observation and deep thinking on the complex numberless movements which have arisen in Ireland in later years. To those who have concerned themselves with these movements Mr. O'Ryan's book will be of great and continual interest—continual because so many and varied are the points discussed that it is impossible to appreciate them in a first reading. It is a book which will not be read casually and thrown aside, but will be taken up again and again. Even to those few who are unconcerned with these new movements the book cannot fail to appeal, for there are a courage and a freedom of expression in it peculiarly winsome, and it will win sympathy however much we may disagree with the author's opinions. . . . To our mind the most sympathetic figure in the book is Mr. Milligan, the one practical man among the group of idealists and dreamers, who quietly went on his way, working out his great scheme in the Boyne Valley—a scheme which, alas! he was not left to finish. Will it ever be completed. . . . It is a book to be read by every man and woman interested in Ireland.—*Irish Times*

THERE are innumerable delightful passages in *The Plough and the Cross*—of gentle raillery at the expense of some man well known in the intellectual life of Ireland today, or of a dreamer's rhapsody. Yet the work is vehemently a story with a purpose. . . . The tribute paid to Mr. Milligan—one of the very few men in Ireland who understood the rural problem, and who was willing to bring ideas and money to the solution of it—is the worthiest thing in the book. Of the many other characters introduced, those of Terence O'Connellan, the journalist-politician, and Geoffrey Mortimer, the realistic novelist and irrepressible scoffer, are too cleverly portrayed to escape recognition. . . . It will grip the interest of the thoughtful reader, though the latter may find it impossible to take the author's point of view. The book, by the way, is extremely well printed and contains a number of fine illustrations.—*Irish Independent*

We have read this story with very mixed feelings. As a romance, dealing with the tender passion, it has many merits, and some of the characters are extremely well drawn. But it is more than a romance; it is a propaganda. The whole story is merely a setting for views and principles which are in dispute even in Ireland. How far such lines of story-telling are wise and efficacious may be left open to doubt. But we feel sure that the use of thinly veiled characters, well known at a glance to be representations of public men, is very risky and may do much harm to the class of superficial readers to whom the same story, put forth as simply a love story, would surely have made a strong appeal. Nor do we like the introduction into a romance of grave questions affecting the future of ecclesiastical policy; to our mind they are better kept out of romance. However, we must add that Mr. O'Ryan knows how to tell a story and that he has told this story extremely well.—*Catholic Times*

By the will of Mrs. Mary E. Puffer, one of the old members of the Boston Center, a very liberal bequest was left for the International Lotus Home at Point Loma. RECORDER

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Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 4

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The 'Resurrection of the Body'
THE principle of Resurrection has always received prominent recognition in religions, cosmic philosophies, and systems of mystic symbolism. It means rising again from death to life. In the perpetual cycles of Life, birth and death are successive phases, continually following one another. We see it in the familiar cycles of time, the day and the year. We see it in the birth, decay, and rejuvenescence of plant and animal life. It is a general law. To the life of man it also applies. His death must be the precursor of another birth. Here, however, it may be argued that the law is satisfied by the fact that the human race as a whole is perpetuated, the man being followed by his child. But the complete analogy demands that the Individual Soul, which enters the body and afterwards quits it, shall again enter a physical body. Otherwise we have amid a universe of successive deaths and rebirths, the strange exception of a Soul running a course that is a straight line instead of a circle, living on earth once, never to return, and passing thence to a perpetual unvaried life elsewhere. Hence analogy alone leads us to postulate for the Soul a recurrence of birth and death in alternate succession.

The Soul was (and is) said to suffer death when it enters the body, the birth of the body being, in a way, the death of the Soul. Not that it dies, but that it becomes a prisoner. The death of the body, then, is the resurrection of the Soul. The Soul lived before it entered the body, and it will enter another body when the proper cycle comes round.

It is natural that in ages when the ancient knowledge was replaced by materialistic dogmas, this teaching about resurrection should become perverted and materialized, as so many other teachings have become. And this is in fact the case. The ecclesiastical doctrine of the resurrection of the body is a curious jumble. It seems at one time to have been materialized into the crude notion that this physical body, the vesture of decay, the very prison of the Soul, the source of woe, the chamber of

The Decay of Ancient Wisdom

probation, would be reconstituted from its material elements to be a perpetual garb for the Soul in bliss. In this perversion we can trace the cravings of natures wedded to sensual corporeal life and unable to tolerate the idea of any other kind of life, and the indulgent concessions of those ecclesiastics who, in ignorant times, may have flattered such hopes by giving out this doctrine as authoritative. More refined intelligences have amended the crude con-

ception by presuming that the resurrection body will be finer, far finer, than the earthly body, a vesture of light, incorruptible and glorious.

Much depends on the meaning we may attach to the word "body." Dismissing all ideas of gross matter and physical organs, we may define a body as anything which embodies spirit or can serve as a vehicle for its manifestation. In this sense we may call the inferior mind the body of the soul or higher mind, or the soul the body of the conscious spirit. The idea that the immortal Self will be Spirit embodied in Soul, Fire embodied in Aether, as it were, is not materialistic; and it is possible to understand the doctrine of the resurrection of the body in this way.

When the immortal part of man, escaping from the tomb of the body, passes to its sphere of rest between incarnations, it must have some kind of embodiment, though that embodiment be nothing similar to what we know as such on earth. We might describe it as robed in a garment of light. If this is what is meant by the resurrection of the body, there is not much the matter with the phrase. But one must be very careful not to introduce any notions of body or human form as we know them, thus giving color to various theories and superstitions.

Another analogy we have in nature is that of the seed, which is a rudiment, or quintessence of the life, that is preserved over death and forms the nucleus of the future life. In the same way the immortal Ego of man may be called the seed, which is preserved over death and forms the nucleus of his future life. There are mysterious legends that there is a certain small bone in the body which is indestructible and forms the nucleus from which the deity will reconstruct the body at the resurrection. Evidently no physical bone can be referred to, so the legend is probably based on some bit of esoteric symbolism.

One may regard reincarnation in the light of the analogy afforded by a seed. At death the Ego discards all its earthly vestures, which fall off and break up into their elements. When the time for renewed birth comes, it gathers together again the various elements needed for the construction of an embodied being.

This is another meaning for the resurrection of the body. Who built the earthly tabernacle if not the dweller therein? Or what built the plant but its seed?
STUDENT

A Republican Church Union

THE Bishop of Arkansas thinks that union of the churches cannot be brought about on any ground except "the exactly level ground of pure republicanism." According to him, there are two theories as to the origin and authority of the Christian ministry. These are the sacerdotal and the republican. According to the sacerdotal, the ministry is dependent on the transmission of authority and power by an unbroken series of ordinations from Jesus Christ. According to the republican theory, the efficiency of the ministry resides in the spiritual power of the individual.

He endeavors to show that the early churches were not episcopates established by Peter, John, or Paul, but loosely organized "presbyterates," and that the creation of bishoprics was a later development. Sacerdotalism was not characteristic of Jesus and the apostles, but was added later.

Though himself a bishop of the Episcopal Church, he proposes that this church shall make overtures for a union of all Protestant churches, cemented by inter-communion through a great world-council. Ultimately a republicanized and modernized Roman Church would enter the union. Imagination strains in the effort to figure the latter and to conceive what distinctive attributes it would retain after the abrogation of its distinctive claims.

The crucial point in all the above seems to lie in the words "the efficiency of the ministry resides in the spiritual powers of the individual." For it is the lack of this endowment that lends force to the claims of the sacerdotal or monarchical party so-called. These latter say that no such power resides in the people and that a hierarchy is necessary. So it rests with those who deny this claim to make good their own position by showing that such a power does reside in the individual.

Republican government is based on the assumption that the people stand for obedience to a commonly recognized law, and that they can be trusted to exact from themselves this obedience. But when the people do not respect such a law, and perhaps even are not unanimous in recognizing its existence, the republic fails and some form of oligarchy supervenes.

Thus this great united republican church will need a common recognition of law, to serve as the bond of integrity. We must get to work and settle what are the essentials of Christian religion, and what the non-essentials which may be left to choice. And this program means a tremendous overhauling and examination. There are several points which will not easily be settled. One is whether the Atonement and Justification by Faith mean that we are pardoned and let off the consequences of our guilt by special favor, or whether the grace of God through Jesus Christ actually works a moral reform in us but without letting us off the penalty of our sins. For each of these views is strongly maintained. The nature of the Christ and the validity of "Holy Writ" are other controversial points.

An essential question is whether, when all controversial points have been relegated to the category of non-essential and tolerated opinions, there will remain sufficient positive faith to bind the whole together. Have the Christian churches any common factor?

The only common factor we can think of is

a universal recognition of the divine-human nature of man. "Positivism" (or negativism as some critics have called it) has sought to make the *human* nature of man the basis of a general religion. But it must be *divine-human*. After all, man himself is the bed-rock of religion; all analyses down to that at last. And the bed-rock of man himself is his essential divinity — *not* his animal nature. Perhaps it would be well to introduce into our religious conceptions somewhat of the spirit of Chivalry, which regarded all men as linked in brotherhood by their common possession of Honor, Loyalty, Valor, Fidelity, Magnanimity; and as self-exiled from the brotherhood if ever they abrogated those qualities. All members of the united church would then be fellow-knights sworn to the quest of the temple of truth and banded together against dishonor.

At all events this suggestion about the chivalric orders is useful as an antidote to bigotry — always provided that we mean the original orders and not any imitations which ecclesiasticism may have seen fit to substitute for them.

E.

What is Materialism?

THE word "materialism" is strangely misused. We find a paper saying that

Haeckel's vogue in Germany, the anti-clerical movements of France, Spain, and Italy, the avowed unbelief of "intellectuals" in many countries, make it clear that what is variously called "materialism," "rationalism," and "freethought," is on the increase.

Is it right to identify anti-clericalism with materialism? Is the protest against the *spirituality* of the churches? We should rather say it was against their materialism. And the connexion of freethought with materialism suggests a connexion of spirituality with bigotry.

Should not materialism be defined as any tendency, cult, or system, which aims at or results in riveting our attention to physical life and blotting out all memory of our spiritual existence? In this case materialism is not a particular philosophy but a tendency, an attitude of mind. It may invade religion or science or anything else. "Animalism" might be a better word for it.

It may be said that rationalists do not believe in any future life, while "religious people" do, and that this constitutes the distinction. But this seems a mere playing with words; for all depends on what is meant by "belief." The religious people profess to believe in a future life, but how real is that belief? Speaking generally, and apart from individual cases, we cannot say that the belief is very real. And the rationalists, on the other hand — they too have a creed and set of professed beliefs; and these beliefs are not very real to them. When it comes down to a *sense* of immortality, there is probably no ground for putting rationalists in one class and religious people in another.

Materialism means animalism; for it takes away the rational basis of morality and reduces man to an animal — to worse than an animal, in fact, because he has his intelligence to abuse. The existence of this intelligence, and man's power to debate the question at all, in reality confute the materialistic position. It may sound very fine to some ears to say that morality is artificial and that Nature, of which man is a part, is non-moral. But can you become non-moral? Not you! To do so

would be to become "as a little child," fit material for the "kingdom of heaven." You cannot abrogate your intelligence, nor would you if you could. You must be either moral or immoral; you cannot be non-moral. You presume to emulate great Nature? Then be as great as Nature is. Is not this noise about the natural and the non-moral just so much vain claptrap and mere self-conceit, like that of the frog that tried to puff himself up to the size of the ox? What wonder if such minds, when they look in the mirror of their imagination, see there reflected a monkey! But we are not all monkeys, no; only some of us.

Materialism is whatever takes away our natural self-confidence and dignity and makes us put on sackcloth and ashes or search our coccyx for the rudiments of a tail. Materialism will always be opposed by the self-respecting man, whether it lurks under the guise of religion or of science. It has no gospel for humanity.

STUDENT

The Fringe of Knowledge

PROFESSOR George Darwin, the astronomer, says that in a hundred years man will have accumulated much more accurate knowledge about the stellar universe, and yet all time will not suffice for man to touch more than the fringe of what he would like to know.

One of two things then, say we: either there be gods that know, or else there is a vast fund of knowledge going to waste somewhere. The idea of there being all this knowledge, in sight and yet never attainable, sets in revolt some inner faculty.

The professor seems to imply that we are to measure future progress by past progress; but may we not take a train, so to say, or round a corner and come upon some sudden vista?

Man's power to contemplate all this knowledge, his sense of his ignorance, seem to imply that knowledge is attainable by him. And its attainability depends on the evolution of man's faculties. Need he always be restricted to his present five-sense consciousness and the conceptions based thereon? Some peoples hold views as to knowledge that are quite different; they regard knowledge as a condition of illumination that is reached at a certain stage in our development. It is not reached by exploring outwardly into space or perfecting our brass instruments, but by overcoming the delusions, feebleness, and obstructions of character. Is it not possible that the human race may gain clearer powers of perception, applicable to the solution of all kinds of problems and shedding a new light on them all?

It may be, too, that the progress made by us in our western civilization may be only a brief local phase in the history of knowledge, and that other peoples before us have gone farther than we have along some lines. STUDENT

The Observatory at Quito, Ecuador

THE Government of Ecuador has presented to France the observatory at Quito, in recognition of valuable work performed by the French Geodetic Commission in South America. It is the only important astronomical observatory in the equatorial zone, and is moreover exactly on the equator, at an altitude of some 10,000 feet above sea-level. Consequently the whole celestial vault is there visible at one time or another throughout the year. It is a unique situation. J.

✻ Some Views on XXth Century Problems ✻

Degeneracy in Art

A RECENT study of Turner's sketches and drawings, certainly the best hitherto, raises the question of decadence, degeneracy. The writer divides the artistic life of Turner into seven periods; the last of them, embracing fifteen years and following upon the painter's culmination about 1830, being characterized by "mental and physical degeneracy." This was the period of the impressionistic studies.

It was the painter's inner vision, not his outer, that Mr. Finberg considers to have been degenerating. He indulged in dream states whose content could not be put upon canvas. He had half-experiences, inchoate, impossible to depict. His inner world was touched with uncertainty as if he saw it through the mists of some narcotic.

Apart from the truth or untruth of this view of Turner, the fact of degeneration coexisting for long periods with what looks like creative power is certain. The word is a little ambiguous; it covers two conditions which may exist quite separately. There is the degeneration natural to advancing years, a mere loss of vividness, the failing power to originate anything new, to initiate, a mere implasticity. But what is produced is sane enough.

The other sort is compatible with opulence of imagination, with fluidity, novelty, ease and luxury of production. But the output has a touch of insanity, of incoherence, of unreality, sometimes as if a narcotic had inspired it. It is out of tune with the real, even with the possible. And it is often morally tainted. Excepting the last characteristic, some of the work of Poe would do as an example in the field of literature.

What we call the creative power works in several ways. It is an act of will calling up the stream of pictures that will be wanted. It holds them steady, combines, arranges sequence, selects, judges. The creative period is one of intensely positive consciousness.

Every decadent artist—in poetry or otherwise—has once developed and used this power. In this or a previous life he has made the creative periods rhythmical and normal. The stream of pictures now tends to come of itself and maintain itself. Else he would be no artist. But in proportion to his decadence is the rhythm getting broken and the moments less frequent; his power to induce them or maintain them, to combine the images, to make them coherent and steady and sequent, to judge and select, is lessening. The pictures themselves may for a long time be as brilliant and vivid as ever, but they begin to lack definiteness of outline and touch with reality. And the state of consciousness in which they arise is no longer positive, has begun to be dreamy and passive. Naturally the sensual side of the man's nature will here find its opportunity to put in its finger and give some trend to the flow.

All this may evidently follow from the use of narcotics, especially hashish and morphine.

But the process is then to the normal somewhat as are the motions and twitchings of fever to healthy and intentional muscular work.

There are other ways of inducing this condition, this cellular excitation, beside narcotics. Animalism—and worse—taken into the mind and deliberately cultured there by artistic natures will have the same effect. It will kill by the subtler path, pseudo-stimulate till there is nothing left to work upon, till the cell is exhausted, empty, and incapable of recuperation.

It is then the creative power—that which can steady, combine, make sequent the stream of pictures—that can select and judge; that keeps consciousness positive and in touch with reality while the stream flows; and that at its best can evoke the stream at will—it is this which the decadent lacks; it must be precisely this which all forms of finer debauchery waste or kill. When in the works of an artist we see and are certain of the marks of decadence, we can also be certain of the cause; we can be certain that the life of that man will not bear inspection. And we can be certain also that he is in sight of the finish of his power. He has lost or is losing the power to select, combine, judge, hold steady, and keep in touch with reality; he will later lose the stream itself.

STUDENT

The Perennial Hallucination

TO *The New Age* Mr. Francis Grierson contributes a singularly emphatic article upon the generally diffused scepticism of our age, a scepticism which may or may not come to the surface consciousness of its victim, may or may not appear among his formulated convictions. Many men whose faiths are departing or are gone, do not know it, may even reach the end of their lives without knowing it. The intellectual or verbal forms of a faith may remain long after the essence has gone, standing like a termite-eaten table-leg. The only difference is that the table will certainly be called upon sometime to bear weight and will betray its condition; the formula may never be called upon. In how many now is the conviction that they are ensouled as definite as the conviction that they love their children, as immediate? In that view the age is assuredly one of almost universal scepticism.

Suppose a civilization thus characterized, comes into collision with one in which belief in immortality and the soul is universal, instinctive, inherited and held everywhere. What would be the outcome of the clash?

Remember that the latter might have or acquire every intellectual possession and mechanical knowledge and invention of the former. But it would have much more. Its individuals would set at once a higher and a lower value upon their lives: a lower, as believing that death was not death in our sense of the word; a higher as believing life to be spiritual and infinitely significant. For the former reason they would have more courage; for the latter a higher sense of duty. The soul would not only be requiring of them a higher and more self-sacrificing conduct, but would be supporting and inspiring them in pursuing it. But apart from theory, history shows that a people which lost virility of religious belief has always gone down before one that had not. The most

mechanical view of the law of survival of the fittest shows that it works for the prevalence of spiritual belief. Without a vision the people perish. The "vision" turns out to be an organ of consciousness which nature is determined to conserve and increase. Its working is an assertion of the spiritual world, of the soul, of immortality; a working whose cessation is shown by results to be a disease involving destruction. To assume it to be baseless, this profoundest and most universal dictum of human consciousness; to assume that all peoples at their best, and the wisest among all people, were in a constant state of hypnotic suggestion or hallucination age after age, through civilization after civilization—is surely the limit of intellectual vanity.

STUDENT

The Birth of Monotheism

A BOOK on one of the Pharaohs, recently reviewed in the (London) *Spectator* contains this remark:

Akhnaton [the Pharaoh in question] believed that his God was the Father of all mankind. . . . This is a greater advance in ethics than may be at once apparent; for the Aton thus becomes the first deity who was not tribal or not national ever conceived by mortal mind.

Akhnaton is regarded as having ascended the throne of Egypt B. C. 1725. A correspondent of the same paper very properly objects to this date being regarded as the birthday of the conception of a supreme ruler of the universe. China, he thinks, was beforehand with it. Victor von Strauss, translator of the Chinese *Classic of Poetry*, thus summarizes the ancient Chinese conception:

The Highest Lord is all ruling, and no one can resist Him. He is a conscious spirit, which sees, hears, and recognizes most clearly everything. He wills and works, but without sound or smell, i. e. incorporeally. Thus He is omnipresent, for He goes out and in with man, and is above and below him. He gives life to man and existence to nature. All virtue and wisdom come from him.

To which we might add that in Egypt itself the idea was far anterior to B. C. 1725; and secondly that in *India* it is to be found in the oldest strata of the Vedas, whose date with our present knowledge we cannot guess.

But the *Spectator's* correspondent himself does some foreshortening, making the Chinese arrive in China "about two thousand years before Christ"! Of this, he says, "we have proof." "Proof" or no, the date is an indefinite number of thousand years out. The Chinese moved eastward from *Atlantis* while their own continent was still in part out of water and were an efflux of its highest civilization. The writer wants to have it that they were "kinsfolk of the ancestors of Abraham," dwelling with them somewhere in Western Asia! At this point the conception of a supreme ruler of the universe was evolved. So the Chinese, moving eastward, took it with them. The ancestors of Abraham, remaining behind, kept it alive. The Egyptians got it by convection or radiation.

It is really, whether he knows it or not, the "chosen people"—who never were monotheists—doctrine that guides the writer. C.

Archaeology Palaeontology Ethnology

"Painted Rock"

IMMEDIATELY north of the Santa Barbara National Forest in California is a small desert known as Carriso Plains, which is bounded on the north by Temblor Range. This latter is a series of hills which were supposed to have been thrown up during a severe earthquake.

This desert is drained by the San Juan River, an intermittent stream. Near its head, and on the edge of the desert, is a curious rock formation which is a landmark for many miles around. It is shaped like a horseshoe and covers about an acre of ground and is about 50 feet high. On the inside of the horseshoe are curious paintings made by the early Indian tribes. Some of the best preserved are shown in the two engravings herewith. The feature is known as "Painted Rock," and it would be a great attraction if it were more accessible to tourists. It is a long and dry journey from the railway station at Santa Margarita, and for this reason very few persons have had an opportunity to examine this curiosity.

F. G. P.

Was Vulcan Hydrogen Carbide?

WHILE carping critics may murmur that Theosophy slights science, the wise will discern that never did science have a better friend than Theosophy. For, as with religion, so with science, Theosophy ever vindicates the just and the true, which do so much honor to both causes; and winnows from them the unjust and the false, which bring such discredit. May science always be represented by men of wide culture and of a judgment that is comprehensive, well-balanced, and sane; and may the cranks and men of one idea, who traduce science by proclaiming themselves its representatives, be relegated to their proper pigeon-hole. Science, like every other cause, must rest on a broad basis of culture, if it would command the respect of humanity and not degenerate into the grotesque and the arabesque.

No doubt it is a laudable desire to be perfectly open, and a corresponding fear of being partial, that causes scientific journals to admit among their excellent contents a few items that come under the head of crank science, and to which, therefore, we cannot accord the same

respect, though not grudging our generous recognition of their merits as contributions to the whimsical side of life.

From a translation in the *Literary Digest* we learn that a writer has contributed to *La Nature* a paper opining that

The well-known Homeric legend of the fall of the god Hephaestus or Vulcan from Heaven arose from the observation of a meteorite.

This savant, it appears, found himself, in company with a friend, on the island of Lemnos, the very one where the fall of the fire-god took place; and

It is sufficient to suppose that an issue of hydrogen carbide in some crevice maintained there a perpetual flame. Around this fire issuing from the earth, the cult of Hephaestus would become fixed. But why should it be believed that the god of fire had fallen from the sky upon the island? De Launay has

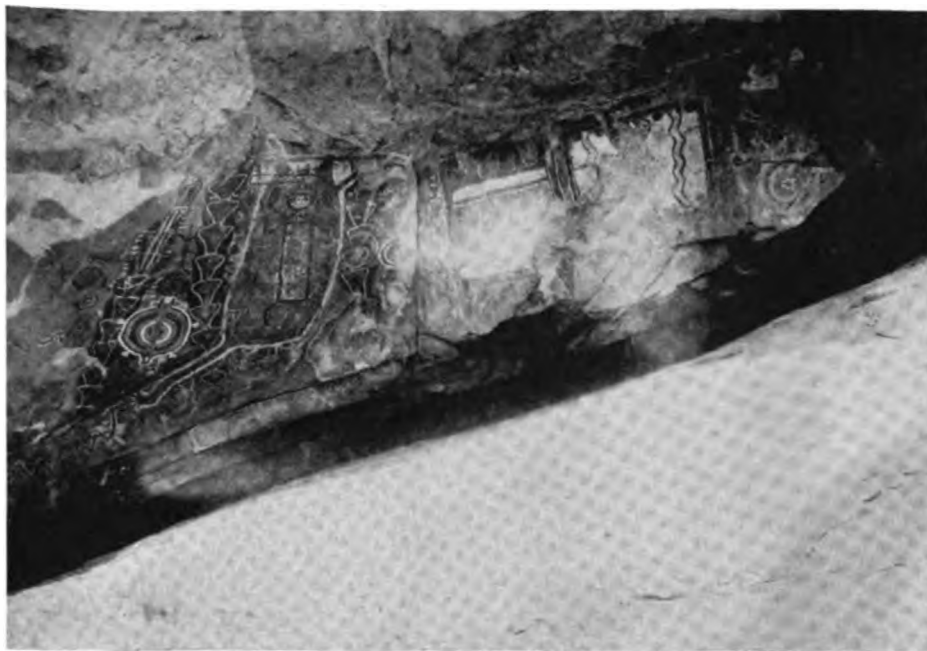
rejected, I believe with reason, the idea that Hephaestus was a personification of the lightning. He represents earthly, not celestial fire; and besides, there are in Lemnos no high mountains where the frequency of thunderstorms might have developed the cult of a lightning god. But may there not have been observed, in very remote antiquity, the fall of a brilliant meteor in the neighborhood of the crack whence the sacred fire was issuing? And must we not search for the origin of the well-known Homeric legend in the interpretation by primitive men of a phenomenon similar to that which we ourselves have just observed?

Yes, it *may* be so; but on the other hand the above may be pure bosh; and we should be inclined to think that that is the name which any real man of science would give it. This savant should know that Hephaestus, like other personages in the Greek pantheon, has his analogs in the pantheons of other older peoples.

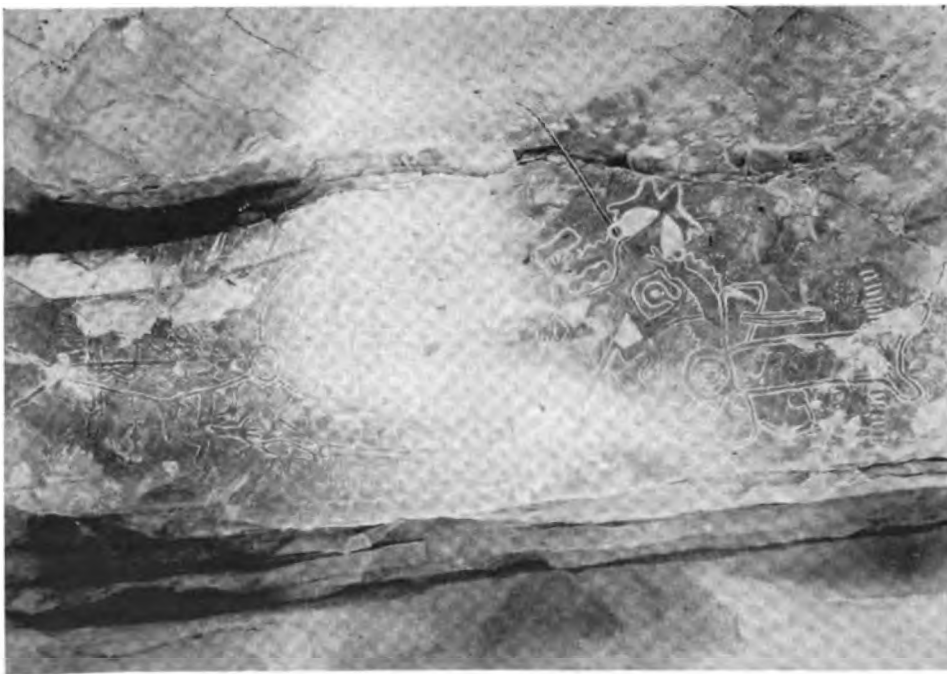
To take a single instance: what of the ancient Aryan Agni, the bringer of fire from Heaven? Did the Hindûs also observe a meteor? We might multiply instances of fire-gods to any desired extent, but cannot find time to supply the writer's lack. And what about all the other myths in the Greek mythology? They are still to be accounted for. But it is not worth while arguing about such folly.

The universal allegory of Hephaestus-Vulcan, Prometheus, Agni, Lucifer, Tubal-Cain, etc., refers to the gift of Divine Inspiration to humanity in a state of helpless ignorance; to the endowment of man with fire from heaven. In our own mythology "Satan" falls from heaven; Lucifer is the Light-bringer, who, like Prometheus, takes pity on man and brings him the Divine Fire, thereby incurring the hostility of the "gods." Hephaestus means terrestrial fire, in the sense that he represents craftsmanship, the application of intelligence to man's terrestrial life.

The Secret Doctrine of antiquity, and its wonderful symbols, needs to be studied as a whole, and not piecemeal; by scholars, not pedants. Perhaps this savant does not lay claim to scholarship; but, if so, why not let alone matters outside his sphere? Yet the humblest laboratory worker must be a man of wide general information if he would succeed even in his laboratory. E.



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FIGURES ON "PAINTED ROCK," NEAR SAN LUIS OBISPO RESERVE, CALIFORNIA

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

The Fate of Atlantis

AT last an eminent American geologist, Mr. William Thomasson, has focused all the traditions and legends that do or may point to the existence and destruction of Atlantis, showing the support which he thinks they give to a geologico-astronomical theory of his own. His book, *The Glacial Period and the Deluge*, connects the catastrophe with an enormous meteor and with the immediately subsequent appearance of a — he says *the* — glacial period.

He begins with Plato's famous *Solon* account. But a study of the dimensions there given will show that it could only have applied to a mere fragment of the mighty continent running up the Atlantic of whose extent the soundings give us some idea. The *Platonic Atlantis*, or *Poseidonis*,

was smooth and even, but of an oblong shape, extending in one direction (the longer) *three thousand stadia*, and going up the country from the sea through the center of the island *two thousand stadia*.

As a stadium is about 600 feet it follows that the long diameter of the "island" (note) was 340 miles only, and the shorter about 100 miles less. Granted that a meteor of the size assumed in Mr. Thomasson's theory could do what he wants for *this* little fragment of land, where would it be in the center of a continent with tenfold greater diameter (at least) and a hundred times the area?

We hold moreover, on the authority of Theosophical teachings given in H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine*, that the main continent of which Plato's island was a surviving fragment, disappeared — not in one mass, either — several *million* years ago; two surviving islands, *Ruta* and *Daitya*, finally following in later *Pliocene* times — still according to the same authority, 850,000 years ago; and last of all the *Platonic* fragment, at the date given in the story.

Nor can we accept the hypothetical meteor as cause of the axial change. It is part of the life of the planet, connected as it is with that of humanity, that the great continents should be periodically sucked under, broken up, rearranged, and then reappear; and that there should be coincident changes in axial inclination. Of such axial disturbances, teaches Theosophy, there have already been four. There have been four great human races preceding this one; and four continents, of which the second, third (*Lemuria*), and fourth (*Atlantis*), have vanished.

But to come to Mr. Thomasson's courageous attempt to unite astronomy, geology, and legend, in defense of the existence and in explanation of the disappearance of Atlantis. It is courageous in that Atlantis is very unpopular in some high geological quarters; and also in that legends and traditions are (quite justifiably) brought in as corroboration of the science. After quoting the *Platonic* account he goes on:

About 11,500 years ago, as the figures have been handed down to us by the Egyptian priests, figures approximately confirmed by modern geological estimates (independently made and without thought of any connexion between the two events), at one of

the expected recurrent periods of the falling stars, when probably the *Pleiades* were at their midnight culmination, a star-shower came from their direction, and among, or probably preceding the multitude of smaller stars, there came a great one, a meteoric body that might have been 100 or 300 miles or more in diameter. It struck and shattered Atlantis. It passed through the lithosphere into the white-hot interior of the globe. There, suddenly stopped, as a physical consequence, its momentum was converted into tremendous heat and terrific expansive force — far more violent than dynamite or any explosive substance that we know anything about. Under the unrealizable internal pressure, thus suddenly created, all the weak places in the globe gave way; the earth was fairly shattered in places and all the great mountain chains were either then formed or greatly enlarged or uplifted. Earthquakes occurred all over the earth, terrible ones. Our North American Indians tell how the ground rolled like the billows of the ocean and how they all fled in terror. Revelation tells how a great star fell from heaven, the size of a large mountain, burning like a lamp, how it opened up the bottomless pit. Whence a great smoke arose, as from a great furnace, darkening the atmosphere and blotting out the sun, moon, and stars. In our Western States, in Greenland and in India, there are great basaltic overflows that probably occurred at this time. The Chaldeans tell how the spirits of the earth lifted up their torches, indicating volcanic activity; and a Mexican tradition says the red rocks came up out of the ground, the red-hot, molten rocks, undoubtedly, of the earth's interior.

Into this white-hot hole, perhaps a thousand miles in diameter, the ocean poured in measureless *Niagaras*, to be instantly hurled in steam and dissociated atoms into the higher regions of the atmosphere. Hence, in Mr. Thomasson's view, "the" glacial epoch.

The dust, smoke and steam or sprayed waters of the oceans, forced to the altitude of 30 to 50 miles, into the nearly absolute cold of interstellar space, must have radiated so much of their heat that all moisture that fell in far northern latitudes would fall as tremendous snows, consolidating of their weight and pressure into the great ice-fields of the *Glacial Period* — the same as now the snows in Alaska, falling on her mountain tops, form the hardest, most beautiful ice of her justly famous glaciers. What fell in the tropics and semi-tropics fell as the deluging rains told of in the Bible and in many traditions.

As we learned from the *Krakatoa* eruption, the trend of the vast cloud of dust, smoke, and steam, would be westward, most of it falling over America, covering twice the area that it did in Europe and making a deposit from four to ten times as thick. Ancient American traditions of an age of darkness correspond. One tribe of Indians relates a journey made by their forefathers during a night that lasted for years.

The weight of this deposit tilted the axis of the earth.

So great became the deposits of ice and snow on northern Europe and America (with its center of gravity probably about 70 or 80 west longitude from Greenwich, latitude 50 degrees north) that the centrifugal motion caused the great earth to topple. America was thrown, probably 15 to 20 degrees, into a semi-tropical position; and China, on the opposite hemisphere, was tilted into an arctic climate. The Chinese have a wonderful tradition that, properly interpreted, tells of this sudden, flying leap to the Arctic; and then, as the glaciers were gradually melted, of their slower return to their more genial climate of today. It is the story of the *Ten Stems* or ages. And the story, as they tell it, is in

such scientific order, and describes the phenomena so accurately, and in such a way that amounts to a demonstration of its own verity.

We thus have astronomy, geology, physics and legend, all focused on one point, and legend is hall-marked as history. STUDENT

The Structure of the Universe

THERE is something morally rather fine about some of the work which astronomers are now doing. At immense trouble they are collecting stellar data which can hardly begin to be of use for say a hundred years. A hundred and fifty years ago, Bradley, a Greenwich astronomer, undertook the work of exactly cataloging the places of some 3000 stars. He too must have worked for the future, or for the love of the work; for he was able to make little deductive use of his catalog. The stars move, of course; but they do not move so as to have visibly done so between yesterday and today. The diameter of the circle made by the earth in moving round the sun is about 186,000,000 miles. In the time she has made the half circuit she is that distance from her first point. In that time also the sun is 200,000,000 million miles nearer the point in the constellation *Hercules* towards which his motion is tending. But so far away are the stars that these two distances added hardly give a long enough base line to measure any change in stellar positions. Bradley's catalog, however, made one hundred and fifty years ago, does allow of some change becoming manifest.

It is in large part due to him that Kapteyn, the Dutch astronomer, was enabled to make his now well-known inference that the entirety of stars are in two great drifts, one towards one point in the sky, the other to the opposite. But he considered only transverse motions, motions across the line of sight. The other motion, or component of motion, to, and from the line of sight, radial motion, has now begun to be studied, the spectroscope and not the telescope being here the instrument. The spectrum of an approaching star differs a little from that which would be given by a stationary star, and the rate of advance can be approximately measured. Results thus reached corroborate those of Kapteyn.

Careful study of the two great drifts is beginning to suggest that our Milky Way belongs in its entirety to one of them. Says the President of the Royal Society of South Africa:

At present, through scantiness of material, from a study of the radial velocities, we have been able to do little more than discriminate between the two halves of the sky which contain respectively the greatest and the least proportion of second drift stars. It is, however, a fact of some significance that the former corresponds very closely with that hemisphere which contains the Milky Way, suggesting the phenomena that Kapteyn's second drift might be identified with the galaxy. . . . I have pointed out how it is this second drift which exhibits evidence of structural unity.

We thus have the first real step towards the consideration of the whole stellar universe as a structural unity. STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Age-Long Habits of Migrating Birds

THE Norwegian Lemming migrates in hordes from time to time when its numbers grow too large, marching across the country in a devastating array, until it reaches the sea, when it plunges into the water and perishes in an attempt to continue its march. This is attributable to the fact that ages ago there was dry land where now that sea rolls; and the fact is mentioned in *The Secret Doctrine* among evidences for the existence of such land connexions.

But it strikes one as a remarkable circumstance that Nature should thus be guilty of what looks like dunderheaded stupidity and a bureaucratic adherence to precedent unparalleled in any government office. Why do these rodents never learn anything after all those cycles of disastrous failure?

And now we learn that the most characteristic feature of the migrating habits of birds is the obstinacy with which these animals adhere to their accustomed routes regardless of changes in circumstances. They make for far distant places when equally favorable places are found nearer home.

A good instance of this, says a writer in the *Scientific American Supplement*, is afforded by the white wagtail:

While in winter it passes to the very interior of Africa, it may be found in summer anywhere in Europe and Asia, even in Greenland. From the latter country it never wanders in winter into North America, which of course can be reached with greater ease, but always follows the old road over which it first must have reached Greenland; that is, by way of Iceland, the Farøe Islands, and England, which were once connected with one another by bridges of land, as were still, at the time of the Deluge, the three peninsulas of Southern Europe with Africa.

When it is a definite locality that the birds are seeking, one can sympathetically credit them with a preference for the home of their fathers, even though there may be at hand places equally favorable from every other point of view. But this explanation scarcely fits the cases where they choose a sea route when a land route to the same place is available; and several such cases are quoted by the writer, who thinks that the birds are following former coast-lines now submerged.

This suggests interesting reflections as to the nature of the animal mind, especially in the case of the lemming where the consequences of this unlearning obstinacy are so disastrous. Whether the intelligences which guide such conduct know what they are about, or whether they are blundering, is a question we shall not attempt to answer here.

STUDENT

A Nova Scotia Earthquake

AN earthquake shock is a molecular rather than a molar motion, a vibration rather than a movement, as when we jar the table. The vibration travels from molecule to molecule till it reaches the surface where things are loose and can jump, as the glasses jump when we thump the table. When every particle of brick, stone, and wood is vibrating around you under the influence of a great shock, it is



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IN THE GARDENS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

THE BOWER OF BLISS

THE joyous birds, shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
 The angelical soft trembling voyces made
 To the instruments divine response meet;
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the waters fall:
 The waters fall, with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call.
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

Spenser

like a fly on the big drum. The disturbance seems to be in the house, local to you; and possibly the alleged fly imagines it has indigestion when the drum is struck.

A writer in the *Boston Transcript* describes an earthquake in Nova Scotia thus:

All at once, without any sort of warning, a most remarkable sound seemed to fill the house, and the first impression was that hundreds of tons weight of stone or brick were falling on the ell of the house and crushing the whole structure—the sound being like thunder, smothered and with a “cavernous” quality that added to the weirdness and mystery of it all. The house seemed actually filled, saturated, with the deep-toned thunder, especially the cellar, for the impression remains that the sound came down, but with no surface crashing—the perspective of it was therefore difficult to locate. . . .

Then it flashed upon me that a fault had occurred miles beneath us, probably of some magnitude, and that we had the rare experience of being in the presence of a phenomenon unusual in these latitudes. . . . We compared notes with several of the neighbors, and all agreed that their first impression was that something was occurring inside their houses, either upstairs or in the cellar.

H.



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

Chemistry: Modern Magic

WHEN Mme. Blavatsky announced some thirty years ago, of two branches of natural science, that they would be the modern magicians to open the eyes of mankind to great physical truths, she foresaw the coming of the present day when so many of the scientific dogmas in force in her lifetime are giving place to more enlightened ideas; theories and hypotheses closer to the truth that she knew to be a part of the Ancient Wisdom, the true heritage of modern man. When the pall of false mysticism that once enveloped Europe began to lift and men turned from century-long contemplation of unreal saints and madonnas, and speculations upon a hypothetical heaven and hell, it was but natural that they should desire the real and the tangible, that they should turn to the study of nature and her unknown ways; that from religious warfare and purposeless crusades they should turn to the conquest of the material universe, to put its powers at the service of mankind. That from being neglected and despised, matter should be given a paramount place, and reason be enthroned as king in human life, was but the consequent reaction against the galling of the century-old fetters put upon men by blind faith.

If, however, the early seekers after truth on material lines left the soul out of their calculations and deductions, and raised arbitrary barriers between living and dead matter, their sincerity, their eager search for truth by personal investigation and sacrifice of material comfort, the very force of their unconquerable wills brought to grapple with material problems, made active the powers of the soul.

Not a single great discovery or invention of material science has been given to the world

without travail of soul. Matter has played, and is continuing to play, its part in bringing the divine potencies to corporate existence. It is as if matter with its myriad forms were the challenger of modern man whom it is trying at every turn by some one of its manifold phases. This the wise and patient Teacher, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, knew, as she also knew, that when the period of youthful intolerance and pride was over, science itself, by its own exertions would arrive at the truth of the Secret Doctrine.

A wonderful epic might be written with man as the hero and science as his weapon of conquest, and yet it was only a hundred years before the writing of *Isis Unveiled* that modern chemistry, the daughter of medieval alchemy, was born in the laboratory of the great Lavoisier. By his classic experiment, intuitive in its simplicity (the heating for twelve days of a known weight of quicksilver in a known volume of air), he found that the total weight of quicksilver oxide plus the gas remaining after the chemical reaction, was equal in weight to that of the original weights of substance, to wit, quicksilver plus air. He was thus able to pronounce: Matter is not created and does not disappear—matter is everlasting. The truth once uttered, one of Nature's secret doors flew open.

To another great Frenchman, Le Blanc, a true benefactor of mankind, belongs the credit of first applying the theories of chemistry in a large way to a problem of daily life. When the forests of Europe were threatened with devastation by the enormous use of wood-ash in the industries, and the supply of sea plants which furnished soda in their ashes was found inadequate to meet the demand, then Le Blanc with other chemists of the day set to work to discover the secret of the sea plant, the process by which salt could be converted into soda. The process by which Le Blanc accomplished the task was complicated in the extreme, but it called into existence many chemical industries, such as the manufacture of sulphuric, hydrochloric, and nitric acids; ultimately making possible the whole of the great aniline industry with its wonderful colors and perfumes; the paper, the glass, and the soap industries, in fact becoming the mother and teacher of modern applied science, much of which had its origin in more or less degree in the Le Blanc process of making soda.

In even a brief review of chemistry Justus von Liebig, the father of agricultural chemistry, should not be omitted. Before the days of Liebig agricultural conditions were deplorable. The Man with the Hoe, was at the mercy of the soil, chained to it by his ignorance and selfishness, always taking from Mother Earth with no knowledge or wish to repay her bounty. But Liebig with ancient veneration for Mother Earth lovingly applied his genius to the investigation of the soil with the idea of returning to selfless nature those constituents necessary for good and abundant crops, instead of always selfishly withdrawing from her generous bosom. With what plenty has nature rewarded this effort put forth in her behalf! There should be today enough vegetable food produced to feed all humanity, there should be no want, no poverty. Science has released the Man with the Hoe, but selfishness again enslaved him. If the great fact of Brotherhood were added to the achievements of sci-

ence, then indeed it would become the beneficent force that it should be, by virtue of the high human qualities which it calls into activity.

Think of the life-time of devoted effort displayed by those scientists who wrested from the madder and indigo the secrets which nature entrusted to their hidden laboratories. Not only have these men given us by synthetic means colors of brilliancy and fastness equal to the natural ones, making the meanest garb of today vie in hue with the robes of kings and queens of old; but more important, they have given back to the people for the raising of food-stuffs, hundreds of thousands of acres once devoted to the culture of madder, woad, and indigo, at the same time liberating millions of people in France, Germany, and India from work that was all but slavery.

Thus through the conscientious study of matter, its analysis and synthesis, chemistry is serving many ends at once, for matter is, according to Mme. Blavatsky, "the vehicle for the manifestation of soul on this plane of existence." In this connexion some recent scientific research is of the greatest interest in its bearing upon the Theosophic teaching of the living universe.

In the early seventies of the last century the English chemist, Thomas Graham, began a line of investigation into the nature of colloids in counter distinction to crystalloids. For some reason this work was interrupted. Now after forty years, the investigation is being resumed with some remarkable results obtained. Graham's experiment consisted in mixing an alkaline silicate with an excess of acid. Curiously enough no separation of silicic acid was noticeable. The solution remained clear and apparently unchanged. Silicic acid is not a solution proper, but is in a colloidal state. This is demonstrated when the liquid undergoes dialysis. A dialyser is a vessel open at both ends, but covered at the lower end with a tightly drawn parchment. The liquid, that is the alkaline silicic acid with excess of hydrochloric acid, was poured into the dialyser, which was placed in a vessel containing water. The salt formed in the solution, being a crystalloid, passed freely and quickly through the membrane, but the silicic acid, like all colloidal substances, which diffuse very slowly or not at all, remained in the dialyser.

Graham spoke of the crystalloids and colloids, to which he called attention as being "two different worlds of matter." These terms are far more acceptable to those holding the Theosophical idea of the living universe, than the old term of organic and inorganic or living and dead matter. The colloids, glutinous or albuminous substances, are the building materials of the animal and vegetable kingdom, although the colloidal condition does not pertain only to organic matter, there being also many so-called inorganic colloids. Thus we find the idea gaining ground among the scientists, of life manifesting itself in the plastic colloids, assuming the infinite variety of form found in the vegetable and animal kingdoms up to the complex structure of man himself, or passing into the kingdom of the crystalloids, there to be bound by the laws of its less mobile structure into rigid geometrical forms. And as chemistry is at once practice as well as theory, we find the great industries such as the manufacture of rubber, glue, colors, paper, leather ware, cellulose, celluloid, collodion,

photographic plates and paper, soap, starch, artificial silk, and ceramics, concerning themselves with colloidal substances. In agriculture colloids hold back or carry to the plants the products of food. And in the departments of physical chemistry, physiology, biology, medicine, botany, zoology, and mineralogy, a knowledge of the colloids is stimulating, progressive, and enlightening.

Fresh observations are continually being made and facts accumulated in accordance with this more advanced conception of the constitution of matter, making the new department called colloidal chemistry, interesting in the extreme. It has been found that many colloids exist either as hydrosol, a colloidal solution, or as hydrogel, a gelatinous, spongy mass. The latter condition so to speak is between the solid and the liquid state.

The colloids containing water assume peculiar shapes. They are in the form of a network, of snails, granules, hairs, nails, or like the mucous membrane. Colloids can pass, under certain conditions from a soluble to an insoluble state, as in the case of soluble albumen, which, upon being boiled changes into an insoluble form. Despite the presence of water, colloids can pass from a soluble to an insoluble state, becoming gelatinous, resembling jelly; in this respect differing widely from crystalloids. Another peculiarity of colloids is that the solid ones, upon breaking, show no cleavage; the break resembles that of albumen, glue, or glass. It has been noted that colloid particles are charged like ions. Oppositely charged colloids precipitate each other, showing a similarity to chemical reaction. Ferments and enzymes, considered as heterogeneous catalysis, act like the colloidal metals because of their power of catalytic action on hydrogen peroxide. In physiology colloidal chemistry shows that the living substance organizes itself into complexes of different intimately connected parts. The life activity is only possible when this connexion is maintained.

These experiments and observations, elementary as they are up to the present time, are of special interest to readers in that Mme. Blavatsky touches upon just this point in *The Secret Doctrine*. She says:

As the hardshelled crustacean was once upon a time a jelly speck, a thoroughly homogeneous particle of albumen in a firmly adhesive condition, so was the outward covering of primitive man.

And again:

The modern hard muscular man—perhaps some twenty-five million years ago strictly an organism without organs, an entirely homogeneous substance with a structureless albumen body within, and a human form only outwardly.

Then in speaking of spontaneous generation, she asks:

Whence came the impulse which causes the molecules of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, etc., to group themselves into the *Urschleim*, Oken, that organic slime now christened protoplasm?

All this is certainly far ahead of the new colloidal chemistry, but the latter shows that after forty years, research is again turned in the right direction. It is the honorable vocation of chemistry, we may say, to verify, step by step, the truths given out by the master mind of H. P. Blavatsky.

The new observations concerning living crystals are also of moment in this connexion, not so much as isolated facts, although as such

they are a fascinating study, but for what they may lead to. It has been observed that between these crystals which show evidences of life and low-lived organisms, there is a close relationship, and many analogies between them have been noted, especially in their origin. Often we see similarity of structure between crystals and organisms. If sal ammoniac, for example, is crystallized out of a cooling solution there appear fir-tree-like skeletons. It has been observed that these living crystals have the power of growth, of regeneration, and the ability to heal a lesion. The smallest fragment of one of them acts as a center of crystallization similar to that of a germ of an organic substance. Living organisms often devour each other; so do crystals. It has been noticed, that in strongly cooled solutions at first crystals of a large leaf-shape are formed which are soon afterwards devoured by the true crystals, as they come into being. The theory that the characteristics of a substance are dependent upon the kind of molecular aggregation of the substance, is proven false by this behavior of crystals.

That there are flowing crystals has been proven by many examples. In a newly discovered substance we can actually see the growing crystals in lively commotion, produced by the touch of two crystals flowing together into a uniform crystal, like two liquid drops. If the structure of such a polyhedral or round flowing crystal is disturbed, then left alone, it readjusts itself to its normal structure. Crystals that are of a round form, when they agree in position flow together, thus forming a uniform drop or sometimes two flattened drops joined into a twin drop. Also from a single drop others can be born; from the flattened surface of the original crystal drop, a bud can grow, which, when it obtains the same size as the mother drop, falls away, analogous to the sprouting of a plant or the budding of a living organism. Twin drops can also take on bacilli-forms or shape themselves into very long snake-like arrangements which grow as organisms do. Like bacteria these bacilli forms can crawl backwards and forwards or move in serpentine curves or twist themselves spirally.

The question of the genesis of life itself, nevertheless, still remains unanswered to the chemist; but in this study of colloids, and living, flowing crystals, he has found the vehicle through which life flows, and this is well worth the effort. Students of Theosophy know, however, that the study of matter alone will not bring the chemist in touch with the Spirit that informs nature. He must search the body of teachings given to the world by Theosophy, and through them find the key to his search into the mysteries of the material universe.

We who have the privilege of participating in the life at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, may, however, with more enthusiasm than any others, congratulate our brother scientists upon their successes. For in the world at large the questions naturally force themselves to attention: Of what avail are all these adventures upon unknown seas? Are men, women, and children the happier or better for them? Looking at the question superficially, perhaps the answer would be, No; but it is indeed of value to venture into the Unknown. It furnishes a

noble field of activity, bringing intelligence and the Will into play. True science is a prominent part of the great Theosophical movement to which we have the honor of belonging.

E. T. BUNDSMANN

PH.D., CHEM. ENG., (VIENNA), AND PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, RĀJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA.

THE THEOSOPHICAL ADDRESS AT ISIS THEATER

LAST evening at Isis Theater the meeting of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY was interesting from every standpoint. A thoughtful and scholarly address was given by Mrs. Oluf Tyberg on "The Renaissance in the Nineteenth Century." A delightful music program was rendered by some of the Rāja Yoga students of the Isis Conservatory of Music in which we would call special attention to the violin solo, *Mélodie* by Tchaikowsky, which was rendered with great feeling and delicacy and showed a great command of his instrument by the young player. Added to these as a setting were the beautiful stage decorations which always form such a delightful feature of these meetings.

Mrs. Tyberg in her address sketched briefly the history of the development of thought in the nineteenth century, showing how materialism and agnosticism had given place in the best minds to a deeper faith. This position was greatly aided by the writings of some of the greatest poets of the century, among whom she mentioned Tennyson, Clough, and Browning, giving brief quotations from each.

The central point of Mrs. Tyberg's address was in her reference to Theosophy as the great awakener in the thought-life of the past century, and standing as a beacon-light at the dawn of the present century. Following are a few extracts from her address.

"And in this period of waiting for the light, when the need to know was so great, when the truth about man and God and the universe was what we were trying to invoke from every source, of what great service were the poets and idealists of every century to the harassed thinkers! The nineteenth century poets, some of the greatest of them, in their sincere doubt or in their sublime certainty, were our consolation, for they too had lived in the very atmosphere of these questions that beset us. Tennyson it is said, gained calm and control of his grief and a haven of conviction, by the writing of *In Memoriam*, and many have felt in his lines the fruit of his inquiry and his decision and have been assured even when, like him, they could not see all the way. They felt particularly close to him because he was a student of the new theories of evolution and still held to his belief in that soul in man which utterly transcends the merely physical. He wrote:

If my body come from brutes, tho' somewhat finer
than their own,
I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal
voice be mute?
No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from
the throne,
Hold the scepter, Human Soul, and rule thy province
of the brute.

I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I gaze at
a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs
of a low desire.
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet
at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse
of a height that is higher.

"And who can forget the courageous doubters, Matthew Arnold, and Arthur Hugh Clough, who inspired a new realization of the joys a brave nature may feel even without present certainty about Humanity's destiny. Clough wrote:

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That howsoever I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I step, Thou dost not fall.

"And stalwart Browning with his serene confidence in long future ages of growth and expansion for the human soul, what a tonic were many of his poems!"
— San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an International organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

The Purity of the Home

GLADSTONE has called the home the best saving influence to mitigate the vice of personal selfishness. In the home, personal selfishness has to give way to a larger and keener interest. The members benefit, both individually and collectively. Many a narrow-minded individual has been led by his natural human social feelings to make a family; and has cheerfully immolated his foibles on the altar of his affections. What a saving power must this be on his character — on the destiny of an immortal Soul!

Perhaps in happier times all the humanity on earth were a great family. Then man's pilgrimage led him through a dim vale; divided interests arose. The great family broke into nations, into tribes, into clans. But the family remained; there was always that unit of solidarity. But suppose even that should go? What would then become of humanity?

Yet the "failure of the home in America" is an indictment not infrequently brought.

The husband and wife have separate interests, we are told. He is too busy; she consoles herself with charity or society. As to the child, he badly needs to learn respect; but what is there, under such circumstances, for him to respect?

If bygone ideas of the home are not suited to the present age, let us find out the new model. The principle is the same, though the details may vary. What is the principle?

To sacrifice personal interests to the interests of fellowship. With what motives do people enter upon marriage? Perhaps each of the two is hoping to aggrandize his or her personal life; what must be the outcome of such a divided interest? Compromise, at the best. Perhaps they are yielding to a wave of sentimental affection, of an acute and transitory nature; which, after it has ebbed, will leave them, as before, strangers.

Of course the bond must not be a mutual attraction so much as a common interest. Each life must have a definite aim, which can be fulfilled better in fellowship than singly. Our modern life lacks aims; it is too aimless. It is not easy to specify any such aim, but perhaps we may approach a solution by considering life as an art. Let us make it our aim to realize as much as possible of the potentialities of human nature. The founding of an ideal home is in itself an ideal that might fulfil the conditions. How many people marry with

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

such a motive? To make a nest for oneself, where one can be comfortable — this defines the extent of ambition in many cases. But to make an ideal home which would be a little center of light and inspiration to all around — that is another question. We are eager to reform; here is a way to do it. Such quiet influence — influence by example, not precept — is potent indeed.

The Home may fitly be described as one of the watchwords of Theosophy. Theosophy goes to the root of practical questions, and so much depends on the home. And Purity is the jewel to adorn the home. A pure home! We may talk of great ideals, but that one should be great enough to satisfy the longings of many a heart.

An appeal like this reaches almost everybody, people occupying various positions in the home circle, from which they can at any moment begin to wield an influence that will enrich life. It may smite the conscience of some, revealing to them that they were neglecting the simple duty near at hand in order to seek some supposedly greater and less exacting duty elsewhere. The home brings us right down to facts and deeds. So the sincerity of our motives is tested and opportunity knocks at our door.

We all know the miseries resulting from impurity and discord in the home. Anyone anxious to do a little reforming can begin in his own circle. No abstruse philosophy is needed; we know the difference between right and wrong. We have it in our power to be a center of harmony or a center of discord. And if we cannot do what we would like, we can always do our best.

But home-life is *not* decaying; human nature will not allow it. Human nature must rise in protest against influences that here and there are being brought to bear against the purity of the home.

But we must rely more on the essential purity and divinity of our own higher nature, thus invoking our Divine power in the only effectual way.

STUDENT

Aimlessness of Life

THE extraordinary development of facilities of light amusement which has come into the growth of our large city life has captured and enthralled the imagination and the passions of those very classes to whose formal supremacy I have given so much emphasis.

The rudiments of instruction in our public schools, the cheap sensational Press, the immense facilities for travel, the music-hall, the vast organiza-

tions for sport and for betting, have consumed so large a part of the spare cash, spare time, spare energy of mind and body of the town workers that little is left for the presence of deeper and more serious purposes.

There is far less sheer brutality, less drunkenness, better manners, a wider play of light intelligence among all grades of our people, workers or idlers, but there is everywhere a growing dissipation of physical, mental, and spiritual energy upon the "relief" elements of life.

The above is quoted from *Public Opinion* (London) by a writer who compares the England of today with that of fifty years ago, and finds that predominance has shifted from the great middle class to the organized sections of the working classes. But in the latter he finds a characteristic difference from the former — a lack of seriousness and definiteness of aim. This he describes as quoted.

But this lack of purpose is characteristic of civilized life generally at the present day. Yet we have some hesitancy in defining the difficulty as a lack of purpose, because then the question arises, "What would you say is the purpose of life?" And at once we realize that the having of a set purpose always before one's mind does not constitute a very tenable idea of happiness. The truth is that the real purposes of life lie deeper below the surface, and we are barely conscious of the power that impels us. So it must be this deeper purpose that is lacking in the present generation. Instead, then, of saying that they have no purpose, it might be better to say that they are not conscious of their purpose. They have lost sight of the meaning of life through living too much in its superficialities.

Hence there is need that people's attention be called to the deeper meanings and more serious issues of life. And there is nothing better calculated to do this than a study of Theosophy, which has rescued so many people from a life of intolerable aimlessness into a life of happy usefulness. We can scarcely explain in short compass how Theosophy does this; but it affords satisfactory answers to the questions people are so earnestly asking. E.

The Story of Fritiof

FRTIOF'S SAGA, or the Story of Fritiof, is a story which all Swedish people know and

Once the ring had been stolen and Torsten fought with Death himself for its recovery. "I have trembled once in my life," he said, "that was when I

Greece, but Ingeborg with sorrow remains faithful in her duty to obey her brothers—King Bele's daughter will not steal her happiness.

sails to fulfil the condition. He is in anger on the way, for King Helge has by now two fearful trolls to destroy Fritiof. Fight is waged against the elements, but is out and at last the land is near. After contest with one of Angantyr's fiercest Fritiof is received by Angantyr with honor and spends the winter there. Angantyr asks the tribute asked for, as a gift to

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The Plough and the Cross

Editorial by the Author, Mr. W. P. O'Ryan.
in "The Irish Nation," October 22, 1910

REVIEWERS of *The Plough and the Cross*, rather generous in their estimate of the ideas and characters in the story, all assume that it is one with a purpose. It is not really so, not at any rate in the usual acceptance of that term.

A novel with a purpose means generally one in which characters are created and the plot designed to illustrate or prove a particular theory or theories. There was no such propagandist design in the writer's mind in the present instance.

His sympathies and interests had doubtless a determining influence as regards the particular folk and feelings and ideas selected for treatment, but that is a very different matter.

The truth is that life and character in the Ireland that is waking up are extraordinarily rich and interesting if we look a little below the surface. Half a dozen novels would not exhaust the interests touched more or less in the novel in question, nor the somewhat kindred ones which it was sought to interpret in the serial story in Irish that we published some months ago.

To take such ideas and characters and try to press them into the service of some personal theory or propaganda would be a crude and senseless proceeding. The point is to illustrate and interpret them, as well as one can, to let them speak for themselves.

Let us recognize the human drama of Dublin—and of Belfast, and Cork, and other places. It is quite as arresting in its own way as that of Paris or London. We have no objection, but welcome and appreciation, in regard to fiction from abroad when it tries to treat artistically of life. But we want to see a more eager and intensive cultivation of the home vineyard.

The Plough and the Cross

A Remarkable Love Story with a Purpose, Dealing with the Burning Irish Questions of the Day

The Plough and the Cross, A Story of New Ireland; by William Patrick O'Ryan. The Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, California.

This is a remarkable work. It is remarkable because it deals with burning Irish questions in a form quite new—that is to say new as regards Ireland. The author has created a love story which, apart from the setting and the political accessories, is quite fascinating. Here we see the mysticism of the medieval poets done into prose.

Into his love romance the author has woven his own peculiar ideas about religion, society, theosophy,

altruism, and every-day politics. His characters talk these things without, however, losing their human and personal traits. That is why the story is so interesting.

In some respects *The Plough and the Cross* is a psychological study. Katherine Tingley, the famous Theosophist of Point Loma, condenses the features of the novel in the following brief introduction:

"A story of real life in Ireland—in the deepest sense as well as in the usual one—it elucidates certain heart problems in social and religious life with a candor, charm, and fearlessness, and with so tender a restraint and sympathy that it can hardly fail to be regarded as a wholly unique contribution to modern thought. More than one actual initiation into the real meaning and purpose of human life is subtly and exquisitely depicted here—the outcome of those stern yet joyful experiences which must come sooner or later to all true hearts that toil nobly and unselfishly for the uplift of social and national life."

One of his characters, Elsie O'Kennedy, is a sprightly creation, full of wit and common sense, and so more or less of a foil to the scepticism and poetic gloom of the hero, Fergus O'Hagan. Fergus' sister, Maeve, is not an impossible being, despite her learning and intellectual superiority and her defense of the traditions of the church. She is not quite a priest in petticoats, but she is the Salvation Army lass of the highest type, if there be such a type in that peculiar and fanatical body. Here is a specimen of the conversational "faddism," as some might term it, which appears in the story—the speaker is a Scotchman of Irish extraction:

"Simple Christianity!!" exclaimed Lord Strathbarra. "Why, that is what we are all trying to keep to, and the ecclesiastical authorities will not let us. They have gradually driven us laymen from all part in church affairs, and if we try to assert our point of view through the State they make war upon the State, as in France. I hear that the alarmed confusion at Rome is great—it was all beginning when I was there last year—the panic of the older and conservative ecclesiastics before the march of modern ideas, which are really the old ones, is grievous, and there is the gravest danger that they may put the Church herself in a hopelessly false position. In effect, their tendency is to make their own fears and prejudices infallible, and to override the great body of tradition and precedent that has been the safeguard of the faithful for ages!"

"In that case," said Fergus, "it is they who are the real Modernists, to use a term that is becoming familiar."

Another character, the Rev. Father Kenealy, is made to say:

"Churchmen in Ireland undoubtedly claim too much; they claim much that is both unreasonable

sailing home and nearing land on the way; gaily Ellida is skipping over the fam- which splash against her prow in wel- ere happy Fritiof stands in rapture greet- well-known sight. He sails close under ove; his falcon flies up from the temple ghting on Fritiof's shoulder as was his t where is Framnäs? Only the naked tands up from the ashes which whirl wasted shore. In bitter grief he leaves ruined lies his father's dwelling, his home. His faithful dog comes bounding high in joy; his favorite horse running valley will have bread from his master's Fritiof, now poorer than they, has nothing faithful ones. His silver-haired foster- ding is telling the tidings.

ig had come with his warriors and there great battle. King Halvdan fought brave- g Helge fled. In passing Frithjof's home long enough to set fire to the dwelling. won the battle and Ingeborg or the ere his conditions; now he has brought queen. Helge had angrily torn Fritiof's his sister's arm and hung it on the image le. Hilding would have drawn his sword but Ingeborg whispered: "All-father

er judgeth," murmurs Fritiof bitterly, o judge."

der's midsummer-festival in the temple. is there surrounded by priests in religi- onies. Fritiof enters. He approaches ricken King Helge, demanding account k deeds, and throws the tribute gold in Fritiof discovers the arm-ring on the image of Balder. He pulls it off, but the image falls with a crash in the altar arks fly around—the temple is burning. s to his men:

apple is burning! Throw water; throw cean over it!"

the temple is burned to ashes, and the e, with its ancient trees, protected since orial, is one sea of flames. Sadly Fri- way; he weeps in the light of morning.

back on his ship to go into exile. Bit- ing the injustice of both gods and men, is last farewell to his beloved country; shall now be his home and land; his d the blue billows.

ge is pursuing him, but Björn has, with- s knowledge bored his ship; it sinks g is barely able to save his life.

roving the sea, giving justice and law ig champions. He protected the weak, riking-ships came the fight was fierce. ld but a pace you are parted from us," s, and, "if you win be content; he who ice has no sword and is no longer a foe; child of Valhall, and only a coward h 'no.'" So he enacted his laws, and ew, for his like was not on the wide-

mself sits dark in the prow and looks down in the foaming billows; deep down there is peace, but not above. Balder's anger weighs heavily; only in the raging battle is there peace in Fritiof's

the sun in the heavens a great ruby crowned the circlet.

Fritiof again visits Ingeborg in Balder's grove and entreats her to flee with him to the isles of

mind. He is longing to see his fatherland and Ingeborg. Björn's warnings are to no avail, he will go. Björn thinks that Fritiof's meaning is to fight King Ring and carry off Ingeborg, but Fritiof reproaches him, saying that he will go to King Ring as a peaceful guest.

It is the Yuletide festival. On his dais is sitting King Ring with his queen by his side; as autumn and spring they appear together. An old bent man, wrapped from head to foot in skins, enters the hall, taking a place on the bench by the door. The courtmen laugh and jest and point their fingers at the stranger, but he with a firm grip turns one of them upside down. King Ring calls the old man to his side, asking his name and errand. The stranger answers in riddles. King Ring bids him lay off his disguise, and wonder fills the hall when instead of the old beggar they behold a stately youth of noble countenance dressed in "velvet mantle blue," and wide silver belt artfully engraved; at his side a sword flashing like the lightning, and on his arm a wonderful arm-ring. He stands before them beautiful as Balder and sublime as Tor, glancing about him on hall and guests with hero-calm in his eyes.

The queen's cheeks are flaming as northern lights over snow; but the king bids her give the drink of welcome to the guest. The hour has come for the vows which the warriors swear every Yule by the boar of Frey. The King arises and makes his vow that he will conquer the renowned Fritiof, so help him Odin, Tor, and Frey. The stranger answers that Fritiof is his kinsman, and swears to protect him, so be the Norns and his sword his helpers. King Ring is well pleased with his daring speech, and bids him remain over the winter, to which the stranger consents.

Spring is come and the whole court is on a great hunt. The old king cannot follow the wild speed and soon is alone with the stranger by his side. The king will rest in the shade, the stranger warns him but the king listens not; he lies down on the mantle which the stranger has spread on the ground and soon is sleeping as a child on its mother's arm.

Fritiof listens; a bird, black as night, is singing from the bough: "Hasten Fritiof, slay the old king and end the struggle. Take the queen; she belongs by right to you. No human eye sees, and the deep grave is silent."

Hark! a snow-white bird is singing from the bough: "Though no human eye may see you, Odin sees and hears each word. Coward! will you slay an old defenseless man?"

But Fritiof throws his sword far away. At once the king is awake. He has only feigned sleep, and had set this test for the stranger, whom he had known from the first was Fritiof. He invites Fritiof to remain his guest and protector as before, and after the king's death take Ingeborg and rule the kingdom for his growing son.

Fritiof bitterly refuses; the Light-god's anger is resting heavily on his head. Balder, who loves all living beings, hates him alone—the exile. He will go back to his ship and his waves, never to return, and die on the sea in brave fight, thus purified, going reconciled to the gods.

In the early morning Fritiof enters the king's hall where the king sits with Ingeborg. Fritiof gives the ring again to Ingeborg with his last farewell. King Ring then says that his death-song has been sung and Valhall shines near. Queen and land he entrusts to Fritiof. He cuts the "death-runes for Odin" on breast and on arm, chants the song of his life-deeds, and the kingly spirit flies back to the All-father.

King Ring is welcomed in Valhalla by the gods, his kin; and his body is set in the mound with his sword, shield, and horse.

Fritiof is by the people chosen to rule the land, and they offer their good will for the queen in marriage, but to that he gives an evasive answer. To Balder's grove he is going, there to speak to his Norns. The Light-god is still unreconciled; only

he can give back his heart's beloved. He walks away over the heather.

Fritiof goes to his father's mound. Is there no expiation from Valhalla? Cannot a life of honor repair a moment's fault? Mute is Death; has the father not a word for his son in need? What can he do to gain forgiveness from the gods?

The sun sinks in the sea; the twilight is blushing over the sky. Fritiof beholds a wonderful mirage; it sinks to earth—a beautiful temple. With grateful heart Fritiof therein sees the answer; the burned temple shall he build anew; Balder forgives.

Balder's new temple is finished; a giant work for eternity. Proudly it stands on the cliff, mirrored in the water. Around it lie Balder's grove and dale where the birds sing in peace and the trees whisper in the wind.

High was the copper portal, and there within, two rows of pillars upheld the golden dome. The altar was hewn from one great northern marble rock, and around it the serpent-symbol coiled, with runes inscribed; profound words of wisdom from Vala and from Havamal. Against a dark blue ground, with golden stars, shone the silver image of Balder.

Twelve temple-maidens entered, with roses in their cheeks and roses in their innocent hearts, and danced before the altar as the spring winds dance over the clear water or as the nymphs in the grass. And as they danced they sang a sacred song; a song of Balder, the gentle god, how he was loved of every living being, how he fell by blind Höder's arrow, and earth and sea and heaven wept.

Enraptured, Fritiof stood leaning on his sword, and visions from happy childhood crowded themselves in his mind. The bloody shadow of his viking-life sank with all its conflicts and adventures down into night, and human hate and vengeance melted away as the icy breast-plate off the cliff when the spring sun shines. A silent ecstasy possessed his hero-soul; he felt the heart of nature beat against his own, as if he would press the earth in brother-arms and be at peace with every living being in the sight of gods.

Then entered Balder's over-priest with heavenly gentleness on his noble countenance. An unusual reverence flowed in Fritiof's proud soul, and the eagle-wings upon his helmet bent low before the aged man.

He welcomed Fritiof and spoke to him words of wisdom.

Strength, without devotion and goodness, wears itself away as the rusting sword. All-father has set two weights in the balance; divine devotion and earthly strength they are, balancing each other when the scales stand right; but when they balance not, evil is in the world and in our own hearts.

Once was peace, not only where the gods dwell, but also in human hearts. As above so below. What happens here has also taken place in greater measure there, for humanity is a small image of Valhalla; it is heaven's light reflected in the runewrit shield of Saga.

Every heart has its Balder. For the child the god is not dead, and Hela gives again her prey as often as a child is born. But with Balder is also growing in every heart his blind brother Höder. The tempter always stands ready to guide the blind one's murderous hand, and often the weapon is sent in Valhall's love, in the young Balder's breast. Then hate and vengeance awake and as a powerless shadow sits the god—dead among the dead—and in its ashes lies Balder's temple.

Thus the high Asar's life is a symbol of man's lower; both are only All-father's silent thoughts; changeless. What has been, what shall be, is known in Vala's profound song; it is Time's cradle-song and its drapa also. The earth's annals are set to the same tune, and each human being can read his own saga therein.

Thou wilt atonement; knowest thou what it is? On earth the mediator is called death. All time is

from the beginning turbid eternity; all earthly life is refuse from All-father's throne—atonement is to return there, purified.

The high Asar fall themselves, and Ragnarök is their atonement day; a bloody day on Vigrid's hundred-mile plain. There they fall but not unavenged, for evil dies, but the fallen good arises again from the world's flame-pyre—refined to a higher life.

The wreath of stars may fall from heaven's brow, and earth sink beneath the sea; but, more beautiful, it is born again and joyously lifts its flower-crowned head from out the waves, while young stars wander their silent path up over the new-born.

And on the green hills rules Balder, then the new-born Asar, and a purified human race. The gold-tablets with the wisdom runes which were lost in the morning of time, then are found again.

Thus the death of the fallen good is its fire-test only—a birth to a higher life.

Alas, all that is best lies beyond the grave-mound; below, all is tainted, all that dwells beneath the stars. Yet there is atonement also in this life; a humble prelude to the higher peace. It is like the bard when with artful fingers he tunes the harp before with firmer touch he grasps the golden strings and lures the grandeur of the mighty past out from its grave. The earth is heaven's shadow, and life the fore-ground to the Balder-temple above.

The people sacrifice unto the gods; lead the steed, decked in gold and purple, to the offer-stone. It is a symbol with a profound meaning, for blood is the red tint in the dawn of every atonement day. But the sign is not the thing itself, and it cannot atone. Your own transgressions no one else can atone for you.

The dead are atoned at All-father's breast; atonement for the living lies in their own hearts. One sacrifice I know which is to the gods more dear than smoke from altars—that is the sacrifice of your own vengeance, your own hate. Can you not silence them; can you not forgive—what will you in Balder's house? With stone is Balder not appeased.

In the South they have also spoken of a Balder, a virgin's son, sent by All-father to explain the runes on the black shield-rand of the Norns, still uninterrupted. Peace was his battle-cry; his sword was love; and purity sat as a dove on his silver helmet. Blameless he lived and taught; he died and he forgave; and under distant palms lies his grave in light. His doctrine wanders now from dale to dale; well be it if it can dispel each cloud that hangs over life's sun—hail the day! Scorn then not us who sincerely sought with steadfast eyes the divine light. *One is All-father, although many are his messengers.*

So the old Balder-priest spoke to Fritiof, asking the sacrifice of his vengeance as a token. King Helge has fallen. In the Finnish mountains stood an old temple dedicated to the god Jumala, half in ruins. King Helge, intent in fury to destroy the foreign god, shook the rotten pillars and with a crash the image of the god fell and crushed him with its weight, and so he died. Now Halvdan reigns alone.

And then King Halvdan enters, and he and Fritiof meet in friendly handclasp, steadfast as the mountain's base. The ban which had lain over the exile is dissolved; Ingeborg enters, adorned in bridal robes, and she gives her hand to her childhood's friend over the altar of Balder.

A theosophical poem, written in the early part of the nineteenth century by the Swedish bishop, Esaias Tegner; as a national classic loved by all and known largely by heart by most—such is Fritiof's Saga. N. R.

Special Subscription Offer

THE attention of our Readers is called to the Special Subscription Offer. See page 20.

Art Music Literature and the Drama



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

A LOMALAND COLOR-STUDY — SUNSET AND HILLSIDE AND SEA

Color-Studies in Lomaland

BY R. MACHELL

I

OUR notions about color are really very crude. Most of us can see the color that floods the scene when the sun sinks below the western sea in a gorgeous glory of blazing colors that would almost make a blind man cry out in surprise. Such marvels are of almost daily occurrence here in Lomaland, and they are so surprising in the variety of arrangement and range of tone that we are apt to be blinded by their bursts of glory to the subtler harmonies of colors that fill the scene during the rest of the day and night.

The colors that most readily harmonize with all the rest are purple and yellow, or gold. And here the flowers are nearly all of varying shades of purple and golden yellow. But the prevailing color scheme is really an almost infinite variety of arrangements of purple and green. Most people think the sea is blue, and the sky blue, and the atmosphere blue, and the distant mountains blue; but when they try to paint them, they will find their mistake, if they have any true perception of color. For the blue of the sea and the sky cannot be rendered with any blue pigment that is accessible to us, while it can be expressed by a combination of certain green and purple or

violet pigments, as all artists are aware.

Here on the hillside one can see how strangely the deep tones of the sea absorb the lighter and more varied colors of the land, so that looking down from above one almost wonders why the waves do not wash over the tops of the green cliffs which seem to nestle down right into the sea itself. There is a drop of twenty to fifty feet from the top of the cliff to the sea level but from above it seems as if land and sea were of one substance. Now if you were to try to paint the sea with any kind of blue pigment and the land with green, you would find they could never blend as they do in nature. But by close study and sympathetic feeling one soon learns that there must be some fundamental color tone that unites them all in one. This tone is purple. It enters into everything, for it is the color of the atmosphere through which the golden light plays, making the color of this planet green. So that where nature is untouched by degraded humanity, there you will find always the same scheme, more or less varied, but still there as a basis, a scheme of purple and green and gold.

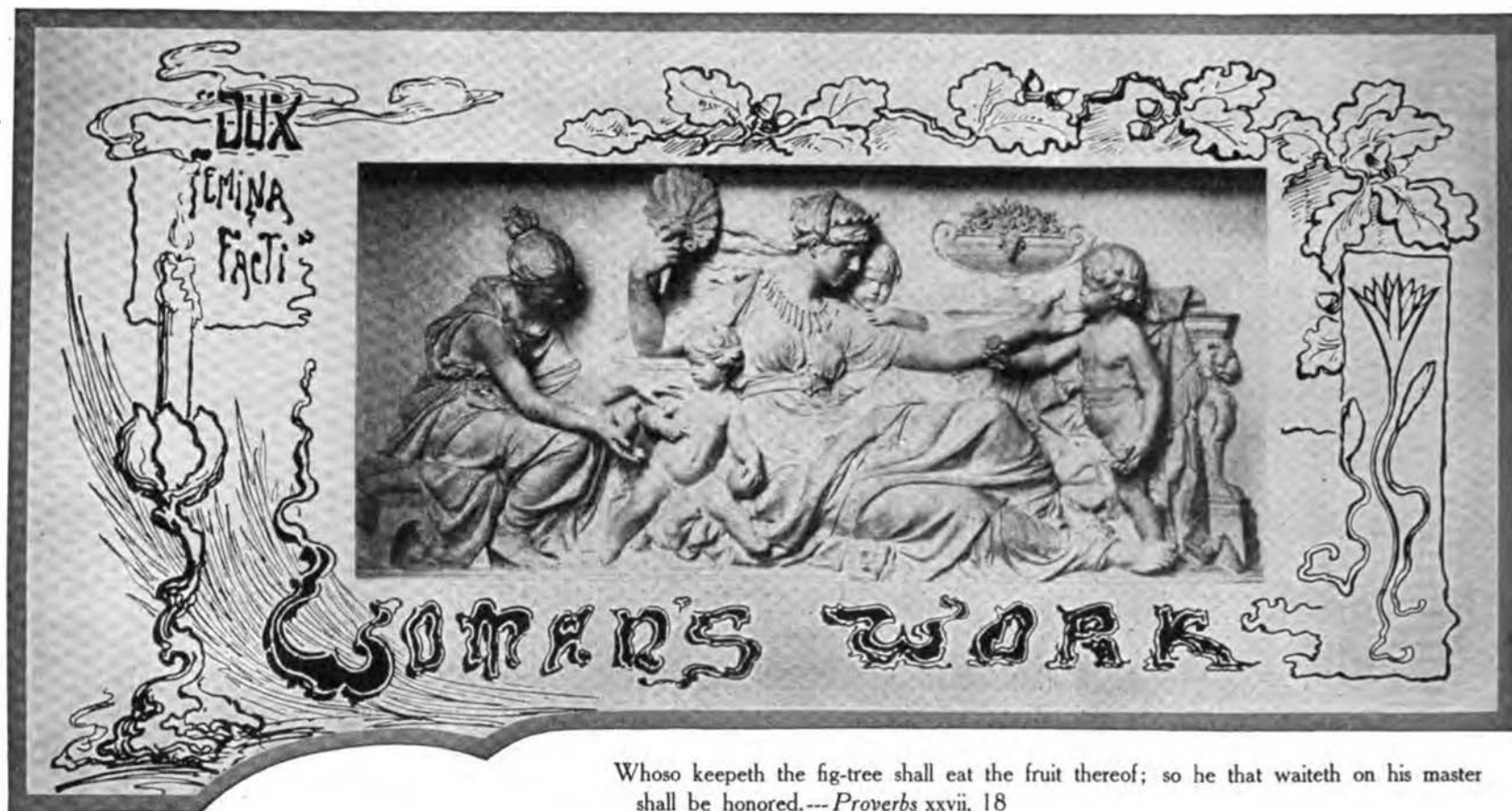
When man is nearest to nature and most in sympathy with her, you will find that he does less and less to mar the natural harmony, and that he submits to be himself influenced

by the surrounding life, and gradually his dwellings, his dress, and his tools, all tend towards the general tone of the landscape.

Whenever you see a jarring note of color in nature, you will find some object newly brought from the cities, whether it be dress-material or machinery or building material. But give it time, give nature a chance, and she will do her best to harmonize the colors; she will fade the crude colors, she will rust the shining metal, she will grow green lichens or mosses or creepers over the buildings, and gradually a faint purple tone creeps into the crude jumble of raw colors and harmony begins to be felt. But then the town-made man comes along and says, "This place wants doing up, wants fixing right, wants paint; let's have a little color to brighten things up a bit." And he does it! Yes, indeed, he does it, and it can be seen from a distance. It jumps up out of the distance and stares at you, and screams its discord on the air and shouts, "Look here! This means money!" But it also means discord.

Yet you will say, "Nature uses bright colors, why not man?" Yes, but see *how* nature uses bright colors: take the brightest blaze of color you can find in nature and see of what infinite variety it is composed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Home, the World's Miracle

THE word *home* is beneficently magical, for oftenest it arouses noble responses, such as tender recollections, hopes and yearnings and resolutions. This is because it symbolizes and promises the goal ahead.

Like *death*, this word *home* hushes the babble of all crowds. Though foolishly voiced in mawkish "home-and-mother" vaudeville ballad, none the less this word receives in silence an honest reply from the hearts of the people. It sweeps into life the strongest chord vibrant in human nature, the search for happiness. There is none so broken that he loses hold upon the fancied home of his heart's building; somewhere, sometime, he shall find a home, heart-rest, and a place for heart-work. This is his ever-lasting reason for struggling. Losing hold upon it is, really, the reason at the bottom of the despair that ends in self-destruction.

When "Home" is uttered by a lover of his kind, a home-builder, the answer is a cry as old as humanity's long wanderings: "I will arise and go to my Father," exclaims one. "Thou art Parabrahm, the supreme abode," cries Arjuna in the moment of understanding. It is the man's reply to the soul's challenge.

Theosophical knowledge of sacred texts and words very easily connects home with the spiritual goal. A true home is a place of preparation; life in a true home is initiation into divine life. No wonder that the remembering people answer in prayerful silence the summons of this ancient word. It is a clear recollection of that early Home that once divinely encompassed all.

With this hint the Theosophical student searches the earth for true homes, knowing that on their hearths the torches of the returning hosts of light must be first kindled. The makers of true homes — above all zealous for the soul advancement of each other; the true parents, living examples of noblest living; the soul-enlightened children, creating joy! Think

you all this is too much to seek in an earthly home? Katherine Tingley says not so. Indeed, she declares that such homes are absolutely necessary for the saving of the race. Their possibility she has demonstrated, for she has actually called into existence one that fulfills in every particular the highest conception of a pure home. *Lomaland is Home*. Even the remotest "Outsider" sees it, feels it, speaks of it, wonderingly. *Home* is the name for that indescribable something that lays hold on the heart-strings of all who come to Lomaland.

THE end of woman (or of man, I think)
Is not a book. Alas, the best of books
Is but a word in Art, which soon grows cramped
Stiff, dubious-statured, with the weight of years,
And drops an accent or digamma down
Some cranny of unfathomable time,
Beyond the critic's reaching. Art itself
We've called the higher life, must feel the soul
Live past it. For more's felt than is perceived,
And more's perceived than can be interpreted,
And Love strikes higher with his lambent flame
Than Art can pile the fagots.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Here is a place of preparation indeed. At this Homestead, set apart for the uplifting of coming generations, there shall continue to exist, as today there is established, an ideal home life. It is a place consecrated to the accomplishment of a sacred work. It is the model and the pattern for all the homes of the world to follow. Here dwell honor, purity, loyalty, truth, steady progress toward lofty ideals; and a wondrous love rooted in the hearts of those who find lodgment here, twines around this home. In this very love of those whom it shelters Lomaland shines forth for what it is, a sacred Symbol. All that is best and highest and holiest is here, calling to all that is best and highest and holiest in the life of every one who sets foot within its sacred

precincts. Through ages to come, so long as ever in the night of loneliness and despair a wanderer goes crying "My home," loving hearts in Lomaland will keep its light shining to guide him back to peace. STUDENT

In Touch with the Truer Life

TO pay honor where honor is due is a spiritual necessity and a Theosophical principle; for Theosophy postulates not only justice but the love whose hand is ever extended in search of opportunity to mete it out. Needless to say then, it is a joy to pay tribute to one whose service, devotion and aspiration have made her for nearly a quarter of a century a potent factor in the Theosophical thought of Sweden. We refer to Mrs. Carin Scholander, our beloved Swedish Comrade, whose eightieth birthday was recently made the occasion of unusual recognition in the Swedish press.

A student sends us translations from the Stockholm *Aftonbladet* and *Dagblad* of October 21, 1910, which we publish below as of interest to all who care for humanity's betterment and who realize that it can be achieved only by the united efforts of human hearts and hands. Mrs. Scholander's way has been always to obscure her own part in striving towards Theosophical ideals while accentuating the ideals. We would here accentuate the fact that the life which is crowned and glorified by the touch of true Theosophy is worthy of tribute.

Mrs. Scholander, after years of vain search for a philosophy which should reveal life in its true meaning and explain its problems of sin and suffering and death, found Theosophy and knew that she had found the truth. From that day she worked for it and lived by it and for over twenty years has been an earnest worker in the Theosophical Society. She was one of the charter members of the Society in Sweden and has weathered many a storm in which a few of the weaker craft foundered.

Loyal to the highest ideals, Mrs. Scholander has had an influence upon woman's work and the "woman movement" in general that some of the factions of today, ostensibly constructive in their efforts for the advancement of woman but in reality disintegrative, might well envy. They would do better, however, to question *whence the source* of that power which helps while it seems to help not and which is the guerdon of the true Theosophical life. Would not their methods then stand revealed as rush-lights in their feebleness and only seized upon by those whose mental fogs obscure the Sun?

Dear Comrade, as woman to woman, and as warriors, one to another, we clasp thy hand across the seas. Between the lines of the following accounts, written by those who serve as best they may through the channels of the daily press, and who have no special brief for Theosophy, read *our* Theosophical tribute. *Salutamus!*

A STUDENT

(Translation from the Stockholm *Aftonbladet* of October 21, 1910.)

MRS. CARIN SCHOLANDER

THE above picture is of Mrs. Carin Scholander, *née* Nyström, widow of Professor F. V. Scholander, who died in 1881. She is today entering on her eighty-first year, and at this auspicious occasion has been the recipient of warmest congratulations from her children, her children's children, *their* children, from other relatives, and from a multitude of friends. Her children, as we all know, are the sons Sven, the well-known singer, and Torkel; and the three daughters, Mrs. Ferdinand Boberg, one of our most gifted painters, Mrs. Julius Kronberg, and Mrs. Torsten Hedlund.

A member of our editorial staff called yesterday at the home of Mrs. Scholander. The venerable lady was in the best of health, her mental powers undiminished. It is but natural that one who, like Mrs. Scholander, has come into such close touch with the art and artists of our country, through both husband and children, should take a lively interest in everything that borders upon the domain of art. For the future of Swedish art Mrs. Scholander has great hope although she deprecates that trait in our national character which makes it so difficult for us to work unitedly in a common effort. True it is that Swedish art suffers from the present partisan system.

We questioned Mrs. Scholander as to her principal interest at the present time and she told us that it was her family, her children and children's children. She follows closely, however, all the questions of the day and for the last twenty years Theosophical work has taken much of her interest and time. In Theosophy Mrs. Scholander sees the liberation from social as well as economic difficulties, for it is through a better education of the young, better than we have understood up to the present, that a new era will dawn. And Theosophy gains more and more ground, she said, showing that Sweden must yet become a prominent factor in the spreading of Theosophical influence. It seemed so certain, she added, that Sweden would once again take a leading place among the nations, as it did during the Viking period and the days of Gustav Adolf.

She dwelt upon the fact that we have many things not found in other peoples, that unlike other nations we have never been subdued, nor were we ever slaves under the Roman hierarchy. She declared that if the Swedish people could only be awakened to a sense of their responsibility, by means of the press and in other ways, a new day of flourishing life would dawn for our country. She also declared that only Theosophical education could achieve this, that Theosophical education *would* do so, and that it is from Point Loma that the light will come; for already we have children there who will become teachers in their turn later at the Theosophical School on Visingsö.

In Sweden Theosophical ideas are spreading like wild-fire, for a teaching which in the thirty-five years of its existence has so many students all over the world *and has done so much real good*, must be the right one, and Mrs. Scholander added that she should devote the rest of her powers to its service.

As she spoke, the venerable lady looked before her, dreamily. Perhaps she already had some pre-vision of the time when the millennium will make its entry into our old land. . . .

One of the pillars of the Theosophical Movement in our country later told us of the many-sided and important work done by Mrs. Scholander for the Theosophical Society during the last twenty years. She has both written and translated hundreds of articles and her knowledge of languages, her wide learning, and her keenness of mind have been of great service in the progress of the Movement in Sweden. She was among those who formed the first Swedish branch of the Theosophical Society, twenty-one years ago, at the home of Dr. Zander. Beyond a doubt it is this work which has helped our revered friend to maintain so well her physical and mental powers.

(Translation from the *Dagblad*, Stockholm, October 21, 1910.)

THERE are men and women of advanced age in whom the past so lives that they seem to us as monuments of bygone days. There are others, who, beaming with life, seem to belong to another plane, whose souls are still young, strong, warm and flowing



MRS. SCHOLANDER

TAKE Joy home,

And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad:
Joy is the grace we say to God. . . .

—Jean Ingelow

with ideas. To the latter class belongs Mrs. Carin Scholander, who is eighty years old today. This venerable lady celebrates her birthday surrounded by children, children's children, *their* children, and other members of the family.

Mrs. Scholander was the daughter of the late Chief Intendant and Secretary of the Academy of Art, Nyström, and became the wife of Professor F. V. Scholander, the Secretary of the Academy and one of the most remarkable men of his time in the domain of Art. In the circle which now surrounds our venerable friend we find her sons, Sven and Torkel Scholander, her daughters, Mrs. Anna Boberg, Mrs. Julius Kronberg, and Mrs. Torsten Hedlund of Göteborg. Her grandchildren are seventeen in number, and of great-grandchildren she has five.

I met Mrs. Scholander a few moments on the day before her birthday and have the pleasure of stating that she still possesses unusual physical and mental vigor. To be sure she cannot now write ten hours a day as she used to do, and her eyesight is a little weaker than heretofore; but her face beams with intelligence and with that indescribable something which, after having left her, one sees as goodness and wisdom.

Mrs. Scholander is living near Johannes Church, with, on one side, an open view over the trees, and on the other a garden and quite a bit of the sky; an unusual environment to be in the midst of Stockholm. But she purchased this house after the death of her husband in 1881, and ever since has been living among the art works and old-fashioned furniture of its comfortable rooms. Now that her eyesight is not quite so good, one of her great pleasures is to watch the children at play in the yard.

"I think there must be twenty or thirty children in this house," she said to me, adding, "there is so much talk at present among owners of houses who do not wish to have children about them, but here they will always be allowed."

Several generations of children have grown up around this gentle old lady, and tradition has it (inherited, they say, from the first splendid set) that all of them have been "good children."

Ever since 1889 Mrs. Scholander has been an active member of the Theosophical Society founded by H. P. Blavatsky in 1875, the full title of which is the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. She was one of those who in 1889 established a branch of this Society in Sweden under the presidency of Dr. Gustav Zander. Ever since that time she has been one of the most devoted and self-sacrificing members of that Society.

In this work Mrs. Scholander's vast literary endowments and profound learning have been of great use. Even so late as 1909 we find an article from her hand in the Swedish magazine of the Society, *Theosophia*.

It was not Mrs. Scholander who told me this, but one of her friends and comrades in the Theosophical Society, and this friend has eloquent praise for what she has been to the Society. But Mrs. Scholander herself told me among other things that we discussed during my brief visit with her, that she has never known what nerves are nor what it is to be afraid. It may be largely because of this that she has been able to preserve her youth in soul-life on into her eighty-first year.

In her work for the Theosophical Movement Mrs. Scholander's extraordinary knowledge of languages has been of great use. She is conversant with seven and for years has carried on an extensive correspondence in them all.

So many come to see Mrs. Scholander that I was forced to rest content with the brief glimpse I got of her in the conversation of a few minutes only. But I shall carry with me an unfading impression of the dignified, gentle, self-poised, Swedish lady, her face aglow with happiness and life.

Echoes of Today

THE mummy of an unidentified lady of fashion, who lived in Egypt more than seven thousand years ago, has just been presented to King's College, London. She possessed a Grecian profile, was a pronounced blonde of the most refined type, and authorities are divided as to whether she belonged to some Egyptian race of this unusual type or was a foreigner who was buried, for some reason, after the manner of Egyptian noblewomen.

The mummy was brought from Abydos, together with an extraordinary collection of adornments and toilet articles which show their owner to have been a society woman. Stranger than all, these ornaments indicate that seven thousand years are as a day in respect to feminine taste and fashion.

Assembled on a table in King's College, in the heart of the Strand, in modern London, these ornaments can hardly be distinguished from those that are bought today in a Strand jeweler's.

REPRESENTATIVE women of Atlanta, Ga., after vainly trying to clean the city streets by means of petitions, recently secured permission to take charge of the municipal street cleaning for one day. In charge of the city's street-cleaning force, they led a militant crusade against the dirt of long-neglected alleys and back-yards. By sunset the city was clean. H.

OUR YOUNG FOLK

Autumn in Lomaland

HARVEST festival and springtime join hands to sing a song of thanksgiving in lovely Lomaland. The peach and pear, the grape and fig, have hardly ceased giving of their abundance, when lo! with the falling of the early rain, the bugle notes of rebirth reverberate through the warm wet earth. Myriads of seedlings, like so many disciplined ready soldiers, spring to activity at the sound of Nature's reveille.

See how a tender veil of green spreads itself almost visibly through the dry stubble of the fields, and over the bare spaces in the brown chapparal! Clusters of fresh gray green leaflets are pushing outwards from the dull shrunken foliage of sage and yerba santa; the manzanita bush is already hanging out its clusters of rosy waxen bells; and along every pathway and roadside ranks and tufts of soft tall grass have sprung up, and in the early morning, upon every spear point is poised a globed chalice of dew.

These are not melancholy days! The sweet balmy air is ringing with the silvery notes of mocking-birds and wild canaries, and the fresh cuckoo-like call of meadow larks. In the gardens, narcissi are daily slipping from their transparent sheaths in cream and gold loveliness; purple violet faces are peeping out from among dark green heart-shaped leaves, filling the air with fragrance; roses are again blooming in royal beauty. Once more, over the curving earth, the plowman is guiding the faithful horses that help him to turn the moist brown soil for the sowing of the seed of a new harvest.

This quick responsiveness of the earth and the flowing of autumn into spring-time, is matched in the lives of the children of Lomaland. No need of long periods of inactivity and rest for them! Under the genial sunshine and happy influence of Râja Yoga, golden accomplishment joyously gives way to fresh efforts put forth in new directions at the call of the Soul. Each new task, each new lesson, is a precious opportunity, gladly accepted, for preparing and cultivating the rich soil of mind and heart for the seed cherished by the Sower for the auspicious moment of sowing. And who knows what wondrous new seeds for the nourishing of humanity may be hidden away in these secret granaries of the ages? waiting, less they fall on sterile soil, for that three-fold culture of human nature that only Râja Yoga can give.

Not less musical than the songs of the birds are voices of the happy children of Lomaland. No less fragrant than the sweet brown earth, the aromatic chapparal, or the blossoming spring flowers, is the gratitude that rises like violet odors, from their warm young hearts. Is it not to be their privilege to go forth, in the years to come, "to render noble service to all that lives"?

Thus autumn in Lomaland is a season of rare charm, when new accords of nature and



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

AT NEWBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

CLASS ODE—1910 Newburyport High School

OH, golden and rosy the dreams of our youth,
And bright are our hopes for success,
We look to the future with wide shining eyes
And to failure we'll never confess.
Oh, beckoning dreams and confident hopes,
Starry visions your ardor reveals.
In your soft lustrous haze all is beauty and joy,
Every peril the future conceals.

Oh, where can we find an honorable shield,
To keep free from the shadow of sin,
All our hopes and our dreams and our sterner resolves

To fight the good fight and to win?
Is this to be found in the stars, in the skies,
In the glittering castles of kings
Or behind the closed portals of Paradise
In the flutter of Angels' wings?

Oh, the answer is borne on the whispering wind,
In a voice that is thrilling and fair,
You must find this great shield in your own heart of hearts,

For 'tis there, I repeat, it is there.
Oh beautiful voice, oh wonderful voice,
We have hearkened to the message you bring,
We have found the great shield, and the short simple words,
Its device, its inscription, we sing.

"Ever upwards!" my classmates, oh lift up your eyes,
To the glories that hover above,
To the fruits of success and the honors of toil,
And the heart-easing guerdons of love.

"Ever upwards!" my classmates, remember these words,
In the hours of trial, despair;
Remember the courage and strength they exhort,
"Ever upwards!" our motto, our prayer.

Lillian Wilson Simpson

human life are sounded. To Thanksgiving-Day with its memories of the ancient harvest festival and of the stout-hearted Pilgrims who built homes in the unknown wilderness of America in order to enjoy that spiritual freedom which was denied them in older lands, there is added the fresh note of spring-time, and new associations rich in promise and signs of gracious fulfilment. To hear the sound of the plow-share striking through the soil in Lomaland brings before the mind's eye the inspiring picture of the Teacher, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, going forth in her fair young womanhood, herself the plow-point, to break the way for a new and better time, when brotherliness and not selfishness should prevail among men. The promise is fair in Lomaland for such a harvest.

B. B.

The Birth of Modern Electrical Science

WE see around us today so many varieties of the industrial uses of electricity, that the adoption of electric power and light is now the rule rather than the exception.

Although in this year, 1910, electricity is almost indispensable, so fundamental has it become in all branches of the Arts and Industries, yet, when Dr. William Gilbert was born at Colchester, England, in the year 1540, there was no knowledge or theory of electricity existing or even suspected.

Doctor Gilbert, although an Englishman, went into a foreign country to acquire his higher education. After some years, he returned to England with a degree conferred upon him by a foreign University, and, owing to some startling theories given out in his essays on science and medicine, he was chosen a Fellow of the College of Physicians in London.

He acquired a high reputation in his medical profession, and was appointed to the position of Physician-in-Ordinary to the clever Queen Elizabeth. It is not unreasonable to assume that this learned man gave the great Queen counsel in affairs that pertained to the government of the people more than to the health of the sturdy Queen herself.

In the year 1600, he published a masterpiece of science, one of the most important ever published. To this work he gave the title *On the Magnet, the Magnetic Bodies, etc.* This collection of essays established a new line of research and thought, and was highly praised by the great scholar Erasmus, by Galileo, the inventor of the astronomical telescope, and by other eminent men of those days.

Dr. Gilbert was unquestionably the first man of "modern" times to undertake to check up carefully and repeat the observations of the ancient philosophers regarding magnetism. His experiments and deductions were conducted through many years, and were published three years before his death in 1603, when he was 63 years of age.

D. C.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Father Thanksgiving Visits the Cave Man

THE Cave Man sat and smiled to himself, recalling every detail of the pleasant Thanksgiving festival just ended. Representatives from the Point Loma animals, and some others had been his guests. Nisse and Tagge had been there, Meg and Peg, Olle and his friend Pitie, Pussy Silkpaw, little Dog Dixie, Tomte-Vätte from Sweden, the Fairy Jasmine from Cuba, the Christmas elephant, and many others. After the frolic they had had a secret council meeting, with the Cave Man named Great Council Man. He now thought over what they had said and decided upon doing, namely, to be more helpful to the humans; and he thought also of their thanks for the humans' care and kindness, which he had been asked to translate into man-language. He heard footsteps in the sand; and who should come in but Father Thanksgiving himself?

He seemed very feeble and leaned heavily on a stick. The Cave Man hastened to lead him to his own big chair.

"What is the matter, friend?" said the Cave Man, "you seem tired and weak and look already like an old man. You look ages older than when I saw you last, only two or three hundred years ago. How is this possible? Are you sick?"

"No," said Thanksgiving in a feeble voice, "but I am so hungry that I cannot stand up or walk any longer."

"Dear, dear," said the Cave Man, "I am glad that you came here then. Now after you have refreshed yourself, tell me how this can be; I always associated Thanksgiving with great bounty."

"That is true, Cave Man; but the bounty is for the people; I live on other things — the feelings of gratitude which flow out from the hearts of the people towards a greater power than themselves."

"But Thanksgiving, are you not a little unjust?" said the Cave Man, "are not the things you mentioned just what you get?"

"What I get!" echoed Thanksgiving; "when I come the children and all of them say, 'Thanksgiving is coming, we shall get turkey and pumpkin pie'; but no one asks, 'What shall we give to Thanksgiving?' No one thinks of my needs, and I am almost gone to a shadow — I do not think that I shall be able to go the rounds another year," and he sank altogether exhausted by his long speech.

"But," said the Cave Man again, "the people say many fine things about you, and speak with reverence of the old Fathers who first sent you out, and —"

"Do not try to console me with this," moaned Thanksgiving feebly. "It is all good



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE BIRDS' ISLAND, HYDE PARK, LONDON

and nice in its place, but — you just give the people the memory of a turkey baked four hundred years ago to feast on and see how long they will be satisfied with it! They expect me to live on the thankful feelings of the old Puritans, and I have done my best. The people need something to live on *today* — and so do I."

"You are tired; that is why things look so dark," said the Cave Man. "Let us forget about the present and think of the future. Let us build air-castles. Thanksgiving will be coming, and the people will be preparing a great feast —"

"That is just what they do now," sighed Thanksgiving.

"They prepare a beautiful feast," continued the Cave Man, "and that is an outer means of showing the gladness and gratitude of their hearts for all the great benefits received during the year."

"They will have so much to give thanks for, it will seem to them that the day is too short to tell it all. They give thanks for all that has grown from the earth, giving food for all beings; for the service to man from the lower kingdoms, received without pay; for gold and iron and all useful metals given to man from the mountains; and beautiful gems, and corals and pearls from the ocean; for honey from the bees; for the sweet songs of the birds; for springs of fresh water welling out from the earth —"

"Yes, and for the beauty of flowers and trees, and for healing herbs growing," added Thanksgiving, brightening up. "And for the rain falling from the clouds to water the earth; for the winds that cleanse the air; for all the benefits of the golden sun, never failing, making the light of every day."

"For the veil of darkness which makes the night, with rest for all creatures; for the blessing of fire on the hearth," said the Cave Man.

"And for the little children coming from the Great Somewhere to brighten the homes on earth," said Thanksgiving.

"And for the love and protection of the good powers who rule our earth," said the Cave Man, "and for all good and wise teach-

ers whom they send; for all great inventions for the benefit of mankind, which they let men discover; for the noble ruler, giving wise laws to the great nation of America, —"

"The Great Council Man," corrected Thanksgiving.

"Yes," said the Cave Man, "but we are building air castles now — and the people give thanks for all the great schools which educate their children to be gentle and noble men and women; for all the poets and artists and musicians who express the beauty of

the soul life; and the authors writing books full of useful knowledge and books full of pleasantry; for the papers which daily go all over the land bringing cheer and helpful thoughts from man to man, noting and bringing to light each noble act, encouraging every budding effort for right and justice, sentinel guards, ever vigilant against approaching evil —"

Thanksgiving stood up and his eyes were young and bright; the stick on which he had been leaning when he came, he threw far away. "Cave Man," he said, "I will try another year." YLVA

The Birds' Island

THIS is the island told about in the story-book, to which Peter Pan flew, and where, though the birds would never recognize him as a real *bird*, they taught him bird lore. He did what little services he could for them in the way of carrying sticks, digging little wells, and bringing worms; and in return, the birds taught him to know which wind was blowing, to see the grass growing, and also to have a merry heart. He found a little pipe and played such happy songs on it that sometimes the flowers would come out too soon, thinking it must be spring. G.

Our Japanese Rāja Yoga Students

THE Japanese boy, Tetsuo Stephenson, who has been here about a year and a half, recently had the pleasure of greeting his sister who came from Japan to attend the Rāja Yoga Academy. In the short time Tetsuo has been here he has acquired a remarkable knowledge of English, and his sister is making rapid progress. R.

At the Aquarium in New York there is a pretty fish a few inches long that seems to have eyes both at head and tail. It darts about making it a task to tell whether it is steering with its head or its tail; but patient watching will at last enable you to see that one pair of what seem to be eyes are only round dark spots at either side of the tail. D.

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Total number of hours sunshine recorded during OCTOBER 218.
Possible sunshine, 352. Percentage, 62. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 7.02 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

Nov.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN		WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET	FALL	DIB	DIR	VEL
14	29.523	60	54	58	57	0.17		SE	6
15	29.725	64	57	57	54	0.01		SE	3
16	29.724	63	50	55	52	0.00		NE	2
17	29.744	61	55	57	55	trace		NE	2
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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 5

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Religion Tending Towards Unity

REGARDING the influence of Oriental religious thought on Occidental religion, Professor Jacks, editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, writing on "Fifty Years of Religious Progress," in *Public Opinion* (London), says that a great effort of imagination is required before we can do justice to the value of the light which has shone and still shines in the East. Oriental thought has influenced Occidental theology; the doctrine of the Immanence of God may be cited as an example. Our views of the Bible have been modified by the necessity of placing it in the context of other religious literatures. The old classification which made the Christian the sole teacher, and ranked all others as learners, must be abandoned. Christianity must learn as well as teach, and the process of learning has already begun. Thus far the writer.

This new attitude may be regarded as the awakening to a just view after two stages of extreme opinions. First Occidentals regarded Christianity as sole and supreme; then there came a reaction to secularism and the validity of all religions was denied. Now we are beginning to see that religions are a vital part of the affairs of man, but that neither Christianity nor any other one religion is sole or supreme.

Those who look only at externals may regard religions as mere codes or superstitions, differing according to the fashions of different peoples. But those who see deeper will recognize the reality of the fundamental verities underlying all the great religions. This is the key to a just appreciation of the situation. We must distinguish between the one universal Religion at the root and the many religious forms into which the parent stem has branched. Christianity is one of these. It cannot be forced upon the world. What Christians have to do is to join hands in a common recognition of the fundamental basis of religions, leaving each people to adopt whatever rites it finds best for itself.

But it must be understood that what is here advocated is not a mere union on a basis of indifference or irreligion. It is possible for people to avoid religious differences by the fact that none of them care enough about religion to dispute. But this is not what is meant. This would be a purely negative union. We must have a positive union; a union on a basis of common veneration and devotion, not of indifference. And this can be attained if we unite in common recognition of those truths

which are universally recognized and admit of no dispute.

The immanence of Deity, and the essential Divinity of Man, may be mentioned as truths common to nearly all religions (in some, it is true, rather darkly cloaked) and denied only by the sectarians. There are many axioms of morality to be found in every religion and recognized by all men as being essential truths, such as the Golden Rule for instance. Here is basis enough for a common understanding; and if this basis were accepted, the road would be paved to a discovery of additional points of union.

Religion a
Bond of
Union, not
Discord

In proportion as each religion rises above its materialistic and sectarian outgrowths, does it draw nearer to that common fundamental Religion which unites all men. Difference and strife arise from ignorance.

There is considerable difficulty as yet in seeing how to unite discordant bodies on any other basis than a purely non-religious one. This may be illustrated by a concrete instance—the question of religious teaching in the public (national) schools. Secular teaching seems at the moment to be the only solution. The reason is that dogmatists insist on paramountcy for their own particular creed. "Moral education," "ethical instruction," etc., have been advocated, but the programs proposed reduce themselves to pure milk and water.

It is felt that moral teaching must rest on a basis of actual knowledge concerning those facts in human nature which are the sanction of morals. But to how many would-be teachers is the Soul more than a vague idea?

Here again we may gain help from the Orient, though we cannot exercise too much caution. Is it not a feature of Oriental religious philosophy that the truth is revealed to the purified nature by interior illumination? We shall have to go through a great deal of illusion before we reduce this principle to practical form, for at present people are open to the wiles of those who claim illumination, and their unfamiliarity with this region of thought renders them liable to much self-deception. Nevertheless the principle is right; we must unite on a basis of common recognition of truth, not on a basis of authoritative dogma; just as we unite regarding hygienic truths.

So we see in what direction religious evolution is tending. In every land there is an upheaval tending to throw off materialistic dogmas and get back to the essential truths; and these are recognized as having their sanction in the human Soul.

STUDENT

Modern Astrology

AN astrological prophet is quoted in the papers as predicting a war between the United States and Japan for the coming year, and as being very positive about it. As if to add to our respect, we are told that he is not a mere astrologer but a member of the Bar; and has arrived at this conclusion after a close study of the charts of both nations and their rulers, "according to the definite mathematical rules of astrology, using some recent discoveries in the mundane branch of the science."

We are at a loss to understand how a war between two specified countries can be deduced by those mathematical rules, without the intervention of a good deal of human speculation and guess-work. The rules may tell us that belligerent influences will prevail in both places and in the lives of the individuals in question; but beyond this all is speculation, the question of interpretation supervenes, and different astrologers would reach different results.

Experience tells us that astrologers are not able to balance up the influences they descry in such a way as to arrive at a certain conclusion. They set themselves the impossible task of determining the resultant of a great number of forces whose relative values are unknown. The indications with which they deal are minor ones, continually over-ruled by other influences of which they can find no indication. Some of the influences are admittedly uncertain and indeterminable, such as those of the planets Uranus and Neptune. Nor is this uncertainty surprising when we consider how limited is the extent to which most modern astrologers attempt to read the celestial configurations. The rules are a somewhat miscellaneous assortment of remains from antiquity, transmitted through the Middle Ages. There are in the main two systems, one of which involves a knowledge of spherical trigonometry and is consequently much less popular than the other. The events of a person's life can be forecast by several different methods of computation, each of which is about equally reliable and equally unreliable. From this it would seem that they all form fractions of some all-including system which is lost to the public. Certain Hindû works on astrology, which have been translated, show a far more complex system, the zodiac being divided up in a great many different ways. The ancient Aryan astrology was evidently of a kind that would sorely tax the powers of most of our modern astrologers.

We can predict the likelihood of certain things happening, but can never be certain but that some undetected influence will set our calculations aside; nor can we tell when or where the things will happen. After the event, it may be easy to point to its indications; but it is always easier to trace out the bearings of a road after you have traversed it than before. The editors of some almanacs indulge in an annual table of "fulfilled predictions," but they say nothing about the unfulfilled predictions or the events which were not predicted. It is safe to say that such predictions for any month could just as easily be fitted into the events of any other month.

Most modern astrologers never scan the heavens at all, but limit their observations to the printed pages of a twenty-five cent Ephemeris, which probably they could never have

drawn up themselves. For this information they are indebted to the despised mathematical astronomers and their Nautical Almanac. Nor does the actual and exact position of stars in the heavens concern them much; for in most cases it is merely the ecliptic longitude of the planet that is considered, and this does not show its exact position on the sphere. The astrologer may find, for instance, that Mars is in the "mid-heaven," but he does not stop to consider that the planet may either be in the zenith or low down near the horizon. In justice to some astrologers, however, it must be said that they take into account some few additional factors besides the ecliptic longitude, of which the "mundane" aspects above mentioned afford an instance.

Still, taking everything into account, the data on which the predictions are based are scanty. Another important source of error is the neglect to allow for cumulative effects, or the great difficulty in knowing how to allow for them. Neither the life of a man nor the affairs of nations nor the weather are so fluidic and devoid of momentum as to conform themselves instantly to every change of influence. Influences accumulate, and how are we to tell when the accumulated force will overpower the accumulated resistance, or even whether it will do so at all?

These are only a very few of the counts that might be brought against *modern* astrology on the score of its incompleteness. But to them must be added another serious factor—the incompetence of most of the astrologers. Even the most confident of them have been known to make such mistakes as to draw a figure with Venus in opposition, or with two Marses and no Venus, and proceed to judge from it without finding out the mistake. Taking all in consideration, therefore, it must be allowed that modern astrology is not reliable. But let us think of what would happen if it were. It would then be an exact science, and the element of mystery and wonder by which it now largely lives would have vanished.

There is a desire which goads one on to dabble in predictions, despite one's conviction of their usual futility, owing to lack of knowledge of fundamental data. And it is the presence of this desire that prevents one from arriving at truth. For knowledge has a way of revealing itself sometimes to those who are not trying to grasp it.

It would seem reasonable to suppose that the extent to which events may be forecast is a variable quantity, capable of being carried to almost any degree according to the skill of the operator, but admitting of no finality. We might compare the stars to a series of judicial courts, the higher revising the decisions of the lower; while the decrees of the supreme court are unknown to any except perhaps the most exalted intelligences, who are not in a position to reveal them. There is a fatal defect in our minds which causes us to lose our way in such investigations and to waste endless labor in fruitless bypaths; so that the investigation of modern astrological mysteries cannot be recommended. The subject is more properly to be regarded as belonging to that class of knowledge that is acquired incidentally by the student of Occultism in the course of his natural development. There is a true science of astrology, but its keys are not public in this age. STUDENT

Odic Forces and Nervous Ether Rediscovered

A PROFESSOR, reading a paper before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was daring enough to announce the discovery of a new force. He called it "mitokinetism," and said that it had been discovered about 1873, but that its distinctness was not recognized until 1909, when he and another experimenter studied it. This alleged force is found in the physiological cell. When the cell divides, a curious figure is formed, like a spindle, having (in animals) a sphere at each end. From the spindle or the spheres—we do not gather which—rays diverge outward. The inner rays are concave to the axis of the spindle, and such a figure can only be produced by a force which varies inversely as the square of the distance, and which has two opposite manifestations, such as "source and sink, heat source and refrigerator, positive and negative, north and south." None of the recognized dual forces could be invoked, and so the provisional name of "mitokinetism" had been given to this force which is unknown outside the living organism.

There is no allusion in the brief report from which we quote to Reichenbach (1788-1869), a celebrated naturalist, discoverer in industrial chemistry, and investigator of organic distillation products. Reichenbach announced his discovery of a new force in nature, which was bi-polar and emanated from the opposite ends of objects, from the fingers and other parts of the body, etc. It was of the nature of radiations of light, differently colored according to positive and negative. It could not be seen by the naked eye, and so Reichenbach employed "sensitives" to see it, and this took the subject into a sphere into which scientific men were not willing to enter.

On the other hand, Dr. B. W. Richardson tried to enlist scientific men in support of his theory of "nervous ether," but met with a similar cold reception. Will the present discoverer meet with a better fate? STUDENT

Climatic Periodicity

IS there a 500-year climatic period? For part of the world at any rate, it would seem there is. Under the vivid heading "The Pulse of Asia," Professor Huntington has already sought to demonstrate the fact of climatic oscillation for that continent, and in the *Bulletin* of the American Geographical Society he now returns to the matter. He writes of the Libyan Oasis of Kharga, showing that the water supply of this oasis—and consequently the population—has fluctuated in long periods, approximately five hundred years, periods identical with those marked in Egypt, Arabia, Persia, Turkestan, and China to her far border. In addition to this alternation of wet and dry, there has been, he thinks, a slow progressive decrease of rainfall from the earliest historic period to our own.

We would suppose that this too is part of a cycle, a much longer one, in which the successive great civilizations of Asia have been involved. If we knew this longer cycle we might be able to make a skeleton map (in *time*) of these civilizations and so correct the present fashionable foreshortening. For one thing, climates probably change as man cultivates and irrigates; and again, when exhaustion of the soil ensues. STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Memory Question

MEMORY systems are like the uric acid solvents and the cure-all magnetic invigorators not only in that they appear nearly as often but also in that their increasingly frequent appearance points to an increasingly weak place in men's lives and characters. Memory must be failing or it would not need so much special treatment.

But people's memories are failing because they cannot control their minds. Whatever the psychologies say, there is a living mind stuff which has to be mastered as the first task of education. Anything once noted by a disciplined mind is remembered. Disciplined is concentrated, without waver. It is as much the imperceptible as the perceptible wavers that break the back of memory. Read a sentence from a book, preferably in some other language than your own, one with which you are not very familiar. Then look up; try to revisualize it, to re-read the picture. The places at which the revisualization fails are those at which attention imperceptibly wavered during the reading.

But there are people who can do this and who may think their concentration perfect. Let them read the sentence *aloud*, as far as possible paying attention only to the sound and afterwards trying to recall the sequence of *that*. Will it flow through in memory just as it was uttered? If not, the mind wavered even though the *picture* may be quite steady. There were waverers in other parts of the mind than those concerned with the sight.

And again, it may be steady enough to catch both sight and sound, register them automatically and be able to reproduce them then or after, even in dream, and yet have so wandered as to know little or nothing of the *meaning* of what was read.

For besides the definite pictures and ideas that obviously come between a man and what he is trying to attend to, there is an uninterrupted succession of minute momentary *hints* at pictures and ideas, rapid ripples to which we pay no attention but which are perfectly effective in breaking the back of memory.

The rule of the matter is that the mind always gives a minimum of its attention to what it *has* to do, a maximum to what it *wants* to do—that is, to picture, to think. When the task in hand is purely mechanical, nine-tenths of the mind can go free, think of everything in the universe, and, if another mind is at hand, chatter of everything. When the task requires more attention, somewhat less of it can go free and the vagaries change somewhat in character. Owing to the continued interference of the will its journeys are continually interrupted, even reduced to flashes. But the flashes, perhaps quite unnoticed, are so frequent, and the attempt to make them, the strain on the chain, so insistent, that the best mental work is a very poor affair compared to what it might be. If you had a typewriter that continually wanted to write something on its own account, you might prevent it from executing a single letter that you did not choose, but the constant necessity of super-

vision would greatly hamper your work. The memory systems really touch but the fringe of the matters. It is the multitude of desires and frivolous interests that start and energize the waverings and globe-journeys of our minds. Apart from special practice, the gymnastic of the discipline, the only path to concentration and therefore to memory is to bring the desires and interests in under fewer and fewer heads. One man will read the newspaper purposely to stimulate mind-wandering. He says to "occupy his mind," and he presents to it every item in every column. Another makes straight for the things he really wants to know or needs to know.

Now if we could get down to our deepest desire, so deep as to be almost below consciousness: if having studied the mind and its ways a while we could stand back from it and the impulses that pull it, we should every one of us find that that deepest desire was spiritual, to get behind the world and know something, to be something worthy of and corresponding to that reality behind, to feel our immortality, to learn the divine secret of life, to do our duty in the light of our witnessing divinity. And it is only to the extent that other desires and interests are gradually merged in that, that we can acquire real and perfect concentration. If we would begin the day, before speaking, with a few minutes devoted to the culture of that desire, to thinking around it, to rising into it, using or not some little reading as a help, we should find that the power of concentrating on everything throughout that day was already bettered. The only real beginning would have been made. And the reward would finally be that the desire would find its fulfilment. The memory problem turns out to be spiritual and in the course of its solution to solve the great life problem, one that our age is more and more hopelessly reckoning insoluble.

STUDENT

The Power to Think

SOME cases of failing faculty in old age interestingly bring into view the steps from the outer world to the understanding mind. The senses may fail, of course; there may, for instance, be deafness. But the failure may go no further in. When you have repeated your sentence in a louder and clearer voice, the old man's understanding of it may be instantaneous.

But there are old men who seem deaf, who think themselves to be so, who have little or no failure of hearing. When they are questioned they will tell you that they have heard every word, say of a lecture, but that the reader was too fast. They heard but had not time to comprehend. There is no mental failure; give them the manuscript to read at their own rate and they can understand anything and reason about it. The mind is all right; the ear is all right; where is the faulty connexion? Evidently the brain cells, intermediaries between the ear and the mind, are slow.

Deeper than this is senility proper. The mind itself fails to act, ceases to produce anything, lives passively in old memories and in

the remaining animal sensations and desires.

It is possible that this last state need never occur except in cases of actual brain disease. For it is only an extreme degree of the mind-wandering which we all permit.

In the *Book of the Great Decease* this is reported of the Buddha:

He went on to inform them how a brother should so act as to become thoughtful. Whatever action he performed should be done with his entire nature concentrated upon it and in full presence of mind; in going out and in coming in; in looking and watching; in bending his arm or stretching it forth; in eating or drinking; in sleeping or waking; in talking or being silent. Thus he exhorted them to become thoughtful.

This is not *being absorbed* in actions; it is *absorbing oneself* in them. In other words the will is kept alive. It is the only way to avoid senility; to enable the mind in old age, when the physical instrument is failing, to be turned inward to the deeper field of consciousness which that very failing is opening. People *suffer* old age; they do not *avail* themselves of it.

"For one reason or another," says the *New York Nation* in a rather startling sentence, "the power to think straight is lessening all over the world."

The real reason is weakness of will, will untrained to hold the mind steady upon whatever is being done or thought throughout all the waking hours.

STUDENT

The American Marriage

PROFESSOR ELLWOOD of Missouri has been trying to awaken the people of his State on the divorce question. Lecturing at the Kansas City public library he remarked that there are more divorces in this country than in the whole of Europe.

While in England there is one divorce for every four hundred marriages, in the State of Washington one out of every four ends in the divorce courts. Here in Missouri the proportion is one in eight. Family life has become more unstable than at any time in history. We know that there are more divorces among native-born Americans than among immigrants.

Then he added: "Childless marriages bring on divorce." But may not marriages be *kept* childless with an eye to the convenience of future divorce? At present society as a whole does not tolerate people who live together without the legal tie. But it increasingly tolerates those who undo one tie and make another, one, two, three, and more times. How long will that part of it which is thus tolerant continue to insist on the formality of the tie? In other words, how far off is free-love from recognized establishment?

A rise in the number of divorces in any society means an increasing pressure of animalism. For a fixed proportion of them results from marriages that are so carelessly made that they are unnatural; a much larger proportion results from marriages of mere attraction, without the existence of any higher link between the parties; in another proportion the infidelity—which means animalism—of one of the parties brings it about. C.

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

Antiquity of Stone Circles: Evidence from the Growth of Peat

IN relation to the remarkable Standing Stones of Callernish, on the Island of Lewis, Scotland (see *CENTURY PATH*, September 25 and November 6, 1910), there is the very important fact that until the year 1857 they were covered to a depth of 6½ ft. by peat, which, at that date, was removed by Sir James Matheson. There is no definite knowledge as to the time-rate of peat growth; and it has been unwisely discounted because of the fact that such things as coins of the Roman period have been found at the bottom of peat bogs of considerable depth. But as peat is but a vegetable mud, through which coins, pieces of iron, and even stones, rapidly sink, it is not surprising that they should be found at the bottom.

That peat, in the most favorable conditions, is of very slow growth, is a well authenticated fact, the amount scarcely being appreciable in a century. Then there is the negative evidence of the depth which bogs have attained during the indefinite past. If a bog had grown an inch a century for a million years it would now be 833 ft. deep. Very few bogs have been found over 20 ft. deep. And it is fair to presume that they have been growing for over 1,000,000 years.

Such conservative figures as these are certainly good ground for revising the dates usually assigned to the construction of these "Stone Circles." When the Callernish Circle was built it is not likely that it was placed in a peat bog! Nor, at that time, is it even likely that its site possessed the watery conditions necessary for the growth of peat; at least such conditions would not facilitate the manipulation of the immense stones that compose the circle. About a mile distant from the Callernish circle there was found a small circle of ordinary type, and perhaps of later date, under seven feet of peat.

These facts justify the statement of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* (II, 352), that they "were the works of the first settlers in the newly born continent." **STUDENT**

Ancient Aegean Civilization: H. P. Blavatsky Vindicated

AT Mykenae are found the greatest monuments of what has been known as the Heroic Age of Greece — walls built in the Cyclopean style, indicating the outlines of a city and fortress on a hill. In 1876 these were excavated by Schliemann, who thus made one of the greatest historical discoveries of recent times. Chief among the finds were several tombs of the ancient kings, untouched since last used, and containing the bodies of men and women in association with a large quantity of gold ornament. The faces of many of the men were covered with gold masks, and their weapons were buried beside them, while the women had gold diadems and rich ornaments and household utensils. Over one hundred pounds weight of gold was found. This discovery assured us that we could place more reliance on the ancient legends than on the conjectures of many modern historians.

The still more recent discoveries in Crete



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MYKENAE, THE TOMB OF AGAMEMNON

still further emphasize this point. Respecting them and their profound influence on our theories of history, we may quote the following from a notice (in the *Literary Digest*) of a new book called *The Sea Kings of Crete*, by James Baikie (McMillan). The author

has aimed to give a popular account of recent explorations and studies, "which have revolutionized all ideas as to the antiquity and level of the earliest European cultures." Most notable among these discoveries are those of A. J. Evans, in confirmation of what had for many years been suspected as to the civilization of Greece having been far older than historians have commonly dared to state. That the Homeric age was not a primitive age, but rather represented a high state of culture, following a long period of development, was suspected even before Schliemann, Doerpfeld, and others, made their discoveries on the site of ancient Troy, at Mykenae, and at Hissarlik.

D. G. Hogarth, one of the most recent writers, but who wrote before Evans had made his most notable disclosures, has declared that "man in Hellas was more highly civilized before history than he was when history begins to record his state." There was in fact in Hellas an organized and progressive society at a period "so remote that its origins are more distant from the age of Pericles than that age is from our own."

This writer's inference may well have been accepted at the time as extravagant, but, as Mr. Baikie declares, Evan's discoveries have "fully justified it."

It may now be accepted "as an established fact that the earliest civilization of Greece meets the two great ancient civilizations of Greece and Babylon on substantially equal terms."

Mr. Baikie sets forth . . . the nature of the civilization which existed in Crete at a period 2500 and more years anterior to the age of Pericles. . . .

What is of equal interest are the disclosures made as to the many traditions about Crete that have survived in the legends recorded by Greek historians, such as the fable of the Minotaur, and the statements in Herodotus and Thucydides as to a great sea empire which had its center in Crete.

Many years before Evan's discoveries, H. P. Blavatsky and other Theosophical writers declared that civilization goes very much farther

back than historians have been willing to allow, and that the discoveries of the immediate future would confirm this. Here we have a fulfilment of the prophecy. The fact should surely make us cautious how we accept the dogmas and timid conjectures of archaeologists respecting other matters on which the statements of H. P. Blavatsky differ from theirs; for may she not be vindicated in those matters as in this?

STUDENT

Discovery of pre-Crag Man in England

IN a letter to the *Times* (London, October), a geologist announces his discovery of pre-Crag man. He has dug out flint implements from the base beds of many crag sections in the Pliocene strata of Ipswich and East Suffolk. He first obtained them from below a thin seam of decalcified crag, surmounted by Middle Glacial sands and gravel, in two hollows in the London Clay at Ipswich, in association with a large number of the familiar phosphatic bones and nodules. The geologists, however, doubted whether the crag was in situ, so the discoverer looked elsewhere, and found exactly similar flint implements in several other places. This affords conclusive evidence of pre-Crag man.

The flints can be divided into at least two types of different age, though both are pre-Crag. An interesting point is that many of them show, on their worked surfaces, striations. If the ice made these, to what glaciation must they be assigned? The geologist says that his discovery means of course that our ideas of the antiquity of man must be somewhat altered, as these specimens, though of such an extreme antiquity, exhibit a knowledge of flint chipping far in advance of any Eolithic work; and the question arises as this is so, to what period the Eoliths belong. **E.**

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Protective Mimicry

THE full explanation of "protective mimicry" seems to get farther and farther away. But preliminarily, both items in the name are under suspicion. Mimicry implies the imitating of a model. It is therefore more than resemblance. The spots on the leopard and the bars on the zebra may be said to resemble markings made on the jungle or forest floor by light falling through thick foliage. But are they an *imitation* of it? If they are, we could hardly avoid going on to think that the imitation was effected for protective reasons.

But it has turned out that the leopard's spots are skin markings corresponding to the segments of his inner make-up, that is to his ribs and vertebrae, and are probably mere accidental outcropping of these deeper and fundamental processes.

The zebra's "imitation" similarly disappears. He does not particularly haunt forests, Colonel Roosevelt tells us; his markings when near make him more conspicuous and when distant are invisible.

It is peculiarly a beast of the open plains, and makes no effort even to hide from the observation of his foes. It is occasionally found in open forest, and may there now and then escape observation simply as any animal of any color may escape observation. At a distance of over a few hundred yards the zebra's coloration ceases to be conspicuous simply because the distance has caused it to lose all distinctive character—that is, all the quality that could possibly make it protective.

The markings will probably be found to have the same explanation as in the case of the leopard.

There are plenty of cases where the *resemblance* is obvious and undeniable. There are insects whose copying of leaves, twigs, flowers, bark, and so on, is quite perfect, sometimes—unfortunately for the claims of natural selection—much more perfect than protection from enemies would require. The kallima butterfly, for instance, does much unnecessary work of this kind.

There are insects without much means of self-protection which resemble others which have. But sometimes they do not live in the same place as their antetypes and thus get no profit from their appearance. Sometimes, which comes to the same thing, they are not abroad at the same time. There is, for instance, a moth (a night flyer) which has taken the trouble to resemble a wasp. But its also night flying enemies have never seen the day flying wasp.

And then again a resemblance may be actually detrimental, exposing the insect to attacks from the enemies of the one it imitates.

The protection afforded by resemblance, whilst undoubtedly sometimes excellent, is therefore sometimes nil. If we assume that variation and selection have effected the one sort of resemblance, what possible explanation can we give of the other?

The explanation given by Theosophy of some of the resemblances is—lost intermediate links, in some cases links between vegetable and insect life. Says H. P. Blavatsky:

There was a time, millions of years ago, when such missing links were numerous, and on every point of the globe where life was. But now they are becoming with every cycle and generation more rare;

tending to become conserved only where of actual use in the life of the individuals.

This, the persistence of external shape or marking in two forms that have otherwise widely diverged—even into two kingdoms; an outcrop of internal structure in external markings, not calling for any attention at the hands of the law of selection and survival; and resemblances developed from small variations and conserved and encouraged by natural selection—may perhaps account for all the cases.

STUDENT

The Cosmic Rhythm

PROFESSOR SEE'S cosmogonical theories give us a fine picture of rhythm, the making and unmaking of stars and systems. In its simplest expression the rhythm consists in the aggregation of nebular matter to form systems; the disintegration of systems into nebula.

The universe of stars is now usually described as lozenge-shaped, the lozenge or lens being very convex. The edge or rim is the Milky Way, and here the aggregation is very dense. Towards the poles, the ends of an imaginary rod pushed perpendicularly through the middle of the faces of the lens, the aggregation is sparse and of a different character from that of the rim. For it is towards the poles that the *nebulae* are mostly collected, the Milky Way being predominantly *stars*. The rhythm or circulation from the rim to the poles and from the poles to the rim, is thus brought about:

Every star or sun is the center of a rain of fine "dust" outwards into space. It is disintegrating, repelling and raining away matter from its surface. This repelled matter is nebular stuff, which, repelled from the star-popolous rim, the Milky Way, collects towards the poles. Left to itself at the poles, it begins to collect around centers of extra density, a sun or star here and there from time to time thus evolving. But such sun or star thereupon finds itself *attracted* by its fellows—and parents—in the rim, moves towards them and finally takes up its place there.

But if all the forces and mechanical laws concerned are carefully considered, it will become evident that such a mechanism will ultimately run down and reach equilibrium. It cannot be, and is not, left to itself. Into the mechanism intelligence must be inserted, capable of absorbing and directively redistributing force or motion—just as mind can absorb motion from the cerebral cells and subsequently return it in volitioned directions.

This intelligence Professor See himself seems to postulate. At any rate, at the end of a recent address he said:

I will just add one more concluding announcement, namely, that the planets now shown to revolve about the fixed stars are inhabited by some kind of intelligent beings, so that life is unquestionably a general phenomenon of the universe. . . . The

proof is now much more complete than ever before. . . . The life flourishing on the earth and believed to exist also on Mars and Venus is but a drop in the Pacific Ocean compared to that existing on the thousands of billions of habitable worlds now definitely proved to revolve about the fixed stars.

But what about the stars and suns themselves? Why give life only to the planets revolving about them? Life *like ours* can of course only exist under conditions like ours. Under conditions unlike ours there will also be life but life unlike ours and often far higher. May not the suns be inhabited by intelligences great enough and luminous enough to give what direction is necessary to the forces playing in the spheres they inhabit? If cosmos is to be thought of as continuing, as not running down to equilibrium and death, no purely mechanical theory will stand close analysis.

STUDENT

The Light of the Future

IN a common electric light, of the filament or arc kind, the light is that of incandescent carbon. It is mostly in the yellow part of the spectrum, containing no great proportion of rays higher than the green. To imitate sunlight we make something incandescent whose rays are distributed throughout the spectrum. Our present lights have already been stigmatized as primitive and barbarous.

When a glass tube is exhausted of nearly all the air, leaving only say one-thousandth of the number of molecules, and an electric current is passed through it, the remaining molecules are thrown into a fine glow whose color differs with the nature of the gas. For ordinary air the glow is a pleasant rose hue; nitrogen gives a full yellow; carbonic acid gas a light almost exactly that of average daylight. The "Moore" tube light of today is based on this principle, the long tubes running along the ceiling and diffusing through the room an agreeable radiance.

All these new lights have to be carefully studied in order to be sure that they contain a small enough proportion—preferably none—of the ultra-violet rays. Such rays exist of course in sunlight, but we are protected in two ways. The atmosphere absorbs most of them and two of the several transparent structures of the eye absorb the rest, practically none reaching the retina. The cornea does most of this work. Any of the injurious rays that manage to get through it are taken up by the crystalline lens, which is completely impervious to them, translating them downwards in rapidity of vibration and becoming fluorescent.

But the lens is only designed to resist a certain proportion of them, the proportion in ordinary sunlight. If it be overworked in this way it will develop cataract. This fate, unless special precautions are taken, often involves the workers in glass. If, moreover, the proportion of ultra-violet rays is greater than the lens can absorb and some get past it to the retina, blindness will result. In the early days of the x-rays, before their power was known, there were several cases of this. Nature designed the eye with a view to *her* conditions, not ours. We have to be careful. C.

Nature

Studies

"Symbiosis" or Scientific Brotherhood in Nature

TO what extent biologists are responsible for the popular impression that science sanctions a representation of Nature as being inspired and directed mainly, if not entirely, by selfish strife, we will not undertake to decide. But that impression does prevail. And this view of Nature, authenticated (as is believed) by so influential an authority, reacts injuriously upon the moral attitude of people by psychologizing them with the notion of a universe in which sheer force and selfish emulation are the prevailing powers and the qualities that alone merit respect and win success. This notion, coupled with the idea that man is himself the child of it, provokes us to ask, "Why should man do otherwise?" and thus an apparent scientific sanction for brute force is obtained.

Under these circumstances it would be advantageous to obtain a pronouncement to the contrary effect, duly clothed in scientific language, so that the former theory could be met on its own ground and by a champion panoplied with the same armor. And something like this seems to be afforded by what follows.

In an article on "Symbiosis," translated from the German magazine *Prometheus*, for the *Scientific American*, we have some facts and remarks on co-operation and mutual aid in Nature.

Symbiosis means the living together of two distinct organisms or animals in a kind of partnership whereby mutual services are rendered. The stock instance is that of the bee and the flower, whereby the flower is fertilized and the bee provided with material for its honey. The medusa and the fish *Caranx auratus* form a partnership, the fish seeking protection amid the stinging appendages of the medusa and repaying this service by discovering the lurking foes of the medusa and hurrying it away from the place of danger. One has read of birds which get their meals by cleaning the teeth of crocodiles; and there are plenty of instances of such partnerships among both animals and plants to be found in books on natural history.

One interesting case cited in the above article is that of the algae and the fungi. It is stated that lichens, formerly thought to be a separate class of organism, have now been found to be merely a close association of algae and fungi, living in a state of symbiosis. The alga is adapted for producing an abundance of organic material by means of its action on the carbonic acid of the air, but it cannot easily decompose the soil. The fungus excretes acids which readily decompose the soil, but it is not adapted for obtaining material from the air. Each

of these plants can flourish alone in its proper habitat, the alga on a marsh, the fungus on decaying organic matter. But should they be thrown together on a spot not specially favorable to either, they will combine their resources. Let it be a rock or tree trunk, for instance. The fungus gets to work with its acid roots and provides the sustenance from below, and the alga contributes to the common stock by its action upon the carbon dioxide of the air. And so this partnership continues for many generations, resulting in the close association which has given rise to the belief that lichens are separate organisms.

The case of the leguminous plants and the nitrifying bacteria is also in point, the former feeding the bacteria, while the bacteria decompose the soil for the benefit of the plant. Similarly the *Mycorrhizae* infest the roots of forest trees, exert a solvent action on the soil,

are overstepped in the associations of trade.

In our own physical body we have hosts of microbes which may exist with us in a happy state of symbiosis, or degenerate into parasites; in one case we have health, in the other disease; and no sharp line can be drawn.

Adding a reflection on our own account, we would call attention to the mental organisms which live in our minds. At what point does a friendly habit wax over-fat and become a parasite? When does an emotion cease to be a useful member of our internal domestic economy and degenerate into a vampire? Are we ever notion-ridden?

But the most important point is that we should herein find ready to hand a duly qualified scientific presentation of the law of Brotherhood in Nature. It is so much more efficacious to fight a big scientific Latin or Greek word with another of the same kind than to be battering at it with a Hebrew word out of the pulpit, or a common roadside word out of the popular vocabulary. "Brotherhood" hardly fights on the same plane as "Struggle for Existence," and so it misses the mark. But take your "Brotherhood" and call it "Symbiosis"—and there you are! Theory can turn a somersault and save its face at one and the same time.

So the phrase, "Brotherhood is a fact in Nature," becomes, for scientific purposes, "Symbiosis is a law of Nature," and we are thus enabled to preach, with due scientific sanction, a gospel of symbiosis for mankind. But never mind; a rose under any other name smells as sweet.

Nature is not a battle-field of ruthless contending forces; but we can see such a picture in it if we first adjust our imagination to requirement. Nor is Nature the scene of a sloppy sentimentalism, though we can see that picture too, if we desire. Nature is very large and full; and the bounds of justice, harmony, and wisdom, cannot be defined by the measure of our moods and sentiments.

The Struggle for Existence becomes the Bond of Mutual Service, and all Nature can be viewed as one great Symbiosis of mutual adjustment. E.

Mineral Wax

OZOCERITE is found in Austria, Russia, Rumania, Egypt, Algeria, Canada, and Mexico; but not usually in sufficient quantities to pay for mining expenses. Its principal sources are Boryslav, in Austrian Galicia, and an island off the west coast of the Caspian Sea. It is used with beeswax for manufacturing candles, phonographic cylinders and many other similar purposes. H.



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PEAT SHIPS AT COEVORDEN, DRENTHE, HOLLAND

and thus feed the roots. Even pre-Devonian corals have been found associated with worms of the genus *Serpula*, an association which is also found in living corals.

The writer, who has a wider mental range than some, extends his observations to include cases of association where one of the partners gets all the benefit. This is parasitism, not symbiosis. But there is no definite line to be drawn between the two; one may pass gradually into the other; a case of mutual benefit may gradually degenerate into one where the benefit is not equally shared, and finally into a case of true parasitism.

The writer then applies the principle to industrial and social economics. Among civilized men we find partnerships, like that between the capitalist and the manufacturer, which may be anything from a mutual benefit association to a bond in which one of the partners preys upon the other. Our public men are just now exercised over the difficult question of determining just what point must be reached before the limits of the permissible



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:
My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

What of the Price?

THE following, on vivisection, by Dr. William Colby Cooper, is taken from the editorial pages of *The Eclectic Medical Journal*, October, 1910, and presents a phase of the subject that is well worthy of attention. Even granting that benefits have accrued through the practice of vivisection, and it is by no means assured that such hypothetical benefits could not have been obtained by other means absolutely excluding vivisection—*What of the price?* And can any temporary benefits, for remember man is immortal, outweigh the stain and the shame of the means used and the price paid?

VIVISECTION

It may be cautiously admitted that vivisection calls for a moiety of civilized tolerance—"cautiously" admitted, because, under the findings of psychologic analysis, we discover only constructive justifications of the practice, and these are of doubtful stability. Have these cruel investigations added any substantial contributions to pathology and therapeutics that are worth the price they cost? Think of this awful price? It is beyond any possible estimate that can be expressed in anything so heartless as mere figures. How shall we measure the value of a single pang of agony, not to consider the worth of prolonged suffering?

The fact that this suffering is endured by the lower animals does not diminish the intensity of the price. Is it not plain that it is even increased, since to the sufferer it is attended by no compensative feature? To the innocent sufferer it is pure, unmitigated, relentless, merciless agony, without the hint of any form of justification. So much for the victim. How is it with reference to him who inflicts this suffering? The hardening of his heart, or, if it is already hard, the increase and fostering of this hardness, what reach of the imagination can measure its decivilizing effects? The surgeon gets a moral offset from the fact that he is inflicting pain for the sake of the victim. With all this, I never lanced an abscess nor extracted a tooth, in which the measure of my pity was not the measure of the patient's suffering.

The true surgeon, who is such because he is a true man as well as a skilful one, instinctively shrinks from the infliction of needless pain. A degree of coarseness which amounts to a refinement of ugliness inheres in vivisection, by virtue of its assassinative character. The assassin sneaks up behind his victim to plunge a dagger in his breast. The vivisectionist sneaks behind his victim's innocent trustfulness to murder this trustfulness. This assassinative habit of thought subtracts incomputably from character, refinement, and to that extent it is a hark back to barbarism.

I have briefly and but partially considered the price of the "benefits" of vivisection. What, *really*, are these "benefits?" Suppose the experimenter is enabled to localize the brain origin of a particular muscular contraction or other function. What has he added to our sum of scientific knowledge but a purely ornamental fact? What drug shall conservatively fit the morbid functioning of a particular brain center? What logical relation subsists between scientific pathology and empirical therapeutics? Only clinical trial can develop the area and method of a drug's expression. Let dainty martinets scorn empirics as they will, the truth remains that the only method of sanely relating a particular drug to a particular tissue or organ is through clinical test.

I herewith submit that if the question is sifted to its dregs, it will be found that the whole of vivisection hangs on scientific vanity; hangs upon tentative or provisional scientific results, and upon *the aesthetics of physical agony!* It puts plumes and frills upon a frigid phase of sciology for the sake of man's vanity! Pity the man who, for the sake of a heartless curiosity, can stop his ears to dying gasps and blind his eyes to the piteous appeals in the pleading eyes of his innocent victim.

Poor little man, strutting about, vain and self-satisfied, because he has acquired a little knowledge of the outer mechanism of a poor tortured animal body. But the price paid is not only the dumb suffering and mute appeal of the victims, but an irreparable loss to the vivisectioner of the divine compassionate qualities that alone can make a true physician. Regarding this loss, Katherine Tingley has said:

Do we want a vivisectioner by the bedside of the sick? Do we not want, more than anything else, that the consciousness of the physician should be of the highest order, incapable of the slightest prompting from below? And this, not only on general grounds, but because it is from the higher nature that come those flashes of genius and intuition which may mean perhaps the salvation of an apparently hopeless case of sickness?

It is, moreover, a higher nature which radiates the something that renders the mere presence of some doctors curative. They may only know that they wish well to their patient, but in such men this wish is power. No such feats are possible to the vivisectioner. His consciousness has been blunted; the more delicate operations of intuition are impossible; he can but reason. And if his practice of vivisection has gone very far he may in time experiment upon his patient in the sole interest of knowledge, exactly and for the same reasons that he operates on the dog.

If there were a little more of the truly human sentiment in regard to vivisection as expressed by Mark Twain, how much closer we should be to solving the problem of disease, because of the implied recognition of those attributes without which man is not truly man; but which, when active, bring him closer to the heart of Nature and therefore to true understanding. This is what Mark Twain says:

I believe I am not interested to know whether vivisection produces results that are profitable to the human race or doesn't.

To know that the results are profitable to the race would not remove my hostility to it. The pain which it inflicts upon unconsenting animals is the basis of my enmity toward it, and it is to me sufficient justification of the enmity without looking further.

STUDENT

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Russell

Question Theosophists claim to be the initiators of a new age, but they also show an extraordinary veneration for antiquity, and seem to attach much importance to archaeology. Would it not be wiser to make a clean sweep of all old superstitions and start fresh. Can we go forward while looking back?

Answer Care for what the past has given us is not always a virtue, though the reckless destruction of what is old has some serious objections also. It is not always helpful to make a clean sweep of all that does not seem immediately useful. To some minds this is the necessary preliminary to any new work. But unfortunately it is also frequently the only part of the new work that such people ever do; their great works are all castles in the air far too fanciful for realization upon the earth, and as the time comes for the constructive work to be begun, the difficulty of making the dream-castle into a material edifice becomes too obvious to suit the taste of these optimistic iconoclasts. So they leave the untouched construction and turn to some new scheme involving more destructive work to clear the ground. Such are the iconoclasts, filled with visions of impossible grandeur and fired with enthusiasm for the preparation of something new.

This spirit of destruction is so active when ever a new epoch is opened that it is strange that anything remains from ancient civilizations to mark the path of progress and to help on the new races in their constant rediscovery of what the old races knew and what the iconoclasts seek to destroy. But Nature is the great preserver; when she destroys a civilization she is careful to bury whole cities and to cover them with dust and ashes so as to preserve for thousands of years what man would have destroyed. If it were not for the great natural destruction of races and cities and continents, little indeed would remain to throw light on the past discoveries of the men who in their present bodies have lost memory of their own former knowledge.

As men come to the knowledge of their own continued life on earth by constant rebirth, they will also feel more respect for their work done in past lives and will so preserve the links between their past knowledge and their future discoveries. But so long as the belief in one life on earth and an eternal future of nothingness or of senseless bliss in heaven, with an impossible nothingness in the past, is still nursed by the masses of the people, so long will vanity cause man to value his present personality so much more highly than his past embodiments, that he will feel a sort of jealousy of all that went before, with an intense desire to minimize the value of the past and to glorify the attainment of the present generation.

This vanity is the enemy of wisdom and the foe of archaeology, for it leads men to accept the baseless theory of a continuous rise from savagery to civilization without even the perfectly obvious ups and downs of rising and falling races; thus making them willing to shut their eyes and close their minds to the true import of archaeological discoveries of past civilizations which are regarded as the precocious attempts of primitive and uncivilized man.

The doctrine of Reincarnation is so entirely reasonable and so hope-giving that it will surely regain its right place in the popular religions of the world; and with the return of this knowledge will surely come a desire to recover lost sciences and arts which were ours in past ages, and which shall be ours again.

There is a certain strength gained by the constant effort to stand on one's own feet and to make a path for oneself, but if there are plenty of paths already made, energy is wasted in making more. It is a common mistake to suppose that original effort requires rejection of all previously acquired knowledge. There is no need to lose originality by studying ancient science and art. Such study is quite different from the imitation that produces mere copies of antique forms and formulae. It is a fact that the most effective "progressives" are they who have a thorough knowledge of the past science or art, and it is not all rare to find men who are ignorant of what has been done in the past devoting all their energy to the discovery of what is already known and to the creation of that which already exists. Their work may be useful as training for themselves, but otherwise it would seem rather a waste of energy.

There is a way to study the past which will give more efficiency to original thought. There is a way to study that puts the student in sympathetic touch with the workers of past ages who were original thinkers in their day, and who perhaps had some advantages not now enjoyed by modern students. This sympathetic appreciation of the efforts of great men in the past stirs and stimulates enthusiasm for original effort. But if the student confines his attention to the study of the relics alone, he is in danger of becoming a mere collector and classifier of collections, a useful function in its place but paralyzing to original effort; and if in addition to this narrow aim he is further limited by accepted theories of our evolution from the primitive savage or from the ape, and by a fear of time which causes him to limit his ideas of evolution to a period of a few thousand years, then he is quite unable to get into any sympathetic "rapport" with the men of the past, and also he is unable to appreciate the significance of their remains, for he has already stamped them all as the signs of precocity, or of barbaric instinct quite different from his own intuitive perceptions or reasoned deductions and theories.

And in this he is curiously enough a victim to the extreme reverence of the past in the persons of his immediate predecessors, the men who have psychologized him and his day with their theories, which are relics of the past too if he could but see it so.

The man who really tries to stand on his own feet and to see and think for himself recognizes similar qualities in other men whether past or present, and respects them and their work; but the egotist, whose independence is vanity and bluff, sees the same qualities in others and despises them for the weakness that he recognizes or suspects. The true student of nature or original thinker works along the same lines that ancient students of nature followed; and so, even if he does not study their works, he will appear to imitate them, for he follows the path that led them to their

triumphs in science and art; while, if he have a good knowledge of what they achieved, he will not only respect them as pioneers, or perhaps as masters, but also he will gladly profit by their experience, without any fear of his own individual effort losing any of its originality or of its actual value by being influenced in this way, for he recognizes the old masters as fellow-students, co-workers in the same cause.

There is a very real brotherhood in all arts and crafts between the real souls who are the true artists and the craftsmen; the secrets of their art or craft are common to all by right of individual effort; and though lesser men copy and imitate and plagiarize and appropriate the forms and fashions of the mas-

trials in the efforts of the men of succeeding ages can not be fully appreciated, but if a man is confirmed in the assurance of his own essential divinity, or his oneness with the universal spirit, and of his long-continued pilgrimage through countless incarnations, then he will continually seek the source of his inspiration through his own soul in the present moment, neither worshipping nor despising any other incarnations of his own ego or its works, nor imagining himself as so permanently separate from other persons that he can afford to unduly reverence or to despise the forms in which those brother-souls are temporarily concealed. So he will intelligently study the past while never allowing it to control the present, for the present alone is eternal. STUDENT



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

A STUDENT'S BUNGALOW HOME, LOMALAND

ters, they can not do more; the spirit that inspires the great men is not accessible to their brain-mind method of study, it is the eternally youthful spirit that is born anew in the heart of the student who loves his art or his science with true and impersonal devotion. This spirit which never grows old makes the works of its favored children so vigorous and so youthful that they may seem to have a certain resemblance and even to have been copied from one another. And this is a peculiarity that confirms the copyist in his delusion that he can get the true spirit by copying minutely the outer form; a simple inversion, for the form ever follows the spirit and does not produce it.

The truly original mind finds its kinship with the mind and the heart of nature, it knows its brotherhood with all other original minds, as the sparks of a flame may know their kinship in a subconscious way, and so recognize the universal brotherhood that is a fact in nature. The original mind can neither worship nor despise the results of other men's work, still less can it copy them as the plagiarists do. Without the key given by the knowledge of Reincarnation, the continuity

THE THEOSOPHICAL ADDRESS AT ISIS THEATER

DR. HERBERT CORYN, one of the early students of Theosophy under Madame Blavatsky, and also of wide medical experience, and a member of the Literary Staff at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, lectured last evening before a well-filled house at Isis Theater, on "Public Health." Some of his statements were startling, and while well-known to the medical profession and many sociological students, the subject is one that should have the attention of every citizen and well-wisher of the human race.

If the position taken by Dr. Coryn be a correct one, and as quoted by him, he is well supported by statistics and well-known medical authorities, then it is time indeed to call a halt and ask whither we are tending, and what is it that is lacking. The whole position was stated by the speaker in a nutshell, in the very first sentence of his address. "It seems," he said, "a paradox to say that our vitality is getting feebler whilst our lives are getting longer." And he goes on to explain that the average life-length is greater, but that the diseases of decay that should belong only to old age are invading not only middle life but also appearing to an alarming extent among our youths and even children. The remedy, the speaker pointed out, cannot be understood or applied until we get a truer philosophy of life, and such a philosophy is to be found in Theosophy.

A most delightful musical program was rendered by some Rāja Yoga students.—San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

Will Materialism Destroy Civilization?

IN the *New Age* (London), Francis Grierson asks:

Will materialism bring our civilization to an end, or will crime and insanity compel our civilization to get rid of materialism?

The time has come not only to put these questions, but have them answered. They are exceedingly grave questions not only for philosophers and politicians, but for the people who call themselves "progressive" thinkers, agnostic scientists without a fixed belief, and that numerous body of empirical "researchers" who dabble in various quasi-scientific experiments supposed to assist the mere believer to form a more positive and comforting conception of a state of the soul after death. Scepticism, when it endures beyond two generations, ends in materialism. Scepticism, irony, pessimism, materialism, denial of the psychic part of man, disavowal of a belief in immortality: this is the order in which the intellectual decadence of any age or civilization proceeds.

But the writer does not speak of any self-confident complacent philosophy. It is of an awful void within that he speaks.

We pretend to be agnostics and sceptics, while a cheap irony covers chasms of fear, apprehension and dread. . . . Underneath all the persiflage is the haunting fear of final collapse, for with the vanishing of the religious spirit there seems to be no place left for a sense of the higher mystical forces of the universe. . . . Because, while wits, sophists and empirics have practically killed religion by their indifference and their example, they have made it impossible for people to become interested in any form of mystical aspiration.

And he adds:

There is but one thing that can lift people and nations above the sordid and the sensational, and that is a high order of mystical optimism which shall take the place of materialistic religion and materialistic science.

Note that phrase "materialistic religion." For we find ecclesiasticism taking advantage of the chaos to try to win people to its own cause.

The above is what Theosophists have been saying ever since Theosophy was promulgated. It is in great part to counteract this influence that the Theosophical Society was founded. The Theosophical Society was founded in order to bring back that "high order of mystical optimism," as the writer calls it. It is demonstrable that Theosophy can endow men with the necessary confidence in themselves, the necessary faith in the eternal spiritual laws. Everywhere else we find naught but chaos and failure. No wonder the more

MEMBERSHIP

In the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

thoughtful minds are in despair, seeing remedy nowhere, neither in religion nor science, nor in any speculation. Failure and despair must soon compel people to turn to Theosophy as being the only thing that can afford them the help they need.

Piety is all very well, but piety cannot last many generations without a basis of *knowledge* and spiritual conviction. Revival succeeds revival in ever quicker and shorter waves, as people try to squeeze a living faith out of the old forms. The daughter of a celebrated secularist replies to the writer we have quoted, to maintain that there can be sufficient morality to maintain the human race without any belief in the soul or in immortality. Vain hope! Such people are living on their capital, as a son lives on that which his parents accumulated. Their instincts correct their beliefs. We need something more than piety and benevolence and good intentions. We need *knowledge*.

Shall we listen to the voice of "mother church?" Shall we dissect the brain? Shall we stare at a spot on the wall and say, "All is I"? Or shall we turn to the venerable Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy, for light and peace?

STUDENT

Reincarnation and Prodigies

DESPITE the childish nonsense that is talked about Reincarnation by cranks, people feel that the subject, when seriously treated, is profoundly worthy of study. It is brought home to us when we come across the case of a musical prodigy. Students of heredity can point to no cause or principle adequate to explain the facts, and must resort to the doctrine of chance, which is an apology for no explanation.

Each life is a continuation of former lives; but in the case of most of our faculties the resumption does not occur at so young an age. The organism has to develop first. There seems to be something about musical ability which is able to express itself through an immature body. But there is little doubt that

other abilities would also manifest themselves at an earlier age if we recognized the fact of Reincarnation and were wise enough to apply our knowledge in the real interests of the incarnating soul. Instead of this we generally place obstacles in the way and even render the manifestation impossible. If better conditions were provided the incarnating souls would be able to manifest their powers more fully.

How often do we regard a child as a Soul, with a long history behind it, passing through a critical stage of its career and intrusted to our care? Do we not generally regard it as a piece of personal property? And instead of letting it grow, we hamper it with restrictions based on our notions of life. Instead of shielding it from the assaults of the lower nature, we indulge its weaknesses; and perhaps it acquires that fatal defect of the will which has ruined so much promise.

The mysteries of knowledge, the Soul-recollection, are not revealed to untrained minds; and those who pretend to such knowledge always stultify themselves. But we may feel that such knowledge is present, behind the veil, ready for those who are able to lift the veil. Who but the pure can do that?

Theosophists, who regard the Theosophical teachings as a sacred heirloom, may be permitted to protest that such teachings should be so caricatured by vulgar minds. The world is crying out for a little saving *knowledge* concerning the laws of heredity and growth, and the Theosophical teachings can give this knowledge; when applied under wise and able direction, they can solve the problems practically. Yet people are going about teaching the most absurd travesties of Reincarnation and other Theosophical teachings, and by the use of the word "Theosophical" gaining for their absurdities a hearing they would never otherwise have gained. This is a grave injustice to the public, for it sets serious-minded people against what they are deceived into believing must be unworthy their attention; and self-respecting people naturally do not wish to form such associations.

Yet, if we have discernment enough to distinguish the gem within the mud, and to brush aside the mass of charlatanism and of vulgar chaff that has grown up around the subject, we shall find in Reincarnation a subject worthy of our most earnest attention, and destined to solve many anxious problems. E.

CENTURY PATH---SUPPLEMENT

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

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Thanksgiving Day in Lomaland

A JOY-NOTE ringing in Lomaland air makes all our holidays forget old limitations in a very magical way and in spirit must often make the very word eager to translate itself *días de fiesta*. Lomaland holidays touch the inner deeps of life where unity lives—not merely one of them, all do.

The world's holidays are national and international both. Of the latter class is New Year's Day, celebrated by Orient and Occident, by past ages and by present, not necessarily on the same calendar date—which is really immaterial—but always on the opening day of a new year-cycle. Christmas belongs to Christendom, by no means the world, nor even half of it. Fourth of July is as strictly national and American as is July 14th French.

Thanksgiving Day is another American holiday, though one whose counterpart might be celebrated in all nations to their profit. Yet in Lomaland this fact is forgotten. Not that the day itself has changed in significance or even dressed itself up in international garb. No, rather has the spirit of earnest endeavor, of moral zeal, of that renunciation of the lesser for the unspeakably greater, and above all, of gratitude—the very qualities which led our Pilgrim forefathers to establish the day, nearly three centuries ago—rather, have these qualities so permeated the life of the Student-Body in Lomaland that all days are days of thanksgiving, the special holiday merely shining out as a yearly focal point, the chief jewel of a bediamonded, vast, living web.

There are many New-Englanders in the Student-Body here, but they were not alone on last Thanksgiving Day in the train of thinking that led back to and made plastic and victorious and revivacious the picture of that little Pilgrim band in Plymouth, "thankful" that death had spared even a portion of their number that first hard year, "grateful" that the privilege to worship God as they pleased cost yet no more than cold and hunger, loneliness, sickness and death.

All students felt this, sensed it, thought of it—this picture of the heroic little band which dared the almost unknown Atlantic and the wholly unknown shores which were bleak and drear as wilderness dare be at edge of winter; the picture of their courage, their pitiful, brave attempts to house themselves for the winter, the sufferings of the women and the children, the ghastly toll of fever and pneumonia, the piteous burial of the dead—oh, so many, many dead—in graves unmarked that the living might work on undiscouraged, and hostile Indians might not learn the truth. French, German, English, Bohemian, Japanese, Russian, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Austrian, Hungarian, Jewish, Cuban, and American—all felt the same reminiscence on that day, and in all faces was the same light.

You who read this, think back, too, at the conditions out of which our yearly custom of celebrating Thanksgiving Day arose, heart-Edelweiss, truly, lifting its pure sweet face above dreariness, frost,

and snow. Think of the hardships of that seventeenth century time, of the lack of what we call "necessities" today: the lack of warmth, of medicines, of skilled care for the sick, of clothing, even of food; the lack of all but the very simplest utensils, of machinery or means of conveyance; the lack of social life as we know it, of lyceums, of places for wholesome amusement, of libraries, even of schools. What a picture! And then think of the heroism which sent the *Mayflower* back the next Spring without even one of that undiscouraged band on board; at the gratitude which established the Thanksgiving Day custom, a gratitude that counted all hardship as naught in the balance when weighed against freedom of conscience.

Question: Can we not trace humanity's general ingratitude and discontent to the fact that its heart-life has become crusted over and the hero-qualities that marked our Pilgrim ancestors obscured? And is not the deeper, truer keynote of a Lomaland Thanksgiving due to the fact that the heroic life is the daily life here, where the heart shines always? Thanksgiving Day in Lomaland is not a solitary beacon lighted in a hurry once in twelve months. It is only one of three hundred and sixty-five, each shining out one step higher on an ascending pathway.

But how describe a Lomaland Thanksgiving, more especially the last, when the realities of the day are not of the sort that can be touched upon in words? The usual glorious sunrise ushered in the day, already humming with life in our busy world where we have no "great white way," but work in the daytime and rest at night.

But what did we do on Thanksgiving Day? There was a wave of timely gratitude that, in the first lap of the rainy season, this day shone clear and sun-bright, with not a cloud in the sky.

Yet there was more than fresh sweetness in the day. The games of the young Rāja Yoga boys, held as usual on the athletic field, gave quite an Olympian touch. The children, some of them now children no longer but well on towards womanhood and manhood, students, and even teachers in the Rāja Yoga College—all made the day ring and sing and thrill and vibrate with music, inner and outer.

The day before, I encountered groups of them, here gathering flowers, there ferns, for the Refectory, again bringing in fruit-laden pepper boughs, or great glorious branches of trailing eucalypt. Their faces shone with purity, simplicity, sweetness, and self-control. No trouble about an international blend there. We grown-ups have done much to untie the knots of national pride and prejudice; truly, we have untied them, but the children, bless their hearts! never tangled up any to untie. Of God's great family, what should they, as souls, find to dodge and covet in a little outer fact such as having French blood in their veins, or Greek, or Japanese, when the soul has dwelt in all nations, doubtless, and is of them all? Which is digressing a bit—though perhaps not, since the children gave us the real international keynote of the day.

One of the prettiest touches was given by the members of the young boys' military band who gave

its own steel and textiles, we shall not be correspondingly independent as regards the many Oriental products which our luxury demands.

The conclusion seems to be that, to maintain our independence, we must develop along other lines than purely commercial ones. Many critics discern in the expansion of Oriental industry signs of warfare and strife—a familiar habit of thought among people who

trained to regard competition as a principle of progress. But it is to take a more hopeful view.

not see in this Eastern development that will counteract some of the tendencies that we see working in the East? There are various forces at work to freedom of thought and independent action, whose success might well be impossible by the presence of the most effective factor in human affairs. Popular brands of ecclesiastical dogma, for instance, can scarcely be considered to influence China. There is, therefore, that the development of the East will force the West into an attitude conducive to its own liberation from such influences which might cause it to stagnate or regress.

The development of home manufacturing countries as India, there seems likely to unite the discordant sects on a friendly and co-operative basis—combining in industrial enterprise. To divert their minds from questions of sectarianism and direct them to healthier interests. Nor will regression be in the process. For the trouble with Indian religion arises from its becoming dissociated from healthy human life and degenerating into superstition and

a great deal about "helping India." The way to help oneself is to help some one else. Will not India help us? Our own system seems in danger of succumbing to the spirit of shortsighted selfishness which plays so large a part in it. We are on in the art of conducting industrial enterprise. Is it too much to hope that the wiser (and wiser?) nations will be able to give us this instruction? Let us leave the law to settle up for any wrongs we have received from each other, and ourselves with returning the benefits, giving the eternal spirit of Gratitude to unite nations together in the common bond of that fundamental religion.

H. T. E.

"Jezreel Tower"

and there actually exists a building that was erected as a sanctuary to hold the bones of the 144,000 elect at the second coming. It was never finished, and now stands as a strange incomplete structure, on a hill. "James Jershon Jezreel," who built the Tower, was a fanatic who started quoted from a mysterious scripture "Flying Roll." He collected money to build the tower, but the day of the Lord came like a thief in the night, and he died before finishing the erection. H.

Radiation and Temperature

Conclusions tentatively reached in physics are that temperature and radiation are greatest during sunspot minima; that a decrease in ultra-violet radiation during spot maxima leads to less ozone in the upper air, and hence to increased diathermancy and cooling of the earth; that these tendencies are partly counterbalanced by auroral activities which are at maxima with spot maxima, increasing the ozone in high latitudes; and that changes in the solar radiation are more effective at the tropics than elsewhere. STUDENT

The present systems are the resultant of the forces at present at work in society; if they are bad, it is because the demands which they supply are bad. What is the young man's outlook on life? What are his parents' ideals respecting him? That is the question, and it brings us back to the root. We have no adequate idea of the meaning of life and its true aims.

TRAVERS

a concert program across the way from the Refectory during the dinner hour—postponing their own dinner a goodly time in order to do it. It was a fit setting for the dinner itself, prepared by devoted Student-hands and served with a daintiness and skill that carried with it a positive spiritual quality.

In the evening the day was fittingly closed by a Shakespearean program, a dramatic presentation by a group of the Rāja Yoga boys from the Forestry and Engraving Departments and the Aryan Theosophical Press, of a portion of *King Henry VIII*. There was the infamous Wolsey, and Cromwell, his attendant, there were the King and courtiers, and there was the dramatized Law itself, Karma all empicured, that lesson in the slavery of ambition and the folly of self-seeking. The climax of the drama, the scene presenting it, formed a fitting close to the day in its tribute to that Law which taketh from him that hath not even that which he hath.

From the soul-purity of true learners at this Center, young and old, must there not spring something new, to be infused into the world's depleted, discouraged, inharmonious life, transforming it? Every Thanksgiving Day celebrated in the Lomaland spirit brings that time nearer.

Comrades and Fellow-members! Let us realize that Thanksgiving Day in the deeper sense is international, belonging not to America alone, but to the whole human family. It is no New England custom, merely, but of the race, a part and an expression of the general life we all share. Let us bring to it the Lomaland touch, a new spirit of impersonal consecration and genuine happiness and see if we cannot make just a little wider the rift in the clouds that the sunlight of brotherliness may shine through.

STUDENT

PROFESSOR F. S. DARROW, formerly Professor of Greek at Drury College, Springfield, Mo., and well-known to our readers for the splendid fight he has made for Theosophy, arrived at Point Loma Nov. 25th, to join his family until February, when his libel suit against Drury College for wrongful dismissal and against Rev. Dr. Briggs will come to trial.

MISS AMY LESTER, Directress of the Rāja Yoga College at Pinar del Rio, Cuba, has been spending a short vacation at the International Theosophical Headquarters and probably by the time this is in our readers' hands will be on her way back to Cuba. She will be accompanied by Miss Annie Harris, daughter of our Comrade, Iverson L. Harris, one of Katherine Tingley's Cabinet Officers. Miss Harris is going to Cuba to be trained as a Teacher.

ADDITIONAL contributions to the fund for the relief of sufferers from the recent terrible cyclones at Pinar del Rio have been received from England.

THE following is from an interesting account of the visit of the Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star to San Diego last month written over the signature of Rosa Josephine Burns, G. M.

"A notable and most interesting feature of the occasion was the cordial and kindly invitation from Madame Tingley, of the Point Loma Homestead, to the members of the Eastern Star to visit that

wonderland and that lady's offer to entertain as many as chose to avail themselves of the offer.

"Just why the San Diego people are so supine in exploiting the most valuable integer of all the fine things in and around San Diego, we do not know, but the fact remains that if it had not been for the efforts of this writer, not one in a hundred would have known anything of the place further than what they could see in passing it.

"Every driver of horse or auto would pass it at full speed, telling his fares that there was 'no admittance,' a simple lie. [Note: We learn from many tourists who afterwards write us, that they had been deprived of seeing the International Theosophical Headquarters, by drivers of automobiles, tallyhos, and other conveyances—the statement being made to them that there is no admittance to the grounds. The only explanation would appear to be that it is to the advantage of the drivers or the company they represent to cover as much ground as possible in as short a time as possible, and that by making this statement they are enabled to get back to the city half an hour or an hour earlier than if their patrons visited the Theosophical Headquarters. And yet we are informed the name of the Theosophical Headquarters is used by these same parties in their advertisements as one of the attractions on one of their principal routes.—Recorder]

"On the Wednesday about a hundred visitors assembled on the plateau in front of the great dome and listened to a few, some sixty or so, of the girl children (the boys had all gone to see Buffalo Bill and his show) grouped on the outside gallery of the dome where they rendered some delicious part-songs, after which, under the guidance of Secretary Fussell and his corps of gentleman students, the visitors were conducted over a part of the buildings and grounds.

"The general local public of San Diego seem to have little or no knowledge of the interesting things to be seen and learned at this institution. The great dome itself, with its carvings and paintings, galleries and stage; the dome not much smaller than the great one is that devoted to music and the fine arts, its great colored glass dome alone is an object of the greatest beauty; the dormitories and homes of the children, of whom there are a great number; the bungalows, semi-hid in the forest of trees, with which the whole place is surrounded; the Grecian open-air theater, situated on the edge of a cliff at the foot of which the Pacific Ocean alternately moans and roars, all these and many more, are physical objects well worth the trouble of going to see and the wealth of good works, the objects of care and industry of the highly educated denizens of the Home, among whom are painters, poets, musicians, philanthropists, and other such believers in the Brotherhood of Man, are doing should have appealed to the heart of every member of the Eastern Star. The subject is too great for our space this month, but we may return to it some day soon.

"Many of the members of the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star stayed after the meeting to take in some of many sights of the district and especially to hear the great apostle of Theosophy and the Brotherhood of Humanity, Mrs. Katherine Tingley, in her lecture on 'The Trend of Civilization.' The big Isis Theater was crowded to the doors, the members of the Grand Chapter, guests of the Brotherhood, occupying the whole of the parquette by special invitation."—*The Los Angeles Freeman*

'A College Education'

HERE is a controversy waging as to whether a college education fits a young man for life. Many influential authorities are quoted as declaring that it does not. But, granting this, is it the college education that is to blame?

Is the raw material sent up to the colleges of such a nature that the colleges cannot turn it into useful products? Again, are the colleges hampered by outside interference so that they cannot do what they ought?

Dr. Colin Scott, of Boston, says:

I should like to say a word about the external organization of the schools, for which the public, rather than the teachers, are responsible. This is at present probably the most un-American institution in America. We say that rulers derive their just powers from the consent of those they rule. But in the schools we have the rulers of teachers, the School Board and the superintendents, vested with authority which does not proceed even to a small extent from the teachers whom they command. There is no other profession organized in such a way. Such a method of organization makes progress very difficult, if not almost impossible. Actually whatever real progress is made is always by the consent of the teachers. But there is no means of having this expressed in a responsible manner. The teachers have absolutely no rights or any voice to say what shall be done in their own rooms. On the side of the superintendent this keeps him working in the dark. He is forced to make progress by the informal consent of those who are denied a responsible hearing and have no rights of expression. He has to guess what they will accept, instead of asking them directly. This makes him a leader who is never able to find out who or how many support him, who works therefore in the dark, where votes are not counted and where the bitterest and most widespread opposition may exist unseen.

There is only one way out of this situation, and that is to industrialize the teaching body. Give the man or woman "on the job" a voice.

This seems to explain why the material sent up to colleges may be so unpromising. Probably the colleges themselves are tied up in the same kind of way; at any rate they are sufficiently hampered by criticism from people who are not themselves teachers.

As to the business men, they want competent youths, college-bred or not; probably the college does not much affect this question, does not make a man either more or less competent for business than he would otherwise have been. The question of his competency is mainly settled in earlier life.

It is the earlier life that is the important point to consider; those who have charge of the young during that period are responsible. What can the college do with a youth whose habits are already formed?

Then we need to leave the teachers a freer hand. The man at the helm knows more about practical needs than the onlooker; that maxim is accepted in business; why not in education? But even this advice must be given with hesitation; for the character of the teacher is all-important, and what means have we to insure that that shall always be what it ought to be?

The present systems are the resultant of the forces at present at work in society; if they are bad, it is because the demands which they supply are bad. What is the young man's outlook on life? What are his parents' ideals respecting him? That is the question, and it brings us back to the root. We have no adequate idea of the meaning of life and its true aims.

TRAVERS

Oriental Industrialism

IN attempting to forecast the future of our western civilization we reckon without one great factor, for we neglect the eastern nations, whose future progress, measured by their recent marvelous advance, is obviously destined to exercise so important an influence.

A writer in the *Indian Review* summarizes the situation as regards trade; but we are not dependent on any views of his, for we can observe the facts for ourselves. He says:

In one respect, the Orient really is menacing the West, and so earnest and open-minded is Asia that no pretense or apology whatever is made about it, nor is any effort put forth to hide it from the Occidental. The Easterner has thrown down the industrial gauntlet, and from now on Asia is destined to witness a progressively intense trade warfare, the Occidental scrambling to retain his hold on the markets of the East, and the Oriental endeavoring to beat him in a battle in which heretofore he has been an easy victor.

Factories run by steam and electricity, by native experts trained by Europeans, are multiplying in Japan, China, India, and other Oriental lands. The manufacturers can count on:

Their own well-known dexterity in all industrial crafts;

The noted patience and industry of their people;

An inexhaustible supply of cheap and efficient labor;

Natural resources abundant and so far scarcely touched.

So here we see what we have to compete with.

Their chief aim is to develop and patronize home industries, thus becoming independent of importation. The spur of rivalry among themselves is already telling. India is making haste to emulate Japan.

Our own superiority so far has rested on the two facts of our enterprise and our use of modern invention; in both of which respects the Orientals are now rapidly putting themselves on an equal footing, while we cannot rival them in those respects wherein they have always had the acknowledged superiority—cheapness and abundance of labor.

The significance of this for the future of the West is very great. Our civilization may justly be described as commercial. Among the various tendencies operating in our society many observers seem to decry the menace of a commercial plutocracy. The answer which the Oriental situation gives to this question is that, *if our future order is to be based on commercialism, we shall probably not play the first fiddle*. Those very means by which commercial dominance is gained and maintained may be employed by other peoples against us. The development of home industries in Oriental countries will close Eastern markets to our goods. In other foreign markets we shall meet with overwhelming competition from the Oriental export trade. But, while the Orient will be able to manufacture its own steel and textiles, we shall not be correspondingly independent as regards the many Oriental products which our luxury demands.

The conclusion seems to be that, to maintain our independence, we must develop along other lines than purely commercial ones. Many critics discern in the expansion of Oriental industry signs of warfare and strife—a familiar habit of thought among people who

have been trained to regard competition as the cardinal principle of progress. But it is possible to take a more hopeful view.

May we not see in this Eastern development a power that will counteract some of the questionable tendencies that we see working in our countries? There are various forces unfavorable to freedom of thought and independence of action, whose success might well be rendered impossible by the presence of the Orient as an effective factor in human affairs. Our particular brands of ecclesiastical dogmatism, for instance, can scarcely be considered as likely to influence China. There is every hope, therefore, that the development of Asia will force the West into an attitude conducive to its own liberation from such influences as might cause it to stagnate or retrogress.

As to the development of home manufactures in such countries as India, there seems nothing so likely to unite the discordant sects and tribes on a friendly and co-operative basis as their combining in industrial enterprise. This will divert their minds from questions of caste and sectarianism and direct their attention to healthier interests. Nor will religion suffer in the process. For the trouble with sectarian religion arises from its becoming too far dissociated from healthy human sense and degenerating into superstition and fanaticism.

We hear a great deal about "helping India." The best way to help oneself is to help someone else. Will not India help us? Our own industrial system seems in danger of succumbing from the spirit of shortsighted selfishness which plays so large a part in it. We need a lesson in the art of conducting industries on a wiser plan. Is it too much to hope that the older (and wiser?) nations will be able to furnish us this instruction? Let us leave the great Law to settle up for any wrongs we may have received from each other, and occupy ourselves with returning the benefits, thus invoking the eternal spirit of Gratitude and binding nations together in the common veneration of that fundamental religion.

H. T. E.

'Jezreel Tower'

IN England there actually exists a building that was erected as a sanctuary to hold 5000 of the 144,000 elect at the second advent. But it was never finished, and now stands, a strange incomplete structure, on Chatham Hill. "James Jerushon Jezreel," who built Jezreel Tower, was a fanatic who started a sect and quoted from a mysterious scripture called the "Flying Roll." He collected money to build the tower, but the day of the Lord came for him like a thief in the night, and he died before finishing the erection. H.

Solar Radiation and Temperature

SOME conclusions tentatively reached in astrophysics are that temperature and rainfall are greatest during sunspot minima; that a decrease in ultra-violet radiation during spot maxima leads to less ozone in the upper air, and hence to increased diathermacy and cooling of the earth; that these tendencies are partly counterbalanced by auroral activities which are at maxima with spot maxima, increasing the ozone in high latitudes; and that changes in the solar radiation are more effective at the tropics than elsewhere. STUDENT

The Revivification of China

IN publishing the closing article of a series contributed by its Pekin Correspondent describing his journey across the Chinese Empire from east to west in the first half of this year, the London *Times* reviews the journey and its results in a leading article with the caption "The Development of Western China." The Itinerary is thus given:

Starting from Pekin on January 15, he traveled by rail to Honanfu. Thence he rode to Sianfu in the province of Shensi, and across Kansu, into the province of Sinkiang, the "New Dominion." After reaching the remote frontier city of Kuldja, he turned south over the formidable Tien-Shan Range, which he traversed by the Musart Pass. Descending into Chinese Turkestan, he passed through Kashgar to the farthest confines of Chinese territory and marched to the railhead of the Russian railway system at Andijan. In the course of his journey he rode 3760 miles between the two railways in 174 days. It was a good piece of travel, modestly described, and our Correspondent has brought back much information which is both interesting and important.

The following is a summary of some of the results touched upon in the *Times* review.

Though in some parts the traveler passed through regions where few if any Europeans have ever been before, he was everywhere most cordially received, and treated with courtesy and respect.

The most striking result of the journey is its proof of the revivification of the Chinese Empire, and particularly of the rate at which Western China is being developed, the latter proving that China has never been really moribund, in spite of the supposed reactionary influences holding sway in the Forbidden City, the seat of the central government.

The salient characteristic of the Chinese Empire today is the filling up of the waste areas, the outward and westward trend of population, akin to that which led up to such great developments in Canada and the United States. Encouraged by the lightest possible taxation, the people are eagerly filling up the waste areas and "Winning the West" to cultivation. China also has its huge prairies, hitherto sparsely peopled by nomad Mongol tribes; these vast spaces are being brought under the plow; and, a matter of interest to Theosophical students:

Even the Gobi Desert is shrinking; the belt of cultivation on its borders is said to be advancing at the rate of several miles a year, and the climate grows milder in consequence.

Even from its "tremendous misfortunes" and "gigantic disasters"—which might ruin a less populous empire and a less amazingly industrious and enterprising race—China arises in greater strength. The Tae-ping rebellion drove millions of people into what is now the rich and flourishing province of Szechuan; and Kansu, whose population dropped from 30 millions to 6 millions during the Mohammedan rebellion, is regaining its old prosperity by leaps and bounds. Yunnan, stimulated by the railway, is rapidly progressing; and in the northern provinces large tracts are being planted with the soya bean which has brought sudden wealth to Manchuria.

There were plenty of evidences throughout the journey of good administration, and enlightened attempts at education and the encouragement of industries.

These timely and encouraging articles should

bring home to us the fact that "progress" is not a Western monopoly. China is not only sending crowds of students to Japan, Europe, and America, but is setting her own house in order; and, though the phrase is much abused, it is one of the most striking, hopeful, vital "signs of the times" that *one third* of the human race is doing this with "astonishing industry and enterprise." The Western nations, with their burdens of militarism, "race-suicide," "labor-troubles," and general vaunt of progress, are thereby challenged in a new way.

W. J. R.

How to Learn Languages

A TOKYO magazine, *Life*, "for Japanese students in English," and under the editorship of a Japanese, opens its first number with an editorial on the learning of English. The Editor seems to have perfectly accomplished this—for a Japanese—very difficult task, and his advice is extremely good and part of it unique. Read much, he says; but do not be content with getting the meaning of what you read. In deciphering a Babylonian inscription the meaning is about all we can get or usually need to get, for no one wants to be able to speak Babylonian with drawing-room grace or address meetings in it. It is quite usual for dictionary students of a foreign language to be able to read—in the sense of being able to get at the meaning of—any ordinary book without having acquired the capacity to say the simplest thing. They dissect out the meaning of what they read, carrying it across as they do so straight into their own tongue. Varying the metaphor, they remain all the time on *their* side of the fence.

To learn the language properly, to get at the spirit of it, you must get over on to *its* side of the fence. Having done the dictionary work for any paragraph, you must then read it often enough for *its* words to begin to seem to you the proper ones to carry that idea, *its*, not your native ones. Then, if you have the proper pronunciation, read or recite those words aloud to an imaginary listener as your direct expression to him of the idea. Thus also—granted your possession of the pronunciation—your ear will be trained so as to understand what you may hear. The point is to think in the other language. Take the ideas from the book, then, and think them in the words provided.

The editor's third suggestion is to link up not only your intellectual but your *spiritual* interests with the study—a suggestion surely only possible to a member of an essentially spiritual race who knows that he will be sympathetically understood.

In order to secure the great benefit from the source of rich materials for character building which this study [of English] affords, I wish that my young readers would associate their study of English with their spiritual culture.

He assumes, you see, their pursuit of spiritual culture.

Plenty of such elements can be found in Christianity, in Buddhism, in Confucianism. Read the Bible and the other sacred books of these religions in English with a critical eye, the literary understanding, and above all the devotional spirit; and keep always the attitude of living a spiritual life. Reading what are called devotional books will help greatly to stimulate the mind to engage in meditation in English. In such a way of thinking, they can get

very strong associations in the depth of their lives. I realize that strong associations depend on vivid impressions, meditation, concentration and inspiration.

Surely the first time that a student of a foreign language was urged to use it as a stimulus to engage in meditation! There is a charming impartiality, too, in the equal recommendation of several religions as equally conducive to that spiritual life which the student is assumed as a matter of course to be anxious to lead.

C.

Railroads in Palestine

PALESTINE is being covered with a network of railways, and the screech of the locomotive may be heard in Jerusalem, on the shores of Galilee, in Nazareth, and in many other places associated with Biblical history.

So says a writer in the *Scientific American Supplement*, and proceeds to give particulars, from which we select a few samples.

The first to be opened was that which runs from Jaffa to Jerusalem; and though the distance is but 55 miles, the journey takes three hours and forty minutes, and often five or six hours. Jaffa is said to have been built by one of Noah's sons, and to have been the port at which Solomon landed his supplies for the Temple. The train runs through the orange groves of the plain of Sharon, passing the modern village of Yasur, the traditional site of Samson's feat in catching three hundred foxes. The first important stopping-place is Lydda, the site of Lod, built 1400 B. C. We pass the traditional site of Arimathea; Mizpeh, where the Children of Israel were wont to be called together and where Saul was crowned; Bethshemesh, where the Ark rested; and other places of interest, until we reach Jerusalem after descending 2600 ft. from the sea.

There are three other railroads: from Beirut to Damascus, from Haifa round the Sea of Galilee to Damascus, and the pilgrim road from Damascus to Medina. The first of these is 91 miles long and takes nine and a half hours; it is narrow gage and has a rack and cogwheel arrangement for ascending the hilly portion. Tourists always leave it to visit the marvelous ruins of Baalbek. The second was built for carrying supplies to the scene of the Mecca railroad, so as to avoid the high rates charged by the Turkish government for carrying them on the Beirut-Damascus line. It skirts Carmel and passes near Nazareth, past the south of the Sea of Galilee, and so north-east to join the main line from Damascus.

The Mecca railroad was built to carry Mohammedan pilgrims. Starting from Damascus, it runs almost due south through wild and sterile country to Medina, 820 miles. The steel rails and iron ties were imported from the United States, while Germany and Belgium supplied the rolling-stock. No one but Mohammedans may go beyond El Ula, 609 miles from Damascus and 210 from Medina. The late Sultan suggested the construction of this road in 1900, and in 1908 it was completed as far as Medina. The proposal is now to carry it into Mecca itself. TRAVERS

Special Subscription Offer

THE attention of our Readers is called to the Special Subscription Offer. See page 20.

Art Music Literature and the Drama



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

A COLOR STUDY—RAJA YOGA ACADEMY AND ARYAN TEMPLE AMID FLOWERING SHRUBS AND BORDER

Color-Studies in Lomaland

BY R. MACHELL
II

NOTE the endless and fascinating variety of shades and tones of color, broken up, too, by an infinite variety of forms with shadows playing in and around all these forms, and always these shadows strongly toned with purple, or else pure purple. But when man decorates his work, he uses paint mixed with great care so as to avoid any of these beautiful variations that make the charm of nature. He loves monotony, which he mistakes for unity, he strives ardently to get an exact repetition of a form, free from variation. Monotony and repetition are his key-notes in mechanical work, and what he is pleased to call *decoration* too. But Nature's key-notes are harmony and variation—*infinite variation in form and color.*

Take the most symmetrical plant you know and see if you can find any two leaves or petals which are exactly alike in all their parts; why, before you have gone far in your investigation, you will have found that there is no single detail that is quite exactly the same in any two parts. And yet the likeness is so well preserved that a student of nature rarely mistakes one flower for another or has much doubt as

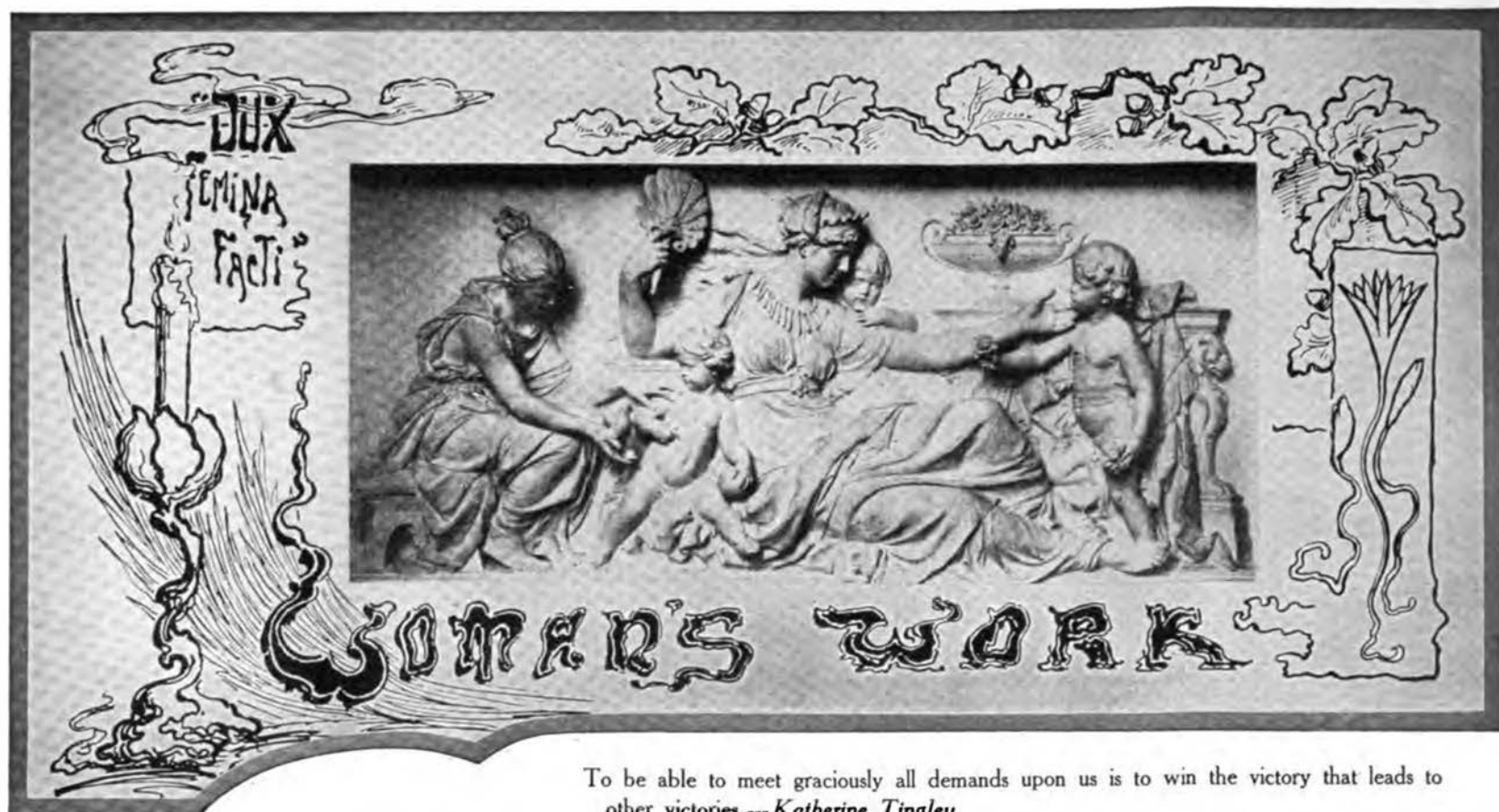
to the family to which a plant or tree may belong, when he has a few leaves to examine. The character is plainly, strongly marked, but the means by which it is expressed allow of an indefinite degree of variation. It is this prevailing purpose running through variety of color and form that allows of perpetual harmony in nature. Purpose seems to be like the purple in colors, the great harmonizer, the restorer of inner unity.

In form, too, one may learn from nature the reason of the ugliness and vulgarity that stamp the works of man. For just as where nature uses broken tones of purple and green and gold, man uses blue, red and yellow, and black and white, all as raw and crude as he can get them; so too, in form, man uses squares, circles, ellipses, triangles, straight lines, and so on, but in nature you may hunt long enough before you will find any one of these things—aye, even among the crystals it holds good, for though crystallization may be upon the basis of a cube, let us say, you will find that the cubes are so grouped or massed or intermingled with other forms that you will have to pick one out and separate it from its surroundings before you can show it as a set, regular cube, so infinite is the variation in arrangement of forms employed by nature.

But man likes regularity; he dreads variation and has made for himself an idol, a graven image which he worships, not a golden calf; no, that might be a beautiful thing! Modern man has made an image of his god—nay I think it is his god come down to earth! And he has called his name *Machinery*, and this god of his does his creative work for him, and his watchwords are mechanical exactitude and repetition. A mighty god is this Machinery; yet, great as it is, it is the work of man; and how great then must man be, and how foolish, in that he is so much the slave of his own creature, the slave of his own machines.

But the soul of man is not dead; the soul loves beauty and harmony and variation; and the soul of man is awakening again today and calling for harmony and variation, and freedom from the tyranny of machine-made life. Man must become again a craftsman, using more and more the higher qualities of human skill to supply what the machine can never give—the grace and beauty that belong to variation in design and execution. For it is in this variation that the force of harmony can be expressed; it is through this opening that flows the principle that gives life and beauty to works of craftsmanship or of art.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



To be able to meet graciously all demands upon us is to win the victory that leads to other victories.—Katherine Tingley.

A LETTER, according to Webster, is "an epistle, a writing, literature." We well know what measureless loss would be entailed were there wholesale destruction of all the immortal writings that wear the outer guise of letters. Some of the rarest passages in the world's sacred books are letters. The letter in Shakespeare is a subject worthy of dignified and individual treatment. The finest flower of literary and spiritual service, in some favored lives, has taken the form of letters. On the other hand, how often have simple letters, brought to untimely light, covered with humiliation the descendants of notable men and women, or again brought ruin to the writers of them. So there are letters *and* letters. And yet how many, when they sit down to while away an hour or work out a mood in letter-writing, ever pause to look upward at the Damocles' sword above their heads, suspended by a filament that is vulnerable to the faintest breeze of heedlessness or personality. . . .

Yesterday I wrote a letter. It lay on the desk all night, was crowded into a heap of papers, and only an hour ago came into view. I had wholly forgotten the contents, so little real impression had the writing of it made, so I reread it. There was a slovenly, hurried touch which I then recalled having felt when I wrote it. But my brain had sung out the ready excuse, "Oh, it's only a letter, and only for Aunt Sarah — and you are in such a hurry. Let it go." So I had "let it go."

Here was the mark of a mood. How beautiful the record of it looked, now that the writing was cold! Involuntarily I picked up the ready pen and scratched a paragraph into oblivion. A line followed on the second page, then another, and another. That question about Millie was asked from sheer curiosity. That reference to Aunt Sarah's neighbor — was dangerously near the gossip-line. My solicitude as to the new maid and the beaten biscuit recipe — what hypocrisy it covered! What was I accentuating, in the light of the Theo-

LETTERS!

sophic ideals I professed, in harping upon matters I cared not a whit about? It wasn't helping Aunt Sarah, and the hypocrisy of it lowered me. Analysing, I had to admit that I did it solely in order that Aunt Sarah, who opposed everything that did not subscribe to her limited religious creed, wouldn't think I was aloof, and far-away and "stuck up." The "love" and "kindest regards" that I sent to her neighbors — I might have had the decency to work up one throb of genuine feeling for them when I sent all that, for they were good people, who in general wished others well.

EASY to find are companions when happiness is sought in things of sense and when riches are abundant; but hard to find are companions when one has fallen into misfortune or has taken his refuge in the Higher Law. — Ascribed to the Buddha.

From the Sanskrit of Aśvaghoṣa's *Buddha-Charita*, written more than two thousand years ago on the life and work of Gautama Buddha.

But I hadn't done so. I had merely put those words in, so many soulless things, because Aunt Sarah, I supposed, would expect it.

When I got to the end — and it was just an average letter, as the world goes, neither better nor worse than the rank and file — I felt an arrant uncomfortableness. Where was the finer, truer touch I should have given it? — and I *could* have done so with the glow over my life of Theosophic ideals. Why had I closed the door, for the space of just that one letter, upon what had become, in a very real sense, "a living power" in my life — Theosophy? Was I afraid of my Aunt Sarah — that she would think me "preachy" or old-fashioned? Or was it just a forgetfulness for the time of what Katherine Tingley is trying

so patiently to teach us, that Theosophy is not to be thought of as merely a philosophic system, but as a light whose rays are to be shed upon every act, every problem, every moment of daily life, "an embodied law of conduct, the highest expression of divine love and compassion?" Was it because I had forgotten that?

Or was it that I thought of letters — so many do — as things to be attended to at odd times, a something extraneous to one's real life, now a "filler" of unexpected gaps, and again a nuisance? Why had I failed to co-ordinate this act and my professed ideals? Was the world's hand still so heavy on my habit of mind? Was I so untheosophic as to presume to say that any detail is small, that any real duty, however slight, is unimportant? "Didn't matter"! And Aunt Sarah has a *penchant* for treasuring up letters, as so many home-keeping bodies have. She has letters that I wrote her as a child of five, and letters all along the way, and she — the ghostly procession of these witnesses to my moods and desires, my conservatism and my heedlessness, began to travel before my mind's window just then. What a record of trivialities and worse to be disclosed perhaps to my own children some day, or worst of all, to myself! "Unimportant" — why, how many times in history has a single letter changed the destiny of a suit in court, of a man, of a family, of whole communities, even of nations. That lost horse-shoe nail which kept from change the face of Europe — let us call that unimportant, but not letters! For a moment I knew how it might seem to have a procession of executioners passing slowly before me and chanting out their judgments one by one! *Letters!*

And then I thought of the Ancients. People didn't write so many letters in their days. There weren't post-offices on every corner, and in spite of what they do say about the garrulous Athenians, there weren't gossip-shops in every neighborhood. And in all

lands, among those who had taken a stand (as I aspired to do) as students and exponents of a true philosophy of life, their Teachers *didn't allow it*. Let us italicize the words. Perhaps Teachers would allow it in this age, with its varying demands and differing conditions—we do not know. We only know that true Teachers, while bringing the same wisdom, always adapt their methods to the needs and conditions of the time. But at any rate, it is food for profitable thought that they didn't allow promiscuous letter-writing then. Perhaps that is why some of the Ancients got somewhere—or partly why.

Ay-y! I drew a long breath and with consummate carefulness and grim precision tore up that letter to my Aunt Sarah and deposited the scraps in the fire. Then I sat down, with as much dignity and absence of hurry as if I were about to indite a Coronation Ode, and I wrote my Aunt Sarah a second letter. I put in no sentences just for "padding," nor any that I would have been ashamed to own later for their slovenliness or faulty building; and I didn't refer to the house-maid at all, for it seemed to me that it wouldn't hurt Aunt Sarah to get away from her life's absorbing topic for five minutes; and I didn't let any moods somersault and dance over the pages, nor any curiosity crawl in to slime over the paragraphs, either.

And between the lines, and *in* them, I put a Theosophic touch or two. I could do so with clear conscience, for while much of my letter-writing was useless, as I knew, I was quite inside my Theosophic duty in writing to Aunt Sarah. She had taken me from the frail arms of an invalid mother whose death would have left me without the touch of that love which is the best of motherhood, had this maiden aunt not stepped in to bestow it. And she had brought me up, just as she was now bringing up, in her brother's home, a troop of nephews and nieces. If her narrow creeds had made her intolerant of Theosophy that fact should not make me forget what I owed to a nobility that could shine out in real love *in spite of creeds*. Perhaps the fact that in writing this second letter I started out to be sincere made *me* more transparent to some of life's realities. At any rate, there came into my heart a realization of all that I owed that creed-bound but large-hearted woman. Why not tell her so? But how?

Dear heart, as I sit writing to you today, many, many pictures of the past come to my mind and I cannot close without a word of gratitude to just dear *you*. Nothing can ever repay what I owe to your loving care during all the years when I so little realized the daily sacrifices of your life. Except for the touch of Theosophy in my own I know that I should not realize it now; but Theosophy teaches us to search out the truth as well as to serve it, and above all it teaches gratitude. As I think back and recall your counsel in the days when I had no inner guide as I have now, I realize that in addition to the creeds and dogmas you gave me, there was the heart-touch of true hope, again and again; and perhaps *you* planted the very seeds which, ripening years afterwards, led me to the truer conception of life and life's duties that Theosophy gives. Who knows? My own heart tells me that your years of goodness and sacrifice were not in vain and that in spite of limitations which you could not help, you builded better than you knew. Truly I should be grateful—and I am. . . .

I had never written so before. It had always seemed as though bustling, practical Aunt Sarah would never understand, and with Theosophy a constant thorn in her side I had

bent most of my efforts toward dodging that thorn. It had not occurred to me to make it blossom into a sweet fragrant flower, which she would love and treasure—and yet the magic to do so was all the time close at hand! I had really never been sincere in this matter of letter-writing before—that was the obstacle. And I took courage in thinking of how I should be able to lop off a lot of useless correspondence and so serve better that which was really a duty, in the light of the same test, the test of sincerity *in myself*. What a relief it would be!

Then, with carefulness and dignity, and without any concessions to the little hobgoblin that danced up just then to whisper "Oh, don't bother, hurry it off!" I made a copy of that letter to Aunt Sarah and I placed it in a permanent file. There it lies, and there it will



EMPERESS EUGÉNIE

FOR there are those that love not, though they have the power to serve; and there are those who love, who yet avail naught in service. But one who is full of love, with power to serve as well—such a one is hard to find though one search the wide world through. . . .

And should my father say that my going forth is untimely, let him know that no hour is untimely for the Law.—Attributed to the Buddha from *Aśvaghosha's Buddha-Charita*

continue to lie, a note sounded for future justice, for self-protection and for the protection of others.

"The protection of others," you say, "of course, supreme care in the writing of letters and the keeping of a record is self-protective. That is patent. But protection to others—how do you argue that?"

If it were not a protection to others there would be no use in exercising care in the light of Theosophy. For Theosophy teaches that our duty to others is the one real duty in the universe, the duty that includes all others. So that from the higher standpoint of brotherhood, from the vantage-ground of the real Self which lives and breathes in the rarefied atmosphere of selfless thought for others, care and poise become doubly important if we would not hurt far more often than we heal.

You who doubt that care and—let us say it right out—the *Theosophic touch* in letter-writing are not protective toward others in a vital sense, go back in thought for a moment and get a good clear picture of one of your customary letter-writing moods. *Moods*, advisedly, for most people, nowadays, seem to use the channel of friendly correspondence

as a sewer through which to pour their moods. How often, how very, very often, have you begun a letter to your dearest friend by telling her that you are so perplexed, or discouraged, or blue, that if you don't just drop everything and chat with her for a while you will never be able to get through the day? Only you don't "drop everything," you pour it all out upon her, so much mental and psychic fog and filth and dishwater; and then—strange human nature!—you think you have really conferred a favor upon your friend when you call her your "dear, dear confidante," at the end, and tell her that just sitting down to write to her has made everything so much "better," that really, your "blues" are quite gone, etc., etc. Probably they are, and probably you do feel better. So did the Augean stables after their historic bath. But we are not told that Hercules saved the bath water and sent it around to his friends! If you would only be as considerate! But no, you seal up that bacteria-shop and send it through the post in hot haste.

And your friend—she felt "better" to receive it, as much "better" as if she had received a gift of roses with cyanide sprinkled among the petals. If our minds were only as real to us as our bodies, if we could only see them as clearly, how differently we should act! What is a sickened body, in the light of immortality, compared with a sickened, warped, plundered, and garotted mind? And if we realized that letter-writing is not life's rag-bag but a dignified occupation, with which, in addition, we have nothing to do unless it comes along the line of duty—wouldn't we be just a bit more careful?

How many otherwise sensible folk are never satisfied unless the letters they send off are big and bulky and interminable? They are proud of having "accomplished so much" and of writing letters "that are letters!" Yet these very people generally feel self-accused for a week afterward because of the unwarrantable spilling-over of personal nothings of which they were guilty.

How many—and they tell me that the Theosophical Society has not been wholly free from these in the past—bestow such wonderful "private information" in their letters, always with finger on lip, quite *sub rosa*, strictly *entre nous*, of course. Ostensibly the willing grantors of unspeakable benefits, in reality their secret aim is to impress humble recipients with their importance "to the work," their erudition, their advancement; with the fact, in short, that they are the whole thing and that the movement couldn't possibly get on without them!

And then there are the chronic complainers, whose scribbled whine, misnamed "letter," reads like a section from the police-court column; and there are—ugh! let us close the list right here.

A handful of unanswered letters lies before me. I had planned to "get rid of them" tonight. But the fever to write has cooled. Instead, I sit here musing, with the blaze and glory of a Lomaland sunset pouring in at the window, and I wonder how many would be perfectly satisfied to meet, on some imminent *Dies Irae*, all the letters they had ever written! Methinks it would be a "Day of Wrath," and of futile remorse as well, with between the lines its Theosophic lesson. A PROBATIONER

OUR YOUNG FOLK

Harold Cristadoro

WE have already spoken of the passing on of our young comrade, Harold Cristadoro, and the memorial services that were held in the Rotunda of the Râja Yoga College. All his young friends, and I think that all who read the Young Folks Page will wish to be in that category, will be interested in hearing of the services that were held at Pinar del Rio.

Faithful in his studies and the performance of his duties, devoted to the Râja Yoga principles, loyal and true to his companions in the ranks, and a loving and dutiful son, a beloved and capable teacher in the Râja Yoga Academy at Pinar del Rio, our young comrade, Harold Cristadoro peacefully went to sleep September 20th after a short illness. He was true and open-hearted, and realizing to a great extent his hereditary physical difficulties, he made a manful fight against them.

The funeral services which were held in Pinar del Rio were attended by the Governor of the province, the Mayor of the city, and by all the most prominent men in both city and province. As the Râja Yoga Academy owned no lot in the cemetery, which is in control of the Roman Catholics, one of the most prominent physicians, a great friend of Râja Yoga in Cuba, offered his own vault in the cemetery for the interment. Memorial services were held in the Râja Yoga Academy at Pinar del Rio and the beautiful white ribbons used on the wreaths and the quotations which were read at the memorial service, were sent to Point Loma, where another memorial service was held by his comrades in the William Q. Judge Club, also attended by the Leader and all the comrades on the Hill. The same quotations were read, and after a most impressive ceremony, the Leader gave one of her heart-inspiring talks on the lessons that such an event has for all if we will take them.

Our young comrade has gone to his rest for a time, but will soon return to take up the work he loved so well, and surely through his devotion he has earned a new and better body. The feeling that pervaded the memorial services at Point Loma was that a benediction had been shed upon all.

Our young comrade lacked but a month of completing his twenty-first year, having been born October 18, 1889. His mother has for many years been a devoted and loyal member of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, her membership dating from the old days of William Q. Judge, and for several years she was Director of the St. Paul (Minn.) Center. In her sweet patience and courage in the time of sorrow and trial, she has made her life an example of the beneficence and uplifting power of Theosophy.

STUDENT

A True Friend

"IT must be time now, I'm off!" exclaimed Geoffrey Seymour, packing away his books and turning towards the door. "Why, aren't you coming too?" he added as



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.
MARIA LUISA CUERVO
NIECE OF ISABEL RUBIO

DECEMBER

RIDING upon the goat, with snow-white hair
I come, the last of all this crown of mine
Is of the holly; in my hand I bear
The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant cones of pine.
I celebrate the birth of the Divine,
And the return of the Saturnian reign—
My songs are carols sung at every shrine,
Proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will to men."
Longfellow

he saw his chum settling himself down to read.

"I can't afford the time," said Frederick.

Doctor Wakeman, the head-master, had invited some of the older boys to a talk in his study that evening. This was generally looked upon as a great treat, and none would have thought more of it than Frederick a few months ago. But the Doctor who was really concerned in the welfare of his boys, had tried to check Frederick's overweening self-esteem. He had pointed out clearly some of his faults and had put another color on motives which Frederick had thought before to be disinterested.

Frederick, in consequence, no longer cared so much for the doctor's kindly interest; he rode the high horse of indifference and superiority. Geoffrey had watched the change, though he could not quite understand it.

"Doctor Wakeman is a true friend to us, too true to leave us undisturbed in our faults," remarked Geoffrey. "You don't like that side

of the question; is that it Fred?" he asked. "I think he is a friend really worth having," he went on. "You won't come?"

"No, not tonight, this book must be finished."

Frederick took a real interest in the classics, and several volumes the Doctor had lent him looked reproachfully from the shelves and reminded him of those earnest conversations in which his teacher had opened up to him some of the wisdom of Plato or the wit of Aristophanes. But he took no heed to these thoughts and turned to his book, assuring himself that he could do very well without Doctor Wakeman's society.

An hour later Geoffrey came back; his eyes shone though he was very quiet and subdued and Frederick knew that a deep spring of happiness was there.

"Frederick," he said, "that's our last talk with the Doctor."

"What do you mean?" said Frederick, startled at last out of his indifference.

"Why, he is going; going in a day or two. He has another appointment, to a very important post. Mr. Undercliff will take his place."

A rush of truer and nobler feeling came straight from Frederick's heart. "However could I have nursed any resentment at what he did in kindness to me," he thought. He began to realize the true extent of the loss he would sustain when the Doctor went.

"O Geoff," he said, "do you think I could see him for a minute?"

"I should think so," said Geoffrey, "several of the boys were still lingering around."

Then Frederick snatched up the books Doctor Wakeman had lent him and hastened down to the study to find him.

The Doctor's sleep was happy that night. He was bathed in the consciousness that "it was worth while having tried to do something with that boy after all!"

The boys gathered on the porch to cheer their beloved teacher as he drove away. They would give him to the last every evidence of the affection and gratitude that filled their hearts.

"I shall treasure his example as long as I live," said Geoffrey, as they turned away.

"And if I ever get another chance," said Frederick sadly, "I hope I may know my best friend before he leaves me." STUDENT

The Niece of Isabel Rubio

MARIA Luisa Cuervo, niece of Isabel Rubio, is the young girl seen in the picture. It was Isabel Rubio who, during the last War for Independence in Cuba, gave up her home and followed the army under Maceo, in the province of Pinar del Rio. She put up a hospital tent for the wounded soldiers and cared for them night and day. Her only son was killed in the war and not long afterwards Isabel Rubio herself was shot while nursing the wounded in her hospital. Maria Luisa Cuervo is being trained in the Râja Yoga Academy at Pinar del Rio and already shows promise as an assistant among the little children of whom there are so many there. A.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

GLIMPSE OF THE SOUTH END OF THE CHILDREN'S THEOSOPHICAL LOTUS HOME GROUNDS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The Lotus Home Grounds

AT this end of the Lotus Home Grounds, under the eucalyptus trees—you can see one of them in the picture—used to be what the Râja Yoga children called "The Circle." This was several years ago, before the Nursery was moved to another part. The Circle was inclosed by a long low railing, and inside this the little ones crept about or sat in their chairs and carriages, and the tots a little bigger played, while outside, at a little distance, the big children had their games and sports. Part of the enjoyment of going to the Circle on a sunny morning or afternoon was seeing the big boys and girls at play and feeling that babies and tots were a part of the merry crowd even if they were still inside the Circle.

The days of this place as a playground are past; for there are so many more children in the Râja Yoga School now, that both their homes and their playgrounds have been spread over a wide space. The Nursery now stands in a beautiful garden of its own. A roomy home for the little boys—Brownies they are called—is in another part of the Academy grounds. Great ball-grounds and tennis-courts

TO A BUTTERFLY

I'VE watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed,
How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!
This plot of Orchard-ground is ours;
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

William Wordsworth

lie a little farther away; you walk to them past lovely gardens.

So you see the Circle has widened and widened. It takes in the hillside and the beach, for all the children love these places and often

go down to the Cave-man's home by the sea; while as for the hillsides, even the little boys know every bird-haunt upon them, and spend many happy hours near to Nature's heart, in joyous Râja Yoga comradeship.

Another circle is widening and widening and becoming more and more radiant with heart-beams. This is the thought-world of the Râja Yogas, and in time every place in the world we live in, where there is an open heart, these beams will reach, and children everywhere, whose hearts, you know, are always open at first, will be happier and better for the helpful thoughts and the heart sunshine that are sent them from the Lomaland home of the Râja Yogas. G.

An American doctor who lived in Africa for several years says that monkeys are their own dentists. He saw them pull teeth with their thumbs and forefingers; and he watched them cure toothache by covering the aching tooth with a kind of blue clay. We expect monkeys to be full of pranks but we must acknowledge that they have a grain of wisdom too, if they can cure a pain like a toothache with a remedy provided by nature. R.

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Possible sunshine, 352. Percentage, 62. Average num-
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servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

Nov.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
21	29.764	67	53	58	50	0.00	E	4
22	29.720	66	51	53	50	0.00	SE	5
23	29.743	65	47	52	51	0.02	SW	1
24	29.696	61	51	51	51	0.01	SE	2
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H. P. BLAVATSKY EN WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, De Stichters en Leiders der Theosophische

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KATHERINE TINGLEY, DE AUTOCRAAT (*De Geheimen van de Leer van het Hart*)

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ETHICS, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND ART

Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 6

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Rationalism, Science, and Magic
THE R. P. A. *Annual* for 1911, issued by the Rationalist Press Association, London, gives us some idea of what is understood by Rationalism. We read:

Rationalism, which is the method of dealing with intellectual problems from the standpoint of reason, must always ground itself upon science—which is systematized knowledge—and share in its advance. To this extent the terms "Rationalism" and "science" are synonymous, and the victory of science in the conflict with the Churches is a victory for Rationalism.

The dogmas of the churches are roundly denounced, but we think upon wrong grounds. Religion itself is attacked, instead of the materializing and dogmatic spirit in religion. But this same spirit can and does clothe itself in other forms. As one of the writers says:

There is even the possibility that Rationalism itself will tend to crystallize into orthodoxies that will require to be destroyed by militant heresies. It is extremely difficult to keep even a well-defined intellectual principle free from the system-making habit that produces an organization which, in course of time, becomes too rigid to adapt itself to the advance of thought.

The system-making habit That this is the case is illustrated in the same *Annual* by the two following passages, among others:

So far from the story of man being a recovery from a fall through the merits of another, it has been a slow and painful ascent from animal origin through his own co-operation with the forces of the world.

These discoveries, so striking in relation to Biblical statements; these theories, so clear and convincing as explanations of the known facts, constituted staggering blows to the popular faith. Man, who, we are told, had been created a little lower than the angels, was seen to be the child of the ape.

What is this ape-theory but an unproven dogma? Those who have studied the alleged scientific evidence for it know well that the "known facts," so far from proving the theory, often militate strongly against it; as many of the scientific men themselves admit. We seem to see here a case wherein hypotheses, which men of science are content to regard as merely provisional, are exalted by other men, whose special vocation is not that of science, into dogmas. There being no proof of the ape-theory, we may be allowed to base our preference on aesthetic grounds, and to register it in favor of a theory which postulates a divine origin for man. Yet even the ape-theory postulates for man an origin which is tantamount to a divine origin. For what can the writer mean by a slow and painful ascent from animal origins "through his own co-operation with the forces of the world"? This seems to us to postulate

the divinity of man. It throws back upon man's own will and intelligence all that stupendous phenomenon of evolution which is usually attributed to the hand of the deity.

The point of view of these Rationalists seems to us to be quite artificial. The whole field of history is surveyed, as it were, from an armchair; it is an academic view. We are reminded of Dr. Johnson's view of the world from the standpoint of his beloved Fleet Street. The view here taken is peculiarly and emphatically that of the student, accustomed by life and heredity to the special conditions of modern occidental civilization and deriving his ideas mostly from books. The civilizations of the past and the ways of other lands are viewed in a conventional perspective, summed up in a word, and dismissed in another word. The present epoch of modern western culture assumes a disproportionate size.

We cheerfully admit, with the writers, that churchism was a narrow phase of thought, but much of this Rationalism appears to us to be very similar. Its doctrines are conventional, characteristic of the artificial, sheltered, away-from-nature life that we lead. These theories of the origin of man are bookish and academic, carrying us into a region of speculation where we deal with ideas and formulas. We can scarcely be expected to dismiss ancient Chaldaea, Egypt, India, Greece, China, etc., in a breath, as representing a few feeble efforts of man to understand life, which have all been swept away to make room for the enlightenment of certain modern ideas. To us this seems a very lop-sided and insular view.

In speaking of "superstition" and the attribution of divine and magic potencies to nature, the writers should remember that the world looks very different to a child of nature. We in this civilization dwell within four walls, sleep on soft beds, have our three regular meals provided for us, flee from the slightest roughness of nature. Our peculiar social conformation enables some of us to live in circumstances whose ease does not reflect the condition of our people as a whole. Consequently we take an artificial view of life. The great forces of nature do not appeal to us, for we shun them; it is very likely there are no gods in our streets and no nymphs in our well-groomed fields. A storm sends us indoors to the cheerful hearth. So, just as the ancients and people who dwell more with nature postulated mighty powers and intelligences in nature, so we have invented a peaceful methodical humdrum machinery to explain our idea of the universe.

And we call it Rationalism and sneer at other people's little ideas.

Another conventional feature we notice in these writings is the familiar pedantic literalness with which allegorical and symbolical scriptures are regarded. The account in the Hebrew *Genesis* is taken in the dead-letter sense of its medieval English translation, in which of course it makes nonsense; and the writers do not seem to guess that neither the original writers of this cosmogony nor the constructors of the Vedic or classical cosmogonies and pantheons ever suspected that there would be a race who would take their symbolical language thus literally.

Of course we admit that the churches have taken the Bible in this literal sense and that narrow dogmatic religious ideas have grown up in connexion therewith. But our Rationalist friends should not have followed blindly in the wake of the churches and allowed themselves to be psychologized with the same materialistic idea. They would have won far more ground against ecclesiasticism if they had recognized the symbolical character of these scriptures and pointed out the hidden meaning.

"Reason" is proclaimed in several places as the foundation of Rationalism. We can of course have no quarrel with this, if allowed to give our own definition of Reason. But we cannot indorse the word in its undefined state or in accordance with any definition whatever of it that may be given by the Rationalists. The theories of science fluctuate from day to day and the authorities frequently contradict one another. Science as a system does not seem to us to be as yet equipped with a full philosophy of life containing the actual elements of certainty. On the contrary, it seems to be as much in a sea of doubt as the churches. To its great credit, however, it does not claim more than comes from growing knowledge and earnest research.

In short, Theosophists can hardly be expected to regard Rationalism as other than one of the many "-isms" which offer themselves to our attention. This applies to the Rationalistic doctrines treated of in the above publication; but Rationalism may also be defined as one of the unformulated tendencies of the mind.

One writer, a clergyman, describes the Holy Communion as but a thinly-veiled cannibal feast; and in pointing out that Baptism was a pagan rite, seems to disparage it as a heathen superstition. This is a very narrow and inadequate treatment of the subject. However far these rites may have degenerated, they most certainly had a nobler origin and a deeper significance. And this leads up to the subject of "Religion and Magic," which is treated by one of the writers. Magic is an affair of all races and all times. It cannot be dismissed by the thoughtful student as all meaningless nonsense. Back of all the superstition and folly which were associated with it among the ignorant, stand great truths. To us, with our restricted science, most of the forces of nature remain profound mysteries; but true Science should include a knowledge of all. The idea that there

existed in the past such a science, and that magic is the tattered remnants of it, is worthy of consideration. The writers indeed speak of the persistency with which the ideas they call "superstitious" recur in the public mind, in spite of all the efforts of Rationalism. This is but a sign that the fundamental truths upon which those superstitions are based appeal perpetually to the human mind. Rationalism is too narrow a basis on which to found a practical philosophy — unless indeed it enlarges its borders very considerably and frees itself from certain conventions and dogmas. It needs chiefly to take a broader and more generous view of history, and to get away from its preoccupation of banging ecclesiastical dogmatism. It has been one of the forces against narrow ecclesiasticism, and it still does good service in that direction. But one feels that Rationalism itself is hampered by a similar narrowness and would be but an inadequate substitute for that which it wishes to destroy. It is the narrowness of Rationalism that makes it so largely powerless against ecclesiasticism. It takes away without giving in return. Instead of purifying religion, it tries to abolish it.

There is one more point. Some of the writers speak of humanity, sympathy, and justice, as being the foundations (along with reason) of Rationalism. How far, one would ask, are these ideas derived from the ape-theory of man? Are they not a heritage of ancient Wisdom, universal Wisdom? Rationalism as such can scarcely claim any special connexion with these ideas. Admitted that true Religion, as opposed to dogmatic religion, is grounded on humanity and sympathy, we add that these instincts proceed from the Divine and not from the bestial nature of man. The scientific part of Rationalism does not account for them. But, as we have said, the speculations are largely "up in the air," academic.

We see around us a world struggling to free itself from dogmatism of all sorts and to anchor its philosophy of life on truth. But it invents many and various contrivances for the compassing of this end.

STUDENT

Science, and the Undiscovered Land near the North Pole

WE must all gladly admit that Commander (now Captain) Peary has made a splendid record of what man can do in face of almost incredible difficulties and hardships during the last of his persistent and indefatigable efforts to reach the northern axis of the globe, and that even if he has not hit upon the exact spot, the story of endurance, heroism, scientific intelligence and foresight, and skill, displayed by him as leader of the Peary Arctic Expedition, and by his trained assistants in their degree, in his wonderfully successful undertaking, will go down to posterity as a fine tribute to the genius of the twentieth century. The name of Peary has gained an immortality as a brilliant and undaunted follower of a great idea which was not tarnished with any promise of material gain. The Conquest of the Pole is a subject that has appealed to the imagination of mankind for four hundred years, as an adventure which was worth almost any cost.

Though such a splendid record has been made, and though there can be no doubt that this expedition surpassed every preceding one in close approach to the Pole, there is yet considerable doubt in some scientific circles whether Captain Peary has not been somewhat misled in his calculations by the extreme difficulties of taking accurate observations under the trying conditions found in the Arctic regions. He says himself, in his new book, that the taking of such observations is usually a nightmare, and that the strain of working under the blinding light of the unbroken snow-expanse in high latitudes, is so terrible that perfect accuracy is not to be expected. To satisfy himself that he had passed over or close to the axial spot he crossed and recrossed the space within a five-mile radius of the place where his observations marked the Pole. It seems, however, that many high authorities, such as the head of the Geodetic Survey of Germany, are not convinced that he has been as near the Pole as he believes, and a preliminary report has just been published from Mr. Rasmussen, the distinguished Danish arctic traveler and ethnologist, who has been making careful inquiries in Greenland among the Eskimos, stating that he is very doubtful whether anyone has been within a hundred miles of the Pole. Of course Captain Peary's *bona fides* is above suspicion, but even the most skilful observers are liable to error.

The problem of the North Polar regions is of special interest to students of Theosophy for the reason that H. P. Blavatsky speaks of an undiscovered continent or island capping over a portion of the Arctic regions. This land is the remains of the oldest continent, upon which man appeared first, gradually moving southward as other lands became habitable. H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine* that the Polar Continent broke up into islands and peninsulas (vol. II, p. 776) but that it has never entirely perished. The climate at that time was semi-tropical, as the fossil plants found in the sedimentary rocks of Greenland prove.

An important Appendix to Captain Peary's book is of great interest to students of Theosophy in connexion with H. P. Blavatsky's declaration that there is a land in the Arctic basin unknown to navigators. This Appendix is written by R. A. Harris, of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, and discusses the tidal and current observations and soundings of Captain Peary and other recent explorers of the Arctic Ocean. According to the natural inferences drawn from these, there must be a large tract of land remaining to be discovered between Bering's Straits and the Pole. In the writer's own words:

Taking various facts into consideration, it would seem that an obstruction (land, islands, or shoals) containing nearly half a million square miles, probably exists.

This would mean a square with sides 707 miles long, no mean island! An examination of the map will show a large area of the Arctic Ocean, marked "unexplored," reaching up to the Pole on the Alaskan and Russian side. There is plenty of room there for this supposed land. Perhaps the Zeppelin airship will settle the problem of the Arctic when it makes its daring voyage next July — and perhaps not! Possibly the undiscovered land will be found to stretch quite up to the Pole after all! R.

Ancient writings
symbolical

Forgotten realities
dubbed
superstitions

What is
"Reason"?

Truth and
Justice not
animal
products

Rites may
represent lost
Knowledge

✧ Some Views on XXth Century Problems ✧

The Great Illusion

PROFESSOR Münsterberg, pursuing his calling, which might be said to be the exploding of accepted ideas, in his last book denies that our civilization involves any exceptional nervous strain. We have been told so often that it does, that at last we have come not only to believe it but to be in a state of nervous strain over our nervous strain. But he argues, the mechanics of civilization, facilitating by machinery whatever we want to do, save, not exhaust nerve energy.

It is true that the linotype machine would save the type-setter if he had no more type to set. But with every facilitation in the methods of production the demand for the product grows. Many more square yards of newspaper can be had for the same money, and people accordingly want those yards. It is the ever-growing want, fed by what it gets, that is the real over-pressure. This, in turn, tells upon those who have to meet it—who have themselves, however, been contributing to it. The cause of the nerve strain is that we strain the nerves. The mechanics, the machinery, is secondary. If the Professor could prove that these work no harm, that they facilitate, he would still have to face the existing strain.

And he does. He denies it. "It is an illusion that our time is more nervous than earlier periods; . . ." The illusion is the product of auto-suggestion; there is nothing more in it.

But he has now to explain the origin of the illusion, held as it is for a fact by everybody with one exception. Still more urgently is he called upon to explain the steady increase in insanity, suicide and nerve diseases. A, B, and C say this is an age of strain. D, believing them, feels strained. His spinal cord thereupon begins to sclerose, or he commits suicide from the over-strain that does not exist. Is that the program?

The age is one of strain because the people, having ceased to believe in or ever to come in touch with the inner place of peace, look incessantly outward in every direction for a happiness that can in that way only be got in gleams. The instinct to seek happiness is all right; it is the memory of our birth-right. The error lies in the method of search. The mind *must* seek, and if it does not know the right direction it must inevitably seek in the wrong ones. The place of peace is the dwelling place of each man's own inner divinity, and till the children and the children's children are taught of that and shown how to find it, the over-strain will continue and worsen.

STUDENT

Back to the Land

THE "call of the city" is of course on the whole a call of cash. It makes other calls but that one must be the loudest, and if it were silenced there might be little trouble about any other.

In 1904 our Bureau of Plant Industry thought it would see what could be done. Farmers are proverbially conservative. The Hindû who still uses a sharpened stick for a plow is not without his analog even here. But

a demonstration is a demonstration; results are results and very compelling. The Bureau started an activity now known as The Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work. The demonstration is done for and partly by the farmer on a small piece of his own land, demonstration of what scientific farming will do. He watches the specimen acre, carries out the directions of the commissioner detailed to him, and at the end of the year is convinced that he can make his land yield three times its present result or the present result for one-third of his present work. Speaking of the methods employed, the Director, Dr. Knapp, says:

In the practical application of these instructions it has been found that the best seed bed added 100% to the average crop on similar lands, with an average preparation; planting the best seed made a gain of 50%; and shallow, frequent cultivation was equal to another 50%, making a total gain of 200%, or a crop three times the average. With better teams and implements this crop is made at less cost an acre. The profit increases faster than the yield. If the net profits on a crop of corn yielding 20 bushels an acre, valued at 75 cents a bushel, be \$3, on a crop of 60 bushels the net profit would be \$33 an acre; that is, the profit is tenfold where the gain in yield is threefold.

This seems to be a good practical backing to the *Back to the Land* cry. Herein, we learn, we are following the example of Denmark, which

has made her country life so profitable and attractive that the call of the fields has reached the slums, and the tenements are giving up their tenants to the cottages of the countryside.

But Scandinavia as a whole has never altogether lost sight of the ancient conception of land culture as a *sacred* occupation, bringing the worker—if he works in the right spirit—into touch with the pure nature-gods. Taking a lower ground it is certain that some daily work in the soil does something for a man's organization for which there is no substitute. He is made from nature's earth-stuff, from mind-stuff, and from spirit-stuff. So he should daily culture his relationship to all three of her aspects. If that is the key to individual health it is the key to the health of a civilization. So we may ultimately owe more than we now forecast to The Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work.

STUDENT

Theories of Punishment

THE many discussions of criminal punishment as a deterrent often evince a curious confusion of thought. The writers seem to think that once they have proved the enforcing of any possible punishments to be deterrent, they are free to regard deterrence as one of the legitimate aims to be considered in their infliction.

But there are two separate questions. Is the proper punishment of A for his offense a deterrent to B, C, and D? That is one question. The quite separate question is, Should we consider the deterrence of B, C, and D in our allotment of punishment to A? We determine a punishment as suitable and just for A's crime; should we then add something to

that suitable and just punishment in order to deter the others? Have we, that is, a right to be unjust to A, and overpunish him, in the interests of society?

If we have a right to be unjust to any one man—his guilt does not here count—we have a right to be unjust to any other man. Grant that principle and "the interests of society" will cover any outrages to the individual. If we may increase a punishment a little over the just in those interests, why not a great deal? A steals; we decide that the fit punishment shall be six weeks in jail. But to prevent B from stealing we make it twelve weeks. Suppose that by adding a dozen lashes with the cat every morning in the public streets we could also deter C and D. Why not do it? If we may add a little to get a limited deterrence we may add much to get a wide one.

The only proper theory of punishment is the deterrence of A himself so that *he* shall not commit his crime again. Give him that exact amount of punishment—if you can find it out. In other cases the law may decide that there is *no* punishment equal to altering A's disposition to commit crime. Then for his and society's protection he may be permanently detained.

Let us be clear. The only proper ideal of punishment is such alteration of the criminal as shall anti-dispose him to the repetition of his offense. And if there is any way other than punishment which will effect the same thing or which will help punishment to do its work, let us have that. It is time we had outgrown the vengeance theory.

STUDENT

The "Third Degree"

IS it not time that in our treatment of suspects we abolished the "Third Degree," at any rate in its more barbaric and medieval forms? A man in New Jersey, accused of the murder of a little girl, was recently compelled to come out of his cell into the prison corridor where the body had been brought, kneel down, gaze into the child's dead eyes, and with hand on the body make his statement.

Suppose him innocent, as in this case it seems that he probably is. What has been done to his consciousness by this atrocious piece of vivisection?

The very essence of the method *depends* on exciting horror; and it is assumed that this will be great in the case of the real criminal, who may be utterly callous and iron-nerved, little or nothing in the case of an innocent man. But the latter's mind may be already nearly at breaking point from the mere strain of the accusation, the arrest, and the perhaps days of detention. And the sight and touch of a dead body, it may be horribly mutilated, may easily complete his mental or physical breakdown. It may even do more. For the whole scene and the presence of the prison officials—with minds often fixedly pre-convinced of his guilt—may constitute a hypnotic suggestion, overbear his consciousness of innocence, and extort a confession that has no other basis whatever.

STUDENT

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

Ancient Rites in Scotland

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR'S *Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. II, octavo, Edinburgh, 1794, page 620, is thus quoted in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*. The minister of Callander, Perthshire, says:

The people of this district have two customs, which are fast wearing out, not only here, but all over the Highlands. Upon the first day of May, which is called Beltan or Bal-tein-day all the boys in a township or hamlet meet in the moors. They cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by casting a trench in the ground of such circumference as to hold the whole company. They kindle a fire, and dress a repast of eggs and milk in the consistence of a custard. They knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into so many portions, as similar as possible to one another in size and shape, as there are persons in the company. They daub one of these portions all over with charcoal until it be perfectly black. They put all the bits of the cake into a bonnet. Every one, blindfold, draws out a portion. He who holds the bonnet is entitled to the last bit. Whoever draws the black bit is the devoted person who is to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favor they mean to implore, in rendering the year productive of the sustenance of man and beast. There is little doubt of these inhuman sacrifices having once been offered in this country as well as in the East, although they now pass from the act of sacrificing, and only compel the devoted person to leap three times through the flames; with which the ceremonies of this festival are closed.

Pennant's account is also quoted. According to this every one takes a cake of oatmeal on which are nine knobs, each knob dedicated to some particular being or animal, a preserver or a destroyer of flocks. Each person turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and, flinging it over his shoulder, says: "This to thee, preserve thou my sheep"; or, "This I give to thee, O fox! spare thou my lambs."

Similar survivals are found in children's games. The one called "London Bridge is falling down" is said to point back to the time when human sacrifices were performed at the founding of a bridge, and to a tradition that London Bridge was sanctified by the blood of children. "Here We Come Gathering Nuts and May" is said to refer to the custom of marriage by capture.

Tradition and custom linger long in the race-mind. But should we not look farther back than the degenerate times of human sacrifice to still older times when that which thus degenerated was a pure and sacred rite? There are several ideas mixed up here. We may trace human sacrifice back, in part at all events, to the following. In the Mysteries there was a symbolic ceremonial in which the candidate offered up a *mannikin*, signifying the sacrifice of his *personality*. The gates of a higher

knowledge being open before him, he finds that he cannot enter until he has given up his personal desires and ambitions and made himself in heart one of the great Brotherhood of Helpers. This is signified by the offering up of the mannikin. One illustration of this is to be seen in the tablet from Palenque illustrated in the CENTURY PATH for April 17, 1910. It is easy to see how this ceremony might degenerate into that of an actual sacrifice of a child; for it might be little less difficult for ancient peoples to misunderstand it than for some modern critics. We must, however, do modern critics the justice of admitting that they have some evidence for their view in the fact that such human sacrifices actually have been performed in degenerate times. The mistake they make is to suppose that this was the original form of the rite. They make the same mistake with regard to many another corrupt practice which had its origin in some pure ceremonial of ancient mystic Masonry.

We also see, in these pagan customs, what ought to interest husbandmen who have a quarrel with the animal creation—the distorted remnants of a method of making peace with the creatures. We may perhaps be justified in laughing at these rites in their degenerated form; but what of their origin? Can it be possible that there are means of reconciling man with nature and the animals, on a basis of mutual understanding, so that man's interests in his crops may be preserved without resort to such a stupid and violent expedient as slaughter? Can it be that some ancient races knew of these means and employed them; and that

other and less progressed peoples, coming after them, blindly copied their practices without fully understanding them? At all events, if we study ancient beliefs, we shall find a prevalent idea that such a compact could be made, and that the intelligences of nature could be propitiated or antagonized. Let us penetrate behind the veil of superstition that covers so much of more recent antiquity, lest we ourselves, in our boasted scepticism, fall into still greater superstition. The superstition of scepticism is the extreme which meets the superstition of credulity, and the dogmatism that denies may be as narrow as that which affirms. A judicial mind is needed. STUDENT

Trepanned Mummies

THE mummies of the Ramesside kings in the Cairo Museum have nearly all a large triangular hole in the top of the skull, showing that they were trepanned either at death or shortly after. Maspero says that it was believed that disease was caused by the intrusion of an evil spirit, which, after killing its victim, remained imprisoned in the skull and could not escape unless a way were made for it. But why let the evil spirit escape at all? Would it not be better to leave it imprisoned than let it escape to infest somebody else? Perhaps the presence of the evil spirit would interfere with the embalming or with the purpose of the embalmment. But we are told that no mummy of a private individual has been found thus treated; so this argument seems to fail. We need a theory that will suit the case of kings as distinguished from people. H.



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MACHRIE BAY AND ANCIENT STONE CIRCLE, ISLE OF ARRAN, SCOTLAND

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✧ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✧

Animal Consciousness

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Scotsman*, discussing the question of animal pain, relates the behavior of a large lizard he possesses. Its proper home is northern Africa, on the sand. He runs about by day, burying himself in the sand at sundown. In captivity he was required to dwell in a cage. As a concession to his instinct he was provided with a layer of sand an inch or so in depth, and some cork bark to lie under. But of the latter he took no notice; the self-burying instinct was too strong. So he

scraped up the sand till he reached the cage bottom, which he did in about a minute, but he did not stop then. He did not understand the unscrapableness of sheet-iron and sand-paper, and though provided with cork bark to lie under he continued to scrape. Hour after hour and day after day the action must have gone on, beginning each afternoon as the light began to fade, and continuing at intervals through the night, so that the strong curved claws were worn down, and the toes became disarmed. Still the scraping went on, the skin first of one toe, then of another, was worn through, and their extremities became raw flesh. (The wounded toes were, of course, attended to, and various means tried to check the injury, without much effect.) In the result, before he had been with me a year, the first toe of one fore foot had been rubbed completely off, and several others reduced to half their length, some of the hinder toes also being shortened. It must have been extremely painful—it was so, in fact, for the reptile could be seen to flinch when the toes were touched and in the act of scraping, yet great and continuous as the pain must have been, it was not sufficient to restrain a habitual action or, rather, it was not received into the monitor's consciousness in such a way as to overcome the normal instinct.

This forms a text for the contributor's theory, which is that though animals are *conscious* of pain they are not *self-conscious* of it as we are; do not as it were say (or feel), This is *my* pain. The pain is rather of the part pains than of the entire animal.

I conclude, therefore, that though my monitor (the name of the lizard) had, for six months at least, four very unhappy feet, he himself was blissfully unaware of it, and so scraped away contentedly all the time.

Anyone who can catch himself recovering from the dentist's anaesthetic will find that he passes rapidly through a stage in which, while conscious of the pain, he does not yet refer it to himself. In being awaked by a toothache this same stage may be passed through, and sometimes much more slowly. Various dreams center around *something*, very vivid but indefinable; then the something emerges as a point of discomfort in space; the discomfort becomes a pain; then, suddenly, *my* pain.

The next stage to having a pain but not knowing it as one's own, is to have one without knowing *where* it is. A kitten whose tail is being pinched or leg tickled will be often visibly puzzled to know where the sensation is; it will even look about, placing the sensation somewhere out in space. This present writer, when in medical practice, had a visit from a miner who desired a tooth taken out. The man explained that it had been aching for several days, despite all he could do. He congratulated himself upon having "served it out" and "got even with it" that morning, "the d—d brute," by making it bite hard crust till

it "nearly jumped out of his head"! Clearly this was an objectivized pain, a pain not taken into *self-consciousness*. The *I* was not in pain, but *my tooth*.

Animal consciousness is evidently much less definitely threaded on a string, in time, than ours; and also less definitely connected as it were in space. That is, the successive states are more disconnected, so that there is much less memory; and the centers of sensation throughout the body are less unified at one main center. The main center of a wasp whose abdomen is cut off may feel quite cheerful; his appetite and taste centers may be thoroughly up to the mark; he goes on eating from the drop of honey; but there must certainly be pain at the severed point.

Man has used his intenser consciousness to overdevelop his pain sense. Pain is nature's warning to do something and it need not reach a point beyond what is needed to stimulate the doing. But we look back to past pain, forward to possible pain, fear that the present pain may continue, mix it with fear of death or mutilation or ruin, heat it up to boiling point. The animal does none of this and the subsidiary centers do not communicate with the main center more than is necessary.

Natural selection has prevented the animal's pains from running beyond the useful point, making them stimulate rather than paralyze, making them flow out into acts rather than in to the center of consciousness, making them and their reflex reply rather keep within a small circle than occupy a large one of which two-thirds is useless, allowing them on the whole only to paralyze action when in addition they anaesthetize the consciousness of themselves.

In the case of the monitor lizard the self-burial is probably of great importance and very great pain would be necessary to suspend it. In other words natural selection would prevent it from being paralysed by a pain that did not involve danger to life and did not call for some other conduct to avert danger. C.

A Hidden Law in Heredity

THE beginner in botany must be somewhat puzzled when, after reading the chapter in his manual which deals with the law of Mendel, he turns to some magazine account of the achievements of Burbank. For most statements of this law do not mention the cases that disobey it.

Consider some plant presenting two varieties, both breeding pure—one, say, with purple petals and one with white. Suppose you cross them, hybridize them, and find the resulting hybrids to have the purple petals only. In these hybrids purple is therefore called the "dominant" character, white the "recessive." Now cross these hybrids with each other and raise the seed to flower. The law of Mendel is that out of four of the new plants one will have white flowers and three purple.

The reason is easy to understand. Consider two of the first hybrid flowers, one producing pollen, one ovules. Half of the pollen granules will contain the dominant characteristic, the

purple; half of them the white or recessive. In fertilization four possibilities happen: (1) a purple-containing granule will unite with a purple-containing ovule. Result, a future purple flower. (2) A purple-containing granule with a white-containing ovule. Result, a future purple flower, purple being the dominant and therefore always manifesting when present. In some other case white might of course happen to be dominant. (3) A white-containing granule with a purple-containing ovule. Result, a future purple flower. (4) A white-containing granule with a white-containing ovule. Result, a future white flower.

(1) and (4) are pure, one having only white, the other only purple in their make-up. They will breed pure. But (2) and (3), though purple, are mixed, and in their future progeny will show the mixture by producing both white and purple flowers.

But suppose it happened that the hybrid turned out to have white petals with purple streaks—both characteristics appearing, neither being dominant. The next generation might proceed Mendel-wise. There might be a quarter of them purely purple and breeding true; a quarter purely white and breeding true; and two quarters mixed, the qualities separating out in future generations. In this case as in the former the tendency to separate shows that the characters had never *blended* at all; they had *co-existed* in the pollen and ovules, but had taken the first opportunity to part.

From this point the law of Mendel does not apply. If our hybrid flower, with streaked petals, produced its like only, none pure purple or pure white, and the successive generations continued to do the same, we should have a case outside that law. Burbank and other breeders appear to have accomplished this in their blends of diverse fruits. It will of course remain a question that only time will settle. For the combined qualities *may* ultimately separate, though as yet they show no such tendency. If they remain true then we have a real blend, comparable to a chemical combination.

Finally, the law appears not to apply where the hybrid presents new characters not possessed by *either* of the parents. Of this there are two possible explanations. The "new" character may not be new at all, but latent in the germ stream of one or the other parent. A century or a century of centuries ago it may have been developed by the plant or have been mixed into it by a cross, and ever since have lain recessive. Or, as some think, the mixing of the two varieties may have unsettled the status quo, made so much perturbation in the cells, that the ever-present instinct to vary was stimulated and an actual novelty came to birth. According to the modern theory of mutation, species are not produced one from another by imperceptible shading but by definite and henceforth permanent steps, "mutations,"—the cause of such steps being unknown. When they are in a favorable direction they are of course conserved by natural selection. When they are not—if they ever are not—they are eliminated. STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Man as an Overseer of Nature

THE following is condensed from a lay sermon in the *London Times*. If we believe that there is a difference of moral faculty between ourselves and the animals, we must recognize that so far as our powers permit we are overseers of other forms of life. And it is not merely for our own good that we are thus overseers, but for the good of the universe. We may admit that there is a struggle for existence, and that we have to take part in it; we cannot form societies for the prevention of cruelty to bacteria. But at the same time our respect for life is a sign of the triumph of the human over the bestial element in us. We then become conscious of the significance of all life. This sense gradually grows in us. Though it originates as "rather a religious and emotional idea," yet when it has grown so far as to have become a matter of course, it may be found to have scientific justification.

These remarks are above the average of newspaper comment, though we often find better sermons there than in the pulpits.

To deny the moral superiority of man seems to be a favorite antic with many who call themselves scientific. They seem to have a mission to represent man as much like the animals as possible. For this purpose they try to make out that his moral faculties are only the animal instincts over again in subtler form. We respectfully submit, however, that however much this conclusion may be justified by a process of self-analysis, that process would not necessarily yield the same results if applied to other people. The pulpit, too, seems particularly fond of reminding man of the weaknesses of his nature, and waxes angry with anyone who tells man that he is a god incarnate. So here we have the ordinary newspapers coming to the rescue with a little homely "horse-sense."

The fact that we are higher and more powerful than the animals does not justify us in copying their weaknesses on a higher and more powerful scale. This writer seems to have realized that we owe a duty to animals. The churches tell us that God looks after them; but the passage from the Bible they so often quote has reference to another matter; Jesus was teaching faith and freedom from anxiety. In another place he preaches tenderness to the little ones. The churches are so occupied in telling man he is weak that they have no time to remind him of his strength; and so he looks after his own soul and leaves God to look after the rest of creation.

Between false religious teaching and false scientific teaching, we have gotten into a fixed attitude of helplessness and seldom think of ourselves as responsible beings from whom



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IN THE ORCHARDS

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA

COMPANIONSHIP WITH NATURE

WHEN the ills of life
Had chafed my spirit, when the unsteady pulse
Beat with strange flutterings, I would wander forth
And seek the woods. . . .

While I stood
In Nature's loneliness, I was with one
With whom I early grew familiar—one
Who never had a frown for me, whose voice
Never rebuked me for the hour I stole
From cares I loved not, but of which the world
Deems highest, to converse with her.

Bryant

much is expected. A spoiled child, who has always been accustomed to expect things from other people, may one day suddenly realize that perhaps other people may be expecting things from him; and he may rise to the occasion and feel a glorious sense of new dignity and joy in the thought that he, the weak, the pampered, is a protector. Even so we may some day grow up and become suddenly conscious of our manhood.

The question is sometimes asked, "What has become of God?" One answer might be that God is so disgusted with the prostrate attitude of his human creation that he has had to retire for a rest. "Leave off clinging to my knees and stand up straight," we can im-

agine him saying to the suppliant.

Then again, there is common sense in the attitude taken by this writer toward the struggle for existence. The fact that we cannot be perfect is no reason why we should not be as good as we can. If we think we have to kill some things, let us kill as few as we possibly can. If we have bestial elements in our nature, we need not magnify them, as both churches and science seem to think we should; perhaps they were given us to be conquered and put to right use. Really it seems hard to settle which is the more ignoble attitude—that of cutting ourselves and picking our sores like Simeon Stylites, or that of examining our body all over with a microscope to see if we can find a tail. The craze for self-abasement did not die with Stylites.

Then the writer says that as we practise our duties and privileges towards the lower creation, so shall we gain knowledge; a sense of the significance of all life will grow in us. This is surely the same as Jesus taught. All the Teachers have taught that knowledge is the child of duty. But in our thirst for knowledge we give it the first place and seek to attain it irrespective of duty. To those who think of duty first, knowledge comes unsought. The great trouble with our science is the lack of sympathy. To know anything, we must be in touch with it; sympathy is the parent of understanding. It is

through sympathy that we learn to understand Nature. It is through sympathy with our brother, charity for his weaknesses, love of his many excellences, that we come to understand human nature. Can we understand life and nature by the destructive methods of research practised in many laboratories? Very little in comparison with what we miss; and that little is apt to be misleading.

Finally the writer does a very unorthodox thing. He puts scientific theory in the last place. *Afterwards*, he thinks, we may find scientific justification. Very disrespectful to represent science as coming in at the end and sanctioning our decision after we have taken it!

STUDENT

California Forest Boundaries Corrected

IN pursuance of a general plan for correcting the boundaries of all National Forests, the President has signed proclamations referring to the California National Forest and the Stanislaus National Forest, California. From the former 58,732 acres have been eliminated and 4784 acres added. The eliminations comprise areas found upon careful examination to be not specially valuable for National Forest purposes, being covered with grass or brush and unfit for planting. The Stanislaus Forest loses 3084 acres and gains 6870. H.



From an Official Letter Written by Madame
Blavatsky to the Convention of the American
Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the
American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

Makers of Destiny

HOW little human beings realize their true position, and the great opportunity that awaits humanity to realize consciously its destiny through the practical application of Theosophical teachings in their daily walk of life! But for all that, the time is growing closer when humanity will turn to the Light and those who are working for its liberation can afford to wait in the right way, for “the tide turns at the appointed hour.” Are not all things now being “weighed in the balance”? and is not the unrest and change of the present hour the signal that many an olden time institution has been “found wanting”? Views that once held the people bound, are now questioned, if not discarded. Can anyone deny that it is a time of change?

Theosophy teaches that our age is a transition age, when the old is giving place to the new, and one of the most important reforms will be the placing of shirked responsibility upon the individual; man will be taught and shown that he is divine in his Higher Nature, with the potentiality of Godhood; that he is competent to work out his own salvation, and that the Power that saves lies dormant in his own Soul awaiting evocation.

Is there not a sense of freedom in the thought that one's fate is spun from one's self, as the spider spins his web, and not decreed by a Being out of all relation to and touch with human consciousness? *Makers of Destiny* are we ourselves, as all the scriptures have taught, though they have been often *misinterpreted*. This however need not occur again, for we have now the Master-key of Theosophy to explain the world religions to us, fitting each in its place and tracing them all to their origin and source in the Wisdom-Religion.



FAÇADE OF A FAMOUS OLD COLONIAL PALACE AT LIMA, PERU

It is easy to see by a study of Theosophy that we must be the active agent in all that befalls us of good or ill, seeing that we have the power of choice, that we incarnate into the prepared vehicles of flesh as divine Souls with a definite destiny, and reincarnate again and again to carry it out in a world *governed by Law*, upon all planes of nature; and where “*THY WILL*” is the will of one's own Higher Self, the Father in Heaven, and the *Self of all creatures*; and the “*my will*” the vain desires of the personal man—the *animal part*.

Many find it difficult to grasp the constant and minute responsibility that is ours; that is to say in a practical way of constant application of the principle to every day and every word and deed—careless, indifferent, angry, joyful, pleasant, or snappy words; and kindly, selfish, vain, unselfish, noble, or ignoble, deeds. All, however, must have a definite and exact effect upon us, and we get them back in the situations we find ourselves in; the way people treat us; and the sort of people we find ourselves to be.

If it were otherwise, would not confusion and injustice result? just as it appears to result when we look at but a section of the long life we live, thinking one petty earth-life all—life in the flesh!—when our destiny is to become once more as the gods when our cycle of earth-lives is ended and we have learned all earth-

life can teach us, and raised up Earth's progeny to the highest point the Law allows.

We must have allowed the material, personal part of our dual natures to gain strong sway to have so blinded us to what possibilities life really holds in relation to the Eternal Verities; to have suffered our ideas to descend so low, our mental horizon to become so limited. But as Madame Blavatsky taught: “Be of good cheer, bear in mind the golden rule.”

Makers of our Destiny—can we not make it what we will? Can we not follow the path the Teachers show? Can we not *also* step by step climb the mountain heights? Is not the Divinity of Man a fact? Spiritual Identity and the Solidarity of Humanity a firm platform upon which to stand? Holding these truths in our hearts, weaving them into our lives, will not a New Day dawn for the oncoming generations, brought about by the Makers of Destiny—ourselves? W.

WERE Theosophy understood and practised everything needing reform would be at once reformed.—W. Q. Judge

AND what is the purpose of every effort I make? It is that I may discharge the debt which I owe to other creatures, that I may make them happy in this world, and that they may gain heaven in the next.—*Rock Inscriptions of Asoka, Edict 6*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question In *The Key to Theosophy* H. P. Blavatsky says: "We should aim at creating free men and women, free intellectually, free morally," etc.

How do you interpret *moral* freedom? Is it not possible that it will degenerate into license? Must there not be restraints?

Answer But license is immoral freedom; just the opposite of the thing spoken of here. Freedom is, in a sense, the ability to act, to carry out works; to be unlimited and to have a great wide scope and field of possibilities. Consider the intellect. You will not call that one free, which is of the mooning and scatter-brain variety; which cannot concentrate upon anything for its life, and has no pabulum save that with which the senses superficially supply it. Such a mind clothes itself about with dogmas and readily believes whatever orthodox authority purveys to it; having given up, or not entered upon, the struggle to fend and stand for itself and be free.

Freedom is always the result of a struggle, and is unattained until worked for with infinite unrelenting zeal. A paralysed arm is not free, though it lies complacently in its place always, and "toils not, neither does it spin." The free arm is the strong arm; use and labor have made it so. So the free intellect is the one that has been used, exercised, driven unremittingly. Its master has come upon it in all the hours of its sloth and whipped it forth to action and exertion. He has never allowed it to loll and lounge among sensations and appetites; never permitted it listless butterfly-flitting from one trivial pleasantness to another, or to lie somnolent and comatose in a *dolce far niente* beatitude. So at last it became free, tight of muscle and sound of wind, able to go forth and grapple with the problems and do the work which it is the law of its being it should do.

So too of moral freedom. A man's whole worth and the soundness and sweetness of his being depend upon his freedom here. We have heard of no nation that has taken the sloth, or the skunk, or the fatted, sty-reared pig for the emblem of its freedom and aspirations; and yet the life of these creatures is easy and exertionless; and the last-named especially leaves it with much sorrow and squealing. Rather they take an eagle, whose battling is towards the sun and the upper air; a dragon, supposed denizen of the empyrean, winger forth from star to star; a lion, fierce war-master of the lone, comfortless places. Supposing the eagle fell in love with ease, and quarreled with the restraint imposed by keeping his pinions in fettle? We should have him ingloriously waddling and clucking in our barnyards. He would serve us unromantically at Thanksgiving, and have no epitaph but *Ichabod*.

Man must choose between the eagle and the porker: there are many stages and resting-places between; but these two be our goals. For the one, the law has always in reserve the knife; to grow unwieldy, slumberous and contemptible first, with trough and sty-walls for delight and horizon: for the other it has freedom of the fields of dawn and the glory of the morning star. But which will you call restraint—to obey the law, and fly upwards, or the boundary walls of an ignominious hog-

pen? The choice is to be made by each.

There are laws in the moral world, which we must take the trouble to comply with, or give over forever our prattling about liberty. These laws are dependent upon the essential nature of man. Indeed, were we really ourselves, so to say; and not obscured under thick heavy veils of personality and false life, we should make no question of them and hardly know that they existed. So far from irking us, they would be the terra firma for us to stand on, and the very air we breathed. It is in fact now, a physical exertion of a sort to breathe; a law and necessity imposed upon us. Yet who feels it so? Rather, it is not a law imposed, but a law inherent, without which—not. Supposing it were possible for a man to rebel against it, and for the sake of ease and what he called *freedom*, gradually reduce his breathing to nothing in many years. Then when he was at the point of death, they came and told him that he must breathe or die; and

blossoming and blossoming out into higher reaches, where stricter and stricter codes are inherent, and a greater and greater grip on the lower nature is essential. That is because the inmost nature of man is purely divine, and the nearer one comes to it, the more the air is rarefied.

STUDENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL ADDRESS AT ISIS THEATER

NOT one of the meetings of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY held at the Isis Theater is ever lacking in interest, and last night's meeting was no exception to the rule. A large audience was present, including many guests from the principal hotels, and gave closest attention to every detail of the program. An orchestra of eleven instruments, consisting of Rāja Yoga students of the Isis Conservatory of Music, played several selections that from every standpoint were excellently rendered. The speaker of the evening was one of the Rāja Yoga students, Iverson Harris, Jr., his subject being "Happiness." the subject throughout was well handled, showing original thought and



SUNSET ON KILLARY BAY, COUNTY GALWAY, IRELAND

supposing he believed them, and determined to live: he would find the effort of conforming to that law difficult. Unaccustomed muscles would have to be used and terrible exertions put forth; with which the sound-minded could hardly sympathize.

Now the moral law is just as innate, essential, and natural as this physical one of breathing; but the trouble is we *have* been indulging in such unnatural reductions on that plane, through many ages.

Moral license is to pile fetters upon oneself. Every new entering upon it, is to cut off a league from the height of your soaring; then to trim your pinions for barnyard convenience; then to qualify for *foie gras* and a Strasburg *pâté*, metaphorically speaking. This is the martyrdom of the real self, and slavery imposed upon the soul. Did any ancestral memory smite upon that poor penned and fattening goose, of the days of long flights and migration, would she not misdoubt that her present state might be called freedom?

But moral freedom means more and more effort at soaring; greater and greater and more luminous heights attained. It means not discarding what we call the moral code (they are fools or knaves who say that it does); but a

clear analysis, and was an excellent example of the results of Katherine Tingley's Rāja Yoga system of education which has become so justly famous throughout the world.

The following are a few extracts from Mr. Harris' address:

"Strongly fixed in every man's heart is the desire to be happy. . . . Theosophy's message is primarily for those who suffer. It issues a challenge also to those who are satisfied; but unless these are men of big hearts and noble natures, they will rarely listen to it as eagerly as will those who have been made hungry and receptive by suffering. Theosophy cannot find happiness for you, but it can show you how to find it for yourselves; for, to paraphrase a well-known saying: 'Though we travel the world over to find peace, we must carry it within our hearts, or else we find it not.'

"The key is simple; it was given ages ago by all the great Teachers and is reiterated today by Theosophy. Katherine Tingley gave it to us when she said, 'Do well the smallest duty, and when the day is done, there will be no regrets, no time wasted; then joy will come.' And William Q. Judge, her predecessor, also gave it when he said: 'What then is the panacea finally, the royal talisman? It is duty, selflessness.'

"There you have the secret. Selflessness and duty. So cease your fruitless chase after happiness; forget yourself in your thought for others; reach that point of contemplation of the divine life; wed yourself to duty and never desert her, and happiness will run after you, will overtake you, and will stand by you through the darkest hours."—San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Central Office Point Loma California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

The Ancient Mysteries and Modern 'Mysteries'

BOGUS "ancient mysteries" of a pretentious and grotesque character, such as appear among the many strange phenomena of the times, constitute a fraud upon the public. But the public, it has been said, likes to be taken in.

A spurious imitation implies the existence of a genuine article. There could be no gold-brick swindles if there were not such things as gold and bricks. The public believes that there is something genuine and worth while behind the names "mysteries," "magic," etc.

We are descended from people to whom the Mysteries were genuine and a reality, and perhaps we have carried along through the generations some germ-plasm or protoplasmic speck that talks to us.

What do these modern mystery-cranks do for the public? So many dollars or guineas a course; sometimes that is one thing they do; and a section of the public has an itching purse, ready to divulge gold at slight provocation. So cash is transferred from those who do not want it to those who do. They also sometimes promise the aid of supernatural powers and confer badges and degrees.

If we had any department or college or church now that could tell us how to stop the white plague or the white slave traffic, how to deal with the suffragette question or how to manage our children, that would be a real oracle and people would throng its portals. But instead of results we find only claims. We hear of the ancient oracles that statesmen from all parts of the world consulted them. They can only have won such a reputation by fair means, whatever means they must have resorted to later. When they took to using unfair means they came to an end.

In antiquity there were schools of the Mysteries venerated like the oracles. And, like the oracles, they afterwards became replaced by spurious imitations and thereupon did not last long. But in the beginning they were genuine. People feel that there is a Knowledge attainable, but they do not see how to attain it. The churches do not seem able to help us in this, nor does science advance us in the desired direction. If we turn elsewhere, we find plenty of cranks, individual and in bodies, making various claims and pretensions. They tell how to adjust our various "bodies," how to find out the color of people's "auras," who Mr.

MEMBERSHIP

In the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

Roosevelt was in his past incarnation, how Professor So-and-so feels in the summerland, what kind of waterworks they had in Atlantis, how to fascinate people and get rich, and so forth. What a mockery!

When H. P. Blavatsky came, and sought to gather a band of students and workers, she found many of them with their heads full of such stuff. But she showed them that knowledge must be won by courage and devotion and that clean water *cannot* be poured from a dirty vessel. She showed them the right path.

There is little use for any so-called knowledge which does not bear directly upon the fundamental needs of humanity. Our civilization is struggling in the throes of discord produced by the omniprevalent selfishness. We have desires and passions enough without appealing still further to human cupidity by studying how to gratify our passions in an extended sphere. We need an Occultism that will teach us how to overcome personal desire. That is in part what the ancient Mysteries taught; that is in part what modern Theosophy teaches.

Student

The Millennium and Cycles

THE receipt of one of those familiar productions announcing the imminent arrival of the Millennium and interpreting recent events in the light of prophetic passages in the Judaeo-Christian Bible, affords an occasion for mentioning the law of cycles, which is so evident a characteristic of all movement and succession, from the brief cycle of a pendulum or the life-history of an ephemeral moth up to those longer periods we call ages.

The student of history knows that such millennial anticipations have always been with us, though they have been more pronounced at certain epochs. They may be attributed in part to the restless desires of men, which lead them to speculate on the future rather than to utilize the present; and thus they constitute one of the numerous species of that great genus, gambling. And in part, too, we may accredit them to a genuine perception of impending

changes, whose significance, however, is only too frequently misinterpreted.

The present is, of course, such an epoch of change. A few years ago this statement might have been considered a speculation open to question, but the signs are too evident now. Events of moment are succeeding one another with growing rapidity. At

the moment we are tending in no definite direction, for we are rounding a corner where the direction is constantly changing. But when we again emerge upon the comparatively straight course, we shall find that we are no longer headed in the same direction as we were before.

There must be such cyclic epochs, just as there are dawns and sunsets, springs and autumns; and doubtless the larger periods, like the smaller, are either caused or at least indicated by astronomical configurations. The fluctuations of our feelings and habits are largely regulated by the configuration of the heavens, so far as regards the minor cycles — the day and the year. May there not likewise be larger natural cycles exercising similar influences on the minds and actions of men? There is, for example, the lesser Saros, a cycle recognized by modern astronomers for astronomical purposes, of eighteen years and eleven and one-third days, which marks the repetition of eclipses of the sun and moon; the cycle of about a third of a century, when we pass through the meteor swarms; the orbital periods of the planets and periodic comets; and numerous synodical periods.

We may regard such mystical prophetic utterances as are found in some of the Biblical books as being of general application to great cyclic epochs; and when they were written they probably referred to some epoch then impending. They have no special application to the present age or to our particular branch-let of the historical and racial tree. The idea that history is comprised in seven millenniums, of which six have just elapsed, and the seventh is to be the reign of Christ on earth, is evidently a fad traceable to the still surviving influence of medieval theological tradition and unable to bear the light of a wider culture. There can be no doubt that the spiritual life-force of humanity is rising to burst old barriers and inaugurate a new order, and the words of prophecy may be interpreted as applying to the changes incidental to this process. But we can hardly expect that the Christos will come

as a visible earthly monarch, or that a select body of evangelical Christians is being got together for a dramatic rescue, or any of the other familiar episodes of the millennialists.

Many of us can look back upon prophecies that were made with regard to years that are now present or have slid into the past. When the prophecies were made, these years were in the future. The prophecies, however, are not dead; their fulfilment has merely been adjourned, as it will continue to be adjourned again and again.

STUDENT

ing to fancy, denote by "God," or "Jesus," or "Chance," or x . And a moment's reflection will show us that this must be so, that the guiding power must necessarily remain uncomprehended by the lower mind. That mind can not view itself as a whole, any more than the eye can look into its own depths; there always remains something which we cannot scrutinize. The *spectator* is not included in the spectacle.

When we try to analyse Self or I-ness, we find that we cannot form a pure conception

that ecclesiasticism tells us the Spiritual Will is from a personal God, a Being apart from ourselves; but Theosophy asserts that this Spiritual Will is our very Self; we are "sons of God, and inheritors of the Most High."

The Great Quest consists in the finding of this true Self—the finding of the Christos, as it has sometimes been called. But the finding of Christ does not mean that we will create out of our imaginations a kind of second self to dwell with us and console us, as happens to many people of a religious temperament.



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HEAVEN, SEA, AND EARTH

A VIEW TAKEN FROM THE THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS GROUNDS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The Maker of our Destiny: The Great Quest

IN the mystical dramas of a modern writer we find treated such subjects as "the unknown determining force of life" and the "wisdom" that controls our destiny in spite of the continual efforts of personalism and invention to thwart it.

This truth is perceived, but we have no religious or philosophical formulas in which to express it; so it is treated symbolically in the drama.

The real determining force in human life is the will and destiny of the real Self, that recondite Ego which underlies our consciousness and defies our attempts to analyse it. It is sufficiently obvious that our personal wishes are not the determining force, nor do our mere ideas count for much. The power is an unknown quantity, which we may, accord-

of its nature, but that the notion of Self is always blended with something or other that is not essential to it. We cannot get down to the real unadulterated changeless *I*. The *I* is always tinged with some personal notion, some frame of emotion, which is subject to variation and therefore impermanent. When we fall into deep sleep, so much of our consciousness disappears that there seems to be no common ground left between the waking and the deep sleep, and we cannot recollect anything of our experiences during deep sleep. Nevertheless the Ego is preserved. At death a still greater change takes place; the entire personality disintegrates; yet the Ego, the seed, is preserved.

It is this real fundamental Self, then, that decrees our destiny. To man's usual deluded and unawakened mind life is an enigma; but not so to the seeing eye of the Self.

The difference between the Theosophical conception and the ecclesiastical one is this:

It means more than that—very much more.

It has been said that we have to learn to "will our destiny." This means that we should have the wisdom to recognize and acquiesce in the real purpose of our life and to sacrifice the merely personal purposes we have been accustomed to entertain. To the Theosophist, whose beliefs have accustomed him to the idea of the Higher Self, what is a formless mysticism becomes more definite. He can make an earnest and well-aimed effort to escape from the guidance of personal wishes and follow a truer light. His appeal for guidance is not made in abjection to some external power; but he recognizes that the Divine Will will one day become his own will, and the duality and contradiction vanish.

STUDENT

LET once man's immortal spirit take possession of the temple of his body, and his own divine humanity will redeem him.—H. P. B.

Early Christianity Teaches the God in Man

THERE has recently been discovered in a Syriac version an ancient collection of poems of which hitherto we have known little more than that they were current in early Christian circles. These are the "Odes of Solomon," and are supposed by one authority to date from 100 A. D. and by another from a somewhat earlier period. We select a few quotations from a review in the *London Spectator*:

The mouth of the Lord is the true Word, and the door of his light . . . for the swiftness of the Word is inexpressible. It is light and the dawning of thought . . . for the dwelling place of the Word is man, and its truth is love.

Attention should be paid to the last sentence. "The dwelling place of the Word is man." This bears out the claim that the essential Divinity of man, as taught by Theosophy, was an original Christian teaching. To illustrate the point further, we quote the following from the review:

It is very curious on any hypothesis that from first to last there is no hint, throughout the whole collection, of sin, of repentance, or forgiveness. The singer exults in the freedom and joy of the spiritual life and is not oppressed by any sense of its difficulties.

Yet today sin, repentance, and forgiveness are the chief staples of what may be called representative Christian teaching. Many teachers seem to exult as much in the sinfulness and helplessness of man as this early Christian singer exulted in man's freedom and joy.

As the sun is the joy to them that seek for its daybreak, so is my joy the Lord: because He is my Sun and His rays have lifted me up; and His light hath dispelled all darkness from my face. In Him I have acquired eyes and have seen His holy day: ears have become mine, and I have heard His truth. The thought of knowledge hath been mine, and I have been delighted by means of it. The way of error I have left, and have walked toward Him, and have received salvation from Him without grudging.

Here we see that the "Lord" dispels darkness and gives eyes and ears. The man leaves the way of error and receives salvation. This Christian evidently considered that the salvation meant an actual purification of the nature, not an excusing of sin. How many Christian teachers of today believe in any actual illumination and attainment of knowledge? The teaching is further emphasized in the following:

I went up to the light of Truth as if into a chariot, and the Truth took me and led me: and carried me across pits and gulleys: and from the rocks and waves it preserved me: and it became to me an instrument of Salvation: and set me on the arms of immortal life: and it went with me and made me rest and suffered me not to wander, because it was the Truth; and I ran no risk, because I walked with Him; and I did not make an error in anything, because I obeyed the Truth.

There is no explaining away the fact that here we have the original teaching as to the dual nature of man, the Higher Self being the "Word" or the "Lord." By the union of the mind with the Divine Self, the whole nature is purified and glorified. Many Christians, both in pulpit and pew, are trying to get back to this teaching.

As to what has been said about sin and repentance, it will of course not be understood as an invitation to shamelessness, but simply as an exhortation not to dwell morbidly on our sin. We have to conquer it. STUDENT

Illuminating by Vacuum-Tubes

THE era of the vacuum tube for artificial lighting seems to be dawning. It has of course long been known that if a long glass tube is nearly exhausted of air, and has platinum terminals soldered into the ends and connected with an induction coil or other source of high-potential currents, the residual air will convey the current and become luminous in the process. But these vacuum tubes have hitherto been used chiefly for exhibition experiments. Now they are being made available as sources of illumination. The light is more economically produced—that is, with a smaller proportionate consumption of power; and it is said to be a better light, more nearly approximating to sunlight. Different colors are obtained according to the gas used in the tube, nitrogen giving a yellow, air a rosy glow, and carbon dioxide a light so like daylight that colors can be matched by it. The nitrogen has so far proved the most economical.

Thus we are gradually eliminating from light the elements that are not essential, such as heat and substances, and approximating to the condition of a mere glow. The light in these tubes looks like a kind of light-substance. Is there such a thing as invisible light? Yes, if we suit our definition of the word light to that requirement; and the light of science is invisible as it wings its way through the ether. To be visible to physical eyes, it needs some physical vehicle to manifest through; and in these tubes it has the molecules of the rarefied gases. Thus light the cause produces light the effect; the latter we can see, but what of the former?

H.

The Lack of Pronouns in English

Ariovistus respondit: Si quid ipsi a Caesare opus esset, sese ad eum venturum fuisse; si quid ille se vellet, illum ad se venire oportere.—Caesar, *De Bello Gallico*, I, 34

"Ariovistus answered that: If he needed anything from Caesar, he would have come to him; but if he wished anything of him, he ought to come to him."

"Ariovistus answered that: If he needed anything from Caesar, he (A.) would have come to him (C.); but if he (C.) wished anything of him (A.), he (C.) ought to come to him (A.)."

"Ariovistus answered that: If he needed anything of Caesar, he would have come to Caesar; but if Caesar wished anything of him, Caesar should come to him."

The Prison Congress

THE reports of the International Prison Congress which recently met at Washington are not yet published; but from the abstracts we note that Switzerland is about to establish Children's Courts on the new American plan; that Greece will shortly abolish the death penalty; that Hungary will inaugurate a training school for prison officials, and that "Spain is starting to reform from the top downward in the matter of criminal restraint."

By way of comment we can only say, *Well done, Greece!* and suggest to the Hungarian authorities that their school should begin its training with the axiom that *the first and last and only object of punishment is the betterment of the criminal*—as also to commend to them the example of Greece. C.

Catching a (Manchu) Tartar

A WRITER claims that America has achieved the educational conquest of China. There was once a skirmisher who sent word to his headquarters: "I have caught a Tartar." "Bring him with you," came the reply. "But he won't come." "Then leave him and come yourself." "But he won't let me!" H.

Scientific Oddments

A LONDON paper suggests, on behalf of automobilists, that cow owners should be compelled to paint their cows with luminous paint, or make them sound their horns, or have a man with a white light walking before them and another man with a red light behind; or even to keep their cows at home at night.

MME. CURIE and M. Debiegne announce that they have succeeded in isolating metallic radium. Pure radium is of a brilliant white color which blackens on exposure to air. It burns paper, rapidly decomposes water, and adheres to iron.

THE speed of an automobile can be accurately measured for legal purposes by a camera which takes two pictures from the rear at the interval of one second of time. By measuring the width of the automobile and the width of the corresponding lines on the two photographs, a calculation of the speed may be made.

THE internal combustion oil motor seems destined to replace the steam engine and its bunkers and boilers. An ocean liner 400 feet long is being fitted with petrol motors capable of developing 26,000 horse-power. This will of course effect an immense economy in space, cost, and labor; and, if successful, it may relegate the steam-engine to the museum.

THE statement that dew is deposited on clear nights only, and never on cloudy nights, which is made in many treatises on meteorology generally regarded as trustworthy, needs to be modified. The correct statement, we are told, is to be found in Hann's *Lehrbuch der Meteorologie*, to the effect that on cloudy nights dew may fail to occur. The fact is that on cloudy nights, though there is indeed less chilling due to radiation, the dew-point is higher, and therefore less chilling is needed. And recent observations made at the Kenilworth Observatory, Kimberley, South Africa, show that dew is formed in large quantities on cloudy nights. THE OBSERVER

Clipped from the Press

DO you know the handsomest weekly in the country, typographically? It is the *Century Path*, published in Point Loma, which is in San Diego, Calif. It is "a magazine devoted to the brotherhood of humanity, the promulgation of theosophy, and the study of ancient and modern ethics, philosophy, science, and art." It is edited by America's Madame Blavatsky—Katherine Tingley. It prints many illustrations which are on a par with its typography. The subscription price is \$4.00 yearly.

The same publishers have recently published an edition of Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* in two volumes. Price \$10.00.

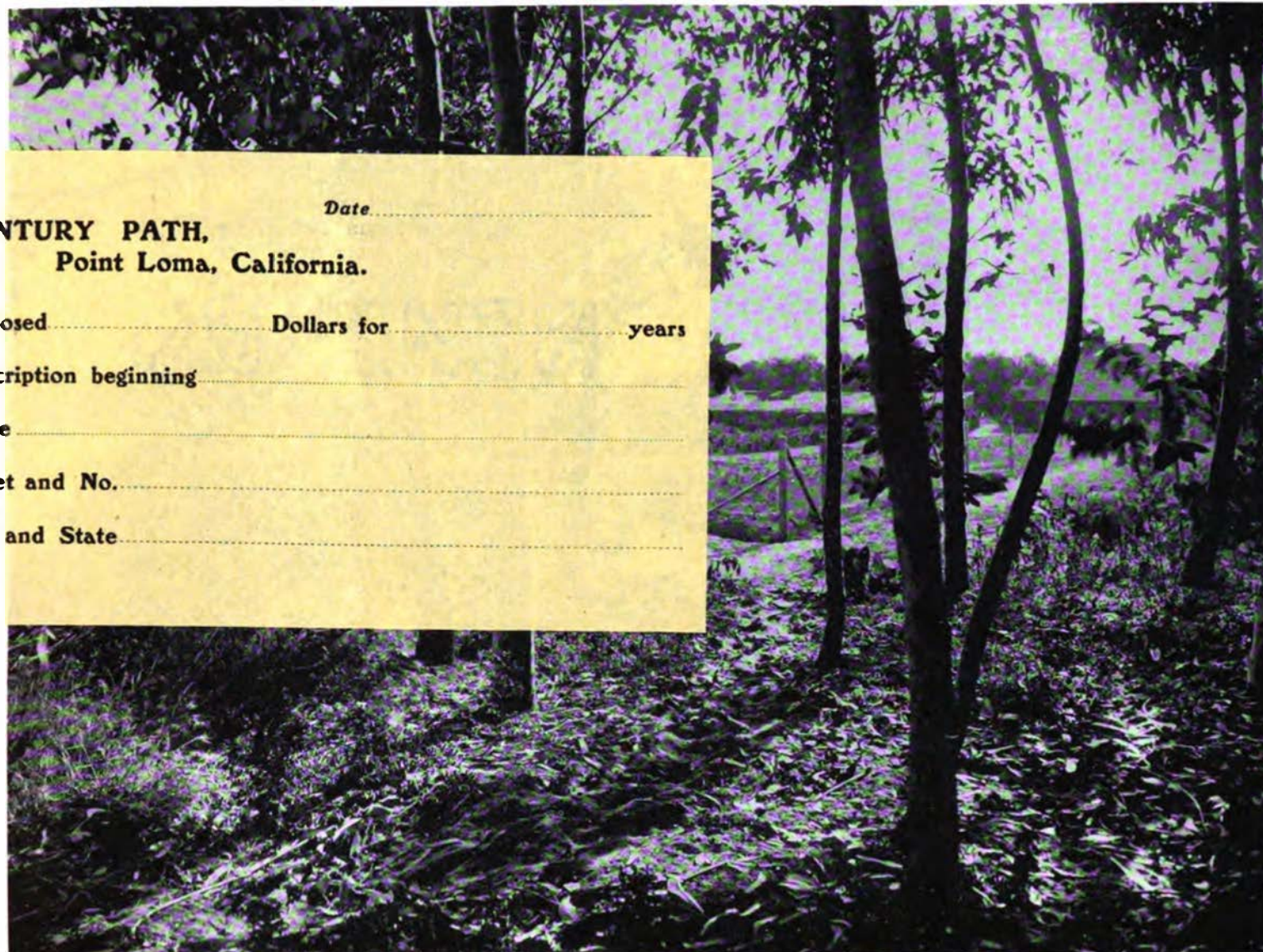
There is also a Point Loma edition of her *Isis Unveiled* for \$4.00. (It is better reading than Peary's book and will live longer—which it should.)—From the *Publisher and Retailer*, New York, September, 1910

Special Subscription Offer

THE attention of our Readers is called to the Special Subscription Offer. See page 20.



Art Music Literature and the Drama



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A LOMALAND COLOR STUDY—SUNSHINE AND SHADE AMONG THE EUCALYPTS

Color-Studies in Lomaland

BY R. MACHELL
III

THERE is an old myth which shows the High Gods calling on the giants to build a wall around Valhalla. And the giants built the wall so well that when it was nearly done the Gods saw that if not stopped in time the wall would close them in so that they could not get out any more at all. So they had to resort to stratagem to prevent the disaster and stay the work before it was completed. I think the ancient giants are now coming to life in modern machines and doing their work so thoroughly that, unless stopped or mastered, they will shut in the Soul of Man and leave no loophole for it to get through and to express itself in beauty and harmony.

Here in enchanted Lomaland it is good to see in all the works carried out by Katherine Tingley in the Cause of Brotherhood, the evidence of a harmonious purpose shaping all things, however stiff and modern in themselves, to combinations of exquisite beauty. The genius of harmony triumphs over the crudities of machine-made goods, adapts and modifies and blends them into a general plan

which is so strong and purposeful that it allows of infinite variety in the manner of its working out.

But more and more the Students will take their places as the master craftsmen in each department of work, training the workers in those arts of harmony that shall triumph over the vulgar, commonplace, monotonous repetition of machine-made work and bring into every department of life the element of grace and beauty, of harmony and variation, that has so long been dying out of all our work in civilized machine-ruled countries. Already so much of our work is done by members of the order working for love and without pay that soon we shall show the world that Brotherhood can bring back the joy of life, that Brotherhood can restore the lost or long-forgotten mysteries of art and health, purity and happiness. Potent indeed is work done under conditions of inner as well as outer peace, and in an environment that carries the touch of an all-pervading harmony.

And the world will welcome Brotherhood and harmony, and all crude colors and hard forms will disappear before the longing of the world for the beautiful and the true.

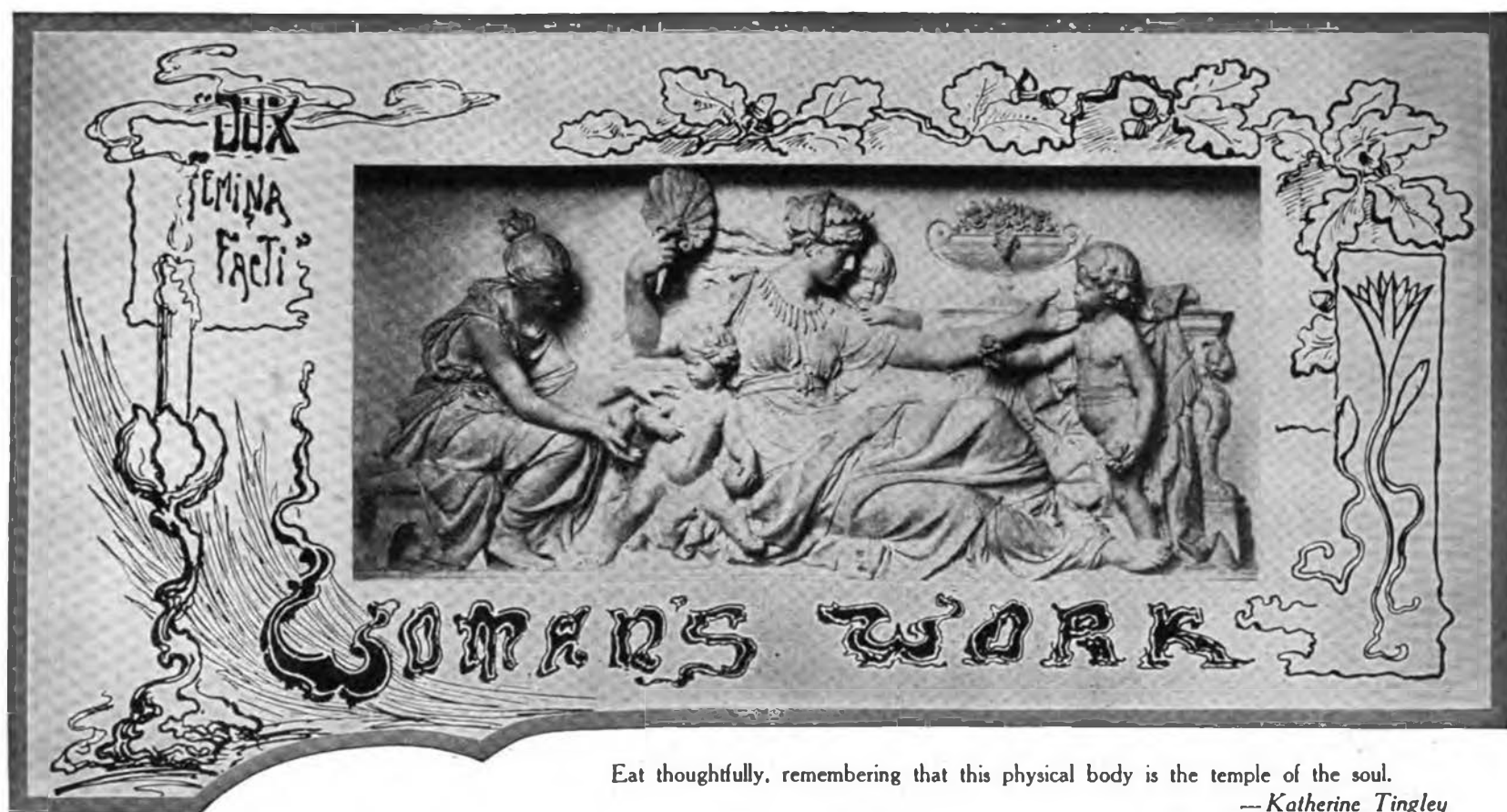
The Sabine Farm of Horace

A FEW verses written two thousand years ago have made the little valley of the Licenza one of the most famous places within easy reach of Rome. Had Maecenas been less generous a patron, had he never given the Sabine farm to Horace, and had Horace never told the world and his friends how his days there were spent, few would now make the classical excursion into the Sabine hills, though time has not marred their beauty.

The villa of Horace has disappeared, to the joy of scholars and archaeologists, who as it is, can go on arguing indefinitely over its exact site. But the narrow valley, the stream running through it and the inclosing hills are as Horace left them, and as lovely. A great rock springs abruptly from the lower slopes and tilts over them at a melodramatic angle.

This is "the citadel Horace had to scale" to reach his house, and it marks the boundaries of the farm. The only difference is that the little brown village of Roccagiovine rises on top, where of old stood the temple of Vacuna, already in ruins when Horace sat under its shadow to write to his friend in Rome. . . .

Here still are the olives that pay the Sabine farmer best, and the vines that yield the rough little Sabine wine that Horace has made more renowned than many a rarer vintage; here are the hills where he wandered, and the woods that gave acorns to his flocks and dense shade to him; here the silence and the peace, and the fresh wind blowing from the mountains, and here the babbling spring and the banks upon which he rested in the cool grass during the hours he counted his happiest. . . .—Exchange



Eat thoughtfully, remembering that this physical body is the temple of the soul.

—Katherine Tingley

IT takes something more than a well-balanced diet and the pure food law to make food agree with disagreeable people. If the suspected article is suitable for consumption, why not justly say that the dyspeptic disagrees with *it*? This class of "disagreeables" would include not only the irritable dyspeptics but all who fail in the task of perfecting the chemistry of foods into nutrition, strength, and buoyant health. It may seem that no one would be foolish enough to quarrel with his own digestion; but entire candor will disclose how few are on good terms with themselves.

Food culture and dietetics are receiving much attention; but neither the scientists nor the faddists are telling the whole story. As usual, the health-seekers are locating the source of their troubles everywhere but in themselves. Even when they follow the letter of the hygienic law they generally fail to vitalize their action with the spirit of it.

Doubtless, foods do carry their own peculiar qualities into the body, so that *what* we eat is important. But as the assimilated material also acquires the more conscious imprint of the eater, *how* we eat is no less vital a matter. Of a score of persons who continue to eat together of practically the same food, no two will have like tissue or minds or characters. The flesh of no creature other than man is heir to manifold ills; so that his other distinguishing trait of self-consciousness which solves problems — in course of time — seems to get him into trouble if it is not rightly operated.

The increased cost of living is putting a new value on things. The commonest vegetables command more respect by their dignified prices. Beets, tomatoes, etc., are investments, paying a profit to seedsman, gardener, shipper, and market man. In view of this, the buyer reflects as he pays the bill that a good deal goes into this production, after all.

And yet, does money settle the account? The men who separately succeed in making

The Price of Food Production

a profit out of a tomato could not, unitedly, make a tomato. Nature is the real producer. As the most active factor in the case, surely something is due to her. The "disagreement" may be regarding the return that she claims. Always she provides a feast of good things, expecting us to accept her hospitality as members of the family. Our only obligation is to

had an apple for breakfast this morning, or rather you cut it open, and then, remembering a disagreement between yourself and raw apples, you put it aside to swallow your coffee absently while absorbing the scare lines of the morning paper before running for the train to town. So your wife, who is both managing and working housekeeper, put the apple into your favorite pie. Holding it in her hand she noticed the star in the center, designed for holding the shaded brown seeds, and saw what artistic bits of color these made in the circle of light tints. As she carefully pared away the translucent, rosy skin, a ray of sunlight shone through it with a soft glow. This covering was strong enough to hold all the good things that grew inside of it but did not keep the sun out. A green strip showed where the least sunshine had filtered in — the north side of the tree. She thought with what charming effect all these colors would combine in a gown. But when living is so high one cannot afford to pay an artist capable of so rare a creation as a nature copy.

Infinite pains have been taken with the production of all your food. Think of the ages of experience wrapped in an apple seed. The parent tree went through a childhood of green leaves before it could blossom out into the marvel of fragrant petals that makes the orchard a charmed spot. The chemistry of the roots selected and digested the elements of crude earth to make nectar for the flower — for all of our mineral food is predigested for us by the plants and animals. As the pink petals fell away, the little green nucleus began to grow, fed from within and stimulated by the air and sunshine, the dew and rain and warmth. All of these filtered something of themselves into it from without.

Think of the dewy mornings that gave something to it, the faint lights of dawn, the wandering winds, the brilliant noontide, the storms that cleared the air and refreshed the

THE JOY

THE joy is in the doing,
Not the deed that's done;
The swift and glad pursuing,
Not the goal that's won.

The joy is in the seeing,
Not in what we see;
The ecstasy of vision,
Far and clear and free!

The joy is in the singing,
Whether heard or no;
The poet's wild sweet rapture,
And song's divinest flow!

The joy is in the being ---
Joy of life and breath;
Joy of a soul triumphant,
Conqueror of death!

Is there a flaw in the marble?
Sculptor, do your best:
The joy is in the endeavor ---
Leave to God the rest!

Julia C. R. Dorr

be natural, to give out the best in us, as she does, and to work harmoniously with everything else in her realm.

Mother Nature began to plan these foods at the beginning of things, has patiently improved on them ever since, and is planning now for the future. Does not orthodox authority say that she had worked apples up to a tempting point before the tenants of Eden arrived? You

earth; the joyous notes of the robin in the boughs, the long afternoon shadows and the glowing skies, the setting hush of dusk, the clear starlight, the heavy silence of beclouded midnight, and then, again, the first twitter of awakening birds.

Do you doubt that all these things have helped to make the fruit what it is? Of course, an apple *might* grow in the steam heat and electric light of a furnished flat, or in a rushing business office, or in any worry factory. But it would be different; and the flavor would lack the subtle life and natural touch that satisfies the normal appetite.

Granted that this sounds as if Nature were a producer of mere romances; that is exactly her rôle — mixing song and color and beauty and life and poetry with her work just as we mix ours with tears and shadows and unloveliness and pain and prose. No wonder we have trouble digesting the unsavory combinations we make of her work and our own. She follows the law — closely, willingly — while we seek out many inventions wherewith to evade it, and then feel injured when the results do not “agree.”

Somewhere between the plate and the palate the eater begins to stamp his own imprint on the fruit. It will presently be part of his body, all the cells of which are marked with his peculiar quality. Man has so long been eating unwholesome knowledge of good and evil that his tainted personality quite dominates the quality even of continuously furnished, healthful supplies. The earth gives him many foods that hold strained sunshine and fresh dew and pure air and fragrance and flavor. Absorbing them, he nourishes just what is in him, and resents the strength of his pain and uncleanness. Does he not owe it to himself and to the younger kingdoms of life below him to obey the law that selects the purest and best in food?

To eat the right kind of food in the right way is part of the practical occultism that Theosophy teaches. The daily meals should be made occasions for the better self to worthily stamp the incoming material with new light and beauty. Then, instead of nourishing a weak and sinful body, the very cells would acquire an instinctive strength and resistance to overcome disease and temptation.

Nature always does her best, while we with greater powers accept all her works without thought or gratitude and make beggarly returns.

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

Point Loma, California.

The Sword of the Higher Law

THE following account of an obscure incident in the life of Robert Bruce is sent in by a Scottish Comrade, one of our Lomaland pioneers and therefore

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break. . . .

And it so thrills with the ringing touch of universal compassion that it needs no commentary. It brings to mind something that Katherine Tingley wrote more than a decade

ago, for it sounds the keynote of that higher expression of life's law — the manvantaric symphony of the future — which those who truly love humankind now and again sound forth in deeds that echo down the ages. For compassion is not a sentiment, it is no limp and colorless detritus ground off a few favored natures by pain. It is a positive force, an exponent of true magic, a power illimitable in scope and strength. Its weapon is the Spiritual Will, which acts while it seems to act not, “which flieth like light and cutteth obstacles like a sharp sword.” In this connexion Katherine Tingley's words are as prolog and epilog both:

In every act that partakes of the divine quality of infinite compassion there lies concealed *the potency of all the spheres*. All nature obeys the command of one whose heart beats constantly for others.

STUDENT



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

BRIDAL CROWN OF THE BRAHE CHURCH, VISINGSÖ

THIS beautiful bridal crown of gold and silver, set with precious stones, was presented by Earl Per Brahe and his wife to the people of Visingsö, who, during the residence of the Brahe family on Visingsö, were always considered as belonging to the Visingsborg household. The crown dates from the seventeenth century and has been used ever since its bestowal at all the weddings on the island. A gilt bridal wreath, necklaces with polished “Vettern stones,” and elaborate belts and chains were later given and became part of the customary bridal attire.

In his History of Scotland Sir Walter Scott tells an interesting story of King Robert Bruce which, more than volumes, reveals the great heart that Scotsmen love so well. It was after King Robert had driven the last vestige of Scotland's powerful enemies from the country, and not only had compelled them to sign a treaty of peace but also to acknowledge the absolute independence and freedom of Scotland as a nation; and the Irish patriots had sent an invitation to his brother, Edward Bruce, to come and help them to regain their freedom from the English, promising that if he succeeded they would make him their King. Edward accepted the invitation, but although he had the fearlessness of King Robert he possessed neither his caution nor his genius. And it was not long before he applied to King Robert for assistance.

The King responded, but when he arrived in Ireland he found little harmony among the patriots, and discovered that a large propor-

tion of their forces had gone to help the English. Hearing that General Edmund Butler, who had command of the English forces, was advancing with a powerful army, King Robert began to make preparations to retreat and to return to Scotland.

When his army was about ready to move, however, and Butler's forces were already in sight, the King heard the shrieks of a woman, and sent one of his knights to learn the cause of her distress. The knight informed him that a washer-woman, belonging to his army, had just given birth to a child, and was screaming with terror at the thought of being left behind.

When Bruce heard this his eyes flashed like balls of fire, and turning to his knights he said “Gentlemen! never let it be said that those born of woman, and nursed by woman's tenderness, should ever leave a mother and her infant to the mercy of barbarians. In the name of God! let the odds and risk be what they may, I will fight General Butler rather than leave these poor creatures behind me; instead of retreating *let the army be drawn up in line of battle.*”

The result was curious, indeed, and unlooked-for. Bruce was justly renowned as the greatest general of his time, for he had that rare combination of extreme caution with absolute fearlessness and consummate genius. No one knew his qualities better than General Butler, and when he saw Bruce's army in battle array he did not believe him capable of such a tactical blunder, and at once conjectured that Bruce had in concealment reserves which would make victory certain. Immediately he turned; thus giving the King not only time to make a leisurely retreat, but to make ample provision for the mother and her infant. Bruce *did* have reserves, but not of the kind ordinarily used in war. He called upon the Higher Law, by his compassionate resolve, and its magic gave him the victory. He appealed to the Law of Universal Compassion and thus his appeal was answered.

The Attic Greek at Dinner

THE Athenians loved company at their meals as at everything else. To eat your dinner alone was, according to Plutarch, “not dining, but feeding.” Any special occasion was an excuse for a banquet. It might be a birthday, the arrival or departure of a friend, the naming of a child, any important domestic event, or no event at all. And be it said, to their credit, that the actual consuming of food had comparatively little to do with the matter. There were doubtless some Athenians who liked good living for its own sake; there were doubtless even some gluttons; but the Athenians in general are not to be confused with the grosser feeders of Boeotia or the epicures of Corinth. One comedian remarks that an Attic dinner was very pretty to look at, but gave little satisfaction to the hungry interior. Both Plato and Xenophon wrote an essay in dialog dealing with a dinner-party, and neither of them makes any mention of the food. A special abhorrence of the Athenians was “swinishness.” The classical Attic ideal demanded enough well-served food to satisfy a reasonable appetite while pleasing the palate, but, first and foremost, lively society, conversation, and mutual entertainment. . . . Moderation was a law of Attic life.—Tucker

OUR YOUNG FOLK

Henri Dunant

FIFTY years ago Henri Dunant sounded over the world a trumpet-call arousing humanity to a more merciful treatment of wounded soldiers. Today he is almost forgotten. Many who now read in the papers that this old man has gone to rest, ask themselves, "Who was he?" The sign of the Red Cross which meets our eye in every civilized country will give the answer. He was the founder of the society of this name, which has done so much to relieve human suffering both during warfare and in time of peace.

The reports from the Crimean War had filled the world with horror. The heroic work of Florence Nightingale had shown what could be done to better the conditions, but nothing decisive was undertaken to prevent the recurrence of the same misery. At the opening of the Austro-Sardinian War in 1858, the scenes of the Crimea were repeated. Henri Dunant, a young Swiss gentleman, then traveling in Italy, happened to be present at the battle of Solferino. The suffering he there witnessed touched his heart. He improvised an ambulance and nurse service to help the wounded soldiers. After the battle he wrote down his experiences in his *Souvenir de Solferino*. In this brochure he pictured the horrors of a great battle and laid forth his long-cherished plan — to organize during time of peace field-hospitals, doctors, and nurses, who on the battle-field under the protection of a special flag, could bring help to both friend and foe. It caused a great stir in Europe and the suggestions were received with enthusiasm.

Dunant interviewed sovereigns and ministers of state in different countries and worked unceasingly for several years for the realization of his plans. At last in 1863 a convention was called in Geneva, where seventeen states were represented. The following year, through the aid of the French government, another convention was called, also in Geneva, and here a body of articles was drawn up "for the amelioration of the conditions of wounded in armies in the field." The number of powers which now have signed it has increased to forty. The outward sign of this organization is a flag consisting of a red cross on a white ground. It was adopted as a compliment to Switzerland, whose national flag is just the reverse.

After Dunant had accomplished this great work he was honored by the whole civilized world. Nobody could then have dreamed that this great benefactor ere long would be so utterly forgotten that he would have to live in the greatest poverty. He has himself told how he for some time while living in Paris had to find shelter during the night under the bridges of the Seine.

Through the kindness of a generous duchess and a premium given to him by the Swiss government, he was enabled to spend his later years in better circumstances. In 1902 the peace prize of the Nobel institution came as a well-earned recognition of the noble work to which he had devoted his life. Henri Dunant's name is one we should not forget. B.



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COOLIES' RESIDENCES. JAMAICA, B. W. I.

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A SONG OF HOPE

PUT far thy dreams; the world is only won
Upon thy feet.

Stand up and face the course that is to run
With faith to meet

Thy destined lot in life, to do or die
And have no fear—

Lift up thy heart! The Dawn is in the sky,
The Day is near!

Trust in thyself; thou hast a golden key
Within thy hand;

Be pure, be strong, make Fate a slave to thee,
And thou shalt stand

Courageous, with calm soul serene and high
A pioneer—

Lift up thy heart! The Dawn is in the sky,
The Day is near!

Only be tender in thy strength, be kind
To those who fail,

Else are thy guidance and thy hopeful mind
Of no avail:

Tell out thy message as thou passest by
That all may hear—

"Lift up your hearts! The Dawn is in the sky,
The Day is near!"

Ina M. Stenning in *The Westminster Gazette*

Heroism

WHAT is real heroism in every-day life,
the rarest kind?

It is:

To be strong with the courage of conviction.
To work as if you were to be judged by
each individual act.

To be charitable to all except yourself.
To carry poverty as a test of strength.

To let Brotherliness be your motto, and
Justice your deity.

To rise up wiser after every stumble.

To believe that Right makes Might.

To live for the sake of Right, and not for
the sake of Might.

This is the heroism that must be established,
before the Golden Age can come upon this
earth.

STUDENT

Provincial Flowers

IN Sweden every province has its particular
flower, which besides its proper name has
that of the province attached to it. For
instance, in the province where the corn-
flowers grow more abundantly than anywhere
else, this flower has become the people's favor-
ite. In another part of the country it is the
anemone, in another the heather, and so on.

This special flower is for the province what
the flag is for the country as a whole. It is
a symbol of the unity of the people. When-
ever one meets a person who wears a little pin
with one's own provincial flower, one recog-
nizes in him a brother, and feels a touch of
home.

Some great men are thought of in connexion
with certain flowers. The great Swedish bot-
anist, Carl von Linné, who did so much to
make flowers known and loved, and who was
called "The Flower-king," loved more than
any other flower the little, timid, unpretentious
Linnéa Borcalis, (it took its name from
Linné) which grew and still grows in the deep
forests in his native province. Whenever one
sees this flower, one thinks of the Flower
King of the North.

R.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

UNDER a toadstool
Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain
To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool,
Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf,
Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
Lest he get wet.

To the next shelter—
Maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile,

Tugged till the toadstool
Topped in two.
Holding it over him,
Gaily he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse—
"Good gracious me!

"Where is my toadstool?"
Loud he lamented.
—And that's how umbrellas
First were invented.

Oliver Herford (Selected)



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WHO WILL HAVE A GAME?

Mushrooms

HAVE you ever been out in the forest to pick mushrooms? It is one of the greatest pleasures one can imagine, and children especially find great delight in doing it. When it has rained heavily for one or two days, one takes a basket and goes out in the forest, where everything is still wet after the rain, the air full of the most delicious fragrance, all the trees and bushes fresh and beautiful after their shower-bath. But there is not much time to admire Nature. The task is to pick these tiny little things, which always have the appearance of umbrellas, more or less opened.

Eagerly one looks all around. See, there are the first little orange-colored heads peeping out of the ground! They soon lie securely in the bottom of the basket. Now and then is heard a happy "Oh!" which means that a specially "thick" place is found; and with increasing interest all go farther and farther into the forest. It often happens that one goes so far in among the thick bushes that it is hard to get out again and find the way back. How happy all the children are when at last they reach home and show Mama the big, loaded baskets.

One has to know how to distinguish well between poisonous and eatable mushrooms, else one runs the risk of being poisoned, as many persons have been when they have carelessly picked and eaten any kind of mushrooms they have found.

The fragrance of mushrooms always carries one back to the deep, silent forest where they grew among the moss and the flowers. R.

Where Did You Come From, Pussy Dear?

DID you ever wonder where the first pussy came from? It is believed that she came from Egypt and that she had buff and gray fur with black stripes and a white collar. So if your pussy has buff and gray fur and a white collar you may suppose that her ancestors came from Egypt.

There are cats from different countries which did not come originally from Egypt. Very likely they were wild at one time and were caught and tamed, until after a very long time their kittens' kittens' kittens, indeed ever so many generations of kittens, grew to be domesticated cats, or cats that live in the house with people.

The maltese pussy came first from France. She has blue-gray fur and big yellow eyes. The tortoise-shell puss came from Spain; the angora cat, which has long white fur and blue eyes, from Turkey. The pussy from the Isle of Man, the Manx cat, has no tail.

In New England I have seen cats that have as many as seven toes on each of the front feet and one or two extra toes on the back feet. They are called mitten-pawed cats.

The little pussies in the picture are Persian cats, no doubt, with their long fluffy fur and large eyes. They look as if they were waiting to be adopted by some little girl who would love them and take good care of them. E. P.

GENIUS has big ears — on the inside.

VIRTUE'S sentinel is work.

"THEY say" and "Perhaps" are the two ushers that precede a lie.—*Honoré de Balzac*

The Stars

HOW still and clear the night is! The stars are looking on us with their beautiful eyes; they are looking into the eyes of our soul; love and peace come with their rays; we can feel it.

A bright star is twinkling through the branches of a tree; it shines in through the window. A story from childhood floats up from the darkness.

A little boy and a girl were stolen away from their home. For a long time they lived with some wicked people and suffered many wrongs. They did not remember the names of their parents or where their home was or how it looked. The only thing they remembered was that every evening as they used to watch by the window in their home, a beautiful star looked through the branches of a birch tree.

One day they went away from the wicked people to find their home by the birch and the star. For a long, long time they wandered, seeking. Many times they came to places which they would have thought were their home, but when they looked for the birch and the star they found their mistake. Sometimes the birch stood outside the window, but the star was not in that direction; at other times they saw the star, but the birch was not there.

Then at last they came to a place where the star was shining through the birch — and they were at home. I wonder how many other children are seeking their true homes, with a star for a guide. They will win at last.

SKULD

My crown is called content.—*Shakespeare*

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		MAX	MIN	DAY	NIGHT		DIR	VEL
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29	29.728	62	55	58	46	0.00	SE	1
30	29.739	71	56	60	44	0.00	SE	6
1	29.769	69	50	56	54	0.00	SW	4
2	29.734	68	52	58	50	0.00	SE	1
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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 7

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Biology versus Theology on the Origin of Man

A PROFESSOR and Bachelor of Science recently lectured before a Free Church Assembly in England on "The Origin and Antiquity of Man in the Light of Evolution and Scripture."

Fossil remains were against the theory of a descent of man from apes. We had no fossil remains showing the change from the climbing ape to the walking man, and the change would be an impossible one. Recent discoveries by biologists had shown that Darwin's principle of variation by continuous and slow accumulations was not everywhere a fact. Development was now found to be by leaps, in numerous cases. Putting all these things together, they had the surest scientific ground for rejecting the theory of the origin of man from the lower animals. Man was not derived from lower creatures. He was a very special creation, made not in the image of the monkey, but made in the image of God, etc.

We agree with this learned lecturer that the biological evidence does not support the theory that man is descended in the way alleged. The theory is generally supposed to be that man is descended from some animal ancestor common to both himself and the anthropoid apes; so that he is a cousin of the apes. For the theory demands that we shall derive man from the lower kingdoms by upward evolution, and it is apparent that the anthropoid apes are a side line. They did not produce man. Man branched off from the family tree at an earlier stage, and he and the apes pursued different paths. Such is, roughly speaking, the theory. But we fail to discover this supposed common ancestor; though there are various theories as to its identity or character.

The true teachings with regard to this subject are not so simple as our wishes might desire. Nor is this to be wondered at, if we reflect that the laws of nature do not accommodate themselves to our cut-and-dried schemes but pursue their own ample course. The physical body and some of the lower principles of man were indeed evolved from certain lower kingdoms. There is this much to be said collateral to the theory; but it has built up too much on the evidence. It was not in the present Round (great cycle, or Manvantara) that this evolution took place, but in a preceding one. The mammals of this Round were preceded by man. But man is also the product of at least one other line of evolution. While the kingdoms of physical nature were evolving

upward from the simpler towards the more complex, in response to the urge of the Spark within them, striving to build itself more perfect forms, the Spiritual side of nature was evolving in a contrary direction becoming ever more and more materialized. Thus there were two lines of evolution — that of Matter being gradually perfected in the lower kingdoms and that of Spirit striving to manifest itself more and more in an organism. It was the coalescence of these two lines of evolution that produced the compound being known as Man. But the teaching further declares that this coalescence could not take place without the aid of a third principle to serve as the link between Spirit and Matter. The perfected animal organism produced by ages of evolution was not a fit vehicle for the Spiritual Man that was to enter; nor could the Spiritual Man manifest in that organism without the aid of this intermediary principle. The intermediary principle was Mind. And here we come upon a third line of evolution converging with the other two in Man — the manifestation of Mind. This again had been manifested in preceding cycles of evolution; but further information thereon must be left to the student. The immediate point is that in Man these three lines of evolution have converged.

An Organ in the Midst

The strength of the scientific position lies in its partial truth; the weakness lies in the fact that biologists have tried to make the facts support a theory that is largely conjectural. Our lecturer, however, avoids one dogma only to fall into another. For, discussing the antiquity of man, he said we might take it as really almost a fixed point that man had not existed on the earth with a certainty more than 7000 years or thereabouts. There are so many qualifying expressions heaped up in this remark that the degree of certainty becomes very small. But the lecturer said that there was thus a confirmation of "Scriptural" teachings as regards the earliest appearance of man. He has a good many awkward facts to get over, though. Skeletons of man are found in situations which many believe prove them to be scores of thousands of years old. If we reject this evidence in the case of human remains, must we not also reject it in the case of animal remains? Again, we have the undeniable evidences of great civilizations having existed at least as long ago as that. But such an argument is scarcely worth the trouble of refuting. We mention it as a curious example of the obstinate survival of theological tradition. How deeply that dogma has been en-

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graved upon the invisible tablets of the mind! If the Jewish Biblical account were read with intelligence and in the light of collateral literary evidence, it would furnish us with the very clue for want of which the biological evolutionists are in such perplexity. For it is

Scientific Symbolism in Scriptures

a symbolic and allegoric summary of early chapters in cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis—the birth of worlds and of human races. It has

survived, however, in but a mutilated form, being a somewhat incomplete and ill-arranged selection from a much larger mass of available material. In the scriptures of other races we shall find similar symbolic accounts; and the analogy between these and the Jewish account has struck many with wonderment. But in some cases the structure is far more complete. In the sacred scriptures of Hindūstān, for instance, we shall find allegories of creation that dwarf the Hebraic account to insignificance.

In *Genesis* there is unmistakable reference to the informing of the animal man with the gift of godlike mind. There are two accounts of the creation of man, one in the first chapter and one in the second. In the second chapter man is created before the beasts. The "dust of the ground" was taken and the breath of life breathed into it, so that man became "a living soul"—וְיָהִי הָאָדָם לְנֶפֶשׁ חַיָּה—the word "living soul" here meaning, as

Body, Vital

the Biblical scholars tell us, an animal soul נֶפֶשׁ (*nephesh*).

Principle,

Mind and Spirit

In chapter I, in the other allegory, takes place the other creation, when man is made in the image of God—וַיְבָרֵא אֱלֹהִים אֱתֶר־הָאָדָם בְּצַלְמוֹ. It should be remembered that the word here translated "God"—אֱלֹהִים—is not the same as the two—יְהוָה אֱלֹהִים—in the other passage; a better rendering in this case would have been "Gods" or "creative spirits." These are points which can be confirmed by a reference to authorities. In this first account, too, the beasts are made first. It is thus evident that we have in *Genesis* somewhat of a jumble. The full explanation would take too long to give, but much information on that point will be found in *The Secret Doctrine*, written by H. P. Blavatsky.

Theosophy has, then, to contend with two classes of dogmatism, the biological and the theological. The former tends to minimize the importance of the spiritual factor in man by over-emphasizing the animal factor; the latter

Persistent

favors a narrow ecclesiastical atmosphere of thought. It is

"Animal-Man"

View-points

hardly to be supposed that the mighty truth is to be found in either of these narrow spheres. Let us study man as we find him today, in ourself and in other selves, and see if we cannot infer from that wondrous and complex total a more adequate story of growth. Even if we should suppose that man has evolved up through the kingdoms in any of the manners suggested by the various theories, we are still left face to face with the question, "What is the power that has produced so marvelous a result?" If it be not deific intelligences, it is an uncommonly good imitation thereof. The question of the nature and working of this evolutionary power and these intelligences is left entirely unregarded by modern

theorists; but it is one to which the human mind demands some kind of answer. A purely materialistic theory may satisfy for a while, but cannot last many years. Theology also shelves the question, so far as any explanation of details is concerned. Jumping at one bound to "God," it leaves unexplored the whole vast realm of knowledge between. This attitude of mind cannot satisfy us either. Under these circumstances we see people trying to find relief in the wildest speculations and fanaticisms. But Theosophy alone gives a clear and consistent account of the evolution of man in all his relationships. It is the only practical working philosophy of the day. STUDENT

Theosophy

alone actually

Explains

Meteorites

THE American Museum of Natural History has a display of three thousand meteorites, representing many years' work of collecting. The largest is the "Tent" meteorite, brought by Peary from Greenland in 1897, weighing 36½ tons. It consists of 91% iron, 7% nickel, the remainder being cobalt and other materials. The Willamette found by prospectors in a forest near Portland, Oregon, is 10ft. in height. A writer on the subject states that analysis shows that the "other worlds than ours," from which these meteorites come, are composed of much the same materials as is this terrestrial ball. The argument is not conclusive. Is the earth surrounded by a belt of hail, snow, and rain, such as come from the sky? The meteorites may be iron, nickel, etc. when they arrive in the sphere of our earth; but this is no guarantee of what they were in those other worlds. Science is giving up the idea that the chemical "elements" are fixed—even on earth; and it is still more questionable whether they are fixed outside the limits of the earth.

It is quite a reasonable hypothesis that the matter, or sub-matter, which condenses into meteorites might in its origin have been condensed into other forms than those of our terrestrial elements. It is quite reasonable to suggest that each planet may have its own particular set of elements; and this in spite of what the spectroscope may seem to prove, for we have much to learn about the transmission of light through interplanetary space.

Iron, nickel, chrysolite, felspar, and pyroxenes are the essential constituents of meteorites, and among the accessories are minute diamonds, black lead, and graphite, together with numerous minerals that occur rarely in the earth's crust.

The writer mentioned states that Diana of the Ephesians was nothing but a meteorite. Ephesus was for a long time a great city and a center of the Mysteries from all parts. The veneration of Artemis seems at the time of Paul, to have become corrupt and fanatical. But we need not imply any great fatuity among the Ephesians, if the statue which they set up in their great temple was made from a meteorite; for a statue must be made of some material, and what material more appropriate for a symbol of Deity than that which comes to us so mysteriously from realms beyond our earth? Well may meteorites have been regarded with awe, and even now be called "visitors from other worlds." There is of course a scientific way of looking at

things, and also other ways. The most entrancing scene on earth may be reduced to a study in slates and shales and erosion; the most beautiful flower becomes *Greenlandia Jenkinsii*; and man himself is several gallons of water and a few chemicals. The estimation of values, and the appreciation of each other's points of view is a complex question.

CANTAB.

Senses of the Blind

WITH regard to the faculties of the blind, common-sense and experience tell us that their perceptions are more acute than those of seeing persons. It has remained for certain theorists to deny this fact, and to do it in such an ingenious manner as to uphold their own opinion and that of the public at one and the same time. For we are told, on the authority of such a theorist, that careful physiological experiments have demonstrated that the other senses of the blind are not more acute than ours; and the explanation of their well-known power to walk in the dark, read Braille type, distinguish colors, etc., is that they pay more attention to their sense-perception than we do. Clearly this is only juggling with the meaning of the word "sense." Can a sailor see farther than a landsman? Test him in the laboratory and you may find that he cannot read a page from the diamond Bible any farther off than you can. But at sea he can discern a ship or a storm long before you. Is his vision more acute? His eyes are no better, but he makes better use of them, say the theorists. And they are welcome to their point. The real test of our powers is what we can do when called upon for some important work, not what we can do in an anthropometric laboratory. The latter gives information of a kind, and the former gives information of another kind.

A blind man is mentioned as having been in command of a drug business, into which he had even introduced many new methods. Supposing they had let the question of his appointment rest on the laboratory test, would they ever have appointed him? No; they ascertained first that he was competent; and then they applied the tests and found that theoretically he was incompetent. What we need now is some method of testing an individual's power of attending to his sensory impressions. It is no use measuring people's brains and bodies any more unless we know what use they will make of those appendages. We suggest that there is a coefficient of personal efficiency and that it ought to be measured. TRAVERS

Mysteries of Flight

AT a recent aviation meeting a sparrowhawk was observed to go at nearly twice the speed of the airplanes, and even in a gale he not only made high speed against the wind, but would stop and alight with a suddenness and ease that was amazing. His kinetic energy, at 60 miles an hour only, was enough to raise his own weight 120 feet. Where this went in the short wheel of five yards or so before alighting without wing-flapping, is a problem. And how could he—if a mere fortuitous concatenation of chemical activities—know so much better than airmen how to handle $Wv^2/2g$? STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Toothache in History

IN one of the inaugural addresses to medical students in London, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gave his hearers some good advice. Materialism is one of the diseases of the medical profession and the lecturer tried to administer a little preventive treatment. He himself, he said, was educated in a materialistic age when mind and spirit were regarded as secretions of the brain, just as bile of the liver. They talked about immutable law as doing everything and thought that was the whole story. But riper experience made man realize that behind a law there must be the source of it; and an ordered universe without and a conscious soul within testified to forces which must break down any purely materialistic philosophy.

But he was a little previous in speaking of materialism as of the past. A recent report of an interview describes Mr. Edison, for instance, as an absolute disbeliever in the soul or even individuality. Man is merely a collection of cells, just as a city is a collection of people.

Will New York City go to Heaven? . . . I cannot see any use for a future life. There is no more reason to suppose the human brain—what you call a soul—to be immortal than there is to think that one of my phonographic cylinders is immortal.

He is also given as saying that the will-power which drives the brain is possibly a form of electricity.

If he has been misreported—we have not seen any repudiation—there are plenty of other eminent names that could be written in place of his.

The ordinary man may however conclude that if the will is electricity, then, since it is also an intelligent consciousness in action, the electricity of the entire universe may also be intelligent consciousness in action, the intelligence of the universe.

But Sir Arthur Conan Doyle did a little flirting with materialism himself, suggesting a streak of friendliness to what one might call the toothache theory of history.

Look at the men, for example, who were the prime movers in the French Revolution. How far were their inhuman actions dependent upon their own complaints? They were a diseased company—a pathological museum. How many times did the most important historical developments appear to depend upon small physical causes? There was, for example, the case of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. How came Louis XIV, who had always held out upon this point, to give way at last to the pressure of Madame de Maintenon and his clerical advisers? The answer lay in one of his molar teeth. It was historical that he had for some months bad toothache, caries, abscess of the jaw, and finally a sinus which required operation; and it was at this time, when he was pathologically abnormal and irritable, that he took the step which had modified history.

So the flow of history is an affair of the chance toothaches and bad livers of the men at the centers! At least let us have a distinction between centrally *standing* men and centrally *belonging* men, between merely prominent men and really great men. The great man is not he who merely chances to be in the way of, and a channel for the great force, spiritual or infernal; but he who has his very being in it,

his will one with it; and the greatest of them thoroughly know what they are about, have established self-consciousness in the current they swim in. Such men reincarnate in history whenever that force needs instruments. The puppets merely have some little quality or defect that makes them temporarily useful to it.

STUDENT

In Sight of the End

"MAN will fail because of his very development," predicts Dr. Emil Koenig, an eminent German physiologist, in a pamphlet published to warn us of a fate we cannot prevent. "He will fall, to rise no more; fall to revert to what he was before he became lord of Creation."

Civilization is to blame.

Human life and its conditions are so elaborate now that the human organs have become more specialized, more sensitive and consequently more liable to disease. So these supersensitive, easily diseased organs must deteriorate and with the deterioration of its organs must come the degeneration of the race.

Cancer, heart disease, and diseases of the blood vessels, are all increasing; the stomach, teeth, and digestive organs, are all wearing out. The end of the long struggle is in sight.

Man's development is, as the Professor says, relatively high and complex. Its continuance, its stability, is threatened by several things. The threats have begun to be carried out. But what is doing the threatening? The mere (relative) height of the development, or something else? The mere height would be a very subtle, recondite, and unproved threatener. We have no evidence that nature cannot support any amount of height; we *have* evidence that it is height which she is aiming at.

No; the proved, obvious, simple and competent threatener is man's own habits. You can call them civilization if you like and then say that civilization is trying to commit suicide with fair promise of success. But essential nature, the complexity of constitution and organization itself, must not yet be blamed. Would you say that a man's stomach was wearing out because of its highly complex nature if you knew that its owner packed five excessive and vicious meals daily into it? Would you not rather blame *his* habit than *its* constitution? He reforms the quantity, quality, and number of his meals. Behold, the stomach not only shows that it is not worn out but that it has a reserve power of recovery and finally does its work with exquisite precision.

Let the professor think over the habits of the average man for twenty-four hours, everything that he does with his body that should not be done, everything he omits that should be done; every state of mind that he permits that should not be permitted, and the states he neglects that should be encouraged; and then ask himself whether nature and essential constitution, or the man himself, should be blamed for his condition? If he urges that it is nature herself that prompts the man to the omissions and commissions, we deny it; for on the contrary she visits upon every one a

visible near or remote condemnation. Having no voice that speaks the English or German language she can hardly do more. The animals are entirely under her care, and on the whole they accordingly do exactly the things they had best do for their health. To the extent that man is not under her care, but now his own, he has not only an intelligence but a higher monitor, both concurring to guide him. Let him avoid all the errors he now wittingly makes, and if then he is still found to be failing he may look around for something to blame.

STUDENT

Boston in London

THE London *Times* sarcastically calls attention to some of the varieties and practices of New "Thought" now transplanting themselves from here to the old country. "Emphatically a woman's creed," says the *Times*, "and the few men found among its adepts are usually of so ladylike a kind as to prove rather than disprove the statement."

The writer puts his finger upon the weak places at once. The new propaganda prospers mainly among the comfortable,

its true home is the boudoir, its initiates are persons of leisure. It appeals to self-interest—more usually called the longing for a higher life—by a general promise of health, wealth, and happiness. It does not appeal to the heart; but no importance is attached to this trifling omission.

The essence of the creed is "that there is a great spiritual something somewhere," that it can be found by "entering into the Silence," by altering the rate and depth of breathing, and by invoking the solar plexus. When found it can be drawn upon for the holy trinity, wealth, health, and happiness. Says one manual of the cult:

Inhale slowly but not too deeply, and as you inhale say mentally, with eyes raised under closed lids, *I am*—say it slowly and distinctly, and try quietly to realize that the Infinite is really You. This same exercise, used with the words, *I am money*, is the finest treatment for opulence.

The writer evidently did not take his own treatment, for he sells his book.

There are also, it seems, just as in Boston, drawing-room meetings where under the inspiration of the presence of an adept in the art, the devotees "enter" collectively into the Silence, blending their subconsciousnesses and attuning their solar plexuses in sweet unity for an hour at a time. After which, coffee, sandwiches, and cake.

For most of these people this is the deliberate culture of mind-wandering, and they will have to pay a higher price for the art than they now imagine. For the rest of them it is a solution of the mind in the bodily processes and sensations, and for that too there is a price to be paid. In all of them it is that pin-point focusing of the personal self idea which it is nature's aim now to expand into the infinitely richer social consciousness. Mind-wandering is dissipation of the mind's essence and when death comes there may not be enough left collectible to carry on the sense of identity, to permit any kind of persistence of personal consciousness.

STUDENT

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

Ancient Aegean Civilizations

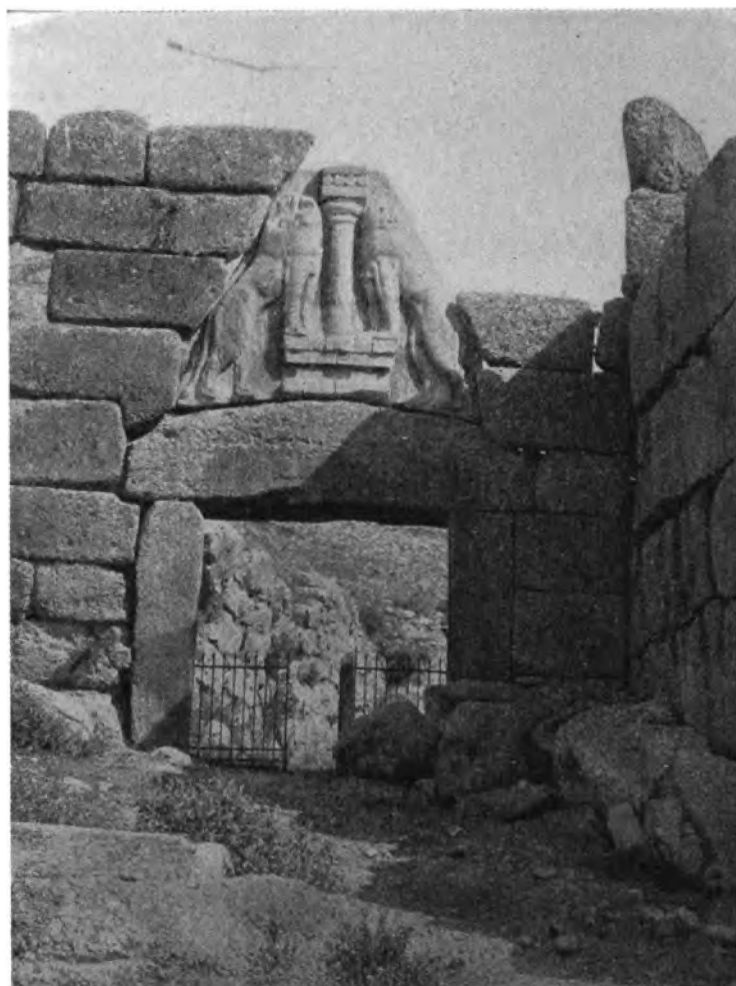
AN article on the monumental vestiges of pre-Grecian civilizations of the Aegean appeared in the CENTURY PATH of December 4, in connexion with another illustration of Mykenae, and it is not necessary to repeat what was there said. In this picture we see the fitting of the stones characteristic of one style of the so-called Cyclopean architecture. As we moderns ascend from our valley, to scale the heights of our own future destiny, we see more and more of the past coming into view; and we begin to suspect that history is a long chain of heights and vales, and that our vision has heretofore been circumscribed by the limits of the valley we are in. These "pre-Grecian" civilizations form a link with even greater civilizations beyond, and show us that most of our knowledge is a reincarnation from antiquity. In proportion as we regain memories of man's former prowess, shall we acquire a foundation for coming achievement. TRAVERS

Tracing Back the Eskimos

RACES which are dying out, and whose arts and customs are traditions, are survivals from a greater culture, not primitive man in the making. The Danish Ethnological Society recently published an account of the lost Eskimo tribes of the east coast of Greenland. In 1823 Captain Clavering, on a sledge expedition along the southwest side of Clavering Island, encountered a party of twelve Eskimos. His natives could not make themselves understood by the strangers, who soon disappeared. That was the first and last time any white man saw men of this now extinct race of east Greenlanders. Ten years ago Lieutenant Andrup of the Danish navy made a survey of the east Greenland coast between latitudes 65° 30' and 74° 30' and brought back objects which have been studied by Dr. Thalbitzer of the Ethnological Society and found to represent an age long antedating the first contact of Icelanders with Greenland. Great antiquity, he says, marks the life of these peoples. He concludes from the originality of their handicraft that they were isolated and afterwards went through a vigorous development of their own. The southern Eskimos possess only traditions of this northern race.

We have no connected account of the material culture of the great group of Eskimos dwelling at about the same latitude around the mouth of the Mackenzie River; still less of that extinct Eskimo culture of which the sole witnesses are the ruins in the north Canadian archipelago.

Here then we have a link with the past, for the Eskimos are a Fourth Race survival, and doubtless the "original" arts of the vanished northerners were recollections and not a development of their own. STUDENT



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE GATE OF THE LIONS, MYKENAE

"Stone Age" Skeletons in England

THE skeletons of a man and woman have been discovered at Astwick, near Biggleswade, Bedfordshire. Workmen were laying a conduit near the bed of the old River Ivel when they came across them. A local antiquary pronounced them to belong to the "neolithic period," and attributes great importance to the discovery. The man was of magnificent physique, and the woman was at right angles to him with her feet resting against his side.

There are now on earth people living in the "Stone Age"—in almost inaccessible parts of South America, for example. There were civilized peoples living contemporaneously with simple tribesmen in those days as in these. The idea that a chronological sequence of ages representing an unbroken scale in evolution can be drawn up is fanciful and not destined to stand the light of future discoveries. H.

Vast Resources of Ancient Masons

BEFORE us is Part I of a periodical called *The Wonders of the World*, being issued in 24 parts, with 1000 illustrations from photographs and articles by celebrated travelers on objects of natural and archaeological interest. True, one rebels somewhat at the caption, "The World's Great Wonders Without Leaving Your Fireside," as savoring of the spirit which makes the tramp so fond of watching other people work. But still, as people will

read at their firesides in any case, they may as well read good stuff as bad. It is to be hoped that what they read herein will cause them to reflect. Here they have facts from which they can draw their own conclusions, instead of having the fact digested for them, and the conclusions drawn, by other minds.

One of the photographs shows the " Mightiest Stone Ever Hewn," as it lies on the ground amid the ruins of Baalbek in Syria. This stone is 71ft. long and of quadrangular section. In carpenter's measure we suppose it would be called a "156 by 168," for it is 13ft. one way and 14ft. the other. The picture of this quarried block lying there, as long as the frontage of three houses in a street, the height of its side reaching part way up the second story, gives us a faint notion of the powers of the builders. It was cut for use in a building, and the Temple of the Sun, hard by, contains stones nearly as large, hoisted and fitted into their places. Now imagine engineers at work moving this vast monolith and hoisting it into place. That gives you some notion of the powers of those who built on such a scale. And at once it strikes you that the view often presented of ancient nations cannot possibly be true. They must have had more knowledge and been far more capable than is made out.

In the same number we have a picture of the Temple of Borobudur, in Java, as large as a small mountain, and indeed actually believed by the natives to be a hill until it was excavated from the jungle. And this mountain of hard intractable building rock is carved all over, inside and out, as intricately as the material will bear, as intricately as a lace pattern. View the matter how we may, this monument can only be the result of an amount of labor and skill that staggers the imagination. Think of the work of quarrying such a quantity of stone; the transporting of it; the building of it; and then of the years—nay, generations—of work by artists of the highest skill, in executing fine designs on the hardest material. Must not the people who did it have been a great people? What people in more recent times have done the like? Where are the Greeks and Romans by comparison? Let us call the people what we like, the fact remains that they did this. And a people able to command such vast resources in engineering, science, skill, and industry—and, above all, such unity of effort—must have been a people to be admired and feared. What may they not have accomplished in other directions by the application of their huge powers to other objects? We begin to realize the greatness of the human soul and the tremendous past of which we are the heirs. May the thought inspire us with greater trust and loyalty towards the true Manhood latent in us. STUDENT

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

The Pituitary Body

OUR knowledge of the functions of the pituitary body—the small ductless “gland”—rests at present upon our knowledge of what happens when it is behaving badly. Its good and proper behavior we dimly infer from its bad. It is evidently one of the vital centers, presiding in some way over growth so long as growth is going on, and maintaining a proper *status quo* when growth has ceased.

Its effects on growth come into view when it overdoes its work. In one set of cases it seems responsible for the disease called “giantism”; in another for “acromegaly.” In the latter disease, nearly always setting in after adult life is well established, there is slow enlargement of the hands, feet, lower jaw and the ridges over the eyes. The lower neck vertebrae may also thicken, causing a marked stoop in attitude which added to the rest of the picture creates a decidedly simian effect.

But when growth is still under way, adult life not having been reached, the excessive action of this gland—if it is to be called a gland—is manifested all over the body. Growth is everywhere excessive and we get the giants who used to be exhibited in the country shows. In both these diseases the pituitary, when there is a chance to examine it, is found enlarged. Among animals it is larger in the gorilla than in normal man.

But these enlargements of the gland, stimulating the growth of bones and limbs, stimulate nothing else. The brain rather goes back and the intelligence is apt to be dim and slow. Taking the whole set of symptoms together one would be inclined to see *reversion* rather than disease, reversion to an immensely old human type of which but a few skeletons have hitherto been found. From that type the ape would represent a divergence, man the direct line. According to Theosophy, human intelligence gradually manifested itself in forms and activities of consciousness of which we can now form no conception, *pari passu* with the diminution in size and consolidation of his body. One sort of consciousness gradually replaced the other and what we now call intelligence and reasoning was slow in growth. His task now is to add to what he now has that which became latent in its acquirement.

STUDENT

Our Aura

AURORAL light is now usually regarded as due to corpuscular streams from the sun collecting about the Poles. The Poles of the earth are the poles of a magnet, respectively attracting corpuscles or ions of opposite sign.

But it appears that the whole earth surface, and not the Poles only, constantly glows. Is this diffused earthshine auroral also? Or is it of some other nature, the planet being self-luminous?

The Groningen (Holland) Astronomical Laboratory has just issued a memoir on this subject—curiously enough, in English: “On the brightness of the Sky and the Total Amount

of Starlight.” If, as we stand on the earth, the sky looks brighter than the diffused starlight will account for, we may assume that we are looking through and at a radiance of our manufacture, our own aura. After the disappearance of all twilight on a moonless night we can often note that the sky is luminous towards the horizon. Starlight gives a general luminosity but no more near the horizon than the zenith. Moreover this general luminosity varies in intensity on different nights when the brightness of the stars—measured with the photometer—remains the same. Diffused light may also be seen when the sky is densely cloudy, whilst photographic plates show that no night is so dark as to leave them quite unaffected.

The memoir describes an attempt to estimate the proportions of the two lights concerned, starlight and earthlight. Taking the light of a star of the first magnitude as the unit of measurement, it is reckoned that a square degree of sky near the zenith had on certain nights an illumination varying from 0.08 to 0.16, of which only 0.02 is due to diffused starlight. The rest is what the writer of the memoir calls permanent aurora. Any objection to its being auroral he regards as met by the fact that any part of the night sky, examined with the spectroscope, will give that special green line characteristic of aurorae and attributed to krypton.

STUDENT

Another Factor in Heredity

A WELL known English physician, Dr. Donkin, writing in the *Lancet* on the heredity of crime, points out a very usual fallacy in all studies of this kind. If the father and son are both criminal it is thought to be a real bit of evidence for the hereditability of the criminal tendency. But even several generations of criminal persistence do not establish this.

For there is a real and a pseudo-heredity, and the latter goes far deeper than we suspect. Says Dr. Donkin:

Touching the mental and moral characters of man, there is massive evidence which shows that many even of the most importantly adaptive among them are the result of modifications developed in each individual under the stimulus of actual use and training alone. Such characters are mainly and clearly traditional; they are handed down by each generation to the next through teaching and example, not through real inheritance; but their constant acquirement by every generation gives them the appearance of being naturally inherited.

The modern biological doctrine is that no acquired character or power is transmitted, only a faintly increased tendency to make that same acquisition. In the case of apparently inherited criminality, by adding this faintly increased tendency to the effects of education or the want of it, example, and the local social atmosphere, we have the explanation of the appearance.

Still there is something more. There will never be a final answer to some of these problems till reincarnation is recognized, till the share of the incoming ego in molding the brain it is to use is taken into account. The brain is molded by forces connected with the germ

stream from the parents, by a certain direct influence from the parents themselves and especially the mother, and inductively by the coming tenant. And the character of the tenant, brought from his last life, is likely to lead him to incarnation in such a *milieu* as accords with it. It is this factor which all current accounts leave out of consideration.

STUDENT

The Sun-Spots

IT was a good piece of work and reasoning, that which demonstrated that the sun-spots are magnets. In photographing an object there is no need to give all of its light an access to the plate. Interesting results have already been reached in photographing the moon by the violet only, the other rays having been filtered off.

The sun was subjected to the same process, in some of the experiments the red light from hydrogen in the photosphere being alone used. It was then seen that the floating clouds of hydrogen in the neighborhood of spots appeared to be arranged somewhat as are iron filings around the poles of a magnet. Is a sun-spot the one end of a magnet, the other being perhaps on the opposite side? It may be so, but there is more than one sort of magnet. An electric current running round a spirally wound wire will make that spiral a magnet. And an electric current is a stream of electrons. Any sufficiently hot body gives off electrons, as for instance the carbon in the electric arc. A solar spot being a vortex, a maelstrom, and sufficiently hot, it would follow that electrons must be in that vortex. There is consequently a spiral electric current and consequently a magnet. The hydrogen clouds in some degree follow the lines of force of this magnet. Moreover, the light emitted from the clouds exhibits the effect which we know to be produced on light by the vicinity of a powerful magnet, a doubling of the lines of its spectrum.

STUDENT

Sea-Water in Medicine

FRENCH physicians, especially those in attendance at the Dispensaires Marins, are getting extraordinary results from the use of properly diluted sea-water introduced directly into the blood. M. Quinton, speaking before an English medical society, demonstrated by photographs the rapid relief and cure by this means of some diseases usually yielding slowly or not at all to ordinary treatment. Tubercle, especially of the bones, and lupus, appear to be markedly amenable to the vitalizing action of this remedy.

The *Archives of Pediatrics* nearly two years ago called attention to the value of sea-water. Its saline ingredients are in the same proportion as in blood-serum, but in too great quantity. There are of course many other contents, some analysable, e.g. gold, some not as yet. The finer radiations of earth and sun. The dilution recommended was in the proportion of 80 parts of sea-water to 190 of spring-water. No boiling or sterilizing is done, the product being merely filtered through a germ-proof filter.

M. D.



The Growing of Eucalyptus

IN a paper before the Society of American Foresters, Mr. Fred G. Plummer advocates the extensive planting of eucalypts by qualified persons, as this is the only tree which is at once available for many useful purposes and sufficiently rapid of growth to supply the deficiency which lumbering is causing in our forests. Other trees would take so long to grow that the depletion might get ahead of them. Also, he says, people will not plant trees for future generations; they have to pay their taxes in this generation, and in this generation they must make their profits.

Personal attention, combined with knowledge and practical training, are required; but there are 221 books and pamphlets on eucalyptus growing, the list of which accompanies Mr. Plummer's paper.

Eucalypts are native to Australia and the neighboring islands. They were discovered in Tasmania in 1792, but it was not until from 1854 to 1856 that they were introduced into southern Europe, India and South America; and in 1865 they were introduced into California. Since then they have been grown in South Africa, where they are raised from seed and are consequently free from fungoid and insect pests. There are probably more eucalyptus plantations there than in any other country; but much progress is being made in America, especially in the south-western United States.

The trees reproduce rapidly, both from seed and sprout. If the planting is begun on high levels, the trees will seed downwards. Of the 150 recognized species, 100 have been introduced into California; but the blue, red, and sugar gum, have received the most attention. These, with gray, manna, and lemon gums, are all that any planter need consider. The wood is superior to most of the hardwoods and equal to mahogany. It is resistant to the teredo and other marine worms. The tree drains the soil in swampy districts, yields medicinal products, and purifies the air. It has qualities almost innumerable and can live under almost any conditions except frost. The method of growing in a lath-house from seedlings is not difficult, and the directions here given may be recommended to anyone desirous of entering upon the industry.

H.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

SUGAR-GUM EUCALYPTS AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

The Guarequi, a Natural Reservoir

A PLANT which can store up water and other materials sufficient for its needs for a quarter of a century is a marvel. Yet on good authority we learn that the guarequi (*Ibervillea sonora*) of the Sonora Desert, Mexico, has this power. It is a vine, growing out of an enormously thickened root which lies on the ground and becomes isolated from the soil. Its shape is like a huge fat decanter with the tendrils growing from the mouth. The vegetative season lasts but a few weeks, and the slender roots wither, leaving the plant unanchored. In a museum case at the New York Botanical Garden a specimen sprouts annually and has done so for seven seasons without apparent diminution.

STUDENT

Microscopic Forests

FOR thousands of years, says a writer in the *English Mechanic*, people have speculated on the inhabitants of other worlds in the stars and have allowed their imaginations to run riot as to the strange forms of life on these worlds. But he, the writer, does not let his imagination run riot, because he does not have to; instead he takes his microscope and some moss from a stagnant pond and feasts his eye. By this means the explorer of the infinitely little

can become thoroughly acquainted with forms of life which, perhaps, could not be beaten for awe-inspiring beauty and strangeness anywhere else in the universe; and *Zoothamnium arbuscula* and *Z. gen-*

iculatum, both aquatic arborescent colonial infusorians, are but two among a vast number of glorious atoms which inhabit the waters of this and other countries. . . .

Think of a tree—say a standard apple-tree—trained to the shape of a well-developed tulip, the crown of the tree composed of from six to one dozen ostrich-feather-shaped limbs, each made up of many branches, twigs, and leaves, and bearing large apple-like bodies affixed to the stems—trunk, limbs, branches, twigs, leaves, and fruit, constructed not of opaque wood, etc., but of opalescent glass, the tube of the trunk resembling the clearest brilliant! Such is a fair description of the shape of *Zoothamnium arbuscula* and *Z. geniculatum*, both of which closely simulate fruit-trees.

Everywhere in Nature the builders are at work, executing the designs prepared. E.



**From an Official Letter Written by Madame
Blavatsky to the Convention of the American
Societies held in Chicago in 1888**

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the
American Section of the Theosophical Society:
My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theo-
sophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request
you to read to the Convention summoned for April
22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations
and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to
yourself—the heart and soul of that body in Amer-
ica. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since
then you have remained alone to preserve that life
through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly
if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes
its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it,
for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly,
and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only
for the cause you represent so well and serve so
faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this
important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo
of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of
the approval of Those whose presence is alive in
more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives
as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

Nature's Laws

HOW can a man go through life with his
eyes completely blinded to beauty, and
with his heart closed to love, seeing
but the bare facts and incidents of his sur-
roundings and indifferent to all but his own
bodily needs? Yet this is how many live.
Some still dream of happiness, of love, and of
beauty, as possibilities of a future life; but
this future life is a very doubtful proposition
to many more, and for them remains but the
poor resource of a cold cynicism. What a
mockery of life it is that falls to the lot of
many! Yet there are today as many elements
of happiness in life as in the best days of
man's brightest periods and most perfect civil-
ization. But something is wrong, something
is not as it should be, and as it might be.

When we see what a complete change is
brought about by a change of mood, we are
forced to admit that the mood is more power-
ful than the circumstances. For we know by
experience that our circumstances are just
what they appear to us to be: what they may
be in themselves or to others does not concern
us, for our circumstances are only that aspect
of them that affects us, and we are principally
affected by our own perceptions of things,
that is, by the change in our own mental states;
and what are these but moods?

Many people fight hard against the idea
that they are responsible for their own moods,
and vigorously maintain that they are victims
of circumstances. And there are few who can
believe that their unhappiness is merely a mood
that can be dispelled by an effort of their own
will. This indeed seems quite absurd to peo-
ple who are in the clutches of despondency;
yet there are few who have not had the ex-

perience of a change of mood that lifted them
from despair to hope, or vice versa, without
any apparent change in their external condi-
tions or circumstances. They will say that
such changes of mood are not to be compared
to real troubles and sorrows, such as they are
suffering, and which cannot be relieved by
any change of mood; yet if they will watch
themselves they will see that this is taking
place all the time; but they have not control
of their moods.

This lack of power in men and women to
control their moods is largely due to early
training, in which, save in very rare instances,
self-control is not taught at all, even though
it may be preached (which is not teaching),
and in which they are usually taught to be
negative toward the great problems of life;
facing Deity with humility that is more like

Such training as results from such associa-
tions, examples, and suggestions, is enough to
stifle the heart life and to deaden the sense
of beauty, and so to make life appear cold
and colorless. But the result of this training
is even more direct, for the effects are seen
in the actual physical, mental, and moral decay
of those who think that their desires are laws
of nature that must be gratified somehow and
can be safely indulged if done in private while
the outward appearances are carefully con-
sidered and respectability maintained.

But nature knows nothing of respectability
and results follow causes as the furrow fol-
lows the plow. The practice of self-indul-
gence is the cause of degeneracy, and secrecy
is no protection from the decay of all the
faculties that inevitably follows: indeed, the
desire for secrecy induces practices more



GLIMPSE OF THE NEW FOREST, HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND

servility, and a submission that is due to fear.
They are taught to fear death and to cling
to life, though their immortality is no doubt
the subject of much preaching; they are taught
by example and by suggestion and in this way
too often they come to regard selfishness as
right, and hypocrisy the greatest virtue. These
things are taught not preached.

Further, they are in the same way taught
that their desires may be gratified and are
largely beyond their control, but as it is cus-
tomary to preach the contrary doctrine, it is
necessary to gratify their desires in such a way
as to preserve the conventions and appear-
ances, which make up such a large part of
modern civilization. In fact hypocrisy is the
law of life that is only too frequently taught
by example and suggestion.

To many respectable people the cultivation
of appearances is the one great duty in life,
and though they would be shocked at the
thought of acting hypocritically, yet their
whole life is founded on a refined hypocrisy.
In such an atmosphere the soul starves and
shrinks back into its own world, leaving the
accomplished piece of respectability a failure,
though it may still be looked up to by others
as a model of good conduct.

deadly than the mere gratification of natural
appetites.

Among the symptoms of the degeneracy due
to these evils is the inability to see the beauty
of virtue, and to feel joy and pure love of
nature and man; for these things depend upon
the sympathetic vibrations of an inner body or
subtler nervous system that is destroyed or
dulled by the unnatural strain resulting from
practices that are violations of nature. For
it is not true that it is natural for man to grat-
ify every desire of his mind and body. Self-
control is the fulfilment of the law, not self-
indulgence. Nature has her times and seasons
by which she controls the lower kingdoms, but
man has come to a point of evolution where
he can choose for himself, and must learn
to make the law his voluntary guide, since he
has gained some power of choice and can to
some extent disobey the laws of his own being.
But the laws are unchangeable, for they are
the qualities of nature in action, and work
unfailingly to reorganize what man may dis-
turb; and so disaster follows man's violation
of the law, and life, which should be full of
joy and beauty and love, becomes, whenever
the law is persistently violated, a barren wilder-
ness of dead negation and despair. STUDENT

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Russell

Question "If the Rāja Yoga system of education is the true system why is it not published abroad in a detailed usable way so that the whole world can benefit by it? If truth can uplift men even a little, it is none too precious to be thrown as broadcast as possible." The above is taken from a letter recently received from a friend. Will you kindly discuss it in the Forum? M.

Answer In other words, what is the basis of Rāja Yoga? We see the results, but how do you get them? We who are teachers would like to get them too, and we who are parents or who are interested in child-welfare would like to see the same results attained in schools all over the land. Why do you not publish the secret—should not the truth be free to all?

The assumption is that the basis is not published, and that there is a "corner" in truth. Neither assumption is correct. In one sense truly, the basis is not published, and cannot be, but only in the sense that you cannot impart knowledge—true knowledge, that which is known—to another; knowledge can only be self-acquired. But in another sense the basis is published world-wide, and because of this, as indeed is Nature's way, it is most effectively concealed save from those who are prepared for and can take it. The greatest and most magical of Nature's secrets are flaunted before our eyes, yet instead of taking the simple direct way, the way that lies straight ahead, we turn aside into the labyrinth of theory and speculation, on the assumption that the truth must be infinitely complex.

I trust I shall not be misunderstood if I refer to what I regard as a strictly scientific proposition given by Jesus, the great Nazarene, to his followers: "He that doeth the Will—shall know of the Doctrine," or as it is sometimes paraphrased, "Live the life, and you shall have the knowledge."

But how is this applicable to the question we are considering? First, is it true that the secret of Rāja Yoga is published broadcast?

Those who seek for positions in the public schools, or indeed in any reputable schools, or in the colleges and universities, must have certain qualifications. They must have taken up a certain course or courses of study and acquired in them a certain amount of proficiency; in many cases they must have attended schools of a certain grade, such as State Normal Schools and training colleges or one of the Universities and received diplomas or degrees. Quite recently, only during the last few years, a few of the more advanced among educators, who can really be called such, are giving attention to another requirement—namely that of *personal character*. For the great majority however, there comes first (and preponderatingly so) academic knowledge; second, pleasing manners, sociability, athletic skill, etc.

Let us turn now to Rāja Yoga. Is it unreasonable to presuppose a certain training and line of study and a certain development of character as indispensable to a comprehension of the system or to fitness to teach it? And there is no secret about this. "Rāja Yoga is Theosophy in action," and the first step to the understanding of the Rāja Yoga system of education lies open to all. There is no other way to learn the secret than by the study of Theosophy, and by its application to daily life.

WHERE THE CREAMY YUCCA BLOOMS

SAY mate, I'm in the foothills;
Got a tent to sleep in nights,
Far away from beaten highway
And the talk of human rights;
Far away from din and tumult
Where the greed of pelf consumes—
I've a corner, here, of heaven
Where the creamy yucca blooms.

Dip my water from a brooklet;
Got a battered old tin can;
Made a crazy pot of coffee—
Talk about the rights of man!—
O the colors of the twilight!
Tang of air and wild perfumes
In the foothills, here, in heaven
Where the creamy yucca blooms!

God! the newborn sense of freedom!
Down is chain and bolt and bar.
Rent the veil that kept in hiding
Lore of sky and silver star.
Wisdom dwelleth not in cities:
'Tis the foothill-night illumines—
Where the insects chant their hymnals,
And the creamy yucca blooms.

Mate, the gods are here, Olympus
Is deserted now and then;
And the gentle Aphrodite
Loves to smile on mortal men.
I have heard her voice of rapture
Call from old affections tombs,
In the solitude and silence
Where the creamy yucca blooms.

Get a move on, mate, come out here.
Leave the daily fever-dreams
Of the street and of the market
Where the "rocky yellow" gleams.
Here you live in every moment,
And the soul its own assumes
In this blessed bit of heaven,
Where the creamy yucca blooms.

Elizabeth Baker Bohan
In *The West Coast Magazine* (Selected)

In a certain City there was a wonderful garden. From time to time youths and maidens came from the garden into the City and out into the world bearing with them marvelous fruits and rare flowers which they gave to all who asked. And ever and anon the people of the City asked, and the people of distant lands asked, What is the secret and the meaning of the garden? And many desired to know. But one who had been in the garden said, Why go you not in and see for yourselves? The great gate stands ever wide open, none is denied who seeks admission through it. And, yet in spite of the beauty of the garden, the wonderful fruits and fair flowers, and the strength, dignity, and beauty, of the youths and maidens who came therefrom, many were afraid, and and listened rather to busybodies who said: "The place is for some mysterious purpose; for see! those who come therefrom go not with us nor follow our books, but pretend to have a deeper knowledge. Go not there lest ye never come forth again. The garden is enchanted."

Yes, it is a land of enchantment, is this Rāja Yoga. There the base metal is purified and transmuted into pure gold. And the gateway to the Garden of Rāja Yoga stands ever open, and only those who enter may learn its secrets.

The Gateway is Theosophy, proclaimed over the whole earth by our teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley.

Is this then the secret of Rāja Yoga? Yes, and no one save a Theosophist can understand or teach the system; for a Theosophist is one who not only has studied, but who endeavors to apply daily Theosophy in his or her life. All the teachers in the various Rāja Yoga Colleges and Schools founded by Katherine Tingley are such Theosophists, and to a Theosophist *character* and *motive* come first, though academic learning is by no means neglected, nor athletics in their proper place, nor sociability—nor any of the amenities of life—all these, in fact, are more punctiliously observed, for the whole system tends towards a refinement and sweetness of nature as well as dignity and poise and strength.

And here is another secret revealed—solve it who may. The good appetite of a healthy growing boy or girl is proverbial. Yet let that appetite run wild, unrestrained, foster it, force food upon it, and every physician will tell you the result in later life will be chronic catarrh or a worse ailment. Who has ever thought of applying the same commonsense to the young mind eager for knowledge? Instead, in many educational systems the sense of proportion is lost, and the general aim seems to be to cram the brain with information as the poor geese are crammed with food for *foie gras*.

But Rāja Yoga means a balance of all the faculties, and to teach this there must again be wisdom, yes, *Divine* Wisdom, Theosophy, as the basis. Who, for instance, in the Colleges and Schools, or the great Universities, would dare to take it upon himself to say that such or such a student has studied as much as is good for him; now he must put his knowledge into action; he must take up such or another practical work; or, may be, if such a course be not adopted, his learning may become detrimental to himself and others. A strange doctrine, you say. Yes, and a true one—one that requires a Theosophist to put into practice. Again, the secret of Rāja Yoga and the Rāja Yoga system of education is Theosophy. It is a secret and not a secret. Which is it to you?

STUDENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL ADDRESS AT ISIS THEATER

THAT a wonderful interest attaches to all that Mamade Blavatsky ever wrote was evident by the close attention with which every word was listened to last evening at Isis Theater. The occasion was the regular Sunday evening meeting conducted by students of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, the International Headquarters of which are at Point Loma. Mr. Iverson L. Harris, one of Katherine Tingley's Cabinet Officers, read an article "The New Cycle," written by Madame Blavatsky in 1889 for a French Theosophical magazine, and which has not heretofore been published in English.

In all her writings there is a tone of profound conviction and knowledge that is compelling. Her plea for the widest tolerance of all honest truth-seekers; that in the ranks of Theosophy "there can be no place for the bigot, the sectarian, or the hypocrite, enclosed in 'Chinese walls of dogma'"; her definition of a Theosophist; her striking and powerful comparison between the materialistic and the Theosophical positions, and her description of the glorious future that awaits those who follow the aspirations for their spiritual nature—these are but a few of the points that held the attention of the large audience present.—San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

Sophistry about Selfishness

SOMETIMES we see it stated, with a show of philosophical acumen, that all human motives, when analysed to the bottom, are found to be selfish. Even when we perform a generous act, we are merely seeking the gratification of our own feelings; while the performance of duty is nothing but the soothing of our own conscience. Thus argue these philosophers, and one feels that they are simply playing with words. We have motives that spring from a selfish source and impel us to please ourselves irrespective of the convenience of others. And we have motives which spring from an unselfish source, impelling us to sacrifice personal convenience and even life in the interests of others or of some impersonal ideal. This much is matter of common sense. But when we try to reduce our unselfish motives to the terms of reasoned thought and philosophical language our limitations enable us to represent them as selfish motives. In short, so long as we attribute a motive to "self," it is but logical to call it a "selfish" motive. So the question involved is purely one of terminology, and amounts, so far as any practical significance is concerned, to a mere quibble.

Every one of us knows full well the difference between selfish and unselfish behavior, and the difference in their respective consequences. We can, however, in moments of doubt and despondency, pretend that our unselfish motives are instigated solely by the desire for self-gratification. Can a person do that which he does not wish to do? According to the ordinary understanding of the meaning of words, he can; according to this sophistical meaning, he cannot. No man can ever act contrary to his own wishes, if we decide to define his wishes by his conduct.

This kind of sophistry can be carried to great lengths, as we know, and a healthy mind merely laughs at it and treats it as a joke—as it was perhaps intended. But there are some who would have us believe that one motive is as good as another and that the unselfish man is as selfish as the selfish man. Needless to say we prefer the unselfish kind of selfishness, as it makes less trouble for all concerned.

Suppose we grant that man does that which pleases himself; then what do we mean by "himself"? Clearly this is where the sophistication comes in; it is an undefined word,

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

MEMBERSHIP

a word with variable meaning; in short a flaw in the logic, as of course there must be. When people invoke logic then is the time to look out. Let us manage our own logic.

We can do that which pleases our sensual nature; we can do that which pleases our nobler self. Then let us by all means do that which pleases our nobler self, even though the humorists and ill-humorists may call it "selfish." Joan of Arc, we suppose, was burnt at the stake to gratify her personal wishes and satiate her longing for self-sacrifice. Probably even Jesus had a selfish craving for crucifixion. Well, be it so; we are content. Let the sophists call black white, so long as they do not try to make me wear a black dress shirt and a white beaver hat.

STUDENT

The Church's Mission to Uplift

A CONGREGATIONAL church paper says that every church is a means to a special end, the establishment everywhere of truth, justice, mercy, good will. In its ministrations to the deeper needs of men, and in its patient endeavor to cultivate the higher life of the community, the church will itself grow robust, and demonstrate, as formal creeds and ecclesiastical machinery can not do, its fitness to survive.

This is a good program, and may as many churches as possible live up to it! But the people will judge by results. Without the formal creeds and ecclesiastical machinery, however, the program is somewhat formless and unarticulated. That is the great objection; it is too vague. Upon what does the spiritual power, for which so much practical efficiency is here claimed, rest? It must rest upon something which no other institution has, or else what becomes of the church's special claim? But ecclesiastical machinery and formal creeds are hereby repudiated. What, then, is left? one may well ask.

The answer will probably be that the gospel is true and that belief in it endows the believers singly and collectively, with spiritual

power. Again we say that this will be judged by results, not by claims.

It seems indubitable that at some epoch more or less near the Christian era there was a great outpouring of spiritual force upon what we might call (in modern terms) the Levantine section of civilization. But scholars are in the greatest perplexity as to

what it was, just when it was, or just where, and by whom. It appears to have encountered a tremendous wave of reaction, which would seem to have diverted, modified, and split it up into numerous phases. Finally, out of all the various cults and mysticisms and sects, there emerges a something which we understand as the historical church, created largely by the power of emperors and endowed with a posthumous history. Through the Middle Ages the different branches of it seem to have carried the remnants of its original power, now using it, now abusing it; always potent, whether for good or evil. Every division has manifested some of this mysterious force. It may be that the germs of undying truth behind all the error and dogmatism have kept alive a flame in the heart of man, and that this undying truth will one day live down all its superincumbent error and emerge in the purity of the original gospel—something very different from what most Christians think. That original gospel must have been in part a teaching of the God in Man, in fact a presentation of the Wisdom of the Ages, the great Secret Doctrine. This is what the churches must get back to. If they are to have a special mission in spiritualizing mankind, they must be able to arouse in man the Spiritual consciousness, to make man's Divine nature a reality to him.

But it seems to us that there is still too much hankering after the more weakly sentimental form of the gospel, which insists on man's weakness rather than his strength, and on Jesus Christ's forgiveness rather than on the reforming power of the Christos in our hearts, which he himself taught. STUDENT

HE who will not ponder over and master the great difference between the meaning of the two Greek words *χρηστός* and *χριστός* must remain blind forever to the true esoteric meaning of the Gospels; that is to say, to the living Spirit entombed in the sterile dead-letter of the texts, the very Dead Sea fruit of *lip-Christianity*.—H. P. B., in *Studies in Occultism*

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Ferdinand Boberg as an Architect

THE best proof that there is much truth in the statements which we have lately often heard about the Renaissance of art in Sweden, is the fact that in these latter times we have seen buildings arise, the beauty of which does not consist in meretricious show but is a result of the vital organic growth of the structure. Some of the Swedish architects of our times are trying in a more conscious and successful way than those of the previous generation to re-endow the art of building with something of the natural loftiness and structural beauty which it possessed during the most flourishing ages of classical art. Thus Swedish architecture has begun by degrees to regain a leading position in the hierarchy of the liberal arts and to re-become that power of culture which pre-eminently should teach the people to understand the reign of law in the world of beauty.

We can scarcely avoid thinking of the higher aim of architecture when we speak of Ferdinand Boberg, for his whole work is permeated by an unusually clear understanding of those values which depend on the laws of harmonious proportion and organic construction. He is, perhaps, more than other architects of our day, a mathematical artist, who, calculating with values of line and space, calls out a specific, enchantingly beautiful and expressive melody of form.

Before we proceed to a closer consideration of some of the most characteristic traits in Boberg's work, it may be useful to remind the reader that Boberg's activity is not by any means limited to house construction. He has perhaps been even more actively engaged and appreciated on other lines. He is celebrated as an engraver and also as a designer of furniture, of textiles and metal work, and in fact of everything which pertains to the complete decoration of a beautiful home interior. His tapestries have a refinement and gracefulness of their own which occasionally remind you of old Burgundian work. The pattern is always admirably adapted to the technic and the material. The furniture he designs is as comfortable as you could desire. It has a certain quality of restfulness. It invites you by its graceful lines and smooth surfaces. Its decoration, usually a flower-motive, is concentrated on a few points.

But the most fascinating quality in all Boberg's designs is, perhaps, the melodious harmony which is produced by the absolutely appropriate proportion of form and line. In fact Ferdinand Boberg might as well be called a musician as a builder, for in this regard it is the creative spirit which is of importance rather than the outer form in which the work is expressed. A life-work which in the first place is ruled by the feeling for rhythmic beauty is perhaps fundamentally as musical as that which expresses itself in an orchestral score or in the rich tones of the organ.

The true architectural method of thought which we appreciate in builders of Boberg's rank is, certainly quite as much as is the output



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LOWER COURT WITH FOUNTAIN

EXHIBITION, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, 1909. FERDINAND BOBERG, ARCHITECT

of a great musician, an adaptation and unifying of the materials which have been gathered by experience from within and from without. And in both cases this creative activity must be subject to the laws of rhythm and harmony, if the work is to have a lasting value. This creative adaptation, under law, which is the fundamental quality in all classic art, best shown in architecture is, broadly speaking, a projection of a spiritual reality, a higher order which governs in wider regions — a subjective projection of the only indisputable and objective realities which exist, i. e., proportionate relations, as shown in the sciences of logic and mathematics. Therefore it seems to me that classic buildings are adapted to open our eyes and our minds to the cause and to the value of beauty better than other works of art.

So thought the men of the antiquity and the Renaissance: Vitruvius, Alberti, Vignola, Palladio, and other great creative builders who were not inspired by ecclesiastical dreams, by the caprices of feudal lords, or by financial

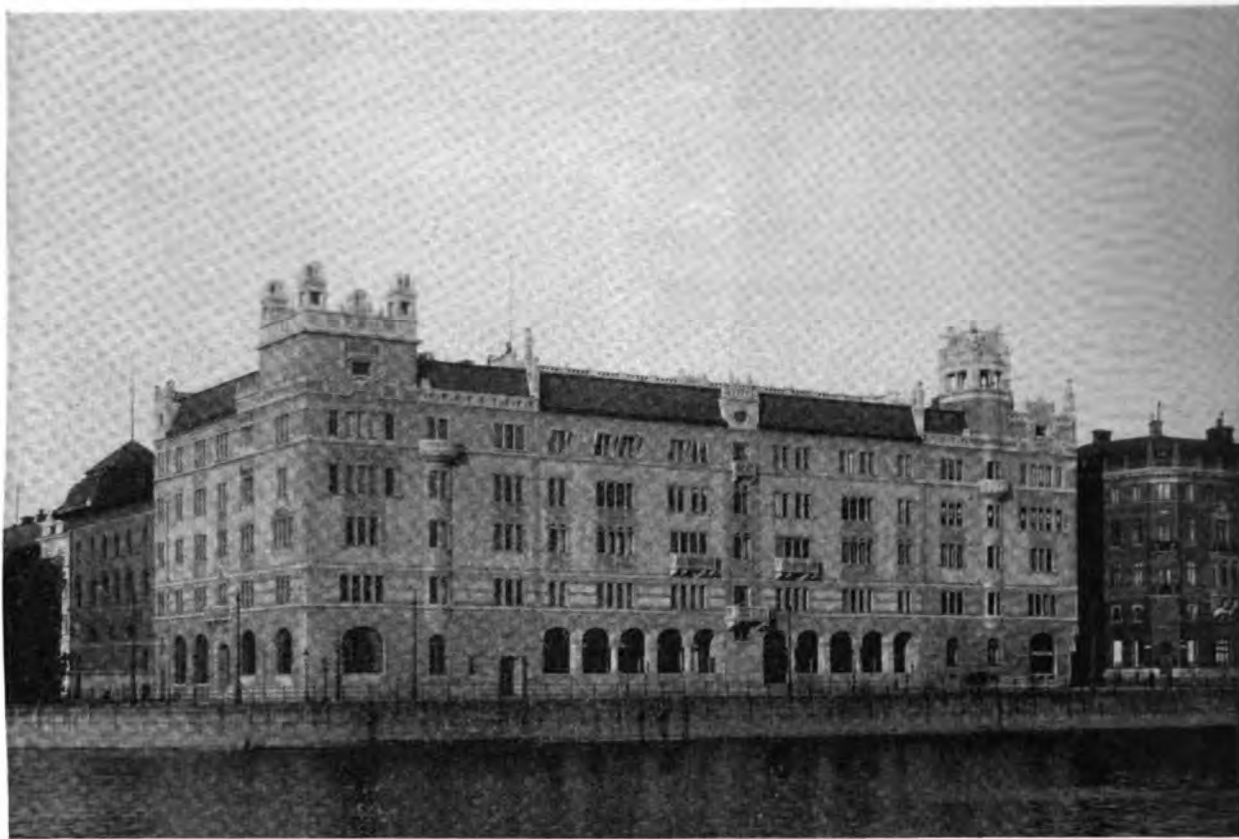
considerations, but by the organic nature of man. The art of building could therefore offer at those times the fullest measure of unstinted beauty and uplifting joy of life.

Leon Battista Alberti advises the architect to mold his work on the model of a living organism, and points out — in succession to his great predecessor, Vitruvius — how far beauty is the result of the harmonious co-operation of the constituent parts, and that consequently buildings which have some parts exaggerated at the cost of others can not be considered as beautiful or possessing any classical value. He regards the architect as the true leader with universal aims and thoughts, as a creator who works to mold all the outer forms of life; and who, in addition, elucidates to mankind those eternal laws which govern the world of beauty as well as the world of mathematics.

Ideas of this kind may appear exaggerated and meaningless to those who have been accustomed to regard the art of building as a trade which can be learned easily and conduct-

ed in the same manner. But in this connexion we need not harp upon the oft-forgotten fact that the man who grinds the barrel-organ is no musician.

Boberg's monumental architecture has essential points of contact with the best classical architecture of ancient times. It is strictly organic. It gives always clear impressions of the tectonic structure and of the natural inner relations between the sustaining, the sustained, and the embracing parts. Areas and openings are calculated with unusual feeling for rhythmic interchange, and, indeed, we find something here which is very unusual in northern buildings. The plain wall-spaces occupy broader intervals than the openings of the windows. Boberg is a master in preserving broad, quiet and harmonious wall-spaces. Perhaps he has learned the aesthetic value of those from the architects of sunny climes, but what a superior ability to mold the whole construction and outfit of the building is needed in order to carry out this principle in cold and badly lighted surroundings! This becomes possible by bringing the windows together into groups and by removing all unnecessary framework and such like which usually narrow the wall-spaces and seem to enlarge the openings. The unity, the continuity, and the mass effect are preserved in the same way as in the best classic monumental buildings, but without the heaviness and dull-



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"ROSENBAD," STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. FERDINAND BOBERG, ARCHITECT

ness which are sometimes incidental in the buildings of olden times.

What an imposing and palatial building for instance is "Rosenbad" in Stockholm! What majestic wall-spaces stretch between the narrow windows! The broad façades are scarcely divided by anything else but the windows and a

few string-courses, but nevertheless the building evokes a rare impression of joyous beauty and harmonious restfulness. It is the most festive piece of architecture in Stockholm, perhaps the only modern building which suggests thoughts of the sunny Riviera and the ancient artistic quality of form.

No one who has any experience in examining architecture would think that this is principally due to its light color and its exquisite ornamental decoration. The cause of this impression is rather to be looked for in the rhythmic sense which prevails in the disposition of the façades—the noble relative proportions of the walls and windows. The graceful roof pavilions are of importance merely for the silhouette effect at a distance; in them the light and sunny tone which sounds like an uplifting and leading *motif* throughout the creation is released in joyful solo-cadences.

The ornamental details—the sculpture of the capitals, the garlands, the masses of roses, the vine-branches on the balustrades—do not appear until we are so close to the building that we cannot see its constructive dignity.

Some might think this shows a lack of proportion, but it is almost unavoidable in regard to a building of Rosenbad's size and location; unavoidable moreover when the ornamental decoration is treated with such a caressing sweetness and delicacy as here. The animal and plant forms rise out of the stone gracefully and spontaneously as if they were naturally growing. They are modeled with a refinement which almost unconsciously awakens a desire to see them cast and chased in some noble metal.



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VILLA OF PRINCE EUGENE, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. FERDINAND BOBERG, ARCHITECT

Boberg's decorative scheme forms a rich subject of study in itself, but it is not possible to follow that up in this short paper. And it may not even be necessary because this side of Boberg's artistic workmanship is fairly well appreciated. None of those hundreds of thousands — native and foreign — who enjoyed the sunny white courts of last year's Exposition of Industrial Art, in Stockholm, can have gone away without at least a dim impression of the fact that the large spaces were diversified and enlivened

and used according to the present actual national and cultural needs, is to be gratefully welcomed as a valuable new woof-part in the great fabric of the nation's art, where the patterns and the colors are constantly developing?

Such new woofs in this artistic fabric have in unusual abundance sprung up magically

that the exotic beauty which Boberg so often loves to draw forth principally depends on the great simplicity of the outer treatment of the building.

The decoration is, as a rule, treated with economy, concentrated on a few important points, and used for accentuating constructive features. The ornamental patterns have always an organic connexion with the surfaces and the structure of the building which makes them doubly valuable in the general composition. They rise up as naturally as the foam on the breakers or the spring flowers on the hillsides. They never make themselves obtrusive, like the sculpture of so many modern buildings; but like fragrant flowers, they invite a closer friendship; they are so beautiful that one wishes to caress them with the hand. Where can we find the graceful forms of the roses or the filigree of the pine-branches more sympathetically reproduced than in Boberg's works?

Space will not allow a closer consideration of these most valuable features, but I cannot, however, close without briefly considering another point concerning Boberg's activity as an architect — a side of his artistic craftsmanship which stands in closest connexion with the national traditions and everyday life of Sweden.

If in the future Boberg's buildings are to be taken as testimonies of a high standard of taste and culture in the Sweden of the twentieth century, the greatest importance will scarcely be attached to the imposing palatial buildings, but rather to the smaller villas and other private residences which he has designed for princes, well-to-do people, and simpler folk. These houses form a separate group in Boberg's *œuvre*, certainly not the one of least importance. Through these he has permeated the national life of his country and given the impress of beauty to certain aspirations and traditions which are part of the most valuable heritage of the Swedish nation.

The artist's veneration for that ancient institution which is called the Swedish Home has always been so deep that he never consented to design an apartment house or a flat. His feeling for the cheerfulness, the protecting atmosphere and sacred intimacy of the the ideal Swedish Home has inspired him to a number of the most delightful architectonic creations. I will not discuss special examples — many of them are well known, his own little house as the most interesting — but only lay stress upon the fact that in all these

buildings it is the ground-plans, the disposition of the rooms, and all that makes for comfort and convenience within the house, which is worth study and admiration in a still higher degree than the unbroken façades and the agreeable decorative scheme.

These houses seem to be created for harmonious, peaceful, and contented people. Everything is so sunny, bright, and unaffected in them. The wall-spaces are not unduly broken

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 15)

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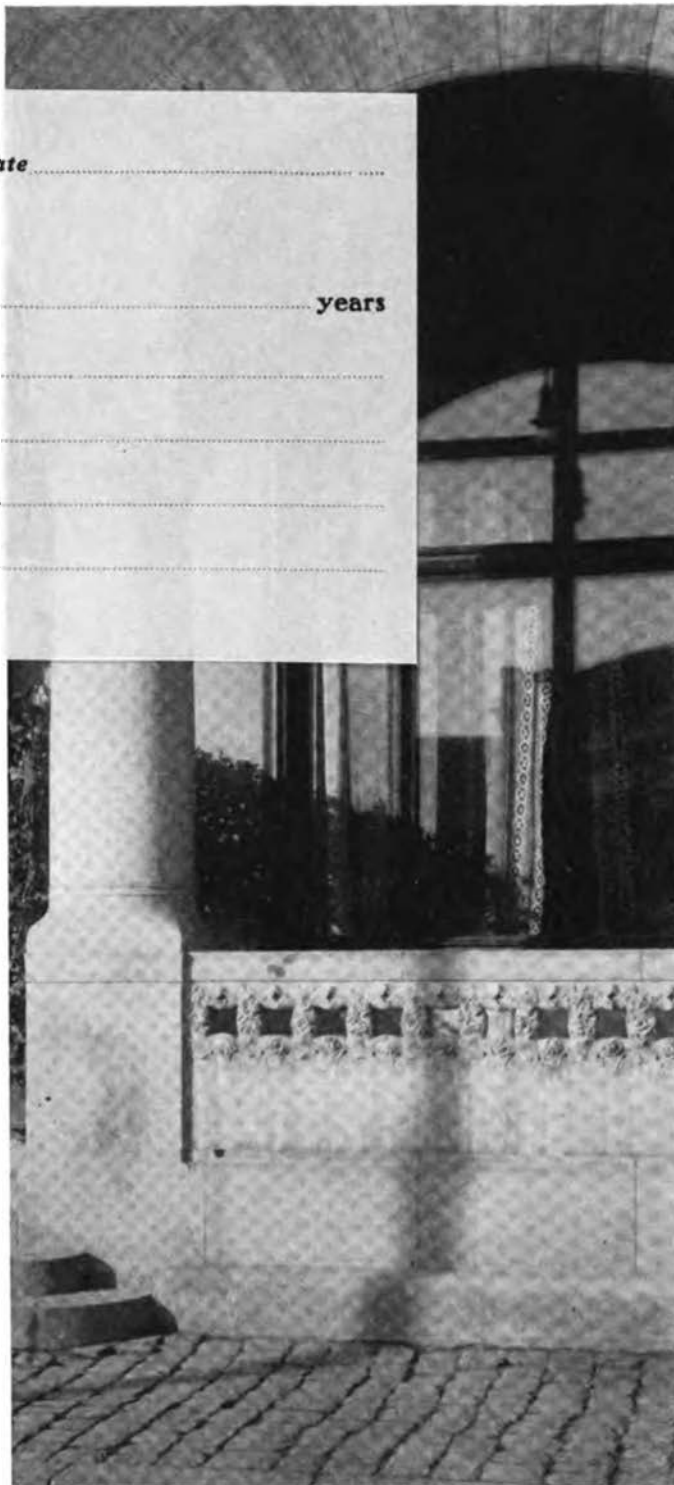
as well as the request, that they could fancy themselves transported to a fair-land where a more joyous art than ours exists.

Nevertheless, the longer one stayed, the more closely one looked at the whole, the more one learned to understand with what extreme care and sureness it was calculated, and how the whole composition was developed in perfect sequence and unity. The enchanting and playful "*gratie*" which seemed to flow through it like a strain of music echoing from a purer sphere, was in fact the result of the artist's superior ability to handle large ground-plans, masses, and spaces, the product of a genius for composition which transformed the most serious local and technical problems to visions of glorious beauty.

It was so beautiful and original throughout that the critics could not in fact raise any other objection than that it was not sufficiently national. We might ask those who attach any importance to such an objection if they even want to condemn Nicodemus Tessin, the builder of the royal palace, because he designed this architectonic masterpiece in the Italian Renaissance style instead of building a castle in the so-called style of Gripsholm, the well-known medieval castle near Stockholm.

Or do the same critics think that the Swedish knights' and noblemen's palaces from the latter part of the 17th century (the so-called great era of Sweden) were of less importance for the development of the characteristics of Swedish architecture than, for instance, the medieval country churches, because the former show less "national" motives than the latter? Is it not rather true that every new artistic element — whether inspired by foreign or native types — which is individually assimilated

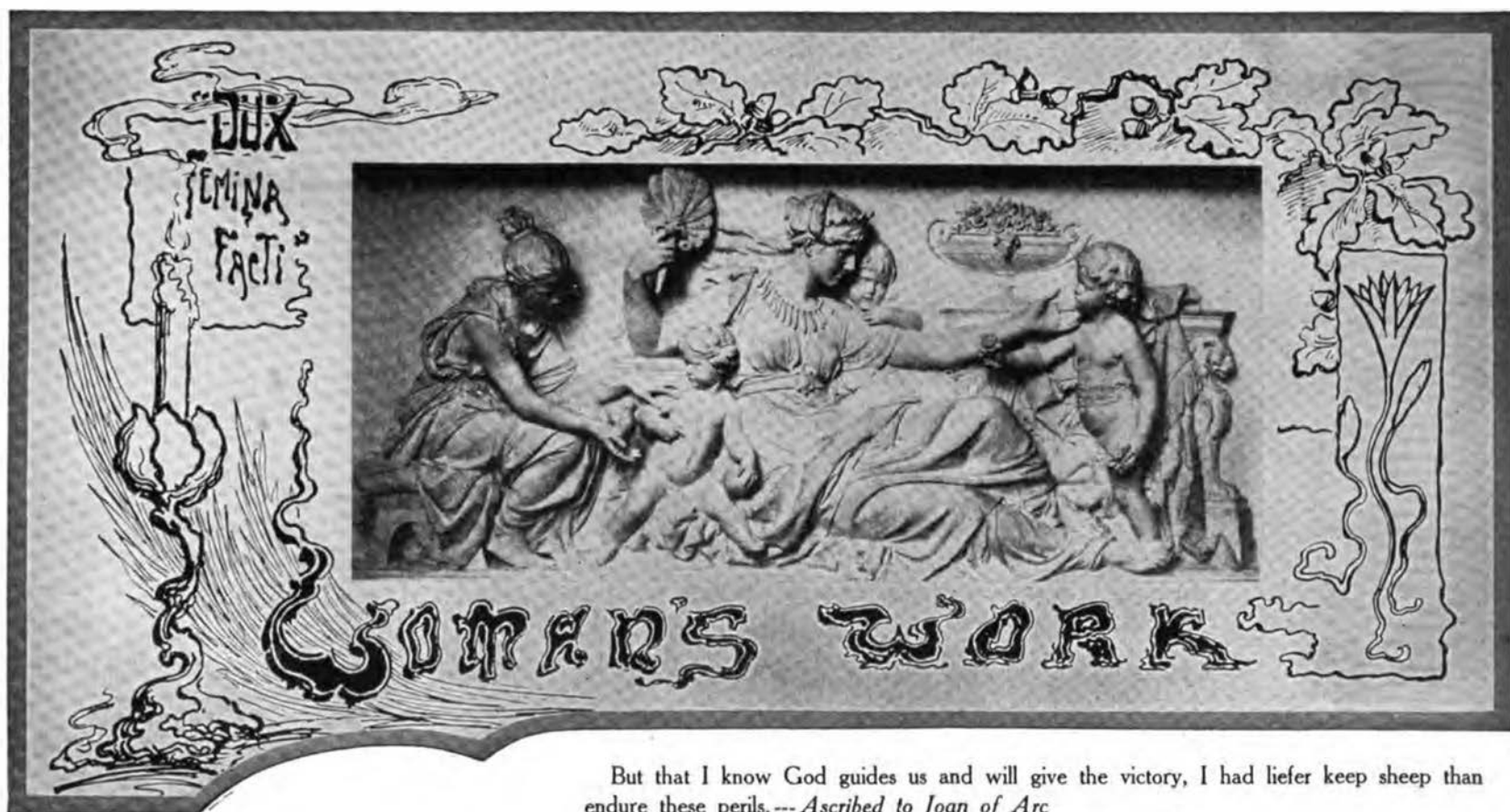
under Boberg's master-hand. Less than most other architects of later times has he in his creations been dependent upon the so-called historical styles, be they foreign or native. His architecture is individual not only in regard to details and decorations, but in regard to the larger principles of planning and construction. And at the same time it is absolutely pure and free from every trace of exaggeration and extravagance. If I may be allowed to use a paradox, I would maintain



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"ROSENBAD," STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

FERDINAND BOBERG, ARCHITECT



But that I know God guides us and will give the victory, I had liefer keep sheep than endure these perils.—Ascribed to Joan of Arc

A Renounced Claim

THE body lay sick to the point of death; now it scarcely breathed, and only at long intervals. The man had lost touch of it, and the sense of glad freedom was coming on minute by minute. It was the state which in rare and much sought moments of life he had begun to enter, whose light and joy he had just seen from the portal.

Space, freedom, light, harmonies, and the Divine Comrade. It was as the end of a great struggle, the slipping away of cramping chains, the passing of darkness and squalor and confusion of groping and unseeing thought. This was summed up, as it were, or symbolized, in a cloak which he was flinging from him, glad to forget forever. He said to the Other: "Now at last is the end of that; I will be one with thee."

The light and space grew, surrounding both; the Other, radiant like sunrise.

But out of the depths, the darkness below, came an exhalation, a shadow, a chill, an appeal, a reviviscent memory. And the eyes of the Comrade became grave, looking fully into his, seeming to speak. The chill deepened, as of the memory of some forgotten and accusing duty. The Other spoke nothing, only looking.

Gradually he became fully aware once more of the earth he had left, more intimately aware, though in another way, than when he was alive there. He saw its darkness and light-searching and sorrow, his vision clearer than ever before. Men and women questioning, despairing; brute conflict, and outrage; the weaker crouching and fainting and dying. Millions suffered, dumb in lip and mind, unconscious even of their own question *Why*.

Now he saw that whilst he had lived, his own thought, his own meditation and aspiration, had helped some here and there who knew not whence came to them their momentary hope, lightness of heart, surety that *somewhere* there was a path. The searching tentacles of mind, pushed here and there, touched the

little spheres of inner space which, in his efforts, he had filled with light—and returned with the thrill, the message, that light *was*, somewhere, somehow; that life *had* meaning, could it but be read, and was not of necessity

THE HIGHER LAW

BENEATH this starry arch
Naught resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march
As if by one great Will:
Moves one, move all; hark to the foot-fall!
On, on, forever!

You sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed,
As cave-drops swell the streams,
Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song:
On, on, forever!

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper, and go by:
I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all; hark to the foot-fall!
On, on, forever!

They pass the cradle-head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime
The harvests of all time.
On, on, forever!

Harriet Martineau

darkness and tears and carnage; that mind might become a clear mirror for divine Light instead of for its own thick-piled dust, the chaff, the husks of speculation blown up and down the centuries.

The appeal grew stronger, the chill deathlier; there was now war within him. He knew that by one moment of exultant choice he could leap into the light beyond any reach of that

appeal. And the Other waited whilst he passed to and fro between pity and desire, between duty and light, half choosing and half rejecting moment by moment.

Then there awoke and grew strong within him the force of his own past thought and vows, when, many times, he had said: "Not for myself will I seek and grow."

It was enough: he had chosen. And the eyes of the Other softened and lost their questioning, and filled with richer light and joy and a great compassion. And the Other made him a promise: "Now will I be always with thee, my strength thine, and my light thine. Whatsoever thou shalt do hereafter shall bear fruit a hundredfold. Thou shalt give light and courage and hope; and as thou givest, so shall it be the more thine own."

Those about the bed saw that breath once more went to and fro in the nostrils of the dead man. Mn.

The Common Tie

THE statement by Theosophy that brotherhood is a fact in nature is no vague sentiment but a scientific fact. The tides of health and disease, of uplift and degradation, of enlightenment and ignorance, ebb and flow through the individuals who collectively produce them. Every man is "his brother's keeper," and no one is guiltless while others suffer from sickness or sin or ignorance. However fortunate the personal conditions may be, the individual still has his share of responsibility for the general Karma, the Karma of his family, his town, his state, his nation, and his age. We are more or less boastful of belonging to a highly civilized age, forgetting how much degeneration mars our material progress.

Modern medical research in clearing up many disease-mysteries, has found that men reap ill-health whenever they sow it—either ignorantly or knowingly. Earnest workers

here and there in the profession are also saying that not only disease but mental and moral failure and degeneracy are often the direct effects of broken moral law.

A campaign of popular education in hygiene is now doing wonders for the tuberculous cases; and it is becoming plain to many that there is as great need for suitable instruction upon matters of sexual hygiene to protect and promote the general welfare.

There is much food for thought in an article by Dr. Howard A. Kelly, the eminent Baltimore surgeon, which is published by the American Society for Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis. Dr. Kelly's wide experience and close observation have shown him that disease has not only a surgical but a psychological relation to life. The knowledge gained by his work and his study of the prevalence and disastrous effects of so-called social diseases has led him to follow the causes back to the early deviation from normal lines. He speaks in no uncertain tones of the grave responsibility of parents who are the most potent factors to change the unhappy state of affairs through the younger generation.

This is another instance of the specialist recognizing that beyond his best skill to cure is the mothers' and fathers' greater power to prevent. He speaks of the nature-studies wherein parents can follow the processes by which life is renewed in the lower kingdoms and thus gradually prepare the children for wholesome instruction regarding the creative quality in themselves. While recognizing the valuable work of teachers and educators he argues soundly that this particular matter can best be handled at home. He says:

If you are not the nearest and dearest friend your children have you will then find that any attempt to talk to them upon these subjects is unnatural and awkward and may do more harm than good. Such instruction, to be helpful, can only grow out of perfectly natural, sweet relationships. Be sure of this, that you cannot impart to your child that which you do not possess yourself. Mere good words, felicitous phrases, texts, admonitions and the like, unless backed by a consistent life, have no influence whatever upon the character, or if they do produce an effect it is to train a hypocrite. . . . You must bend to this as the great task of your life or it will never be done. Let me whisper here that if you take up your task, though you may find it difficult and distasteful in the beginning, I promise that you will discover in it the chiefest blessing of life and discover a new sweetness and new voices you never heard before.

Is it not the exception rather than the rule for parents to retain the entire confidence of their growing children? It is pitifully common to see a feeling of estrangement creep into the lives of so many school children who do not feel free to bring home the puzzling questions about the things their companions speak of secretly. Is it their fault that the mother who has thought for and with them since they were helpless babes now seems unprepared to go with them into these new fields of thought and feelings also? By anticipating this period in the child's development and protecting her children while satisfying them with suitable knowledge, the mother will so win their confidence that naturally there will be nothing else

they cannot discuss with her. Some version of the facts is bound to come to children and often the first vulgar, distorted knowledge leaves a chronic wound in the moral sense. The real sacredness of human motherhood does not lie in the blood relationship but in the opportunity for spiritual companionship afforded by the close tie.

It is estimated that there are between 40,000 and 50,000 unfortunate women in New York city, more in Chicago, and a proportionate number in other cities. Think of the influence this great army must have upon the moral tone of social life, and of the causes which find



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MISS RUTH BOGREN

AN ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG SCULPTRESS — MEMBER OF THE SENIOR GIRLS' GROUP AT POINT LOMA

fresh recruits for their places! What of the mothers of all these misguided daughters? Did they protect the innocent with knowledge of their own natures so that they could not be confused or deceived either by the impulses and desires within or the temptations and snares without? Probably there was the usual policy of silently hoping for the best and letting the child drift. The Karmic law is too just to add the whole burden of blame to the heavy heartache of these unfortunate women: neither the parents nor the childless nor society at large can be held guiltless while anyone goes wrong.

Even if no higher expression of a common brotherhood were considered than the unhappy link of contagious diseases, that alone shows that personal safety calls for better social conditions. Dr. Kelly further says:

The reasons for a personal crusade are, that all men, rich and poor, high and low, intelligent and ignorant are a brotherhood, of like passions and with a community of interests. As sure as there is a God in heaven if I neglect my poorer and less fortunate brother just so sure not only will the guilt of his sufferings be laid at my door but his very diseases themselves will come to lodge in the bosom of my family. We cannot get away from this responsibility no matter how we may struggle to throw it off.

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

A Young Lomaland Student

READERS will recall a short biographical sketch and portrait of Miss Ruth Bogren which appeared in these columns about two years ago. In it a little account was given of the work and aims of this young student of sculpture who came from Sweden in 1907 to complete her education in Lomaland. She is still here, a resident of "Sunnyside," the new and elegantly appointed home of the "Senior Girls" of the Râja Yoga Academy, and her enthusiasm has grown from month to month and year to year.

While keeping up her studies in sculpture, in which she shows great promise, Miss Bogren has also taken up drawing and painting, making great progress under Miss Edith White, California's noted flower-painter who has for some years had a studio in Lomaland. She is perfecting herself in English, not only in the course of her regular college studies which are conducted in English but also in composition and analysis. Add to this singing, the arts and crafts, piano, and instruction in all those treasured excellencies which are the making of that miracle-place called "home," and you will picture a young girl who is busy as a bee and happy as a bird the whole day long.

Miss Bogren had the inestimable advantage of having an early environment which did much to prepare her for Lomaland training, for she was reared in a Theosophical atmosphere and in a Theosophical home. Her father, Dr. Erik Bogren, is one of Sweden's staunch old warriors for Universal Brotherhood, and his name and good work are known to members throughout the world. Small wonder is it that his daughter slipped into place in a Lomaland environment as naturally and easily as breezes waken or flowers bloom. Success to her! M.

Ferdinand Boberg as an Architect

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 13)

up, the windows and doors are not staring. There is plenty of room for comfort and work, and quiet corners for rest and meditation.

Such things are of higher order than can be fully appreciated by his contemporaries. Coming generations will certainly in rich measure augment the admiration and gratitude which are already beginning to reach the artist from many quarters. His best works are not only milestones on the evolutionary path of Swedish architecture, but are worth the close attention of all who are looking for distinction and purity in style. A study of Boberg's creations would give American architects some ideas as to the value of restraint and refinement in building.

OSVALD SIRÉN, PH. D.

Professor History of Art, University of Stockholm

OUR YOUNG FOLK

Christmas Magic

DEEP down under one of the highest mountains in the world is a secret chamber. Its existence is unknown save to a very few men and women on the face of the earth. The fairies know their way thither, however, and sometimes, happy children fearlessly following their fairy companions, are led there.

The chamber is a spacious one. Above it rises a circular dome, as varying in hue as the sky itself. Strange lights stream down through it, falling upon the surface of a mirror, set like a jewel in the top of a table of gold.

Bending over this mirror, and peering earnestly into its depths, is the majestic form of a man in the full vigor of life. His hair is waving and golden, and a full golden beard ripples down upon his amber-colored robe. He raises his eyes, brown and wonderfully kind, and murmurs:

"How long, how long must I remain a prisoner under this mountain?" The strange lights from above are now flashing scene after scene upon the mirror's silvery surface. Weird, unlovely scenes they are, albeit the soft azure sky broods tenderly over them and the days come and go in changeable beauty.

"Not yet, not yet," continues the Golden One sadly; "the time of my release has not yet come." He raises himself to his full royal stature and stretches out his arm. Through the iridescent atmosphere wondrous pictures flash to and fro. Forms of godlike men and women and strong fair children appear and disappear in the golden twilight, while music full and soft throbs through the air.

"So it shall be again! Not all the seed sowed by the fairies has fallen on barren ground. The trees, ah, the trees that have grown from the precious seed!"

Again he stretches forth his arm, this time exultantly, and see! pictures again flash to and fro. By a broad and nourishing river flourishes a grove of royal palms bearing golden fruit, and in the distance loom splendid temples, pyramids, and obelisks.

"Ah, those were mighty kings, true rulers of men! their race shall come again."

Now a fair palace with glancing domes and towers appears. It stands in the midst of a garden, but fairest of all within that royal enclosure, is a wide-spread sheltering tree. Palace and garden vanish, but the tree remains casting its grateful shade over millions.

Again a tree flashes into view, a fragrant cedar near a temple wall. Balm from its sweet-smelling boughs falls like sunshine itself upon good and evil alike; children gather beneath it, while through its branches the breezes sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."



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A WINTER SCENE IN ENGLAND

FOR THE LIVING

THE stars know a secret
They do not tell;
And morn brings a message
Hidden well.

There's a blush on the apple,
A tint on the wing,
And the bright wind whistles,
And the pulses sting.

Perish dark memories!
There's light ahead;
This world's for the living,
Not for the dead.

—Selected

SAID wise Marcus Aurelius nearly eighteen hundred years ago: "How stale and insincere this sounds: 'I propose to treat you fairly and squarely!' Why this to-do? What is the need of protestation? The truth will soon be found out. Such a profession should be written on your forehead. One should see your honesty shining in your eyes."

Temple and tree fade away, and a forest grows up through the soft gloom. In its depths a towering fir-tree stretches out its dark green drooping boughs, heavy with a wintry mantle of snow. But oh, what a focal point it is of warmth and strength and light! gathering heavenly influences to itself, and sending forth its forest fragrance far and wide.

Now in the forest a circle of oaks arises. They are bare and gaunt, but each kingly tree is crowned with pearly mistletoe. As the wind sweeps through their leafless boughs, the music of a thousand harps fills the air, and strange prophetic voices chant of great deeds yet to be done. Then the roseate glow of evening

spreads through the twilight of the dome. Merry chimes peal out their tuneful changes. Through the opening above, a fairy in floating rose-color flits downward, poising like a butterfly over the mirror. Troops of aerial sprites come dancing after her, swirling round and round through the great dome in luminous spirals.

Joy beamed from the Golden One's countenance. "Free! free!" he exclaimed, "once more, Spirit of Christmas, you bring me my release. Again I may pass over the sweet earth weaving the glamor of the Golden Age, to bring back the joy of childhood. Lights are relit in the homes of men. See, how they gleam in my mirror! They beckon and bid me on. Fairy guide, lead me forth. The sun is again mounting the upward path and I hear voices,

calling, calling me to come."

The music of children's voices singing rose and fell. The fairy put her tiny hand in that of the man. Aegis-like, his robe swelled about him, and together he and the fairy arose. As they flew upwards, the mountains lifted; the walls of the chamber widened and widened, vanishing into thin air; the dome was borne upwards, rising and rising till it was lost in the sky. Of the secret chamber, only the mirror was left and it slowly sank to the ground, and lay like a mountain spring, fringed with yellow flowerets. In its quiet depths shone a star.

Away and away over the earth sped the two. They spread their starry golden radiance far and wide. The elves in their luminous wake slip into the homes, as they pass over them. Some appear as Santa Claus leaving gifts, others hide in the holly and mistletoe and share in the Christmas cheer. No palace or mansion is too grand and stately, no tiniest home too lowly for them to enter. To the sailor at sea, to the miner in his cabin, to the prisoner in his lonely cell, to the urchin in the street, to the traveler on his way, they also speed.

Wherever they are given a welcome, they cast the spell of Christmas enchantment. Those under it know what joy it is to belong to the big human family, to be children in the Father's mansion. A veil is lifted from their eyes and they catch, perchance, the glint of the golden wake, or the gleaming of jeweled wings.

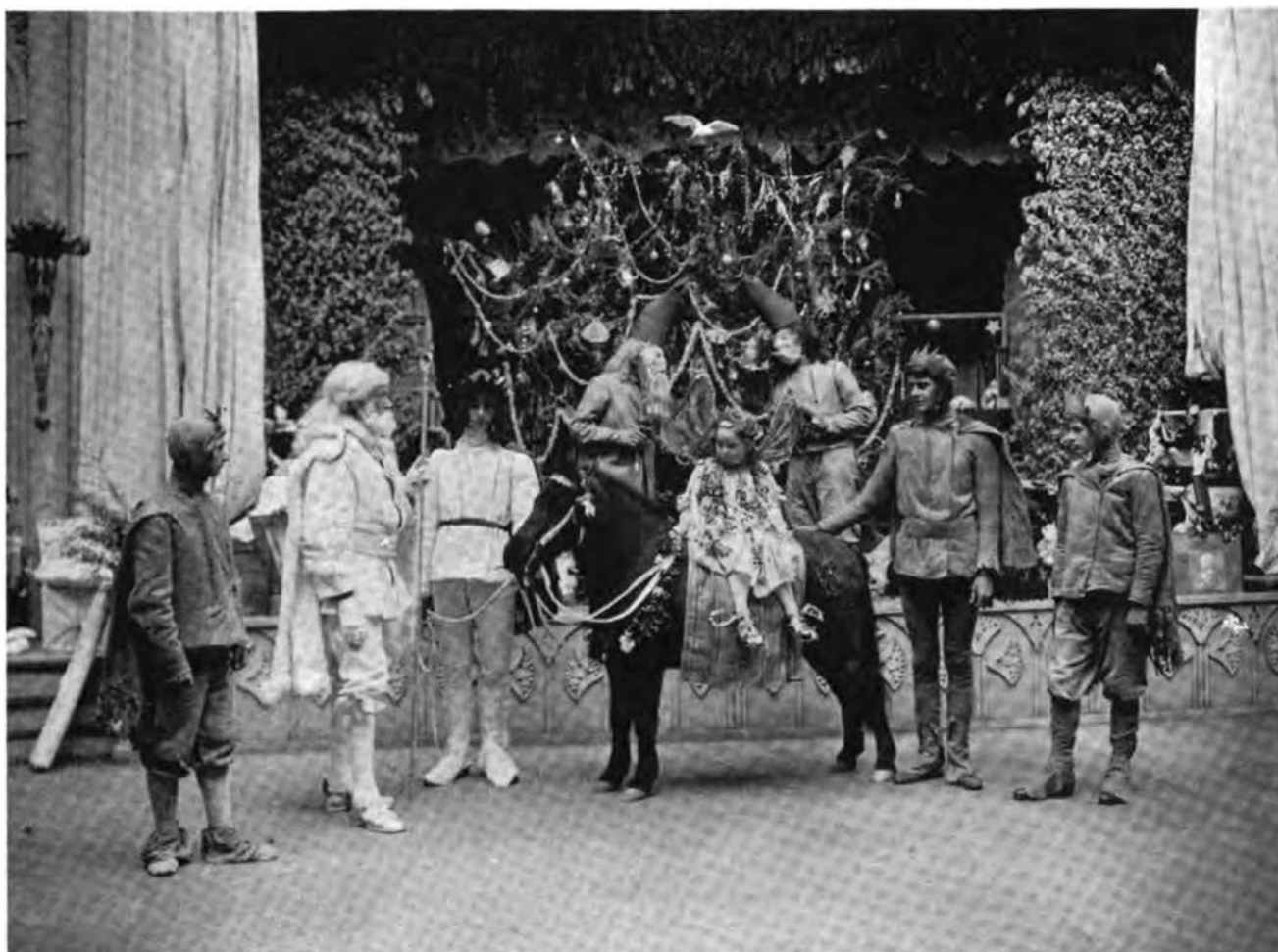
The heart of the Golden One rejoices. More and more are seeing the vision and for them there can be no rest until they have helped to remove the mountain that imprisons the Spirit of Joy.

ASTRID

WHAT he greatly thought, he nobly dared.
—Homer

For what I will, I will.—Shakespeare

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR



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CHRISTMAS IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE RÂJA YOGA ACADEMY, LOMALAND

A Christmas Letter to all the Children

MERRY Christmas! Merry Christmas! May it bring you joy in helping and sharing; joy in learning; joy in being kind; joy in heroic fight against wrong; joy in tending the little light in your hearts, which makes you grow noble and wise.

Writing this letter to you makes me think of something that I wish to have for Christmas, and I am going to write Santa a letter like this:

Dear Santa Claus:

I have been trying my best all the year, and I will do better next year. I wish to have as a Christmas present a nice big cloak, of the fairy-story kind. It must be made so that a lot of children could be tucked under it and made invisible.

Yours respectfully,

Ylva

P. S. Please have the cloak made with some pockets.

There are many wonderful things which I wish to show you, in case he brings it, but first of all I should show you a Christmas in Lomaland. Although it looks like a fairy-story, it is all real and true.

The day before Christmas seems very long to the children, but at last it is dark. The children big and small, and grown-ups too, go out to watch for Santa Claus. He always comes by the same road from over the hills by the ocean; and he has to go through the gate

near the Râja Yoga Academy — so at this gate the children wait for him. He is coming! See! Pretty rosy lights flash through the darkness; silver bells jingle — soon Santa himself stands before the gate followed by his staff of helpers, all carrying big packs. You can imagine how the children shouted their welcome to him. But, welcome as Santa was, he must give the pass-word before the children open the gate. You would have laughed as much as we if you had heard all the funny words he guessed at, but when he said "Christmas Joy," the gate flew open, Santa and his helpers passed through, and the whole crowd of children flew after them, all disappearing amid jingling of bells and laughter.

We must hasten after them and see what is happening. The big rotunda in the Râja Yoga Academy is light and warm, with festal decorations of trees and flowers, and the flags of all the nations looking down from their accustomed places. The mothers and fathers and friends of the children, that is, all the people on Loma Hill, are seated there, with hearts full of Christmas joy. But what is hidden behind the big curtain? Ah! A great shimmering Christmas Tree. It stands on a mountain made of toys and things hidden in packages tied with gay ribbons; there are hills and hillocks of the same kind, and valleys between to walk in; a "Punch and Judy" show in one corner; two clowns doing funny tricks. Santa

comes; his helpers are running errands for him with presents for all; we hear trot, trot — what do you think! In comes a real pony led by a little fairy, and carrying loads of presents on his back. A real little tame dove is sitting on the shoulder of the fairy. You can see some of these things in the picture.

But these happened last year. You see, I am writing this letter several days before Christmas. The air is full of secrets. The boys are very busy up in their little town, and none of the grown-ups can know a thing. When they come asking to have all kinds of strange materials, we could guess a year and not find out what they were to be used for; the only thing to do, we have learned, is to give them to the boys and not ask any questions.

The Râja Yoga girls are so full of Christmas secrets that I fear they will burst out like flower-buds. And the grown-ups? Yes, we have Christmas secrets also, and *none of the children shall know as much as the shadow of a whisper*. If a child is passing by, we talk about the weather.

Well, that something extraordinary is a-doing one can feel, blindfolded. As soon as ever Christmas is over I shall write and tell you all about it. Till then — A Merry Christmas!

Your friend,

YLVA

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Possible sunshine, 315. Percentage, 60. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 6.27 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

Dec.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
5	29.726	60	52	59	51	0.01	SE	4
6	29.685	67	46	50	44	0.00	E	3
7	29.724	63	50	58	49	0.00	NE	3
8	29.802	65	58	60	49	0.00	E	4
9	29.790	67	57	60	50	0.00	SE	6
10	29.788	70	53	54	54	0.01	W	3
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ETHICS, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND ART

Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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No. 8

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Vol. XIV

Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 8

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The Symbol of the Tree

SCIENCE has general principles at one end, the facts from which they are drawn at the other. The science writers, in writing an elementary book, forget that there is no need to omit the former. The popular reader will willingly forgo the difficult facts, but there is no reason why he should not acquire a full view of every general principle. But such an ideal textbook requires an ideal writer, one in whom the general principles have taken vivid life. The youngest children could then acquire the educative essentials of all the great sciences. The child's natural way of learning, they think, is concretely, through his senses. But it is also true that there is no generalizer so ready as a child. He is ever ready to see his single fact as a general principle. Let him understand the growth of a tree and he will easily make his tree the symbol of the universe and everything therein.

And it is a very good symbol. It is Spencer's famous formula of evolution done into a picture and consequently comprehensible. Into this picture much of antiquity compressed its science and its philosophy. Branching and re-branching, flowering and flowering again, year after year and even century after century, till at last every potentiality of form hidden in the original seed has been realized and the force-absorbing and force-expending apparatus is worn out—what wonder that with such a history antiquity made the tree the symbol of all life? The philosophers looked in from the innumerable manifestations of outward form in time and space to the tiny germ and saw there in un-manifestation all that was to become visible and active in the after years.

The picture is symbolically complete, the picture of unfolding from hidden to manifest. In chemistry you have the seed protyle, elementary matter, branching out into the seven chemical families of Mendeleyeff, these sub-branching into the seventy-odd elements. On the greater scale the germ is a primordial nebula, the tree the universe of sun, planets, moons, and comets, that finally evolves out of it. In man's body you have the original simple cell dividing and re-dividing, branching and differentiating, till there finally result all the many groups of diverse cells of which the body is made up.

We call that original cell, germ, seed, nebula, *simple*, seeing diversity only in the final branching and differentiation. We may easily

forget that within it are folded up all the un-manifest potentialities of form and function that are to be subsequently thrown out into functioning visibility. Within is the potentiality of every life-form and every life-activity that will afterwards come out. Containing all this, it is certainly not simple at all, no more so than the final result.

So far we have been speaking from the matter side. But every atom of matter is conscious; the universe is full of consciousness, of feeling, thought, ideation. This too must have lain latent, folded, in the germs, seeds, nuclei, nebulae. Evolution brings it all out into functioning and active thought and feeling and ideation, just as when we first wake in the morning we begin manifesting the seeds of conscious purpose that have been maturing in the night.

If we press the tree symbol still further we shall see that both spirit (consciousness) and matter (what consciousness looks at and works on, the clay for will to mold) are the first two branches or shootlets of a germ or seed which is not yet either, but both in potentiality. The old metaphysicians would have called it the pure or mere *is*, of which no more can be said. But we must be careful of that "mere"; for this germ of *is* contains folded up in infinite complexity the whole of what subsequently unfolds in all matter, in all thought and feeling. In its "sleep," before the universe began, it matured all that will thereafter be; when the universe began it began to unfold all its spiritual and material containments. A part of it is in man, is indeed the innermost man. We have not yet unfolded our folded potentialities; we are always becoming; by will we grow always from more to more. Nothing binds us; what bound us yesterday cannot do so today, for today we are more and other. Each civilization is a flowering of the collective human spirit; in time the petals fall off; the civilization vanishes. But the seed lies maturing and in time there is a new tree and a new flowering. It repeats the old—*plus*. . . . It is that little *plus* that the pessimists forget. It may be that civilizations rise in the same way, reach what seem the same heights, sustain themselves by the same forces, decay for the same causes down to—as it might seem—the same barbarism. It may be that each civilization rethinks all the thoughts, re-feels all the feelings, that were thought and felt in the old one. But if there be but one man in the new civilization that thinks but one new thought, that has but one

**Ideation and
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new feeling—by that the new is other and higher than the old. The seed as it lay quiet prepared to do, not only what the old one did, but that much more. Do we not know that a mere bed of primroses will give us one flower of the thousands, the exact like of which was never seen before? No man is bound by his past. He can regard each day as a flowering; by night-time the seed is ready; in night thought and meditation he matures folded potentialities in it; sleep perfects the maturation; the next day is the new flower, the flower of yesterday plus something more that he never showed before. On a larger scale each successive lifetime does the same; old age gives the opportunity for that retrospective thought and meditation, which, helped by the rest-interval between two lives, matures new folded potentialities to be unfolded in the life to come. Man can see to it that his bed of primroses does produce that new form that was never seen before. The ancients extended this same conception to the whole universe in its successive re-emergencies from latency.

The symbol of the tree and the plant is inexhaustible in science and philosophy, and with it we could teach both to the youngest child.

H. CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.

The Teeming Life of the Ocean

A WRITER in the *Scotsman* gives an excellent account of the marvelous fertility of the ocean, from which we select a few facts.

The tons of sea-weed cast on our coasts are but the scattered leaves from a vast forest; for carpeting the floor from shore to deep water are waving prairies of delicate brown, olive-green, and crimson. Numberless minute creatures obtain food and shelter here; crabs, polyps, shell-fish, sea-worms. But the population of the sea-bottom is in a state of indescribable congestion. A naturalist tells how he chipped off a piece of slate scarcely bigger than a penny-piece for the sake of a beautiful polyp that was on it; and found also on this minute area four kinds of sea-weed, a sponge, two distinct hydroid zoophytes, eight different species of polyzoa, a couple of minute acorn shells, and a brood of infant brittle-stars. Nor was this fragment found to be specially rich in life.

The writer describes a miniature museum which he saw on a mussel shell. On it were types representing most of the more elementary groups of marine creatures; dozens of colonies of hydroid zoophytes, each tenanted by hundreds of living polyps, obtained foothold along the margin, while on their branches minute foraminifera rested, and simple sponges nestled amongst their stems. Scarcely a glimpse could be caught of the rest of the shell for the presence of twisted worm-tubes, acorn shells, and clumps of sea-mat, and a sea-squirt completed the community.

The waste of waters is barren only to our eyes, for the air of a grimy town is not more full of inorganic specks than the open sea is full of specks of life. In the northern seas is a jelly-fish so small that a wine-glass of water can contain 3000. Yet off the coast of Greenland the sea is often tinged brown with it, and one of the drifting patches into which it collects has been estimated to contain 1,600,000,000,000 individuals.

Many other most interesting details are given, which space forbids to reproduce. The entire ocean, and every drop in it, is one teeming mass of life, vegetables, animals, germs, eggs. The writer alludes to an ancient belief that the waters *create* life, and asks in conclusion whether anything could prove, better than the researches which science has made in the ocean, that the ocean is the Mother of Life.

And is not science daily advancing nearer to an admission of the truth that there is nothing whatever in the universe that is *not* alive? H. P. Blavatsky wrote years ago that it would soon be discovered that so-called "dead" or "inorganic" matter was composed of minute *lives*. Indeed it seems to be like forcing an illogical distinction to call that dead which manifests both incessant energy and design. What though, in the case of minerals, we choose to speak of force instead of life, and law instead of conscious purpose, is not the result the same? We shall ere long achieve a greater generalization than science has yet achieved, when we are ready to say that *every* movement is the result of Wills and Intelligences, and to admit that our present names for the "forces" are but synonyms for Wills and Intelligences.

And the purpose of all this abounding life in the sea, on the earth, in the air? To live is evidently the one great purpose in the universe, and reason enough in itself without further explanation. Yet we may speak of growth, evolution, progress. Life implies the ceaseless interaction between spirit and matter, or the Ego and its conditions. In all this activity Spirit is striving to manifest itself in matter, and evolution perpetually proceeds from lower forms to higher. But evolution implies involution. Matter cannot evolve itself—our very definition of the word matter precludes it. Whatever is evolved from matter must have pre-existed as Spirit. And this of course applies to Man.

STUDENT

"Repent Ye"

STUDENTS of literature may remember de Quincey's rendering of the word *μετανοεῖτε*, which is translated in the ordinary Bible as "Repent ye!" He points out the incongruity of telling people to repent *before* they had received the new message; repentance would more logically come *after*. Before the gospel was preached they would have no reason for repentance; repentance would be a sequel rather than a prelude to the gospel. Going back to the etymology of the Greek word, de Quincey of course shows that it is a compound of the preposition *μετά*, which implies change, metamorphosis; and *νοέω*, to think, intend; from which its meaning would be "Change your heart, change your way of thinking!"

People have become so familiarized with the use of the word "Repentance" in connexion with religious teaching, that it is not easy to divest oneself of the fixed impression so as to be able to assume de Quincey's point of view. One imagines people doing evil, worshiping idols, etc., in defiance of God's law as revealed through Jesus Christ; and then repenting of their iniquity and embracing the Christian religion. But before that gospel was ever preached by its founder, before it had even been mooted by his forerunner, John the Baptist, how could the people repent? How could

they know that the coming gospel would shed a new light that would cause their previous deeds to seem wrong? The point was that a new way of thinking, a new standard was to be introduced to the world, making things which had before been permissible no longer so. According to this view, the people had done nothing of which they could repent; they had acted according to the light which they then had; they were to get a new light, etc. etc.

De Quincey describes himself as irritated by the irrelevance of the English word and by something very like cant. We may agree with him in thinking the Greek word inadequately rendered and a structure of dogmatism built upon this rendering. But we can scarcely follow him in ascribing to the Christian gospel so unique an importance. The regeneration was but one of many cyclic waves of regeneration, such as spread over the earth at different times. Judging from what one reads in *The Secret Doctrine*, the great precessional cycle of 25,868 years or thereabouts is divided into twelve parts in accordance with the duodenary division of the zodiac into signs, and each such minor period marks the prevalence of some particular "dispensation" or phase of racial evolution. The era of change from the close of one such period to the beginning of the next is marked by a break up of the old order and the inauguration of a new order; and there is a new outpouring of spiritual energy connected with some great Teacher and some great religion. The teachings are in their origin those of the ancient Wisdom-Religion or Theosophy; but the rolling years witness a gradual deterioration of the religion, which assumes dogmatic and ecclesiastical forms. We cannot specify just when the cycle, of which Christianity is one of the characteristics, began, nor when it will end; for the figures belong to calculations that are kept secret. Nor is it yet stated what was the exact origin and nature of that outpouring of the light which eventually resulted in what we know as Christianity. Who the Teacher was, whether the Jesus of the Gospels represents a historical character or not, these are questions yet to be solved. But the point is that the Christian gospel was by no means unique, but only one of a kind.

Returning to the subject of repentance, many Christians think it has been overdone, and that it is possible to dwell too much on one's weaknesses. There have even been people who have seemed to glory in their weakness and unworthiness. But the gospel of self-respect and confidence in the power of the Higher nature is surely the true gospel. Of course we must not glory in our weaknesses or be indifferent about overcoming them; but we cannot overcome them by dwelling too much on them; that tends actually to bind them to us.

TRAVERS

The Specialists and the Cameo

FROM the dawn of history, on the borderland between two parishes, stood a huge tumulus called Carn More, or great cairn. Some years ago it was opened. They found ashes and an urn, some heaped-up white smooth pebbles, a water-worn stone with a cross naturally formed by geological fault, some jets and ornaments, and an exquisitely cut cameo. The cairn bore no trace of having been previously examined. The cameo was sent to specialists for report, but all that was got was, "An excellent specimen of intaglio cutting by James Tassie, eighteenth century, English." This was, of course, absolutely impossible!—Lauchlan MacLean Watt, in the *Scotsman*.

✧ Some Views on XXth Century Problems ✧

The Gleam of the Thread

IN the October *Cornhill* (London), Mr. Arthur Benson makes this curiously frank and courageous confession:

There was a time when, though I was not sincere enough to admit it, and indeed urgently proclaimed the contrary, I did practically, though not confessedly, hold the belief myself that death was indeed the end of body and soul alike. . . . But of late I have come to feel very differently. Let me speak frankly and say that the opposite truth has come home to me through intense and prolonged suffering of a most grievous kind, through the sight of mental torture in the case of one very dear to myself, through ambitions deeply and justly disappointed, through the realization of great moral cowardice in myself, and ugly desires for material satisfaction. Through sorrow and bitter humiliation, through a process of stern emptying of the soul, through the severe denial of joy and light, one blessed truth has dawned upon me. I have seen and perceived that the soul is a very ancient and tenacious and long-lived thing; that its past is not bounded by birth nor its future by death; that it is like a thread in a tapestry, that emerges for an instant to complete a picture, to give a touch of bright color or haunted shade, and disappears behind the woof to emerge again in a different scene.

The soul seems to have tried to show him *reincarnation* and he got the picture on too small a scale. He saw that the soul's thread did not begin at birth and will not be cut by death. It emerges for an "instant" to complete the picture of a *lifetime*, disappears behind the woof at death, and in its own time reappears to complete another picture, the scenery of the next lifetime. It does also appear and disappear in the changeful patterns of the *days*, but few of us have prepared ourselves to recognize it and get its teaching. We have to be stung by pain to the strong search for the thread. We *need* not wait for that sting; we *could* begin and crown the search while life flowed very smooth and pleasant in front of us. The time would come when we could transfer self-feeling from the pattern to the thread; when instead of being personality looking inward to the soul we could be soul looking outward upon the personality. The actor would be no longer deluded by the part he plays. He could *whilst playing* it look back to some other parts he played in the past, see some of the connexions between then and now, and finally know the why of it all. Real life is only hidden because we will not take the trouble to tear the veils. STUDENT

Finality

WE are always near the finality of knowledge. The great principles underlying the universe have now been discovered; all that remains is some minuter application of them. John Stuart Mill saw the early finality even of music — nay he proved it. For do not all possible combinations comprise a limited quantity? Must not the composer of the very near future find himself obliged to repeat the combinations and sequences already exhausted by his predecessors? But since that we have Wagner and Strauss and Debussy and a score of other *innovators*.

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* quotes this introductory statement preceding some university physics courses, printed in 1894, sixteen years ago:

While it is never safe to affirm that the future of physical science has no marvels in store . . . it seems probable that most of the grand underlying principles have been firmly established, and that further advances are to be sought chiefly in the rigorous application of these principles to all the phenomena which come under our notice. . . . An eminent scientist has remarked that the future truths of physical science are to be looked for in the sixth place of decimals.

Well: then followed the discovery of the Röntgen rays; the Becquerel rays; the Zeeman effect, that of magnets on light; radium; "atomic disintegration, the transformation of matter, the thermal effect of radio-activity, and intra-atomic energy." In short, just when those words were being written, science was about to transform itself; it was the eve of total revolutions in chemistry, physics and astronomy. Nor does the pace show any signs of slackening.

The lesson is not only that there is *more* knowledge ahead, but *other*; the path may tomorrow suddenly take a bend to the right and open into a new and unsuspected field. But the lesson is never learned. There are always those who with dry ankles will tell us that the deep offshore has nothing to tell us that we do not know. STUDENT

Industrial Diseases

A MEDICAL paper gives a small selection of industrial diseases incidental to our civilization, such as:

Poisoning by the fumes of calcium carbide; Headache, dyspepsia, and cardiac failure, from aniline dyes;

Frothing of the blood, due to working in caissons;

Functional neurosis, known as telegraphist's cramp;

Shoddy fever, due to inhaling particles of rag-dust;

Numerous affections of the skin, lungs, digestive tract, and eyes, due to irritation by organic or inorganic dusts of industrial origin; Electrocutation by live wires.

What advantages can be set off against these ills? Does invention create more evils than it cures?

Invention exercises a neutral influence; it is *our motives* that create good or evil effects; invention is only a means to either end. But the facility given by invention has brought the question to a crisis.

We now see that scientific invention is a strong steed which will run away with the chariot of civilization unless we can tame it; and the study of character-culture becomes all-important. Let us not blame the noble work of science or think that we must try to get back to an earlier uncultivated stage. That would be giving up the game and retiring beaten. Those who call civilization a disease and preach a return to barbarism or medievalism do not expect to see their ideas realized, or they might hesitate in proclaiming them. All the time they are eating the bread of civilization, and perhaps do not sufficiently realize how much they are attached to it — and how much they owe to it!

There are some primitive virtues that we

need to get back to, however, and simplicity is one; but simplicity of soul is what is meant. Then we need not discard our inventions; we can turn them to advantage instead of to disadvantage. It is surely absurd to say that science cannot stop all these diseases if it only had a fair chance to do so. Doctors say that consumption could be abolished if only the simple means known to science could be given a chance. No serum is needed; only to give the people clean homes, air, good food, healthful work. But selfish interests are so complicated and interwoven with every fiber of our common life that efforts at amelioration are difficult.

Science is meant to be an engine for good instead of being harnessed to the wagon of selfishness. Civilization ought never to be synonymous with disease. E.

"But More than Others Have"

WE all know the pernicious old hymn beginning, "Not more than others I deserve, but more than others have," — pernicious because at an age when the child's mind is most receptive to suggestion it is made to thank the Divine for favoritism.

Of the few Thanksgiving Proclamations which we have looked over, one at least sinned in exactly the same way. Celebrating the benefactions which we have received from "our country's God," the Proclamation returns thanks "for that He hath not so far dealt thus with any people."

How much finelier would the document have read if after due celebration of the benefactions it had concluded with the prayer that other people might immediately be given the experience of the same! And if "our country's God" had been "God of all peoples alike"! It is perfectly legitimate to wish prosperity for our country, but why should we not wish an equal share for the rest? Even on the lowest commercial ground, the more prosperous they are the more will they be able and willing to purchase what we have to offer. When shall we learn the elementary economic axiom that no people can rise in commercial prosperity without benefiting the rest, that no people can fall without hurting the rest? STUDENT

The Prodigies

HOW slowly is the almost invariable fate of the boy prodigy taken into the general parental consciousness! It is not always greed that is responsible for the exploitation of these precocious little human flames, merely that the parents have learned nothing from history — nothing at any rate but the unfortunate (because so exceptional) cases of Mozart and Rubinstein. For various reasons, mostly pathological, little boys of a certain type are exceedingly prone to make drafts upon their vital legacy, greatly overstimulate their brain cells, and manifest the *disease* of prodigy-ism. Needless to say that the proper treatment, and the only hope of conserving the precocious little flame, lies in the precise *opposite* of that stimulation which parental vanity prompts. M. D.

Archaeology Palaeontology Ethnology



RUINS OF THE PALACE OF THE CAESARS ON THE PALATINE HILL

Cyclic Ebb and Flow of Nations

OVER all the good and evil of the Middle Ages there shines the light of early morning and the naïveté of childhood, remarks the *London Times* in connexion with a book review. But the age of the Antonines, though farther off, does not seem childish. The Greeks, continues the writer, seemed childish to that Egyptian priest whom Solon saw. "You Hellenes are never anything but children, and there is not an old man among you. There is no old opinion handed down among you by ancient tradition, nor any science which is hoary with age." Civilization in Greece, continued the priest, was at certain intervals destroyed by conflagrations and floods, from which Egypt was preserved; hence Egypt kept in her temples all the records, whereas the Greeks had to keep beginning over again like children.

We know now, says the *Times* writer, that this explanation was in the main true.

What! asks the CENTURY PATH. The *London Times* vouching for the story of Solon and the Egyptian priests as told by Plato? We thought this was mythical, a poetical fantasy on the part of Plato. Times are changing; we gladly accept present admissions but

can scarcely be expected to regard them as any more final than the earlier admissions. The story was once false, now it is in the main true, tomorrow it may be found to be wholly true.

"An ancient Greek civilization had indeed been destroyed, not by conflagrations and deluges, but probably by barbarian invasions." So Plato or the priest was right about the ancient civilizations but wrong about the cataclysms. The *Times* is sure there were no cataclysms, but is not certain whether there were barbarian invasions or not; at least that is how we understand the word "probably," so placed in the sentence. But perhaps Plato was right about the cataclysms too.

The people in the Middle Ages were in the same condition as these later Greeks, we are told. They were cut off from the older world by a catastrophe and were beginning again like children. "So it was as though the very world had shaken herself and cast off her old age, and were clothing herself everywhere in a white garment of churches," writes a French monk of the Eleventh century. He was pious.

But these admissions must logically lead to other admissions. Do we not glimpse a *law* expressing the perpetual alternation of civiliza-

tion and barbarism, the continual birth, ripening, and decay of civilizations, as a man is born, matures, and dies? We have lately discovered the remains of the prehistoric Greece, in the palaces of Crete, thus vindicating ancient tradition. In many parts of the world similar discoveries are being made. The Hittites, once thought to be a Biblical invention, are now found to have actually existed and to have been a mighty empire rivaling Greece and Egypt and Assyria. In America we know there were great civilizations that were swept away by some cataclysm, whether of barbarians or of the elements, and succeeded by cave-dwellers and lowly nomads.

And our civilization is still young. It may have outgrown the guilelessness of childhood, but it has not reached manhood. We would describe it as having reached the stage of smoking its first pipe and being in a state of inflated pride rapidly turning to nausea. It had discovered — as young men do — that its father was a fool and that it alone knew how to live; but it begins to have its doubts.

As to cataclysms, surely there can be both kinds — the barbarian invasion and the cosmic catastrophe. We have plenty of geologic evidence of the latter. STUDENT

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Etheric Sound

WHEN will someone work out a theory of sound waves as electric or etheric?

The suggestion that they essentially are so looks one in the face from all the tables of vibration. In the current *Scientific American*, for instance, Mr. Ehret, discussing wireless telegraphy, gives the usual list. First come the known invisible rays, from the x down to and including the ultra-violet: frequency, from 1500 trillions per second to 870 trillions. Then the visible spectrum, from 740 trillions down to the red at 430. Then the infra red down to 300, followed by the heat rays down to 20 trillions per second. Then the electric waves proper, any number of octaves of them, those used in wireless telegraphy running from several millions per second down to a mere 100,000 or so. Lastly, in another medium, air instead of ether (as the theory goes), the waves of sound, the highest audible having about 40,000 and the lowest 32 or 16. But the writer does not mention the change of medium here suddenly made; he merely remarks that this set is audible. Sound is of course carried by aerial vibration; but may there not, amongst the air-waves, as their background and supporter, be a set obtaining in the ether? STUDENT

Hertzian Waves in Physiology

THE working of wireless telegraphy has inspired a physiologist to the making of a theory in explanation of the value of static electricity in medicine. The value is assumed in advance, which may be all right. One may remark however that the value of any sort of electricity as a vital restorative falls far short of the hopes that were nourished twenty-five years ago; and secondly that the new theory would equally well explain grave damage that might be done by the frictional or static variety.

Wireless telegraphy depends upon the fact that when electricity is stored in a condenser to a certain point of pressure it will at last leap a spark-gap. Anyone who has worked a glass-plate frictional machine is familiar with this miniature flash of lightning between the brass balls.

The next point is that the spark disturbs the ether and excites waves in it, the well known Hertzian waves.

The third item in wireless telegraphy is the coherer. In its earliest form the coherer consisted of a glass tube filled with metal filings. It was found that the current of an ordinary battery, in trying to pass through such a tube experienced great resistance. The accidental "lay" of the filings involved innumerable minute gaps. But when the tube was for a moment enveloped as it were in the long Hertzian waves generated from a spark at whatever distance, the resistance was diminished. The waves caused the filings to arrange themselves so as to favor the passage of the current. The current transmitted through the tube therefore reproduces the rhythm of the distant spark — which is under the control of an operator.

Upon this making difficult circuits easy, this

abolition of resistance, the physiological theory depends. The body contains an immense number of small circuits through which little currents are constantly passing. It is quite possible that certain kinds of disease are due to improper resistance in these circuits. It is quite possible, also, that Hertzian waves generated from a nearby frictional machine might break down the improper resistance and restore the conditions of health. If that theory be true the benefits conferred by this kind of treatment should be proportional to the number of maladies having that undue resistance for their cause. We have also some explanation of cases not only not helped, but injured by the spark treatment. For where the resistance in a little local physiological circuit is no higher than it should be, and is then artificially reduced, we are obviously doing harm. Truly we are as yet but in the A B C of electrical physiology, the true and final one. M. D.

The Lighting Problem

IN connexion with the statement that ultra-violet rays injure the eye, a scientific investigator has been making experiments on all kinds of materials to see to what extent they are permeable by such rays. We must first observe, however, that he does not mention glass and quartz, with regard to which it has been stated that the ultra-violet rays from the mercury-vapor lamp do not pass through a glass globe, but do pass through a quartz globe. The importance of choosing which kind of globe you will have is therefore obvious. Alcohol and chloroform, this investigator finds, are more opaque to the rays than water; of colloidal substances, such as gum arabic, gelatin, and albumin, the permeability is proportional to the amount of water they contain. Metals in the colloidal state completely arrest the rays. The fluids of the body vary in their permeability. Cerebro-spinal fluid is a little more opaque than water; pleuritic fluid more so. Milk completely arrests the rays. The vitreous humor of the eye is as opaque as water; the cornea arrests a large proportion of the rays; the crystalline lens is completely opaque, but the investigator suggests that in protecting the eye it may itself suffer, thus producing cataract. When the eyes have been operated on for cataract, they should be specially protected from ultra-violet rays. The arc, Welsbach or Auer, and mercury-vapor lamps should only be used for large spaces; and for the desk oil or incandescent bulbs should be used. We evidently need an eye that can protect itself against injurious rays and still remain permeable to the useful ones; and perhaps the body will learn to accommodate itself. It is evident that mere brightness is not the only essential in light, and we may still preserve a warm corner in our heart for the humble but decorative candle. There is even a good word to be said for the smoke and grime of large towns, for these ingredients of the air filter out the deadly rays and prevent sunstroke. H.

The Stigma of Alcohol

A PROPOS of a recent assertion that the children of drinkers are in no way stigmatized at birth by the habit of their parents, the (*London*) *Medical Temperance Review* quotes from another paper some of the well-known researches of Professor Laitinen of Helsingfors, Finland. The most definite and significant related to the dentition of children of alcoholic and non-alcoholic parentage. Here in a few lines are these results:

The first tooth was cut by the abstainer's child at 4.1 months, by the moderate's at 4.9 months, and by the (hard) drinker's much later, too late to be included in Laitinen's report. At the end of eight months 27.5 per cent of the abstainers' children were toothless, 33.9 per cent of moderates', and 42.3 of drinkers'! At the end of eight months the number of teeth possessed by the average child of each class respectively was 2.5, 2.1, and 1.5.

As the data rest upon investigation of more than 20,000 children in about 6000 families, they may be regarded as settling the question.

Now the teeth are erupted from little sacs in the gum lined by in-dippings of the same (epithelial) cells as constitute the brain and spinal cord. These two organs are themselves in-dippings on a larger scale of the epithelial layer. And as it is obvious that the parental alcoholism will have the same effect upon one nascent epithelial structure as another, we can form some idea of what it will be doing to the great nerve centers. They too must be delayed in their evolution and doubtless hindered from perfect attainment throughout the whole of subsequent life.

The Professor furnishes elaborate confirmation of this view by an immense number of statistical results from other departments of physiological life. STUDENT

A Supreme Court of Science

PROFESSOR NORTON'S suggestion that there should be a "Supreme Court of Science" to which people could turn for authoritative and final decision upon perplexing points, reads rather amusingly to one who knows the history of science. He asks,

Why should there not be a court of science to determine questions of scientific truth, the application and feasibility of issues based on scientific knowledge?

Well, for example, just before Braid proved that there *was*, a sort of Supreme Court of this kind sat in France and twice rendered verdict that there was *not* anything in the claims of Mesmer and his successors. Twenty years ago such a Court would certainly have rendered an almost unanimous verdict that there was no basis (save fraud) for the reported phenomena of spiritualism, including the working of such abnormal faculties as clairvoyance.

No; it is precisely upon the open and disputed questions for which its decisions would be asked that such a Court would be incompetent to render a verdict. Facts, especially new ones, have fortunately small respect for ex cathedra pronouncements. STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Making Peace with Nature

MANKIND in general seems at all times to have been possessed of the idea that it is possible to reconcile oneself with the powers of nature, propitiate them, or come to an understanding with them, by the performance of certain ceremonies. It is hard for a judicial mind to believe that this universal belief, however ignorantly and superstitiously it may have been followed in some times, was at all times a superstition and a folly, and did not originate in some actual knowledge. We ourselves may be said to invoke to our aid some of the forces of nature, when we cast powders upon the soil or breed mystic bacterial broths in a phial to be administered to the plants. But we call it science, for we are provided with an explanation. But there are many subtler forces of nature which we do not yet know how to invoke to our aid. Our method of dealing with the animal creation, when it interferes with our wishes, is the crude and short-sighted one of slaughter. Thus have brutish conquerors sought to stamp out opposition by wholesale slaughter of their foes. In our conquests nowadays we favor gentler, and therefore wiser, means; we win the conquered to our interests. Shall we ever make a similar advance in husbandry? Will it ever be possible to propitiate the crow instead of shooting him and gibbeting his corpse as a warning to his mourning kin—thereby putting a sea of blood between Man, the king of beasts or the crown of creation, and his younger brothers, the “varmints”; thereby starting a family feud that will visit unborn generations of man and beast with unmerited strife? Must we always shoot the innocent rabbit, who has occupied the soil from the days when first our continent rose from the sea, because he so innocently asserts his title to exist on that soil which now we claim for our exclusive domain? But we have our own little ones to feed. The birds eat our grain as fast as we sow it, and peck our best fruit. Mischievous beasts! Go out with a bludgeon and bludgeon them. Give them some poison to burn their entrails and turn our superior wisdom to some advantage. We must feed our families.

Oh, if the ancients ever knew of any way of *persuading* or treating with nature, so as to avoid this stupid violence, would it not be a relief if we could restore that knowledge?

It is true we have some recipes, but the farmers do not take much stock in them. The farmers say, “Well, it costs nothing and can do no harm; if there is a one per cent chance of its doing any good, it is worth while.” So the church is adorned with cabbage heads and



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

A LANDSCAPE EFFECT
ON THE GROUNDS OF THE CUBAN THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, SAN JUAN HILL

THE PIXIES OF DEVON

THEY are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherished: they are flown
Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so blessed the sight
In the old days romantic. Nought is heard
Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And waterfall; the day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute! the hymnings high—
The immortal music, men of ancient times
Have ravished oft, are flown! O ye have lost,
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant
throngs
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense; and with a mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!

The very streams
Brightened with visionings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charmed waters, which still brighter grew
As the pomp passed to land until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Looked on their revels all the luscious night;
And, unreprieved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved,
Voluptuous to the thrilling touch of harp Elysian!

Noel Thomas Carrington (1777-1830)

pumpkins and the harvest thanksgiving service is solemnized; or perhaps rain is prayed for. This is *our* remnant of ancient lore, very much transmogrified through the ages. Then we still break a bottle of wine over a ship, bury a few coins under a foundation stone, and have some big gun or his little daughter come down to inaugurate an irrigation scheme.

But it is absurd to send up a petition to the throne about a matter relating to our back garden. The ancients appealed to the minor gods. They were more logical. We appeal to Paris green. We are wise within limits.

One notion the ancients had was that, to gain a benefit from nature, man must give something in return. He must undertake and perform his side of the contract. He must practise no violence on nature, and must observe certain rules of purification. Of this we also have a faint inkling in our recognition of the connexion between sanitation and crop diseases. But our science is too physical as yet; of the great Thought-world we know but little.

Some day we shall get back some of the lost wisdom relating to the interior connexion between man and nature, and to the causal links of conduct and fortune. Then we may discover how to reconcile ourselves with nature so as to secure protection without bloodshed. This will solve many a vexed problem of the struggle between our humanity and our supposed interests. What we need is Sympathy and the Knowledge that comes through Sympathy.

STUDENT



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society: My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

'Saving Time'

MY alarm-clock rang and caused a dream-picture that made me start up to the day's work with a smile.

"A man had been pondering how to make a better use of his time, and he had found that he could easily afford to get up one hour earlier in the mornings. So he bought an alarm-clock, and as it was his serious intention to make a real change in his life's usual order he bought a fine clock with a musical-box within, so as to get pleasant associations of thoughts upon awakening.

"This was at New Year, when such determinations are usually taken, and it worked well for some time. He thought much of his beautiful clock and the service it did, and he examined it often and caused it to play its different melodies even in the daytime. Then, suddenly, something went wrong with the mechanism and it required much time and thought to get it right again. And the same happened over and over again, but still he continued to rise at the fixed time in the mornings, quite satisfied with the longer day and his own usefulness, and he still thought much of his clock. It seemed to him that he had taken quite a step towards making a better use of the day—the problem that had annoyed him during the previous year.

"So the year grew old, and again the New Year was at hand. Then, on its first morning, a strange procession passed in review before his eyes. First came in an orderly line all the hours he had gained by rising earlier, three hundred and sixty-five, passing at regular spaces. But what about that other procession where nothing like order reigned?—big and small hours without distinction, and so long, too; many, many times longer than the others!

OPPORTUNITY

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Walter Malone (Selected)

He rubbed his eyes and looked closer—yes, certainly, he recognized them all, they were his own, every one of them! And they were all the hours he had devoted to thinking of his fine clock, letting it play in the daytime, repairing it, and so on. Was it really true? Had he allowed his mind to play him such a trick?—to lose time all the way when he thought he had gained! His self-satisfaction had a hard shock to endure. And he started to think a



DEVIL'S GLEN, COUNTY WICKLOW, IRELAND

little deeper on how to make a better use of his time."

Of how many of our time-saving devices can the same not be said? How many do we allow to encroach upon our other hours and duties, instead of keeping them at their proper place?

STUDENT

The Land of Souls

METHOUGHT I was in another world—the land of Souls.

Friends whom I had known and loved long since were there, and many whom I seemed to know and yet did not remember, and multitudes of others.

As I wandered among the beautiful trees and flowers where scent-laden breezes breathed peace and joy to all, those I met saluted me and gave me a cheery welcoming smile, in peaceful silence. And I pondered.

I seemed to remember that in the world outside things were strangely different. I felt that I used to receive the military salute as a mere form and I returned it in the same way. Yet how different here! I returned or gave the salute with joy to all, with a smile of warm heart-greeting. It did not matter in the least who or what they were, somehow I was glad to have the opportunity to salute and greet them.

This puzzled me for a time, but gradually it dawned upon my mind that it was not another world, I was still on earth, but that verily *this* was the Land of Souls; I was a Soul and as a Soul was one of a vast multitude, working in a great Cause, and my heart went out with greater affection to those my Comrades and with blessings on their lives and work.

Gradually I felt too that there were others beyond this beautiful land who were working for the same Cause and that they were linked to and received inspiration and strength from those within, and then the link seemed to spread farther and farther in every direction until the whole became ONE pulsating Heart of Life.

STUDENT

Two Things Needful

SOCIAL salvation, social justice, social political and economic harmony—social betterment or real progress of any kind—depend upon two things: (1) Kindly, decent,

humane feeling, and (2) clear thinking. It would be well if the order of these could be reversed and clear thinking take the lead in social progress. But one who views the situation calmly, for any length of time, at least learns that clear thinking is not a common attribute, and that it will not be such for several generations. All feel and only the few think. But though it were reversed and all were clear-headed thinkers, still this would be true: That clear thought cannot prevail where there is hate and anger and envy.—From Editorial in Los Angeles Graphic.

WHEN a man once has appeared, he never more can perish as to his eternal essence.

The eternal essence of man is the soul, and thus this can not perish. But the manner by means of which the soul expresses itself, the many kinds of body which it necessarily inhabits—these may change. What belongs to the body must die and perish; however, as soon as one covering is fallen off, the soul assumes another new surrounding, which then becomes its new manner of expression.

Each man has here his place, his life, and his world of action, according to the state of his being; and they come together who resemble each other as to the nature of the souls.—C. J. L. Almqvist, Swedish Poet.

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Funnell

Question In view of the utter disagreement as to even the essential principles of life, moral, social, or religious, that we see on all hands, and that Theosophists never tire of pointing out, how do you justify your own iconoclastic attitude towards orthodoxy, which claims to be based on the recognition of eternal truth, expressed in the saying "There is nothing new under the sun"?

Answer As to the basis of orthodoxy we may agree with the querent to some small extent, for there is certainly in man an intuition that warns him of the eternal character of the inner or spiritual being both in himself and in nature. But it is hardly upon this that orthodoxy is based, though the eternal principle sensed by intuition is eternally present everywhere whether in iconoclasm or in orthodoxy. It is rather upon a fallacy that the edifice of orthodoxy rests. The eternal principle is spirit, which is formless, and orthodoxy is concerned with the preservation of forms, which should be allowed to disintegrate in a normal manner. For the nature and essence of form is change. The ignorant are not aware of this, and put their trust in the permanency of form; even science recognizes this to some extent, though still fearing to acknowledge the inevitable sequence, which is the permanence of Spirit, also called Truth, and sometimes Divinity. As to the general disagreement on questions of this kind, that is a sign of the changing times.

Those who think a little more deeply than the average man are not surprised to see the spread of materialism balanced by a violent reaction towards all sorts of superstition which may be presented in some new disguise no doubt, but which still are marked with all the signs of the crudest wonder-worship and the most complete acceptance of the improbable. For all things in life on this plane of existence are dual, every stick has two ends, and wherever there is a development of one kind of energy one may look for the immediate appearance of an activity of the opposite kind.

It is true that there is nothing new under the sun, and it is also true that each moment is a new age, and that nothing remains unchanged at all, but that all things are in a state of eternal growth, decay, and renewal; the forms change while the spirit endures, or rather, eternally is. But the whole character of orthodoxy is wrapped up in a worship of forms and an attempt to make them permanent. This is the attempt to block the course of progress, and it is necessarily about as effective as the attempt of the bubbles and scum on the surface of a stream to block the course of the water. A block may be formed by an accumulation of driftwood and trash borne along the stream and the water may be held up for a while but only for a while, until its weight bursts the barriers, or until the water rises and overflows the obstacle. So it is with the flow of evolution, the river flows ceaselessly and it may fall swiftly over rocks or it may wander slowly through level lands, but it keeps moving even if held up in lakes or reservoirs, and there will always be driftwood collected in corners and piled along the banks to mark where the highest flood reached. Such piles of driftwood and trash are the re-

mains of forms and creeds of old faiths; the faith itself is the flow of the water, and the piles of driftwood mark the old course of the stream.

The varying moods of the flowing stream are caused by the nature of the country through which it flows and the varying phases of human thought are caused by the changing phases of human evolution as it enters upon or passes through the greater and smaller ages, each of which has a different character. These ages, or cycles of time, or "yugas," were carefully studied by long lines of students through the millenniums of ancient civilization, and the records are not lost though known to few today; and for those who thus studied the signs of the times and the duration of the ages, there was no surprise at the varying moods of human evolution. In this way the sages, who start new thought-currents in the human mind, were and still are able to give the human family help in adapting itself to new conditions upon which it unconsciously enters.

So creeds and forms lie strewn along the banks where the stream of evolution once flowed, and they are interesting for that reason; but they should not be cast again into the stream; there will always be plenty of driftwood and trash borne along the ever-flowing tide, and where the water surges and boils among the rocks and falls into the deep pools below there will always be plenty of bubbles and scum formed, which will join the piles of driftwood on the banks lower down to be dried by the sun while affording a good breeding place for flies and mosquitos no doubt. The analogy holds good still.

The study of ancient religions is like the study of ancient river-beds; from this latter we may learn the eternal nature of rivers, and so we may learn to use the streams today, and also we may learn to adapt our lives to the unavoidable changes in the conditions through which the stream of evolution passes.

If we desire to hold up the stream so as to use its power, or if we wish to change its direction somewhat in order to make its water fertilize a larger area, we shall construct a dam on sound principles, and provide sufficient outlet for the irresistible flow of the accumulated water, knowing well that the river can not be held eternally in one form. And when that nation passes away or fails to maintain its system of irrigation, the old river will find for itself a new channel and leave the old dam standing as a memento of past civilization.

But what shall we say of those who would still maintain the dam when the river has changed its course? This is what orthodoxy tries to do, when it has a dam to maintain, while those who have not are to be seen carefully guarding some pile of driftwood because it once marked the flow of the stream. Theosophy is the flowing river of evolution, and it has its varied aspects which mark the changing cycles, and it leaves its driftwood on the banks now as of yore, for the stream is as fresh and young today as it was a million years ago, and its moods are as spontaneous and as beautiful, its waters are as lifegiving, and its flow as irresistible; all is eternally changing and eternally renewed. Nothing is ever the same, and yet there is nothing new under the sun.

The modern Theosophical movement is the reappearance of the river of spiritual life, that

for awhile was lost sight of, because it has spread out over the plains and sunk below the surface of life on the material plane; but now the waters are rising again and the river appears and gathers force, making a new channel for itself and irrigating new fields. But if it is to make fertile the whole plain through which it passes then there must be workers to plan and to carry out the work of irrigation with all its necessary system of reservoirs, canals, dams, and so on; and there must be engineers, who know their business, to direct the work, for if it is left to the "go-as-you-please" method of irresponsible persons, the river may produce disastrous floods in one direction and leave large territories unwatered in another, and be held up to develop power in a third. Thus the beneficent character of the stream may be lost sight of entirely, while certain groups of interested persons may make a great profit out of the monopoly of its exploitation. Such is the lesson of history. Therefore we give heed to the Teacher who is now directing the work of making the river of Theosophy a blessing to all the world, and guarding against the follies and errors of those who, whether from personal vanity and ambition or from mere ignorance of the nature of the force they are trying to control, are liable to cause disaster and to ruin the very work that they profess such anxiety to help.

STUDENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL ADDRESS AT ISIS THEATER

AT the Isis Theater last evening a large audience was present at the meeting of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, to listen to a most excellent and thoughtful paper upon "Theosophy and Walt Whitman," which it was announced had been written by a student of Theosophy living at a distance, it being read by Mr. Montague Machell, a Râja Yoga student. The close attention that was given by the audience is evidence of the growing interest that there is in the teachings of Theosophy on the part of the public. The paper showed not only a clear grasp of the main Theosophical teachings, but also a keen appreciation of Walt Whitman's genius in the selection of some of his finest passages to illustrate the points made.

A most delightful music program was given by a number of the students from the Râja Yoga College at Point Loma.

Below are a few brief extracts from the address.

"No student of Theosophy could read the poems or prose writings of Walt Whitman without being profoundly struck with the deep Theosophical significance in many of his utterances. Here, it is not merely a question of chance flashes of Theosophical truth, such as one comes across in every product of true genius, but, with few exceptions, a steady, consistent illumination which makes one wonder how this could fail to be the work of a great thinker. Not only do the grand ideas of Human Divinity and Universal Brotherhood, Reincarnation, and Karma, sound the basal notes in his great harmonies of thought, but his whole attitude toward life is in the main Theosophic. Like the great Leaders of that Movement, his call to humanity is a ringing one, positive, imperative, and electric. . . .

"For Whitman the State of California had much fascination, and his imagination was stirred with the great rounding of a circle in the ever westward march of human progress, which its settlement suggested. Did he have a fore-glimpse of the School of Antiquity and the Râja Yoga College, and the great work which was soon to be begun at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma?

"We read Walt Whitman's strong, sane, uplifting pages with echoing hearts, and learn through him to realize still more clearly the Theosophical watchword, Life is Joy."—San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

The Charge of Atheism

THEOSOPHISTS have been dubbed "atheists" because they refuse to accept certain crude and illogical conceptions of Deity. The parties who throw this accusation at them are usually the champions of narrow dogmatism, who seem to think that Theosophy threatens their religious interests. The view taken by Theosophists of Deity is eminently calculated to exalt and dignify the conception, as well as to make it a more practical and real influence in daily life. That Theosophists are not atheists is made perfectly clear by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Key to Theosophy*; but we understand that persons of the class we have just referred to have used mutilated quotations therefrom in an attempt to support their charge of atheism. They have quoted only the part where H. P. Blavatsky says that Theosophists do not believe in the crude personal God of many sectarians; but omitted to quote the part where she describes the Deity Theosophists do believe in.

That Theosophists do not enjoy a monopoly of this charge is shown by a report in the press about Edison, in which he says: "That's it. I'm an atheist, am I? These people who call me to account do not even read what I have said. I am not an atheist, never have been, and never said I was. I believe in a Supreme intelligence, but I have grave doubts as to whether you and I and all the other good folk of this earth are going to be roused from our graves to go to some beautiful shining place up aloft."

The further remarks attributed to Edison, which have been made to do duty in support of a materialistic position, seem to us to be of the same kind. He repudiates certain hard-and-fast notions and cant phrases, made about the soul and the future life by those to whom the expressions mean little or nothing. Otherwise he is eloquently silent. Above all, he makes it perfectly clear that he does not wish to be quoted in support of any cult or dogma.

TRAVERS

THOU art one, the root of all numbers, but not as an element of numeration; for unity admits not of multiplication, change, or form. Thou art one, and in the secret of Thy unity the wisest of men are lost, because they know it not. Thou art one, and Thy unity is never diminished, never extended, and cannot be changed.—*Kether Malechûth*

MEMBERSHIP

In the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

A Transformed Church

TIMES have changed, the purpose, motive and method of churches are transformed. We are living in a new day. The church is not here to save a few from a future hell, but to save all it can from all the hells of modern life, and set them on their way towards a kingdom of heaven which is going to bless this world right here and now.

—*Universalist Leader*

Yet the churches should be more than mere organizations for social reform. Institutionalism is carried too far sometimes, many think. A church ought to have a gospel. What are the spiritual facts underlying brotherhood? The essential divinity of man, the actual solidarity of men in their common divinity, the possibility of raising ourselves from the plane of personality, where a false separateness prevails, to the plane of the Soul, where the unity is seen and known. A divine *gnosis*—the word "science" has been so much misused—an ability to set men on the Path. Ministers who are teachers, not merely by profession but by spiritual endowment. Teachings that expand the mind and do not frown upon inquiry. Here are some of the things needed in a church.

Theosophia, Divine Wisdom, Self-Knowledge. H.

Symmetry

THE face of the *Venus de Milo* is not bilaterally symmetrical, we are told; which inspires us to ask, Why should it be? Symmetry of this kind is not found in nature; and when adopted in portrayal, the result is obviously unnatural. In flowers we find a similar divergence from exact symmetry; while natural crystals are never perfect, but only "very perfect." The symmetrical form is what we call the ideal perfection, and the natural forms are regarded as more or less successful approximations thereto. But how far we are justified in calling the mathematical symmetry the ideal perfection may be questioned. This leads us to the question of buildings, and whether bilateral symmetry should

be sought therein; a subject as to which some reliable data regarding ancient architecture would be desirable. Metrical exactitude implies finity, isolation of a part from the whole, a separate universe. Every law is qualified by some other law, every cycle is involved with some other cycle. Harmony is not unison, perfection is not completion, but must

include the possibility of expansion.

In the architecture of character the true aim is not for a mathematical and limited exactitude. This makes the pedant, the slave of habit. We must *round out* our character rather than rule it in rigid lines. The formless chaotic character and the rigid character are two evil extremes; their unitary opposite on a higher plane is the true symmetry. License and formalism alternate and play into each other's hands; true balance is hard to find—but yet how easy! STUDENT

Science and Phenomena

LITERATURE about the borderland of scientific knowledge—that which is dubbed "occult"—continues to appear, such as a recent book anent "the marvels beyond science."

A beautiful series of reprints from the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, entitled *Studies in Occultism*, has recently been issued from Point Loma. In these six small booklets there is surely more concentrated information upon such topics than could probably be gathered in all the libraries of the psychologists—or of the religionists either, for that matter. Perhaps these little treatises state the truth of the business rather too clearly and unequivocally, for some. Yet one can hardly imagine a writer who places love of truth first and foremost in his heart, undertaking to write theses on "the occult," without first taking the trouble to become acquainted with what a master of the subject published twenty years ago.

Nevertheless a good word may be said for some attempts to focus scientific attention upon these matters, inasmuch as the obstacles now confronting biology, anthropology, etc., are due to an unwillingness to recognize a fundamental truth—the existence of an *astral model within the physical form*, whether of sun, molecule, plant, animal, or man. Until this is clearly admitted, all problems of evolution, and everything bearing upon man's possibilities, must continue to be merely agglomerations of so-called "facts." STUDENT

On Poetry

BEHIND this outward world of thoughts

what is good; and then there would be an end of their quarrel. Neither of these specialists

or less adequate idea of the religion of those early days in the Flowery Kingdom is now

CENTURY PATH--SUPPLEMENT

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Cyclone Sufferers at Pinar del Río, Cuba

THE track of any cyclone is one of desolation, but those of October last were unprecedented in the destruction wrought, for instead of the usual time-limit of twenty-four hours, the recent hurricane lasted four days. During all this time it never once really ceased raining, and frequently the downpour was terrific. The rivers rose as never before, and vast tracts of country were inundated. Many a poor family found itself trapped between two raging torrents, with nothing to do but await the moment when the rapidly rising waters should unite and sweep all to destruction. It was the floods and the death due to exposure which caused the high mortality and such wide-spread destruction to live-stock, for the wind of the first night blew down most of the *bohios* (frail houses thatched with palm leaves) and those unfortunate ones whose retreat was cut off by the swollen rivers had absolutely nothing to protect them from a blinding rain driven with such force as to sting the hands and face like hail.

On the day following the first night of the cyclone, the first step taken by the city authorities was to send out parties of Rural Guards and mounted Police with ambulance wagons to bring in the houseless country people. Soon the town was full of refugees, and what accommodations were available were soon filled to overflowing. Then it was that the spacious rooms of the annex of the Râja Yoga College were thrown open to the refugees. Beds, blankets, and clothing were procured, and before long there were about sixty persons, men, women, and children, in the building. All were half-famished, many were suffering from exposure, and not a few had wounds to be dressed. In spite of the fact that the kitchen was literally flooded and the difficulty of making fires was very great, due to the extreme humidity of the atmosphere, for the storm was still raging in all its fury, abundant food was cooked and served to the unfortunate people by the teachers of the College. The refugees ranged from farm laborers to once prosperous land owners, but all were alike in that they had lost everything except their lives. Many had had very narrow escapes. One man related how during the night the river had swept around his home, and when the morning came he was on a rapidly diminishing island. He had resigned himself to his fate, when suddenly the waters receded and he was able to wade across. A barrier of wreckage and rubbish in the lower course of the river had given way, and the pent-up waters had found an outlet—none too soon for the prisoner.

For many days after the cyclone, clothes, blankets, and food for the needy were dispensed from the College because for a long time after the disaster there was absolutely nothing to eat on the farms, and many people were without clothes other than

the scant apparel they had on their backs. The vegetation presented a peculiar scorched appearance due to the bruising of leaves and stems by the force of the rain.

Fortunately for the province, the Sanitary Department has been very active, sending out parties to collect and burn the carcasses of the drowned animals. Had this not been done, it is probable that the horrors of a pestilence would have been added to those of the hurricane.

During the cyclone and immediately after, it seemed as if the country could never recover from such a blow, and yet it is surprising what a power of recuperation the Cubans possess. Among those who were housed in the College, the philosophic attitude which prevailed was remarkable. Instead of complaining of the loss of home and belongings, they were grateful that their lives had been spared, and did not seem at all dismayed at the thought of commencing all over again.

In conclusion it should be mentioned that all the refugees expressed their appreciation of the help which our teachers had extended to them, and each made his or her little speech of gratitude on leaving the College, which had served as such an ample and sorely-needed protection against the fury of the hurricane.

T. v. H.

Facts versus Distortions

OUR numerous friends and the members of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY who have read the absurd and distorted stories published in a few of the yellow journals in America, in reference to the guardianship petitions for certain children in the Râja Yoga College, will have in the following a correct statement of facts.

Some weeks ago, George L. Patterson, son of Mrs. Harriet Patterson Thurston, and the contestant of his mother's will (which left Katherine Tingley, her friend, as residuary legatee) applied to the Superior Court of San Diego, California, for the guardianship of the two grand-children of Mrs. Harriet Patterson Thurston—Harriet Quinn and William Quinn, aged fourteen and sixteen respectively.

The grandmother, Mrs. Harriet Patterson Thurston, who died last July, left these grandchildren in the special care of Mrs. Ethelind Dunn, the Directress of the Râja Yoga College at Point Loma; and immediately on Mrs. Thurston's death, Mrs. Dunn applied to the courts for temporary guardianship of the children, in order that they might have proper protection until a permanent guardian should be appointed.

The persistency with which the contestant, George Patterson, has gone against his mother's wishes in what she considered the best interests of these children, can only be understood by those who are familiar with his general methods in his present action to break the will of his mother.

dawned. Thanks to the labors of the Rev. John Ross, D. D., Missionary of the United Free Church of Scotland, Manchuria, a more

Mr. Ross presents his book for publication because he regards this early of China as one of the most valuable ions from the ancient times to the comparative religions. After dipping ook one is quite inclined to agree with that

deals set forth in primitive Chinese ethics remarkable a character that they demand ough and special study than they have re-

ork—which was published in 1909—l *The Original Religion of China*, but " is only a relative term, as it is at the most ancient period of China's the "product of unknown centuries." Ancient times in China are divid- inese scholars into three separate per-) the primal ancient period; (2) the nt; and (3) the near ancient. The es from the 25th century to the 12th efore the Christian era; the second 12th to the 6th century, and the third, 6th century to an undefined date it to the beginning of the Christian e author contends that each period n distinctive religious characteristics. ie first was purely "monotheistic," d was dualistic, with a tendency to m but retaining a decided flavor of monotheism." The third was mater- r more accurately, agnostic, with, echoes of "monotheism"; the influ- is latest of the three periods extends sent. Owing to the fact that adequate has not been given to the differing characteristics of each period, the " religion has not been presented, r thinks, with its own clearly defined

e came this earliest known religion , and what were its characteristics? may have been its origin it was not me of ancestor-worship or a belief , he says. There is not, says Mr. slightest ground for giving it such ion, and so to derive it would be to y contrary to all the facts. He says, ushered at one step into the presence of a which there is One God supreme over all and earth, all other spirits being subordi- m.

"the King of kings, and Lord of And the monarch was God's Regent , "to carry out God's justice and iong mankind."

ow let us glance at the religion itself, st of the three religions, for that is hich will be of most interest to Theo- students. The author's study of the icient period and its religion has led me important conclusions. Here are them:

the twelve centuries the religiousness inese is most pronounced. They ap- ave lived under the unceasing cons- of the presence and interference of ing Power, and under the protecting n intelligent, just, all-knowing, bene- id almighty Providence.

was no idol worship of any kind. was no temple to God or Heaven. But anywhere and any time an altar could be erect- on which to offer sacrifice to God. Hence we infer that God was believed to be every-

and soul and passions, beauty and sordidness, mingled and made war in them. The aesthete has to learn what is beautiful, and the puritan

The mother of the children, Mrs. Julia Quinn, who has been for years in sanatoriums and under the care of physicians and special attendants on account of arrested mental development, is not yet considered by those who are most familiar with her case, as competent to care for the children properly. It was for this reason that the grandmother, two years before she died, applied to the courts for the guardianship of them and was duly appointed.

RECORDER

Guardian's Petition Refused by Judge Lewis
COURT RULES THAT MRS. ETHELIND DUNN CONTINUE
TO CARE FOR QUINN CHILDREN
WARDS OBJECT TO CHANGE

JUDGE T. L. LEWIS of the Superior Court yesterday heard the petition of Mrs. Ethelind Dunn, directress of the Rāja Yoga Academy, asking that she be discharged as guardian of William and Harriet Quinn, children of Mrs. Julia P. Quinn, unless the children especially desired her to continue as their guardian.

Attorney James E. Wadham appeared in court and asked that the resignation of Mrs. Dunn be accepted so that the minors might be sent east to their uncle, George L. Patterson, of New Castle, Pa.

Attorney L. A. Wright, representing the minors and Mrs. Dunn, said that she was unable to appear in court on account of illness, and presented the following letter, dated at Point Loma, December 15, and purporting to have been written to the court by the minors:

To the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court of San Diego County.

Having been told by Mrs. Dunn a few days ago that she had asked the court of San Diego to be relieved of the guardianship of our persons, we were naturally very sorry; she having acted like a mother to us since our grandmother's death and for four years past.

We would like to have Mrs. Dunn continue as our guardian, but if she will not do so, and thinks it is for our best interests not to be our guardian, we would be very happy to have Miss Perkins, a resident of San Diego and a relative of ours, appointed guardian of our persons and estates in the place of Mrs. Dunn.

We have no wish to go back east, nor to have Uncle George our guardian, as we think he is incapable. We wish to continue our studies in the Rāja Yoga school until we have finished our education, having been here since October, 1906, over four years, and we are very happy here.

We also know of our own knowledge that our mother is not well enough to be able to take care of us properly.

Sincerely yours,

HARRIET QUINN. WILLIAM QUINN

After giving the application consideration Judge Lewis declined to accept Mrs. Dunn's resignation, on the ground that the minors then would be left without a guardian and without proper protection. The children, therefore, remain under Mrs. Dunn's care in the Rāja Yoga Academy.—San Diego Union, December 17, 1910

WITHIN the last few weeks the most absurd and erroneous statements have been made in reference

to Mr. Lyman J. Gage and his supposed connexion with the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. Some of the writers of these published articles have stretched their consciences, so far as to state that Mr. Gage was connected with the society and had separated himself from it; and other papers announce that Mr. Gage had taken his children from the Rāja Yoga College.

The following article contains reliable information in this connexion and places the papers which have published the articles referred to in an embarrassing position. Ed.

Did Not Oppose Gage as Guardian

HEAD OF THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY MAKES STATEMENT
RELATIVE TO BRAINERD CHILDREN

Mrs. Katherine Tingley has made the following statement in regard to the guardianship of the grandnieces of Lyman J. Gage:

"Replying to press reports regarding the Theosophical Institution at Point Loma, and Lyman J. Gage, recently appointed guardian by the San Diego courts of his grandnieces, Marie and Belle Brainerd, aged 14 and 12, respectively. No opposition was made to Mr. Gage's application for guardianship, although Marie expressed the wish that he be not appointed, fearing he would take her and her sister from the Rāja Yoga College. The children are still in the school. No application was made to the court to remove them from school nor did the court give any order to that effect.

"No misunderstanding exists between Mr. Gage and myself. I have not met Mr. Gage for over two years. He was never asked to become a member of the Theosophical Organization; has never resided within the grounds of the Institution; and never has made an attempt to remove the children from school.

"On the contrary, Mrs. Ethelind Dunn, Directress of the Rāja Yoga College, has written Mr. Gage to inform him that I refuse to keep the children in school after January 1. My reason for this action does not reflect upon the children, though much regretted by the teachers because Colonel and Mrs. Brainerd, old members of the Theosophical Society, placed their grandchildren in the Rāja Yoga School in 1905, with the expressed wish in writing that they remain until they were of age.

"Colonel and Mrs. Brainerd had adopted these children and left them as their heirs. Mrs. Brainerd was Mr. Gage's sister. Mr. Gage's primary interest in the Theosophical Institution grew out of his appeal to me to assist him through our physicians, in an endeavor to cure his afflicted son, the late Eli A. Gage. For this Mr. Gage expressed his appreciation in writing.

"Mr. Gage has never 'backed' this Institution financially; never was asked to do so. On one occasion, I believe, he donated \$25 for the benefit of orphan children."—San Diego Union, December 14, 1910

Colonel and Mrs. Brainerd, grandparents of the Brainerd children, resided at the Theosophical Headquarters for several years, and the grandmother, Mrs. Brainerd, died there October 28th, 1908. Both she and her devoted husband, who passed away August 19th, 1910, were staunch defenders of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, and of the work at Point Loma, up to the time of their death.

On Poetry

BEHIND this outward world of thoughts and appearances lie other and other worlds, and back of them all a great light. All common objects and occurrences are significant of infinitely more than what appears of them; woven in with the texture of them are mysteries and spiritual meanings. They are like the hill of the fairies in the folk-lore. You came to it, and saw but the brown earth, the harebells and the long grasses waving: then someone came who touched your eyes, or gave you a strange cup to drink from; and immediately a glimmering place was revealed and glamorous, beautiful dancing figures of men.

Poetry, you may say, is the distilment of this inward essence of things. Up from grossness to the ultimate glory of the Spirit this universe extends; and along that path we travel. That which is below us is dull, and yields no music nor beauty; but beauty comes rippling and shining down from the heights, a star to lure and entice us upward. There is a certain falseness in the idea that there can be two Beautifuls, or two poles in the Beautiful; absolutely, there is only one. Beauty causes an intensity of life: and so anything that excites is often mistaken for it. Such an idea has to be vigorously combated, seeing what mischief it can do and has done in the world.

Beauty and poetry have nothing to do with the passions, but lead directly away from them, and to the abnegation of self. Seek the soul in things, and the nobility and heroism latent in men, and you are on the track of essential poetry; turn but your face towards the passions, and you are looking towards confusion and decay. So we see that beauty is not altogether a matter on which the eye can pronounce judgment, but is esoteric, and a thing to be found out and followed over rocky paths.

Out of the passions you may draw luxury and turbulence; and it is because these are often taken for beauty that one must insist on the single character of the latter. They please, they lure, they shine; yes, but the capacity to do all these things does not constitute beauty, which depends upon the essence and direction of things, and not on their exterior semblance. Such delight, allurements, and glamor, are the poison of the soul; and therefore the absolute hindrance of all shining of the Beautiful. For Beauty is a light rayed out from the Spirit; it is the radiance of the Spirit shining down towards us, illuminating the way we must take.

Poetry is concerned with the Beautiful; first and last with the Beautiful; it is the gathering up of the Beautiful, and the waving it before men's eyes; the revelation of it, the reaping of it, the insistence on it. Poetry is for all men, the Puritan as well as any other; only it is not to be had for nothing, nor if you reject it and form wrong conceptions. The Puritan turns away from poetry, because the votaries of poetry have had such amazingly wrong conceptions of it so often, and have sought beauty among the passions and in the world of gross things. It is never to be found there; were this doctrine accepted, it would be the salvation of art, poetry, drama, and all the higher branches of literature.

The votaries of poetry, it must be said, were all dual human beings like the rest of us; soul and passions, beauty and sordidness, mingled and made war in them. The aesthete has to learn what is beautiful, and the puritan

what is good; and then there would be an end of their quarrel. Neither of these specialists knows his own subject, or both would forgo much darkness that he has treasured, and accept much light that he has ignored.

You are going eastward in the morning, and you can see the sun; and this is a parable of the relation between beauty and morality. Turn westward, or wander into the shadowy places, and you will no longer see him; nor will you see him if you are blindfolded, nor if you carry an umbrella, nor if your hat flaps down over your eyes. The eastward road here symbolizes morality; the sun the beauty. You can travel that road, and not see him; but you cannot see him unless you do travel that road. Of course the man that has set his face westward may also turn round now and again, and have his face and vision illumined. But he is on the road that leads away from it, and the illumination is to grow fainter and rarer; and unless he turns right round, is to be utterly lost at last.

So poetry is always didactic, without meaning to be so: it speaks always to that which is beyond and above the brain, and, perhaps, may not and must not ever condescend to use the language of the latter. Its teaching is after the manner of the teaching of the Great Law and of experience, and not of a kind with that of the schoolmaster or the moralist. We are speaking of course of poetry as an abstract thing, and not as the works of the poets. These latter have come as near to it, and proclaimed as much of it as they were able; according as they were sunward bound, and walked in the sunlight, and had no shade nor bandaging over their eyes, and had the capacity to look upwards and see the sun. At other times again, they spoke from memory, or by theory, or were caught by foolish reflections and noisome nauseous exhalations; then their writings were dangerous or merely dull. Poetry confers no necessary honor or dignity upon the poet; it is a hymn and incense for the gods, and no personal crown for the brows of any individual man. One can claim no more monopoly in it, than in the elements. Prometheus did not invent or create or beget fire, according to the legend; but only revealed it to man. So the business of the poet is to reveal what he can of this secret and spiritual element of poetry. Before the Titan's day, there was fire asleep in every inflammable particle of the universe; and the sea and the soul and the sun and the mountains and the flowers and the waters are all inflammable with this new, arcane, quintessential fire we call poetry.

Poetry is the essence and radiance of evolution. What is advancing, going forward upon its due and universal path, gives it out like a light; so, escape from the brain-mind and passions of man, and you have the thing at once; since it is only in these two that we find unwillingness to evolve.

K. M.

China's "Original" Religion

AFTER reading the proceedings and findings of the Council of Trent, as described in Froude's *Lectures*, it is interesting — and a relief — to turn to a consideration of the religion of China at a period twenty-five centuries ere ever the Christian era had dawned. Thanks to the labors of the Rev. John Ross, D. D., Missionary of the United Free Church of Scotland, Manchuria, a more

or less adequate idea of the religion of those early days in the Flowery Kingdom is now possible. Mr. Ross presents his book for public acceptance because he regards this early religion of China as one of the most valuable contributions from the ancient times to the study of comparative religions. After dipping into the book one is quite inclined to agree with Mr. Ross that

the noble ideals set forth in primitive Chinese ethics are of so remarkable a character that they demand more thorough and special study than they have received.

The work — which was published in 1909 — is entitled *The Original Religion of China*, but "original" is only a relative term, as it is shown that the most ancient period of China's history is the "product of unknown centuries preceding." Ancient times in China are divided by Chinese scholars into three separate periods: (1) the primal ancient period; (2) the mid-ancient; and (3) the near ancient. The first stretches from the 25th century to the 12th century before the Christian era; the second from the 12th to the 6th century, and the third, from the 6th century to an undefined date subsequent to the beginning of the Christian era. The author contends that each period had its own distinctive religious characteristics. Whilst the first was purely "monotheistic," the second was dualistic, with a tendency to materialism but retaining a decided flavor of the old "monotheism." The third was materialistic, or more accurately, agnostic, with, however, echoes of "monotheism"; the influence of this latest of the three periods extends to the present. Owing to the fact that adequate attention has not been given to the differing religious characteristics of each period, the "original" religion has not been presented, the author thinks, with its own clearly defined features.

Whence came this earliest known religion of China, and what were its characteristics? Whatever may have been its origin it was not the outcome of ancestor-worship or a belief in ghosts, he says. There is not, says Mr. Ross, the slightest ground for giving it such a derivation, and so to derive it would be to go exactly contrary to all the facts. He says,

We are ushered at one step into the presence of a religion in which there is One God supreme over all in heaven and earth, all other spirits being subordinate to Him.

He is "the King of kings, and Lord of lords." And the monarch was God's Regent on earth, "to carry out God's justice and mercy among mankind."

And now let us glance at the religion itself, the earliest of the three religions, for that is the one which will be of most interest to Theosophical students. The author's study of the primal ancient period and its religion has led him to some important conclusions. Here are some of them:

During the twelve centuries the religiousness of the Chinese is most pronounced. They appear to have lived under the unceasing consciousness of the presence and interference of an all-ruling Power, and under the protecting care of an intelligent, just, all-knowing, benevolent, and almighty Providence.

There was no idol worship of any kind. There was no temple to God or Heaven. But anywhere and any time an altar could be erected on which to offer sacrifice to God. Hence we infer that God was believed to be every-

where present. The name given to the place where the altar was built was "tan," and this tan it is explained in another part of the work, was circular in form, to represent the roundness of the heavens. Within the "tan," were three circular concentric terraces or platforms, and the sacrifice was offered annually at the time of the winter solstice, to the God of imperial heaven. . . . A secondary sacrifice was offered to the sun, moon, stars, and the elements (cloud, rain, wind, and thunder.)

No man was set apart to be a priest.

Sacrifice was not offered as a pleading for the remission of sin, or as an acknowledgment of guilt. It was offered in gratitude for favors already received, or to avert threatened calamity, or to procure blessings in the future. Mr. Ross says:

The most scholarly Chinese official it has been my privilege to meet, declared to me that sacrifice never implied in China a sense of guilt or a confession of sin. Its sole purpose according to him, was to express gratitude.

Prayer was never made for the pardon of iniquity, but it was made for guidance in seasons of difficulty, or for favors in the time to come.

To obtain forgiveness, or rather, restoration to the favor of God, repentance, or a total change of the wicked life, was the indispensable.

That goodness is or shall be rewarded, that wickedness is or shall be punished,—whether in the person of king or peasant, of high or low—was as emphatically taught as by the three friends of Job.

There is no indication of anything like hell; the only penalty known in the world of spirits was one of negation or privation.

The Chinese believed in and worshiped a plurality of inferior deities of various grades subordinate to the Supreme God, and these inferior deities, in the view of the author, "were regarded much as the Roman Catholics regard 'saints.'"

What the writer calls "monotheism," however, a Theosophist would prefer to denominate the "divine Unity," which is not at all the same thing. Nor could the Theosophical student of comparative religion agree with the clever writer on other matters he treats; but it is nevertheless an interesting work.

F. D. UDALL

Astronomical Notes

IN these days of intellectual activity, when many acute minds are working upon every kind of problem, theories of the making of the visible universe are crowding upon us. It is refreshing to find that such problems still attract great attention, in spite of their apparently unpractical nature and of the fact that they offer no prospect of commercial advantages, but instead lift the mind from concentration upon the commonplace and sordid to a higher region of thought which leads away from personal egotism. In reading the biographies of the great astronomers—a most delightful branch of literature—one cannot help being struck by the simple dignity of their lives, which was undoubtedly fostered by the nature of the noble science with which they were identified. There are many conspicuous instances of heroism, self-sacrifice, and brotherly conduct, in those records, and few indeed of pettiness or jealousy.

One of the latest hypotheses of the forma-

tion of the visible universe is put forward by Herr Bohlin of Sweden, as a result of many observations of the Milky Way, the nebulae, and the clusters of stars, and is of some interest to students of H. P. Blavatsky's writings.

Herr Bohlin believes that the remarkable groupings of globular clusters of stars in the neighborhood of the constellations Scorpio and Capricorn constitute the principal condensation or nucleus of the Milky Way. He sees our visible universe as a great nebulous ring, resembling, though probably on a vastly larger scale, the Ring Nebula in Lyra. Bright nuclei are seen in the Lyra nebula which may be groups of star-clusters like those in the Milky Way, and the brightest one would be the analog of the striking groups in Scorpio and Capricorn. Carrying his speculation farther, Herr Bohlin suggests that the Milky Way and other ring nebulae are derived from the "planetary" nebulae. A planetary nebula is one of well defined circular form, with a sharp outline like a planet; it does not fade away imperceptibly into the dark sky background like the more ordinary type of nebula. It seems to have a comparatively firm shell or skin with a more tenuous interior. Herr Bohlin offers reasons to suppose that the polar portions of the planetary nebula in its (assumed) rotation ultimately break away or burst into pieces owing to internal strain, leaving the equatorial part as a ring whose nuclei develop into single stars or clusters. The special features in this theory rest upon the probably bubble-like structure of the planetary nebulae, and it is thereby novel and of more interest than many.

The planet Saturn is well placed for observation at present, and its rings are fairly wide open, though it will be a couple of years before they will be in the best position. Saturn was in opposition to the sun on October 27, and it is therefore visible all night, rising about sunset. Much interest was aroused among the astronomers at the recent International Solar Research Congress held at Mt. Wilson, Pasadena, California, by the remarkable appearance presented by the south polar region of the planet which was of a bright blue color instead of the usual dull bluish gray. The dim yellowish belt lying between the south pole and the equator was also brighter and seemed to be a pure yellow. The problem of Saturn's constitution is quite unsolved, for our vision cannot penetrate beneath the great masses of vapor in which it is supposed to be eternally swathed. It is assumed that the planet is very young in development, if not in years, and that it is in something like the condition of our earth before it settled down in life as a solid world with clear distinctions between land, water, and atmosphere. Upon this hypothesis the fact that Saturn shows no evidence in the spectroscopic of water vapor in its atmosphere is quite inexplicable.

At the time Saturn was in opposition, the planets Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury, were on the far side of the sun, within a very short angular distance of each other, a rare phenomena which has caused some comment in the scientific press. Between October 19th and 30th there were no less than five conjunctions of the planets mentioned (not reckoning the Moon) and on the 28th Uranus was in opposition to Neptune.

Mars is a perennial subject of discussion in astronomical circles, and, in accordance with

the belligerent nature of the god of war, the controversy is rather acrimonious. The problem of the presence or absence of water in its atmosphere, and therefore the possibility of the white polar caps being snow, has been settled several times both in the affirmative and negative. Quite lately it has been positively decided (until the next contradictory observation is reported), for, though Mars has not been in a position for observation for some time, fresh and striking evidence has been brought that both water and oxygen exist in large quantity in the planet's atmosphere. This has been made possible, strange as it may sound, through the examination of photographs of the spectrum of Mars taken during the last favorable opposition, as compared with those of the Moon. These spectrograms, as they are called, were taken when Mars and the Moon were at equal altitude and at coincident times, so that the condition of our atmosphere through which the light from both bodies has to pass, should be a precisely equal factor and therefore negligible. When these spectrograms were carefully measured by new methods at the Flagstaff Observatory, Arizona, the spectral bands of water-vapor on Mars were two-and-a-half times as broad as those shown in the light from the Moon. This does not mean that the Moon has any water vapor of its own, the weak bands photographed being caused by that in the earth's atmosphere, which at the moment of taking was extremely dry. As Mars shows so much intensity in these vapor bands, it seems undeniable that the light reflected from the Martian surface must pass through an atmosphere well charged with water in suspension. If so, the white poles must be snow or ice, and there must also be seas and enough heat to evaporate the water, for we see the white polar caps visibly wax and wane according to the season. There is also a greater probability of the hypothesis that the "canali" or so-called canals are waterways with vegetation growing along their borders. All these points have been hotly disputed; among many scientists there seems to be a strong prejudice against admitting anything in favor of the habitability of other planets!

Some of the Press reports of the International Solar Research Congress of Astronomers lately held at Mt. Wilson, contain fine gems of confused writing. It would be unkind to mention the names of some leading papers whose scientific editor surely must have been drowsy when they escaped his blue pencil. One reporter wrote: "Another most astounding phenomena (!) which science is seeking to unravel is the apparent movement of the Milky Way into the sun"! "Professor Kapteyn will make elaborate observations with a view of discovering the origin of the Milky Way, and at what speed it is moving into the sun." As the Milky Way is partially composed of millions and millions of stars each probably about the size of the sun, it is difficult to understand this mysterious statement. Professor Kapteyn of Groningen, seems to have a distinctly arduous task before him! Again, to quote from a reference to the lunar irregularities in movement, "After centuries of observation the Moon is not yet completely within the control of science." This is perhaps fortunate for plain people who prefer the Moon as it is, uncontrolled. STUDENT

❖ Art Music Literature and the Drama ❖

The Debt of Archaeology to H. P. Blavatsky

It would be difficult to overestimate what we owe to Dr. Schliemann, the excavator of Troy, Mykenae, Orchomenus, and Tiryns, and all the criticism of the painfully erudite few who now tell us that he was "a dilettante rather than a scientist" will not destroy the glamor that hangs about his work and even his name. The world has never had too many who find Homer almost before they are out of infancy and who at eight years of age determine to convince the world that Homer spoke history, not myth, by finding and excavating the cities he described. Yet Schliemann, through more than thirty years of struggle to gain means sufficient to carry out such a project, never lost his utter childhood faith in Homer nor relinquished his determination to find Troy. And the series of accidents which led to his marvelous discoveries almost convince one that some help, like that so often bestowed upon Achilles, was again and again at his elbow.

When Schliemann determined to find Homeric Troy everyone supposed that the ancient site must be looked for on the heights of Bunarbashi, near the Scamander. Schliemann promptly began to dig at Hissarlik and there found his first vindication of the hero and idol of his boyhood dreams, for he uncovered Ancient Troy. At Mykenae a "blunder" (for a more erudite archaeologist would never have looked for the graves of the Atridae where Schliemann began to dig) uncovered far more ancient graves just behind the Lion Gate. This was because Schliemann had mis-translated a certain word in Pausanias.

At Tiryns, where other investigators had declared the soil so light as to promise nothing in the way of excavations, a site which current guide books on Greece asseverated "contained nothing of interest to travelers," Schliemann began to dig again and uncovered the citadel and royal palace of the ancient Kings of Tiryns, "the only source outside of Homer from which we can draw a direct and clear idea of the architecture of a Greek royal palace." Again was Homer vindicated, for "well-walled Tiryns," like Troy and the rest, was seen to be no myth but a historical reality.

This palace, when standing, must have been (according to Schliemann) partly hidden behind Tiryns' gigantic walls, Cyclopean in architecture as were also those of Mykenae. Until Tiryns was discovered our only knowledge of the dwelling-place of a ruler in what modern research has termed the Heroic Age had to be gained from the pages of Homer, for virtually nothing remained of the royal palace at Troy or that of Odysseus at Ithaca. And in the light of Homer's description the discoverer was enabled to read the plan of the Tiryns palace almost to the last detail—its mighty walls, its gates, the towers and pillared *propylaea*, the courts and colonnades, vestibule and anteroom, the men's apartments and the women's, the royal chambers, the armory, the treasury, and the home altar which stood in the center of the inner court, built under the open sky, symbolic of peace, protection and

protectiveness. In the light of Theosophy the limitations of Schliemann's life work stand out clearly when he attempts to account for the Cyclopean character of the wall masonry, and the presence on an elevated site, a long distance from any quarry, of the huge monolith which forms the floor of the bathroom in this Homeric palace.

Try as he may, Schliemann cannot answer the question *Who built Tiryns?* for the Cyclopean character of the stone work precludes its having been built by men of our own resources. Yet it does not occur to him that the Cyclopes,

terious characters to which Apollonios of Tyana was the only one in his age to possess the key; and with figures which may still be found on the walls of Ellora, the gigantic ruins of the temple of Viśvakarman, "the builder and artificer of the Gods."

There is not space even to touch upon the exhaustive evidence by which H. P. Blavatsky establishes that

had there been no giants to move about such colossal rocks, there could never have been a Stonehenge, a Carnac (Brittany), and other such Cyclopean structures. (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 341.)

but the following may be quoted for the light



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

TIRYNS, A GALLERY IN THE ACROPOLIS

whom Pausanias, Strabo and Apollodorus mention as having come from Lykia, at the instance of Proetus, King of Tiryns, to build for him the city walls, might be no more "mythical" than Priam or Menelaus.

The Secret Doctrine steps in to answer the riddle propounded not only at Tiryns but wherever there exists Cyclopean architecture throughout the world. In a footnote (vol. II, p. 345) Mme. Blavatsky quotes Creuzer to the effect that "it is difficult not to suspect in the structures of Tiryns and Mykenae planetary forces supposed to be moved by celestial powers, analogous to the famous Dactyli;" upon which she comments:

To this day Science is ignorant on the subject of the Cyclopes. They are supposed to have built all the so-called "Cyclopean" works whose erection necessitated several regiments of Giants, and—they were only seventy-seven in all (about one hundred, Creuzer thinks). They are called "Builders," and Occultism calls them the INITIATORS, who, initiating some Pelasgians, thus laid the foundation stone of true MASONRY. Herodotus associates the Cyclopes with Perseus "the son of an Assyrian demon" (I, vi, p. 54). Raoul Rochette found that Palaemon, the Cyclops, to whom a sanctuary was raised, "was the Tyrian Hercules." Anyhow, he was the builder of the sacred columns of Gadir, covered with mys-

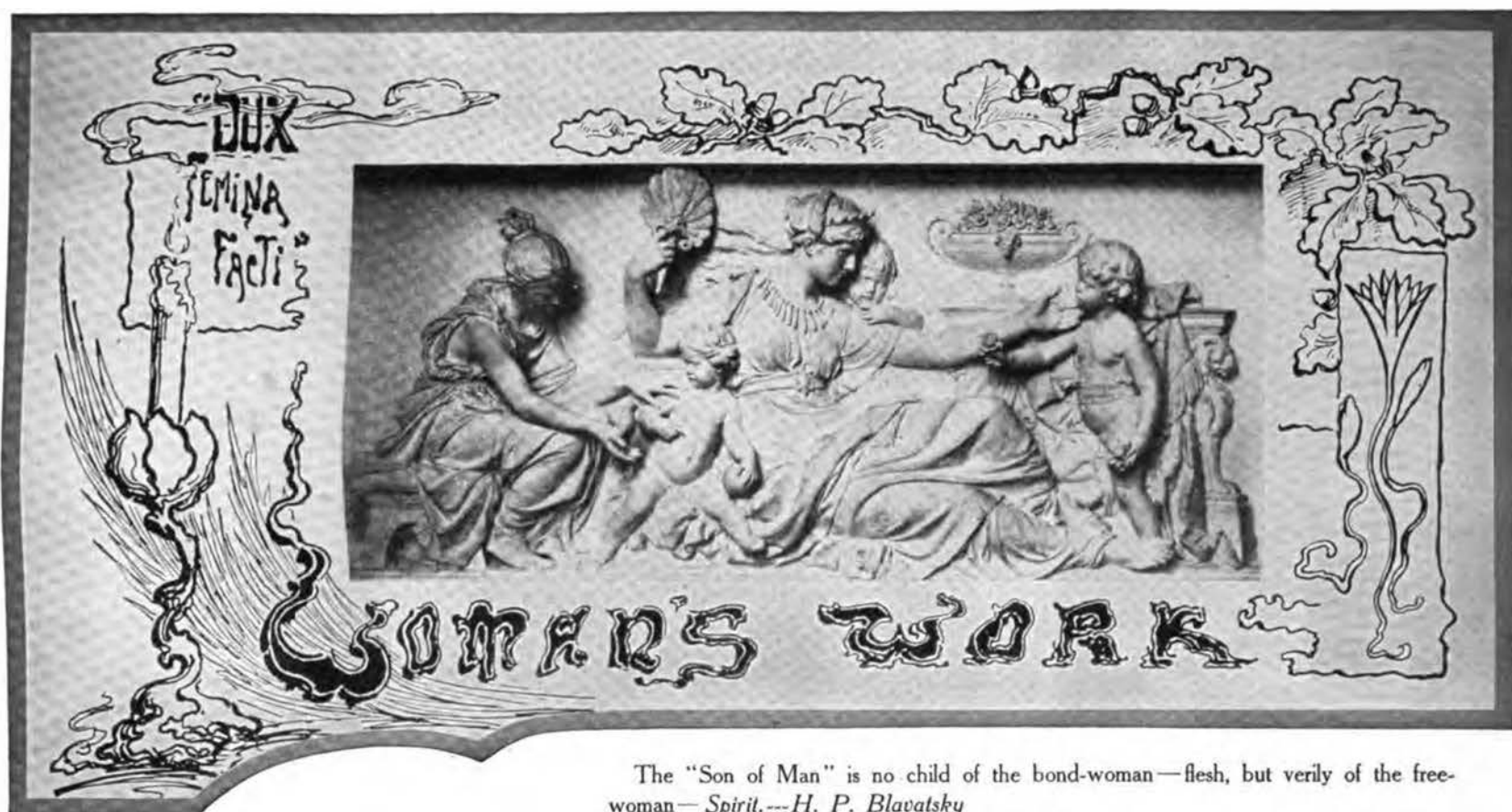
it throws in many directions, not all archaeological.

All the "fables" of Greece were built on historical facts, if that history had only passed unadulterated by myths to posterity. The "one-eyed" Cyclopes, the giants fabled as the sons of *Coelus* and *Terra*—three in number, according to Hesiod—were the last three sub-races of the Lemurians, the "one-eye" referring to the Wisdom eye; for the two front eyes were fully developed as physical organs only in the beginning of the Fourth Race. . . . Ulysses belongs to the cycle of the heroes of the Fourth Race, and, though a "sage" in the sight of the latter, must have been a profligate in the opinion of the pastoral Cyclopes. His adventure with the latter—a savage gigantic race, the antithesis of cultured civilization in the *Odyssey*—is an allegorical record of the gradual passage from the Cyclopean civilization of stone and colossal buildings to the more sensual and physical culture of the Atlanteans, which finally caused the last of the Third Race to lose their all-penetrating *spiritual* eye. . . . The former have left relics of their buildings everywhere, in the south as much as in the north. (vol. II, p. 769-770)

Again, she says (vol. II, p. 774):

The Pelasgians were certainly one of the root-races of future Greece, and were a remnant of a sub-race of Atlantis.

This also throws new light on history. M. R.



The "Son of Man" is no child of the bond-woman—flesh, but verily of the free-woman— Spirit.—H. P. Blavatsky

AS the years roll on and human life unfolds, Christ, the friend of all humanity, should be revealed in a new and clearer light to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. By the urge of the divine law, and through suffering and despair, God's children are calling from the wilderness of their own weaknesses for help. They plead for a better understanding of life and its mighty problems, for an answer to their questions, for more light; and it is in response to these demands of the time that Jesus is presented to us this Twentieth Century day, for a deeper and broader comprehension of his superb character. To know him we must use our soul's eyes and picture this beneficent friend in a new way—we must break through the veil of superstition which has obscured our vision of him.

The limitations of the human mind, and false teachings that have been handed down the ages, have built great barriers between this Teacher and ourselves, and we have grown timid and fearful, and even indifferent, in our interpretation of his teachings. We have held too much to the letter of his words, and too little to the spirit of his work.

To know Christ best, and best to follow his simple and beautiful teachings, is to know him spiritually through the divinity of our own natures. We must broaden our vision and come in touch with his grand ideal. If we do this, then our religion will become constant and continual, instead of occasional. If we would walk in the light we must make duty one of our highest ideals. There must be heroic determination in our hearts for a continuity of right action.

We must build up a royal fellowship with our brothers, and like Jesus, we must render noble service to humanity. Let us be careful in making this forward step that we do not underrate our possibilities, or ungird our ar-

Jesus the Christ---One of the World's Great Teachers

Taken from an Address by Katherine Tingley
in 1903 at Santiago de Cuba

mor in fear. How can we lose courage and fail to do our duty all along the way, when we have ever ringing in our ears these inspiring words: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of the living God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Again: "Greater things than these shall ye do."

Is it not plain to see that Christ became all that he was through ages of human experience? How gloriously has he demonstrated the grandeur of an unselfish life, of overcom-

UNTO each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
The just Fate gives;
Whoso' takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,
He, dying so, lives.
For an hour, if ye look for him he is no more found,
For one hour's space;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,
A deathless face.---Swinburne

ing obstacles and serving his fellows, even unto crucifixion. This simple man, this messenger of light, was derided and persecuted, was crucified by the selfish and ignorant, and today, if he were to come among us, history would repeat itself, and the hypocrites and evil-doers would still be his enemies.

If we pause to contemplate his work, and the centuries that have intervened since his time, we can easily see that in the deeper and more profound sense his real work remains yet unaccomplished in the world. Do we not become a part of the wrong action inflicted upon humanity by the hypocrites and unprincipled

money-changers, when we do not admonish them? Christ drove such as these out of the temple, and it is said that in rebuking them he was terrible. But we live day by day offering no positive protest against their evil doing. We are negative and inert in making our lives glowing examples of right action.

The thing for us to begin to do this New Day, is to work shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart with Christ, our beneficent friend and helper, and to make our lives harmonize with his in energetic action for our fellows. Then we shall know him in a new way, and we shall have the insight and discrimination to frown upon all false systems with greater energy than ever before, and we shall see to it that false teachers shall not come among us making a dividing line between men.

The presence of these systems and these kinds of people and the vice and selfishness of the times, are positive proof that we have lost heart, or that we are of little faith, or that we are ignorant.

Christ said: "My brethren, Love ye one another." Have we followed this voice of Love? Do we love one another? Are we living together as God's family? Is it not true that we are failing in our duty to God and man, and that we this day need to contemplate Christ's life in a new way and rescue him from the oblivion which we, by our lack of wisdom, have made?

The Universal Law, of which he was such a profound exponent, demands that man shall gain wisdom—that he shall know the law—that he shall fashion his being, his mind and his soul, in harmony with it, and make himself a monumental pillar of spiritual strength, a force to disintegrate and retard the growth of evil in the world today. If we would advance we must raise our standards high and live the life—become splendid examples of right-

eousness. Our light must so shine that the evil in life will flee away, and our brothers, who walk in darkness, will seek our path, becoming a light unto themselves and humanity.

Christ, we salute Thee! Verily, we promise Thee Thy life shall, in the future, be a more profound inspiration to us and to all human kind, forever and forever.

Milk for Moral Babes

MANY new readers have taken advantage of the subscription offer now running in the CENTURY PATH, and not a few have found the magazine both interesting and helpful. One of the subscribers, however, protests against its lack of "esoteric doctrine." This woman, seemingly of education and intellectual ability, also objects to so many of the contributors being mere "Students," adding that she turns away from this "milk for babes," and craves "meat for strong men." Just what kind of mystic information was expected, however, is not quite clear.

Doubtless a certain type of so-called "Theosophical" lecturers now going about, who play to the galleries with sensational recitals of psychic experiments and bizarre interpretations of the philosophy, are largely responsible for many misconceptions of the practical occultism of genuine Theosophy; but they do not belong to the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. The CENTURY PATH, as the organ of this Society, aims to present the philosophy both theoretically and as applied to the various departments of human affairs. It is not a medium for advertising excursions into the "astral" world. Nor does it claim to teach the development of psychic powers to a generation that is already sadly confused and injured by the reckless and selfish use of its present mental and physical powers.

Any logical and well-informed mind will admit that the imperative need of the day is a *practical philosophy of life*. Social problems cannot be solved by teaching individuals how to gain personal "power"; nor can the human unit be happily and rightly related to life unless his welfare is normally adjusted to that of his fellows. The pseudo-Theosophists referred to usually offer "strong" meat to those who are already poisoned with the acid and fermentation of their imperfect digestion of ordinary mental diet.

It is noteworthy, also, that these self-styled "teachers" are little concerned about properly providing for the development of the children who are certainly the most flexible and promising material upon which to graft reforms. Real Theosophy presents the "milk" which is suitable both for these and for the mental digestion of sin-sick and weary adults, and the "meat" of the whole truth is ready for those capable of assimilating it.

The "occultism of right living" sounds deceptively simple; yet in all ages men have suffered and fallen short and died too young for lack of it. Incredible as it may seem, the occult value of pure air and sunshine in diseases like tuberculosis is only recently becoming known. Similarly undervalued is the mystic power of a clean and actively unselfish life to cultivate the intuition, strengthen the body, and beneficially affect the social atmosphere. Compared with some weird program for psy-

chic development, the practice of altruism sounds as absurdly simple as air and sunshine look when written against a Latin prescription. But the adult who begins to practise selflessness finds how difficult it is to replace distracting emotions and artificial flavors with the necessary heart of a little child and the milk suitable for moral babes.

Some of the "Students" of Theosophy who contribute to the CENTURY PATH have been taught by H. P. Blavatsky, by W. Q. Judge, and are now studying under Katherine Tingley. Often in the various articles the fundamental teachings of the "Secret Doctrine" are simply and naturally applied in extending the latest word of specialists in science, art, theology, etc. Many of the short articles are pregnant with meaning for the reader who cares to pursue the subject-matter further. The



JOAN OF ARC—BY CHAPU

LIKE a lone star through riven storm-clouds seen
By sailors, tempest-tossed upon the sea,
Telling of rest and peaceful heavens nigh,
Unto my soul her star-like soul hath been.

Lowell

chief value of an article may lie, not in its dogmatic conclusiveness, but in its stimulating effect upon the reader's mind. The mere statement, for instance, that America is older than Egypt may lead the investigating historian to revise entirely his conception of human progress. Or perhaps a review of some scientific or medical article might suggest—to some a new idea—that the solution of material problems was to be sought in the realm of spiritual causes.

The average scientist would regard this as insipid milk for babes, because, paradoxically, he is not yet ready to bear the stronger food for thought which conceives of one conscious life principle operating on all planes. Even H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled* does not furnish exhaustive arguments for unique statements, the consistent logic of which is made apparent by further study. She gave hints of hidden truths, the

proofs of which inventors have since uncovered and archaeologists have unearthed. The chances are that her synthetic works will furnish advanced styles of truth for the most exacting scientific expert for some time to come. In the meantime the common cry of "the orphan humanity," sick and confused and filled with sin and misery, is demanding the milk which is suited to its present needs and not the "meats" of psychic experiment.

The increase of suicide, insanity, crime, sensuality, and abnormal youthful precocity, are strange and undesirable courses for the impetus of our boasted civilization to follow, for the chart has been ignored as the speed has been increased. There are so many shipwrecks and derelicts and rudderless craft in every port and in all waters, that the first need is evidently a knowledge of how to trim our sails for the every-day voyage.

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

Honorable Spheres for Women

A WESTERN paper states that there is being founded a model village, built by women, and conducted by them, where needy people may have clean concrete homes and a bit of garden to grow their own vegetables. The new and characteristic feature of the enterprise is that it is exclusively the work of women, and undertaken to show what women can accomplish. Each house is to be built by a woman or group of women and marked with the name of the donor. Men may give houses and name them from their wives.

The ways in which women can make their mark are innumerable. Those who are wise enough to recognize that it is better to exercise the undoubted privileges we have than to clamor for the doubtful ones we have not, will set about improving their opportunities. And what is more, the privileges sought would be gained if the privileges already possessed were exercised; for positions of responsibility and influence are only too willingly conceded to those competent to fill them. The word "women" is vague. There are some women who could have all the power and privileges that the most partisan advocate would demand, others who certainly ought not to have any.

Where the influence desired is of the right kind, the opportunity for its exercise is virtually infinite.

The heading "Domestic Economy" includes a very large number of activities, all of which pertain especially to women. The home includes the garden and farm, so that outdoor occupations, connected with the raising of food-stuffs and flowers are included.

Work as a blessing, instead of an evil to be shunned, takes on an aspect that changes all our industrial problems. The domestic servant problem may solve itself if ladies will study domestic economy as a fine art; for the facilities afforded by science may as easily be a means of simplification as of complication, and the science of healthy living calls for greater method and simplicity in all the processes of domestic life. In every direction there are honorable spheres of usefulness opening out before the serious and thoughtful woman, and everywhere we see women of the finer types entering them. STUDENT

OUR YOUNG FOLK

A Letter to the Young Folk

DEAR Boys and Girls: So many questions are asked about Râja Yoga Schools, that I will tell you something of what it means to grow up in a Râja Yoga School.

You young people are really the ones to feel more interest in this than even the grown-ups, because in a few short years you will be the men and women who are to do what is to be done in the world. You are the ones to make the future greatness, freedom, and happiness of your country; and one wishes that all that is good and great in the world might be put before you while you are young, in order that our future men and women may have the noblest ideals from which to shape their lives.

An All-Seeing Eye looked on the world's children. This is what it saw: a child with a beautiful body, but an idle mind; a child with a beautiful mind, but a sickly, misshapen body; a child with a fine body, clever mind, but no kindness nor nobility; a child hearing the clear voice of conscience and wishing to do right, but with no will-power to obey the voice; a child with a strong, determined will, but low, selfish ideals which drown the voice of conscience; a child with great love for music and singing, but with no skill nor voice; another child with skill in playing and a beautiful voice, but with no desire to use the gift, with no deep feelings to give expression to; a child with mind full of ingenious ideas, and wishing to make things, but hindered by a lazy body; a child, active, always trying to make something, but with no original ideas; one always wishing to protest against doing wrong, but with a cowardly mind which fears the opinion of others; another one, bold, not caring for others' opinions, but standing on the side of wrong; a child with the longing to make others happy, but hindered by a sulky, fretful disposition; another with light, happy disposition, but a heart too full of selfish thoughts to think of bringing gladness to others; one with a kind heart, but a fierce temper, which slowly burns all the good to ashes; these, and thousands of other wrong combinations, the All-Seeing Eye saw, and — considered.

"The world's children have gone wrong! They have gone far away from nature; they are suffering, not knowing why. What can be done? How can they be helped? What is their need? Ah! that can be plainly seen. It is Harmony. They must be taught anew that they are Souls, who should have full use and control of mind and body. They must be taught by practical example how to become united."

The first Râja Yoga School was started. That name was given because the words Râja Yoga (Kingly Union), taken from an old sacred language, express in themselves just what such a school is for: to educate children so that they grow up, not as the examples above, but in harmony of body, mind, and soul.

What, then, will it mean for a child to grow up in a Râja Yoga School?



UNDER THE BLUFF IN LOMALAND

Christmas Greetings

DEAR YOUNG READERS:

Christmas is here. I greet you with many Christmas wishes. On this happy day of your young lives you have offered your gifts to those you love, and they have already become treasures to them. But there is another gift more precious that you should make, and this will add to their happiness. It is a *Christmas Promise*, that must come from your hearts and minds with a new determination.

This should be written, that it may be recorded that you have planted the seeds of new virtues in your natures, each a heart-flower that shall become a Christos-blossom by Christmas, 1911, for those you love and for all the world. Plant these seeds now in your Character-Garden, and name them, and nurture them with the little Heart-song of *I will, I will*.

Surely the keeping of these heart-promises will make you in a very real sense the Gift-Bearers of the Gods — the Light-Bringers to the world.

Affectionately,

K. T.

The International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

It means a great deal. Here is one example. Most of the great artists, poets, and musicians about whom we read and hear, have been instruments for beautiful inspirations of art, poetry, or music. So far as they have given those beautiful or noble ideas to mankind, they have been great; they have been blessings in the world; blessings, because their minds and bodies have been instruments to express something higher and greater, which the people of the world needed. They did what they could; they have filled their place; they have served a good cause; but, for themselves, they have been instruments only.

The beautiful thoughts they expressed came from the Soul. Because the body, mind, and soul had not learned to work for each other, the body-mind did not know whence those inspirations came, nor how to get them back when needed, so these workers had to wait and depend upon the thoughts to come into the mind, with the same feeling of uncertainty as

we should have of the birds resting in our trees. Now, a child growing up in a Râja Yoga School will have the opportunity of learning to live the life of the Soul always. *Being* and *knowing* that part of himself, the Soul, and having full control of the body and mind, he has always those great thoughts to use at will. Thus, by the help of Râja Yoga, a child may grow up to be, not the helpless *instrument*, but — a powerful MASTER.

There is a great field of noble work waiting for the Râja Yoga children. Having learned to see with the eyes of the Soul, they are enemies to all wrong, selfishness, injustice, falsehood, cruelty.

In the sagas of old, the valiant knights went out to fight and destroy evil monsters, oppressors of the people's welfare, the common enemy. Today evil does not take the shape of dragons with breath of fire and iron claws, monsters with poisonous fumes and nine heads, nor men all dressed in iron, with great swords taking the life of the people; but it has hidden itself in the most clever way imaginable—in men themselves! in their heads, their minds, their bodies, their hearts.

Those who grow up in a Râja Yoga School are taught how to remove this evil from their own minds, bodies, and hearts. This must be done before they can live the beautiful life of the Soul, and use its wisdom. It is plain to all that anything so pure and noble as the Soul cannot live in the same heart with unclean wishes, or trust thoughts of wisdom to a mind which evil goblins are using for their own purposes.

How to make a fit dwelling for the Soul, the Râja Yoga pupils learn, as well as mathematics, science, history, music, the arts and languages, etc. They learn also how rightly to take care of their own bodies and all things belonging to the practical everyday life. All this must work together, as Râja Yoga is harmony of mind, body, and soul.

You must not think that entering a Râja Yoga School will, without further trouble, transform one into a noble boy or girl. By no means! That would not be natural, and everything in a Râja Yoga School is in harmony with Nature's laws. The most excellent school in the world could not make a learned man or woman out of you, if you yourself did not try to see, hear, feel, and understand.

To sum up; you can see that entering a Râja Yoga School is like going on a great quest. The aspirants are first set to conquer what is wrong and hindering in their own natures; that feat accomplished, which will gain them their weapons, they go out into the world to slay injustice, cruelty, falsehood, selfishness, and set the victims of those beasts or dragons free.

Boys and Girls! I know that you have seen enough of the world already to understand that the only thing which can *truly* help, is to have schools and schools all over the earth where the young may learn Râja Yoga — Kingly Union.

SKULD

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Father Time and Santa Claus— Partners

“**N**OW who can be knocking at my door? How could anyone think of coming at this busy time of the year?”

Just imagine Santa Claus' busy shop, piled up to the very ceiling everywhere with presents and presents. Now he had to leave his work-bench and shake off his apron and clamber over the pile of toys, this way and that, till he reached the door. His time was precious too, for Christmas was only one month off.

Who could be interrupting Santa in his work? Not the postman, oh no, for he knew how busy Santa Claus was and he always just dropped the letters in the box. No one else ever called on Santa. You all know that a letter is the proper way of making your wants known to him. But he opened the door to see who it was.

“Bless me, Father Time! Is it you?” he exclaimed.

“Ha! ha! I knew you would be surprised to see me here,” chuckled Father Time, and the two old friends went inside. Then Father Time said:

“Now Santa, don't let me disturb you. Go right on with your work and I will tell you why I have come.”

“I am surprised to see you without your scythe,” remarked Santa Claus, as he sat down at his bench.

“Oh, indeed, I have left it at home lately. I have made a great change in my tower this last year. I have had a beautiful wheel of gold set up in the top of it, and this is turned by delicate clock-work machinery. It runs like a charm, and all I have to do is to plan my years and this wheel will roll them out.”

“Perhaps you will be able to get your New Years all ready by Christmas Day, now. Why, I might deliver them myself for you.”

“Oh no, Santa, no, no. The people are so accustomed to having their New Year a week after Christmas, that I am sure the charm of it would be half taken away if it were otherwise. But you can help me. Let me tell you why I have come. You know, since my wheel of time has been doing such good work, I have been able to leave my post very often and have peeped into every nook and corner of the earth. I have watched the children with the year I gave them last January and I came to you, my old friend, to suggest some way of helping them to make a better use of the year. You are such a friend of theirs. Why, Santa, I heard some of those boys and girls say most astonishing things.”

“You did? What were their names? Let me see,” and Santa opened the ninety-seventh volume of his “Girls and Boys Book.”

“Yes. Some of them said they *had no time*, when they were asked to run an errand. Some of them were wishing they could have more *good times*. Others said they had had a good time but it did not last long enough. Now, I have thought it over and I have come to the conclusion —”



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

A CUBAN RAJA YOGA BOY

A BELL

HAD I the power
To cast a bell that should from some grand
tower,

At the first Christmas hour,

Outring

And fling

A jubilant message wide,

The forged metals should be thus allied:—

No iron Pride,

But soft Humility, and rich-veined Hope

Cleft from a sunny slope;

And there should be

White Charity,

And silvery Love, that knows not Doubt nor Fear,

To make the peal more clear;

And then to firmly fix the fine alloy,

There should be Joy!

Clinton Scollard (Selected)

“Yes,” said Santa earnestly.

“That the trouble lies in the children themselves. Why, Santa, those children have so much time they do not know what to do with it.”

“Dear me, Father Time,” said Santa, taking off his spectacles, “you don't think you had better take some of it away from them do you? No, no; that won't do,” and he shifted uneasily in his chair.

“Not that. It is impossible. But suppose

you and I work together. I will not send a whole year in one package. I will put each one of the three hundred and sixty-five days in a separate package, and, Santa, you know all about greetings and kind thoughts. Couldn't you put a good thought into each package so that when they open a day every morning, they will have a thought to help them?”

“Capital!” exclaimed Santa Claus, forgetting all he had to do already. “Come, let us set to work. Did you bring any years with you?”

Then the two old friends went to work, and while Father Time made out a list of the names and addresses of all the children that had not used their years right, Santa went over to one corner of his big room and opened a bag marked “Golden Boats.” Then they did up the packages, and marked on each one that it was to be opened at sunrise every day.

I happened to see little Jack when he received his gift. I saw him open his New Years' Day, which was of course a holiday, and it said:

Let the happy sunshine beam from your heart today, so that you will make every one round you happy—and this can be a model day for them all.

Jack really made his home as happy as could be with his efforts to make a model day. The next week I saw him open another of his packages. This was a school-day, and it read:

There is a time for work and a time for play;
Think well of this throughout this Day.

Jack had marbles in his pocket that morning, but he did not once take them out during study hours. You see, Father Time and Santa Claus knew the right words to put for each day.

Jack was only one of many children who learned some good lessons from Father Time's New Year plan. One little girl said that she hoped she could always get her New Year in little bits, because there seemed so many more days. The truth was, she had learned to do things at once. Every one of her days had been marked “Now!” which is the motto of the Râja Yoga School in Lomaland.

Father Time made a visit to Lomaland not long ago. He was delighted to find that most children there did know the right use of time. He saw that nearly all the Râja Yoga children are using their days and hours and even their minutes well, for they have a wise teacher to help them. He said he would be glad when the Râja Yoga children could go out in the world and teach all the other children what he saw they needed to learn. So think of this, children, that when you grow up, you will be helping Father Time and Santa Claus in spreading Christmas cheer through each day of the New Year.

ELVA

THE finest revenge is the scorn of revenge.

ONE cannot hold the same level with a calumny; one is above or below it.

—Honoré de Balzac

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Total number of hours sunshine recorded during NOVEMBER 1888
Possible sunshine, 315. Percentage, 60. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 6.27 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

Dec.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
12	29.811	62	52	53	52	0.00	NE	2
13	29.811	58	49	49	49	trace	NW	4
14	29.822	62	49	52	49	0.01	E	3
15	29.840	65	52	57	47	0.00	E	3
16	29.783	68	57	63	50	0.00	E	2
17	29.624	72	51	56	54	0.00	S	10
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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 9

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The Coming Races

WE sometimes think of the world and civilization and all that kind of thing, as if they were matters *become*; here is the bloom and fruit of the ages, and *après nous*—"a perfect and absolute blank." So are we all confounded by the one-life theory, which sets our horizon at our own yard fences, and continually stultifies imagination. Were we to think, with this encumbrance taken from our minds, we should see that in the nature of things our present state is merely a *becoming*, and if you are to generalize dogmatically upon the "present day" and its features, you must limit yourself and speak exactly, meaning the present day indeed, Tuesday, or Thursday, or whichever of the seven it may be—the such-and-such-th of So-and-so, Nineteen hundred and ten, eleven, or twelve.

Because with every tomorrow we emerge into a new civilization and period, and conditions are slightly changed; and in a year even the map is changed a little as a rule; and in ten years some nation that was in the

forefront has gone down, and one that was undreamed of and unsuspected, has come upon the stage of history and done mighty things.

If we understood the formative influences at work, we might be able to prophesy: but there *are* always formative influences at work, which will not let things be, and are intolerant of stagnation. These are not commerce, science, religion, war, etc.; at best such things are only the husks of the real forces; jetsam thrown upon a beach, the work of irresistible and soundless tides. We never guessed the old Orient would rise again, and take a hand in world-making; yet she has done and is doing it. We should have divided the world-building forces, some ten years ago, among perhaps four peoples; and said, maybe, that the future would be the result of French perceptiveness, German thought, English constructive power, American inventive genius; arranging these factors in order according to our nationality, temperament, and so forth. In the main, it appeared that the world was for the "Anglo-Saxon"; the Teuton came second, the Latin a rather

poor third: the Slav was an indefinable and unawakened possibility, and the rest were nowhere. But who knows?

Now, it is evident that the Mongol must come in somewhere; and it is yet undecided what shall be his contribution. You cannot add four hundred millions of Chinese to the sum of civilized peoples, to the world-community, without disturbing the center of gravity,

and making a difference. England has been making herself for some fourteen centuries, America for some three; but these people for fifty at the very least. They have had time to arrive at certain very definite results, very positive results in the way of a national note, a fixed tone of character. Take a child, and by education, environment, constant care, and so forth, you can mold him and form him into almost any model. There will be an underlying individuality that you cannot touch indeed; but then, with most of us, that underlying individuality is a thing that hardly shows during the whole life. We do not go deep enough to get at it, and manifest only our heredity, and the effects of early environment. Bring a baby from Moscow, or Turin, and let him grow up in Chicago; and he will be undistinguishable, or hardly distinguishable, from any other American: his language and manners will conform to those of his adopted country. But it is not so with the man of fifty.

He may change his fashion of dress, learn a new language, acquire new knowledge of a thousand kinds; but he will go on thinking in his old tongue, and feeling in his old way. The new costume will "sit" on him in the manner of the old one; you will be able to tell, almost at a glance. He may even change his religion, but not the spirit underlying it; the mystic will still be mystic, and the materialist materialist; whether he was Buddhist and is Christian, or was Christian and is Buddhist. The Persian became Moslem, and remained a poet; the Turk became Moslem, and was neither more or less a warrior than before.

And yet, of course, it would be idle to deny that these things do exert an influence; rather we would say, that an influence is exerted through and with them. What it is that exerts it, what the fountain of the influence is in itself, is something deeper and different; a motion in the World-Soul, a deflection of the unseen currents of life. What we see is the ebullition of a nation, and consequent sounding of some new note in the concert of human history. What we find, on looking into the matter, is that some vast, energetic soul is born into a human body, and sets his village, his province, his race, on fire; or scatters some dynamic message among the cities of the world.

Yes; and also there was some kind of tinder waiting for him among his people, here and there in the cities. Wet and miserable stuff, generally speaking; yet still something that with infinite patience he might dry, gather, blow sparks upon by the thousand. There was

something that called him to that time and place; as one must believe, seeing how rhythmically and in sequence the current goes round and round the world.

A Rhythmical

Course

There is this fact of national awakenings then, that must be taken into account; a phenomenon that has been happening through all time, is happening now very markedly, and is going to go on happening while humanity is still human. Civilizations differ a good deal in degree, but still more in kind; and what we have now, cannot be reasonably considered a permanent type.

But our civilization differs in one way from any that recognized history tells of; it covers a much larger portion of the globe, and is a far more universally dominating factor. The Roman and the Toltec, the Iberian and the Chinaman, did not influence each other, so far as we can tell. Such isolation does not exist now; and we can hardly imagine anything like it coming to pass in the next five centuries. So that the rise of nations now and in the future must be a matter that will concern us profoundly; since it will be in our midst and very family; births in our own home, and not in the next street; we shall be made to think and live a little differently by every one of them, and shall not be able to escape their influence.

The Growing

Vehicle of

a new Being

Every now-slumbering race that awakens will have its own typical art, its own peculiar *timbre* in literature; and these will not be for itself merely, but will influence the whole of art and letters, and through these, the whole mass of human thought and feeling. A new body politic of the whole world is in the making. But we shall not run it through the mangle of our present ideas, ideals, and limitations, to turn out a dry and lifeless imitation of "western civilization"; we shall not fashion it in our own image. Rather we ourselves shall grow and batten on the influences of a thousand ancient, re-nascent nations, in whose simplicity and old-time dreamings lies often a greater, splendor humaner wisdom, than we have distilled from our crucibles, wrung from our machinery, or preserved in spite of our quaint, discordant modes of thought. KENNETH MORRIS

The Plurality of Inhabited Globes

WHETHER there are inhabitants on other globes may seem a question too remote to claim our attention. So long as our speculations are confined to nearer objects, we may ignore it. But if we carry our speculations into remoter regions we are bound to consider it, because then it may have an important bearing on our speculations.

The origin of man, for instance, can scarcely be discussed apart from the question whether there are men on other globes. Important religious questions must be profoundly affected by the question of the plurality of inhabited worlds.

Yet how often is this question overlooked! And how often must its neglect vitiate the conclusions arrived at!

Take the biological theories of human origin and evolution, for instance. How many theorists consider whether or not their theories are applicable to other globes and the beings there-

on? Or take any religious creed. How far does the habitability of other worlds enter into these dogmas?

In short, are not many of our speculations absurdly local? One might perhaps justify such a limitation of the field of speculation, on the ground that we are only concerned with this world, not with other worlds. But then we do not always consistently recognize such a limitation. Astronomers take the universe, and universes galore, for their province. Geology, while perhaps confining its attention to this world, travels very far in time; and such vast expeditions into the past bring us into realms of speculation where the question of plurality of worlds may come in as a factor.

The question about Jesus Christ and his "sacrifice" is even more seriously affected. Small wonder that Christian theologians have fought the theory that other worlds are inhabited, though Dr. Whewell wrote a celebrated book on the "Plurality of Worlds." For the same reason the heliocentric theory was opposed. It was thought to be too disturbing. And this idea about the plurality of inhabited worlds is disturbing. As said in *The Secret Doctrine*, they feared that—

The crushing rejoinder would ensue—"Was there then a Revelation to each world?" involving the idea of the Son of God eternally "going the rounds" as it were. (Vol. II, p. 708)

Yet surely we are bound to consider this point; not perhaps when dealing with immediate duties, but certainly when laying down dogmas as to ultimates. True religion should not dread the truth. And we cannot deny that other globes are inhabited, except by postulating that our own planet is unique among all the globes of the boundless universe.

Now the particular point which we wish to make here is this. If we take into due consideration the plurality of inhabited worlds, then the teachings of Theosophy are more consistent therewith than are any current speculations. As H. P. Blavatsky says:

If it is once proven that there are inhabited worlds besides our own with humanities entirely different from each other as from our own—as maintained in the Occult Sciences—then the evolution of the preceding races is half proved. For where is that physicist or geologist who is prepared to maintain that the Earth has not changed scores of times, in the millions of years which have elapsed in the course of its existence; and changing its "skin," as it is called in Occultism, that the Earth has not had each time her special humanities adapted to such atmosphere and climatic conditions as were entailed? (Ibid. pp. 708, 709.)

The same logic which forbids us to consider our own earth as the only inhabited one forbids us also to think that the inhabitants of all the worlds are alike. Hence we must postulate the existence of a great many different kinds of humanities. And if such can exist at different points of space, why not also at different points of time? In fact, space and time begin to lose their distinctive meaning and to blend into one another, when we consider them on so large a scale.

Let those who cavil at the teachings of the Secret Doctrine regarding other cosmic humanities, first tell us what are their own views on the great question of the population of worlds. The teachings of Theosophy have to be consistent with every admitted fact. The plurality of worlds is an admitted fact; the plurality of cosmic humanities may be re-

garded as a corollary. We need a scheme large enough to take all this in. Any scheme, whether religious or scientific, that is inconsistent with the fact of the plurality of worlds, cannot be true.

Is it quite reasonable for people to cavil at the teachings of Theosophy regarding ancient races, when they themselves are talking about hundreds of millions of years of geologic ages and of intracosmic space so vast that the imagination reels? Verily the infinitely great and the infinitely small are sometimes brought into close juxtaposition in people's minds. They "filter out the little insect and drink up the camel."

STUDENT

Magical Stones

THERE is a stone in Orkney which has a legend attached to it that might well get it called "a ghost stone," and seems to point to the old belief in a personal element in stones and weapons. A dark, tall monolith, it stands between the sea on the one hand and the loch of Kirbister on the other, and within sight of each. On the last day of every year, at midnight, it rolls itself down to the loch and, dipping its head in the water, returns to stand firm for another year.—Lauchlan MacLean Watt, in the *Scotsman*.

We have read somewhere of "pilgrim stones," found along the route of a pilgrimage, which are said to be so anxious to reach the sacred spot that they can make the journey unaided. None the less it is considered a pious act to help them on their way.

H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, points out that de Mirville, in his *Mémoires adressés à l'Académie des Sciences*, has collected several hundred pages of "historical evidence" that in the days of "miracle" the stones walked, spoke, delivered oracles, and even sang. And she continues:

Without claiming any such peripateticism and innate psychic faculties for our stones, we may collect, in our turn, every available evidence on hand, to show that (a) had there been no giants to move about such colossal rocks, there could never have been a Stonehenge, a Carnac (Brittany) and other such Cyclopaean structures; and (b) were there no such thing as MAGIC, there could never have been so many witnesses to oracular and speaking stones. (Vol. II p. 341.)

Charton (*Voyageurs Anciens et Modernes*) speaks of a specimen of rock from one of these blocks in Ireland, which, when submitted to a geologist, was assigned a foreign origin, "most probably African." To which H. P. Blavatsky adds that it is a strange coincidence, as Irish tradition attributes the origin of her circular stones to a Sorcerer who brought them from Africa.

In fact, if testimony has the same value irrespective of what it supports, we must either reject practically the whole of history or else believe that there were giants and magicians who moved stones and endowed them with magical properties. There is a vast fund of forgotten knowledge lingering in the recesses of our race-memory and coming to the surface in the form of superstitions. The number of things we do not know about the properties of nature is measureless. It is reasonable to suppose that past races of humanity may have had knowledge and powers beyond the present attainments of our own race, and that future races will possess them again. T. H.

No power, human or divine, can save us from the consequences of acts performed.—W. Q. J.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Worship of Luxury

DESCRIPTIONS have lately appeared of some gigantic new ocean liners which will eclipse anything yet done in the way of luxury. The details are almost incredible. Everything that exists on land is being taken to sea. The passengers are to have swimming baths, gymnasiums, even flower gardens; and of course every possible luxury in the way of eating, sleeping, drinking, smoking, and whiling away time.

No thoughtful person can fail to be struck at times with misgivings as to the wisdom of thus applying the utmost resources of brains, industry, and wealth, to the production of the greatest possible amount of luxury. This may be called collective self-indulgence. A man is not considered wise who taxes his brains and exhausts his purse in providing himself with every possible luxury; yet when the people conspire to do it to each other—that is, to themselves—we seem to take a different view. It will not be pertinent to argue that sea voyages are so uncomfortable that everything should be done to lessen the discomfort; for in some cases the most striking features are what seem to be the *needless* luxuries, the things that the public perhaps would never have thought of.

Again, there is the further argument that discomfort is not a thing to be despised; it fortifies us physically, and mentally, and all through, while ease enervates. We even go out of our way to court hardship by artificial means for the benefit of our health, while all the time we are trying to avoid the opportunities which fate sends us.

It is possible to give invention full credit without indorsing everything it does; but in some cases it seem to have overstepped the limits defined by the maxim, *Est modus in rebus*.

Is our only choice between luxury and barbarism, or is there a proper mean? We know very well that luxury enervates, and many of the infirmities of the civilized man are rightly attributed to his self-indulgent habits. But that does not mean that we ought to go back to the habits of two or three centuries ago and throw away all our inventions. The solution of this difficulty will probably be found in the application of the resources of science to the promotion of simplicity. One might perhaps forecast an ocean liner with patent hard beds to improve the quality of people's flesh; or even with specially designed crowded quarters, to practise people in mutual forbearance!

Swedenborg in one of his visions calmly states that in the future world luxury is represented by ordure which is its natural correspondence, as he says; and that consequently luxurious people find themselves in surroundings appropriate to this law. And really one can sometimes seem to see the connexion in moments of satiety. What are luxuries to some people are quite the reverse to others not used to them, and natives of one country wonder why natives of another country should inflict tortures upon themselves. H.

What is the Use of Thrift?

A PARLIAMENTARY committee has been investigating the saving of coal and the suppression of smoke, and one man estimates that 6,000,000 tons of coal could be saved annually in London by the generation of electric power in a few large stations, to say nothing of the smoke abatement.

Immense economies could of course be effected in this and many other respects. But before civilization can profit by them, greater solidarity is necessary. It is evident that so long as there are conditions which reduce people to the lowest possible terms of subsistence, no economy can avail to mitigate their lot. It would be like feeding a consumptive constitution; the nourishment would not be retained. Important as this scientific economics is, how much more important is moral and social economics.

What are the real values in life? To what extent does humanity gain by having a smokeless air, if it merely drives about in automobiles to expensive stores and sumptuous restaurants, or starves in slums?

And if the ideal of many ardent reformers, to secure for all an equal enjoyment of wealth, be attained, what then? Is the purpose of life fulfilled? There is that in the human spirit which rebels against any such complacent monotonous existence as this utopia would imply; for material ease is not the aim of life. Therefore we must know what are the real values of life.

Yet we would not even have to ask this question, if life were not so jangled and our nature so much out of tune. For life would be an end in itself, a sufficient joy, answering its own question; even as it is with the animals, though in a far grander key for man.

We are all of us more or less out of tune—through heredity, upbringing, and circumstances; so our views and anticipations are not sound. A sea-sick voyager sees no hope or use whatever in life; but he feels he is under temporary delusion. Even so would our present problems fade out into nothingness, if our lives could be harmonized.

So we may leave the ultimate questions unsolved and concentrate attention on immediate objects. Here we find answer enough. To work unceasingly in whatever field opportunity has given us, for the amelioration of man's *interior* circumstances. To live as far as we can up to our best ideal of harmony. To bring harmony into other lives. To be a radiating center of light and healing. To seek our joy in service. STUDENT

Dearth of Teachers

"ARE the men leaving the profession of teaching?" is a theme concerning which much has been written and much spoken in recent years. That the question is answered correctly when answered in the affirmative there can be little room to doubt. For instance, a representative of the *Chronicle* visited the Harris County Summer Normal, where the teachers were taking the examinations. There in the large assembly hall were seated eighty young women, there being but two men taking the examinations.

"Where are the men?" was the question the

newspaper representative asked. The Houston school principal replied he believed that the situation in the local normal is typical of the situation all over the country; that everywhere there is a tendency among the men to leave the schoolroom and that the reason of the condition is generally to be found in the fact that other lines of work are offering greater inducements by way of salaries than does the teaching profession.—*Houston Chronicle*.

It is surely not necessary to suppose that these men are merely running after money. While a few may be, we would prefer to suppose that the bulk of them like their profession enough to accept a reasonable remuneration for it in preference to a greater gain in another field. In England there is an army of unemployed teachers, who have spent years in qualifying themselves for positions which they believed would await them. Now they cannot get any teaching work at all, and are waiting in restaurants, addressing envelopes, digging, or anything. Yet we also hear that in the schools the teachers have classes of sixty or seventy children each.

The question is obviously involved in the general social and political problems of the day. We do not propose to discuss questions of educational rates.

What a noble work is teaching, when the teacher is not hampered by needless restrictions and needless worries! Under proper conditions it would be a life's interest in itself. Questions of money ought not to enter into it. The pupil-teacher system is capable of great extension under proper conditions; for we can think of no better means of education than that of learning to teach. The economy of expense due to such a plan is evident.

We must look forward to a spread of Theosophical knowledge, such as would render possible the extension of education by the Raja Yoga methods. Theosophists have plenty of practical advice to give whenever conditions permit of its being serviceably applied. Where conditions do not permit, the advice would be misapplied. A TEACHER

The Poetry Society

THE interesting impulse inspiring the formation of the rather rapidly growing *Poetry Society of Great Britain* is also at work here. There is already an imposing list of members of *The Poetry Society of America*. "This Society," said Lord Coleridge of the former, "has been founded to nourish the love of poetry in the heart of man." It would be interesting were all the members to give their answers to the question, *why* poetry should be nourished in the heart of man. Every ancient sacred scripture without exception, unfolding the nature of Divinity and teaching the way of approach, was written in poetry. Our modern philosophers evolve their brain-concepts about the "absolute" in any quantity. But the concepts are born wingless. The highest function of poetry is the winging of spiritual concepts. Great poetry has the better of music in this, so far as religion is concerned, that it can give the idea and the wings of it in one presentment. C.

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

Professional and Amateur in Anthropology

SPEAKING in the Anthropological Section of the British Association, Professor Crookes was troubled lest the growing popularization of anthropology should cause amateurism to endanger the scientific side of the question. For remedy he suggested the careful preparation of a trained staff to sift, arrange, and co-ordinate the facts already collected by non-scientific observers.

But this plan, in the opinion of some, would render anthropology liable to another danger. This danger is the danger of pedantry, of officialism, of narrow orthodoxy, of academic petrification. For the tendency to formalize science, to corner and monopolize it, to run it on rails, confine it to grooves, and fossilize it, is strong in human nature. Once create a professional class, and all ordinary people become *ipso facto* amateurs. Once create an "elect," and everybody else fades away into that irresolvable nebula known as "the public."

It is not denied that popularization has its evils; but one extreme serves to balance the other. Anthropology has certainly taken the public press by storm in a way that might easily make the professional uneasy. The public does not care much for accuracy perhaps; but accuracy is not the only thing. It seems as though the proposal to have the professors arrange the facts collected by the public is an excellent one, and the public will doubtless keep the professors busy. The public, on its side, will see that anthropology is not allowed to fossilize.

To illustrate the above remarks, it may be pointed out that the professor, in the same discourse, spoke of India as an excellent field where the student of comparative religion could trace the development of *animism*. This means that the said student would go to India having his mind charged with an anthropological fad, that denoted by the word "animism," which would in all probability interfere with his impartial weighing of the facts presented to his observation. Animism is defined as that form of religious belief in which sentience is attributed to natural objects, and the earth is peopled with gods and spirits residing in the rivers, rocks, trees, etc. This form of belief is supposed to represent an early stage in an evolution of religion, parallel with the supposed evolution of mankind. Buddhism, Hinduism, Islām, and Christianity are mentioned by the professor as forces which have interacted with animism and whose effects on it must also be studied. But a student who should go to India to study its religions without this special point of view in his mind would be better equipped for an impartial observation and estimation of the facts. He would find nothing to suggest that religion in India has pursued such a course of evolution. Its sacred books point back to a stupendous knowledge in the remote past—to the time when the Wisdom-Religion held sway. Any animism there may be in India is not peculiar to any particular age. This word seems to describe the kind of belief that is held by humanity of a certain order of culture in all ages and in all places where that culture prevails. TRAVERS



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LANYON CROMLECH, NEAR PENZANCE, ENGLAND

Ancient and Modern Engineering

AN "Answers to Correspondents" column should be used for the imparting of information, not for the laying down of dogmas, especially when these latter are of such a character as to provoke more doubt in the mind of the unfortunate questioner than was in it before. Here is a specimen of the kind referred to.

Q. Could modern mechanics build structures such as the huge pyramids of Egypt or the walls of Baalbek?

A. Yes; and greater, in far less time. The ancients had no such powerful and efficient machinery as have the modern engineers.

In the walls of Baalbek there are three stones, each over 60 feet long and 13 feet high, which have been raised to a height of 20 feet in the wall. Would it not puzzle modern machinery to tackle this job? Similar cases occur in many other ancient monuments. The Great Pyramid is built of large blocks, brought from a not inconsiderable distance and raised to an immense height. In most of these cases of ancient workmanship we find these huge stones fitted together with a precision that is the marvel of modern observers. And it must be remembered that mere length of time does not necessarily enable things to be done which cannot be done in a short time. If a stone cannot be moved, it cannot, no matter how long you try. But how long *did* the ancients take over these buildings? And how do we know they did not have as good machinery as we? The inference would be that they must have had better. But the strongest argument of all is that they *did* build these buildings, and we do not. The world has, for some thousands of years, shown a singular reluctance to build such monuments; and we have not observed such an invariable lack of ostentation and emulation as would suffice to account for this remarkable abstention. The fact remains that the ancients actually did erect these colossal structures in numbers, and that no race of builders has since come anywhere near them. The inference is that the

ancients had at their command means superior to what we now possess. The argument that they took a longer time to do it rests on no evidence, but merely on the inference that they had no tools; and, as has been said, length of time will not increase the distance you can elevate a weight if you cannot elevate it at all.

The number and extent of the colossal stone buildings in Peru, which contain monoliths of the same enormous dimensions, brought from great distances and raised to great heights, proves that the people that built them had resources that no modern race perhaps has been able to compass. The whole vast problem of ancient building achievement cannot be disposed of by a brief reference to one or two isolated instances, such as the pyramids and Baalbek—even supposing these two could be explained.

After all, is it not absurd to suppose that these builders were without engineering resources, when they had both intelligence and materials, just as we have, and a good deal greater executive ability, as their achievements show? H.

The Recumbent Buddha of Pegu

WHAT is undoubtedly the largest statue yet known is the famous recumbent Buddha of Pegu, Burmah. It was discovered, like the temple of Borobudur in Java, by accident. In 1881 engineers were banking up the Rangoon-Mandalay railway to keep floods off the line, and a party was sent into the jungle to prospect for stone. They found a wooded knoll and proceeded to clear it and sink a shaft. They struck stone and were planning to use it when it was found to be burnt brick. This led to the discovery of the recumbent Buddha, which is 180ft. long and 47ft. high to the point of the shoulder. The history of this colossus is entirely unknown. Evidently, however, it belongs to an age of mighty builders and sculptors, such as those who built and carved the truly magnificent temple of Borobudur. H.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

An Anthropologist Reviews Some Dogmas

THAT there can be any contradiction between Theosophy and science is impossible, the reasoning of both being based on the same principles, those of accurate ascertainment of fact and logical deduction therefrom. But the human mind is given to dogmatism and making theories to support its prejudices and not borne out by facts; and Theosophy finds itself opposed to all dogmatism.

We live in an age when many dogmas are being destroyed, both those which shelter under the name of religion and those which claim scientific authority. Recently the CENTURY PATH reviewed some remarks by a biologist on "Symbiosis" or scientific brotherhood in nature. Now it considers some remarks by an anthropologist tending to dispel certain delusions as to what science teaches on that subject. This is important because we have novelists and all kinds of scientifically irresponsible writers making much out of these supposed teachings of science.

In the *Boston Transcript* is the report of a lecture by Dr. Franz Boaz at the Lowell Institute. He bases his conclusions "not on the vague tales of travelers, but on a serious study of anatomical characters." He comes to the conclusion that there is very little fixity in racial characteristics; they are mobile and constantly changing. There is often more difference between individuals of the same race than between the average types of different races. To quote from the report:

There are both civilized and primitive men in all races. The peasants of certain portions of Europe, in their ways of living, may well be likened to the Indians that Columbus found in America; the cultured Chinese have in the same Mongol race the tribes of the interior deserts; the Japanese and Ainu represent extremes living in close proximity one to the other, and a like gap intervenes between the educated Negro of the United States and his savage brother in Africa.

On the contrary, we often find prevalent a notion that a man of one race is necessarily superior or inferior to a man of another; and much unwise conduct is based on such notions. The facts show that there are barbarians existing in civilized society, and these scientific observations give us the anatomical bearings of the matter. As to skull capacity:

Little advantage is to be observed between the white race, the Negro of Africa, and that of the Melanesian islands, reputed to be the least civilized on the globe.

This will seem to many to contradict accepted ideas. The alleged cranial inferiority of certain races is often cited as an insuperable bar to their culture. But now we are assured on scientific authority that virtually no such bar exists.

When the lecturer went on to try to account for differences in type, he was hampered by the want of data derived from a wider sphere of observation. So far our science studies the physical too exclusively. But it is the "dweller within the tabernacle" that is the molding power; in the physical body we perceive mainly effects and not causes. But these effects

are not infrequently spoken of as if they were causes, and imaginary "laws" are created which are really nothing more than a formulation of the effects.

Parentage, race, country, education, all play parts in molding the physique and character. But these are only the soil; the nature of the seed must count for a good deal in determining the nature of the plant. And what is this seed that grows in the child, drawing to itself elements from all quarters of nature and building up therefrom the future man? We can hardly get a just understanding of the subject unless we give more attention to the man himself, as distinguished from his physical vehicle.

The moral of the whole matter is that man is not nearly so much bound by physical conditions as he often tries to make out. The will and the mind can quickly change the body. The shape of the skull and other features are persistent simply because the character within is persistent; but when it changes, they change. Our limitations are principally of the nature of prejudices; and as such they are dogmas tending to hinder progress. Much of this false science finds a vent in novels and dramas and sensational literature; and it is as well to know that it is not authentic. STUDENT

Phagocytosis in Plants

THAT power to destroy its bacterial enemies which is possessed by human blood appears to have its perfect analog in plants. The analogy is not perfect, for plant blood (sap) does not contain cells, nor are its invading enemies bacterial. Sap corresponds to the fluid part of blood, and no cells float therein. Such at any rate would be the present botanical statement. If cells there are they must be almost homogeneous with their fluid medium, as difficult to discover as fluid crystals in theirs.

A French botanist points out that most diseases of higher plants are due to fungi, the filaments or threads of which penetrate the underground stems or roots. The stems or roots of many plants are surrounded by such threads, some of which are possibly of somewhat the same use as nitrifying bacteria, the lowly organized fungus fixing or digesting food for the higher plant to which it attaches itself and receiving something back which it needs. But in other cases the fungal threads penetrate the host, vampirize and constitute a disease. The plant has to fight for itself and usually seems to have no difficulty. The sap turns out to have a digestive function capable of acting upon the invading threads, which under the microscope are seen in various stages of destruction. The analogy with the "phagocytic" function of blood is thus pretty good. But in the latter case the digestive agents, ferments, are fabricated by the white cells floating in the clear fluid serum. The chemical problems thought out and solved by the latter are doubtless also much more complicated. The poisons secreted by invading bacteria have to be ascertained and then antidoted. STUDENT

Revision of the Calendar

THE Swiss Federal Council proposes an international conference at Bern to revise the calendar. It is proposed to have a civil year of 364 days, which makes exactly 52 weeks. There will have to be one intercalary day every year, and a second intercalary day every fourth year. The 364-day year is an ancient institution. It does not settle the problem of the lunations, but we do not nowadays attach much importance to them. We do not recognize lunar influences sufficiently to fix dates by them. H.

Cats and Mice

NOT long ago an experimenter in a psychological laboratory "discovered that cats have no instinctive liking for mice, nor mice any instinctive fear of cats." But now some other experimenters, in the same laboratory, have reached the contrary result. What is one to believe?

From these latest discoveries it appears that at a certain age the instinct to kill mice is born suddenly in the kitten.

The reaction is fairly definite in character, complex, and highly adaptive. It involves the bodily states of attention; muscular tension; bristling of the hair; sometimes erection and sometimes switching of the tail; hissing, and at times spitting, growling; unsheathing and sheathing of the claws; use of the mouth, teeth, paws, and claws.

Did you ever!! You never can tell what these psychological laboratories will discover. Could they perhaps tell us how many beans make five, or how many cooks it takes to spoil the broth? S.

Electricity as Anaesthetic

THE unfortunate victim of insomnia, always in peril of the drug habit (morphine and the coal tar products) seems to have a better day dawning for him, the sun of which is electricity. It is now some years since Dr. Robinovitch and others began to work at the production of both natural sleep and anaesthesia by electricity, and the technique seems to be now nearly or quite understood. But so far the sleep needs watching and should not be induced by those who have not studied the special dangers not yet eliminated. For operative surgical work four milliamperes of current and about fifty volts seem an adequate dose, the current being direct, and interrupted about 6000 times per minute. Only the part to be operated on is included in the circuit, one pole being applied higher up the main nerve concerned, the other below the seat of operation. An interesting feature of the method is its production of anaemia in the included area, the operation being often quite bloodless. Says Dr. Robinovitch:

During the last four years we have used this analgesia instead of ether and chloroform in all our laboratory surgery; we have performed hundreds of operations, but have never had any untoward accidents happen to animals from this analgesia.

In clinical work, she adds, it has also been employed in numerous cases. It would seem that we have here almost as great an advance upon the ether and chloroform methods as they were upon the old narcotics. M. D.



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THE TEMPLED SHORES OF LOMALAND
ON THE PACIFIC SHORE OF THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

Designers in Nature

WHEN the architects and designers in nature are large enough for us to see, we admit their existence; but when they are too small we call them "laws."

What designers make the pattern of a flower?

When it is the pattern on a dying leaf that is in question, we may be able to see the designers at work, as the following, from the *Boston Transcript*, shows:

While yet the oak leaves were green and the woodland showed but faint hints of the coming seasonal exhibits I found a single leaf already curiously blotched with the scarlet of late October. On this leaf a little colony of pattern makers had been born for the work. Trades in the woodland go in families and it is no wonder that there are splendid results when one generation hands its skill on to another for a million years. To my oak leaf had come in midsummer a tiny, winged insect, almost too small to be seen, passing the scarlet oaks and the red, the scrub oaks and the black, minding no other foliage but settling with unfailing instinct on the leaf of a white oak tree. There she drilled tiny holes in the ribs and placed in each an egg. What else she did I fancy no one will ever know. Magic is not for man. It is only the lesser creatures that have it, for magic she certainly employed. That an egg laid should hatch, that the grub should thrive

THE SOUND OF THE SEA

THOU art sounding on, thou mighty sea!

For ever and the same;

The ancient rocks yet ring to thee—
Those thunders nought can tame.

Oh, many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hushed is many lovely one
Of mournfulness or mirth.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep!
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
Until the close of time.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold;
And the still midnight bears the sound,
Even as first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
Where sceptered cities rose!
Thou speakest of One who doth not change—
So may our hearts repose.—*Felicia Hemans*

feeding on the surrounding tissues is to be expected. The wonder comes in the action of the leaf itself which on the hatching of this tiny egg immediately begins to build a special house for the creature that dwells within it. This is what surpasses my

comprehension. For over each grub hatched in its ribs the white oak leaf of its own volition built a tough spiny roof under which the pattern-maker might work in safety.

Yet even in this case, though some of the artists were seen, others were not; for the leaf itself contributed to the result. Again, must there not be master-designers, superintendents, in nature, who combine the separate workings of the various artificers into one whole design? How else account for the harmony and symmetry of the whole? A living tree, a withering tree, even a dead and blasted tree, is a picture in itself and an essential part of a larger picture. Can haphazard and chance yield such a result? If so, then, O Chance, accept my oblations, for thou art a god and my teacher!

In nature we see everywhere intelligences working according to law and plan, of which they themselves may not be conscious. In seeming to follow their individual aims, they fulfil the designs of intelligences of a higher order. And somewhere in the scale comes Man. But how many grades there must be from the atom of dust up to the Intelligences that organize the movements of worlds! E.



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

TO WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

New Facts about the Ancient Purple Dye

THE *Zeitschrift für Angewandte Chemie* has recently published a very interesting investigation into the nature of ancient purple. Taking some of the data therein, and developing the interesting story ourselves, we may say that our knowledge of this valuable and priceless coloring matter, the purple of the Old World, which was obtained from sea-snails, is based on data found in old literature of the Greek and Roman periods. Although from the standpoint of the history of civilization these are quite extensive there is little to be obtained concerning the technical side of purple dyeing, as no reference to it is made. The low estimation in which trade was held is doubtless the reason for this striking gap in ancient records, and the dyers' guild naturally fell under this odium. This also may be the reason that so little is known of the dyeing industry in Egypt, where it was without doubt highly developed.

We can hardly think that the processes of dyeing were kept secret, because all the Mediterranean peoples in the Roman period were fully acquainted with the art of dyeing with sea-snails, and purple-dye houses can be accounted for in great numbers along the coast of the Mediterranean near where this particular species of snail was to be found. They extended from Asia Minor, the Greek Isles, and Lakonia, to South Spain; and from North Africa to the Adriatic and the south of France. There was no need to establish a new industry, even then, for purple dyeing is of such old date that even in antiquity its discovery was placed in a mythical foretime. According to the Greeks, this is ascribed to the Phoenician

Melkart, whose dog, by crushing a sea-snail on the sea-shore, called attention to its color characteristics. The practical improbability of this legend is understood by everyone who has once had a purple snail in his hand, but the truth of it is, that to the Phoenicians belong the origin and practice of the art of purple dyeing, and they transplanted it to their numerous colonies. A long time after the fall of that nation even, Tyre remained a special and important place for obtaining purple wool.

Among the Semitic peoples also we find ancient documentary indications of the use of purple garments, and we may follow this into the earliest times. According to Dedekind, a portion of an old Egyptian poem of about 1400 B. C. describes the trials of the different handicraftsmen, among them the purple dyer, of whom it is said: "His hands stink; they smell of rotten fish . . . he makes all cloth abominable." This specific and indeed most unpleasant and clinging smell, which is developed during the dyeing operation with purple snails, is mentioned repeatedly in the old literature.

Purple dyed cloths are frequently spoken of in the Hebrew Testament. They were used as curtains to the entrance of the Holy of Holies and were an especial adornment in the Temple of Solomon; they were important as the distinctive robes of the High Priest, etc. From the same source we may become acquainted with the purple mantle as a sign of high kingly dignitaries among the Persians. Only kings enveloped their heads in purple bandages; in their treasures they heaped up stores of purple stuffs, which were the admiration of their Greek conquerors. With the growing culture and well-being of the Mediterranean people in the Roman era, it was but natural that the wearing of purple cloth should become more usual; and in the time of the emperors it had grown into a common luxury. Yet even in this time the wearing of definite styles of purple cloth remained the privilege and law-prescribed distinction of the aristocratic order, the so-called *purpurati*. Thus, only the senators had the right to wear a broad purple band, *latus clavus*, around the neck-opening of the tunic. The knightly rank contented itself with the narrower *angustus clavus*. The toga seamed with purple, called *praetexta*, was the official dress of the state and civic officers, and of various orders of priests. Robes of purple adorned with gold embroidery, the vesture of the Capitoline Jupiter, were at first worn only by victorious generals when they entered the city in triumph.

Even in the time of the emperors, stringent laws governing the wearing of purple were made. The wearing of all-purple costumes was forbidden to private citizens, such being held exclusively for the sacred person of the ruler, and later, also, for church dignitaries.

In the time of the Roman world-empire, the most important purple dye-houses became the private property of the emperor. After the invasion of the Barbarians this culture concentrated itself for the most part in Byzantium, Tyre, and Lakonia, where stuffs were dyed for the wardrobes of the imperial family and the clergy only. Purple garments came only occasionally as presents to western rulers. Because of this monopoly the purple deteriorated in quality, and with the downfall of the Byzantine empire, the art of purple-dyeing also declined,

and the most important centers fell into the hands of the Arabians and Turks. With the fall of Constantinople the ancient art went out completely, so that the Roman Church was compelled to issue new dyeing directions for the making of the cardinal's robes (1464).

Another and similar fate befell a younger branch of the purple-dyeing industry, on the increased restriction of the export of writing material made of Egyptian papyrus. Special manuscripts of great value had then to be made upon purple-dyed parchment, with silver or gold writing material. Many of these extremely valuable "Codices purpurei" are still extant, as, for example, the Gothic version of the Bible, preserved at the University of Upsala in Sweden, and the so-called "Vienna Genesis," and a few other manuscripts of religious import, as well as a few secular presentations, that date back to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and in their make-up show a Byzantine or south Italian origin.

There can be no doubt concerning the extraordinary value which this isolated dye-stuff enjoyed on account of its origin, fastness, and beauty of shade; and from the most ancient times down to the Middle Ages, it was always used whenever it was desired to impart to a fabric the stamp of the unusual, the noble, and the costly.

In reality, however, the ancients tell us very little about how the purple-dyed fabrics looked and how the color was produced. Fragments of cloth and parchment that have lasted to our day show a variety of shades from violet-black to blue and red-violet; besides this, they naturally suffered much from time and exposure, and again, in many cases, chemical analysis fails to reveal that they were dyed with purple. Instead, they were dyed with the various substitutes known in antiquity. Greek and Roman writers give us the following facts.

In ancient times there already existed many kinds of purple dyeings, which were differently valued, bringing various prices. The most prized of these were the twice-dyed (*diabapha*) with Tyrian and Lakonian purple. There was also the so-called amethyst or hyacinth purple, and there seems to be no doubt that they were very dark; when the light fell upon the color it became quite black, and only by looking along the surface was the blue-violet to red-violet sheen revealed. The beauty of the color is much enhanced by contrast with gold and silver decorations. Their peculiar play of color noted in sunlight gave much pleasure to the ancients; it was somewhat similar to the coppery sheen of strong indigo-dyeing, or to the bronze effect of certain modern aniline dyes.

The color of the most famous dyeings, produced by means of the concentrated snail-matter, without other additions, was totally unlike what we know today as purple. The dark shade seems to have been the most important color-impression; hence Homer's expressions: "purple night," "purple death," and "the purple sea," have nothing strange about them. Besides these very expensive dark shades, there were also lighter ones, made by thinning the dye-bath with water, urine, or other extracts, such as orseille; or the dye-stuff was combined with cheaper plant or *coccus ilicis* dyes. Concerning these shades, which were used for the *vestes conchyliatae*, no doubt can be raised, nor about the helio-

trope, mauve, autumn-violet, or the vapors of indigo, etc. The old shades were more or less reddish-blue to violet-blue. We can see here how many modifications the term "purple" has received in the course of the centuries. The conception of it differs even among the different nations today, as, for example, by "purple" in England we conceive of an essentially bluer shade than by "purple" on the continent.

Every doubt concerning the antique shades would naturally be removed if we could only work according to the ancient dye-recipes; but alas, for this the assertions of Pliny are incorrect, and, in part, unintelligible. With some assurance, however, we may state the following.

On the one hand there is the extinct species of the purple snail, which can be identified, as well by the writings of Pliny as by the remains of crushed shells, which we find today piled

pound of wool or silk, we know nothing certain; in any case an enormous number must have been required, and in this we find the reason for the high price of the genuine purple wool, which was always dyed in the unspun raw state. In the maximum tariff of Diocletian, dating from the year 301, we find the best quality costing about two hundred dollars a pound, while the substitute, dyed with *coccus ilicis*, although it looked almost the same, could be purchased for about seven dollars. When we consider that the dye-bath contained only about 4% to 5%, then we must conclude that the price of the dye-stuff must have been from five to seven thousand dollars a pound.

Long before purple-dyeing became entirely extinct, the contemporary literary productions lost interest in the antique purple, and only in the Middle Ages was there renewed interest manifested and then only among antiquarians

ered colors, those of the thioindigo class. The most uncomfortable part of the investigation, the collection of the raw material, was made easier by the use of drag nets, by means of which in good places several hundred of the species *murex brandaris* and *murex trunculus* could be brought to light in a day; whereas in ancient times the snails were caught by means of bait placed in baskets that were sunk to the bottom of the sea. Further work consisted in crushing the shells and extracting the purple gland and its contents. This was then painted on filter paper and exposed to sunlight. The developed coloring matter, after mercerizing the paper, was treated with diluted sulphuric acid to remove impurities, and then dissolved in high-boiling solvents such as chinolin or benzoic-acid-ester. By recrystallization the coloring matter was easily obtained in a pure state. The greatest work was the obtaining of a sufficient quantity for investigation; from 1200 individuals of the *murex brandaris* only 1.5 grams of coloring matter was obtained. The analysis showed the astonishing fact of the presence of much bromine, and the chemical composition revealed that of a di-bromine-indigo whereby the physical and chemical characteristics of the dye-stuff agreed perfectly with the di-bromine-indigo.

Every doubt of this assertion is laid at rest, when one considers the structural formula of the 66-di-bromine-indigo, which can easily be obtained by several syntheses. It costs only a thousandth part of the price which the ancient world paid for it, and it is hardly to be believed that today we will make any use of it. Besides, the shade of the antique purple, which was a somewhat dull reddish-violet that to our uncritical eyes is in no way extraordinary, can be easily produced otherwise.

We are one delusion the poorer; but the remarkable organism of the purple snail presents still other problems, the solution of which is of greater interest than the constitution of the dye-stuff. The composition mentioned above has been determined with certainty only for the *murex brandaris*; at any rate, the purple species seems to produce the same dye-stuff; but in the closely related *murex trunculus* there has been found, in addition to the red-violet, a dark blue-violet, which differs from the others in that it develops its color from the colorless constituent of the gland not by light but by oxidation. Its composition has not yet been determined. Even more interesting, however, are the colorless substances of the gland itself, out of which, partly by purely chemical, and in part by photo-chemical reactions, the colors are produced. For no analogous compounds in living organisms have been known up to the present time, and the explanation of their constitution, their origin, and their bio-chemical character, will indemnify us for the disappointment given us from their color derivatives.

E. T. BUNDSMANN
Ph. D., Chem. Eng., (Vienna), and Professor of Chemistry, Râja Yoga College, Point Loma.

THE THEOSOPHICAL ADDRESS AT ISIS THEATER

A MOST delightful program especially arranged by Katherine Tingley, Leader of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY was given last evening in Isis Theater. The customary address on some Theosophical subject was omitted and an all-music program was given.—San Diego Union, December 26



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

SCENE IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

up on the coasts where dye-houses were once situated. The most important and largest species of purple snails, called *purpura* by Pliny, has now the zoological name of *murex brandaris* and *murex trunculus*; and the smaller trumpet snail, called by him *buccinum*, belongs also to the species; *purpura haemostoma* was most used. Both species were used with somewhat different results; sometimes each was used separately; sometimes they were mixed together; then again they were used one after another. It was also known at this time that not the whole snail but only a small organ, called *vena* by Pliny, gave the precious dye-stuff, which was contained in the organ in an "unripe" form, as drops of whitish, slimy juice. These drops were collected separately, and then salt was added, and the mass digested for several days at low heat. The wool and silk were directly impregnated, and then the beautiful color developed by exposure to the sun.

Concerning the quantity (that is, the number of snails) necessary for the dyeing of one

and philologists. Scientific observations of nature began in the eighteenth century and were first zoological. At this time the information was given that the purple of the *Murex* and *Purpura* species could only be developed by subjection to light, so that by means of the colorless, light-sensitive gland-material, colored photographs could be produced. Later on the chemical nature of the substance was investigated, although with such very small amounts of dye stuff that only some qualitative color reactions could be discovered, which showed that there existed a certain analogy between purple and indigo-blue or indirubin. Further discoveries were made which proved that the formation of color is due to the action of an enzyme (ferment), the so-called purpurase. The experiment was also made of isolating the smelling principle, that characteristic odor so unpleasant to the ancients, which is developed simultaneously with the color.

Recently the study of the antique purple has been again pursued, with the idea that the ancient dye is related to the latest of discov-

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

A Good Conceit of Ourselves

CONCEIT is one of the vices that sometimes have a virtue in them, just as humility is one of the virtues that sometimes have a vice in them. "Lord, give us a good conceit of ourselves," is not necessarily an improper prayer. For example, humility would have enclosed a vice if Washington had felt himself too unworthy of his post to take it, or Beethoven too unworthy of his art to practise it.

"Why do I exist?" asks someone now and then; "I never asked to." But he did. All existing minds demanded and fated their own existence and therewith their place and function in the vast field of existence. Nothing exists save by its own self-creative urge. It is only man that falls back from his own self-pledge.

If a man takes up successive pieces of good and useful work as they present themselves in his life, and does them, the most casual retrospect of later years will show him how the world would have been the poorer without his labors. The humility which encloses a vice would have robbed his fellows as surely as if it had been selfishness that had stayed his hand. And the robbery means a little more unhappiness and pain for them. The world's pain would be lifted in a year if the majority would look out day by day for the presenting of opportunities for useful work. It has no other cause than the neglecting of that primal pledge which lives yet in the depths of every heart. The world exists only because the greatest souls have never neglected it or their pledge for one single moment. What do most of us do for the upkeep of civilization, for the help of our city, our country, humanity, for the illumination of the minds and hearts of men, even for the securing of that second blade of grass where grew but one?

We are not all Beethovens and Washingtons — yet. Much humbler tasks confront us, and will until they have been done. The great men, whose note in the world is so clear and splendid, are those who in earlier lives did the smaller things of use that lay right in front of them. Every duty done, so that it is a duty, leads to a larger. There are inconceivable things being done for us at every moment in the world and the solar system by great human Workers who through this very path of action have got beyond the recognition and memory of ordinary humanity. Their secret thought

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

is about us, answering and sustaining every worthy aspiration, else aspiration and effort and hope had been dead in the world these ages. We join hands and hearts with them in the smallest work that goes beyond self-interest and self-gratification. Anyone who will culture the appropriate powers up to the perfect doing of such works for others as present themselves, however small the present field, has begun the unveiling of that center where his genius, his divinity, his wisdom, and every godlike power lie folded. It is the place of the pledge, and the pledge, carried out as opportunity presents, contains the answer to that "Why?" we ask in our darker moments, contains the promise of a glory and joy in life we cannot now conceive.

STUDENT

Christianity and the Religion of Jesus

MANY meanings are attached to the term Christian. Ideally speaking it should mean pertaining to the teachings of Jesus, and Christianity should be defined as the religion of Jesus. Unfortunately, ecclesiasticism has defined the term to suit its own purposes, not as pertaining to the teachings of Jesus, but as pertaining to the creeds and dogmas of the various churches. Although institutional Christianity is not identical with the teachings of Jesus, orthodox believers frequently ignore this difference, thereby vitiating the validity of their arguments, for in most respects Churchianity is diametrically opposed to the religion Jesus taught.

As our ecclesiastics are united in applying the term Christianity to the historical religious systems, which they claim they base upon the teachings of Jesus, let us agree and apply the word to the doctrines of the churches calling themselves Christian, although such a usage is almost hopelessly variable and vague since no two opposed sectarians ever unite as to what it is. When so used it is true that the word Christian describes "what a man is not, not what he is."

Many followers of Jesus have denied the justice of this definition. Says Justin Martyr:

Christ is the Sovereign Reason of whom the whole human race partakes. All those who have lived conformably to right reason have been Christians notwithstanding that they have always been looked upon as atheists.

Of similar import are the words of Benjamin Jowett, the revered Master of Balliol that

we should regard all persons as Christians even if they come before us with other names, if they are doing the works of Christ.

The instinctive objection that we, as believers in the teachings of Jesus, have to the dogmatists' definition, which grants the right to the name Christian only to those who profess the churches' creeds, is due to the association of the word with the name of Jesus even when divorced from his teachings. Yet it is only a name, a name unfamiliar to the ears of Jesus, and those of us who according to this definition may not be called Christians, may still be his disciples "if we love one another"; and we may still gain inspiration from the noble spirit which summed up religion as love of God and love of man.

The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth: for such doth the Father seek to be his worshippers. . . . God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.

H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, says:

Were the churches themselves not carried away in the flood of negation and materialism which has engulfed society, they would recognize the quickly growing germ of the Christ-spirit in the hearts of thousands whom they now brand as infidels and madmen. They would recognize there the same spirit of love, of self-sacrifice, of pity for the ignorance, the folly, the suffering of the world, which appeared in its purity in the heart of Jesus, as it had appeared in the hearts of other Holy Reformers in other ages, and which is the light of all true religion, and the lamp by which all the Theosophists of all times have endeavored to guide their steps along the narrow path which leads to salvation.

True religion is always the same, in every country and in every clime. The Christianity of the pulpit as taught to the people has never been the same, except in its allegiance to the principles of ecclesiasticism. The heresy of one age is the orthodoxy of the next. Now Arius, now Athanasius, is supreme, and in turn both are excommunicated by an infallible church, each for believing what the other denies. Men have been burnt for believing

what other men have been burnt for denying by this same self-appointed Bride of Christ. The churches, as the interpreters of Christianity, command us to profess arbitrary creeds of ecclesiastical manufacture and demand our submission to forms and ceremonies. They belittle the soul by clinging to the dead letter instead of "the spirit which giveth life." In the words of Theodore Parker:

The stream of Christianity as men receive it, has caught a stain from every soil it has filtered through, so that now it is not the pure water from the well of life which is offered to our lips, but streams troubled and polluted by man with mire and dirt. . . . If Jesus of Nazareth were to come back and bear the same relation to this century which he bore to the first, the first thing he would preach against is what is called Christianity in these days.

Therefore we will do well to repeat after Lessing: the Christian religion has been tried for more than nineteen centuries; the religion of Jesus remains to be tried. The religion of Jesus is unliturgical save for one simple prayer, and is absolutely unsacerdotal.

It is absolute, pure morality; absolute pure religion; the love of men; the love of God acting without let or hindrance. . . . Its watchword is: Be perfect as your Father in heaven. The only form it demands is a divine life; doing the best thing in the best way, from the highest motives; perfect obedience to the great law of God. Its sanction is the voice of God in the heart; Christ and the Father abiding within us. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

The seven great ideas of the religion of Jesus are: (1) the Divinity of the Soul, which is the real Self; (2) the value of the present moment; (3) the Brotherhood of all; (4) the necessity of following the guidance of the law of love and of justice, the law of compensation which is omnipresent in its action; because disobedience to the law leads to evil consequences which can never be undone, although repentance will lead to reformation; (5) the all-importance of a noble and true life; (6) the presence of the Christ-spirit now and at all times in faithful hearts; and (7) the kingdom of God on earth and peace and good will to men. Its end is to make men one with Deity as Jesus was one with Deity; to bring them to think divine thoughts, to feel divine aspirations, and to keep the divine law by living a life of truth and love. It is not a system of doctrines but a method of attaining oneness with the Deity. It demands a life of goodness within and purity without, and promises whoso does the divine will shall know the divine truth. To be a follower of Jesus is not to learn a catechism and to repeat a creed; it is to live a life of brotherly helpfulness. The cry of infidel, atheist, and blasphemer, from a time long anterior to the age of Jesus down to the present moment, has regularly been raised against every believer in the religion he taught.

F. S. DARROW, A. M., PH. D.

St. Paul's Cross, London

A NOTABLE addition has just been made to the number of London monuments.

Not all the visitors to St. Paul's Cathedral have discovered the little notice board at the edge of one of the flower beds at the north east end of the Cathedral, which marks the spot where stood the famous St. Paul's Cross, but everybody will see the commemorative pillar which has just been completed and which will more worthily indicate the site. At the top of the pillar — which at the time of writing



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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LONDON

was not yet unveiled — there stands the figure of St. Paul, bearing a cross in his arms.

The original cross was a pulpit cross of timber, mounted upon steps of stone, and covered with a conical roof of lead. From it, every Sunday learned "divines" preached a sermon, in the fore part of the day. So ancient was the cross that Stow says, "The very antiquity is to me unknown"; and Stow died in 1605. According to the invaluable Stow, a "general assembly" of a curious kind took place at the cross. He says:

I read that in the year 1259 King Henry commanded a general assembly to be made at this cross, where he in proper person commanded the Mayor, that on the next day following, he should cause to be sworn before the aldermen, every stripling of twelve years of age, or upward, to be true to the King and his heirs, Kings of England.

The cross which was in existence in the time of Stow was not the original one, as that was badly damaged by a terrible tempest which raged in the year 1382. It had therefore to be rebuilt. Before this new cross Tyndale's translation of the Bible was publicly burnt; the Pope's sentence against Martin Luther was pronounced from it, Wolsey being present as the Pope's legate; and it was here that the fate of the Maypole was sealed, as it was here denounced as an idol! In the reign of Henry VIII the Pope was denounced from this cross, and in the reign of his daughter Mary the Roman Catholics returned the compliment and cursed the Protestants. King James and King Charles the First both heard sermons preached here. When the weather was not favorable for an open-air service, the people went to a place hard by called "The Shrowds."

It was at St. Paul's Cross that Latimer preached what Froude describes as "an audacious sermon." The Church was in its normal condition of needing reform, and Latimer advised the clergy to mend their ways. He said:

I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing of his office? . . . I will tell you. It is the devil. . . . Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learn of the devil to be diligent in your office. If ye will not learn of God, for shame learn of the devil.

The Preaching Cross was finally destroyed by order of the Long Parliament in 1643.

LONDON STUDENT

An Inaugural Address with Ideas

A NOVEL precedent was created at the meeting of the Institution of Electrical Engineers in November, when Mr. S. Z. Ferranti, speaking extemporaneously, delivered an inaugural address so full of ideas that his hearers felt they had wandered into some fairyland. The usual inaugural discourse at such meetings consists of some statistical résumé dry as sand in a desert.

With Mr. Ferranti, however, imagination is not asphyxiated by competent practical knowledge.

Briefly, he pictured the improvements in industrial, social, and agricultural life, which may ere long accrue from the concentration of large electric power-plants at distributing centers, accompanied by a considerable permanent increase in the effective energy to be had from coal; the utilization of the by-products, now lost, for fertilization of crops; the diminution of smoke and consequent improvement of climate; and even the direct control of rainfall. Thus, instead of 150 million tons of coal as the annual consumption for industrial and private uses other than for illuminating gas, there would be only 60 million tons needed in the United Kingdom, rendering available 3 million tons of sulphate of ammonia. J.

Scientific Oddments

It is stated that the North Pole, in pursuance of its periodical peregrinations, came 33 feet to meet Peary. Just *what* pole he discovered is a metaphysical question. Perhaps Cook called when it was out.

To protect aviators in their falls, various garments are being invented, of a parachute-bat-umbrella type. They dispose themselves about the body as gracefully as may be when the aviator is not engaged in falling; but when he falls they open out. In this we are imitating the flying squirrel and several other animals provided with umbrella-like webs to their limbs.

METEOROLOGICAL records make the rainiest place in Europe to be in the mountains of Dalmatia, behind the Bay of Cattaro. The mean annual total, deduced from monthly records over a period of twenty-two years, is 182.76 inches, which is half-an-inch a day. The wettest year had 241.53 inches. Dalmatia is described as "not well supplied with water," but this statement is evidently incomplete.

PROFESSOR RUTHERFORD of England recently brought before the International Congress on Radioactivity at Brussels the question of the desirability of an international standard of radium, so that specimens could be tested by a uniform system. The Congress appointed an international committee, at whose suggestion Madame Curie is preparing a standard sample of radium to be preserved in Paris, and from which copies for local standards can be taken.

STANDARD aluminium cables, five-eighths of an inch in diameter, are used to convey a current at 70,000 volts from the Susquehanna hydro-electric power station to Baltimore. There are six cables, carried on high steel towers, 60ft. high and about 500ft. apart. The towers are strongly built, and guyed to each other and to the ground by steel cables. The aluminium has only one-third the weight of copper.

THE difficulty of grasping all the ramifications of dynamics is shown by the fact that popular scientific papers still publish descriptions of alleged perpetual motion machines and offer prizes for the best explanation of the fallacy involved. Such explanations vary, not merely in form of expression, but in principle. The kind of machine running just now in *The Scientific American* is the endless chain and bucket type; the buckets make themselves heavier when descending, or lighter when ascending.

BIRDS with luminous plumage are mentioned by Pliny and other ancient writers, and this property has been observed most frequently in herons and owls. In the attempts at an explanation of this phenomenon the question is somewhat begged by describing this light as phosphorescent; whence the theorists have sought to attribute it to phosphorescent fungi or insects adhering to the feathers. But many will be satisfied to take the fact for granted, rather than try to explain it by merely referring it to some other unexplained fact.

THE Vienna Academy of Sciences has a large collection of phonograms. The commission in charge of them is sending delegates to

all countries to increase its stock of speech sounds. This initiates a most valuable future work in the study of linguistics and phonetics. The phonograph is also being put to other purposes. Acoustics are studied by magnifying sections of the record, and it has been discovered that the A sound uttered by a frog when it croaks is not the same as the A sound of human speech.

RESPECTING the proposal said to have been brought before the British Institute of Electrical Engineers, to control the weather of Great Britain by girding the island with an electrical defense to keep off the vapors of the sea—we would prefer to leave the management of the weather in the hands in which it is at present vested. We are afraid man would make a muddle of it. Moreover, as pointed out by a critic, it would be placing too heavy a burden of responsibility on the Weather Bureau.

THE government is taking up earthquake prediction and proposes to establish a series of observation stations all over the country to study and record slight earthquakes with a view to getting at the laws relating to them. The periodical examination of stone monuments set up along lines of fault will form a part of the work, as earthquakes are preceded for a long time by slow changes of position in portions of the land. The bureau will have to score a good many successes in prediction ere it can induce people to move their property.

WE see it stated that recent tests of the interior temperature of the earth, under Prussian government auspices, indicate that it rises one degree Fahrenheit for each 54 feet that the earth's crust is penetrated. Such experiments must be conducted on a wide scale before any conclusions can be arrived at and local influences eliminated. Taking into account the great amount of local high temperature there is in the crust, as evidenced by vulcanism and hot springs, these local influences must be considerable. Indeed the results obtained by other experiments have been divergent, and the temperature has even been found to fall or to fluctuate.

It has been pointed out that India has great facilities for the development of hydro-electric power to run its spinning and weaving mills and to supply other industries that use power. There is plenty of water, and the art of storing it is perhaps better understood there than in any other country. India has also considerable need for such installations, being short of wood, and coal having to be fetched great distances. A company, financed entirely by Indian capital, has been formed in Bombay, to develop electrical energy through water storage in the Western Ghâts. All the hydro-electric works actually in operation are in native states, financed by state funds, and operated through state agency.

CERTAIN economical towns in Europe have been objecting to having to light the streets all night for the benefit of a few belated wayfarers, and have tried to devise means whereby the belated ones shall be made to pay for their own light. In one town a street half-a-mile long has actually adopted such means. It has nine lamps, which are extinguished at ten o'clock. A wayfarer passing after that time

may illuminate the street for twelve minutes by dropping a ten-pfennig piece in the slot. We should not care to live opposite one of these lamps and have the light suddenly turned on into our bedroom at odd times. A simpler plan would be to keep a supply of lanterns on hire at the street ends.

THE sterilization of drinking water on the large scale by ozone is coming within the field of practical hygienic politics. It was first tried about seven years ago at Paderborn in Germany. The air is forced into a discharge chamber, where it is ozonized, and the water, after being filtered, flows down towers, meeting the air coming up from the bottom. Thus all germs are killed. At the suburb of St. Maur, Paris, an ozonizing plant has been working for some time on the waters of the River Marne, which supplies much of the Paris water. Being highly contaminated with sewage, it needs filtration; and, as filtration cannot always be relied on to remove all germs, the ozonizing plant completes the purification. All objectionable colors and offensive odors are also removed. It is evident that localities having command of natural water-power would be at an advantage; while for other sites the utilization of wind-power might be suggested.

A NEW island was added to American territory on September 11, by vulcanism in Unalaska and the neighborhood, which brought up a fresh peak in the Bogoslof group in the Aleutian Islands. It may not stay long however, judging by the reputation of this festive archipelago. The first Bogoslof island appeared, amid mighty laborings, in 1796. It was a steaming volcano, which became extinct in a few years. In 1826 there was a little island called Ship Rock near it. In 1833 Fire Island rose from the sea. In 1906 a new fiery cone appeared and was called Metcalf Cone or Perry Peak. Some months later still another cone arose, to which was given the name McCulloch Peak. But this disappeared, leaving a great hot-water bay. Some think a new land is appearing here, and we are reminded that what to nature is a sudden upheaval may stretch over centuries of our "time."

IN *The Scientific American* is a further account of the new turbo-electric locomotive built by the North British Locomotive Company, recently noticed in the *CENTURY PATH*. The steam turbine makes 3000 revolutions per minute and is directly coupled to a continuous-current variable-voltage dynamo. The dynamo supplies current and pressures varying from 200 to 600 volts to four series-wound traction motors, whose armatures are built on the four driving axles. The exhaust steam is condensed, and, together with the circulating condenser water, is used again; as the turbine requires no lubrication, this water is free from oil. The condensing is done by pumps worked by small auxiliary turbines. Fans have also to be provided in order to replace the usual draught caused by ejected steam. The engine carries a boiler, coal-bunkers, and water-tanks. Preliminary trials have been successful and exhaustive tests will be made after the finishing touches have been given. The construction of this engine will be seen to be somewhat complex; and we have also to consider the prospects of internal combustion engines, without steam, actuated by the explosion of gasoline or possibly alcohol. THE OBSERVER

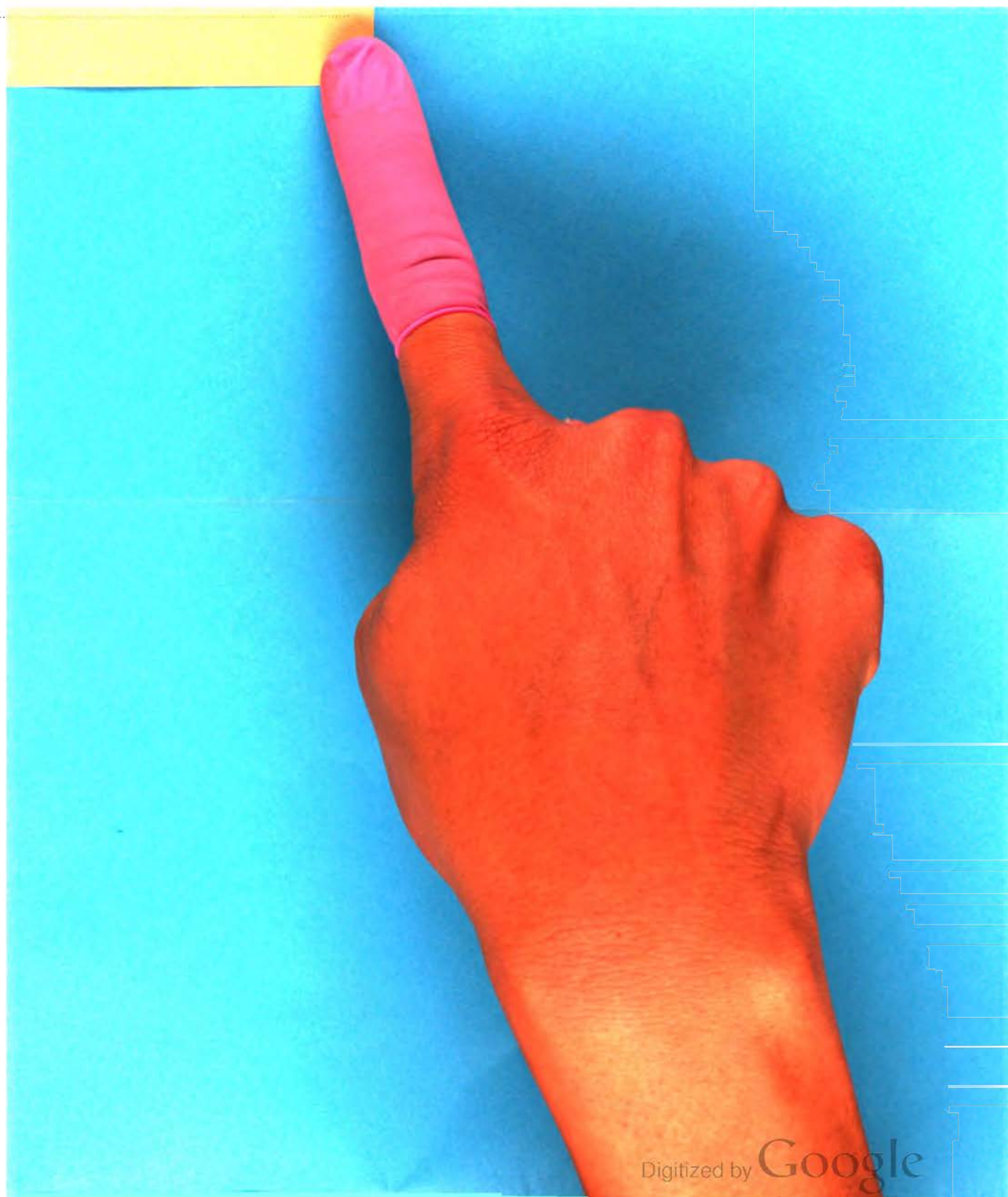
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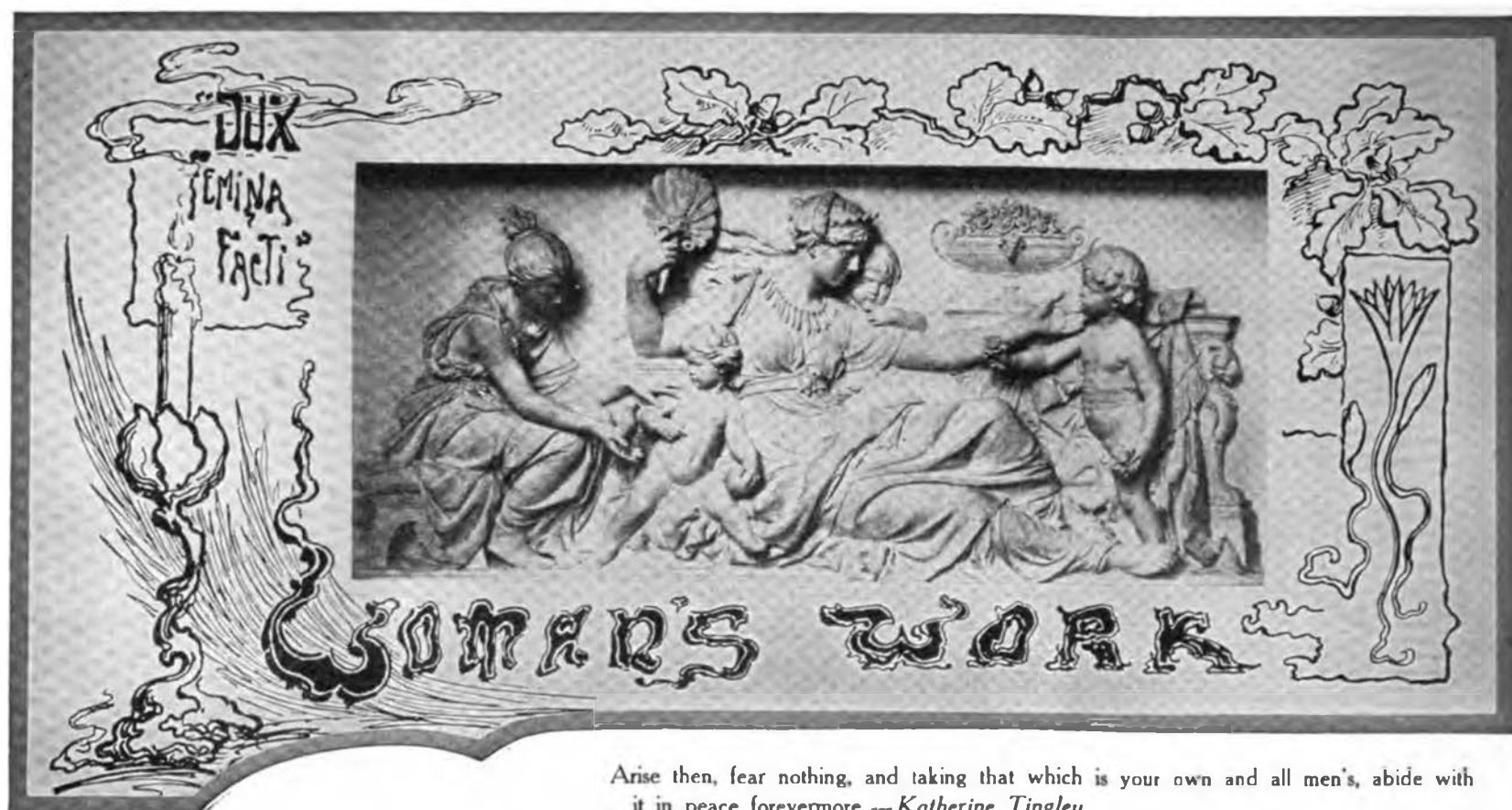
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Arise then, fear nothing, and taking that which is your own and all men's, abide with it in peace forevermore. — Katherine Tingley

Teaching, Without and Within

BETWEEN teacher and pupil there is an intimacy of soul: the pupil drawing from the teacher *himself*, essentially, what he is. Book-facts planted by an evil or arrogant instructor take root slowly, but a good seed (the ability to acquire all knowledge, springing up like a little plant and drawing to itself the mighty forces of the sun, the winds, and the rain) is the wisdom dropped from soul into soul when the true teacher speaks. With book in hand, or bookless, *he* teaches everlasting lessons. You know that out of ordinary schooling the children come not yet ready for life, yet the result of honest teaching is awakened Souls, prepared for life and never lost to joy. A Rāja Yoga result is this.

Realizing what the child is, more intuitive than letter-wise, is to understand his comprehension of his teacher. How he stamps with Valuable and Worthless every utterance, every gesture! A log rotting in a swamp teaches no lessons of the living tree's majesty. Though it once knew and taught them, it communicates now only the lesson of decay. So consider the bookish professor expounding his 'ologies and 'ometries. In the minds of his pupils there may indeed remain through after-school days a recollection of π ; but, in the heart's album of the dullest listener in class there exists a striking, ineffaceable photograph of the quality of that teacher — the quality of a dead or of a growing tree.

Imagines any teacher that he keeps from his pupil the vital facts about himself? He may trail vines of living facts over the lifeless trunk, but the airs advertise him. He will neither sit nor stand like an honest, pure-hearted man if he be not such. His voice and many manners reveal the fact that he has "let go." A tree may fall in storm, but if life has not departed there will come from within revelations of fresh growth. One who lives *true*, whose thoughts grow towards spiritualization, whose acts partake of the nature of

sacrifices, is a teacher to whomsoever he contacts. Because every fact is related to every other, *he* may open any book of facts and impart its knowledge and apply its lessons. His mind is rooted in Soul and climbs towards comprehension of all facts.

The results of the system of Rāja Yoga compared with the results of other school methods show this prominently. Failures mean teachers unfit. Trouble in the class-room might be eliminated if teachers were awakeners. Only a teacher self-conquered and all alive is competent to prepare children for life. **STUDENT**

While the bells are ringing on the outer plane, calling men to a recognition of the New Time, the soft, silvery notes of the compassionate Heart of Life are sounding forth their sweet music to the souls of men, calling them away from the paths of darkness, unrighteousness and despair to the ever-abiding Glory of a Truer and Better Life and the Hope and Peace of a New Day. — Katherine Tingley

Below the Surface

A Thought for the New Year

A READER of the CENTURY PATH sends in the following question:

Can Theosophy throw any light upon the seemingly inexplicable problem of how to deal wisely, in a word, Theosophically, with others? The virtues alone do not seem to be enough for I have observed that those who possess them all, apparently, make serious blunders in their relationships with others. Their motives are pure, their intentions unselfish; yet they seem to lack common sense. Can Theosophy throw any light upon this strange situation? And where can the knowledge that most of us lack when it comes to our relationship with others be found?

But is it a strange situation? Is it not rather a perfectly logical one in this world where most people are so befogged with delusions that black seems white to them and law, accident? The general human heartache and the age-old searching for Truth are evi-

dence that humanity is wandering through "the dark valley of bitter experience" and that as yet the sunlit heights beyond are seen but by the few.

The problem of right action in our relations with others is the greatest in the world, the one whose solution humanity is, paradoxically, nearest to, and yet in a sense farthest away from, at this very time. It is the basic problem of all and Theosophy's first mission lies in its service. If this problem did not exist, Theosophy, in just the form that we know it today, would be as the relic of some prehistoric era, no longer needed and only to be encountered in archives, as pterodactyls are only to be found in museums.

Goodness alone, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, will not solve it. Look at the children of good, pure, unselfish mothers, who have ended in jails or mad-houses. Look at the harvest of misery reaped by those who have let their moral ulcers be salved over by "good" sentimentalists when the surgeon's knife and moral asepsis were the things really needed. No — let us write the words large this New Year's Day — what the world ordinarily counts as the virtues is *not enough*. The virtues we must have, but there must be knowledge also — knowledge, going with love and compassion, hand in hand, ere ever this problem, so seemingly insoluble to many aching hearts today, will yield up its secret. And this knowledge can be found only in Theosophy, for Theosophy alone can throw light upon the mysteries of the human heart. Theosophy alone, like Ariadne of old, can furnish the golden clue by which humanity can find its way out of the labyrinthine torture-chamber which long centuries of ignorance have built about it.

The problem of how to deal justly with others! To solve it we must know the philosophies of the ages — by heart, for head-learning is not enough — and that leads us directly to Theosophy for it is their synthesis. We must

be wise as Minerva, dauntless as Jove, swift as Mercury, with the tenderness of Clotho, the lawfearingness of stern Atropos, the courage of Mars, the homely skill of Vulcan, the grace and lightness of Aglaia—in short, with the perfections of the celestials and all that further knowledge of human imperfections which the gods have often lacked.

For all that, synthesized—what is it but common sense, tact, real wisdom, the rare flower of that plant whose seed is knowledge of human nature? If we possessed it, if we always said the right word at the right time and in the right way; if, as Katherine Tingley has said, we knew “when to endure and when to protest, when to speak and when to be silent, when to withhold and when to yield”—what a heaven of heavens this world would be! There would be no misunderstandings, no cruel inaction where deeds of mercy were concerned, no blundering into the heart domain of another as irresponsible colts blunder into flower-gardens to scatter devastation with “the best intentions in the world”; there would be no strain, no hidden heartaches, no tangles and jangles, no sins of omission, no hurt feelings—and no Theosophy as we know it today; for it, too, would wear another guise as our earthly paradise would.

But alas! How can we gain this knowledge from Theosophy, this skill, this ability to look below the surface and know people's real selves—good or ill—and read their hearts? By *studying* Theosophy—what could be plainer? That is the only way to gain knowledge of anything. But by this is not meant a course of lessons in hypnotism, or psychism, or astralism, or any other “ism” in exchange for so many dollars (always the dollar, you notice). By this is not meant anything at all but the kind of study the Point Loma students do—all, in fact, who look to Katherine Tingley as their Teacher, wherever they may be throughout the world. And this kind of study consists in the application of Theosophical principles to every act, every moment, every detail, every thought of *one's own daily life*.

Reading of Theosophical literature—book-study—is necessary, but that is only part. The principles one must grasp mentally, true, but that is but a beginning. The greater part consists in carrying them out in practice. Altruism? See that it is *lived*, the guiding star of every day's brief voyage. Compassion? Live it, breathe it, apply it to every relationship in which you are even a passing factor. Intellectualism? Put it in its proper place as the soul's servant, not its tyrant. Intuition? Give it something to do, listen to it, trust it, believe in it as the soul's voice that it is. And a new light will dawn upon your mind. You will see clearly where before you saw dimly, and in scanning the depths of your own heart you will learn to read the mysteries of other hearts. There is no other way. The Christ whose day of birth has just been celebrated throughout Christen-

dom declared twenty centuries ago that only those who lived the life could hope to know the doctrine. And this is the Higher Law.

Only those who actually live Theosophy can hope to solve this problem of general human nature and how to deal with it; for only those are able to look below the surface and only those know what to look for, and what inner symptom the outer sign declares. Such as these alone can honestly aspire to be the beneficiaries of Theosophy's limitless legacy of knowledge. They are the true moral diagnosticians, humanity's one hope for the future.

The way lies through the heart. Theosophy is the entrance-portal whose golden key is sincerity, whose password, selflessness. Daily self-conquest is the beacon that lights the way.

we contact? Let these words of H. P. Blavatsky answer the question and sound the keynote, as well, of your New Year's deeper resolves:

Thoreau pointed out that there are artists in life, persons who can change the color of a day and make it beautiful to those with whom they come in contact. *We claim that there are adepts, masters in life, who make it divine, as in all other arts. Is it not the greatest art of all, this which affects the very atmosphere in which we live?*

STUDENT

Echoes of Today

THE President of Brown University declares that we are blaming the schools too unreservedly and the parents too little for the poor showing made by the average freshman. He asserts that the worst diffi-



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NEW YEAR'S SUNSHINE IN CUBA

ON THE GROUNDS OF THE CUBAN INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, SAN JUAN HILL

In the center of the gardens. The largest tree is a fine specimen of the gorgeous Royal Poinciana or Flamboyant. This tree is a three year old seedling.

“The life” is the great revealer; living it, we shall read the human heart as some glyph-inscribed scroll is read by one who after long search has found the key.

Calmness, sincerity, simplicity, ease, trust, quiescence and acquiescence, take these for watchwords this New Year. And let not the import of the New Year itself be undervalued. It is a time for deepened resolves, for renewed vows, and “those who form their wishes now,” wrote H. P. Blavatsky years ago,

will have added strength to fulfil them consistently. . . . Let no one imagine that it is a mere fancy, the attaching of importance to the birth of a year. The earth passes through its definite changes, and man with it, and as a day can be colored, so can a year.

What can be greater than the power to serve wisely and deal justly with those whom

culties spring from the over-indulgence of parents. He says:

Fathers are giving their boys \$3000 automobiles and putting them under \$700 teachers. The time will have to come, if things are to get better, when parents will see the wisdom of paying \$3000 for the teacher and \$700 for the automobile, if they afford the latter at all.

YESTERDAY's record was twenty divorces against only eighteen marriage licenses. Four courts were kept busy listening to the marital infelicities of the mismatched, Judges Hutton, McCormick, Moss, and Dehy presiding. Most of the cases were submitted on written testimony, but some of the litigants aired their grievances in public.

Some of the reasons adduced for separation were sad commentaries upon human frailty. . . . Reasons sensational, sordid, and silly, vied with tales of almost inhuman cruelty, neglect, and shame.—Clipped from a recent issue of the Los Angeles Examiner

OUR YOUNG FOLK



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IN A POINT LOMA ORCHARD

Tycho Brahe

ON the little island of Hveen in Öresund, near Sweden, the ruins of a great castle are still to be seen. Every visitor knows that these heaps of stones once were the walls of the castle of Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer, who lived here for twenty-one years, at the end of the sixteenth century.

Many stories are still told about this very original man. He lived here like a king in his little kingdom, receiving guests from many countries. It is said that one of his visitors was James VI of Scotland, afterwards King of England.

Tycho Brahe was the foremost astronomer of his time. In his castle, Uraniborg, he had an observatory, and many machines and apparatus then quite unknown elsewhere. With these instruments, which were made in the workshop he established at Uraniborg, he made most careful observations of the heavens, and these were printed on the press he set up. Stjerneborg (Star Castle) was built when the gathering of students made it necessary to have another building. This, like Uraniborg, was handsomely decorated.

The series of observations collected by Tycho Brahe and his assistants was more extensive and accurate than any that had before been taken. It was the fruit of many years'

THE STARS

THEY wait all day unseen by us, unfelt;
Patient they bide behind the day's full glare;
And we, who watched the dawn when they were there,

Thought we had seen them in the daylight melt,
While the slow sun upon the earth-line knelt.
Because the teeming sky seemed void and bare
When we explored it through the dazzled air;
We had no thought that there all day they dwelt.
Yet were they over us, alive and true,
In the vast shades far up above the blue—
The brooding shades beyond our daylight ken—
Serene and patient in their conscious light,
Ready to sparkle for our joy again—
The eternal jewels of the short-lived night.

Mary Mapes Dodge (Selected)

continuous work. For instance, it was his daily habit to observe the sun.

There was one thing that Tycho Brahe could not understand, or would not accept, and this was the Copernican teaching that the earth is not the center of the universe, but only a planet revolving round the sun. Tycho Brahe thought that it would be a waste of space for the sun and stars to be so far away, and not close to the earth, as was his notion of it.

So great was Tycho's reverence for the profession of astronomer and for the majesty of

the heavens that for his work of taking observations he always attired himself in his best court costume.

When the King of Denmark, who had been his admirer and patron, died, Tycho Brahe had to leave his beautiful castle. He afterwards moved to Austria where the Emperor paid him high honor. Tycho Brahe again occupied a castle, this time one near Prague. Here he again gathered instruments and assistants, among them Johann Kepler, who worked with him at intervals and was his famous successor.

R.

THE very idea of a bird is a symbol and a suggestion to the poet. A bird seems to be at the top of the scale, so vehement and intense is his life—large-brained, large-lunged, hot, ecstatic, his frame charged with buoyancy and his heart with song. The beautiful vagabonds, endowed with every grace, masters of all climes, and knowing no bounds, how many human aspirations are realized in their free, holiday lives, and how many suggestions to the poet in their flight and song!—John Burroughs

I SHOULD apply the Golden Rule to animals as well as men, and not vivisect as I would not be vivisected, even in the cause of science.—W. D. Howells

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The White Pigeon

ONE hundred years ago there lived in a village in Ireland a young lady who was the eldest of a large family of girls and boys. Her name was Maria Edgeworth. She was always interested in children and helped to train all the younger ones in the family. One way she had of teaching them to be kind and brave and honorable and industrious was by writing stories for them. If anything happened that made her see that the children needed a lesson in any of the virtues, she took her pen and wrote a story about it. I am sure her brothers and sisters must have liked Maria's stories, because boys and girls today still read and like them. It was she who told this tale about a white pigeon.

One day in the village a gentleman who had had workmen at work on a new building, went to inspect it. He expected to find it finished and all in the best of order, ready for a tenant to move into it. So he was surprised to be told that six large panes of glass in one of the great windows had been broken, no one seemed to know how.

At first the owner thought they must have been broken by a man in the village who had expressed ill-will to him; but a boy standing near spoke up and said that this was impossible as the man had been away from the village and had not yet come back.

The owner entered the house and called to the boy to come in too, to see it. The boy went with him all over the new house and in the attic at the top of a narrow stair he found a white pigeon flying round and round, trying in vain to find a way out. When the workman, who accompanied the owner, saw the bird, he said, "There's the one who broke the windows. Just let me catch him and I'll have his head off in a jiffy."

Again the boy spoke up and said that the pigeon had not broken the window, that, indeed, he was the one who had done it, because he had just found his ball, which he had thrown up high the day before and had never been able to find, until that moment. He said that the pigeon must have got into the house through the hole he made with the ball, and then broken the other window-panes in trying to get out. He offered to do any work he could and earn money to pay for the broken glass, if only they would not hurt the pigeon.

The result was that the white pigeon was given to him for his own. It soon became perfectly tame. Shortly after, Brian, the boy, read in a book about birds a description of the very kind of pigeon his pet was, and learned that it was a carrier.

Then he began to train the bird. He told his father that no man nor horse could carry



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A LOMALAND CACTUS WHICH HAD MORE THAN FORTY BLOOMS
OPEN AT THE SAME TIME

OUT IN THE SNOW

THE snow and the silence came down together,
Through the night so white and so still;
And young folks, housed from the bitter weather—
Housed from the storm and the chill—

Heard in their dreams the sleigh-bells jingle,
Coasted the hill-sides under the moon,
Felt their cheeks with the keen air tingle,
Skimmed the ice with their steel-clad shoon.

They saw the snow when they rose in the morning,
Glittering ghost of the vanished night,
Though the sun shone clear in the winter dawning,
And the day with a frosty pomp was bright.

Out in the clear, cold, winter weather—
Out in the winter weather like wine—
Kate with her dancing scarlet feather,
Bess with her peacock plumage fine,

Joe and Jack with their peeling laughter,
Frank and Tom with their gay hallo,
And half a score of roisterers after,
Out in the witching, wonderful snow.

Shivering graybeards shuffle and stumble,
Righting themselves with a frozen frown,
Grumbling at every snowy tumble;
But young folks know why the snow came down.

Louise Chandler Moulton (Selected)

a message as fast as a bird, and that he would make the bird very useful as a messenger in time. This was long before the day of telephones and telegraphs. He devoted most of his playtime to training it.

One day he told his father that he would go to the market town and send the pigeon home as soon as he got there, to tell the prices that were being asked at market that day. So he did; and very soon Brian's white pigeon was regularly employed to carry messages and was known at all the fairs and markets.

Some wicked men, who were planning to rob the owner of the new house where Brian found the pigeon, thought of this carrier of messages when they wanted to send word secretly to a man whom they expected to join them in their evil doings. They stole the white pigeon, and began to train it to carry letters to the men who were in the plot to rob. This they did by feeding the bird regularly at the place where they wished it to leave the message.

Poor Brian was broken-hearted at the loss of his pet. He searched for it in vain. One day to his great joy it flew home to him. Brian ran to show it to his mother, and as he went, discovered a message under one of its wings — and a dirty scrawl it was. It had important news in it, however, for it told that the bad men would commit the robbery that very night and gave the place where they were to meet — eight of them — and at the end warned the man who received this message to hide the bird until the next day.

The pigeon, you see, had flown to his right home just at the right moment. Brian and his father hastened to tell the gentleman of the threatened robbery at his house, and of course it was never permitted to take place. You can imagine how rejoiced Brian was at the service his white pigeon had been able to do. Some great good fortune came to Brian after that; but I will leave it for you to read about in Miss Edgeworth's story.

There is an interesting fact about Miss Edgeworth which you should know. When she was writing these stories and later other books which made pictures for everyone of life in Ireland, the great Scottish author, Sir Walter Scott, had not begun to write stories; and it was Maria Edgeworth's tales of Irish life that inspired Sir Walter Scott to write the stories he later gave to the world as the Waverley Novels. G.

LIFE is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things.—George MacDonald

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DECEMBER the 25th, 1910

Total number of hours sunshine recorded during NOVEMBER 188.
Possible sunshine, 315. Percentage, 60. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 6.27 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

Dec.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
19	29.824	60	47	48	43	0.00	SE	6
20	29.886	59	48	52	50	0.20	W	10
21	29.791	60	51	52	50	0.00	SE	2
22	29.918	57	45	49	46	0.01	SE	5
23	29.939	58	49	54	52	0.01	NE	6
24	29.744	65	45	49	45	0.01	SE	2
25	29.664	60	49	50	48	trace	SE	4

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devoted to

THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY

the promulgation of

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and

The Study of Ancient and Modern

ETHICS, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND ART

Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 10

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Copper Disks for Cholera: Talismans

AN English doctor, writing to one of the leading London papers, advocates the wearing of a copper disk on the abdomen, next the skin, as a preventive of cholera. He says it is not a charm or fetish, but a scientific prophylactic. The body, he says, will absorb enough copper to render the wearer immune. He quotes Hahnemann in support of the efficacy of wearing copper, and gives instances of its use in Eastern Europe against the epidemic.

It may not be a charm, but it looks very much like one. If it is merely a scientific prophylactic, why not administer the copper in medicine in the usual way?

We regard this as an admission of the efficacy and rationality of an ancient remedy. It is true that this case differs from that of many amulets and talismans in affording a possible explanation in accordance with the ideas of modern chemistry. But it does not seem likely that this is the whole explanation, else why not take doses of a copper salt or apply a copper ointment or poultice? The resources of our medicine provide for these latter means, together with various others that will recur readily enough to the medical mind. But the idea of wearing a copper disk suspended over the abdomen by a string from the neck, is, we submit, a borrowing from ancient talismanic magic and not an original idea of modern medicine. In fact it is an idea which would be adopted with reluctance. Under these circumstances, then, it is not unreasonable to surmise that there is some special value in this particular mode of administering the copper.

Can modern science provide us with a reason for thinking that copper salts formed by sweat-corrosion and absorbed by the skin would be more efficacious than copper salts formed in a test-tube and administered through the mouth? Or shall we conclude that the special virtue in this case depends on some virtue peculiar to talismans as such? In support of this conclusion we can at least adduce the other talismans, such as a piece of inscribed parchment. There are no copper salts in this case; and perhaps the virtue here is only of that other and unknown kind which the copper charm may be supposed to possess in addition to its recognized chemical virtues.

How did so many ancient peoples come to believe so persistently in the efficacy of inscribed scrolls, precious stones, geometrical figures, etc? We may of course, considering the isolated case of the copper disk, say that

it was the absorption of the copper salts which did the curing and not the pantacle engraved on the surface; and that the ancients fooled themselves in the matter. But, apart from the objection that this requires us to believe that the ancients were more uncertain and fallible than ourselves, the argument does not fit the other cases of talismans. The disk might be of gold, which does not give off any salts; or it might be of jade or of parchment. What was the condition of the ancients' mind in these cases, and what is the correct explanation? In these cases they must have been much more badly fooled. And if they could believe that a paper scroll would cure them, when there is no chemical fact behind to justify such belief, why is it necessary for us to make such a point about the copper salts? The only principle on which we can justify ourselves is the principle of jumping at an explanation when there is one, and doing without it when there isn't.

Possibly the ancients began by wearing copper disks, and finding that these cured them they mistook the cause and imagined that other substances would be as effectual. We offer this theory purely for the purpose of forestalling other theorists; for often the best way to refute a theory is to state it in plain language. Being endowed with a judicial mind, we find ourselves unable to believe that the universal faith in the efficacy of talismans is all error. Neither can we believe that it is all truth. We have arrived at the conclusion that the human mind in this case has exhibited its usual character, and that the talismanic lore consists of truth mixed with superstition and error. Having decided that there is truth at the bottom of the matter, we are obliged to infer that the talismans brought to bear some natural principle which modern science has not yet discovered. We had previously made up our mind, in any case, that there must still be some natural principles which modern research has not yet discovered; so that our conclusion seems quite reasonable. We have no desire to cavil at the argument that because the knowledge of today is unable to devise an explanation, therefore, there is no explanation, and therefore the ancients were deluded; our point is merely that we prefer the other argument because it does not jar our wits so badly.

May we not perhaps invoke the all-potent aid of certain newly adopted deities, whose powers, because undefined, are infinite: the Electrons, and all those things that have letters of the Greek alphabet tacked on to the begin-

**Magic---the
Science of
the Potencies
of Life**

ning? The thing has been done in the case of magic waters. The case of these waters is remarkably similar to that of the amulets. Whenever we found that a water of reputed magical healing powers contained salts known to our pharmacopoeia, we availed ourselves of this explanation. But it was known that some of these waters did not contain such salts, or that waters which did contain salts lost their efficacy, though not their salts, when taken away in bottles; or that waters artificially made with exactly the same chemical composition as the natural water did not possess the same curative effect as the latter. Then another explanation was needed; and, this not being forthcoming, the ancients were provisionally fools. Then Curie came to the rescue, and the other people who discovered various rays. The magic waters contained radium or some emanation.

Now apply this to the talismans. Perhaps they give off an emanation. If it is not the α or β emanation, then perhaps it is the γ . And there may be emanations enough to exhaust the Hebrew alphabet too, for

**Invisible Rays
are the most
potent**

ought we dare assert. And even thus, we have only sounded the depths of the lower planes of nature, and there remain the higher planes, whereon function the substances and forces out of which thoughts are formed. The explanation may lie here. In fine, there is much to be said for the idea that talismanic magic is based on actual knowledge relating to domains of research foreign to modern science; and that the superstitions in connexion therewith owe their vitality to the truths from which they spring.

What is the scientific rationale of breaking a bottle of wine over the prow of a ship; making the sign of the cross on the brow of a babe with water from a font blessed by a priest; wishing a person good luck while you take a sip of wine; and many another thing one might mention?

But though talismanic magic may be a science — nay, *because* it is a science — it demands *knowledge* in its practice. A savage might carry a barometer about with him to insure good weather,

**Right Living
is the best
real talisman**

and beat it when the weather was bad. A peasant might swallow the lotion, and rub in the draught. A dabbler in electricity might couple up his cells in opposition, and denounce the whole science because he failed to get a current. So with talismanic magic. It is probably about as useful to a man as a trombone; one man can get a fine tune out of it, for another it is merely a fine wall decoration. So we do not recommend an indiscriminate incursion into these realms. We should not recommend an invalid, of unknown symptoms, to undertake a raid on a pharmacy, with a view to invoking the aid of any bottle or instrument he might chance upon. You would not expect us to make such a recommendation as that! Then why should we recommend anyone to take the first execrably translated Sanskrit book he happens to see or hear of, and attempt to apply anything he may happen to read therein to his own case?

There are people who would be angry if we refused to consider them as belonging to the

cultured classes, who are paying their dollars to sit in a darkened room with an altar and colored fire, and weird symbols on the walls, while some individual in robes relieves himself of indescribable nonsense. This is superstition and folly. Between this and serious study what a gulf is fixed!

STUDENT

Dragons in Central Africa

A RECENT issue of the *Scotsman* says:

Once again the report comes from Africa that terrible monsters hitherto unknown to naturalists inhabit the swamps and jungles of the unexplored interior,

and the writer goes on to say that this time it is a letter from Charles Brooks, explorer and scientist of Johannesburg, who declares that natives of the swamps of northern Rhodesia along the borders of the Sahara have told him of creatures so big that beside them elephants look like small cats. Hagenback, the animal collector, said that the natives had described to him a huge monster half-beast and half-dragon which inhabited these very swamps. Traveler and explorer to the contrary, however, says the cautious writer, no man who values his scientific reputation would seriously maintain that there is much in the tales of the natives. Nevertheless, and perhaps for the benefit of those who have no reputation to imperil, the writer proceeds to adduce arguments which tend to support the veracity of the natives; adding that

the scientific world has been startled more than once by unexpected verifications of what it had hitherto scorned as fable—for the scientific world is always scornful of what it has not seen.

The statement is rather sweeping, and does not, we believe, include all men of science. We would say it applies to the dogmatists and theorists, to whom the word "scientific" is wrongfully arrogated, and not to what ought to be understood by the "scientific world."

Continuing, he says that there was a day when the earth was populated with dragons, whose bones may be seen in museums. The last perished four million years ago, say geologists. In their day the earth was hot and moist, the land was covered with tropical jungle, and, so far as science has been able to discover, man had not yet made his appearance.

For what is a dragon? There are many different descriptions in the legends, but the general idea is that of an enormous creature with a head like a rhinoceros, a hippopotamus, or a crocodile, a tail like a crocodile's, claws like those of an eagle or a lion, sometimes winged, sometimes wingless. In a general way these descriptions coincide with those which geologists give us of the dinosaurs.

Besides the travelers just mentioned, a correspondent of the *Buluwayo Chronicle* had also heard of the monsters, and had interviewed the natives, showing them sketches of geological monsters and correcting the sketches by their descriptions, until he finally evolved a drawing which the natives agreed resembled the terror of the swamps. This, they said, had the head and tail of a crocodile, the horns of a rhinoceros, the neck of a python, and the body of a hippopotamus, and it propelled itself with flappers. The estimates of length set it from 25 to 50 feet.

The Brontosaurus in the New York Museum of Natural History had, says a scientific writ-

er, a long flexible neck like the ostrich, a thick short slab-sided body, and straight massive post-like limbs, suggesting the elephant, and a remarkably small head. The skeleton is 66ft. 8 inches long. After describing others of these dinosaurs, the writer continued that if it should turn out that any of these primitive dragons are still alive in Africa, they are probably of the gentle herbivorous kind, but the terror of the natives can be understood. Herodotus was laughed at for his description of the pigmies, which Stanley afterwards discovered; and the tales of the huge white rhinoceroses were ridiculed until a few years ago, when specimens were shot. The okapi was never suspected until Sir Harry Johnston secured specimens of his skin.

All this reminds us very strongly of what H. P. Blavatsky has written in *The Secret Doctrine*. Speaking of mythological monsters, she maintains that, though their representations were used symbolically as emblems, just as our modern *Leo heraldicus* and American eagle, still the designs originated in delineations of actually existing animals. The original descriptions and designs were obtained traditionally from men who had been contemporary with such animals. Many of the mythological animals now seen as emblems have doubtless been conventionalized into shapes outside the strict laws of anatomy; but in general plan they are based on actual beasts. And, in fact, H. P. Blavatsky asserts that the dragon is derived from the Mesozoic dinosaurs.

The idea that such animals may still be existing in Africa seems to us eminently reasonable, apart from the testimony, which we have no reason for doubting. Africa is a continent, the bulk of which has been long isolated; and it contains such a marvelous mixture of tribes that its population seems to be the remnants of a whole humanity of races. It seems not only possible but highly probable that, the climatic conditions and other circumstances continuing favorable, many ancient animal species would survive, and some of these herbivorous dinosaurs continue to propagate themselves in the tropical swamps. The fact that they are coeval with man now, should it be established, would facilitate the belief that man was coeval with them before; as indeed H. P. Blavatsky maintains. And she is likely to prove right in this, as in many other matters.

It must not be supposed that the symbolical character of an animal prevents its having been a reality also; for many actual animals are used as symbols. The dragon is a symbol. It represents that aggregate of human powers, which has to be subdued by the Self of Spirit, ere man can attain emancipation. It is a terrible monster, but the hero overcomes it and liberates the Princess.

STUDENT

A Remarkable Nebulous Region

A NEBULOUS region near ϵ Persei has many features irreconcilable with the usual theories as to gravitation, condensation, collision, etc. Light would take about 24 years to travel from one end to the other of that region alone, which is situated some 500 light-years, more or less, from us. Could there possibly be room, in that particular realm, 145 trillion miles in length, for a few formative laws other than those recognized in this corner of infinitude?

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Our Neglected Rights

IF science has given us freedom she has also thrown some of us into bondage. She has claimed a right which we have allowed her to forbid to ourselves. We sit like a bird before a snake, fascinated, watching her graceful movements, forgetting that we can make just the same ones, perhaps even better and more graceful.

The movements consist in the making of hypotheses; there is her right, her freedom. As for ourselves, we may but look on humbly, hoping but doubting that our souls may be left to us.

The laws of a hypothesis are, that it shall creditably explain the facts for which it is invoked, that it shall not be inconceivable, that it shall be consistent with experience, that though there may be facts which it does not explain, there shall be none visible which overthrow it. That is, the hypothesis-maker must see by inspection of his past experience, that the cause which he postulates would really do the work which he ascribes to it. His hypothesis must also better explain the facts, or explain more facts, than any existing rival.

Science, for instance, facing the material facts of the universe, makes the hypotheses of molecules, atoms, electrons, the ether and waves therein, believing that with these and the properties ascribed to them the visible facts and occurrences of the inorganic universe can be explained. The making is perfectly legitimate—unless, at any rate, you object that the properties ascribed to the ether are inconceivable or outside any human experience of possibility.

The average man, who nevertheless wants his soul and a universal soul and an intelligent purposeful nature, sits waiting, half hypnotized, not daring to follow the laws of hypothesis-making and make some for himself. Science refuses him the right, and he is foolish enough to accept the prohibition.

One notes the facts of human character, that the character and capacities of no two men are alike, that character begins to show itself almost from birth, that the same heredity is compatible with absolutely different outcome in different individuals. One accordingly constructs the hypothesis of reincarnation. Men bring their characters and capacities, as they formerly made them, from the last birth, and begin to exhibit them directly the brain has become choate enough. The holder of this hypothesis has conformed to all the laws; he has a perfect right to advance it on any proper occasion. It is not contrary to any experience; it harmonizes with and explains certain experiences which are not otherwise explained; no facts disprove it; on the contrary, some thought to do so end by finding in it their explanation.

Some men of science hypothesize that their molecules, ether, etc., embodiments or shorthand symbols of certain forces, are adequate to explain all that goes on in total nature, organic as well as inorganic. The humble ordinary man finds this contrary to his experience, and inconceivable. He knows, for

example, that his conscious and purpose-aimed will is a factor in the movements of that much matter, at any rate, which composes his own body and brain. He finds that the only scientific answer to this is a mere denial. He wants to know why his own continuous experience, and that of all other living men, is to be set at naught by a *fractional part* of the experience of Professor X, that part artificially created in the laboratory. He finds that the mechanicalist view of nature does not explain any of the most important properties of *variations* in the biological kingdoms; why they are on the whole not only adaptations but *upward* adaptations to surroundings; does not explain the most marked cases of protective mimicry; does not explain how certain ants ever came to use the secretions of the mouths of their larvae to sew leaves together with. It appears to him that a conscious intelligent purpose in nature, acting on matter as in his own experience in his own body he knows himself to act upon it, is a hypothesis which does cover all the facts—the most important ones—left in the cold by the mechanical theory. No facts disprove it. Why is he so humble as to be unwilling to make it?

Why, finding that he can control his mind as he will, make it think what thoughts and have what pictures he will, have and un-have what feelings he will, that he can stop, start, and deflect mental and emotional currents as he will, is he afraid to hypothesize that he in his own nature must be other and higher than that which he can thus manipulate? Why is he afraid to call his own controlling nature a *soul-nature*?

Let him take courage. The universe is somehow what in his highest aspirations he yearns for it to be. Let him make his hypotheses courageously, obeying the laws of the making, and then living and thinking accordingly.

STUDENT

The Will to Believe

IN one of his essays Professor James argues that *the will to believe* is a rational use of will. When the will is thus exercised and experiment made, it may turn out that the thing willed into belief is true and that the knowledge gained is of measureless value.

His argument could be filled out a little, and in any case would have more weight if the ordinary and orthodox connotations and sequences of the word "believe" were not so unfortunate.

It is evidently *possible* that the wish to believe is not merely the craving of the timorous or weakling for a support, but the appearance in consciousness of an intuition that there is something to be known which cannot be got at by bare reasoning or by sense-inspection of things and inductions therefrom; the craving of a faculty of knowledge to be allowed to work. It is surely a piece of wisdom to test the matter.

But then, with what piece of initial belief shall we gratify the desire to believe? In considering this we remember that the wisest of mankind, in all ages and among all peoples,

have said that there is a path to real knowledge whose gateway is the believing in it, said so as experienced travelers thereon; and that there are two seats of human knowing consciousness, one of which, neglected in ordinary mental speculation, is of the "heart," this "heart" *not* being the seat of emotion but of true cognition.

We take this, then, as it were experimentally, for true. We suppose that the will to believe is really a consenting to the wish of the "heart" consciousness to be allowed to function and grow. This growth with its fruits we miss by demanding that the other consciousness, the purely ratiocinatory, shall be our only instrument of spiritual research work. This latter will profitably work and luxuriantly grow in the higher field once we get there; but its activities do not constitute the path to there.

We have to get at the common element in the teachings of those who, having attained the "heart" knowledge, have tried to express something of it in terms helpful and encouraging and adapted to the thinking and perhaps emotional consciousness of those whom they addressed. What would be this common element?

Perhaps something like this:

That there is an all-present, transpersonal, supreme Consciousness, cognition of which is made by the "heart," not by ratiocination; that within it, of its essence, are all the lesser, monad consciousnesses, from the atom up to and beyond man; that it is the urge or impulse in these to manifest a fuller and fuller and finally perfect expression of itself; that its first and most primarily comprehensible nature is that of immense transcendental compassion; that it is to be apprehended in this its first nature by the induction in the "heart" of that same sort of consciousness, compassion, the lesser thus consciously making itself like the greater. The normal course of evolution for the contained monads is the attainment of the sensual consciousness, then the emotional, then the gnostic, knowing, spiritual; then an altogether new order of life sets in, beyond the scope of any now normal imagining. What men call the virtues are some of the steps of evolution and they are necessarily all contained in or flow from compassion. The forces known to science are the objectively seen modes of life and working of this supreme Consciousness. Prayer to it is the aspiration to feel and realize its nature, an inspiration to which it necessarily responds. It is not personal, for the feeling of personality is but a stage in the evolution of its monads. Human life is necessarily immortal, but it only becomes self-knowingly so through the cultivation of the "heart" consciousness.

Such would perhaps be the common element. It would seem worth while to experiment in the matter. In many of the ancient scriptures, say for example the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, this supreme Consciousness is given voice or takes voice through the lips of one who had opened his heart and mind to it.

STUDENT

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

The Eleusinian Mysteries

THE presentation of a picture of Eleusis recalls the subject of the Mysteries and gives occasion for a few words thereon. In the Eleusinian Mysteries we find what is probably one of the best known of the latest accredited survivals of an institution which in older times was far more widely spread. That these Mysteries were neither fraud nor folly is a matter that requires no proof for those who are endowed with the impartiality and common-sense necessary to form a judicial opinion of the value of testimony. In the CENTURY PATH for September 25 were printed some valuable remarks on this point from the celebrated scholar, Thomas Taylor, relative to a kindred topic, the ancient oracles. He shows conclusively that no greater demand could possibly be made upon credulity than to require us to believe that these oracles were frauds. To do so we must invalidate all human testimony — if on this point, then logically on every other point; and the same applies to the Mysteries.

The truths that underlie formal religions and sciences can only be revealed to minds prepared to receive them. Real knowledge of the essential laws and principles of nature can only be achieved through the purification of our faculties. Thus real knowledge is indissolubly bound up with right conduct. The knowledge guarded by the Schools of the Mysteries consisted in part of things which could not be revealed because incomprehensible to the unprepared, and partly of things which it would be disastrous to reveal to a world unable to profit by them and likely to abuse them.

To understand the place of the Mysteries in history we must be prepared to accept the Theosophical view, now however being rapidly vindicated by archaeology, that the hitherto known periods of ancient history, comprise a valley in human evolution, beyond which in a remoter antiquity rise heights of knowledge and culture. The Eleusinian Mysteries were but survivals from a more illustrious past.

That the knowledge of the truth of the Mysteries lingers in the recesses of the human soul is shown by the fact that the subject never fails to exercise its mysterious attraction, and that cranks and impostors avail themselves of this feeling in order to obtain attention for absurdities which otherwise they would never be able to palm off upon the public. Even the name of Eleusis has been thus degraded by being made the bait for an appeal to the idle curiosity of an unoccupied and half-educated section of society.

But, as said, the real Mysteries demand seriousness, earnestness, sincerity, study. They make no appeal to the idle and insincere, nor to those harboring personal ambitions. These, finding that the pure and lofty tone of conduct demanded imposes an insuperable barrier to the attempts of those who would force admission without the password, turn away in mockery. But those of serious purpose in life are encouraged rather than daunted when told that knowledge is the meed of service and that sacrifices will be required of them.



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RUINS OF THE GREATER PROPYLAEA, ELEUSIS

Let us try to picture the probable result of an attempt to establish a school of the Mysteries today. It would be unrecognized by the majority. It would excite violent opposition from many quarters. It would give rise to spurious imitations trading upon its credit. It would be unable to give out any teaching, except upon the old and invariable condition, that those who wish instruction *must obey the rules*. It could but offer people the opportunity to qualify themselves; and if they spurned the opportunity, what more could it do?

The understanding of our own nature and of the real meaning of life, so that we may escape from the shadow of life that we are living and attain to the glorious reality of human life as it was meant to be — this is the subject of the Mysteries. The lessons are simple, yet profound. To learn the conquest of self requires no recondite mystery, but the faithful application of a few well-known and time-honored rules. Those who wish to unveil the eye of the Soul are at liberty to enter upon the path leading to that consummation, and none can hinder them.

The Mysteries were distinguished into two parts — the Greater and the Lesser, the Inner and the Outer. The Outer Mysteries were such teachings as could be conveyed to the uninitiated public, and it was conveyed in dramatic form, this being the most effectual method of teaching great moral truths. Hence the origin of the drama, whose history we can trace from its sacred antiquity, through various stages of more restricted use up to the times when it has served merely as an amusement. The symbolism and rites of our creeds, the mythology (in part) of the classics, and many other traditions and emblems, have been derived from these Outer teachings of the Mysteries. The symbolism in which the teachings were expressed was so designed as at once

to conceal and reveal truths, so that only those at a certain stage of qualification could know the real meaning — only those who had ears to hear, could hear.

We have ample evidence that Christianity is derived from the Mysteries, its surviving rites being traceable to their mystic originals. Jesus is said to have had private teachings for his disciples, and to have taught the multitude in parables.

The Mysteries still exist, for the Truth lives, and man still has power to attain it. But the possibility of establishing schools of the Mysteries depends upon the possibility of finding a sufficient number of people who can work together in harmony in pursuance of the path of unselfish service to humanity. It is the desire of all Theosophists to remove from this subject all associations of folly and clap-trap, and to restore it to a basis of dignity and true scholarship. For the vanity of ignorance and shallow culture, and the feebleness of sentimentality, have not killed all reverence and sincerity from our hearts.

STUDENT

A Monolithic Temple

A PROFUSELY carved and elaborated temple which is yet a single stone is a marvel. It is difficult to imagine that such a structure can have been fashioned without the laying of a single stone upon another anywhere. Yet this is the case with the Kailāsa Temple at Ellora, India, which has been excavated from the living rock, not only inwardly like the cave-temples, but outwardly as well, so that it stands on the ground like an ordinary building, with an open space around it. It has all the usual richness of design and elaboration of ornament, and contains a figure of the Bull, Nandin, symbol of Siva. The amount of labor and art bestowed on such a work passes the imagination. H.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Injurious Illumination

A PAPER recently read by Mr. Steinmetz before the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia was partly a defense of artificial light against a libel. Certain eye diseases are on the increase. Our new knowledge of the higher rays and their pathological effects has led us to ascribe these diseases exclusively to the character of the light. We make the ultra-violet rays the sole sinners, forgetting our own sinfulness. There *are* certain ultra-violet rays in nearly all modern sources of illumination. The ideal is the imitation of daylight and the imitation is now often pretty good. But daylight itself contains ultra-violet light, more of it than in most of the imitations. The chiefest real cause of the diseases and failures of vision is that the perfection of our illumination has enabled us to use the eyes for many more hours than nature intended.

But there are harmful effects due to our still imperfect imitation of daylight. Some of the best of our imitations alter or obscure the colors of objects, and when the work is concerned with colors the retina becomes congested from necessitated over-attention to its impressions.

Light should come from above and when that is impossible it should be screened through opaque shades. The screen does for the artificial light something like that which the atmosphere does for sunlight. When we look directly at the sun we see it as a yellow disk for the reason that practically only the red and yellow rays come straight to our eyes. The blue and higher rays are broken, refracted, reflected in every direction a million times. If we could get above our atmosphere the sun would probably look a fine blue.

Most of our forms of illumination are sources of much more heat than light. We do not understand the heatless light of the glowworm. When something is raised to yellow incandescence but a small fraction of the power comes off as useful light. The rest is in the form of the infra-red rays of heat, not only not useful but objectionable. As in the case of the eye-diseases of firemen the resulting injury is really in the nature of a *burn* of the retina. Fortunately these burns as a rule heal readily. The effects are immediate and the recovery quick.

But the "burn" from rays of the other end of the spectrum is another matter. The chemical destruction (rather than true burn) of the retina shows itself very slowly; the resulting headache or blurring of vision may be ascribed to some other cause and when rightly traced the alteration of occupation and the treatment may be too late.

The paper divides the two known octaves of ultra-violet light into three parts, a lower, middle and upper. The lower third is practically harmless, as much so as daylight. The middle and upper parts do the damage. They exist, for example, in unshielded arc lights and in spark discharges, and very slightly in lights passing through glass, which (unless it is quartz glass) is opaque to them. Even a short exposure to the higher rays may in a

week or two show that they did their work.

We have lost something in the course of evolution which owls, eagles and some other birds still possess. They have another eyelid, in the ball itself, right in front of the retina. It acts automatically, opening out like a parasol directly too much light strikes the membrane. The eagle for example thus has just twice as many eyelids as we. It has our pair; it has the "nictitating membrane" which on occasion passes across the front of the ball from the inner corner; and it has the deeper "parasol" lid.

STUDENT

The Earth's Spine

AS geology is beginning to permit Atlantis — home of the human race during its fourth evolutionary period, that preceding our own, the Aryan, the fifth — to have existed, so also Lemuria, the third home. So far, however, it is existence alone that is permitted; *humanized* existence must wait. Theosophy must be thankful for a little at a time.

Sir Thomas Holland, professor of mineralogy at the University of Manchester, has been discussing the constitution of the earth in general and the Himālayas in particular. These mountains, like some others, show a deficiency of mass or gravity. They are as it were spongy, the part above the crust and also the root within the crust.

But further south, parallel with them, on the alluvial plains of the Ganges, there runs what might be called a buried range, not outcropping to the surface at all, nearly thirty miles deep. It is as dense as the other is spongy.

This heavy ridge, of which no other signs appear at the surface, deflects the plum-line from its normal vertical position, and counteracts the attraction of the Himālayan mass at stations between it and the mountains.

How came these two oppositely characterized lines to exist?

For geological ages before the Himālayas began to rise there was a great continent stretching away to the south from India to Africa, and an ocean then stretched across Europe and Central Asia, with its southern shore near the present line of Himālayan snowy peaks.

From Theosophic sources we might contribute to this that the great continent stretched far away eastward of India, and on the west curving round where is now the southern point of Africa ran up what is now the Atlantic Ocean to the far north. It was this Atlantic prolongation of Lemuria that subsequently became Atlantis after the rest of the horseshoe had sunk. Considering the piece of it described by Sir Thomas Holland we get his explanation of the two ridges.

For ages material was carried away by rivers from this continent, and was deposited near the southern shore of the great Eurasian basin,

the basin of the aforesaid Euro-Asian ocean. Thus the continent gradually became unloaded while the shore-line grew heavier and heavier with deposit. This overweighted shore-line began to sag and the sagging opened up southward fissures inland parallel therewith, some

within the crust altogether and hidden, some opening up on to the surface. Still further sagging of the heavy shore and beyond-shore forced the deeper fluid magma on which it lay to creep southward and fill up these fissures with dense injected deposit, thus constituting the dense hidden line running parallel with the Himālayas.

Soon after this catastrophe occurred, the enormous masses of sediment which had accumulated in the great Eurasian ocean, having reached a depth sufficient with their store of radium to become softened, were buckled up to form the great plateau of Thibet,

and its Himālayan rim.

By the action of great thrusts from the north, these are now being pushed over on to the plains of India, folding over like breakers on the sea shore.

The theory however seems to involve more than it says. For if the weighted Eurasian shore-line forced underlying magma southward it should have forced a parallel wave of the same northward. There should be a dense hidden ridge as far north of the Himālayan as the other is south, the three being somewhat comparable, in the case of a man lying on his face, to his spinal cord in the middle and most superficial, with the two sympathetic cords one on either side of it and deeper. According to Theosophy this triple cord, its three parts varying (in the geological ages) above and below the surface in various parts of their extent, encircles most of the globe. STUDENT

"The" Glacial Period

PROFESSOR Lepsius' address to the Geological Congress in Stockholm has perhaps attracted most notice for its insistence upon Atlantis as a causative factor in the maintenance of glacialization. For while the Atlantic was bridged there could be no warming Gulf Stream.

Of an interglacial period he would have nothing; the glacial history was unbroken; for the appearances suggestive of a warm interval he had other explanations.

The cause of the cold was local. Europe was largely above the snow line. The Alps were 5000 feet higher than now; Scandinavia 7000 or 8000; what are now the Norway fjords were then river beds; even the North-German lowlands were higher by 2000 feet. Moreover there was no Atlantic Ocean, Atlantis bridging the great gulf; consequently no Gulf Stream. The average temperature of Europe was 9 or 10° C. lower than now.

The theory leaves the rise and fall of Europe unaccounted for; and it makes Europe of one piece with Atlantis, the two rising and falling together. According to Theosophy, however, Europe was only *rising* long after Atlantis had sunk, the latter *continent* having practically disappeared more than three quarters of a million years ago; whilst glacialization of the former was half a million years later and due to a polar change. Till geology accepts a succession of polar changes as one of the chief causative factors in continental and climatic changes she will be unable to make any really explanatory theories. C.

Nature

Studies

Plants that Endure Drought

EXPERIMENTS on the surviving power of plants deprived of water are described in an article by Dr. D. T. Macdougall, in the *Scientific American Supplement*. A large melon cactus weighing 18 kilograms was taken up in November, and by exposure to sun and wind lost 6 kilograms by the ensuing May. After being set in the soil during the summer rains it regained its former weight, and in October "showed a draft of 20 kilograms." Being taken up again and exposed, it sank to 13 in the next May. An echinocactus weighing less than 2 kilograms was taken from the soil in March, and exposed to the full action of the sun and wind for a year, after which it was taken to a shaded room. Twenty-six months after having had any water it weighed about 500 grams and was losing one-fifth of a gram a day.

The guarequi of Sonora takes in its water during the moist season, and then its roots die and its stems dry up, so that it lies for the rest of the year like a stone on the desert. If it does not get any water next year it can still go through its seasonal activity on the basis of its reservoir. A specimen was brought from Sonora and placed on a museum shelf in New York in April 1902, where it has continued to send up stems year after year, though it has had no water since August 1901. It is estimated that some individuals are in condition to carry on their functions for a quarter of a century. E.

My Lady Indigo

I RECENTLY received a gift of a tarantula-killer in a wide-mouthed bottle. No photograph can convey any idea of her extreme beauty. The wings are of a dull reddish gold and the body is colored with rich indigo of varying shades which flashes in the sunshine with a rich metallic luster. The eyes are glossy black and the antennae or feelers are almost always in tremulous motion, sometimes coiled, sometimes stretched out straight. The second day of our acquaintance I persuaded her to crawl on to my hand and suck up sugar syrup from my finger. The delicate titillation of the skin by the rapid movements of the tongue is a most delightful sensation. She evidently enjoyed great power of vision and showed nervousness at the slightest sudden movement on the part of a spectator. Very soon she became quite tame and seemed to have some dim sense of my relationship to her. Once she nibbled gently on my skin, when I saw fit to restrain her movements.



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THE TARANTULA KILLER
(*Pepsis formosa*)

Another time when I jostled her in my attempts to get her into her glass house in a hurry, she deliberately sat down on my thumb and administered a hypodermic injection with her sting. It was more an emphatic protest than an unfriendly act and the hot pain had completely passed away in fifteen minutes. It was quite affecting to see this nervous, energetic insect sunk in profound slumber at night; but often in the late evening when a light was brought near her she could be seen standing motionless and evidently asleep. She grew somewhat particular in her diet after a while and refused watermelon, which the wild ones love. Her favorite choice was a rich solution of sugar in water and this beverage she drank

with evident enthusiasm. One day, thinking she had earned her liberty, I placed her on a long stick and held it high in the air, thinking she would fly away. She simply sauntered up and down her wooden promenade and promptly ran into her bottle the moment she had a chance. A few days later I placed her on my tent roof and left her. Something like a sigh escapes me when I view her empty bottle and wonder how My Lady Indigo is getting on.

STUDENT

Studying the Roots of Plants

THE Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture is studying the development of root-systems. A trench is dug around a block of earth in which the given plants are growing, and a frame of wood and wire netting is fixed around the block. Then many thin wire rods are run through the earth from side to side and clamped to the wire netting, and a cap of plaster of Paris is spread over the top of the block. Then the block is lifted free and the soil is carefully washed away with warm water, leaving the plants and their root-system held firmly in a frame for study.

It is found that the water washes off the delicate root-ends, so they cannot be studied. An examination of the existing ends of the roots shows that they have already at this stage taken from the soil the nitrogen, lime, sodium, etc., needed for their nourishment; so that the work of chemical extraction must begin at an earlier stage where the roots are finer.

The Bureau finds that "roots seem to possess actual sentience" in their search for water; though, come to think, the entire business of growth is wonderful anyhow. Still the less familiar facts strike us more forcibly. A plant *knows* of any water that comes near it, and sends a root to fetch it, perhaps for a long distance. To explain this on any theory of mechanics or chemistry would make greater inroads on our faith than the simple belief that the plant is a sentient being. But sentience has many degrees, and plant consciousness is several removes from ours.

The Bureau can tell by this method which plants can send down a deep root after water, and which can only strike along near the surface after rain-water. This cannot be properly told by merely pulling up the plant. The effect of grass in keeping the soil in good condition and preventing it from becoming dense and airless is also shown.

The science of agriculture is still in its infancy, and each new discovery opens out a larger field than ever. H.



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ON THE RIVER BOYNE, IRELAND



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

Theosophy and Walt Whitman

NO student of Theosophy could read the poems or prose writings of Walt Whitman without being profoundly struck with the deep Theosophical significance in many of his utterances. Here, it is not merely a question of chance flashes of Theosophical truth, such as one comes across in every product of true genius, but a steady, consistent illumination which makes one wonder how this could fail to be the work of a great thinker. Not only do the grand ideas of Human Divinity and Universal Brotherhood, Reincarnation, and Karma, sound the basal notes in his great harmonies of thought, but his whole attitude toward life is in the main Theosophic. Like the great leaders of that movement, his call to Humanity is a ringing one, positive, imperative, and electric.

Whoever you are, come forth! or man or woman come forth!

You must not stay sleeping and dallying there in the house, though you built it, or though it has been built for you.

Listen! I will be honest with you, I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,

These are the days that must happen to you: You shall not heap up what is call'd riches, You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,

You but arrive at the city to which you were destined, you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction before you are call'd by an irresistible call to depart,

You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind you, What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting, You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands toward you.

Whitman's real message to Humanity is identically the same message as that of Theo-

sophy. It is this: every human being is a divine soul. We do not merely *have* souls, among our other possessions and attributes; we *are* souls, free, eternal, unlimited in possibilities of growth, and moreover, all material things exist for the soul's development.

The Soul,
Forever and forever—longer than soil is brown
and solid—longer than water ebbs and flows.

Yet again, lo! the soul, above all science,
For it has history gathered like husks around the globe,
For it the entire star-myrriads roll through the sky.

The soul of man is itself the fountain-head of all divine inspiration and authority—it never comes from without, but always from within, and it never ceases. Religion is no hard crystal, formed for our delectation many centuries ago by some outside force, but a continual growth from the heart of man, changing as he changes and expanding as he expands.

We consider bibles and religions divine; I do not say they are not divine,
I say they have all grown out of you, and may grow out of you still,
It is not *they* who give the life, it is *you* who give the life,
Leaves are not more shed from the *trees*, or trees from the *earth*, than they are shed out of *you*.

Naturally, to one who utters such words as these, there can be no limit to the possibilities of human attainment.

I know I have the best of time and space, and was never measured, and never will be measured.
This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the crowded heaven,
And I said to my spirit "When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then?"
And my spirit said "No, we but level that lift to pass and continue beyond."

And all this vast promise of growth depends entirely upon the individual man himself.

No one can acquire for another—not one,
No one can grow for another—not one.

And the price of it is struggle, effort, continual unyielding mastery of the lower self. Success in itself is nothing; it is only the struggle and self-conquest that matters.

Have the past struggles succeeded?
What has succeeded? yourself? your nation? Nature? Now understand me well—it is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.

Not all beings are equally developed—but the lesser souls, far down the scale of progress, are also on the road, and they too will arrive. To the spiritually arrogant, he would say:

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President? It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every one, and still pass on.

It is this ennobling conception that gives the tenderness and pity, the vast love and encouragement for all creatures, that breathes through Whitman's poems. He is the champion of the laggards—at once their spur and their defender.

Do you know so much yourself that you call the slave or the dull-face ignorant?

Do you think matter has cohered together from its diffuse float and the soil is on its surface, and the water runs and vegetation sprouts, For you only, and not for him or her?
You Hottentot with clicking palate! you woolly-haired hordes!

You poor koboo whom the meanest of the rest

look down upon for all your glimmering language and spirituality!

I do not say one word against you, away back there where you stand,
(You will come forward in due time to my side).

And it is not only the human souls that are on this journey to "the goal that cannot be countermanded." He perceives the progress of the divine Monad through all the lower kingdoms of Nature, not inert and unconscious, but alive and ever advancing.

I swear I think now that everything without exception has an eternal soul!
The trees have, rooted in the ground! the weeds of the sea have! the animals!

The vegetables and minerals are all perfect and the imponderable fluids perfect;
Slowly and surely they have passed on to this, and slowly and surely they yet pass on.

He anticipates on spiritual lines Darwin's theory of Evolution, making of it a grander and completer thing than Darwin ever dreamed. The following quotation might serve as an exposition of the old Kabalistic formula "the stone becomes a plant, the plant an animal, and the animal a man," only he goes back to still more distant beginnings.

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing, I know I was even there,
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,
And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen,
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings, They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother generations guided me,
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could overlay it.

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me,
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

Surely these lines form a perfect commentary on the first chapters of *Genesis*; in their tremendous cosmic sweep, nothing else can parallel them in our literature, outside of H. P. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*, and *The Secret Doctrine*. They are uttered, not from the standpoint of the mere student, who has groped and sifted and dug among the facts and theories of science, but with the absolute, ringing conviction of one who has obtained first-hand illumination—of one who sees and knows! *Where* did Whitman get this?

He has grasped the great Theosophical explanation of Life and the Universe. It is not for the advance of individual souls alone, but for *all*, sweeping irresistibly onward and upward, acting and reacting on each other, dropping what is needless and outgrown, taking on new aspects at every turn, and bound for heights we cannot now conceive.

All parts away for the progress of souls,
All religion, all solid things, arts, governments—all that was or is apparent upon this globe or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession of souls along the grand roads of the universe.

None knew better than Whitman the throbbing exaltation and glow that comes with the cosmic consciousness and the perception of

Divine Plan. We share his solemn rapture when he says:

Give me O God to sing that thought,
Give him or her I love this quenchless faith,
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld, withhold
not from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Whitman's conception of Universal Brotherhood is entirely Theosophical. He feels it, not as a matter of theory, nor even of duty (the ordinary Christian idea), but as a vital necessity of his nature. As a natural corollary to the belief in the soul's divinity and progress, is the sense of its kinship with all other souls, the realization that they are all parts of the universal Whole. The consciousness of God brings with it, as an instant and inevitable accompaniment, the consciousness of all other beings, for God is the Whole, and therefore in every living creature. See how swiftly the second revelation flows in upon the first in the following passage, which is always cited as Whitman's first emergence into the super-conscious experience:

Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace and
knowledge that pass all the argument of the
earth,
And I know that the hand of God is the promise of
my own,
And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of
my own,
And that all men ever born are also my brothers, and
the women my sisters and lovers,
And that a kelson of the creation is love,
And limitless are leaves stiff or drooping in the
fields,
And brown ants in the little wells beneath them,
And mossy scabs of the worm fence, heap'd stones,
elder, mullein, and poke-weed.

Notice how he passes at a bound from the contemplation of God, to the thought of his human brothers and sisters, then to a consciousness, almost an identification with the leaves on the trees, the ants in their wells, and the stones and weeds in the fields. He knows that the life that courses through him, courses through them; it is no theory, but a "fact in Nature." And with this knowledge comes, of course, an immense sympathy and understanding, a divine fostering love for all that lives.

The very core and essence of Whitman's teaching is immortality, with its twin corollaries, Reincarnation and Karma, though he does not use these terms. Not only does Life continue in an unbroken chain, but *our lives* continue:

My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time.
We have thus far exhausted trillions of winters and
summers,
There are trillions ahead, and trillions ahead of
them.
Births have brought us richness and variety,
And other births will bring us richness and variety.
I am an acme of things accomplished, and I an
encloser of things to be.
My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,
On every step bunches of ages and larger bunches
between the steps,
All below duly travel'd, and still I mount and mount.

What more beautiful hymn to Reincarnation could be imagined than this, and what more perfect and inspiring motto than the Theosophical teaching in that pregnant line: "I am an acme of things accomplished, and I an encloser of things to be"?

In the preface to *Leaves of Grass* he states this profound Karmic truth:

All that a person does is of consequence. . . .

Not one name or word or deed . . . ever is or can be stamped on the programme but it is duly realized and returned, and that returned in further performances . . . and they returned again.

He sees in the vast currents of Cause and Effect the divinely majestic and inexorable Law that can never be eluded, and though he does not call it *Karma*, the student of Theosophy finds nowhere more earnest and insistent expressions of true Karmic philosophy:

The law of the past cannot be eluded,
The law of the present and future cannot be eluded,
The law of the living cannot be eluded, it is eternal,
The law of promotion and transformation cannot be eluded,
The law of heroes and good-doers cannot be eluded,
The law of drunkards, informers, mean persons, not one iota thereof can be eluded.

Yet this does not spell misery and eternal damnation as so many people dream. On the contrary, the great Law is the divine healer and purger. By suffering the consequences of broken laws, do we learn at last to live in harmony with them, and after many life-times perhaps — for the opportunities are unending — the real man will come forth, master of his own fate, having reaped and eaten the bitter fruit of his own past sowings, and become ready to sow rich seed for the heavenly harvest. Whitman's heart of compassion cherished this thought, and often must he have pondered it on the crowded streets, where he loved to wander and study the living stream of faces. Sauntering the pavement thus, or crossing the ceaseless ferry, faces and faces and faces, I see them and complain not and am content with all. Do you suppose I could be content with all if I thought them their own finale?

I see your rounded never erased flow,
I see neath the rims of your haggard and mean disguises.

I saw the face of the most smeared and slobbering idiot they had at the asylum,
And I knew for my consolation what they knew not,
I knew of the agents that emptied and broke my brother,
The same wait to clear the rubbish from the fallen tenement,
And I shall look again in a score or two ages,
And I shall meet the real landlord perfect and unharmed, every inch as good as myself.

Like the Theosophist, Whitman sees the deep vital unity underlying all religions, and he possesses the peculiar power of identifying himself with each of them. His attitude is one of understanding and appreciation for every avenue of approach to Truth which the human mind has cultivated throughout the ages:

I do not despise you priests all time, the world over.
My faith is the greatest of faiths and the least of faiths,
Enclosing worship ancient and modern and all between ancient and modern.

Helping the lama or brahmin as he trims the lamps of the idols,
Dancing yet through the streets in procession, rapt and austere in the woods a gymnosophist,
Drinking mead from the skull-cup, to Shastas and Vedas admiring, spitting the Korân,
Walking the teocallis, mottled with gore from the stone and knife, beating the serpent-skin drum,
Accepting the gospels, accepting him that was crucified, knowingly assuredly that he is divine,
To the mass kneeling, or the puritan's prayer rising, or sitting patiently in a pew,

Belonging to the winders of the circuit of circuits.

Whitman's reverence toward the Past is indeed an anomaly in these days, when by so many the wisdom of the Ancients is looked down upon with contempt in the impertinent ignorance of a materialistic generation:

The Past — the dark unfathomed retrospect!

The teeming gulf — the sleepers and the shadows!
The past — the infinite greatness of the past!
For what is the present after all but a growth out of the past?

(As a projectile form'd, impell'd, passing a certain line, still keeps on,
So the present, utterly form'd, impell'd by the past.)

His comprehension of the ancient myths appeals strongly to the student of Theosophy; he sees in them the symbols of divine knowledge, hidden and unknown to us, but profoundly true to one who has the key. In one of his grandest poems, *Passage to India*, he reviews our modern scientific life and connects it with the most ancient Past: foreshadowing, by mysterious hints, a parallel between the close connexion made possible with India through new inventions in transportation, and a closer understanding of the ancient wisdom, which shall be further worked out and justified by our civilization:

Passage O Soul to India!
Eclaircise the myths Asiatic, the primitive fables.
Not you alone proud truths of the world,
Nor you alone ye facts of modern science,
But myths and fables of eld, Asia's, Africa's fables,
The far-darting beams of the spirit, the unloos'd dreams.

The deep-diving bibles and legends,
The daring plots of the poets, the elder religions;
O you temples fairer than lilies pour'd over by the rising sun!

O you fables spurning the known, eluding the hold of the known, mounting to heaven!
You lofty and dazzling towers, pinnacled, red as roses, burnish'd with gold!

Towers of fables immortal, fashioned from mortal dreams!

You too I welcome and fully the same as the rest!
You too with joy I sing.

Passage to India!
Lo, soul, seest thou not God's purpose from the first?
The earth to be spanned, connected by network,
The races, neighbors, to marry and be given in marriage,

The oceans to be crossed, the distant brought near,
The lands to be welded together.

For Whitman the State of California had much fascination, and his imagination was stirred with the great rounding of a circle in the ever westward march of human progress, which its settlement suggested. Did he have a foreglimpse of the School of Antiquity and the Râja Yoga College, and the great work which was soon to be begun at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, over whose portals the following lines might be written as an inscription:

Facing west from California's shores,
Inquiring, tireless, seeking what is yet unfound,
I, a child, very old, over waves, towards the house of maternity, the land of migrations, look afar,
Look off the shores of the Western sea, the circle almost circled;

For starting westward from Hindustan, from the vales of Kashmere,

From Asia, from the north, from the God, the sage, and the hero,

From the south, from the flowery peninsulas and the spice islands,

Long having wandered since, round the earth having wandered.

Now I face home again very placid and joyous,
(But where is what I started for so long ago?
And why is it yet unfound?)

It is only with the greatest self-denial that the writer refrains from quoting many more passages of Whitman, all equally illustrative of the wonderful similarity between his teachings and Theosophy. We read his strong, sane, uplifting pages with echoing hearts, and learn through him to realize still more clearly the Theosophical watchword, "Life is Joy."

B. McC.

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unites the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

The Next Religion?

AN article in *Current Literature* reviews recent utterances on the question, "What is to be the next religion?" especially two utterances by men who agree that present Western religions are moribund or dead. The real test of the vitality of a religion, says one, is not the number of its adherents; that is often a sign of decay. It is the influence which the religion may exert on the world. On this ground he rejects the claims of those Roman Catholic clergymen who proclaim their faith as the religion of the future. The Protestant branches of Christianity are regarded by this authority as having the same disqualifications. When it comes to speculating as to what the coming religion will be, there is disagreement between the two authorities. One sees it in humanitarian and social aspirations. The other foretells a return to magic and superstition.

The latter writer sees clearly that humanitarian aspirations and love of virtue alone do not make up a religion; the element of belief likewise enters into the composition. There has to be a doctrine. We would express this idea by saying that the Divine Ray manifests itself in the dual form of Wisdom and Love, *Pistis-Sophia*, Heat and Light, Knowledge and Belief—to use various very inadequate terms in an attempt to indicate our meaning. In fact, Knowledge is an all-important factor. Philanthropy without knowledge is crippled.

But this writer can only see one kind of mystic knowledge, and that is superstition; only one kind of magic, black magic.

The present writer can sympathize with this position, on account of personal experiences. For there was a time when he imagined that the only kind of magic was black magic. Yet the resistless aspirations inspired by Bulwer Lytton's magicians could not be quelled. How to reconcile this thirst for attainment with one's conscience and scruples was a sore problem. Then Theosophy was discovered by him, and the dilemma was reconciled in the knowledge that there *was* a White Magic, a Divine Magic, a Knowledge devoted to duty and service. No longer any temptation to sell one's Soul to the devil. One knew the value of that Soul as well as the devil himself did!

The Divine Knowledge aspect of religion has disappeared from amongst the people. Superstition and sorcery are only the last decaying remnants thereof. The mystical aspect

MEMBERSHIP

In the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

of religion appeals to many, but nobody seems to know how to get at the truth about it. Look at the innumerable fads and crazes of a mystical and occult nature, and the countless sporadic attempts to evolve a new religion out of Christianity.

But people know the sun when it rises, and they will receive that which proves able to give them the warmth and light they need. Theosophy, the modern presentation of the venerable, archaic Wisdom-Religion, is with us. Why not study it? STUDENT

Individuality and Personality

OUR Individuality is our power of independent action and initiative, but our personality is a mental impression which we have engendered and carry about with us. This definition may not be in accordance with the dictionary, but we propose to use the two words for present purposes in the above sense, and to try to elucidate that sense further. There are at any rate two distinct factors in what we call our "self," which can be defined in this way, and it is these which it is proposed to distinguish by the above names. Such a distinction is called for by the fact that the two are almost invariably confounded, with disastrous results to the conclusions drawn from such a fallacy.

Compared with the Individuality, the personality is an illusion. We may call to mind here the well-known distinction between the man as he imagines himself to be and the man as he really is. The personality is what we imagine ourselves to be; and naturally it is largely an error, a fond delusion. It is a dogma, an artificial standard we have set up; it is a kind of *alter ego* or mental partner, whose existence depends upon our power of self-contemplation, self-criticism, and vanity.

The personality is a collection of moods and notions. Its value is constantly changing. It is not very coherent, so that often we seem to have more than one personality, or several inconsistent personalities.

According to ancient philosophy there is a

quality of the mind which causes us to personify or personalize any mood or thought that we take in—somewhat in the same way as we assimilate food to the structure of our bodies. The same philosophy tells us that this peculiarity of the mind is the source of delusion which keeps us enslaved to the minor passions of our nature and

the fallacies of our imagination. In order to win a greater independence, we have to examine this tendency and overcome it by a keener insight into our own nature. It is taught that the varying moods and fancies of our mind do not constitute anything fixed or permanent enough to be rightly called a self, and that the delusion consists in imagining that they do. Power and freedom come from a discovery of the real Self—the Individuality. It is as though our Individuality shone with a white light, and this were tinged with a motley and shifting array of colors. It is as though from some optical lantern the image of a man were thrown upon a cloud of smoke. Every moment a fresh swarm of motes enters the scene and forms for the instant a part of the picture; every moment the particles are wafted away into the outer invisibility. The make-up is never the same for two consecutive seconds. These analogies are of course imperfect, but will serve to suggest the idea. Our personality is of this uncertain and variable character. We scarcely realize that it is changing all the time. We attach a value to it that is altogether beyond its merits. At death we are afraid we shall lose it, yet we part with large sections of it all the time and die every day without a qualm.

The desire of life in me is fully satisfied without the necessity of evoking any dead selves, of which I have a long string behind me. I may have valued those selves while they were alive, but I am content to let them stay dead. The fancy that our personality must be preserved for ever is quite a delusion. The idea that with the loss of personality, Individuality must cease, is a delusion.

We may develop the Individuality by stripping it of personal encumbrances. Thus we gain flexibility and freedom. Otherwise we remain the slaves of a dogma, invented by ourself about ourself. There are some mistaken would-be teachers, who, under the plea of advocating self-expression and self-development, are teaching the accentuation of personal desire. They are imposing upon man a worse

slavery than any he is trying to escape. For to permit an unknown force to enter us, and then to say, "This is I," is to ally ourselves with we know not what. And often these mistaken teachers will prescribe some method of rendering oneself passive and surrendering control of the citadel, thus favoring the entry of such intrusive forces; a process which is facilitated by a most regrettable emotional perversion of the principle of self-surrender. But what a difference lies between the generous relinquishing of one's pleasure in order to perform a duty or to benefit another person, and the weak abandonment of one's self-control to the overmastering force of some emotion! Be generous, but never let your emotions be played upon.

We have to hold fast to that which is true and eschew that which is false. And there are those who bid us hold fast to that which is false and let go of that which is true. Let us mortify our personality, but not our Individuality. The Individuality has real power and does not have to advertise. It does not have to intensify itself by any gymnastics.

STUDENT

Birds and Insect Pests

IT is a mistaken policy, when urging upon people the duty of mercy and harmony, to try to show them how the practice of these qualities may redound to their interests. For then it is not their kindness we are appealing to, but their self-interests. And besides, if at any time the selfish reason we have given should prove to be unsound, the motive for forbearance ceases and may even be replaced by a motive of destruction.

All the better instincts of human nature constrain us to spare, to practise mercy, to let live. We realize that all nature was not made for our special benefit and that other creatures have rights. We cease to regard ourselves as privileged to rapine by our superior strength, and look upon our endowments as conferring upon us the privilege of being protectors. Wanton destruction is a violation of the law of harmony, and can only make discord. It will injure the creatures on whom it is visited and will close for its perpetrators the gateway to initiation into the mysteries of nature. For

Self-Knowledge is of loving deeds the child.

So shalt thou be in full accord with all that lives. Help Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance. And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the very depths of her pure virgin bosom. (*The Voice of the Silence*).

Thus we have the highest motives for mercy, for it is the key to Knowledge; while destruction chains us down to the plain of ignorance. But let us not be over-anxious to find argumentative reasons for what is a voice from the higher nature. There is such a thing as Love (in its highest sense), and its law is Wisdom.

The tide-wave of enlightenment has caused many movements for the protection and preservation of bird-life, and these rest mainly on the higher motives and appreciations we have just indicated. But now and then somebody, with less wisdom, makes an appeal to lower motives and endeavors to eke out our failing humanity by a little self-interest. The

argument for bird protection has been placed on grounds of material economics; the attempt has been made to enlist our desires and fears by showing that the destruction of birds will affect our pockets. This line of argument, however, is risky for the reasons indicated above.

James Newton Baskett, author of *The Story of the Birds*, writes to *The Scientific American* to give some arguments tending to show that birds do not contribute so much after all to the destruction of insect pests; and his reasons are certainly cogent. To begin with, there is, as all will admit, a vast number of insect pests that are quite out of the reach of any beak of bird. Next, most insect pests breed with such fecundity as to be more than equal to supplying any deficit which birds could possibly create. Again, when it comes to actual saving of food for the table, man puts his faith in Paris green and a host of other artificial means cited by the writer. No possible number of birds could save a crop as these agents do.

Darwin, Bates, and Wallace, found South America with the "balance of nature" still undisturbed; but in certain regions they could grow no crops because the insects ate up the fences before the crops could grow. Nobody had been destroying any birds there. Finally it has to be admitted that birds do eat grain and fruit. This is admitted by those who champion them as insect destroyers, but with the reservation that the birds more than compensate by eating insects. But our present considerations seem to knock the bottom out of this argument. The early French and Spanish writers tell us how the squaws and children had to stay all day in the fields to scare off the birds so that the Indians might have a store of corn for the winter.

In short we cannot, if this be true, rely much on the birds to help us in the insect question. We must resort to stronger means, as in fact we actually do. But we cannot infer from this that birds should be destroyed. Rather the contrary, indeed; for destruction breeds destruction. Those pests which devour grain and leaf, fruit and tree, are manifestations of destructive forces, which, for some reason or other, predominate in certain times and places. Man is one of the most potent creative powers in nature; for his thoughts are dynamic; he thinks thoughts of lust and rapine. There are laws which regulate the balance of interior nature, and it may well be that man, by practising heedlessness and cruelty, brings upon himself a destiny for which he blames the gods and which he often tries to divert by more cruelty.

Let science and mercy go hand in hand; eschew violence and seek out the better way; and avoid sophistry.

STUDENT

A New Cult of Primeval Art

THE irresistible desire to escape from dogmatic thralldom and get down to essentials is observable in every department of activity today, being characteristic of the kind of cyclic point we are at. In religion and in science, continual notice is taken of this tendency; as also in our ideas regarding the various phases of social polity, education, hygiene, etc. An instance of the same thing in the world of pictorial art occurs in the controversies aroused by a certain movement

in London, called that of the "Post-Impressionists." We find, as usual, utterances of the most extreme kind for and against.

But it is not difficult to allow for these and to form a fairly good idea as to the probable position of affairs. The movement may well have behind it a genuine desire to attain a worthy object; but as to the ability of the aspirants to achieve their aspirations, we must be more qualified in our admissions. Thus there is an ample scope for plausible arguments on both sides; ample, though only partial, justification for what each may say.

This movement would appear to be anxious to throw off all the artistic traditions garnered during the history of modern and medieval European art, and get back to alleged fundamental principles. It does not repudiate those traditions, but merely desires to assume a point of view unhampered by them. And to what does it claim to go back? Here comes a triumph for the archaeologist. To the art of "primitive man!" And so we have pictures drawn in the manner of primeval cave-pictures or bone-etchings — or in the alleged manner of such pictures — and these are what is exciting the unstinted praise or exaggerated disapprobation of critics. It is not for us to say whether the "gutter" was the source either of the pictorial art or of the remarks thrown at it. We are ready to admit that the aspirants may be unequal to the task they have set themselves; or, at least, that there will be many failures for every success. What we are interested in is the motive, the principle; and especially this tribute to *prehistoric* man. For, making all deductions and simmering down the arguments, something of credit will surely be left for him. His efforts are not altogether despised. They are crude, perhaps; but here crudity seems to be a strong point. Perhaps some day we may learn to be as crude as primitive man! Perhaps primitive man was once as cultured as we are, but he lived to learn better! Paradoxes, but still suggestive.

It is refreshing to change one's point of view; and after rushing to an opposite extreme we may restore our balance about the center. Let us admit that this new movement is an extreme, but stipulate that there is no intention of dwelling in that extreme.

One adverse critic speaks of

the cardinal fallacy, the fallacy illustrated so conspicuously by so great an intellect as Francis Bacon, that it is possible to discover a method or an instrument which will make all gifts equal or at least put all equally on the way to producing works of depth and truth.

Whether it is possible to discover such a method is one question; whether anybody on any given occasion has discovered it is another. Critics may be justly incensed over spurious claims to have discovered it; but the possibility still remains unquestioned. Genius rules methods, and is not fettered by them. No mere change of method can make a genius out of a mediocrity.

H. T. E.

Photographic Records of Indian Tribes

AMONG work for posterity may be mentioned that undertaken by E. S. Curtis, who has devoted many years to making photographic records of the many and various Indian tribes, so as to prevent the knowledge

of them from fading away. He found it necessary to enter into close relationship with his subject and to study their ways and beliefs. Several volumes of his work are published and he is still in the field gathering material for others.

What a lot we seem to have missed through having no available records? By far the larger part of history. Where is the history of ancient America, and of the innumerable vanished nations represented by these Indian tribes?

But are events thus blotted out and forever lost, irrecoverably lost? No! The impress of all events is in the Astral Light, the world's record-book, whence it can be recovered. History is not lost. Memory is one thing; recollection another. TRAVERS

Color-Sense in Animals

A MOST interesting account of experiments and conclusions as to the color-sense in animals appears in *The Scientific American Supplement*, translated from *Die Woche*. It is proved that animals can distinguish colors, to some extent at any rate, though of course we cannot tell what the color looks like to them. It is also shown that some animals are provided by nature with colored spectacles. And incidentally the "mating color" receives rude blows.

Sir John Lubbock placed specimens of the tiny fresh-water crab, belonging to the *Daphnidae* and sometimes called the water-flea, in a trough of water with the solar spectrum projected upon it. After an hour, glass partitions were placed in the trough so as to fence off the different color zones. Three-fifths of the crabs were in the green, a fifth in the yellow, and the remainder between the red and the blue. The infra-red, the violet, and the ultra-violet they shunned. Darkness they hated worst of all, and 97% preferred even ultra-violet to it.

The student of correspondences will note the green, which may correspond to "water" among the four elements. We may put reds for fire, blues for the air, and yellows and browns for the earth.

Ants also hate actinic colors, particularly for their larvae. If put into a box, half covered with clear glass and half darkened, they will hastily remove their larvae from the light to the dark. If, however, the light is red, they will let them remain; but any other color irritates them, especially blue, violet, and above all ultra-violet. It is to be noted that we cannot see ultra-violet. May it not be conjectured that the ants cannot see the red? And does their preference for that color indicate that their nature is fiery? Their character is certainly most energetic. The ultra-violet light, so shunned by the worm, the ant, the crab, etc., is loved by the deep-sea forms.

The behavior of the water-newt or triton furnishes a problem, by reason of its conflicting with a favorite theory. That theory tells us that Mr. Triton puts on his blue and violet coat in order to attract Mrs. Triton. But the experiments show that Mrs. Triton shares with her husband a positive aversion to those colors. Hence the mating-adornment theory goes into the waste-basket. There is, as the writer says, an unsolved mystery here; why the male should wear those colors we can only surmise, but clearly it cannot be to attract.

Now we come to that alert but rather imbecile creature, the common barn-yard fowl. Having been made hungry (rather needless, surely), fowls were placed in a room with a black cloth on the floor, on which was strewn wheat, with a strong spectrum thrown over it. They all began to peck at the red end, and afterwards went to the yellow and the green. They picked a few grains from the blue-green, but went no further, though still hungry. And why? Because they could not see the grains in the blue and violet light. This to them was darkness.

Thereupon the experimenter donned orange spectacles, and lo! his field of vision was as limited as the fowls'. How interesting it is to know that the fowl sees the world in such a sunny light. The color comes halfway between roseate and jaundiced. The fowl's point of view, or ours, is prejudiced.

And here again the unfortunate mating theory goes to the wall. If the hen cannot see blue and purple, why in the name of common sense does the cock sport those colors? It is quite useless, deploras the writer, for a black cock to have a magnificent purple tail and a blue neck. It is all thrown away on the hen, for she does not know of it and to her eye the cock is a blackamoor! Evidently nature was not aware of our theory of mating.

But other theories are possible. The colors of the cock are evidently beautiful and form part of the color-scheme of nature. Were I one of nature's designers, I should paint my birds with fine colors, though I might make their eyes serviceable for descrying microscopic specks in the dirt.

Dogs have been drilled to bring colored balls as ordered, the experiments of course being arranged so as to preclude their finding out in any other way. TRAVERS

Microscopic Libraries

THE photographic production of miniature copies of books, to be read with a magnifier, seems to have a future before it. The plan saves space, saves cost of materials, and affords a convenient means of preserving copies of valuable works, including manuscripts. A method is in use by which the photographs can be taken from the book without cutting it to pieces, the open book being pressed against a plate of glass, and suitable mechanical devices providing for the turning of the pages as the successive exposures are made. The advantage of having a compact duplicate of a library or collection of valuable manuscripts is obvious; and when the method has been developed, it will be feasible for private individuals to own large libraries instead of having to consult a public library.

Is it not wonderful that a piece of paper inscribed with certain signs should be able to evoke in the mind of one man the same thoughts as existed in the mind of another man, long vanished from the earth? This is surely magic, as savages have believed when confronted with the white man's marvelous power of "making a chip talk." Our modern written languages are (so far as their use is concerned) arbitrary signs, which have to be learned. The signs do not convey the meaning directly, but only by the association formed in the process of learning. Moreover there are many different codes for different nations. But is it not possible to imagine a universal

sign-language, such as would convey to any reader certain corresponding ideas? To complete this idea we must suppose a science of form, defining the relation between ideas and shapes; and it really seems as though the origin of written language might have been somehow like this, and not a mere set of arbitrary conventions agreed upon. T. H.

The Vastness of London

THE vastness of London is a thing of which no one can form an adequate or even an approximate conception. London is defined in twelve different ways, according to different spheres of jurisdiction, as follows:

City of London, one square mile.
Police Court London, 114 square miles.
County of London, 115.
Parliamentary London, 117.
Ecclesiastical London, 120.
County Court London, 205.
Postal London, 220.
Central Criminal Court London, 420.
Water-Works London, 537.
Telephone London, 630.
Police London, 691.
Greater London, 692.

London City has a population of 26,000; though of course it is densely crowded during business hours. Greater London has a population of 6,550,000. Thus the population of this one city is nearly equal to that of Norway and Sweden combined, about the same as that of the dominion of Canada, more than two millions above that of Australia and New Zealand combined, and larger than the whole population of Scotland and Wales. Within the 115 square miles of the County alone there are 38,000 Russians, 27,000 Germans, 15,000 Poles, 11,000 French, 10,000 Italians, and 5000 Americans; 224,000,000 gallons of water a day are used; this equals 270,000,000 American gallons, or a depth of 15½ inches over a square mile. The supply is furnished by one responsible body and 11,000,000,000 gallons are kept in reservoirs ready for use.

There are more people in Islington than in Edinburgh, more in Lambeth and Stepney than in Bradford, more in Camberwell than in Hull or Nottingham.

The wealth of London is of course vast, as wealth is ordinarily computed; but wealth is an illusive thing to define. A vast amount of wealth was consumed in the fire of the Brussels Exhibition, and enormous amounts are destroyed all the time in other accidents. Yet what does the world really lose thereby? How shall we estimate the wealth in the British museum? If we take food-values, such things would not amount to much, the real wealth then being human labor. But ancient records have another kind of value altogether. H.

THE present quoted price of radium is from £18 to £20 a milligram. The number of milligrams in a pound weight is 453,593. Therefore the price of radium per pound is from £8,164,674 to £9,071,860, or from forty to forty-five million dollars, unless there is a reduction on taking a quantity. The Trent-with mine of the St. Ives Consolidated Mines, Ltd. has produced 5500 milligrams of 10% radium, or over half a gram of radium; and these Cornish mines also contain polonium.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Musical Talent---by E. A. Neresheimer

"I HAVE no ear for music," is a statement often heard in conversation.

It is quite true, there are many persons who have but little conception that certain lofty states of consciousness are made more real through music, but to say that they have no ear for music is perhaps but stating half the truth; the other half is, that some preoccupation of mind in other directions deprives them of the desire to listen to music attentively; consequently, they do not appreciate the satisfaction which is claimed for it by others. Very often, too, the excuse is a subterfuge to escape from the effort to give music the attention it might require; or sometimes a fear that if they did give their serious attention to music, they might disturb their established images and notions.

Experience has proven that an appreciation of the captivating charm of music is quite universal.

It may seem strange that otherwise intellectually active persons are sometimes really uninterested in music; but so it is. Some poets, writers, and authors complacently aver their unacquaintance with it, though very few persons of artistic inclinations are entirely averse to it. Nor is there any pronounced dislike discoverable among any class, even the less intellectually developed.

The litterateur or other professional person, who for the time being denies his talent for music, may be quite content in his attitude; perhaps he feels that his own specialized art is also a path that leads to the same goal, but had he knowledge of music also, it would enlighten his ideals more perfectly.

It is safe to assume that heredity and environment have much to do with this, but the innate disposition of a person toward music may be discovered and awakened at any time and often most unexpectedly.

Denial of one's ability to appreciate music is, however, likely to be the strongest barrier against a proper estimate of its beauty and helpfulness. This is quite clear from the oft observed fact that when one ceases to deny it and begins to apply himself to its accomplishment, though even only mechanically, he soon becomes appreciative and may develop talent much beyond his expectation. If attention is given and diligent application is persisted in, the result is cumulative and bears fruit a thousandfold.

In the beginning of a musical education the vision of what one desires to accomplish is very limited, however; for one ideal after another will be realized — any one of which may have been deemed in the beginning as almost impossible to reach. With solid daily application the first goal is soon unconsciously reached and passed; but then the ideal is no longer the same. An expanded vision has brought into view another to take its place and this time it is still farther removed from the attainable. This too is reached and again the ideal has

removed itself to heights with wider and wider horizons, presenting ever more fascinations. The quandary now ensues: which of the thousand-eyed deities shall I worship? And so on without end. The more we learn, the more we realize that the ideal expands exultantly before us and is ever beyond our power of complete attainment.

There are those who persevere and never cease to penetrate deeper and deeper into the unfathomable mysteries of the ideal, seeing with every step more and more of truth and

this aptitude for music is the progeny of former exercise of individual energy in that direction. Heredity and environment do not account for it. Nearly every one knows certainly that predilections for art of one kind or another spring up in families where parents and ancestors show no such gifts or even inclinations. The writer is one of such a family.

When pronounced talent exists it overmasters environment, breaks through and surmounts obstacles, no matter how exasperating these are, and triumphs in the end through sheer resolute perseverance. No lack of opportunities, ill-health, or poverty can hold back the true genius. This is the case with nine-tenths of the master composers and even vocal and instrumental artists.

Whence, then, comes this irresistible desire, this manifestation of mighty creativeness in the very young? It is inexplicable by codes of science, religions, or any of the academic philosophies. Presumably some of these professional wiseacres will attempt to discover the germ; but the twentieth century public is too intelligent to be content with explanations that do not explain; nor will any number of fugitive long-worded superficialities elucidate this mysterious psychic phenomenon. We have to look deeper for this romantic ideality.

The truth must be sought for in man's complex supersensuous nature, in the Enduring Individuality and not in his personality.

By slow degrees the "pupil of eternal life," the permanent Ego, unfolds its potentialities. Imprisoned again and again in a body and subject to the limitations of the personality, it is on this mundane plane an Entity which is a mixture of the Divine Ego and Animal Soul. The Ego having voluntarily taken up, in compassion, the pilgrimage of life for the purpose of raising the lower self, becomes responsible for the thoughts, deeds, and acts of the personality.

On account of the retribution which compensates with absolute justice every act according to inflexible Law, the earth-life of a human being is sometimes full of spiritual vitality which yet is deeply veiled.

Talent in any case is always fraught with great responsibility owing to the temptations which accompany its presence and, if they are not overcome, the result will again be subsequent obscurity; but on the other hand, if restrained by the wisdom born of conscience and intuition, the soul will pass to sublime illumination and superior usefulness.

This is at least in accord with the Law of Cause and Effect, which is, applied to man: "as you sow so shall you reap." Talent, therefore, is the reaping of beneficent causes set in motion in the past. The force of logic of this Theosophic doctrine is self-evident.

Some remarkable musical prodigies have come to us during the last three decades and the number is increasing every year. Reincarnation alone can account for their appearance.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

PEPITO ARRIOLA

THE CHILD-PIANIST WHO RECENTLY VISITED
LOMALAND, THE GUEST OF THE RÂJA YOGA
CHILDREN

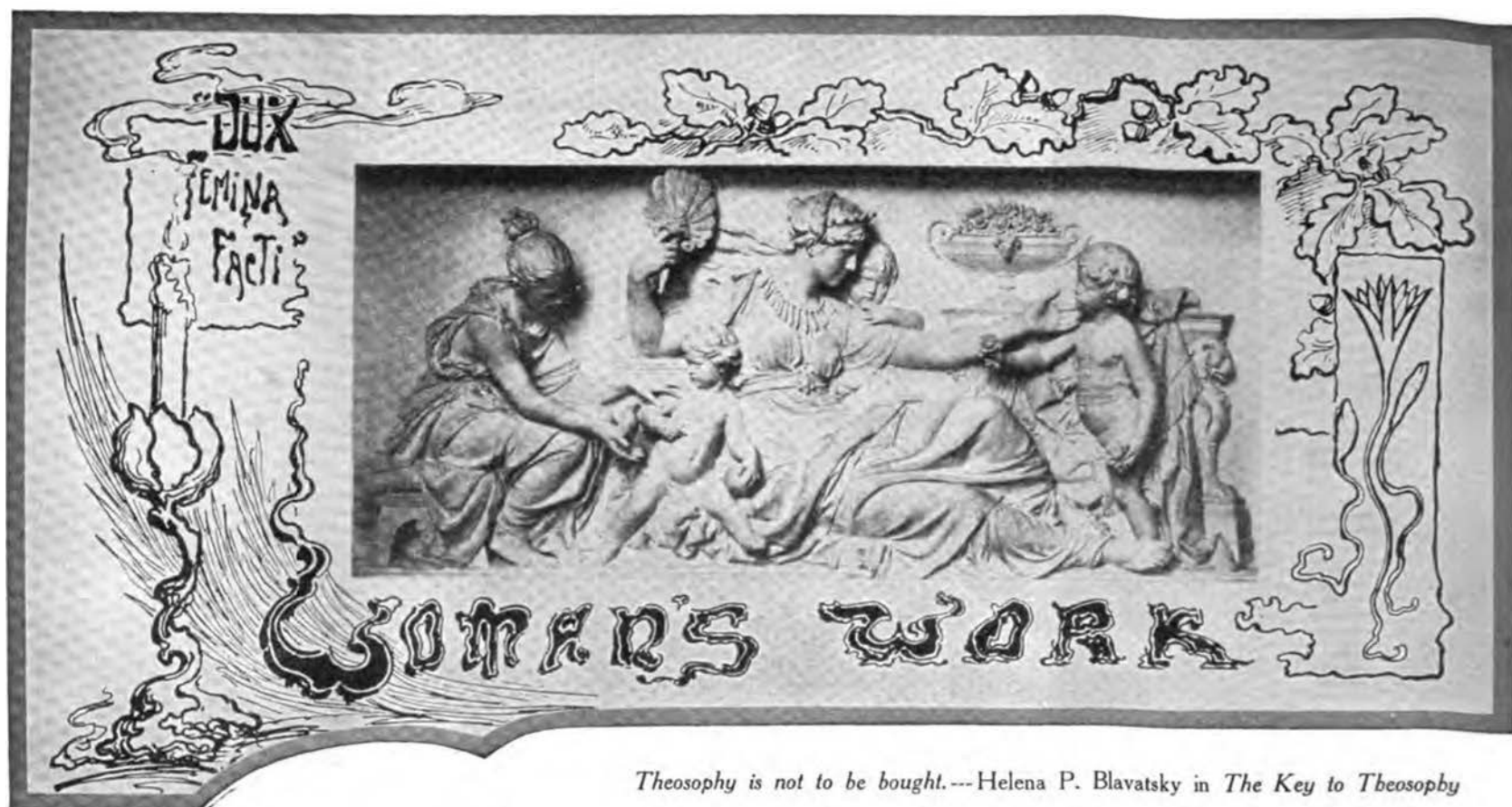
Photograph by Colominas y Cía., S. Rafael, Habana

beauty. This is the way genius is made.

Music is one of the great agents of civilization. It refines, softens, is a promoter of peace, harmony, and good feeling among men. On individuals of harsh dispositions it exercises a mellowing influence; and it sweetens the life of the good.

Talent for music reveals itself exactly in the same way as talent in every branch of aesthetics, i. e., by a strong desire to cultivate it. The more eager one is by natural impulse to learn, the more certain are we that the desire to do so comes from antecedent causes; that the yearning for it was engendered by strong search, will, and work, in the past — probably in the very remote past.

Since nothing can come from nothing, so



Theosophy is not to be bought.---Helena P. Blavatsky in The Key to Theosophy

THE state of chaos prevailing in the realm of practical knowledge of life is sufficiently shown by the existence of "child-study" societies. There have been children throughout the untold ages of the past, and there have been observant, intelligent, wise, and experienced people to study them. What new thing, one wonders, can these societies find out? How are they equipped to make discoveries which the wisdom of the ages has failed to garner?

In the first place it is evident that the prevailing practices in the upbringing of children do not give satisfaction. In the next place, it would appear that these societies have concluded that the theory is wrong and needs changing. Finally, it is inevitable that any alternative theory they may propose, whether right or wrong, will be but a revival of something very old.

The burden of their complaint is that children are unduly suppressed, their spontaneity interfered with, and their growth forced into an unnatural mold. The remedy they advocate is to allow the child greater freedom and to refrain from cramping it with conventional ways. So far, so good. But what mistakes are made in the presentation of this opinion! We find a lecturer before such a society saying that the "savage propensities" of the boy should be allowed to work themselves out, and all will come right later on when his civilized instincts develop! This is surely overdoing it. Admitted that children are cramped and have their natural bent warped by the application of a system—that is one evil; and it seems to us that the plan advocated above threatens a lapse into the complementary evil, the opposite extreme. More discrimination is needed, more distinguishing between what is to be restrained and what encouraged, a more delicate adjustment of the respective demands of freedom and regulation. The upbringing of children is an art, and all arts imply consummate skill in the harmonizing of contrarieties. We can

CHILD-STUDY

not hope to settle the question by a formula.

It is evident that savage propensities grow by indulgence, and the idea that passions can be worked off by such a process is a fatal delusion. The lecturer had got his ideas mixed. He made no distinction between lusts and healthy instincts. He himself would have to draw the line somewhere; he could not allow the children to do *everything* which their hereditary instincts might in some cases prompt them to

WE would endeavor to deal with each child as a unit, and to educate it so as to produce the most harmonious and equal unfoldment of its powers. . . . We should aim at creating free men and women.

Helena P. Blavatsky in The Key to Theosophy

THE children! the children! What mighty powers do they evoke in the hearts of men! We must take them into our hearts as tender, budding souls, to be nurtured with the sweet breath of truth, with rare discrimination for the soul's unfoldment. We must stand firm in our mental and moral attitude to the right and the true, and thus command their love and trust. Work carried out on this basis would result in a new civilization. ---*Katherine Tingley*

do. He could not allow *every* child without exception to play unwatched and unguarded. So that, in practice, his policy would differ from that of other people merely in degree, not in principle. It is not stated whether the lecturer was a man of experience in the care of children or not.

Now what is the plain truth? That children need much care, protection, and watchfulness; for a Soul freshly incarnated inherits various propensities, peculiar to the flesh, and needs our help in protecting himself against them. If we refuse this help, we leave the Soul to fight alone a hard battle, and he may succumb. But it would seem that some guardians are

so unwise in their protection that they are considered to do more harm than good, and people get up and ask whether it would not be better to let the child take the risk of not being guarded at all?

Thus it is a sorry case of *pis aller*, choice of evils, half a loaf. But may we not hope for something better? May we not hope for guardians wise enough to protect without cramping, to discipline without restraining liberty, to restrain the lower nature while encouraging the Higher?

And that last phrase brings us to the chief source of the confusion. The lecturer failed to discriminate sufficiently between the Higher and the lower nature, in which failure he was but following the general practice. The only way to approach the child problem sanely and safely is by recognizing the duality of man—the Soul in the body. A child is a Soul going through an experience which calls for the protection of adults. To say that children should be unwatched, even during their games, is going too far. The policy of shutting one's eyes and hoping for the best is often fraught with more satisfaction to the parent than its merits justify. What we do not know of does not worry us, but that does not prevent it from producing its effects just the same. Indeed, it may reasonably be argued that the very notion that it is safe to leave children unwatched is founded on an ignorance due to not watching them enough. For many things escape the eyes of the fond parent who does not readily see that which he does not want to see.

We can give no set rules. Education is an art. The prime requisite is competent teachers and parents. And how these are to be found outside the ranks of those who believe in the truths of Theosophy and strive their best to carry them out in every detail of life, is hard to see. Theosophy is the key. It alone can save us from cramping dogmatism on the one hand and dangerous faddism on the other. E.

Idle Words and Judgment Days

But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.

—Matthew, xii, 36

ALL Christians, believing in the authority of their Scriptures, must certainly believe the above quotation. And one would imagine that all scientific minds, having the idea of cause and effect as part of their mental make-up, and being forced constantly in their calculations to take account of something much less than an idle word, would not doubt the scientific accuracy of the statement. People of large experience in the affairs of life, must have discovered its truth—to their sorrow often—the proof being that wise men speak with caution. In short, even without the support of religious authority, it is probable that most people would accept the statement as true.

But there is an immeasurable distance between a belief and a conscious realization, a soul-conviction, of a fact; and it is the latter that is lacking. To orthodox Christians as a body this deeper conviction is not usual, because the judgment day is something so far removed from them in time and space as scarcely to concern them for the present. It will come a long time after death; and who can tell what may happen before that? It has naught to do with things of present interest, and is too intangible to cause present uneasiness.

But Theosophy, as has often been said, throws a flood of light over the Bible, and indeed all the sacred writings of the ages. It brings a vital statement like this, home, and makes it living, something to be attended to at once.

Theosophy teaches plainly that life is a school and that judgment days are with us quite often, for they correspond to examination days in the ordinary school. There are little ones belonging to the moment, the day, the week, larger ones for the months, the years, and the still larger cycles, each one putting us with unfailing accuracy just where we belong.

When the school-days of childhood are over, and the preparation for battling with life alone is supposed to be made, there is a serious judgment day, which settles the question as to how well equipped we are for the undertaking. And all through life there are epochs which have to be met, in which are balanced all the accounts of the moments which have pre-



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LISTEN! O, listen!
Here is a gush of many streams,
A song of many birds,
And every wish and longing seems
Lulled to a numbered flow of words—
Listen, O, listen!
Here ever hum the golden bees
Underneath full-blossomed trees,
At once with glowing fruit and flowers crowned.
Lowell

ceded them. Nothing is too small to enter into these final accounts. Idle words must surely meet us again; if not in the same form in which we sent them out, yet the effect or accumulated effects of them must revert to us, nevertheless, to adjust.

All the great Teachers do not warn mankind to guard well their thoughts and words without a reason. They are not guilty of uttering idle words themselves, we may be certain.

Besides the individual judgment days, since men have also a common life with their fellows, there are national and racial judgment days, for which all are in greater or less degree responsible. They are not theories but real things. Theosophy, which has so vitalized the law of cause and effect, makes them very real, and brings to the consciousness a sense of the sacredness and responsibility of the moment.

But Theosophy has no message of terror or despair, for overbalancing all the past is the strength of the Soul. However overpowering may be the causes one has set in motion, greater than them all is the superb majesty of the Soul. It does not, like certain man-made creeds, enjoin one to fall upon another to lift him out of the pit he has dug for himself, but makes that other feel his own power over every circumstance, and calls upon him to rise and gird himself with his armor *and help himself*. It shows that every judgment day is a challenge to the Soul, and that if met in that spirit, it becomes a stepping-stone to the heights of glory.

The greater the difficulties, the greater are the opportunities. The Soul is undying, superior to all the forces of earth, and is with each and every one. No one need be discouraged, however terrible the past, for out of it he can mold a form whose power to help will surpass the harm his past has done. All his mistakes can be cast into the crucible of the Soul, and then by a process of divine alchemy, be transformed into beneficent forces, whose influence shall be like the glory and warmth of the sun. The Erinyes are transformed into Eumenides. G. VAN PELT, M. D.

Echoes of Today

IT is stated that the world's oldest inhabitant has been discovered in the person of one Madame Babavasilka, who lives in Bevelsko, Bulgaria. She is 126, her age being attested by authentic records, something that has not been the case heretofore with others who have claimed to be as old. The latest U. S. census reports disclose a surprising number of persons who are over a hundred years old.

REPORTS show that the average duration of marriages terminated by divorce was 9.9 years. Although the average duration was about ten years, 59.7 per cent, or three-fifths of such marriages, lasted less than three years, and only 40.3 per cent exceeded that number of years; 28.3 per cent of the total number of divorced marriages lasted less than five years. — *Exchange*



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TWO VIEWS OF DACRE LODGE, PENRITH, ENGLAND
THE SUMMER HOME OF MRS. F. J. BUSHBY, ONE OF THE HEAD TEACHERS
AT THE RÂJA YOGA ACADEMY, SANTA CLARA, CUBA

OUR YOUNG FOLK

Out in the Country in Cuba

ONE of the commonest sights in the country districts of Cuba is shown in the accompanying illustration. The typical dwelling of the natives, or *bohío* as it is called in Spanish, is most fitting to the climatic conditions of the country. The roof, consisting as it does of layer upon layer of the *pencas* or leaves of the Royal Palm, is equally impervious to the fierce rays of the tropic sun and to the torrential tropical rains.

These *bohíos* are made entirely from the materials furnished by the Royal Palm, with the possible exception of a few sticks used to bind the palm leaves together. Four of these palms are shown to the left in the illustration. After the palms are felled, the trunk is split and furnishes the framework of the house. The leaves go to form the roof, as already mentioned, and the siding is made from the tough leathery stalk that joins the leaves to the trunk of the palm. These stalks are cut off from the leaves and placed in water and on becoming softened are split and flattened. When dried they become hard again and form an excellent shingle-like board.

The illustration shows how they are applied to the side of the hut, being held in position by means of sticks which are tied together with wet pieces of the same pliable substance the shingles are made from. No nails whatever are used in the construction of these houses. The framework is notched and dovetailed together and the roof and sides are simply tied on. Thus the whole construction is elastic, and while it may creak and sway in the heavy winds so common in the tropics, it is seldom that the huts are blown down. The doors and windows are simply openings, though at times a *bohío* is found with door and shutters made from the same materials as the siding, pieces of raw hide being used for hinges. The floor of the house is made from puddled clay that with time and use becomes as hard and impervious as cement.

One of these huts can be built by two men in a very short time, as the location for a residence is always chosen near where the building material is growing. As the material is without value, the only cost is represented by the labor involved. Time is no object in the country districts of Cuba, so the natives think nothing of changing their residence to some distant spot. When the time for a change comes, the native merely loads his very meager and rudimentary household possessions on his horse — which no native is ever without, however poor he may be — and abandons his little home. On arriving at the new spot, he



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A COUNTRY HUT IN CUBA

PURPOSE

STRONG in thy steadfast purpose, be
Like some brave master of the sea,
Whose keel, by Titan pulses quickened, knows
His will where'er he goes.
Some isle, palm-roofed, in spiced Pacific air
He seeks — though solitary zones apart,
Its place long fixed on his deep-studied chart.
Fierce winds, your wild confusion make!
Waves, wroth with tide and tempest, shake
His iron-wrought hull aside!
However driven, to that far island fair
(His compass not more faithful than his heart)
He makes his path the ocean wide —
His prow is always there!

John James Platt (Selected)

fells the necessary number of Royal Palms, the number being in direct proportion to the size of his family, builds his new hut, plants a few banana-palm roots, a sweet potato cut in two, a few coffee berries, and possibly a chocolate bean and is soon living like a king again. Nature furnishes him with everything he needs, both flesh and vegetable, for the mere pursuit or gathering.

A few words might be here said about the banana and its value as a food. To the Latin-American peasant it occupies the same alimentary position as the potato does to his Irish brother. Once planted, a banana palm will continue producing a full-sized bunch of fruit once every six months, with absolute regularity and with practically no cultivation or work. When thoroughly ripe the banana is not only highly nutritious but is most digestible. It is second only to wheat in nutritive contents. Rare indeed is the *bohío* in Cuba that is found without its accompanying banana palms. In the illustration a few of these valuable "trees," as they are sometimes called, can be seen growing at the right of the huts.

The word *bohío* is not Spanish, but was the name given to these huts by the primitive inhabitants of Cuba, the Siboney Indians. The name and the method of building as well

as many other things of use to the Spaniards in the early days of the settling of Cuba, were taken from these Indians, and while they have long disappeared from the land, their traces are still to be found in many of the customs and names used by the country people of the Island.

Clothing is far from being a problem to these people as it is to so many; climatic conditions do not make an abundance of necessity, and as the figures in the doorway show it is principally conspicuous by its absence. Two flour sacks will make a suit of clothes, sandals made of the same material as the house

siding and a hat plaited from strips of the leaves of the Fan-palm complete the typical costume. The life of the people is as primitive as their costume, yet it must be said that they are happy, which shows that happiness does not consist so much in possessions as it does in a peaceful contentment with one's circumstances and surroundings. As they are most hospitable by nature, one is always sure of a welcome and an invitation to stay as long as one chooses.

H. S. T.

Charles Dickens a Defender of Animals

WILL the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals please look after the Royal (!) Inhumane Society? According to an official report, nearly a hundred cruel experiments have been made upon lower animals for the purpose of investigating the subject of suspended animation. . . . The duration of the heart's action was ascertained by means of a large pin inserted through the thoracic wall into some part of the ventricles. So long as the heart continued to beat, the pin moved and its motions were thus recorded for some time after the cardiac sounds had ceased to be audible. Passing over sixteen other cases of neat throat cutting and nicely contrived suffocation, accompanied by insertions of pendulums in the heart, we arrive at the experiments in choking and drowning. When I came to the double performance of cutting the throat and drowning afterward, I was fain to believe that experimental surgery for the benefit of mankind could go no further, but I was mistaken. On turning over the page I found "horrors on horrors hard accumulating!" Now, no one will go so far as to declare that the slow suffocation of cats and dogs, the cutting of their throats, the piercing of the ventricles of their hearts, are not acts of cruelty. The necessity of these experiments I dispute. Man has no right to gratify an idle and purposeless curiosity through the practice of cruelty. — Charles Dickens.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Birds' Postoffice

A LETTER from the birds? Yes indeed, here is a Happy New Year budget in the box. January seems to be a time for birds as well as young folk to think about a new start in life. By the way, little folk, do you know why the first month of the year is called January?

It is said that in the Long Ago, King Janus went from Greece to Italy to teach the people about the origin of things and how "Everything depends on the beginning." The people learned how to erect Temples for the worship of the gods, and all about the "change of seasons" and "system of years," and about agriculture, industry, arts, and religion, and because they owed the beginning of their civilization to him, they honored the ancient king as a god, and called him "the god of a good beginning." The first month of the year was given his name and the first day celebrated in his honor.

Whenever the ancient Romans undertook any new project they always invoked the aid of Janus, for they knew if they paid great attention to the *beginning*, they might win success in the *end*, because the end of an enterprise always is connected with its beginning—just as the Old Year is the outgrowth of the Little New Year. So Janus was said to "open and close all things," and statues were made of him with the two heads of youth and old age to represent the beginning and end of things, and in his hand he carried a key.

But here is a letter from the birds at the Equator. Open it and see what they have to say.

POSTMASTER

Dear Boys and Girls:

All the songbirds join in a chorus of holiday greeting.

Of course you know how the holiday season has been celebrated since the very beginning of things, for this old custom is as old as the sun, indeed were it not for the sun, how would there be any Happy New Year to celebrate!

What do the birds know about it? Why, we travel with the sun. Don't you know we are "messengers of the gods"? Come with us to our winter residence at the Equator and we'll show you a bird's-eye-view of how the world—like a great ball with a circle drawn around the middle of it—is divided into two equal parts by the Equator, making summer on one side and winter on the other—according to which side is turned most toward the sun—and you may be sure that on whichever side is the spring and summer season, there you will find most of the birds. So it



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A WATER-WHEEL NEAR GÖTEBORG, SWEDEN

A MILLION LITTLE DIAMONDS

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said:
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

Mary Frances Butts (Selected)

is necessary, as you can see, that birds should study the reason of things—else how would we know about the path?

Imagine, if the earth should go any-which-way along the path, or wander off altogether, what a terrible jumble of happenings on land and sea there would be. Why, it might be summer one minute, and winter the next, and dark in the middle of the day, and the sun be shining at midnight! Indeed, there is no telling what would become of us all were it not for the wonderful Law of Harmony that guides the earth, like a great singing bird whose music never ceases, along the true path.

The birds learn in Mother Nature's school what little folk learn in geography class: that the singing earth is always spinning itself round as fast as possible, like tops, and just to spin itself round once, it takes all of twenty-four hours—no more, no less. Then besides always spinning round, the singing earth never stops for a minute moving forward, so it is constantly coming to new places on the path, and turning by degree different parts of the land toward the sun, making spring, summer, autumn and winter regularly by turn, once in every three hundred and sixty-five days, all because it attends to duty, and never for a minute stops working in harmony with the Law.

Now in March and September, the spinning, singing, traveling earth faces the sun at the Equator, and then begin on either side of it the seasons of spring and fall, with days and

nights of equal length, for the light reaches from the Equator to the point farthest away from it on the upper hemisphere, called the North Pole, and also to the opposite point called the South Pole, on the lower hemisphere.

By the twenty-first of December, the South Pole is taking its turn of facing the sun, while the North Pole is turning away from the light into the darkness, so the nights in the northern half are longer than in the southern half—indeed at the North Pole there is one long night lasting six months. But there comes a moment when the North Pole begins to turn toward the sun, and this moment of light spring-

ing out of the darkness is called the birth of the New Year, and there is great rejoicing because from this moment the sun begins to create a new world of spring and summer for the cold winter-lands, as they turn day by day more and more into the light.

So you can see why it is that ancient peoples, everywhere, worshiped the sun—the great Giver of Light and Happiness—and why the birds follow in the Path, to carry the message of One-ness-of-all-that-lives to the "people of the earth and all creatures."

Happy New Year! THE SONG BIRDS

A Hungry Bumblebee

ONE morning the guardian at one of the Fairy Goddess dwellings—the one with the White Gate—found in a passage way a bumblebee on the ground. He seemed to have had a serious adventure and escape, for he was muffled up in spider's web, he could but feebly wave his legs, and was not able to walk at all; you can imagine how glad he was of help in such a predicament. The guardian held down the strands of web with tiny sprigs of wood and he pulled bravely with all his might, and by and by stood quite free but very exhausted and faint with hunger. She then carried him out to the garden and held him to a beautiful pansy, but that was not what he needed, so he turned his head away. Then she set about finding a fine dandelion, for she had often noticed the bumblebees greedily feeding on these. Now directly he smelled the gay yellow flower he crawled slowly into it, and shot out a little black trunk—like the elephant's at the Zoological Gardens—and swiftly searched here and there until he had drunk up all the honey the blossom offered him; then his friend put him on another dandelion flower and he feasted again. After this he felt quite refreshed, so when he had tidied carefully his velvety coat and fluffy legs, he spread his wings and bustled away singing his thanks in a deep voice. E. F.

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Possible sunshine, 315. Percentage, 60. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 6.27 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

DEC. JAN.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
26	29.759	58	46	48	45	0.02	SE	3
27	29.824	58	44	45	44	0.00	SE	6
28	29.817	59	43	47	44	0.00	SE	5
29	29.914	59	44	47	45	0.00	SE	5
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T H E O S O P H Y

and

The Study of Ancient and Modern

ETHICS, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND ART

Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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How Theosophy Explains Heredity

CONSIDERABLE confusion must be caused in scientific thought by the use of words in a vague sense, in a varying sense, in two or more different senses in the same writing. And sometimes language reacts on thought, producing a like vagueness and ambiguity there.

What does the word "heredity" mean? The dictionary says it is "the transmission of qualities, etc., from parent to offspring." That is, it is an abstract term denoting a group of facts and is about on a par with the words "birth," "death," "growth." Another meaning is also given in the dictionary, as a biological meaning: "The tendency manifested by an organism to develop in the likeness of a progenitor." This is a little more concrete perhaps, but still abstract. We can speak of a child having the tendency of heredity, just as he has other tendencies, such as the tendency to grow. A writer in a medical paper gives it still another meaning. He says he understands it to mean "that mode of biological activity by reason of which one generation transmits its characteristics to another." Here it is an attribute of the parent, not of the child; and it is in a class with other modes of biological activity. Defining further, this writer says that heredity is "one of the phases of that special activity of protoplasm which used to be called 'vital force.'" A little later the writer quotes Galton, who uses the word in yet another sense, as a synonym for a man's "inherited character." If we add to these meanings the meaning in which the word is also often used, to denote some agent or cause, then we have what might be called a complete set of meanings. Heredity is the maker and that which is made, also the act of making and the tendency to make. A catechism on the subject might run:

A Confusion of Words

What is heredity?
It is the transmission of heredity from parent to offspring.
What agent transmits it?
Heredity.
Why does it transmit it?
On account of that tendency known as heredity.

The Problem of Man's Relation to his Destiny

One gathers that "modern views of heredity"—the subject of the paper from which we quote—are rather chaotic. And indeed what follows is a chaos of logical inconsequences. Throughout it all we can see the real problem struggling for expression. It is this: *To what extent are we bound by predetermined influences?* The old question of

the freedom of the will versus "determinism."

These biological investigations give us merely an insight into some of the conditions that the human will has to encounter. The very fact that we can make such investigations illustrates the independent nature of our mind. As compared with animals, man has a power of initiative and a power of reflection which render him independent of the conditions that govern animals. It is unnecessary to discuss the abstruse question of the *absolute* freedom of the will, for the practical point is that we have a power that is superior to all biological and hereditary conditions.

The danger that lurks in dogmatizing on these biological investigations is the same as that which threatens the devotee of astrology or some other such divinatory art. He may allow the influences too much weight and forget the initiative power of his will. Phrenology admits that the faculties with which we are endowed, and which are said to be indicated by the shape of our heads, are constantly changing under the influence of our own efforts. And phrenologists even direct us to restrain or promote certain faculties. The duality of our make-up is here admitted. And it is the same with the biological and hereditary conditions. They indicate *tendencies*; and these tendencies will have more or less effect according as we yield to them or oppose them.

To preserve a due balance of judgment, there needs to be a study of the mind and will, to supplement the biological studies; otherwise we are in danger of becoming too one-sided.

Theosophy greatly enlarges the science of heredity, supplying many factors which current science leaves out, and thus clearing up the difficulties. In addition to the vital heredity, there are other kinds of heredity. Most important is the Spiritual heredity—the destiny and character of the Being that *inhabits* the human form—a destiny and character determined by the experiences and achievements of that Being in other lives and in other human forms. This heredity has greater or less influence over the vital heredity according to its relative strength—that is, according to the progress which the man has made in transferring his consciousness from the lower to the higher elements of his nature. This accounts for the uncertainty on the part of scientific men as to the extent to which a given child will inherit the tendencies of his parentage and the extent to which he will resist and modify those tendencies. A man's behavior

may be forecast to some extent, but by no means with accuracy, by the nature of the house in which he dwells.

But the vital heredity studied by modern science, and the Spiritual heredity to which we have just alluded do not exhaust the number of kinds of heredity. For man is compounded of several different principles. Like a seed that is planted, the growing organism attracts to itself elements from many sources. And man has psychic and mental heredities. But the subject cannot be adequately treated apart from a study of the Theosophical teachings about the nature of man. Enough has been said to indicate that these teachings afford the key to many problems that puzzle the researchers.

STUDENT

Speculations About the Origin of Humanity

SINCE H. P. Blavatsky outlined Arcane anthropology, many advances have been made in current theories about the history of humanity. New facts have been discovered for one thing, and for another thing Theosophic thought has permeated the air.

But sometimes people seem to allow their theories to run away with them.

In the report of a lecture by a man who has been traveling in Australasia, we find it stated that perhaps ten million years ago, Australasia was part of a vast continent stretching from Brazil across South Africa to what is now Australia. This of course is closely similar to the Lemuria of Sclater and Wallace, admitted by some men of science, rejected by others; and spoken of in *The Secret Doctrine* as the home of the Third Race of Humanity. The lecturer supposes that "men descended" on this continent in a primitive condition, but were cut off from the rest of humanity and so have remained to this day in the same condition as they were some tens of thousands of years ago. Having thus evolved his hobby, he rides it all over the earth. We can pick up, he says, in various parts of the globe, fragments of the human race in all stages of its development; and when we put these in the order of their culture, we have a grand panorama of the upward march of humanity "throughout the ages." How many ages go to "some tens of thousands of years"? one may ask.

The cradle of the race is now generally located in the Indian Ocean, we are told; and from that point race after race spread out over the earth, each higher race forcing its predecessors to the tips of the continents or upon the islands, where we now find them. The lecturer then gives a long list, paying to sundry living peoples compliments they might be disposed to remonstrate against. Thus he accounts for various Asiatic, African, and American tribes; they migrated and were secluded. Civilization itself began "among the tribes of Northern Africa and Western Asia ten thousand years ago." Rather a short time compared with ten million of Lemuria; and even this latter was only the earth's middle ages, according to the lecturer.

It seems to us as though most of the numerous peoples cited are mere lay figures, out of which the theorist makes his picture. And their images, as reflected in his imagination, doubtless fit passively enough into their appointed places. But a careful study of the actual peoples would soon reveal characteris-

tics incompatible with the scheme. Even the native Australians show themselves to be the descendants of civilized races, and preserve in their memory the vestiges and traditions of a cultured ancestry. The same is true of "primitive" races in general. They are primitive only in the sense that they have lapsed into primitive habits. In most cases the memory of their cultured ancestors exists in the form of traditions; and where even tradition no longer remains, the signs of their origin are shown in various arts, beliefs, and customs.

The Australians are mainly the remote descendants of Third Race humanity which flourished on Lemuria. Scattered over the world we find descendants of the innumerable races and nations of the Atlantean (Fourth Race) humanity. Surely no one who has thoughtfully studied, with open and appreciative mind, the multitudinous types of humanity now on this earth, could regard them all as tentative and unsuccessful attempts on the part of nature to produce our noble twentieth-century being, with his clothes and religions and diseases and other perfections too numerous to mention!

Then again, primitive humanity did some pretty good work in building, moving and raising stones as big as modern cottages, and carving hard granite all over with intricate and exquisite masterpieces. The "higher races" seem to have forgotten how to do this.

The lecture was given before a Sunday Society, which may account for the ten thousand-year hypothesis. For surely no man of science would ever have thought of making humanity so recent, but for the theological suggestion! Geologists and astronomers deal in millions of years, and so do zoologists; but anthropology still deems it necessary to do violence to evidence and consistency, out of deference to this theological suggestion.

STUDENT

Does Matter Generate Mind?

A WRITER points out that if we are to take Spencer seriously, all we need do, in order to arouse high thought, is to stand on our head, thus causing the blood to rush to that quarter. And he adds, very disrespectfully, as some may think, that —

In spite of Spencer and his school, and in contradiction to all shallow thinkers, whether they have been graced by a royal society or doctored with a sheepskin, the fact remains that increased affection and thought, operating in the mind, communicate a correspondingly augmented activity to the brain itself, which thereby consumes more blood in repairing the waste.

So that, figuratively speaking, Spencer and his school have been standing on their own head. An argument upside down may look as consistent as the right way up; but while a pair of heels waving in the air may seem beautiful to some, a head on the ground means dust in the eyes.

One of the most curious features of this mode of reasoning is the way in which it fails to appreciate the self-reflective function of the mind. It professes to make matter the beginning of its system, and yet the theorist's own mind must of course be the beginning. Thus the chain runs from the theorist's mind to matter, and from matter to mind again. Having started with mind (his own mind) it would be more reasonable for the theorist to proceed

from that to lower forms of mind, and thence to matter as the end.

Spencer may be thought dogmatic in saying that anything is "impossible to fathom"; but if, instead of a fact, it is a theory, then we may concede that it may be impossible to fathom. However, we are not concerned with trying to fathom how a force existing as motion, heat, or light can become consciousness. The only logical place in which to seek starting-points is in consciousness; hence we must define *our* matter as a product of mind, not the other way round.

No doubt we shall soon be looking back with wonder at the fashions of thought characteristic of the scientific philosophy of the nineteenth century — nay, are we not already beginning to do so? A writer in the *Lancet Clinic* says:

Spencer and his school are, no doubt responsible for the present almost general belief that the forces of heat, light, and motion become, in the mind of man and beast, simple and complex modes of consciousness; for in his *First Principles*, p. 217, he affirms "how this metamorphosis takes place — how a force existing as motion, heat, or light can become a mode of consciousness — how it is possible for aerial vibrations to generate the sensation we call sound, or for the forces liberated by chemical changes in the brain to give rise to emotion — these are mysteries which it is impossible to fathom."

The writer continues that it is unfortunate such a view should have gained patronage among scientific minds; but that, erroneous as it is, is in harmony with the general scheme of evolution, as at present taught, which holds that material forces have evolved the higher forms of life.

The theory that mental forces are those of matter metamorphosed is frequently supported by the illustration of the metabolism of food elements in the stomach and bowel, from which the chemical changes and activities are conveyed by the blood and lymph streams to the central nervous system, where they produce the thousand and one mental phenomena that belong to our thought and emotional life.

H. T. E.

Ancient and Modern Road-Making

A WRITER on the art of road-making reviews the past for such records of ancient road-making as we have. The fact that we have such records at all is a testimonial to their durability. Our modern roads are not built to last through the ages, as apparently the Roman roads were; and why should they be?

The total length of Roman roads which were built in Italy, Gaul, Spain, Germany, Hungary, Macedonia, Sicily, Sardinia, England, North Africa, and Asia Minor has been estimated at 52,964 miles. In France alone there were at one time 13,000.

The Incas or their predecessors built thousands of miles of roads in face of great difficulties.

Illustrations giving cross-sections of roads show a diminution in thickness from the Roman to the macadam, the former being about eight times as thick as the latter. The macadam road needs constant renewal.

It has often been remarked that our civilization would leave no traces. This leads us to wonder if many such civilizations have not been and gone without leaving a trace. H.

THE wise man regards all men as beings dedicated to holy uses. — *Tao Teh King*

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

False Optimism

A CERTAIN kind of optimism, leading to a manlier state of mind or improved conduct, is very valuable; but not the kind that *prevents* improved conduct or precautions by denying or belittling ominous facts. We get this latter in a popular monthly contemporary's article by Dr. Woods Hutchinson on "The Diseases of Civilization."

The CENTURY PATH has more than once pointed out that underneath a deceptive lengthening of the average life, chiefly due to the prevention of certain infantile diseases and the better treatment of infancy in general, there are many signs of a steady diminution of public vitality. Whilst we know better how to treat and prevent the spread of *acute* diseases, the chronic ones, those indicative of general systemic decay, are increasing and are creeping back from what might be said to be their proper place, the years of later life, to the years of middle and even earlier life. Roughly speaking, acute diseases are invasions of the fortress from without and the invasion can mostly be prevented by methods increasingly well known. The chronic are decay in the fortress itself. To drop metaphor they are alterations — probably coagulations — in the nucleus of nerve and other cells.

Thus a health bulletin of the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society points out that whereas the deathrate below the age of 25 has been considerably reduced (due to lessened typhoid, tuberculosis, etc.), in that of persons over 60 there is a sharp rise. Some of the diseases peculiar to old and middle life have increased 40%. One of these is Bright's disease, and to this Dr. Hutchinson mainly directs his attention, taking it as a type of the others in the same category. He says:

When we began insisting upon knowing just what we died of and what could be done about it, we began to discover both some very encouraging and some rather alarming facts. The encouraging side of the shield was that nearly all the acute diseases and infections, like typhoid, tuberculosis, pneumonia, smallpox, cholera, etc. were considerably, and in most cases rapidly, decreasing. But, on the other hand, came the obverse side, that another less fatal but still formidable group of diseases seemed to be steadily increasing. Chief among these last are ranked Bright's disease, insanity and other diseases of the nervous system, heart disease and cancer.

He is not altogether accurate in the earlier part of the statement. We have not the recent Census figures yet. The 1900 report remarked so large an increase in pneumonia (over the figures for 1890) for children that the fall for older persons was more than overbalanced. And cerebro-spinal meningitis has of course increased enormously.

Early in his thesis Dr. Hutchinson says:

In the first place we have no valid proof that these diseases are any more common now than they were fifty, a hundred and fifty, or five hundred years ago. . . . The second fault in the argument about modern diseases and their menace is, that our systems and methods of vital statistics are so exceedingly new and young. . . . Last and greatest of all comes the uncertainty as to how much of this apparent increase simply means better and prompter recognition of these diseases.

Figures are sometimes used when convenient and blinked when inconvenient. The youthfulness of vital statistics, very convenient to dwell upon when the argument is that certain diseases are *not* increasing, is no bar to their use when it is desired to show that public health is increasing. The statistics *are* youthful; granted. The sole point of value is that from the time when they begin, which is about the time when modern life in this country began to take on its unique speed and certain evil characteristics, the chronic diseases of adult life, those which may be called diseases of *decay*, decaying vitality, have been increasing. This, Dr. Hutchinson, taking Bright's disease as an example or type, denies. He has to make out a case against the figures and thus does it. The habit of life insurance, he says, is now very general. To become insured, a candidate submits to certain medical examinations, the result of which is very often to show that he is the unsuspecting victim of the disease in question. Fifty years ago this was often not diagnosed and when his death occurred, say from pneumonia, *that* and not the underlying Bright's went on the certificate. Now the *Bright's* goes on.

The same is true, though in a lesser degree, of heart disease and of tuberculosis. There can be little question that the widespread habit of careful physical examination set on foot by the life-insurance companies has been of great hygienic value to the community, prolonging thousands of valuable lives and saving other thousands by warning of their danger in time to take effective steps for its cure.

So to offset those who fifty years ago would have *died* of it without its recognition, we have now those who merely *get* it but are cured. The line of statistical increase remains unaffected. What we are concerned with is the increase in those who get it, whether they happen to die of it or not. Furthermore, if there are now a number of victims whose malady is now diagnosed but would formerly have gone unsuspected, on the other hand the name of Bright's disease was formerly given to cases which we now call merely albuminuria. So again, the line of increase remains unaffected. And yet again, if our larger death-list, say from Bright's is due to better diagnosis, there has been but a transference of the cause from one column to another, say from the pneumonia column. So if we reject the increase of the Bright's, we must in *some* proportion reject the decrease of the pneumonia.

Says Dr. Hutchinson:

To sum up, Bright's Disease and other renal disturbances are probably increasing somewhat. [As we have shown, they are increasing possibly faster than the figures indicate.] This is only because more of us are living to be old enough, so to speak, to have earned them.

This won't do. Fifty years ago the average life was thirty years, today it has perhaps become thirty-four, and that is not the Bright's and cancer age. The number of those who do reach that age has hardly increased at all.

If the doctor will study the statistics and indications of vice "natural" and unnatural, of gluttony, of alcoholism, and morphinism, and will then consider how the sum of diseases

of decay *must* be increasing, he will do more good with a little healthy pessimism than with his head-in-the-sand optimism. M. D.

The Usual Coach and Six

AFTER much hard work Dr. Wiley, well seconded by his assistants of the Department of Agriculture, succeeded in getting a pure food Act passed. It seemed to be soundly worded. No food should contain any added ingredient capable or suspected to be capable of rendering it injurious to health. Mr. Cleveland Moffett, describing in a popular contemporary the good and earnest work of Mr. Cassidy in Philadelphia, shows how Dr. Wiley's endeavors have been almost nullified.

Is not adulteration to the pocket interests of certain manufacturers and purveyors? Particularly do they desire to be allowed to add preservatives. By means of some of these substances they can disguise the putrefaction of certain foods; they can stop putrefaction which, though it has gone far enough to generate poisons, has not gone far enough to be noticeable; and they can sometimes cover the additions of adulterants.

Three objections to their use are thus constituted; but there are others. Any substance which can stop abnormal or mischievous fermentation can as a rule stop or delay that special variety of fermentation which is digestion. Most of them are local irritants to the stomach. And some of them are poisons.

It was therefore in the highest degree desirable that Dr. Wiley's Act should be inviolate. But it has become very nearly a dead letter. The attack took various forms, one of which was (and is) an attempted defense of the very objectionable food antiseptic, benzoic acid. First, says Mr. Moffett, came the plea that it should not apply to 1907. Manufacturers would be ruined if all their stores were subjected to its provisions.

They were let off for 1907. But that was but a preliminary skirmish. A Board was created which has the power to interpret the Act and when necessary overrule Dr. Wiley's decisions — founded upon long and fully adequate experiment as these were. Mr. Moffett does not impeach the honor of the members of this Board. "On their souls and consciences," he says, "these experts disagree with Dr. Wiley and food reformers and agree with the food interests," the men who want to raise their profits from ten or fifteen per cent to forty, fifty, or sixty. "It just happens that the Remsen experts agree with these gentlemen!"

So stands the case. And when the people hear of a verdict, however honestly rendered by specialist chemists but in direct contravention of Dr. Wiley's extensive physiological knowledge and experimentation, that such or another chemical preservative is harmless, they forget that even were this true the use of such a substance may yet be used to cover incipient or advanced putrefaction.

Surely Dr. Wiley, even going too far — which he is not — is at any rate on the *safer* side of the doubt. H. CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology



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"NERO'S PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS." FROM THE PAINTING BY W. VON KAULBACH
A CHRISTIAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Nero and the Nazarenes

OWING to the fact that the Nazarene religion eventually seized the reins of civil power in the Roman world, and that it consequently became both the desire and the policy of chroniclers to depreciate the representatives of other religions, the popular idea of Nero which has descended to us through the Dark Ages is much prejudiced. In seeking to form a just and reasonable opinion we must allow for this influence. The Roman Empire at the time when Nero was called upon to ascend its throne was what in modern parlance would be called a "tough proposition." To occupy that position with credit demanded a man of more than ordinary strength of character. Nero seems to have been a remarkable man, but not the kind that was required by the circumstances. He has undoubtedly been saddled with direct responsibility for many of the things which took place during his reign and which he did not succeed in preventing.

Nero has been accused of setting Rome on fire; but Tacitus ridicules this supposition and describes the emperor's energy in combating the fire. By his orders all the open spaces in the Campus Martius were utilized to give shelter to the homeless crowds, provisions were brought from Ostia, and the price of corn lowered. In rebuilding the city every precaution was taken against the recurrence of such a disaster, broad streets replacing the narrow ones, and the new houses being limited in height, built partly of stone, and surrounded by open spaces. The water supply was carefully regulated. The disaster, however, told against Nero in the popular mind; and

he performed religious ceremonies and is stated to have executed a number of Nazarenes as scapegoats, this sect having somehow aroused the peculiar animosity and contempt of the people of Rome. The extravagance with which the emperor built his famous Golden House, ransacking the provinces for the means to adorn it, rendered him unpopular beyond the confines of the city.

No Roman emperor, says a prominent writer, has left a deeper mark on subsequent tradition. "His brief career, with its splendid opening and its tragic close, its fantastic revels and frightful disasters, acquired a firm hold over the imagination of succeeding generations. The Roman populace continued for a long time to reverence his memory as that of an open-handed patron, and in Greece the recollections of his magnificence, and his enthusiasm for art, were still fresh when the traveler Pausanias visited the country a century later. The belief that he had not really died, but would return again to confound his foes, was long prevalent. . . . Roman literature, faithfully reflecting the sentiments of the aristocratic salons of the capital, while it almost canonized those who had been its victims, fully avenged their wrongs by painting Nero as a monster of wickedness. In Christian tradition he appears in an even more terrible character, as the mystic Antichrist, who was destined to come once again to trouble the saints. Even in the Middle Ages Nero is still the very incarnation of splendid iniquity." (H. F. Pelham, M. A., in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th edition.)

Clearly, then, these contradictions are only to be reconciled by the hypothesis of a great name tra-

duced. It is unnecessary to go to the opposite extreme and whitewash Nero into a saint. We will grant him to have had a weak head and an extravagant heart. But he was certainly not the monster of cruelty he has been represented. He had one of those magnetic personalities that impress themselves on the mind and live eternally in the memory. He had great aspirations for magnificence and beauty. As to the Nazarenes, we realize better now that the mob which called itself Christian in Rome was far from being a worthy representative of that name, and compelled the best emperors, even Aurelius, to take severe measures against it; while on the other hand we find bad emperors protecting the sect. We know, too, that whether in honest frenzy or a more deliberate insincerity, many ecclesiastical historians misrepresented history without stint in favor of their cause. Nor is it surprising that even non-Christians should do the same in times when Christianity was the official religion of Empire. H. T. E.

Antiquity of Egypt

THE antiquity of Egypt grows more and more remarkable with each discovery of the excavators. A carefully-built stone tomb, roofed with stone beams of forty tons' weight, and containing a great sarcophagus of red granite, has just been uncovered near the pyramid of Seneferu at Memphis. The tomb was forty-five feet beneath the present surface, and unquestionable evidence shows it to be over six thousand five hundred years old. That a people capable of building such a tomb lived in the Nile valley so long ago would once have been called impossible. — *Exchange*

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

The Origin of Speech

THAT view of the origin of language which Max Müller be-sneered as the "pooh-pooh theory," may yet be partly justified by psychological and other research. Stripping words of all their adventitious elements and inflexions we get to roots, monosyllabic sounds consisting of a vowel only, or of a vowel preceded or followed, or both, by one or more consonants. "To Hindū grammarians," says Müller, and in particular to the very remote Pānini,

belongs the credit of having for the first time conceived the idea of a root, and of having made as complete a collection of the constituent elements of their language as was possible in their time.

He examines the collection given by Pānini, as also the fundamental concepts which belong to them, and then says:

There is no sentence in English of which every word cannot be traced back to the 800 roots, and every thought to the 121 fundamental concepts which remained after a careful sifting of the materials supplied to us by Pānini.

Pānini was a grammarian who loved and revered his Sanskrit tongue and made a map of it to endure for all future time, giving his life and genius to this work.

The question of the origin of the roots Max Müller leaves open, merely refusing the "pooh-pooh theory," that which makes all roots the immediate expression of feeling. Yet "*pooh!*" would be itself under certain circumstances a root, expressive of the feeling of contempt. We can conceive that it should become a verb meaning *to despise* and be inflected according as *I despise, you or they despise*. Some other addition might make it mean the noun *contempt*, and so on.

The theory is really a very good one and may be found impregnable, if of only partial application. As we have seen, a root consists of a vowel and a consonant part. There are but a small number of vowels, all told, in fact seven, the others being diphthongs (like our *i* or *ow*) or combinations (like the French *u*, of *ee* and *oo*). The seven are contained in the English words *ah, hat, hay*, (minus the light *ee* with which we conclude that vowel), *he, law, hut, hoot*. These are yielded by musical instruments, are of course then unconsounded, and must be immediate expression of primary pure feeling — just as music itself is. When humanity was in its primitive stage of physiological life, as yet mindless, these vowels would have presumably constituted its language. (But Theosophy by no means accepts the account of that stage given us by present-day science.) Music is really a vowel language, the vowels being sounded on various notes and enriched with the overtones which differentiate musical instruments from one another. According to Theosophy, humanity was at first purely spiritual, after its embodiment only gradually awakening to consciousness of physiological life and then of its environment. Of what we mean by mind, the brain organ, it had at first none. Its consciousness was spiritual, then slowly physiological and emotional, finally connected with pictorial

concepts of the outer world and its own work therein. Till that last stage, the language would be vowels only. After that, at the stage of concrete ideas, consonants would be needed to define, limit, and condition the phases of feeling excited by the outer world and action connected therewith. So would arise the roots, vowel plus consonant.

From here onward, Noire's theory can come in. According to him, roots would be the sounds which men instinctively made when working together at particular occupations, subsequently to be the names of those occupations and of objects connected therewith. "They are almost involuntary vibrations of the voice, corresponding to the more or less regular movements of our whole bodily frame." (Müller.) Examples would be the sounds made by an ostler in grooming a horse or sailors in winding a capstan. If we were to sneer at this as Müller did at the "pooh-pooh" theory, we might call it the grunt-grunt theory. But it nevertheless probably holds a part of the truth. And along with this origin of roots — note that the theory does not dip deep enough to tell us on subtle physiological grounds *why* men "instinctively" make such a sound at such a sort of work or species of effort — would go the imitation of animals and of natural sounds.

Whether all these together will make a complete theory remains to be seen, especially as nothing has been done to work out the relation of vowel sounds to elementary states. C.

The Night of the Worlds

PROFESSOR Crookes, dallying a little with one theory of the electron, leaves anyone who wishes speculative exercise, to unmake this universe and construct another. The theory in question regards the electron as immaterial and constructed of alternating superimposed layers of positive and negative electricity. So the Professor

refrains from speculating as to what would happen if some clever researcher of the future discovered a method of making these alternating layers of plus and minus cancel each other out.

Where he fears to tread, someone may rush in. Thus mentally rushing, where would he get to?

The layers must be under some strain, anxious to get at each other. The way being opened they would combine and heat would be liberated into the ether. The amount of heat would be proportional to the amount of matter thus *put out of being!* Now Kapteyn has shown that a small amount of stellar light is absorbed in transit through space. So likewise would a small amount of heat be absorbed. If the same maneuver were done for the infinity of matter throughout infinite space, the infinity of ether, not being warmable, would be thrown into some condition of general strain or tension, uniform throughout it. The cosmic drama would be ended. The consciousness of all beings would have passed into some transcendental condition which we might call sleep. And it too would be uniform.

But if deep in the very nature of consciousness, hidden from its own examination, there

be a law of rhythm, a law which provided that after a period of quiescence there should come a stir, and if this law affected the larger synthetic groups before coming down to such details as, say, ourselves; then, when these will-wielding logoi awoke here and there in space, they might be imagined as disturbing the equilibrium of the ether, each at his point. Their fiats might cause sudden reliefs of the tension, attended with a streaming of the ether-stuff to the places of relief, combinations and recombinations of it till at last there were glowing sun centers — and so the cosmic drama would reopen.

Some such theory as this might be reached by a man who rushed in where Professor Crookes feared to tread. He would of course go in peril of his life thereafter. In mitigation of his sentence he could only say that he had not really been speculating, but only indicating the lines on which he had *refrained* from speculating. Later on, he would say, when science knows what the ether is, and the electron, and electricity, and how they are related to consciousness, and why there is the omnipresent law of rhythm which Spencer saw, he would take up the point again and enquire why this last law and that of evolution should not apply to the above as to the below, to the great as to the small.

STUDENT

"Wireless" with Wires

A MAJOR in the U. S. army has invented a paradoxical system of wireless telephony and telegraphy in which a wire is used. He has completed the paradox by presenting his invention freely to the public.

In ordinary wired telegraphy the current is confined to the wire; all of it, less certain losses, reaches the point of destination. In wireless work the sending station causes waves to be flung into the ether in every direction. Of these a minute fraction only reaches the receiving station, a fraction which is the smaller the further the stations are apart. If their distance is over a certain amount the arriving wave may not be detectable at all and in any case an enormous amount of energy is wasted.

When a spark is taken from a charged electric conductor, for example the knob of a Leyden jar, it seems to pass in one direction only — from knob to finger. In reality it is to and fro, the oscillations being very rapid. Each oscillation throws a wave into the ether in every direction, and it is in the use of these that wireless telegraphy is accomplished.

Major Squier has found that if the oscillations are less than 100,000 per second, the resulting waves will, instead of spreading in every direction, consent to run along the film of ether surrounding a wire — without interfering with any current that may then be running *in* the wire. The ordinary wire communications are thus not interfered with. If, moreover, several sets of rapidities are used with as many receivers at the other end tuned respectively to these several rates, as many messages or conversations may be simultaneously transmitted along (or rather around) that one wire from as many transmitters. C.



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THE HEAD OF A CANON, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Uses of Seaweed

A WRITER in the *Scientific American* calls attention to the enormous unused resources we have in our seaweed. He calls them wasted because they are not used; but we might make less wasteful use of our ordinary resources before seeking fresh ones to squander. At any rate the seaweed feeds the fishes, and the fish feed us.

In some places seaweed is used as fertilizer, in others as food for swine and cattle. In Holland it has been used in building dykes. Upholstering is another use. The Japanese use seaweed so much that they have to practise conservation and replanting. Seaweed is a natural breakwater, and some of their coasts have been quite denuded of it. The red laver (*Porphyra laciniata*) is manufactured by them into a variety of foods for domestic use and exportation. Its cultivation is one of the most profitable branches of agriculture.

"Kanten," or seaweed isinglass, is exported by Japan to all civilized countries, and in 1903 there were 500 establishments, turning out 3,000,000 pounds, selling at 25 cents a pound. The manufactured product is nearly white, shiny, and semi-transparent. It is used in making jellies, soups, and sauces. In the United States it is used where gelatin is required, and

is superior to the natural product. This kind of seaweed grows on the Pacific Coast; and a kind called *Porphyra perforata* is mentioned as having been collected for many years along the coast of Ventura County, California, and exported to China to be manufactured into Chinese moss products.

The United States, however, has one industry of commercial importance in "Irish moss," which grows on the Atlantic coast, and has for three-quarters of a century been manufactured at Scituate, Mass., for use in blanc-mange, jellies, the sizing of fabrics, etc. E.

The Automobile and the Farmer

A MONG a hundred farmers in Nebraska, forty own large touring machines and family cars; Kansas farmers during 1907 spent \$3,200,000 for automobiles; in Iowa, out of 10,000 automobiles, half are owned and operated by farmers; and so it goes. This indicates a perfect revolution in farm conditions in the parts of America affected, and it is difficult to forecast its eventual result. That it is linking country with town, farm life with city life, is certain; the effect of this linking is doubtful. Will it mean the invasion of the country by the city, or the invasion of the city by the country? Some think

that the countrified farmer's son and daughter, now that they can run over to the city and back, will not feel constrained to desert the farm; they can let off steam, and give themselves a little change, and imbibe a little culture without deserting the farm. They can escape from monotony and isolation without having to give up farming and become salesmen or mechanics. Thus the advantages of rural life will be retained in combination with city life.

The automobile has inaugurated an important new stage in that marvelous linking together of humanity which science has effected. But with each new stage our risks and responsibilities increase. This is the lesson that the facts are forcing home to us. It is seen that with the facilities now afforded by invention, the resources of life can to a great extent be cornered and exploited, that dangerous drugs can come into the hands of the weak, that crime finds new means to work its ends; and in short, that an economic polity which sufficed for simpler days is being exaggerated into an impossibility. Hence the cry, everywhere heard, that we must develop our moral resources in just proportion to our material resources. No doubt this question will arise in connexion with this new phenomenon in our agricultural life.

TRAVERS



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

TO WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:
My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

Ethics

ONE of the greatest barriers to Western progress, in all lines, is the utter lack of faith in the existence of a knowledge of the true meaning of life. The prevailing idea is that no such knowledge ever has been attained, and is quite unattainable both now and forever; and that all we possess is, at best, but guesses, and most of us think that we can guess as well as another.

This, Theosophy teaches, is a huge mistake. Evolution is an eternal fact, and the spiritual nature of man is One and Eternal, and humanity is capable of infinite perfection because it is One with the Divine Essence of the Universe, and in bygone aeons Beings on other worlds, as well as on this, have reached that sublime degree of perfection which is attained by union with the Supreme Soul. Infant worlds are not therefore left to the mercy of chance; nor is the life upon them a new thing. It has reincarnated from other worlds that have lived and died in the Bosom of the Infinite; and the Immortal Gods, who have reaped the rich harvest of boundless experience watch over the new-born planets with infinite wisdom and compassion. When the animal forms become fit habitations for the Divine Egos the Gods are there to guide and to teach the pilgrim souls in their progress to perfection. Theosophy is therefore older than the earth and the stars. It is Eternal Truth; and has always been accessible to those who seek it in the true spirit. It is Here Now and Forever, and we of this planet are infinitely indebted to H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley for bringing it near to us who had forgotten it, and lost our way in the bewildering mazes produced by selfish rapacity.

True Ethics, therefore, are not the result of mere speculation which might be true or

false. They are the laws of life which have been known and demonstrated throughout eternity, and are as unalterable as the laws of force and matter on the physical plane. And is there not sufficient evidence that their disregard is followed by disaster vastly more terrible than that which ensues the ignoring of the laws of the physical world, where it is clearly seen that lawlessness is possible only because of the Law. The disasters which follow the disregard of moral Laws are—insanity, disease, misery, suicide, and all the nameless woe, including death, that humanity endures or tries to escape; and the underlying cause of all is personal selfishness, narrowing the vision to the confines of the lower nature which is the blind leader of the blind.

Not one of these ills need be known if humanity would heed the laws of life proclaimed broadcast by its true Teachers.

Universal Brotherhood or Divine Compassion

of this inner unity with all the kingdoms of nature. It is very obvious to lovers of nature in regard to plants and animals. There may be among vivisectionists some with soul so dead, that they have never felt the joy of perfect sympathy with the struggling souls of their younger brothers in the kingdoms below. Such callous heartlessness is a complete bar to all true knowledge of man's nature or dog's.

But one who feels the great heart of nature throbbing with beneficence and the joy of a triumphant march, knows that every individual stone, plant, and animal, is throbbing with life which like his own is on its way to a fuller and higher expression. There is a moment when sympathy brings acquaintance with particular species as well as with single individuals, when its very nature and character seem to dawn in the heart. And it is by the increase of this sympathy that there is closer and closer union which gives fuller and fuller



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BETWEEN THE FALLS, TROLLHATTAN, SWEDEN

sion is a sympathy so full that there is a merging with the consciousness of the object of our compassion. This results in an understanding so complete that there is perfect knowledge of the character and needs of the sufferer so that we neither withhold that which can help, nor give or do that which will injure. The practice of true ethics is thus the path to wisdom. This is still more evident by contrast with the results of hate and fear. We can never understand that which we hate or fear. These form clouds, Cimmerian as pitchy night, which obscure the vision of the soul, not only from all that is best in the object of our hatred, but cast a gloom over the whole prospect of life and we see nothing but a blur where there is the splendor of great brightness and songs of joy.

It may be objected that love is also one-sided. The sentimental love of the lower nature may be erring but Divine Compassion is not, for it is free from desire. It gives the knowledge of Unity which makes the idea of possession absurd. We do not desire possession of our hands or feet. We know that they are parts of ourselves—that our consciousness is linked with them. Our consciousness is as closely linked with our fellows and with the whole universe. It is these bonds of union which Divine Compassion reveals and from them comes perfect knowledge.

There are many degrees of the realization

knowledge until we realize the Oneness of all life.

Thus we can see that ethics, in the broader, deeper and higher sense, is not merely concerned with the rightness of conduct between man and man but with the attitude of the soul of man toward all souls in the whole realm of nature and to the Universal Soul of which man is a part. It is an attitude of sympathy rather than a form of action although the sympathy is sterile if it is not expressed in action. It is through action alone that the soul can gain its freedom.

Thus, we find, that the most complete definition of ethics is that which has been given by all the great Teachers in all ages and climes, and is summed up in the word Brotherhood, which means noble service to all that lives. This service, which is also a duty, we owe to the universe, inasmuch as we ourselves would not have arrived hither had we not also been helped by those who were able to lead us onward, and do now give us their aid; for the progress of the lower can only proceed by the help of the higher. Thus a closer scrutiny reveals that "Nature red in tooth and claw" is born of the spirit of human rapacity and neglect of duty throughout the ages. The animal nature at bottom, is what man has made, or rather mis-made it. All obdurate and cruel practices, as vivisection essentially is, are thus shown to be utterly immoral, and

subversive of the progressive purpose of nature, and at variance with the fundamental Law of Divine Compassion: and verily they bring their reward in hardness of heart and inner darkness.

There is a singular lack of capacity among critics of the sacred literature of the Orient to comprehend the subtle meaning of the transcendental morality taught therein. They complain that it inculcates inaction, that we must neither love nor hate, hope nor fear, and that either absorption or annihilation is presented as the Summum Bonum: and they fail to see in it anything but inanity and negation. Doubtless some of the Oriental peoples themselves have misunderstood and misapplied their teachings, but this does not alter the sublimity of the doctrines taught therein.

To be freed from the fear, hate, infatuation, ambition, and lust of the animal nature, does not mean that all that makes life interesting is gone. On the contrary, it is only then that life, truly speaking, fitly begins. It is only when these have been subdued that the Divine Life can manifest and the inner unity can be realized: which surely means neither inanity nor annihilation; not even death. Says the *Bhagavad-Gītā*:

Assimilation with the Supreme Spirit is on both sides of death for those who are free from desire and anger, temperate, of thoughts restrained; and who are acquainted with the true Self. A man enjoyeth not freedom from action from the non-commencement of that which he hath to do; nor doth he obtain happiness from a total abandonment of action. He who remains inert, restraining his senses and organs, yet pondering with his heart upon objects of sense, is called a false pietist of bewildered soul. But he who having subdued all his passions performeth with his active faculties all the duties of life, unconcerned as to their result, is to be esteemed. Do thou perform the proper actions. The journey of thy mortal frame cannot be accomplished by inaction. All actions performed other than as sacrifice unto God make the actor bound by action. Abandon, then, O son of Kunti, all selfish motives, and in action perform thy duty for him alone. Seek this wisdom by doing service, by strong search, by questions and by humility; the wise who see the truth will communicate it unto thee, and knowing which thou shalt never again fall into error. By this knowledge thou shalt see all things and creatures whatsoever in thyself and then in me [The Supreme].

Here we have an ideal of perfect freedom from passion and desire; and the perfect calm and impersonality of the Divine Life; fully conscious of its unity with the Universal Soul, and possessed of infinite Knowledge, Wisdom, and Compassion.

We are so habituated to a selfish, personal life that we have become incapacitated to comprehend the possibility of a life disburdened of selfish ends, craving desires, and raging ambitions. Yet true Life is no other than a total abandonment of these. "Give up thy life if thou wouldst live," we have been told by all the Great Teachers since the world began. And does it not sound reasonable that the selfish life must be abandoned before the Divine Life can become possible. That such a life is feasible—nay, is the only proper human life—has been made certain by the Great World-Teachers who live in its realization, and who lead the way for all who dare to follow.

WILLIAM SCOTT

PEOPLE frequently reject great truths, not so much for want of evidence as for want of an inclination to search for it.—*Gilpin*

If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be and is equally outraged by silence.—*Ammian*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question It has often been said that Theosophy gives the key to all the problems of life; how then would you apply it in the treatment of criminals?

Answer The language used by many responsible persons both secular and cleric in connexion with certain crimes does not always commend itself to those who take an active interest in moral progress. It is desirable that strong measures be taken for the protection of the general public, but those measures must be consonant with justice or the effect will not be lasting.

The prison code has often been the subject of debate, and it has been frequently advanced that criminals should be treated as diseased, and not punished as and only from the standpoint of the equation of penalty to crime, but until arrangements are made whereby the criminal will be treated without animus, there will be little real progress. If for the worst crimes the criminals were segregated for a period of years and a course of physical and moral treatment were put in operation, Theosophists believe that it would not be long before the result would be manifested in the lessened tendency to crime.

Those acquainted with the Theosophical teachings will readily understand the benefit of this, for they know that by directing the activity of the criminal into healthy channels and helping him to understand and use the higher powers and aspirations of his being, his whole character will be gradually changed for the better and he may become a useful member of the community, in a future life if not in this; at the same time he will be a living fire in which some of the already existing evil thoughts of the world will be rendered innocuous.

Such methods instead of preventing crime by the fear of punishment—which is never wholly effective, as drastic measures have been in operation for many hundreds of years as history shows—will be far nearer justice in its best aspect and will gradually raise the tone of the whole community. For minor crimes there has recently been shown a more humane mode of treatment. In some cases the offender has been released on parole, with excellent results, and in the case of juvenile culprits, Children's Courts have been provided in some places in order to prevent as far as possible contamination by the older criminals.

When we reflect on the conditions of modern life, the wear and tear, stress, and awful contrasts that obtain, with no true philosophy outside of Theosophy, to give us the key to unlock the mystery; and also when we look into the life-history and environment of most of the people who are sent to jail, we may well wonder how it is that there is not more crime. This alone should make thinking people see that there *must* be somewhere a guarding and guiding power and that each one *must* be to some extent receptive to it.

"Fear kills the Will, and stays all action." It does *not* lead to *positive* crime nor does it prevent the cunning rogue from causing intense misery to others if he thinks he can escape being brought to book. This indicates

that the key to the prevention of crime must be sought elsewhere, for when fear fails to act as a deterrent as we see it now does on account of the greater intelligence and awakening of the masses, it becomes a question of vital importance to find that key without loss of time. In Theosophy alone can be found the indications which will help forward the search, and by *practical* Theosophy alone—as exemplified by the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—has the key actually unlocked the door to the criminal's higher nature and permanent success been achieved.

Much good work is being done for prisoners in many parts of the world and their general conditions much improved, but with the knowledge of the complex nature of man and the wisdom to apply just the right medicine, successful results will accrue. STUDENT

The Theosophical Address at Isis Theater

A LARGE audience listened last evening to Professor Darrow's lecture on "Theosophy, the Panacea for the World's Woe." Among those present were Mrs. Darrow and several of the officials and students of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. The lecture throughout was full of interest and was received with attention.

As an introduction Professor Darrow briefly told how he became interested in Theosophy. He said he had often been questioned as to his enthusiasm as a Theosophist, and in answer he paid a beautiful tribute to his mother, through whose influence and suggestion he went to New York and visited the International Theosophical Headquarters, which were then situated at 144 Madison Avenue in that city. Here he met Katherine Tingley and became a member of one of her classes in Theosophy. Hence, in a sense he had grown up with it, and the more he studied it and saw its application to daily life the more earnest he became. One thing that struck him very forcibly at the outset was the character of the men he saw connected with the organization, and he realized their great aim in life. Above all it was the earnestness and splendid humanitarian work of the Leader, Katherine Tingley, that aroused his enthusiasm and affected his whole life to the extent that he felt that Theosophy was the only teaching that could solve the riddles of existence and give the noblest and worthiest aim for living.

Professor Darrow also spoke of his travels and his life as a student at the American College at Athens; his love for the old Grecian culture, and his hope that some day it would be restored to the world. From his point of view, however, it was only through Theosophy and its application in the every-day duties of life that this would be.

Professor Darrow's lecture was very interestingly and happily interspersed with quotations from the three Theosophical Leaders and Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, and also from other well-known writers illustrating his various points. Brief extracts follow:

"The world's woe is largely due to the false teachings that have been long current in regard to the nature of man and of the Deity. In the words of H. P. Blavatsky: 'Our duty is to keep alive in man his spiritual intuitions. To oppose and counteract—after due investigation and proof of its irrational nature—bigotry in every form, religious, scientific or social, and *cant*.'"

"Theosophy is the Panacea for the World's Woe; first, because it teaches duty and selflessness; secondly, because it teaches Universal Brotherhood and shows that there is some good in all forms of religion and attacks none but interprets all; thirdly, because it establishes the only sure basis for right thought, right word, and right deed; fourthly, because it is the only consistent and therefore the only practical system including all the truths of science, philosophy, and religion; fifthly, because it frees the mind both from the fear of death and the fear of life; and sixthly, because it teaches the innate divinity of man with the emphasis on his individual responsibility and the need for self-respect."—San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Central Office Point Loma California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

A World-Wide Symbol

CONTINUAL discoveries of antique records are being made which prove that similar religious and philosophic ideas were widely spread long before there could have been means of communication adequate to explain their diffusion, if we admit the common hypothesis that prehistoric races were all savage—a hypothesis which is being seriously threatened nowadays. In the ruins of a teocalli at San Miguel Amantla, Mexico, a very beautiful burnt-clay butterfly with a human head has lately been found. It is finely tinted in glazed colors and is covered with undeciphered hieroglyphic writing.

The butterfly, in Ancient America, as in Greece and other countries, symbolized the human soul. In her learned work on the svastika (Vol. II, Harvard University Papers of the Peabody Museum) Mrs. Nuttall, in speaking of the beliefs of the ancient Mexicans, says:

For four years after death the souls retained their human form, and then, after passing through nine successive heavens, entered into the celestial paradise where they assumed the forms of different kinds of butterflies and humming-birds. . . . It is very remarkable to see actually that the ancient Mexicans employed the butterfly as a symbol of the immortal soul, and had also evolved the idea of a winged head, analogous to that of the cherub, to represent a blest spirit, dwelling in celestial regions.

The student of Theosophy can see distinct traces of the teachings of the ancient Wisdom-Religion in the above. The throwing aside of the human form after a few years and the assumption of the spiritual vesture symbolized by the bird or butterfly, is in perfect harmony with the teachings of Theosophy, for man, after a more or less lengthy stay in the Kâmaloka condition, where he is busy purifying himself of the lower attributes of his human nature, gradually moves on through the higher Devachanic planes, spiritually developing and free from most of his human limitations until the time comes for reincarnation.

From the outside standpoint also, it seems that the so-called "heathen savages" who lived in Central America before the coming of the "highly moral and civilized Europeans," had a poetic and elevated idea of the heaven-world, far superior to the coarse, material, notion of Happy Hunting Grounds, prevalent among the wilder nomadic tribes of Red Men.

It may be objected, in considering the significance of the wide prevalence of the bird and

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

butterfly symbols, that they were the most natural things to be thought of in connection with the soul. This is possible, but, when considered in relation to the world-wide diffusion of other, not obviously natural symbols, and of many identical legends, they take a more probable place in the mass of evidence now accumulating in favor of the existence of the lost continent of Atlantis, with its great civilization of the Fourth Race, from which the primitive inhabitants of Europe and America derived the many things they had in common.

STUDENT

Point Loma

Translated from "Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning," January 10, 1911

Lecture with Sciopicon Pictures

LAST night Professor Osvald Sirén from Stockholm lectured in the hall of *Handelsinstitutet*, having for his subject Point Loma, the promontory in the Pacific Ocean which forms one of the natural arms of the great San Diego harbor.

The pictures shown by the speaker were almost entirely taken by himself during his visit there, and it was his hope that they would convey something of the beauty of the life that is lived at Point Loma, the Headquarters of the world-embracing organization whose full name is the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, and which is under the leadership of Katherine Tingley.

To start with, some pictures were shown which gave the audience an idea of the situation of the place. In connexion with this the great importance of San Diego in the future as being the best harbor and the first harbor on the Pacific coast to be called at by the liners for the Panama Canal was pointed out.

Then the audience was carried to Point Loma and strolled about with the speaker over the cañons and the sloping hills where the yerba santa and cactus plants cover the land with flowers. Then down to the beach to admire the gigantic and fantastic architecture of the rocks there. And he spoke of the mighty song of the ocean and of the majestic roar when the high tide is rolling in against the cliffs.

The speaker said that he had seen all lands with some natural beauty in Europe, but nowhere had he found the imposing, restful and beautiful contours, the harmonious formation of the ground, that is seen in southern California.

Then, coming to the Theosophical Headquarters, it is like coming right into a fairy tale. The build-

ings harmonize so completely with the natural surroundings which form, as it were, the key-note in its architecture.

The audience was taken over the place to see how the Students live in close touch with nature. It could almost be heard and felt how the place was filled by the song of birds, and with the fragrance of flowers, while the beautiful nature-colors are deeper there on account of the wonderfully clear and transparent atmosphere. The monumental buildings

were then described in detail, and the education of the children touched upon.

The Râja Yoga pupils were shown in their drills, marching, assembled in the Rotunda at an orchestra concert or in musical practice, instrumental as well as vocal; in their play, and in their work among flowers. And all the time the speaker mentioned the fundamental principles of the Râja Yoga education, how the latter tends to awaken the real inner man to conscious work, to subdue the lower nature and to master it. Grand simplicity is considered the right element of the child, and much is done to preserve it. The school-work is based on this principle. Everything combines there to give bright and sublime pictures and to fill the mind with joy and courage.

He showed at last some pictures of Swedish children living there, and spoke of an interesting plan which probably would be taken up very soon. When the Panama Canal is opened in 1915, Expositions will be arranged at several places along the Pacific Coast giving an exposé of the present civilization of the world. At San Diego there will be one dealing more exclusively with "inner" progress, and it was certainly in place for Sweden, the land of the future, to participate. It was his hope that great interest would be aroused for the representation of Sweden.

There was beautiful music before and after the lecture. The audience which filled the hall showed great interest during the two hours it lasted, and greeted the speaker with warm applause.

MEN have divided the world into heathen and Christian, without considering how much good may be hidden in the one, or how much evil may have been mingled with the other. They have compared the best part of themselves with the worst of their neighbors, the ideal of Christianity with the corruption of Greece or the East. They have not aimed at impartiality, but have been content to accumulate all that could be said in praise of their own, and in dispraise of other forms of religion. — Professor Jowett, *Sermons on Faith and Doctrine*

It is hardly possible for anyone standing aloof from political wrangling to think that sufficient attention is paid today to the only side of the question that is fundamentally important. We hear incessant talk about rights, but very little about duties; incessant appeals to men to consider how much they do not possess, but very few reminders of how much they are not that they ought to be. — London Times

THE LADY OF THE GREENWOOD

I N the Vale of St. Flagans,
Amidst the hazel trees,
I saw the One that's reigning
O'er the wild birds and the bees.

She came down a green path,
Where young trees lean o'er the stream;
The young nut leaves were nodding,
And the dark bluebells a-dream.

She had the sea in her eyes,
And the blue night in her hair:
Her feet gleamed mid the blue blooms
That nodded pondering there.

She came down the green path,
And stilled were stream and tree;
No grass bent beneath her;
The leaves she might not see.

And the wood was filled with strange blooms
And wandering wisps of song;
Blue blooms of shadow bloomed,
A half viewless throng.

The wild words were with her,
The wild croon and vague
All in the olden wood Welsh
Of the wild Tylwyth Teg.

For she was singing, singing
Elfin songs as she came.
I heard one murmurous word she sang,
And that was an olden name.

And then she vanished away,
And a laughter rang through the trees,
And a bee came buzzing by me
From the High Court of the Bees.

K. M.

The Great Ideas of Religion

DISREGARDING for the moment all historical or mythological questions and all such subjects as the rise and fall of dogmas and the interpretation of creeds, but concerning ourselves with the basic ideas of religion, philosophical and ethical, in their pure and unadulterated forms as they can be discovered by a comparative study of the different historical religions, we shall find that these ideas consist of four concepts, three philosophical and one ethical. The three philosophical concepts deal with first, the Deity; secondly, the life and action of the Deity in the universe; and, thirdly, the nature of the individual Soul. The one ethical concept is the Golden Rule.

First, the basic idea of the concept of the Deity in its true form is that of life of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, into which concept we cannot intrude any analogy from our human personality without limiting and belittling the idea. The Theosophist agrees with Dr. Arnold of Rugby that the very idea of personality when associated with the Deity is a clumsy anthropomorphism. Even the personal pronoun He, when applied to the Deity, is itself a distinct limitation.

H. P. Blavatsky says:

We (Theosophists) believe in a Universal Divine Principle, the root of all, from which all proceeds and within which all shall be absorbed at the end of the great cycle of Being. — Our Deity is neither in a paradise nor in a particular tree, building, or mountain: it is everywhere, in every atom of the visible as of the invisible cosmos; in, over, and around every indivisible atom and divisible molecule.

Secondly, the life and action of the Deity in the world is manifested by what is often called Providence but what is better named the Law of Perfect Love and Perfect Justice, the Law of Ethical Causation, the Law of

Compensation or Karma. It is this law which decrees in the world of ethics, as well as in the world of physics, that action and reaction are equal and opposite: that "as a man sows, so shall he also reap."

The Books say well, my brothers; each man's life
The outcome of his former living is:
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes —
The bygone right breeds bliss.

The third fundamental philosophical concept of religion is that of the nature of the individual Soul. The highest and truest form of this concept represents the Soul as a life akin to the Deity, the "That art thou" of the Upanishads. Like the Deity therefore the Soul must not only be deathless but also birthless, eternally pre-existent as well as eternally post-existent. In conceiving of the Soul it is necessary to keep continually in mind the sharp distinction between the Real or Individual Man, the Soul, the Higher Self, and the apparent or personal man, the human animal, the lower self. That which thinks of itself as the "I," or the thinker, is the Real Man, which persists from eternity to eternity. The lower self or personal man is *always becoming* but *never is*. It is destroyed at what we call death and is new at each new birth; the "I" retains its identity as the actor remains the same man although playing many rôles. The universality of the Deity and the kinship of the individual Soul to the Deity, give the philosophical basis of the two great truths of the Universal Parenthood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of man.

Finally, the fourth and last basic concept of religion is the Golden Rule. As the first three concepts are the kernels around which all true philosophies are formed, so the Golden Rule is the center around which all true ethical systems are developed. The command in the mouth of Jesus to "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you," was neither new nor unique, for the highest ethics of all ages have been based upon this one idea. It was taught by Gautama-Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, Plato, and many other pre-Christian religious reformers and philosophers, in fact, by the Elect of all ages.

H. P. Blavatsky says:

The first of Theosophical duties is to do one's duty by all men.

Theosophy is the quintessence of duty.

A true Theosophist must put in practice the loftiest moral ideal, must strive to realize his unity with the whole of humanity and work ceaselessly for others.

Real Theosophy is altruism and we can not repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth. If men do but realize that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possession or any other selfish gratification, then the dark clouds will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon earth. Then the Golden Age will be here indeed.

W. Q. Judge says:

The power to know does not come from book-study alone, nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practice of altruism in deed, word, and thought: for that practice purifies the covers of the soul and permits the Divine Light to shine down into the brain-mind.

Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, says:

Universal Brotherhood has no creeds or dogmas; it is built on the basis of commonsense. It teaches

that Man is Divine, that the soul of man is imperishable, and that Brotherhood is a fact in nature and consequently takes in all humanity.

F. S. DARROW, A. M., PH. D.

Symbology of the Christmas Tree

"WHENCE the Christmas Tree?" asks a writer in *T. P.'s Weekly*. It has been stated, he says, that it came from Egypt, a legend well propagated in old Irish and Welsh fairy tales. In old Egypt they used a slip of the palm tree with twelve shoots on it at certain winter festivals. This symbolized the year with its twelve months. It came to us from Germany; but where did the Germans get it? Far away in the ages we find Teutons believing in the mystic tree Yggdrasil, which, with its roots and branches, united the two worlds.

Fritz Ortwein says that it is a remnant of a heathen custom, as at the turn of the year during the twelve days of the Jul festival in honor of Woden, greenery could be fetched from the woods by all without punishment, and every hall was decorated.

We must seek the explanation of the Christmas Tree in the symbology of the Tree and of Christmas. The Tree is an emblem of life and evolution, and the Norse Ash-Tree is but one of many such symbolic World-Trees, among which must be included the Trees in the Garden of Eden. Practically all the ancient cosmogonies have this symbol, a fact which has led some to invent the term "tree-worship." The Christos is said to be crucified on a Tree. The use of this symbol in mystic ceremonials has evidently been perpetuated long after the original significance was lost sight of and the ceremonial had become a mere rejoicing. Christmas occurs at the time of the winter solstice; and it is supposed that some of the Church Fathers fixed upon that date for celebrating the birth of Jesus because it coincided with the Pagan festivals. When Christianity was introduced into northern lands, many Teutonic and Scandinavian customs became amalgamated with the Christmas celebration.

The use of green branches is a similar survival from the ancient Mysteries. We see it in the *thyrsus* of Dionysus and in Jack-in-the-Green, while the Maypole combines both symbols.

Is it not a curious fact that so many customs, whose meaning we do not understand, should be perpetuated? We have a "superstitious" or reverential respect for them. This strong incentive, which resists all argument, is not merely folly. Below our ordinary consciousness we preserve a racial memory, and this memory reveals itself in the form of these instincts. There have been times when ceremonials connected with symbolism were performed with conscious purpose and with understanding. Having forgotten the science, we have preserved some of the practices; we have lost the spirit, but kept the form. Arrangements of flowers, plants, colors, animals, etc., may nowadays constitute merely a decorative scheme; but it is at least conceivable that particular arrangements of natural objects may provide the necessary conditions for Magic. Old magical recipes prescribe this sort of thing; but, though we may set up the apparatus according to recipe, we fail to make it work — perhaps because some essential is

purposely omitted from the directions, perhaps because special qualities are needed in the magician himself.

What good can come from setting up a tree and dancing around it? It may promote a spirit of joy and good fellowship as an earnest of luck for the ensuing year. All these things are our dim memories of an ancient knowledge which we shall one day regain. H. T. E.

Astronomical Notes

DURING the past few years it has been ascertained that our sun belongs to a class of variable stars. The great Solar Observatory on Mount Wilson, California, has been collecting evidence which proves that the variation of solar radiation amounts to from two to eight per cent.

The problem of the Variable Stars—of which several hundreds are known—is one of the most puzzling in astronomy, and as its systematic study is a matter involving much time, patience, and refinement in procedure; the working forces of the regular observatories are not adequate to cope with it, owing to the pressure of other work. It is an entirely modern branch of astronomy, and evidently has a great future, for it deals with a law of nature, the law of Cycles or Periodicity, which is of fundamental importance. Everything we can possibly learn about the workings of cyclic law is of importance to us, for we are subject to it every moment of our lives. A full understanding of the law in history would render our future, as individuals and as a race, much brighter, for we should be better prepared to meet the inevitable, and more capable of intelligently modifying the worst evils. Already we have approached something definite and practically useful by the establishment of the fact that the solar spots have a direct connexion with magnetic and weather conditions on earth. Some quite unthought-of clue to the solar cycles and their influence on terrestrial conditions, leading to important consequences, may very probably be the outcome of such an apparently recon-dite investigation as that of the slight variations of the light we receive from stars so distant that light, which travels at 186,000 miles per second, takes centuries to reach us from them.

The most striking variable star is Algol (β Persei), a bright second magnitude star which descends to the fourth magnitude in 4 hours 23 minutes. In 5 hours 37 minutes it regains its former brilliancy, at which it remains for two days ten hours. This star can be seen in the northern hemisphere throughout most of the year. It was known from early times at an extraordinary variable, and obtained in consequence the name Algol, or "the Demon Star."

Another famous variable is Mira in Cetus, the Whale. Its period is $333\frac{1}{3}$ days, and it changes from the second magnitude to invisibility (except in larger telescopes) in three months. It remains invisible to the naked eye for five months and then takes three months more to regain its original brilliancy. Sometimes it does not regain it fully until the next cycle.

What can be the mystery of the Variable Stars? When the change is perfectly regular, as in the case of Algol, it seems likely that an immense planet or dark companion inter-

poses itself, passing between us and the star in the line of sight in the course of its orbit round the star. The companion of Algol, which is large enough to cut off so much of its light, has been calculated by the aid of spectroscopic analysis to be three millions of miles from its primary. But what of the other kinds of variables, the irregular ones? Are they periodically covered with dark spots like those of our sun, but in such quantity as to diminish their light greatly? This explanation seems partially to explain the problem. Even the slight diminution in brightness which our sun must undergo at the period of sunspot maximum is probably visible at the distance of the stars.

Another kind of variable star is the temporary star, which flashes up unexpectedly to great brilliancy and then gradually dies down to nothing, or to a very faint speck of light, or to a nebula. Many theories have been advanced to explain these. Professor Bickerton, of the University of New Zealand, has lately been lecturing at the Colonial Institute, London, on the subject. His theory, in brief, is as follows: We know that there are two great star-streams in space; as the components pass along collisions occur occasionally, and portions are torn off, which coalesce and form a new body—a thing of terrific heat and energy. This is a Temporary Star, and owing to the heat evolved in its birth, it explodes, and is dissipated into atomic dust, which provides the material for new solar systems. Other astronomical theorizers have recently advanced almost similar suggestions. It is interesting to students of Theosophy to watch the general movement of modern science in the direction of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings, at least so far as the physical aspect of things are concerned; for some of these astronomical theories are distinct approaches to the teachings given out in her works. Whether, or to what degree, they have been directly derived from a study of Theosophy, without acknowledgement, is of course, unknown to us, but some of the "coincidences" have been remarkable. For instance we find H. P. Blavatsky describing the genesis of solar systems as follows:

All began life as wanderers over the face of the infinite Kosmos. They detached themselves from the common storehouse of already prepared material, the Milky Way (which is nothing more nor less than the quite developed world-stuff, all the rest in space being the crude material, as yet invisible to us); then starting on their long journey they first settled in life where conditions were prepared for them by Fohat, and gradually became suns. Then each sun, when its Pralaya [cessation of activity] arrived, was resolved into millions and millions of fragments. . . . The sun . . . was a comet once upon a time, in the beginning of Brahmā's Age. Then it came to its present position, whence it will burst asunder and its atoms will be whirled into space for aeons and aeons . . . until each, guided by Karma, is caught in the vortex of two forces, and fixed in some higher and better system. — *Transactions of Blavatsky Lodge*, part 2

It seems that we did pass through the tail of Halley's comet last year, after all, but not until a day later than was expected; May 19th instead of May 18th. This was because the tail was not directed in a straight line towards us at the moment the head was passing in front of the sun, but was curved like a cimeter; therefore the part that swept over us arrived a little later. The delicate electric and telluric current-measuring instruments at

the Observatorio del Ebro, Tortosa, Spain, recorded strong pulsations on May 19th; these were no doubt caused by the influence of the comet's (supposed) gaseous atmosphere modifying the radiations which we receive from the sun. The observations at Mount Wilson, California, were unsuccessful owing to a dense fog which interfered with the registrations of the instruments. C. J. R.

Bell Lore

BELL lore has often been written on, and a few brief notes on this subject in a magazine will serve as occasion for some remarks.

Bells have long been used as a summons, not only to public worship but to many other functions. In monasteries, besides summoning monks to worship, they sometimes announced that the prayers of the devout in their cells were required for the benefit of some sinner who was tempted. Readers of Dumas may remember the story in *The Three Guardsmen*, of a profligate who retired to a monastery with the sins of his carnal nature still heavy upon him, and was told by the superior that whenever he felt the approach of Satan, he must pull a bell-rope, thus setting the prayers of all his fellow monks in motion in his favor; and how he was tempted so often that the monks got no rest day or night, and yet all was ineffectual and he returned to the world and his sins.

But this was not the original reason for bell-ringing. The sound of the bells was used as a means of dispelling certain unfavorable influences. In modern language, "evil spirits were driven away." The gargoyles on the eaves of churches are said to represent such spirits flying away. The bells were rung loudly during storms; and on this we find what seems to us rather a foolish remark, that "as they continued to ring so long as the storm lasted, it is not to be wondered at that they should receive the credit of stopping them." Bells were also rung to clear the air during epidemics.

Doubtless such practices continued by the momentum of tradition long after the means of making them effective had been forgotten; and thus the superstition might seem to justify a sneer. But these beliefs are founded on more or less of fact. The mystic power of sound is one of the forgotten secrets of ancient lore. But, like other items of scientific knowledge, it requires to be used with knowledge; otherwise the desired effects are not produced.

The ancient belief that sound gives a kind of embodiment or dynamic power to thought is seen in the use of the ancient incantations; and our own custom of ringing bells on a joyful occasion points back to the same idea. There is an immense amount of mystic lore connected with the power of sound, but for obvious reasons it is not desirable that such knowledge should come into possession of a civilization like ours.

In common parlance the word "sound" is generally applied to the sensation produced in our sensorium by the vibration of material substances. In physics the word is applied to that vibration itself, whether it yields audible effects or not. It would be truer to say that sound is a potency whose physical manifestation is evoked in physical matter by percussion, etc. TRAVERS

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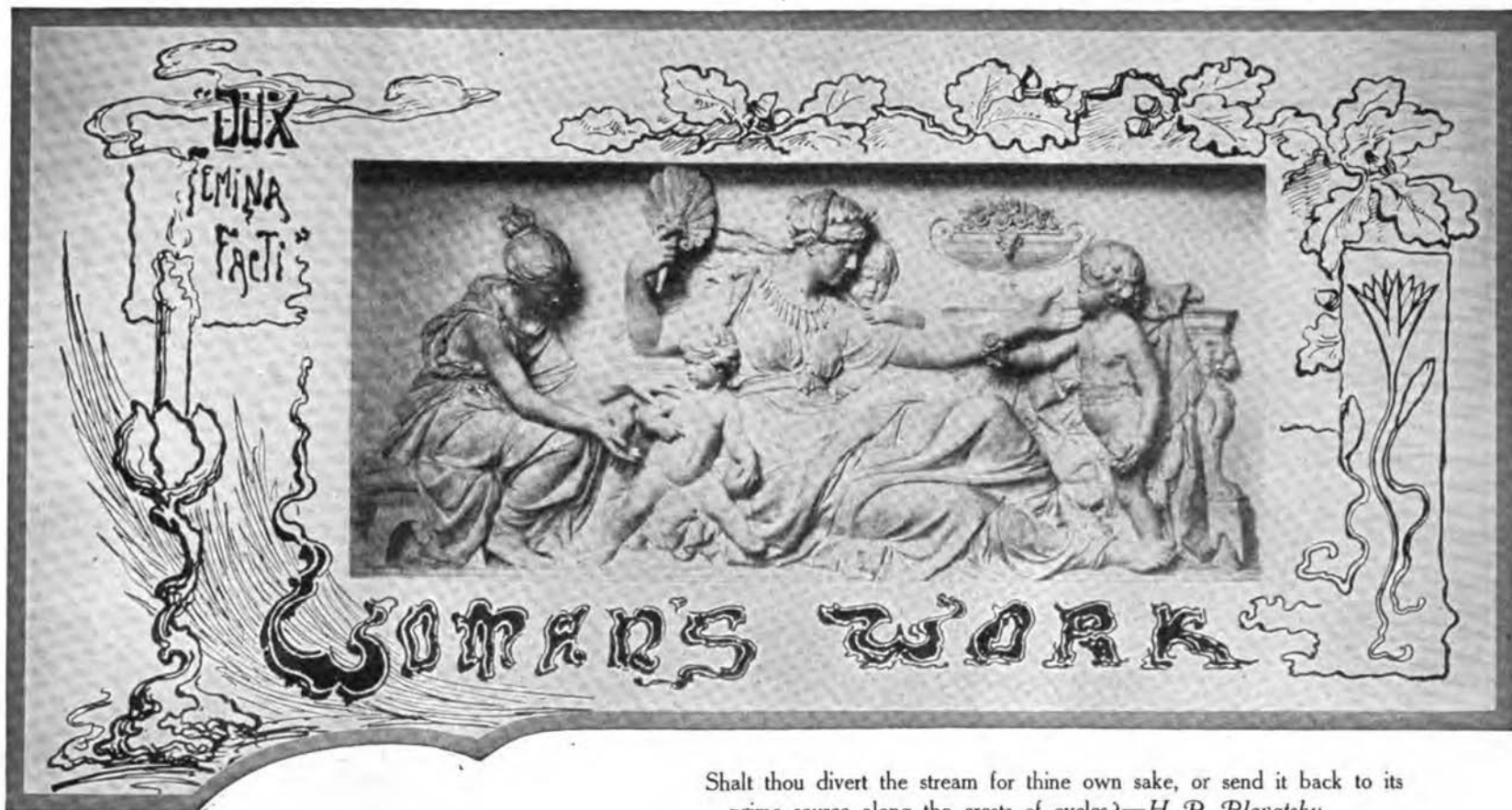
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Shalt thou divert the stream for thine own sake, or send it back to its prime source along the crests of cycles?—H. P. Blavatsky

THIRTEEN full years have passed since the great Convention at which the Theosophical Society was merged into the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

It would be impossible to overestimate the significance of the step taken by delegates from nearly all nations of the world at the International Convention of Theosophists which opened in Chicago on the morning of February 18, 1898. It would require a treatise on obscured facts in history, a treatise on the evolutionary progress of man himself, a knowledge of the Secret Doctrine of antiquity and a comprehension of many of the mysteries of complex human nature, to even begin to make clear the real significance of the adoption of the then new Constitution. That a body of people in the present age of materialism, unbelief, and crippling, seamy despair, should have risen to the vantage-ground of intuition and soul-knowledge that was reached by the delegates at that Convention, is something that the historian of the future will linger over with a strange, calm light in his heart. We can almost see him, indeed, inditing "Along the Crests of Cycles" at the head of some profound chapter in which he will trace (as no historian has so far looked deeply enough to do) the history of the Theosophical Movement throughout ages countless upon countless, now obscured, now leaping into the sunlight at regular cyclic periods, periods as regular and as calculable as the movements of planet or sun.

There has ever been one vast regenerative current following its own course in the vaster and illimitable Ocean of Evolving Life. Age after age hath deep responded unto deep. And yet the great Ocean itself remained apart, aloof, cold, seemingly unaffected by the silent unseen windings of this Stream of Regeneration, this mighty current formed of the sacrifice and the renunciation of Those who had

"Along the Crests of Cycles"

passed over the threshold of a New Day and longed to lead all humanity through the same sunlit portals. Again and again have its gleaming, crested waters leaped into the sunlight, as a white-capped wave off Pacific shores might leap, only to be again submerged, again drowned, forced into obscurity once more, by the chill materialism of general human life.

But today this Stream of Life Regenerative flows high in the sunlight, warming, vivifying

VENI CREATOR

SPIRIT of God, Thou whose breath is the burning flame of a fire,

Into the brazier of clay in whose crumbling chalice I keep

Under the cumbering ashes a soul that smoulders asleep,
Breathe, though the clay should consume, breathe, ere the embers expire.

Lest all the spirits that throng unseen in the darkness shall say,

"Surely the sentinel sleeps, for the cresset is empty and dark.

O indifferent guard and unkind, to show for us never a spark.

Give her no word as you pass, that gives us no light on our way."

Lucy Lyttelton in *The Nation*

all that comes within its glow, nor will it ever again be obscured. Little by little the great Ocean has been yielding to the magic of its presence and its life-bestowing touch until today, only thirteen years from the day on which the Promise of Ages was realized and the Ancient Wisdom—in this era known as Theosophy—became a tangible factor in the world's life, we find that the principles and truths of *Theo-Sophia* are permeating every department of human life and thought.

A volume could be written upon the many new enterprises successfully carried through by

Katherine Tingley and her Students since the adoption of the Constitution, enterprises which, without the protection afforded by that Constitution, would have been hopeless of success. Another volume could be written upon the marks already set upon science, theology, invention, literature, dramatic effort, music and art, by the influence of Theosophic ideals—not always an acknowledged influence, for hypocrisy has not reached its nadir and self-complacency dies hard—yet very plain.

But all this is known to Students, and historical data touching upon Katherine Tingley's various departments of work are readily accessible to anyone. It is safe to say that those who were present at that Convention are not dwelling on outer facts and figures to-day. Great as they are, they sink into insignificance before the unwritten, even one may say, the unseen agencies whose outer garments only, sometime to be cast aside and forgotten, are the data beloved of the conventional historian. No, there was more than these. The Soul of Things seemed very close that day and almost, at times, the veil seemed drawn aside from those mysteries which are the seed and Indwelling Presence of all that weareth tangible form.

Mysteries? Yes—and to many the greatest mystery of all was the ease with which it all happened, just *happened*, the world would say. But students of life know that nothing ever "happens" in the sense of the unaccountable or the accidental. They know that if their human eyes could pierce the veil—as their intuition and soul-perception can and do—a mighty and impregnable chain of causes would lie revealed.

The case of it all! There were a few weaklings, a little handful of self-seekers, of course, just as in every soil, however carefully tilled, there still linger a few unwished-for

pebbles or sprouting weeds. But no lotus ever opened its gold heart to the sky more quietly, more easily, more naturally, than the collective body of delegates, on February 13, 1898 (oh, *we* may forget the date but our children's children will learn it as they learn of Solomon, of Homer, of Confucius, of Zoroaster, of the Day of the Druids and the Bards, of Lycurgus and Sparta, of Thermopylae and Marathon, of Queen Dido's chosen city, of old Tyre) opened its heart and mind as a unit to the glory of the New Day that was heralded.

Do you fancy this no mystery — this hidden, inner cause, "more secret than secrecy itself," which transmutes the bare brown hill-side of today into the gold and purple, flower-carpeted slope of tomorrow? This — no mystery? It is all so easily done, it all so graciously "happens," all is unfolded so apparently without strain or stress — ah, true, but who shall say "It cannot be understood?"

It *can* be understood in the light of cause and effect, of evolution, of the Divinity in life, and this blossom upon the Theosophical Tree of the Ages was no more untimely nor miraculous, in essence, than the quick-unfolding calyx of a mountain-laurel when Nature has done her own full work and there is wanted but the magic of the sun's glow and touch. "When the materials are all prepared and ready the Architect will appear."

To be sure, the most vigorous blossom can be blighted by an untoward storm — but not *this*, for the strong hand of the Leader was outstretched in protection, her ship prepared to weather a tornado, if need be. Small wonder that the little squall which *did* blow up, blew over in five minutes and produced not a ripple upon the surface of waters that were pacific, azure, deep. And it is true, yes, that a bungling architect can spoil the best of materials and raise no Temple, for all his efforts, but only confusion. Only no bungler came to this task. The true Architect appeared. At her side were tried and trusted workers: as waiting stones they were, ready, four-square, hewn to the line, waiting for their place in the Temple that was to be, a Temple not made by hands and upon which no sound of hammer was heard, a Temple built for the shelter of fear-driven, storm-tossed, blinded and shelterless humanity, and for all the ages to come.

Who that was present at that Convention of thirteen years ago can forget the thrill of heart and soul that swept outward in answer to the key-note of that Constitution as it was sounded from the platform by the Chairman of the "Committee on Resolutions?" a simple enough title, but no plumed and armored knights were ever more close-knit to the Miracle for need of which the world is chaos, none were ever so porous to that Vision for lack of which the people perish — "*The Universal Brotherhood or the Brotherhood of Humanity. Ordained and Established for the benefit of the People of the Earth and all Creatures.*" A flash from an old, old manuscript, even yet virtually unknown to the West, sweeps across the mental horizon — the *Buddha-Charita* it was named by Aśva-ghosha who wrote it down:

He sought for a firm pathway for his mind, and when he had found it . . . there was discernment, clear reason, peace. He passed on to the soul-vision born of discernment, which is happiness; and from

there he went forward in thought to the pathway of the world, understanding it perfectly, and he said "Pitiful indeed is it that man, born to sickness, born to waste away and perish, with the life sap seeping out of him, should ever despise another." . . . So wisdom grew in him.

The Pacific is white-capped today for a stiff breeze is blowing landward, the aftermath of the warm and grateful rain of yesterday. The gulls are flying overhead, uttering their low, shrill sea-cry, the sun is sinking towards the west in a cloudless and azure sky, the salt air fills one's nostrils and the cool sweetness of the breeze washes over and into and through one like a tonic ocean-spray. A larger wave than usual — perhaps the thirteenth of its own cycle, for a wave cycle of thirteen in number is easily observable on the shores here — is rolling in and in and now breaks almost at my feet. Others will follow. But this giant wave, so royal, so gorgeous in its white-crested beauty, like some wild sea-creature shaking out to the sunlight a snowy glistening mane — *this!* Has it no forbears? Can we

crests of cycles" all down the ages, quarter-century cycles, hundred-year cycles, millennial cycles and still larger ones. See the picture that the past has written in colors unfading upon the Screen of Time. Stand once more with your fellows of ancient days — as you once *must* have stood in one land or another and in many an age or you could not have grasped the deeper meaning of that Constitution, which was not *invented* on February 18, 1898, but merely there redeemed from age-long obscurity. Stand once more with those who worked beside Hiram of Tyre, the two Kings Aśoka, the mighty Rameses, the even mightier Queens, Nitocris, Mutemua, Hatshepsut. Bathe your heart-life once again in the light that shone in Tara's Halls when her Kings sat on Erin's throne. Go back to the solitudes of Uruwelā with the Buddha, to the court of Chāu with Laotsze, to Lu and Wei with Confucius, aye, to the Agora and the Prison of Athens, to the Grove of Academus, to Capernaum, to the lecture-hall of Hypatia



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dare to think of it as isolated, unique? Nay, even though the water's surface may in an hour's time present a still, unbroken expanse, a thousand thousand waves preceded it. Formed of their essence, born of it, one with it, this last and glorious wave rose not as one apart, however it might appear to the unthinking gaze, but as the sublimated effort and result of all that went before — their child, the last link in that chain intangible that oceans have kept unbroken since oceans were.

Those who think of the forming of the Brotherhood at the International Convention of Theosophists at Chicago on February 18, 1898, as some isolated, albeit mighty event, see but the final wave-crest upon a sea whose meaning they fail to understand. You who would comprehend the meaning of this new Body, the deeper significance of the step taken at that Convention, the sense of its then new Constitution, turn away from it all for a moment, and more especially from all specific dates, data and details, such as the number of delegates or even the power of that never-to-be-forgotten "previous question." Drink deep, deep, of the grand old truths of Theosophy as a working basis for life, and then dig and delve into the past.

Note the similar wave-gleams "along the

in Alexandria, to the council-tent of Joan of Arc, to the courts of Charlemagne, of Queen Elizabeth, of Isabella, and then — stand once again in thought within that little upper room in Paris where Thomas Paine, at the close of the century-cycle just before the last, founded the *Theophilanthropical Society* (note the term) whose objects were to found a universal brotherhood, to work for humanity, and to study ancient and modern religions (note the objects, too). Follow the Ariadne-clue that this new light upon history affords and you will understand better what H. P. Blavatsky meant in "dreaming dreams"; what William Q. Judge meant in giving his life to "keep the link unbroken"; what Katherine Tingley meant when she promulgated that Constitution and in doing it defied, boldly *dared*, every inimical agent, every foe of human progress, every hypocrite, every coward, in the whole world. Oh, those were not idle words that in Article III of the Constitution described the Brotherhood as "a part of a great and universal movement *which has been active in all ages.*"

A new cycle of thirteen years is opening to the light of destiny. We stand *Anno Fraternitatis Universalis XIV*. What of the new day at hand? "Herald, what of the dawn?" S.

OUR YOUNG FOLK

Pictures from the Life of Washington

LOOKING back across a century and more to the winter of 1747-48 we see two figures in the deep Virginia forests, riding, hunting, and shooting — one a strong, bold, adventurous boy of fifteen, colonial born and bred, with no knowledge or experience of the world and with his life lying before him as the great lands stretched away beyond the Blue Ridge; the other, an old English nobleman, familiar with camps and courts, whose experience of the great world had left him disappointed, but kindly and generous, and who, turning his back upon the old life, had come to his great possessions in the wild lands of the colonies. This friendship was perhaps the first opportunity that came to George Washington and whether consciously or not, still, characteristically, he made the most of it, for Lord Fairfax was so impressed by the qualities he saw in his young companion, that he confided to him the difficult task of surveying his almost boundless estates in what was then called the wilderness. So in the spring of '48 Washington set out upon the first period of his career, an untried boy passing from the pleasant and picturesque Virginia life of the 18th century, with its aristocracy, its great plantations and its warmth of friends and hospitality.

It was a rough life upon which he entered and after three years of surveying came the fighting on the frontier, where he learned the art of war in a hard school, with the hostile French and Indians before him, the British with their inability to understand these conditions of warfare, behind. He was forced to learn self-control, he had to develop tact in his dealings with the French, and to practise patience and wisdom with the Indians. He learned his lessons, perhaps through the medium of that great silence which surrounded him throughout his life; and so, in the dreadful carnage of Braddock's defeat we see him riding fiercely about, leading his Virginians, trying to rally the forces and gather the fugitives, and from that defeat which he could have made a victory, he emerges into history, the first soldier in Virginia.

There was a very different picture to be seen a few months later in the dark Virginia woods as Colonel Washington and a little cavalcade rode through on their way to Boston to interview Governor Shirley. At the head rode the colonel in his colonial uniform of buff and blue, with a white and scarlet cloak and a sword-belt of red and gold. His "horse furniture" was engraved with the Washington arms upon the housings. With him rode his two aides, also in buff and blue, and behind came his servants, dressed in the Washington colors of white and scarlet, their hats laced with silver. Gaily they rode into the north, where Washington's fame had gone before him, and where in New York, Philadelphia,



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GEORGE WASHINGTON

A PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART — NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

OUR FIRST CENTURY.

IT cannot be that men who are the seed
Of Washington should miss fame's true applause;
Franklin did plan us; Marshall gave us laws;
And slow the broad scroll grew a people's creed —
One land and free! then at our dangerous need,
Time's challenge coming, Lincoln gave it pause,
Upheld the double pillars of the cause,
And dying left them whole — the crowning deed.

Such was the fathering race that made all fast,
Who founded us, and spread from sea to sea
A thousand leagues the zone of liberty,
And built for man this refuge from his past,
Unkinged, unchurched, unsoldiered; shamed were
we,

Failing the stature that such sires forecast!
George Edward Woodberry (Selected)

and Boston, he was welcomed and fêted, and where he talked war and politics with the governor and danced at balls with the gay and charming colonial dames.

Not long after his return to Virginia he was married, and we have a delightful picture of the brilliant wedding party — the governor and British officers in scarlet and gold lace, the bride in brocade, laces, and pearls, and the bridegroom in blue and silver trimmed with scarlet and with gold buckles at his knees and on his shoes. After the ceremony the bride rode home in a coach and six, her husband riding beside her on a splendid horse, and the gentlemen of the party following.

Twenty years later Washington rode into the north again. He rode seriously this time for he knew that grave events portended and heavy

responsibilities. From the second Continental Congress he accepted the trust of commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary army. The people on the streets of Philadelphia felt their courage rise as his stately figure passed before them, dignified and self-reliant. A few days later the booming of the cannon announced his arrival in Boston and in the presence of a great multitude, he stood under the historical elm-tree and took command of the first American army.

In the dark days that followed, his character and the difficulties he had to surmount, grew and strengthened. Again and again the cause was almost lost. Only the patience that will not weary and the courage that refuses to despair, kept the army together and held defeat at bay. Before us comes the picture of that Christmas night of '76. That night, in the ice and sleet there walked the spirit of a new race. The tracks of bleeding feet were left upon the snow, but the Delaware was crossed, the darkest hour passed, and in the victory there shines not only Washington's generalship, but his great statesmanship.

Valley Forge passes before us with its heart-rending suffering. Monmouth, where we see the blaze of righteous anger that possessed Washington's soul and broke from his lips upon the officer who had disobeyed orders, who had failed to fight when the enemy was upon him. Then — Yorktown and victory! A pause in his long struggle, a breathing space before those other battles yet to come. On December 23, 1781 Washington laid down his commission before Congress. It was a memorable scene — the greatness and simplicity of the man, the love and respect in the hearts of those who stood in silence with uncovered heads! Of how many inner struggles and conquests was this the outcome? Surely it was through self-mastery that George Washington gained the power to free his country, and to lead men to victory — self-mastery won by the courageous overcoming of obstacles.

Then once more Christmas at Mount Vernon! After eight years of indefatigable effort he was back again in the life and the home that he loved. Just picture the warmth and glow of that home-coming, the joy of his household; the happiness of old friends and neighbors hastening to welcome him; the delight of the old family servants, their black faces beaming as they hurried to and fro, piling great logs on the fires, bearing bounteous dishes for the Christmas dinner; the snapping Christmas air outside and the Christmas cheer within, and at the head of his table the courteous and kindly host surrounded by his friends and kinsmen!

Here let us leave him. The great general that was, the great statesman that was to be, the successful Virginia planter, the great man, carrying his calm dignity "to the level of every day's most quiet need." E. H. B.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Big Water

OLD Winter went over land and sea. Wherever he went white stars of thousandfold shapes covered all things; glittering, shining, twinkling, white stars of snow. But the big water was just as it used to be; it did not seem to be touched by his presence. It laughed, a bold, merry laugh, and threw its billows high, high toward the sky. "We are free, we are strong," sang the billows. "We are free, we are strong," echoed the millions of waterfowl which glided upon their curved surfaces and dived in the foam.

Then old Winter sang his clear song—he grew bigger and colder as he sang; all became still; the winds died away. Now the big water breathed deep. It knew that old Winter would spread a thick, cold cover over its surface, and it already felt its surface stiffen. The little waves hardened more and more, and in a few hours old Winter smilingly stroked his beard and walked over the transparent glittering ice to other waters, to bind, to conquer, and to scatter twinkling snow-stars.

The big water sighed and moaned underneath the thick cover. The fishes looked with astonished eyes up toward the height and saw this new ceiling, which even the oldest among them had not seen there for ages, but always had spoken of to their children and children's children. And the little ones swam up to the ceiling, and hit their noses against the cold ice and stood there in clusters, gazing at the reflections. Now and then a black shadow passed over, and then they quickly dived down in the depths. "Danger, danger," cried the old fishes. "Danger, danger," answered the little ones, and did not dare to swim up there again.

The mighty water masses came swiftly from the north; the streaming underneath the ice was overpowering. The big water swelled and swelled, but the cold was strong. Old Winter's power was not broken yet. Gradually however the white snow-stars and the solid ice-ceiling began to melt away, and one day old Winter himself came back from his travels in other regions, majestically walking toward the water. An ice blast swept around him; through all nature a last cold shiver seemed to stir. When he had passed the big water it was free again. Once more it lay as it used to, and from its millions of little waves came a song of delight. This grew as the wind became stronger. It rang in wild majesty over the wide depths.

"I am strong, I am free," sang the billows again, feeling their own irresistible power. "I am old, I am wise," murmured the surging masses of water underneath. "I have traveled around the earth. I have touched each



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RAJA YOGA CHILDREN CELEBRATING GEORGE
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

NIGHT MISTS

SOMETIMES, when Nature falls asleep,
Around her woods and streams
The mists of night serenely creep—
For they are Nature's dreams.

W. H. Hayne (Selected)

shore. I am old as time." And the song rose and fell in rhythm, in wonderful harmony—it was the water's song of freedom, and it touched the hearts of men. . . . There sat on the shore a king. Sad was his look, sad was his heart. His kingdom was almost gliding out of his hands. And he gazed out over the water. Then he heard that mighty choir, first indistinctly, but soon clearer. He inhaled the strength of the billows in deep breaths, and soon rose, with sparkling eyes, full of new life and power.

"Thou art strong, O water," he cried, "but thou art not stronger than I. Shall I not rise and break the bonds of ice which bind my soul? I will!" And stretching out his hands he felt stately and strong and firm. Then he went back to his kingdom, broke the bonds of ice that had imprisoned his own heart and his people's, and was king in reality. RUTH

The Birds' Postoffice

Maryland, U. S. A.

DEAR LITTLE FOLK: First I will tell you about my colors. They are yellow, orange, russet-red and black, and poets say that when Nature made the Oriole, she took a piece of the sunset and gave it a voice.

Now I will tell you how I got my name.

"In 1628, Lord Baltimore, who had become discouraged while exploring Chesapeake Bay, was so cheered by the sight and sound of the Oriole that he adopted its colors as his own." So this is why I am called Baltimore Oriole. My other names are English Robin, Golden Robin, Hang-nest Bird, Fire Bird, and Golden Oriole.

My forty Oriole cousins live in the United States, in the East, West and South. They are all beautiful, musical and social, and very popular.

If we did not eat up the insects which destroy the fruit, you would not have any. We only eat fruit when we are thirsty, and if the farmer puts water in the orchard for us to drink, we do not touch the fruit.

I will tell you where I build my nest if you will not tell my enemies. I put it in the very top of a big elm tree. It takes a week to make it and it needs patience. All my family make beautiful nests. We know how to weave and spin and are called "masters in the art of nest-building."

We hang the nest between long slender twigs, that are not strong enough to bear a squirrel's weight, and we make the nest so deep that hawks and other birds can not reach into it for the eggs. We are very devoted to our birdlings and sing to them, "Rock-a-bye birdies, in the tree-top, When you are sleepy, your cradle will rock," as they swing happily in their wind-blown nest.

I must go now, to find breakfast for the children. Perhaps you will hear more about my family from my Blackbird cousins.

Your friend,

BALTIMORE ORIOLE

Bird Quotations

As for myself, I am turned hammock contractor for the Orioles, taking my pay in "notes." I throw strings out of the window and they snap at them at once. They sit in the cherry tree hard by and warble, "Hurry up, hurry up!" I never found out before just what they said. But if you listen you will find that this is what they first say. — Lowell

THE happy birds that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their life
From land to land. — Tennyson

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Possible sunshine, 319. Percentage, 56. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 5.78 (decimal notation). Ob-
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		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
6	29.713	60	48	48	47	0.00	NE	3
7	29.701	59	48	50	49	0.01	E	4
8	29.820	59	49	49	47	0.00	NE	3
9	29.750	57	49	51	49	0.01	NE	4
10	29.630	59	46	50	50	0.00	SE	5
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Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 17

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Types of Legend and Tradition

THE tradition of the Amazons, a valiant race of women warriors, was a favorite one with the writers and artists of ancient Greece, but it has been generally treated in modern times as a poetic myth. Now comes an interesting archaeological discovery which makes it appear certain that there were indeed women-fighters of high rank in the old days. There was recently unearthed a sepulchre in the part of Italy once known as Etruria in which was found a war-chariot of bronze and iron, and crouching in it the skeleton of a woman. There were about her not only the remains of rich robes and beautiful ornaments of gold and ivory, attesting truly feminine vanity, but also the same weapons which the ancient traditions say the Amazons used in battle. The bronze work and the terra-cotta vases definitely fixed the date of the tomb at about 800 B. C. The earliest accounts of the Amazons located them in the north-east part of Asia Minor, but Etruria was peopled from Asia Minor, and had attained a high degree of skill in certain of the arts long before Rome was founded. Such evidence as this tomb affords is more convincing than the pictures of Amazons on the old vases, or such legends as that of Queen Penthesilea, who is said to have led five thousand female soldiers to the aid of Priam in the Trojan War.

Alternating Extremes

Experience has made us distrustful of tradition; but this is fruit of a reaction which has gone a thousand times too far. During the middle ages we lived on it; with such disastrous results, that when Science came upon the scene, all legendary matter became naturally suspect. The new Caesar was not content with receiving his own, but claimed the whole property of the Divine in man as well.

Some will have it that the popularity of an idea is evidence of its truth; and it is evidence, provided to begin with that the idea is true. Others again scout all such reasoning; and very logically, for a great part of humanity may pin its faith to flagrant lies—for, say, as long as two thousand years or so. Either of these camps has a deal of truth on its side: what neither sees is that there is another face to the shield. There are two kinds of legends which men believe in, the one because of its truth, the other in spite of its falsehood.

The Great Things are what Endure

There is a certain class of which every year we are finding new confirmation. Here now are the Amazons restored to us. There was a Troy Town and a Siege of it. Egyptian mariners did circumnavigate Africa; and there were huge civilizations in Crete, corresponding with the tales of the Minos-dominance. Egypt grows older and older, and as her horizon recedes, we come on no traces of the birth of her civilization: giants did exist of old, and every year we are being driven

more and more towards acknowledgement of Atlantis. And so on, and so on.

These and such as these stand on the threshold of a more luminous world of tradition, which we shall be forced to accept some day, as now we have been forced to accept these. We cannot deny the demigods; the Gods will follow after. These hero-tales are both allegorical and historic; yet if one attempts to say which is which, confusion results; they so run into each other and intermingle, that no clean line of cleavage can be drawn. Pegasus is the picture of a certain principle in man; yet I dare not absolutely affirm that there never was a winged steed. This or that hero, we are told, slew a dragon. Allegory—one cannot be a hero until he has slain dragons within: history—there were real dragons at one time, although we call them pterodactyls, plesiosaurs, etc. now. By no chance could the ancients have known about these? Yet there are accurate pictures of some of them in China, which have been seen by many Europeans. Humanity is much older than we think, and races have longer memories than men.

The tendency of such legends as these is ennobling, heroic, beautiful. Go back one step from those that have been confirmed, and you are in a world worth inhabiting at once. There, humanity is god-descended and extremely old—so old that historic times shrivel, and seem but the fraction of a moment in comparison with the ages that preceded them. In China, we are told, relics of the Great Wall Builder are considered too recent to be worth forging; and yet he lived in the time of Alexander. You might indeed call Agamemnon modern, and the Cid and Roland figures of our own day. For before them a thousand empires rose and fell, and epics extolled thousands of heroes. There is a race that still calls the Atlantic the *New Sea*, and no doubt civilized people saw the piling up of Alps and Himalayas. A wholesome but unpalatable leek for our own days; but research is slowly compelling the reluctant Pistols of science to swallow it.

But at the doorway of that class of legend which science has swept away, we find—many excuses for burning people, repulsive enough to us now: and such matters as capital punishment, still cherished, but surely doomed. Behind these are the views that have swayed the West during the present era. The matter need only be touched upon lightly. A small section of humanity, a little drop out of time—that was all the universality there was for them. Mankind but six millennia old; one

Humanity is
Ages Great

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life only for each of us; original sin, hopeless imperfection — what could you hope from minds so cribbed and cabined? One might as well live in a coffin; the only marvel is

**The Little
Things
will Die**

that we survive to tell the tale. But no one can say how many millions of souls, during how many millions of ages, have been touched by the old, inspiring type of legend which research is now so busily confirming for us.

We have a clue, then, to the difference between that legend which is confirmed by widespread acceptance, and that which is not. The one pervades all ages and races; the other is held only for a time, and only by one or two races. All Europe for two thousand years seems universal enough to us, so untrained are we to see things in perspective. But every year new proof is being dug up of the antiquity of civilized man; deserts unbosom their secrets, and show cities built upon forgotten cities innumerable. With that antiquity, stands or falls the belief in man's innate godhood and huge possibilities of attainment. So then, what is beautiful and inspiring is true, or has its recognizable roots in the truth; but that which limits and debases our conceptions is false. Once on a time, indeed, even this

**The Inspiration
of Knowledge**

latter may have sprung from a seed of verity; but frost and drought and weird gardeners have been at work upon it. The old-time legends were golden memories of the race, which many poets made use of, but no one invented. The new and dangerous ones were made or transformed out of recognition by ambitious and designing men. The salt has lost its savor, and must be cast out; nay, worse, it has been tampered with in unhallowed crucibles, and has become a slow corrosive poison.

We have seen a third type evolve in our own day; that of "primitive man," hairy and mighty-jawed, own grandson to the chimpanzee. You cannot call it an offspring of malice; honorable men sponsored it, driven by no subtle and devilish ambitions. It bears on its face the stamp of failure; it is too ignoble to be true or lasting; it has no poetry in it, which you may say is the seed of long life in all things. It is a pure legend, in that it is founded entirely upon imagination, and not upon reason at all; the great thing wholly lacking about it, is any evidence for its truth. But

**Spurious
Imagination**

on what kind of imagination is it founded? That kind, whose lodestone is in "the things seen which are temporal." You do not fly in a diving bell; the mole grows no eagle's pinions. *Sic nunquam iter ad astra.*

So we have legends born of the brain-mind grown spuriously imaginative; which legends would seem to be that marvel, a "new thing" under the sun. Such wizened infants die senescent before they have come to their teens. And we have the children of perversion, floated by hierarchies ambitious after power. These will do what they can towards weakening the hold of men on their divinity; and by that sign one shall know them. If they bring comfort, distrust it; there is no wholesome complacency for that to which they minister. It is the personality and seat of all temptations, and can hope for no fate more glorious

than to be silenced by the immortal Soul.

But the last class? For these the belief of many peoples is evidence indeed; because they come of no brain-mind, matter-probing ancestry, depend not on the weak props of ma-

**The Life of
the Soul
is Real**

terialistic dialectic, and bear no traces of an ill-omened birth. They were told us by the Mighty Ones of old, to be unsilenceable reminders of the Golden Age. They rekindle the wonder of the world, and make a warm hearth of every hillside. They put marvelous harps into the hands of the stars, set Lares and Penates in the wave hollows, make intimate all the beautiful mysterious regions of earth. They are honey-dew and the milk of Paradise; they subtly unlock the doors of our individuality, and set us free among the silent, proud, glamorous, immaculate things. What were man, could he feed upon a night of stars, or make the sea flow within his veins, or ride to his aims like the North Wind, that "bodiless glory of the sky," that wingless, footless cloud-driver? Such deepening and purification was implied, when of old they made sacrifice to the Gods: superstition, you say? not so, but the coming of the Soul into its own.

Islands of the Blessed in the West of the World, you surely are there now: who will not set forth in sunbuilt vessels, who will not launch for you the barks of the soul? We have examined the façades and outward seeming of geography, and know nothing of the treasure-house of mysteries within. They never passed away — there were no frozen nor fiery halls for them — those druids and heroes who of old were for lamps and pillars of the world. Rather they went westward in coracles of glass and flame, to lodge through lonely ages in a "pleasant Caer the Ninth Wave keeps"; and then to stream back again with mystical gifts and torches from the arcane into our dark world. Never can we lose you, Oh great heroes of the olden time; from Valhallas and Elysia and Gwerddonau Lluon, always we are to expect your magnanimous return! Not cold is this dear native earth of ours, not deserted; for shame on us it is, that we sunder ourselves ever from its brightness and beauty. M.

The Whirl of Progressive Thought in Germany

A REVIEW of current thought in Germany gives us a vivid picture of the whirl of modern speculation with its unrest and confusion. Ernst Haeckel, the noted biologist and "monist," has formally declared his separation from the Lutheran Church. He condemns both Romanism and Protestantism. The former is in an unnatural alliance with the State, he declares, to uphold reaction and petrification of thought. The latter pursues in its own way the same "jesuitical" policy of strangling free inquiry. He also deplores the clerical influence in the schools.

But Haeckel's own monism is by no means swallowed at a gulp by the Germans. The author is recognized as a leader in thought, but his monism is seen to be vague, the word itself meaning all sorts of things for all sorts of people.

Why this struggle between dualism and monism? one may ask. Are they not both points of view, equally necessary and inevitable? In

thought we can never get beyond a trinity, composed of a duality reconciled by a unity. This is the Triune God or Principle that stands at the head of many a theogony and cosmogony. The point of the controversy, so far as concerns Haeckel and the theologians, is probably whether man shall be considered as spirit and body or as all one thing. Haeckel seems to have striven to reduce spirit and matter to a single principle — matter.

Religion is to be grounded on facts, not on traditions. But Haeckel's biology does not afford any such foundation. It does not tell us much that is serviceable about the major portion of our own constitution. It gives us some facts about biology, and a good many theories; but it does not meet the demand.

One of these free-religionists, in discussing the origin of Christianity, says there are only two ways in which it can have arisen. Either God did interpose and send his son, as stated; or else people came to feel the need of deliverance, and satisfied it by their self-created belief in the said interposition and mission. To this we find a reviewer adding the somewhat startling remark that these two views are really only two different ways of stating the same thing! This lands us in mysticism indeed; for surely it can only mean that man's self-created belief is equivalent to the actual fact.

However, through whirling mists of words we find struggling to the light the great Idea — that the Christ is the Higher Self, the Divine Man — that Being which is mysteriously One and yet manifold; and that the coming of the Christos Spirit means a great awakening of the Spiritual consciousness in humanity — an awakening which may come individually to any man at any time, or collectively to mankind in general, or a particular portion of mankind, at a particular epoch.

Here we would suggest to the students a widening of their range of vision. Have they not confined their attention too exclusively to Christianity? And is it possible to get a clear view of any subject apart from its surroundings? Why not study religions in general, Messiahs in general, Churches and creeds in general? By so doing one would soon arrive at a philosophy of the subject and perceive that religions run a certain course. Christianity would be found to be no isolated phenomenon in the world's history, but one that has been repeated again and again in many ages.

As so many of the thinkers say, it really matters very little who Jesus was, or whether he existed at all. The underlying mystical fact is paramount. That fact is that there is a Christ in humanity. May we not say that that Christos is striving to become manifest even now? The universal unrest and dissatisfaction attest it. Something is being born, an incarnation is taking place. We have of course the "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" of false prophets, but they need not distract us. The Christ is not being born in an individual, but in the race. The duty of each man would be to attune himself with the ideals thus suggested.

The struggle between dogmatism and liberation waxes intense. There are dogmas in science, as well as in religion; but all must go. Ecclesiasticism pursues its old policy with an apparently inexplicable blindness to the signs of the times. But it cannot help itself; for, with it, change means suicide. It has but one policy; it must pursue that or none. STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Oscillations in Sex

SOME curious studies—leading to a theory—on the numerical relations of the sexes are contributed by Mr. Ewart to *Nature*. As most people know, there are more women than men. The relation is the other way about at birth, 1030 males being born for 1000 females. The change occurs after the age of 15. The personal habits of men are less regular and satisfactory than those of women, are much more often in fact actively lethal, and their occupations expose them to various dangers and strains. The final result throws them into a minority.

The ratio 1030 to 1000 is that of births from parents of all ages taken together. If we consider special ages we get different results. The younger the mother or father the more are the children likely to be female.

Mr. Ewart takes as example the figures furnished by the English town of Middlesbrough, giving the following table, for the sake of clearness the age of the mother only being considered:

Births from mothers up to	Males	Females
19th year	29	44
24th year	226	264
29th year	437	455
34th year	617	617
39th year	720	715

Says Mr. Ewart:

We can easily see how a self-regulating balance is established. In a state of society in which females are scarce they naturally, owing to demand, mate early in life, and tend thereby to produce an excess of their own kind (females), thus neutralizing the state which previously existed. On the other hand, should the males be in a minority, the females will mate at more mature ages, at any rate at ages of twenty-five and above as at present, in which circumstance an excess of males is produced. We see, therefore, that the natural tendency at the present time is to neutralize the female excess. We may possibly look upon ourselves at the present moment as being at the zenith of a female oscillation, and as time progresses, helped probably by a saving of infantile life, a more numerical equality of sex will be established.

In other words, late marriages (the present tendency) imply more males among the children born and more men therefore in the coming generations. More males will then involve earlier marriages, with more females among the children. And so on. To the present feminine excess Mr. Ewart ascribes the intrusion of women into politics. STUDENT

Man and Woman

PROFESSOR Cattell's "Statistical Study of American Men of Science" (in *Science*) shows how small is the contribution of women to productive scientific work. Among the first 1000 scientists there are (1910) but 18 women. But, the Professor remarks:

There are now nearly as many women as men who receive a college degree; they have on the average more leisure; there are four times as many women as men engaged in teaching. There does not appear to be any social prejudice against women engaging in scientific work, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that there is an innate sexual disqualification. . . . But it is possible that the lack of encouragement of sympathy is greater than appears on the surface,

and that in the future women may be able to do their share for the advancement of science.

There is, of course, an "innate sexual disqualification," though in no case absolute for either sex and varying within wide limits, even to the point of disappearance. Is the physical and physiological differentiation to be regarded as an index of nothing deeper? The "lack of encouragement of sympathy" is merely the manifestation of a well-based popular instinct.

What is the deeper implication of this popular instinct that as a general rule women's duties and opportunities lie within the home and the schoolroom?

If mothers were what they might be their highest ideals would work out into manifestation in the lives of their children. They would furnish the atmosphere in which all that is best in the souls for whom they are in so large part responsible would ripen to its best. As wives and comrades they have a like function, from their inner natures radiating that active matrix or light of spiritual feeling from which men would get the inspiration of their thought and conduct. For all but a few exceptions their place is behind, not in, public life. The popular instinct is right. It is not an instinct that women should be unlearned, or brainless, or silly, or emotional, or of limited interests; but that whatever else they are the *woman* should be first. It is not shocked by an activity usually reserved to men, but is shocked when such an activity throws the essentially woman nature visibly into second place, makes the woman keynote inaudible. STUDENT

Old Age and Rebirth

WHEN the aged individual begins to feel the infirmities that come with advancing years, that he gets out of breath, that he gets palpitation of the heart, that he soon gets tired and that there is a stiffness in his muscles and joints, that make his usual labors more difficult, he realizes that his life's work will soon be over. From that moment he loses ambition, he loses interest in his work, in his surroundings, in everything except his life. . . . After ambition and pride in the appearance are lost the individual ages far more rapidly than can be accounted for by the progressive anatomical and physiological changes of senility. That this ageing is due to mental influences is evident from the case with which it may be relieved by mental stimulus. . . . In earlier life, ambition, hope and work are the agents opposing mental depression, but in old age ambition and hope disappear and work becomes objectionable.

This is from a paper on senile debility in the *Medical Record*, by Dr. Nascher. We have italicised the part which, for the general reader, constitutes its moral.

The loss, first of the knowledge of, and then of the belief in, reincarnation, has particularized out into effects on every fiber of our minds and bodies. Every now and then someone calculates the total cost to the nation, in work-years and money, from preventable disease. No one has yet tried to estimate the cost of the mental blank left when the fact of rebirth sank below the floor of conscious knowledge.

What would be the consequences, to the healthy Western mind, of a resumed belief in rebirth? Can we estimate?

The paralysing sense of a coming *finis* would presently be removed. This acts upon mind and body, the more the nearer. Upon the body it greatly accelerates those anatomical and physiological changes upon which old age depends. And it causes a lowering of bodily function which is much in excess of any anatomical and physiological warrant. Thence of course results an indirect effect upon the mind.

The direct mental effect is more or less—often entire—renunciation of the will. Nothing new is begun. Exertion ceases or declines to the minimum of necessity. Life is allowed to become more and more of a blank. New interests are refused and the old ones stiffen or die. Public affairs are let go. Religion may be prosecuted, but rather as a *dernier ressort* than a living stimulus.

From the time when this sets in, and in its degree, the individual really ceases to live. In that degree he is lost to himself and to his country. He has psychologized himself to an ante-mortem death. And he has ensured that his physical death shall come long before it need.

A belief in rebirth has many practical mental implications. The mind of necessity begins to distinguish between itself and that which dies. In resisting stagnation it keeps the will alive and growing, the accumulated will and mental power to be carried across for manifestation again in the next birth. The gain may not be now fully apparent because the resistance is increasing, but it is nevertheless in full process. The harvest is readying for the future. And the effort is slowing the advance of physical decay, even sometimes generating a new level of physical health, prolonging life for years.

But in addition to this, the very essence of old age, peculiar to itself, is being assimilated. Old age is a part of the present natural program with a distinct function of its own now coming into view. Brain failure and sensation failure imply *alteration* in mental functioning but they need not imply *failure* of it. Instead of being stiffened by the stiffening of its physical instrument the mind may retreat the better into its own inner nature and realize its higher being there with the more clearness. It may if it so *wills*, develop a degree of spiritual conscious wisdom nearly impossible for earlier years. As it becomes less responsive to the outer world it may become more conscious of the inner, of that diviner center of itself which death does not touch. The mere knowledge of rebirth would provoke in the Western mind the thought of and search for that indwelling presence whose constant touch of inspiration most men feel only in rare moments and then without recognition. To reach oneness with its light and power and wisdom it must be consciously sought.

Thus old age turns out to be an opportunity made, and made favorable, by nature herself. How much more so does it become when the thought and aspiration and search of the earlier years has prepared the way for, and when the knowledge of rebirth has kept hope alive and the will at work! STUDENT

Archaeology Palaeontology Ethnology



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TOTEM POLES, ALASKA

Totemism

OUR ideas as to totem poles, and as to the customs in general of ancient races, are still based on our own primitive ignorance. Travelers with a "point of view," such as some missionaries, have spoken foolishly of totem poles, and their words have passed into the reservoirs of orthodox opinion and into the pages of those vast works of reference which we find on our library shelves. Besides the missionary point of view, there is the point of view taken by certain anthropological theorists, and of which also we go in fear and trembling; the views as to "primitive man."

But every day one notices an increasing willingness to exercise the unfettered judgment and to take a view of such questions that is more in accordance with the facts and with reason.

As in the Red Man we see the descendant of a once mighty race, whose high civilization has now gone by, but which even in its simpler life preserves so many of the ancient virtues; so in those totem poles we see the remains of ancient knowledge now largely veiled in oblivion and superstition. Yet that superstition is as often as not in our own minds; for we do not hold the key that unlocks the reticence of our Red brother.

Totems are emblems denoting the protective powers which watch over tribes, clans, families, and individuals. People may have their individual totems, and at the same time belong to a clan or tribal totem. The emblems are certain animals, plants, trees, or other natural objects. Some tribes of the Iroquois have the turtle, the Omahas have red wheat, the Choctaws the cray-fish. This constitutes a social system analogous to freemasonry, by which people claim each other's good services.

Totemism is not peculiar to the Red Man, though circumstances have brought it more to our notice

in connexion with him. It is common to nearly all descendants of ancient races. It is, in fact, like so many other common beliefs and usages, derived from a former common knowledge; for these races are descended from former homogeneous civilizations which preceded the civilizations with which our historical knowledge has rendered us familiar.

We may easily find something of the same kind in our own folk-lore. We have heraldry, which has preserved many such animal symbols, connected likewise with family ties. By a mere change of words we could describe a titled European family as belonging to the Lion totem or the Dragon totem. We have griffins, nettles, roses, and sundry geometrical devices, all of which are symbols that can be traced to that universal language of symbolism by which the ancient Mysteries have been at once veiled and preserved.

We have freemasonry and another change of words might lead us to call Indian totemism masonry, and our own masonry totemism. To taunt people with worshiping emblems—with idolatry in fact—is beside the mark. For by doing so, we merely convict the superstitious and materialistic, of whatever race or faith. As there are idolaters among Christians—people who venerate the outer form rather than the inward spirit—so there are both classes of minds among other peoples. If we ask what it is that the emblem signifies, then we shall find ourselves at a loss for an expression which conveys the meaning better than does the emblem itself. To do justice to the subject, one would be bound to speak of powers in Nature whose aid and protection can be invoked. Yet the risk of introducing such a topic to a civilization so superstitious as our own must naturally deter one. When we leave the safe beaten path of modern science, and begin to speculate about realms of Nature which that science does

not concern itself with, we are apt to be flighty, to say the least. We know how to invoke many natural forces, electricity, the salubrious principles of plants, etc.; ancient races evidently knew how to invoke potencies not coming under those heads. The emblem or symbol played an important part in the process.

A most important branch of the science of life—indeed, one should rather call it the main trunk—is that which concerns the means of achieving unity and co-operation. Disunion is a bane of our civilization. In the connexion between totemism and fellowships we may see a hint of the former existence of a Science that dealt with this matter. Our own impulse, when we think of invoking a power is all too frequently personal—to invoke it for our individual interest. But the interests of the family, the nation, afford a higher motive. The totem may be regarded as the symbol of the tribal or national unity. In this case the protective power invoked by the veneration would be the collective will and intelligence—an Oversoul as it were.

It is well known that some of the Indian tribes still preserve some of the ancient magical powers, such as the ability to walk on fire, to produce fire from the hand, to make a seed grow rapidly, and many others which readers will probably have heard of. The same applies to some other "aboriginal" races. All these things point back to the ancient lore which seems to have once been diffused among mankind. We may also mention those sterling virtues and heroic qualities in which Indians so often surpass us, as evidences of great strength of character such as pertains to ancient and mighty lineage.

In a brief space one can only throw off a few suggestions which may serve as starting-points for thought. A useful thought with which to conclude is that if we would attain to wisdom, we must be humble.

H. T. E.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Measuring the Mind

ALMOST every day there is a new and usually ingenious laboratory device for measuring intelligence. All of them do certainly measure something; what we have to be careful of are the inferences. The data are nearly always overstrained.

A writer in *Knowledge* tells us of the last of these devices. It rests on the fact that when a flash of light falls upon the retina the perception of it lasts longer than the flash itself. Hence the cinematograph, where each picture endures on the retina over the interval between it and the next, so that the series appears continuous.

The duration differs with different people and may be measured. Flashes of color are thrown upon the retina with increasing rapidity till at last they appear continuous, without flicker. The duration of each then varies inversely as their number per second. This duration is called "perseveration," and from it deductions are made as to the subject's intelligence. Within certain limits those in whom it is short are supposed to have another sort of intelligence than that possessed by those in whom it is long. The retina and the brain cells are assumed to correspond in respect of the rapidity of their doings. The retina which is slow in its discharge of the image of a flash, in making ready for the distinct and separate image of another flash, is assumed to go with the brain cell which is slow in making that current-connexion with other cells upon which brain-thought depends.

Medium retinal "perseveration," then, corresponds with "the practical common-sense of the average man." If the perseveration is shorter than this by one degree we have persons of quick mental perception, perhaps with "brilliant, witty, and suggestive minds, persons of great tact, presence of mind, and daring; all of which imply quick response to external stimuli."

Surely confusion already; for daring is a quality of *character*, going with any sort of mind, quick or slow.

The category with perseveration *two* degrees below the average contains persons who cannot keep their thoughts long on one theme; . . . punsters and cynics; persons . . . of weak moral character; persons who learn anything new very quickly but superficially.

Again a confusion between character and mind, between the moral and mental, a confusion peculiarly characteristic of our day.

More than two degrees below the average implies some amount of idiocy or insanity.

The category with perseveration one degree *above* the average contains persons who are fond of abstract thinking and who follow a theme into all its ramifications. They think slowly and learn slowly.

Two degrees above the average means stupidity; more than two, that fixity of ideas which we see in victims of melancholia and other forms of self-centration.

The perseveration of women, it seems, is below that of men. From which anyone can draw the conclusions that seem good to him, and at his own risk.

There are several objections to the deductions. It is not yet proved, for instance, that the brain cells do have that kind of correspondence with the retina. There is the identification of character with brain action. And there is the fact that brain *speed* may have no relation to brain evolution. The brain speed of a bird when it sees a fly in the air may be greater than that of the swiftest-thinking man or child. And it is only assumed, not proved, that the *Knowledge* writer's first category below might not contain as many idiots as his third. Altogether the facts, like most of their kind, developed in the psycho-physiological laboratories, are made to bear far too great a weight.

STUDENT

Sleep as an Action

IT would seem that we have been taking an altogether wrong view of sleep, that is to say of *going* to sleep. We conceive it as a general *letting go*, as far as possible a renunciation of every activity.

This is corrected by Dr. Ernst Trömmner of Hamburg, who bases a new view upon the researches of the Geneva physiologist Claparède. Herein sleep becomes a definite function, an activity, comparable to digestion, the sleepless man being comparable to the dyspeptic. Fatigue is not its essential cause! Fatigue may deepen it, certainly; but may also paralyse it. Very young infants sleep most of the time, not because they are tired but because they have something better to do than attend to the outer world—namely, to build up their brains.

Sleep is a periodically active function, set in motion by the necessity to build, to restore nerve matter. Since this necessity or desirability may exist before we have the sense of fatigue, fatigue is not, strictly speaking, the necessary condition for setting the reaction of sleep in motion. Normal *sleepiness* at bedtime has no necessary connexion with *weariness*, fatigue. This sleepiness is a condition intended to *prevent*, forestall, fatigue.

In certain exceedingly powerful natures, for instance that of Napoleon, the sleep function may pass under the control of the will. These people may decide at any time that sleep is desirable, and take it. And by the same act of will they take it deeply, so that a short time suffices. To learn their art one should practise going to sleep positively, as an action rather than a letting go.

The power has no necessary connexion with *brilliance* of mind. Neurasthenics, some kinds of degenerates, and men of genius, brilliant as they may be, often have a sleep function which is not only beyond the will but in itself weak and ineffective. The function may also be exhausted along with the rest of the brain.

What then is the sleep function? It is a "sense-blockade," an active shutting of the door through which sense-stimuli reach the thinking and conceiving brain cells. This is half the matter. The other half is that these cells thereupon betake themselves to their private business of building themselves up, renouncing to a great degree their owner's business of thinking. In the degree in which they

don't renounce the latter business, are there dreams.

All this sounds much better than the toxin theory, according to which we are *poisoned* to sleep. The poisons may on the contrary poison and paralyse the sleep function itself. And they do most certainly in the degree of their amount hinder that building function which is the very purpose of sleep. The building can hardly begin till the excretory organs have got the toxins mostly out of the way. The toxin theory, moreover, fails to explain why the average man ever wakes up, since his brain is often as full of toxins when he comes to the breakfast table as when he went to bed. C.

The Overturning of Saturn

HERE must have been notable doings in the solar system in times past if astronomers are correctly reading the meaning of the appearances. Some of the planets must once have stood on their heads—or are now so standing; at any rate Jupiter or Saturn. Some years ago Professor Pickering ascertained that Saturn's ninth satellite, the outermost of the lot, Phoebe by name, was revolving about him in a direction contrariwise to the other eight. What was to be made of that? On the theory that satellites have been flung off from their planets, only one explanation was possible. When Phoebe came into being Saturn was upside down—or else he is now; at any rate he was the other way about. His rotation consequently corresponded to what Phoebe's is now. Then he gradually reversed his position and therefore his direction of rotation round his axis. If you hold upright the axis or axle of a wheel which is spinning in the direction of the hands of a watch, and then turn the axis upside down, you will naturally find the wheel spinning in the opposite direction. It was after such a reversion that Saturn's eight other satellites were born, their birth being regarded as an ejection from him.

Three years ago it was discovered that Jupiter likewise had a contrary-moving satellite and a similar reversion has accordingly been postulated for him. There is however another theory for that satellite, indeed for all satellites—that they are captures, not children ejected; comets and such like bodies that incautiously wandered too near. Professor Turner, of the chair of astronomy at Oxford, does not seem to think much of this latter view. In his recent address to the Mathematical Association he did not even mention it. For him the reverse-turning satellites are evidence that the planets were once the other way up and he accepts the tidal action explanation of Mr. Stratton.

Indeed, Mr. Stratton's work showed that all the planets had probably reversed their motion at least once, and it suggested that some of them were even now preparing for another somersault.

In respect of the earth there is even tradition of one such reversal. The Book of Enoch refers to it, and another old record says that "the ends of the earth got loose." STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Sentience of Plants

"A PLANT is not to be studied as an absolutely dead thing, but rather as a sentient being," says a writer on nature study, voicing a thought that finds more frequent expression as the years of the twentieth century roll. Is this a revival of "animism," the belief in the sentience of natural objects? And are we becoming "primitive" again like that "primitive man" which the books tell us about? How soon may it be before we are regarding stones as sentient beings? Shall we then be guilty of Tree and Pillar Worship, or will that which with the ancients was childlike superstition be with us the march of science?

A plant that sends a long root out to fetch water from a ditch just dug, is of course manifesting sentience and purposive action. But it is equally evident that the plant's consciousness is a far remove from ours. The study of consciousness and its many planes and degrees forms a vast and important division of knowledge; but its pursuit is at present hampered by the insurrection of "psychic" folly that seems to have broken over us, and that paralyses all serious study. TRAVERS

Irrigation in Sandy and Clayey Soils

HERE is a point that is probably often overlooked by agriculturists. The amount of water which a plant can take from the soil depends upon the relative attraction of plant and soil for the water. There is a struggle between them. Some soils absorb more water than others, and so take it from the plant. The *Literary Digest* gives a quotation from the *Revue Scientifique* describing experiments on this subject. Germination of a seed was found to take place in clayey soil containing 2.5% of water, in still more clayey soil with 4%, and in very clayey soil with 7.7%. In sandy soil only 0.5% was needed.

This seems very important to irrigators and speaks well for the value of sandy soils. Irrigation and its twin brother cultivation are an art too little studied, many people merely pouring successive drenchings of water on the ground until it becomes a paste which bakes into cracked masses. Nature



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RAPIDS BELOW THE FALLS, TROLLHATTAN, SWEDEN

A CALM WINTER'S NIGHT

HOW beautiful this night! the balmy sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That enwraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,

Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow—
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless that their white and glistening spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam—yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace,—all form a scene
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where Silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

Shelley

sprinkles delicately and provides various mechanical and chemical means for mixing and triturating the soil; and if we are to imitate her, we must be as careful and scientific as she is. Unwise watering, inflicting as it does the double evil of wasting water and injuring the plant, is a violation of the principle of economy which should govern the acts of a wise man. Even if water is abundant, to use more than is needed is still a violation of economy. In short, it is folly. The surplus is used by Nature to feed the chaparral, which sends out its roots to fetch it. Constant cultivation can be made to largely replace irrigation. But it is not so easy as slopping water on the ground. E.

Changes of Level in the Earth's Surface

OBSERVATIONS of changes in the field of view, the appearing of objects that were formerly below the horizon, and the disappearing of objects that were formerly above, have (says the *English Mechanic*) been made in several parts of the world. Such changes occur with comparative frequency in the district around Jena in Thuringia. Another remarkable alteration has been observed during the last half-century in the foothills of the Jura. In 1861 only the tip of a church steeple at Altenkundstadt could be seen from the first story of the castle of Stroessendorf on the opposite bank of the Main. More and more of the steeple became visible each year, and now half of it can be seen from the first story of the castle. Another steeple, a few miles northward, first peeped above the horizon of the castle about 1885 and has since been steadily rising.

If the evidence rested on the latter cases alone, we should say there was something the matter with the Castle of Stroessendorf; its foundations perhaps are rising and need overpinning! But there are other cases. When we consider how very small are these movements in comparison with the size of the earth, then it is not the land's occasional mobility but its normal stability that will cause us the most surprise. It would almost seem as though the land were *held* still. There is the well-known fact that ancient sites are nearly always buried, and the older the deeper. H.



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CAVE WITH NAMES OF SWEDISH KINGS, QUEENS AND PRINCES,
IN COMMEMORATION OF THEIR VISITS AT THE WATERFALLS,
TROLLHATTAN, SWEDEN



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:
My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

EVIDENCE

COME, you invisible things, you mighty invisible masters,
Come to my help when I call in the weight of the
gathering years,
From depths and from darks hid with boding and lurking
disasters,
Come with assurance to faith, with defiance to fears!
You that sleep in the amber that plashed from primeval
branches,
Sleep also, forever unseen, in the vast where is pulsing
nor breath,
That, rending the heavens, come down on the rain's ava-
lanches,
Father and mother of being, whose recession is death.
You that steal out of old gardens from rose and from rue in
the darkness,
Bringing far bell-tones o'er water to melt on the heart
like a sigh,
That sweeping from deep to deep lift the seas in terrible
starkness---
O thing of great singing, great sorrow, who hath seen
you go by!
You—soul of the sun and the spheres, strong spirit of
splendor,
How laden with life are your wings, how sure is your
infinite flight,
Lord of the circling worlds, of the spark the mined jewels
surrender,
Who traverse the ether in blackness to touch us with
light.
And known, but undreamed, unimagined, strange colors
beyond the clear seven,
Colors more sacred than purple, it may be, more royal
than red,
With your gleams of some glory that builds the new earth,
the new heaven,
Into the secrets of shadow show me the way I tread.
Come, then, you viewless as life is, viewless as love to the lover,
As song to the singer, as fragrance escaping the leaf
that is crushed.
Rear the towers, with your high intimations that over us hover,
Whose banners none see, whose trumpets are muffled
and hushed!

Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's *New Monthly Magazine*

The Influence of Theosophy

IN considering what the influence of Theosophy is in the world, it may be well to ask what it is that Theosophy demands of those who take it as their aim and guide in life. First, it demands sane and rational living. It demands a pure heart, a clean mind, an altruistic motive, an unceasing devotion to truth and all that is highest and best in nature, in art, and in the human consciousness. Theosophy challenges all that is ignoble, selfish, or impure to come out into the open battle-field of life and there to struggle and at last to surrender to the higher forces of light and right.

William Q. Judge said "It (Theosophy) is a call to work for the race, and not for self."

Those who truly accept Theosophy hold its high moral teachings as their ideal, and constantly and earnestly strive to make them a reality in their daily lives. Given a number of awakened souls, consciously endeavoring

Happiness

THE Law decrees that the attainment of happiness for oneself can only come through unselfish aid to others. A thought or act that outrages another soul on earth can but react to the misery of the projector. This is inevitable under Karmic Law. If we stop to think of the impersonality of the law, and of how this interaction of moral force extends to every soul on earth, we can then understand how all mankind *must* hold common, deep conviction of the prevalence of law before a real step is made in the establishment of the Kingdom on Earth. The weak indulgences of the race blind them to the sure operation of the Law. In this one life they are sure to observe that the very wicked are not adequately punished. But with Reincarnation as guide, they begin to see how the law will be fulfilled, and justice rendered. Karma decrees that righteous thoughts and acts, equal-



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FROM THE WATERFALLS AT TROLLHATTAN, SWEDEN

to lay even the smallest service on the altar for the benefit of their fellows, fighting a bitter fight with their own desires and impulses that they may become better fitted to help in the awakening of their brothers—a body of students, in short, who are endeavoring to make the noble teachings of Theosophy the motive power in their lives, and one hardly need question what will be the influence of Theosophy in the world.

Such a body of students is making this conscious effort in Lomaland. Children are being educated along the lines of true brotherhood and the broadest physical, mental, moral, and spiritual development. There is the Teacher, whose heart embraces the whole world, and whose wisdom is given for the guidance of those who are seeking to follow the path of right action.

There is scarcely a country that has not its sincere students of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, which is what Theosophy is. This being true, and recognizing as we must in this day the indefinable power of united purpose and effort, is there room or reason to doubt the beneficent uplifting, soul-awakening influence of Theosophy in the world? STUDENT

RĀJA YOGA directs the student to virtue and altruism as the bases from which to start.

—W. Q. Judge

ly with bad, bear full fruitage. A man strives and strives through kindly thoughts and sacrificial acts, to help his race; in this life only the first effects of these may reflect to the happiness of himself and all. The beneficent, merciful law of Reincarnation here affords the opportunity for the full fruition of the good seed sown. It is only through Reincarnation that wrongs may be righted, and right receive its just return. Our race *must* get to understand that no segment of it may attain happiness far ahead of the whole. It would be unjust, it would be unmerciful. Through Reincarnation and Karma must be wrought the divine work of the redemption of the race. We cannot escape the conviction. STUDENT

LET not the fruit of good Karma be your motive; for your Karma, good or bad, being one and the common property of all mankind, nothing good or bad can happen to you that is not shared by many others. Hence your motive, being selfish, can only generate a double effect, good and bad, and will either nullify your good action, or turn it to another man's profit. . . . There is no happiness for one who is ever thinking of Self and forgetting all other Selves.—H. P. Blavatsky

Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition.—*The Voice of the Silence*

If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be and is equally outraged by silence.---Ammian

The Theosophical Address at Isis Theater Isis Theater Packed to Hear Madame Tingley

SUBJECT WAS "THE WORLD'S WAY AND THE OTHER WAY"—1000 UNABLE TO GAIN ADMITTANCE

BEFORE an audience that packed the Isis theater a half-hour before the curtain rose, one of the largest audiences, in fact, which she has ever addressed in San Diego, Mme. Katherine Tingley, Head of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, delivered a masterful address last evening upon "The World's Way and the Other Way."

Mme. Tingley dwelt particularly upon the life in the prisons, reformatories and educational institutions, and how the general well-being of man could be improved through the application of the eliminative, educative principles of Theosophy. She spoke for an hour and a quarter and, during that time, her hearers were held at times spell-bound, again bursting forth into hearty applause as some salient point impressed them forcibly.

Her arraignment of woman suffrage particularly touched a strong responsive chord. From her viewpoint, the woman's place was distinctly at home.

Mme. Tingley also rapped many of the fads and isms of today. She claimed that they were doing more toward disrupting domestic life than any other element by creating such widespread diversities of opinion.

While a complete stenographic report will be given through these columns in a few days, the following are some of the salient points in Mme. Tingley's discourse:

"It is utterly impossible for the truth to be reached in a day or a week. It requires study and application, earnest and deep research. More, it requires the heart to be touched with a love for knowledge, for that kind of knowledge that will help humanity and lift the burdens from the people"

"Theosophy teaches that man is animal as well as spiritual and that he is potentially divine. Theosophy teaches that the soul of man began its life work ages ago."

"We are, in soul essence, verily united; we are part and parcel of each other under the governing power of universal law and in spite of all our theorizing. We cannot break that sacred tie."

"Time is passing; it is not waiting for us. Conditions are getting worse and worse; so there must be a serious remedy, of a kind that will tell, and that will dig into the very foundation of our social difficulties. We must have something that will touch the hearts of men and bring them to the consciousness of their own divinity, whether they will or not."

"The best systems that we have today of education, reformation and government, are to a very large degree based on the instability of the brain-mind of man."

"Humanity lives in two worlds; in the world of materiality, the animal world, so to speak, where the animal nature and the intellect and the brain-mind predominate; but whenever he has the divine touch, whenever he has a glimpse of his inner nature, whenever his heart is warmed to grand and unselfish things, whenever he is inspired to go forth and serve, even to the sacrifice of his life, then he is living in another world."

"We all live in two worlds, and the impressions that we take from these unfold our natures, according to our wills."

"The general life of humanity is being affected and humanity is being misled, because there are so many diversities in religion and so many conflicting doctrines."

"Human nature possesses a great and splendid heart-life."

"Fear is an enemy to truth. It is an enemy to humanity. It is a monster on the path of progress and is a psychological power today potent in the human family."

"I believe that men belong where nature has placed them, as men. I believe they are to be the controllers of the world, in a sense, as far as their

possibilities will allow them, and I hold that woman should stand to man as the inspirer and helper. I hold that when a woman leaves the duties of her domestic life and gives so much of the best of herself to doing what she considers her part in public life, in affecting and making laws, that she is leaving the home open to influences that ultimately she cannot control, and if her husband goes to the dogs she deserves it."

"I would like to see women shine in the twentieth century. I think they have a great deal to do."

Among those who were present occupying a box were Rear Admiral Chauncey M. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Trimble of Seattle; and in one of the loges Commander Victor Blue and Mrs. Blue, Staff Officer Theleen, Mrs. Theleen. Numerous officers and members from the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma were also in the audience, as well as Professor F. S. Darrow and Mrs. Darrow, of Springfield, Mo. The tourists were well represented by delegations from the Hotel Del Coronado, U. S. Grant hotel, and other hostels.

The crowd was one of the largest that ever filled the Isis Theater, and between 800 and 1000 people were turned away.

The handsome new asbestos curtain, painted by R. W. Machell, an English artist and Professor of Art at the Rāja Yoga College, was used last night for the first time. The design is by Katherine Tingley. In the center is one of the emblems of the Society, a key and ring, surrounded by a serpent, swallowing its tail, the emblem of eternity, and a laurel wreath. Above is the blazing sun, the entire scheme being a unique harmony of color restful to the eye.

The stage, especially about the footlights, was lavishly bedecked with marguerites and greens, while the boxes were also twined with flowers. The feature of the evening, aside from the address of Mme. Tingley, was the two especially difficult selections rendered by the full Rāja Yoga orchestra of 35 pieces. The students were at their best, speaking from a musical standpoint, and were rewarded with liberal rounds of applause.—San Diego Union

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question It is asserted as one of the teachings of Theosophy that man is the maker of his own destiny. How is this possible?

Answer Each deed, each thought, its own tone makes,
Each virtuous life, a song.

He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed.

Man has so long lost sight of his responsibility for the condition of life and character in which he finds himself owing to the prevalent erroneous idea of vicarious atonement, so stultifying to a healthy development of dignified self-reliance in his inherent divinity, that it is apt to come with something of a shock to learn that his destiny is *self-made*. As the spider spins his web, so do we hourly and even momentarily weave our future habitation of mind and brain and feeling. Let us bear in mind in studying ourselves, that the *outward* is only the *shell*; the determinative power of every event, circumstance, faculty, aptitude, *lies behind, on planes unseen*. We must look for causes in will, in thought, in desire, in feeling, and as our destiny unfolds, their general trend in its outward effect will become apparent.

It may be well to inquire at the outset: What is the true destiny of man? Theosophy answers: "To gain the Light of Truth one's self, and then to strive to put it within the reach of all men, that they too may gain their freedom." Our Teacher, Katherine Tingley has beautifully voiced the Theosophic axiom that progress must be the result of "self-induced and self-devised efforts," in the statement that, "on human shoulders rests the responsibility for human progress," turning our

thoughts to the "god within," the human expression of the Universal Oversoul. Or as expressed in *The Voice of the Silence*:

Thou shalt not separate thy Being from BEING, and the rest, but merge the Ocean in the drop, the drop within the Ocean.

The magic word of the hour is "*I Will*," used as an assertion of one's divinity, and the power behind strenuous efforts towards continual brotherly action, never for self but for others' welfare. The only true prayer of the illuminated of all ages, has been "*Thy Will*" (the action or work of the Higher Self) "not mine," (the personal predilections of the lower self, the house of flesh and desire) "be done." The courage gained through identification with one's Higher Nature or divinity—"the knowledge that we are divine," in the words of Katherine Tingley—"gives the power to overcome all obstacles and to dare to do right."

Theosophy gives us the great comfort and hope that we have *the power to change ourselves*, and that therefore there is no necessity for despair. The moral and physical derelicts we see around us are monuments of broken law, mistaken choice, and erroneous teachings about life and human destiny. They are the products of an age of darkness through which humanity has been passing; but we are nearing the end of that dreary stage of our journey and the lights have been turned up on the stage of human life to usher in a brighter drama, to give effect to a more humanizing touch in human affairs, based on a knowledge of life as it is, not as it appears to be.

At the present stage of our evolution there are many who have grasped the fact that the outcome of past thoughts and action has made them, and the conditions in which they live, what they are; and that the principal factors in a change of either, or both, are themselves also; and that by reason of our self-consciousness, our destiny must be self-made, and that to evade or abdicate the responsibility for righteous action is to court pain and disaster.

The absurd, dark middle-ages' crudity, the "one life on earth" theory, instead of the true teaching of Reincarnation, or as many lives here as are needed for us to grasp and perfect our destiny, is of course largely responsible for the present confused state of things, as it leaves men without a reasonable pattern or plan by which to guide their lives. Such at least was the state of affairs some thirty odd years ago, before Madame H. P. Blavatsky brought to us Theosophy, as the saving grace in the time of our dire necessity. And because man makes his destiny by word and thought and deed as he weaves the great principles of life, re-stated by this True Helper of Mankind, into his everyday life, he will grow strong in the power to carve his way through the temptations of lust and greed and ambition for worldly pleasure or power, or personal self-gratification. He will center his ability and energy in efforts to uplift the mass of people to a higher conception of *their* destiny also; he will *himself* more deeply realize the glorious privilege he shares with Those who work for the Liberation of the Sons of Men from the shackles of ignorance and evil, inseparable from incarnation until mankind stands Self-Redeemed and fully conscious of its glorious destiny. E. W.

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

Reviving the Past

WE recently reviewed the opinion of a writer in a magazine, who alleged that the tendency of the present time is to get away from the traditions of the past and to strike out new lines in everything. His article was entitled "Pop Goes the Past." He is now answered by another writer, who asks, "Does the Past Go Pop?"

This writer argues that our so-called new lines are only revivals, and gives many instances of movements which were at once reforms and revivals. In fact they were renaissances. He says that human affairs move in recurring cycles.

This is of course the Theosophical view. The circle, however, considered as a symbol of time, is not a closed curve. It is part of a larger circle. Every revolution around the smaller circle carries us some distance along the larger circle. A circular motion which is not closed but repeated generates a helix (or, as it is often popularly called, a spiral); if this helix itself be bent into circular form, we get a vortex ring. Swedenborgians will recall what their teacher says about these curves.

This cyclic motion is illustrated in the familiar natural seasons. A day and night constitute one revolution on a small circle, but each such revolution carries us a small distance along the greater circle of the year. This is a general law, which is repeated both on larger and smaller scales.

This cyclic evolution continually brings us back to similar phases, but we never return to the same place. Thus there is repetition, and yet continual progress.

The past on which we are so impatiently turning our backs is that which lies immediately behind us. The remoter regions of the past do not lie behind us in the same sense; by our circular motion we may even be approaching them in a sense. Theosophy, while teaching of the future, also calls men's attention to the remoter past of the human race, assuring them that there is much in that past worthy of revival. We belong to a great Race which began its independent evolution some million years ago, and whose period of evolution is divided into seven sub-races. It is the Fifth Root-Race, and we belong to the fifth sub-race thereof. According to the law of cyclic evolution, there is a gradual decline in spirituality from the beginning of the first

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

sub-race to the middle of the fourth, after which there is an ascent. Consequently we are still plunged in the darkness of materiality, but are on the ascending arc towards spirituality. The earlier sub-races were therefore higher in knowledge than we are; and before we can reach their level and pass beyond it, we have much lost knowledge to regain. Herein lies the importance of studying the remoter past.

These earlier races of men had powers and faculties which we lack, and this accounts for the universal traditions as to great knowledge that has been forgotten. It explains the mysterious book of symbolism and the origin of cults and religions. It explains the mysterious megalithic temples that men of these races built. Archaeological research is bringing back some of this past, but rooted prejudice stands in the way of its proper interpretation.

The recognition that man is a mighty Spiritual Being, whose powers are temporarily in partial abeyance, is calculated to undo the mischief wrought by dogmatic teachings which make man either a miserable sinner or an intellectualized animal.

STUDENT

The Contemplative Life

WITH reference to a book on the contemplative life, in praise of the various monastic orders, it should be remarked that while temporary *contemplative seclusion* is a recognized feature in the life of an aspirant to Knowledge, *monasticism* is but a poor substitute for the original and genuine thing. Hence the praise bestowed on the orders must apply with much greater force to that which they imitate. We should always bear in mind, when the attractions and consolations of ecclesiastical religion are held up before us, that they are but faint echoes of that which originally inspired them. Modern nations are much outdone in monastic seclusion by the Tibetans and other Oriental peoples. Monasticism is associated with a dogmatic system of enforced belief that closes the mind and narrows down the aspirations. Hence it can have no perman-

ent attraction for more than a very few natures.

We sometimes find it recommended, however, as an occasional and temporary resort for rest and recuperation; in which form it may prove more attractive. And doubtless the benefits derived from leading the simple life for a while are all duly accredited to the particular religious system in vogue at the institution.

In monastic institutions we find the necessary elements of the leader and the rules. In Western lands the leader can hardly be regarded as he is in some Oriental lands — as a teacher. He is rather a focus for certain set and invariable dogmas, and the center of discipline.

We find the monkish type in marked contrast with the more natural, normal, and virile types of humanity; and one inevitably associates therewith notions of effeminacy and other related attributes which are better suggested by the word "monk" itself than by any attempted definition. It would be well if the boons of teaching and restful retirement could be secured without these undesirable accompaniments. Impersonal work, observance of discipline, freedom from the world's worries, etc., are attractive.

Man cannot evade life's duties by running away from them; for, even should he avoid them in one life, he will not do so in subsequent lives. Still there may be times and occasions when retirement is beneficial or necessary. If joining a religious order seems to be the only way available, this is only due to a temporary condition of affairs, and we are aspiring to something better than the usages of the dark ages.

People should realize that the blessings enumerated above do not belong to any church but to humanity. And there are many devout people within the churches who would fain rescue religion from dogmatism and bigotry.

We should live the contemplative life all the time, when in the midst of the world and its strife; but we should be much helped if we had opportunities of withdrawing at times to some life that would be quiet but not monastic. As the spread of light gradually brings about better conditions in humanity, such benefits will surely become possible.

STUDENT

THE good keeper needs no bolts or bars; and none can open after him. — *Tao Teh King*

Abuse of Psychic Powers

WHEN Theosophists utter warnings against the danger of heedlessly investigating occult and psychic matters, people will sometimes impute over-caution or an insincere motive. But the validity of the warning is attested by facts, and is likely to be still more so in the immediate future. The result of diffusing a knowledge of hypnotism and related powers among the people at large may be inferred with certainty from an experience of the abuse which is made of dynamite and morphine.

The papers report the case of a fourteen-year-old boy, who was carried to the insane asylum, crying: "I told that fellow not to hypnotize me. Please get my mind back for me." The parents thought he had been hypnotized by a street vendor, and were anxious to find the man and make him liberate the boy.

But we need not build on a single instance, for such may be taken as typical—especially of probable future contingencies.

There are many individuals and societies which profess to teach *anybody*—without the slightest inquiry into character—how to influence others by these sly and cowardly secret methods. Now these claims are either false or they are not. In the one case we have a host of showy charlatans reaping a harvest from the public credulity; in the other case we have people recklessly spreading a dangerous knowledge, in comparison with which the wholesale distribution of morphine and dynamite is comparatively harmless.

We may perhaps feel able to protect ourselves, but what about our children? What about our sister, our daughter?

The policy of any *society* which aims at benefiting humanity by teaching it about its own powers, must be to confine its attention to the Spiritual powers and leave the psychic powers alone. E.

The Eagle and the Soul

A WRITER in the *Scientific American Supplement* discusses Apotheosis, Ancestor Worship, and the symbols of the Eagle, Peacock, and Serpent; all of which are connected. Apotheosis is the raising of a departed great man to the rank of a god; as in the cases of Romulus and Augustus for instance.

In Egypt the soul was represented leaving the body in the form of a bird, or the bird was shown carrying the Soul. The Sun is the creator of souls, and the Sun-God is represented in Syria as borne on the wings of an eagle.

The eagle has always been a royal symbol, and this writer says it is "the fourth attribute of Christ." This must be the "Christos" of the ancient Mysteries. We are reminded of the fourfold symbolism of the Sphinx—Man, Lion, Eagle, Bull—corresponding to the four "fixed signs" of the Zodiac (the Eagle being Scorpio). This represents four balanced powers of the perfected Soul, and we will not presume to suggest to our fellow-students what meanings they should attach to each of these four symbols. We believe Ezekiel has something to say on this subject.

There is, of course, far too much talk about "ancestor-worship" and the symbols of the eagle, peacock, and serpent, for any person of balanced judgment to dismiss the whole as futile superstition. Superstition there is, doubtless, both of credulity and scepticism; but the groundwork must have been solid. The wise man is he who will try to sift out the valuable truth.

If we own a religious belief of any value whatever, we ought to be ready to admit that the death of a man is attended by the liberation of his Soul. Hence we need not disparage the ancients for having this idea. And to represent this liberated Soul, we clearly need some symbol other than that of a man, if we are to denote the distinction between the freed Soul and the dead body. What wonder then, that a bird should be chosen as symbol, and the best among birds?

And what is ancestor-worship—as it is disparagingly called—if not the veneration of those Souls that have passed to the more glorious state? And is it unreasonable to suppose that the Souls of those who were great on earth were great? But again we say that mistakes would be made in this, and men who were powerful on earth would be deified beyond their deserts in order to flatter the family. Still the counterfeiters do not disqualify the genuine.

More might be said on the subject of "ancestor-worship," if this age were not so superstitious. But,

as things are, it would scarcely be wise to say much about the veneration of the departed. We already have weird cults of spook-hunters, and we do not need more of them but less. Needless to say, not everything which escapes from a corpse is the Eagle. As well worship the sulphuretted hydrogen and other products of decomposition as worship some of the things that are worshiped as relics of the departed. In addition to his physical apparatus that decomposes, man has other apparatus which is not physical but which decomposes. It is not astral remnants that we must worship.

This distinction between the astral remains and the deathless Soul is one that can not be ignored. Where anything mortal is worshiped, the ancestor-worship becomes a noxious superstition. But it is quite another matter to believe that the Soul of one's ancestor still lives, though not in the garb of imperfection in which we knew it; and to be true to memory of all that was best in the life of that Soul. But again one must say that such matters can only be hinted at, lest we should encourage superstition about visitations and appearances, and thus perhaps promote the danger of obsession and self-delusion. What a wealth of helpful and consoling knowledge awaits us so soon as ever we may be able to receive it! Death is a mystery to us—often a heart-rending mystery. People say the Deity withholds from us knowledge; but might they not say that he is striving to give us knowledge, only we reject it and continue in our folly? Who knows better than we ourselves that such knowledge, if the attempt were made to impart it to us in our present condition, would be twisted into harm and folly by our emotionalism and our silly minds?

We know little of the destinies and duties and privileges of a liberated Soul or a perfected man; but we can infer that they must be grander and vaster than our own. Nor is such knowledge beyond reach. TRAVERS

The "Sub-conscious"

A RECENT lecturer on psychology said that our moods and attitudes of mind, from moment to moment, depend more upon the revival of sub-conscious impressions than upon conscious impressions. He said that we can no longer regard our mind as a sensitive plate responsive only to impressions from without. The mind was more like an ocean, which is far more affected by the currents in its depths than by the sunlight on its surface.

This view represents one of the changes that are coming over scientific thought.

And what an ocean of unknown possibilities it opens up! For what is this "subconscious"? A mere name, one surmises, for an unknown territory of limitless extent and variety. Once admit that our moods and thoughts pop into our mind from a mysterious depth within us—and where are you?

The writer speaks of the recent vogue of the "subconscious" as a great achievement of modern thought. He cannot have studied ancient Eastern philosophies. He may have looked at them, but he has not studied them. Otherwise he would surely give some importance to the fact that in those philosophies, the "subconscious," though to us as the encompassing darkness of night, becomes a whole world full of various countries. The idea of speaking of only *one* subconscious! That part of our nature upon which our attention is focused is but a fraction; beyond it there are ranges of indefinite extent. To speak of the subconscious as if there were only one, is misleading. It provides for no discrimination between what is high and what is low. We have subconscious instincts of a low order, corresponding to the minds of animals. If these should gain control, we should become bestial idiots. There are innumerable subordinate factors of our consciousness, which normally are kept in place, below the surface of our mind. When these come to the top, insanity prevails. Again, there are realms from which proceed lofty aspirations and intuitions. We cannot lump all together in such a vague way. Modern psychology seems to be groping; a little help from older explorers would be valuable. STUDENT

THE meditative state attained by those whose discrimination does not extend to pure spirit, depends upon the phenomenal world.—*Patanjali*

Difficulties of the Aviator

A SAILOR travels on the surface of the water, but an aviator is in the midst of the medium in which he travels. This medium is not homogeneous like water, but of varying density; moreover it is very much more unstable and full of waves, currents, and eddies. It is invisible, and the aviator does not know of the waves till he is in them. The aeroplane is kept aloft by its forward motion, which produces a pressure under the planes. If this pressure should vary, the machine will rise or fall. Any change in the velocity or direction of the wind produces a variation in this pressure, and the aviator is subjected to a sudden rise or drop, which is very disconcerting. The sudden emergence from a strong head-wind into a calm area will cause a sudden drop. This is what is called running into a "hole in the air."

On a large open plain the wind is probably uniform and constant; but not so amid hills and vales. There are reflected currents, and currents blowing upwards from the ground. These are a few of the difficulties with which aviators have to contend, and it seems wonderful they do not have more accidents than they do. TRAVERS

A WRITER in the *Scientific American* details a legal case, where the question turned upon the exact time of an alleged occurrence, and the testimony of a single witness was invalidated by the calculations of a scientific man who studied a shadow represented in a photograph that was submitted. He proved that the occurrence took place at a different time from what the witness said. From the position of the shadow on the landscape he calculated the position of the sun in the heavens and hence the time of day. We hope he did not make any mistake.

SINCE 1852, when Foucault suggested the idea, attempts have been made to substitute the gyroscope for the magnetic needle as a compass at sea. A large heavy-rimmed wheel, rapidly rotating, preserves its plane of rotation against strong resistances. A system has been invented by which numerous dials are distributed about ship, all connected with the gyroscopic wheel and repeating its indications. The gyroscope is independent of steel, hence specially for warships; but, inasmuch as it persists just as strenuously in a wrong plane as in a right, one would like to know what would be done if the wheel happened to get jarred into a wrong plane—supposing the fact were discovered.

"The Blue Mountains Glow in the Dawn of Early Light"

CONQUEST! "The pivotal doctrine of our philosophy admits no privileges or special gifts in man, save those won by his own Ego through personal effort and merit throughout a long series of reincarnations."

W. Q. Judge also said that the three fundamental propositions of H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine*—from which the foregoing is culled—were the master keys to every incident of our lives, sleeping or waking; therefore conquest of the self was the straight and undeviating way to the goal. It is the guiding star to a purposeful life. Follow it faithfully, and heart, mind, and body will act in union.

From the years of childhood, to years of youthful study and wonderment, and on through years in the engineering schools and shops, to the years of army and navy life, through war to peace:

On through years of diplomacy in control and command of large groups of men and women, and the management of large affairs, and in the possession of wealth—always in wonderment at the riddle of existence; until, suddenly, and without apparent prelude, at the age of forty-seven only a fragment of the inner life was found; and then for years a dual life was led through the stress and storm, and the severing of old conditions, until the Man was left alone in his nakedness and prone upon the desert sands of a life that seemed to end in nothingness. He seemed to cry to empty space: "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" and a voice in that wilderness echoed "He is but a shadow less substantial than the shadowy life he tries to grasp." Then, out of the silence, the Proem arose in all the hidden majesty of its meaning, and, like a grand anthem, it revived the exhausted mind and led it on through Light to CONQUEST. STUDENT

The Divining Rod

THE attitude of modern thought towards this subject is curiously mixed. A writer quotes this from a well-known encyclopaedia as typical of one prevalent view:

It is hardly necessary to say that men who know anything of scientific method in the examination of nature regard this alleged power of the divining rod as due either to conscious fraud or to delusion, the whole phenomena merely being due to the effect of a strong impression on the mind acting through nerves and muscles.

It is hardly necessary to say, we believe, that this view is one of those foolish remarks that do so much to discredit the otherwise excellent reputation of modern science. There is nothing in the explanation to account for the use of a rod, of a forked rod, of a hazel rod; or to explain why water and metals in particular were found by this method. In short, it is no explanation at all. If it explains anything, it explains why people who are not diviners can sometimes palm themselves off as such; it explains why an unsuccessful experiment can be regarded as successful and why people may continue to believe in a power after it has ceased to be effective. But it does not begin to explain how the belief arose nor why it has been a matter of common faith in so many lands and for so many ages.

Over against this view, we have a diametrically opposite one. It is true that although it is held by men of the highest repute, we must not usually look in the accredited organs of science for it. These men are compelled to find a forum in the unorthodox press. Professor W. F. Barrett, an eminent English man of science, gives his experiences in one of these papers. He began by being as sceptical as the encyclopaedia writer just quoted, but nearly twenty years ago decided to investigate the matter, and has published two lengthy reports (1895 and 1900). He details several cases where the rod has been used by business firms with success, where the ordinary expert had failed to find water; and how eminent men of science and others were obliged to admit it. Sir Edward Fry is quoted, as eminent both in law and science, and as declaring that he has on more than one occasion successfully employed a "dowser" to locate the site for a well. The late Marquess of Salisbury has borne similar testimony, as have other reputable men.

It is not denied, nor does Professor Barrett deny it, that there are cases where the alleged dowser has not the real gift and relies upon illegitimate means; but the reputation of the art does not rest upon its imitations. Considering that it has found such universal credence, that many eminent modern men believe in it, and that the explanation given by the sceptics is such a very lame one, we may take the truth of the belief as being established. As to its rationale, it is for science to find an explanation if it can. Science does not pretend to have discovered everything in nature; on the contrary, it frequently asseverates the opposite. Hence the inability to explain the divining-rod is no reason for denying it.

No muscular spasm will account for the bending and even breaking of the rod, which, according to the testimony of these eminent observers, frequently occurs.

A circuit of some kind seems to be estab-

lished between water, rod, and man, suggesting an electrical analogy. Electricity is connected with circuits and attractions, but the *modus operandi* thereof is unknown. In truth, when it comes to a final dynamical explanation, people are equally at sea in the familiar and recognized cases as in the unfamiliar and suspected cases.

It is easy to understand that in the case of sceptics, a reluctance to admit the truth of these phenomena has to some extent fathered their expressed opinions; but it is unnecessary on this account to impute insincerity. Evidently, to admit the reality of divining, would carry science into a domain in which it could no longer act as a confident guide but would have to take a place among the bewildered explorers. It is naturally anxious to convince itself that such things need not be considered.

The dowser is a man born with the faculty. He is a case of "atavism," reversion to an ancestral type. The power is one that at one time, was general, but now survives only sporadically. Our environment does not offer the conditions favorable to the development of such a power, and so it has fallen into latency, quite in accordance with the principles of "natural selection." Considered by itself, it presents a curiously isolated and unrelated fact; but if we reflect that the power to find water with the rod may be but one out of a large number of powers which men might possess, we can see that the isolation may be caused by our not knowing the connecting links and concurrent circumstances.

STUDENT

A Mirror Problem

A WRITER to the *Scientific American* has propounded the query, "Why does a mirror reverse right and left, but not up and down?" He is answered by another writer, who avers that the mirror does not reverse right and left. When you take a book and hold it before the mirror, you reverse the book yourself. This can be proved by taking a piece of transparent paper with writing on it, and holding it before the mirror. Looking through the paper, you will see the writing reversed; and the mirror faithfully records this fact. Some may deem this explanation satisfactory, some not. We ourselves had prepared an explanation to the following effect: that the mirror reverses *back and front*. If you take a book and stand it upright on the table with the back of the cover facing you, the title-page will be on your right. In order to make the title-page come to the left, you must do one of two things. Either you can turn the book around while still keeping it upright, or you can turn it upside down, keeping the back always towards you. A solid body has three perpendicular axes, representing back and front, right and left, and top and bottom. If you invert one of these axes, you also invert one of the others, but not both of the others. The mirror transposes front and back; it therefore transposes either right and left or top and bottom, according to whether you hang it on the wall or on the floor. If you hang it on the floor and stand over it, you will find your image reversed up and down, but not right and left—unless you perform the self-deception of rectifying the image in your imagination. The way in which these three axes,

with their pairs of ends, are related to each other is a point by no means easy to define. Nor is it easy to give a satisfactory definition of right and left, east and west, and so forth. E.

The Power of Phrases

THERE is great power in a phrase, an assertion, as the "mental scientists" have re-discovered. The power may be effective even when, within certain limits, the phrase expresses a falsehood; as when, for instance, a sick man asserts that he is well or a man with neuralgia asserts that matter has no sensation.

Why not use this power to bring *truth* home, especially to children?

The common element, the containment, of all confessions is, "I have sinned." The confessor (this is the proper use of the word) takes up the position of sinner. An equally effective confession, if, as in the case of children, someone else is to be told about it, would be, "I have *permitted* sin."

There is a world of difference. The latter keeps the *I* out of the mud, grants it the commission of an error but saves it from degradation, saves to it some sense of self-respect, and leaves the door open for later inquiry as to what is this *I*, thus distinguished from the vesture which it has *permitted* to be stained. The very phrase thus teaches to the child the duality of its nature and the essential purity of its self as distinguished from its vesture of desire (in the case in hand, wrong desire).

The older person, looking *inward*, can also say, "I have permitted sin." And then from the very fact that he has looked inward, something which is inward will respond, the ever-watching Higher Self. In the form of the phrase the confessor has asserted his relationship with the purity of that Self and his own potentially equal purity, the oneness of the Father and the Son, of the vineyard-owner and of the one sent to labor therein and clear away the weeds. As the Higher has *its* function on *its* planes of substance and being, functions of ordering and arrangement, so has the lower on its. It is the gardener of the conscious, subjective, side of its own body. And the order which it makes there, or the disorder which it permits, is subtly reflected in outer nature. Creation travails in much disorder till man has set it the keynote.

There is something in us which listens to and is affected by all that we say, often carrying out in subconscious thought, and, later, in action, the last implications. The simplest case of this is when we say "I will wake tomorrow at ten minutes to six." The subconscious thought reacts into the conscious, and herein lies the power of phrases. "I have sinned," and "I have permitted sin," may both of them lead to abstinence from sin; but the latter, in addition, opens the path to much more than that, to Self-knowledge, knowledge of Self-divinity. STUDENT

Growth of Population

THE census returns show that the population of the United States in 1910 was about 92 millions. The rate of increase per decade was 21 per cent. At this rate the number by the middle of this century would be about half the present population of China, or two-thirds that of India. F.

Art Music Literature and the Drama



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE RAJA YOGA ORCHESTRA OF POINT LOMA

Music --- An Interview with E. A. Neresheimer II

"NOW neither of these specialized effects (the illusion of a summer eventide and the sights and sounds of a rich nature-environment, as in Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*) is actually imitated in the music. Yet the impression of it all is unmistakably produced on one's consciousness. Added to this is the effect of the sounding of horns in the distance, to which attention is called in the dramatic situation."

"Do you consider Wagner to have been unique in the possession of this power?"

"By no means. And in this connexion it will be well to remember the older school of composers, such as Beethoven, Schumann, and Schubert. Nowadays people are inclined to run after all things Wagnerian, but this older school produced marvelous psychological studies. Wagner found a more ornate, and, as it were, a more voluminous means of producing heretofore unknown effects orchestrally, and by the application of combinations of instruments. He worked out this system of orchestration on a magnificent scale. This is the real departure in the new orchestral music, which is followed by Brahms, Rubinstein, and all the modern composers. So I would say that comparing Wagner with Schumann, for instance, they do not differ so much in conception as in execution."

"My own experience with Robert Schumann may be cited. He has produced very many compositions which are entirely unknown in the realm of song literature, even in his own country. No artist ever takes the trouble to look into them from the right point of view, the composer himself being generally considered insane."

"I once took particular pains to obtain all his vocal compositions, numbering some six hundred. These were collected with infinite trouble from all parts of Germany, out of dusty archives and unexpected corners. Influenced by the general impression about them, I at first failed to see their merit. But with close application and persistence I found the deepest depths of insight and the finest shades of human feeling concealed within them."

"It is evident that Schumann composed these songs from an innate and over-mastering desire to express his aspirations and ideals, irrespective of any appreciation whatever. In his own time his works were not appreciated, nor are they today, except by isolated individuals. Yet a study of his compositions affords an unexpected vision of this man's soul and strange psychological states."

YES, it was the mountain echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting cuckoo,
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like—but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal life?
Hear not we, unthinking creatures!
Slaves of folly, love, or strife—
Voices of two different natures?

Have not we too?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognized intelligence!

Such rebound our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God,—of God,—they are!

Wordsworth

"All of which leads back to my first conclusion, that the highest aim of the composer should be to give expression to his own states of consciousness as they occur in the nobler moods."

"What do you think of the present condition of musical composition in America?"

"Well, a vast number of compositions are turned out every year in America, mostly of a sentimental nature, following the German schools in their construction. But among them are found priceless pearls of virgin genius which promise to be individualized in the course of time as American music."

"What, in your opinion, is the chief characteristic of this 'virgin genius'?"

"A deviation in rhythm, founded upon the sentiment which the negro has introduced into America. It is no doubt also true that, just as most of the races of the world meet in this country and to a certain extent tend to merge their peculiarities, the result being an original production; so with music: the tendency is to assimilate the qualities of the music of the western world, with possibly something of the oriental—from which is gradually evolving a new style or school."

"The present tendency in this country to favor *opéra-bouffe*, is, in my opinion, only a temporary aberration, because people invariably run after noise and glitter first, before passing on to what

is sincere and real. In proof of this, I would remind you that no American composer has produced an *opéra-bouffe*. They are all of foreign origin. I think that the deep interest taken in this country in the highly complicated music of Wagner is an evidence of progress on the part of the American people."

"What do you conceive to be the ultimate province of music, Mr. Neresheimer?"

"The aesthetic influence which it has at all times exercised on all peoples. By this word *aesthetic* I mean much; I mean all that tends to elevate the morality, purity, and ideality of the race. Good music will always bring us into closer touch with the ideal world. Let me add that the populace may be trusted not to preserve anything which is not based on truth; that is to say, which is not truly inspired. This is particularly true of music."

"Which form of musical expression do you regard as the most powerful in its effect upon man?"

"The human voice, undoubtedly."

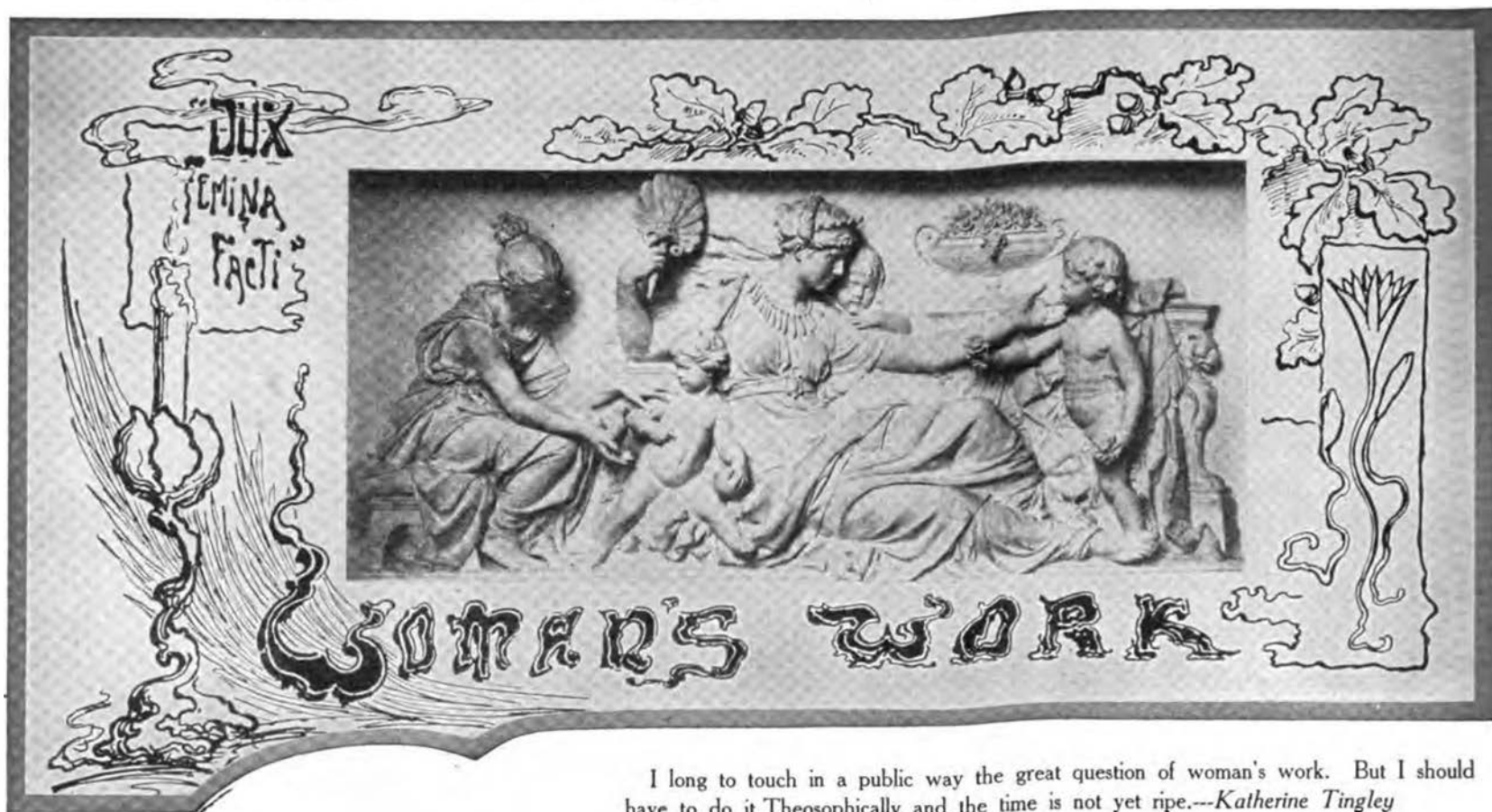
"And your reasons?"

"Because of its infinite possibilities of expression. There is no music which conveys in itself a fixed impression to all hearers. The human voice, does, however, express at all times the interior state of the speaker or singer, and discloses more accurately than any other method of musical interpretation the extent to which he has entered into the ideal of the composer."

"Do you mean that between music produced on such an instrument as the violin and that produced by the voice, there is an actual difference in quality—that they have a different sort of power?"

"I do; because the voice carries with it the synthetic expression of the performer's entire being as the result of his past. Consequently, the more one has suffered or enjoyed, the better will one be able to give rise to similar impressions in others. You remember Shelley's words, 'They learn in suffering what they teach in song': a one-sided expression of a great truth. If a man has had a wide experience of suffering, it is stored up within him, and unconsciously to himself, in both speaking and singing, he expresses his unwritten past, and so evokes a corresponding sentiment in those present who have also suffered. This is done by means of the vibrations of his voice upon the inner nature of his hearers. A superficial or unformed character will unmistakably reveal itself in this way."

"And now, Mr. Neresheimer, will you sing us the 'Song to the Evening Star,' from *Tannhäuser*?"—but unfortunately Mr. Neresheimer's rendering cannot be recorded.



I long to touch in a public way the great question of woman's work. But I should have to do it Theosophically and the time is not yet ripe.—Katherine Tingley

UNDER this heading the morning paper gives an account of a "Woman Farmers' Club," recently formed in Columbia, Mo. As an association it is unique even at the present time when there are so many advocates, both in Europe and America, of gardening, horticulture, and other out-of-door occupations for woman, for its purpose is to place farming on the dignified footing of a profession that will enlist the more intelligent and refined class of women. Only professional woman farmers are admitted to membership. The President of this association has been for many years owner and manager of a large farm, and, while she has traveled extensively and has occupied various positions of trust and responsibility on state commissions appointed by the Governor, her chief interest is agriculture, a calling for which she believes that women of brains and executive ability are well fitted.

Theosophical Students are keenly alive to the possibilities of every departure that would tend to place a growing number of women in an out-of-door environment and also dignify manual and executive work by adding the wholesome leaven of brains; for Katherine Tingley has always taught that a working with and close to Nature in the right spirit and with the right motive, is an opening of long-closed doors in the treasure-house of humanity's higher mental and physical life. But the right motive, according to this Teacher, has naught to do with the dollar-interest as an objective, nor with a merely selfish seeking after health or "a living." In short, in her insistence upon the right motive as all-important, and her declaration that a higher mental life may be born from honest work upon the soil, Katherine Tingley issued a challenge.

The "Woman's Garden" in Lomaland was established ten years ago and its "graduates," to speak a bit humorously, have been among the first to approximate the standard of physi-

Farming for Women

GREEN in the meadow the grass upspringing,
Clear through the woodlands the birds' glad singing,
Fresh young life to the cold earth bringing,
Ripple the bubbling rills;
Strong and ardent the summer's glowing;
Wan and withered the autumn's going;
Wild and wintry the cold storm beating,—
But all slip by like a shadow fleeting
O'er the Farm beyond the Hills.

Sunlight dazzles and tempests shiver,
Strong is the action of wind and weather,
Earth's finest fibers to search and sever
With the might of many wills;
But the Frost King's breath like a breath is over,
And the veils of cloud but a moment cover,
And the passionate glow of a noontide burning
Leaves but the languor of distant yearning,
On the Farm beyond the Hills.

Elaine Goodale (Selected)

cal health, self-reliance, mental poise and impersonality demanded by Theosophy. The first "Captain" of the "Garden Drill Corps," was an enthusiastic young English girl, who is today the beloved and successful Directress of the Râja Yoga College at Santa Clara, Cuba—the Hon. Nan Herbert. One of her aides in the garden work was Miss Amy Lester, who later went to Cuba as a teacher and has for some years been Directress of the Râja Yoga College at Pinar del Río, Cuba. And the list might be easily extended for, as a matter of fact, nearly all of the young girls who seized the opportunities offered them in the out-of-door work of the early days are now holding responsible and important positions in one or another department of Theosophical effort.

Of course, the actual work with plant and shrub, seed and trowel and watering-pot, was in itself but half, and even a very small half, if one may be permitted to speak in paradox. The other and more important part

was the constant, even though at first unrecognized, purifying of motive

that went on in the workers *because* they believed that it was honest to make even weeding an expression of the best that was in them—as much so as teaching or lecturing could be made. The horizon of their interests was bounded by ideals as far removed from those now being advocated by our health-culture faddists as Earth is from Arcturus. They had not taken up the work as a means of killing time, nor as a remedy for dyspepsia or a bad complexion or the "blues," nor did they plant every seed and weed every corner with an eye constant to profit. As a result, their garden work very soon became one of the shining factors in the glorious old problem called *life itself*, the problem of how to live so that life is worth living, and of how to get along with others on lines of true nobility, real justice, and least resistance.

In the case of some Students there was much to be learned, of course, for the whole world is under the psychological blight of false ideas and the cowardice they engender, and womankind has its own bodily and mental heredity of disadvantage, besides. There is the lower psychological influence of centuries upon centuries of un-discipline, with which men, forced to walk a chalk line in their wage-earning life or starve, are not as a whole so burdened. There is the indolence born of the protected-life-and-rocking-chair psychology, which finds very irritating, at times, the opposite tendency which afflicts a certain type of woman—the tendency to work off uncontrolled streams of nervous energy in a senseless and unchained doing, doing, doing.

And some there may have been, at first, who wondered if that precious sunrise hour assigned to the garden could not be more profitably employed over French, or on the latest physical culture exercises (they hadn't learned that "farming" was the latest). Unacquainted

with their real natures, ignorant of their deeper needs, they knew too little of the power of bodily inertia — another psychological inheritance with which womankind peculiarly has to reckon — to be aware that the kindly garden duties were all that prevented them from spending the most precious hour of the day dawdling in bed; that just this department of their Student-life was what spelled the difference between starting the day right and starting it wrong, with all that implies to those who are Students of the Art of Living.

For all who enter the Student-life of Lomaland, however far removed from selfish or worldly ideals by the force of devotion, aspiration, sincerity, and an intellectual grasp of a true philosophy of life, nevertheless come to Lomaland from out of the world, with the heredity of ages obscuring their intuition and weighing down with its at first unrecognized burden their every step along the pathway of true growth. This must be the case for, after all, we are of "God's great family," every one. And indeed, were the world to possess a body of girls and women who had surmounted all these disadvantages, and they all demanded to come to Lomaland, Katherine Tingley would very likely remind them — she has a way of doing strange things like this — that the doors of her Institution stood open not for those who need help least but for those who need it most. So much the more glorious, then, the fact that under her system of training and character-building the most subtle hereditary difficulties may be speedily and, in the deeper sense, very easily overcome, provided the Student is in earnest and really wishes to overcome them.

Now there is truth, not fiction, in all the injunctions of the Great Teachers, lighting, as it is their mission to do, in age after age, the fires of aspiration and soul-life. And this is one, from a manuscript that was ancient when the Pyramids were new:

Help Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her Creators and make obeisance.

And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the very depths of her pure virgin bosom. Unsullied by the hand of Matter, she shows her treasures only to the eye of Spirit — the eye which never closes, the eye for which there is no veil in all her kingdoms.

It is certain that "Nature" here includes far more than the soil beneath our feet, even in its most spiritual aspects. But is it not equally certain that bare, brown, physical earth is a mighty and important part of the whole vast creative Universe, and that to the Sage and Seer it has ever been the great symbol which Nature has lent them for the teaching of her deeper truths? Was ever mightier parable than that of the Sower who went forth to sow? Yet the densest mind never imagined that Jesus referred only, or even at all, to

any individual or to merely material seed.

The one who works rightly with Nature is opening door after door in those chambers of self-discipline where the real preparation for the acquirement of life's deeper knowledge must be made. There are other doors, other paths, other ways, yes, and there will be, so long as human beings differ and so long as the means is nothing while the motive is all. But it is undeniable that the right and loving care of Nature's growing things is *one* way, and among the noblest.

May not Nature be more sentient, by the way, than we dream? May there not be a certain quality of gratitude in her mighty heart that leads her to dower true co-workers with health and beauty and strong, straight limbs, with dextrous hands and clear, clean brains, and with quiet, healthy nerves? We

between intuition and clumsy, tactless logic, between irritability and self-control. Who confronts two paths and chooses the right one, grows. It is these things that make for character.

This long-established out-of-door work for women in Lomaland is the outcome, in a sense, of plans and hopes entertained by the present Leader of the Theosophical Movement as far back as a quarter of a century ago. She was then, as a young woman, beginning her work in the slums of New York City — trying to thread a saving way through the jungle of conditions that were seemingly hopeless for ignorant, overworked women and neglected children. She early declared that not much could be done until the question of environment were solved; and solved, too, in quite a new way and from the point of view of motives.

Long before Katherine Tingley met William Q. Judge and became his co-worker in the Theosophical Movement, she advocated farm life for women, and this for reasons quite dissociated from the dollar-aspect of the question; for she had observed that the unfortunate classes were almost wholly made up of the city-bred, and also that, so long as women were overworked and underfed, and so long as children came into the world already devitalized, abnormal, robbed, it was wasting time to preach to them of Christ crucified, of refinement, self-control, morality or even common decency. The cravings of their

sapped and starved bodies and morbid, blunted minds were like so many stentorian voices, drowning out everything else.

At the time, also, she noted the fact that while all women and growing girls would be better off with a certain amount of out-of-door work, if done with moderation and intelligently, there were certain types peculiarly fitted to take up agriculture as a special trade or profession. And there was a place for these, she held, in the world's economy. It is the latter theory that we see occasionally mentioned in the daily press as being something quite new; which goes to show —

The opportunity to carry out these early plans and dreams of health-giving work for women did not come, however, until the Point Loma Institution was established, for not until then was Katherine Tingley able to command the needed environment and the necessary support in the way of Students who could be trusted to carry out her system.

The peasant woman, bending under her burden of sheaves or harnessed with a dog to the milk-cart, is destined to pass, even in the neglected districts of Europe, before a new order of ages. The woman-farmer movement is part of this new order, and we probably could not even imagine the response that Nature would make did new generations enter her kingdom, not as mind-dulled drudges but as masters of nature-knowledge, of soul-resources and of technical skill. STUDENT



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

GRAZ, AUSTRIA, FROM THE RAINERKOGEL

ought to add, with dollars, too, out of deference to the present day and age, only that those who mostly will read this article are concerned with something more fundamental than dollars.

As an instance of such more fundamental considerations, take the apparently simple question of the proper care of tools, whether from "moth and rust" or from the irresponsible invasion of some well-meaning newcomer who perchance brings to Lomaland the notion that borrowing is "the shortest distance between two points." By the time one has solved that problem in the easy, light-hearted, but high-principled Theosophical way, one has had to make a definite choice between several things: between duty and neglect, between laziness and thrift, between obedience and disobedience. Not that one figures all this out in the slow, painful brain-mind way, any more than the plant worries its vegetable brain over formulae or the chemical constituents of the soil — by no means. Student and plant alike just drain life's sweetness out of the soil the gods have placed them in — and what are right opportunities but soil for our best growth? — for that is their part to do. But the plant's life and health depend upon the *quality* of the soil, none the less, as do the soul's upon the quality of its own environment. And, to revert to our simple illustration, one learns, in solving this problem, lessons in human nature, great lessons, for one is forced to choose

OUR YOUNG FOLK



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE MER DE GLACE, CHAMONIX

Ice Rivers of Switzerland

IN the tops of the mountains where the snow lies deep the whole year round, the ice rivers or glaciers are born. In between the steep mountain sides the new winter snow as it accumulates during the season, pushes the old snow and it begins slowly sliding down. This is the beginning of the ice rivers. Slowly down the mountain sides they are creeping, have crept for ages, will creep for ages more, pulling down the mountain's rock and gravel on each side as they slide along, gradually tearing down the mountain. They go sliding along until they meet the warm sunshine of the summer months, when they melt, and go flowing over the rocks and dashing over many precipices, falling into hundreds of lovely waterfalls, running away into hundreds of little streams until they meet the little rivers and go dashing madly down the peaceful valleys, breaking the green waters into white foam as they strike the boulders in their paths until they rest a little while in the beautiful lakes before mingling their water in the deep flowing rivers.

Far down the valley the unmelted ice rivers push themselves, streams too mighty for the warm summer sun to melt all at once; and here visitors to this beautiful country have the opportunity of enjoying the novelty of a small Arctic exposition in summer weather.

The steady pressure of the snows above and the slower melting of the ice below has crushed

THE SCARLET TANAGER

A FLAME went flitting through the wood;
The neighboring birds all understood
Here was a marvel of their kind;
And silent was each feathered throat
To catch the brilliant stranger's note,
And folded every songster's wing
To hide its sober coloring.

Against the tender green outlined,
He bore himself with splendid ease,
As though alone among the trees.
The glory passed from bough to bough—
The maple was in blossom now,
And then the oak, remembering
The crimson hint it gave in spring,
And every tree its branches swayed
And offered its inviting shade;
Where'er a bough detained him long,
A slender, silver thread of song
Was lightly, merrily unspun.

From early morn till day was done

The vision flitted to and fro.
At last the wood was all alone;
But, ere the restless flame had flown,
He left a secret with each bough,
And in the fall, where one is now,

A thousand tanagers will glow.

Mary Augusta Mason (Selected)

both snow and ice into many fantastic shapes. Miniature icebergs are piled here and there reflecting beautiful colors as the sun shines through the icy pinnacles. Mounds of snow in irregular hummocks as large as a house, are in our path; pools of melted snow to be

avoided, as many of them are wells of water reaching deep down into unknown depths; slippery places where nothing but the rough socks drawn over one's shoes save one from a fall. Perhaps the glacier has a cave hewn into it for some rods where one can hear the blue ice creak and groan as the pressure from above keeps it moving slowly. It takes fully half an hour to cross the ice river called "Mer de Glace," and yet this is not one of the large ones of Switzerland.

The glaciers move at the rate of a few inches a day, which seems but little; yet the mass of ice will have traveled many feet in a year, and the water from the melting snow will have traveled many hundreds of miles. E. P.

THE discovery of the law of evolution, which revealed that all organic creatures are of one family, shifted the center of altruism from humanity to the whole conscious world collectively. Therefore the practice of vivisection, which might have been defended while the belief ruled that men and animals are essentially different, has been left by that discovery without any logical argument in its favor. And if the practice, to the extent merely of inflicting slight discomfort now and then, be defended on grounds of good policy for animals as well as men, it is nevertheless in strictness a wrong, and stands precisely in the same category as would its practice on men themselves.—*Thomas Hardy*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Birds' Postoffice

DEAR CHILDREN: Here is another letter from the Tropics — this time from the numerous Tanager family. Although there are more than three hundred and eighty different branches of the family, yet there are none of them ever seen in Europe or Asia, never anywhere in fact, except tropical America — only three or four of the family ever venturing beyond the Mexican border into the United States.

Their old homestead is in the ancient lands extending from Mexico to South America — those old, old lands filled with legends of a great race of people more ancient than the ancient Egyptians; and where there are old monuments, too — proving the truth of what one of the Great Teachers has said, that "America is older than Egypt." Do you suppose the birds know anything about it?

POSTMASTER

CENTRAL AMERICA

DEAR CHILDREN: As we are considered remarkable for the great variety of our brilliantly colored clothes and for our sweet songs, the bird-hunters like to put us in cages and sell us; but it is not our disposition to travel over the world — as nearly all bird-families do — for we have very quiet habits and love the retired life of our beautiful forest-home, which we should like to share with everyone who wishes to study and learn about the sacredness of life.

In our land is the most beautiful bird of all the world. Would you like to hear about it?

The Quezal has always been considered a sacred bird, and the killing of it a crime to be punished by death.

In the time of Montezuma, hunters were sent out every year to gather feathers—without harming the birds—to adorn the monarch's crown and cloak. His famous crown stood three feet above his head and was made of hundreds of green tail feathers bound together with gold and precious woods, and his cloak was made entirely of bright blue feathers. His belt and spear were of precious gold set with richest jewels and his arms and ankles were covered with jeweled rings of gold. Do you wonder that he presented a brilliant appearance to the Spanish conquerors?

It is said that Cortez found temples and sacred buildings erected in honor of the Quezal and that its feathers—more valuable than gold—were used only to adorn the living monarch, and the statues of the ancient Aztec gods.

Today, on the coat of arms of Guatemala,



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

IN A DEVONSHIRE LANE

THE ROSE'S CUP

DOWN in a garden olden,—
Just where, I do not know,—
A buttercup all golden
Chanced near a rose to grow;
And every morning early,
Before the birds were up,
A tiny dewdrop pearly
Fell in this little cup.

This was the drink of water
The rose had every day;
But no one yet has caught her
While drinking in this way.
Surely, it is no treason
To say she drinks so yet,
For that may be the reason
Her lips with dew are wet.

Frank Dempster Sherman (Selected)

the Quezal is used as a symbol of freedom. The people say the bird's heart breaks when it is deprived of liberty, for no one has ever been able to keep the unhappy captive alive in a cage.

The Quezal family is a very ancient one. This is how it received its name:

Long ago there came to Central America one of the Great Helpers who had grown from youth to manhood in the Land-never-darkened-by-shadows, and he rode across the sea of darkness in a mighty shell that mastered the tempestuous waves. In his eyes was the shining of the sun and from his heart came friendship and love. He had knowledge of all things and wished to teach men this wisdom. Everything in regard to the family and home-life was his special care, as well as all that concerned the government of the world.

Clothed all in pure white he traveled through the land teaching the people, and everywhere the earth became rich with growing things, and there was plenty for all. Listening to the music of the dancing stars, and the singing

of wondrous birds, the people forgot about war and hatred, for they understood the One-ness-of-all-that-lives. Everywhere was freedom. Men grew like the Sungod in beauty and power. They became great builders, artists, poets, and wise in every branch of handicraft and learning. Cities of immense grandeur sprang up, and all the land was fair to look upon.

Then Quezalcoatl went away. The people named the Quezal after him, because many believed this marvelous bird was a beautiful form the Sungod took to reach their hearts and make them feel that

he was always near.

After a time the people lost sight of the wisdom they had learned, for they listened to the god of darkness who stirred in their hearts the desire for war. This was the beginning of famine and pestilence, crime and poverty, that finally swept the land, destroyed the temples, and spread ruin everywhere. Only in the deepest of deep forests and inaccessible mountains could the few faithful ones remain, and there to this day may be found the Sungod's bird, the Quezal, to remind the people of the Golden Age and to keep the glowing memory of the Sungod alive in their hearts.

Your forest friends,
THE TANAGER FAMILY

A Wise Dove

THE question is: did this dove read — really read — the big, serious letters that spelled *h-o-s-p-i-t-a-l*? At any rate, one morning recently it flew into an open window of the Boston Relief Hospital and alighted upon the shoulders of an orderly — this little gray dove whose leg had been cruelly broken by someone's spent bullet. The orderly was studying to become a surgeon, as it happened, and so knew how to bind up the fractured leg in the real surgeon's way, with the result that now the hurt has almost healed. In the meantime the bird has become a great pet in the big hospital and has had an opportunity to learn that there are kind, loving humans as well as heedless and selfish ones. As soon as it is entirely well it is to be given its freedom. But how do you suppose this little dove, children, knew just where to look for help, when help was needed? G.

INDUSTRY need not wish.

LOST time is never found again.

BE ashamed to find yourself idle.

THERE are no gains without pains; then help, hands! — Benjamin Franklin

LIBERTY is duty, not license. — Coleridge

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Possible sunshine, 319. Percentage, 56. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 5.78 (decimal notation). Ob-
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FEB.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DAY	WET		DIR	VEL
13	29.887	55	45	50	49	0.12	SE	3
14	29.718	57	50	51	46	0.20	NW	6
15	29.661	55	47	49	43	0.00	W	12
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the promulgation of

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and

The Study of Ancient and Modern

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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 20

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The Glorification of Cowardice

OCCASIONALLY we read in the magazines about the notions of some writer, a "daring, stimulating, and original thinker," whose theme is that might is right, the fundamental law of all life is the supremacy of the strongest, that the power to obtain one's desires confers the only real right, that forbearance and morality are the resources of feeble minds, that the personality is king, and so on. The style of these utterances is sufficiently familiar and uniform.

One fails, however, to detect much originality in them, or to find that they amount to anything further than the familiar rebellion of the personality against those social and universal laws which condition its license. The phraseology perhaps is new, as being couched in the latest fashionable quasi-philosophic jargon, but the ideas are world-old.

To show the absurdity of such notions is very easy; for they are nothing more than cases of strong special pleading, such as the opener or opposer in a debate uses. That is, they sound plausible until we have heard the opposite side. By viewing a subject from one side only, and carefully avoiding all suggestions that there is another side, an apparently logical case can be made out.

When we thus proudly glorify the sanctity of force, the sacredness of desire, we are viewing the matter too much from the standpoint of the man who has so far been the "upper dog." But what about the under dog?

This philosophizing is favored by a complacency that is not permanent; for the turn of the wheel must sooner or later bring about a changed attitude of mind. When we find a man who has experienced all the ups and downs of life and knows by painful experience the results that follow upon the gratification of desires — other people's desires — and yet who still maintains this philosophy of the glory of might and the sanctity of desire, then we will award him special treatment.

But so far we have appealed merely to the selfish interests. Shall we appeal to chivalry? What about the victim of your sovereign appetites?

One feels that the arm-chair philosopher who thus magnifies brute force is not half so wicked as he wishes us to think. The desire to pose as a villain is well known; for a villain is at least something big. And there are some who seem to find it necessary to advertise that which might otherwise escape the notice of

mankind. We very much doubt whether he actually has these magnificent lusts. For there is a great gulf between the imagining of a deed and the doing of it. And it needs a certain force of character even to be a respectable villain! Let us suppose that we have gratified our desire, proclaiming it to ourself as our inalienable right and as a fulfilment of the universal law. Then suppose we are one day unexpectedly confronted by our victim and by a vivid picture of the consequences to that victim of our unbridled indulgence. We must harden our heart and show no sign of weakness. This will be our first lesson in the "glorious path of power" we have elected to tread; others will speedily follow.

But why continue this nonsense? Is it not evident that the individual of loose and facile pen, who thus relieves himself of so many printers' *ems* of "stimulating thought," is an arm-chair philosopher, an amiable theorist? The only question that bothers us is to what extent he is inexperienced and self-deceived and to what extent a caterer to the demand for sensational literature.

If it be asked why does this kind of stuff wear even a shadow of plausibility, why does it seem to stir up something in us that is not altogether ignoble? — the answer is that there is the usual utter confusing of the personality and the Individuality. We feel that it is a right and noble thing to be self-dependent and to assert our divine gift of strong self-reliant action. And so it is. But is that the same thing as asserting our physical desires, giving way to our passions, or asserting our personality in opposition to the interests of others?

And yet more confusion. Is compassion quite the same as sentimental weakness? Is voluntary self-abnegation identical with cringing self-abasement? We see at once that our amiable sophist is but exercising his wits with a little cheap casuistry, and utilizing the admirable flexibility of the English language for purposes other than those for which it is built.

Does humanity consist exclusively of the lusty and the craven, the knave and the fool? There are some, apparently, who would have us think so; they may be disheartened would-be cynics, or merely ingenious writers. The namby-pamby idea of goodness does prevail to a large extent; but if we do not like to be the lamb, we need not try to be the wolf. How about the Man as an ideal?

What we need is a revival of the old chiv-

alric idea of the knight brave and true, redoubtable and unconquered in war against all that is mean and brutal, but genial as the sunlight, tender and forbearing as Mother Nature to all who win his love and engage his generous sympathies. The sudden emergence of such a being would, we imagine, result in a precipitate retreat of the boasters in the direction of their holes.

It seems to us that this "stimulating and original thought" is simply an attempted vindication of the Coward, such as might be expected to take place while the knight was away on duty. To glory in one's desires, to advertise the prowess of one's ambitions, this is certainly not the mark of the hero.

What a pity there should be such confusion of thought in the world that people cannot distinguish between the passions they must subdue and the excellences they must cultivate! That they should mistake the tyrant desire for their very *self*, and hand themselves over body and soul to a master that knows no truth! That strength should be regarded, not as the conquering of desire, but as the yielding to desire! That courage and manliness should be not the mastering of the evil in one's nature, but the attempt to heap the burden of one's vices and weaknesses on the shoulders of others! What a chaos—as reflected in the columns of what are or are not accredited organs of opinion. Here is surely plenty of work for those who have the mental and moral welfare of humanity in charge.

And all this confusion is so easily removed by just a little commonsense and calmness. The one simple old teaching, proclaimed by Theosophy, of the dual nature of man, is enough to dispel these mists. But that teaching seems to have been forgotten; for nowhere do we find the distinction effectually made.

Self-assertion of the right kind is sorely needed. But when some enthusiastic writer, who probably feels a ray of genuine aspiration trying to penetrate the mists of his mind, endeavors to give a message to the world, he fails miserably and preaches the assertion of the false self, the visionary self, his own tyrant and enslaver. As well might he preach the rights of the false self of some lunatic in an asylum who imagines himself to be Napoleon Bonaparte. If it is self-assertion we are seeking, there is plenty of opportunity, and no one can possibly stop us. For the true Self acts not against the interests of any man; the only interests it thwarts are those of personal desires, and it is stronger than they. If we want to be Big and Free and Noble and all the rest—why let us be it! The world awaits us. There is plenty of opportunity for self-assertion and self-emancipation, and self-expression. It is a duty, and we are neglecting it. But the way to assert your Self is to place your foot upon self.

The Thread-Soul

MAN'S life has been compared to a string of beads, his present life from the cradle to the grave being one bead. That which links all the beads has been called the "thread-soul."

We shall find great assistance in studying the human mind, if we recognize this duality. Man's nature is compounded of that which is mortal and that which is immortal.

The life which began when we were born was not a beginning but a continuation. The character which we inherited was not assigned by chance but by the rule of consequences. In fact, *we made* that character.

Like plants we produce the seed of future harvests. What we are now reaping is what we have sown.

Our life is not a chaos but a consistent pattern. It may seem inexplicable when we view only a part of it; but if we could view it as a whole, the consistency would become apparent.

The replacement of conviction by knowledge in these matters is an attainable goal. But the knowledge of life and death does not inhere in the perishable brain-mind, which is a thing of one life, built up in the course of our growth and education. That knowledge is in the Soul—the Mind behind the mind. The higher knowledge is latent for the great majority of us, but yet it speaks faintly with the voice of intuition.

We should seek to bring that inner knowledge nearer to the surface, and to stand apart from the mirages of our lower imagination.

We read debates as to whether a man should be himself and frankly assert his personality, or strive after altruism. Some say he should endeavor to lose his personality in love for humanity, and others sneer at this doctrine and say he should be himself. Neither view represents the truth. In getting away from our personality we find a truer individuality, a fuller self-expression. The personality is made up of emotions and false conceptions, vanities, ambitions, habits, notions; the individuality is self-reliance and power of action. It is not our individuality that we should relinquish, but our personalism.

By expanding the horizon of our life we may get nearer to a sense of eternity. There is a time coming for each one of us when we shall *know* that we are immortal and understand the mystery of life. The correction of our views will help us toward that goal; for there is an antagonism between men's intuitions and their conventional beliefs; the latter hinder them much in expressing their intuitions.

Those who demand proofs of a doctrine should bear in mind that knowledge is not to be had for the asking, but must be attained by patient search. Also, let them inquire into the sources and warrants of their present belief—whatever that may be.

STUDENT

The Birth of Worlds

IN connexion with the new stars that have recently appeared, as also with new stars that have appeared from time to time throughout recorded history, astronomers are speculating as to the significance of the phenomenon. Arrhenius is quoted as imagining the collision of worlds, which results in a mighty explosion whose scattered debris becomes a whirling nebula; and in the nebula are born new worlds, flaming at first, but cooling down through the ages. And thus new planetary systems are born from the remnants of the old.

But now try to conceive all this going on, and the new planetary systems becoming filled with life and with humanities, and religions, and astronomers with telescopes and theories; and all this by purely mechanical action!

If the universe is a vast complicated clock, and all things (including the views we are this moment expressing) are but wheels in it, then all we can say is that the individual who made that clock and started it off is a very wonderful being.

Every body in this universe, from the smallest atom to the largest orb, is the tenement of something that is not a body; the theorists are looking at the physical side of things alone. H.

A Mirage in London

LONDON is a vast emporium of motley wares, human and otherwise, and in its streets may be seen picturesque aliens; yet one would hardly have expected to find a mirage in Grosvenor Square. Everything should surely be a model of conventional decorum in that aristocratic and well-groomed neighborhood; yet the *Times* publishes a letter describing an eye-witness' account of such a spectacle. At a quarter past three, on the north side of the square, the whole roadway appeared a sheet of water, and the spectator imagined that a water-main had burst. On approaching the spot, however, the water collected into pools and finally disappeared altogether.

In hot weather the air will collect into layers of different density, and the light, by means of reflection and refraction, may strike the eye precisely as it would do if reflected from a sheet of water. From the shores of Lomaland the hills of a distant headland may often be seen transforming themselves into strange shapes, or even reflected upside down above themselves; and an island in the Pacific sometimes acquires high cliffs at one end or throws off little outliers from its main body.

Diagrams illustrating the laws of refraction and total reflection will explain these cases, but not those other cases where cities have been seen in localities where there was nothing of the kind within a thousand miles. In these cases it would seem as though pictures in the astral light were rendered visible by some means, suggestive of fluorescence. STUDENT

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A ROUGH guide in decorative color-combinations is sometimes useful. Taking twenty typical shades (excluding gold and silver), we have: 1 Blue, 2 Brown, 3 Cream (or Ivory), 4 Green, 5 Gray (or Pearl), 6 Heliotrope, 7 Lavender, 8 Maroon, 9 Myrtle, 10 Navy Blue, 11 Nile, 12 Olive, 13 Orange, 14 Purple, 15 Red, 16 Salmon (or Pink), 17 Sky-Blue, 18 Tan, 19 Wine, 20 Yellow.

Good combinations are: 1 with 2, 3, 5, or 18; 2 with 1, 3, 9, 10, 12, or 17; 3 with any but 5, 18, or 20; 4, 8, 11, or 13, with either 3, or 5; 5 with any but 2, 3, 18 or 20; 6, 7, 14, 15 or 16, with 3, 5, or 18; 9 with 2, 3, 5, 10, or 18; 10 with 2, 3, 5, 9, 12, 17, 18, or 19; 12 with 2, 3, 5, or 10; 17 with 2, 3, 5, 10, or 18; 18 with 1, 6, 7, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, or 19; 19 with 3, 5, 10, or 18; 20 with none, although a golden yellow goes with 14 for a rich effect. As to intensity, the paler shades are generally to be preferred. F.

✻ Some Views on XXth Century Problems ✻

The Chief of the Sayings

NEARLY unanimously the Chicago clergy recently adduced as the most noteworthy of Christ's utterances the Johannine text: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son. . . ."

Do they still preach that as it stands? Do they offer their hearers any commentary upon the word *begotten*? For since its ordinary meaning is here impossible, what shall be substituted for *unigenitus*? There is nothing for it but *radiated* or *emanated*, for the *genitus*. How about the *uni* . . . ?

The world, presumably the earth, is only one of an unknown number of planets in attendance upon one of the, say five hundred million suns in cosmos. If the clergy have a rational conception of God they must suppose that these other suns and satellites are likewise inhabited by conscious beings of a corporeal structure appropriate to their home. Is there a radiated Light from God at watch over each of them, from time to time, compassion-moved, taking birth thereon for the guidance of its humanity?

Why should not *unigenitus* go by the board altogether? Whoever wrote that word was doubtless a mystic who felt and knew for certain the compassion of the central sustaining consciousness of cosmos and who knew for certain that a ray of it had been embodied on earth for man's help; but whose brain-mind knew perhaps no more than the astronomy of the day; for whom the stars, fixed and mobile, were but stars, not worlds, not homes of evolving conscious lives.

Theosophy reads as it were the background, the setting of the text rather than the words as they stand. Within and around all things, like space, is the *absolute* consciousness, the same whether the universe is or is not. Within it, at the dawn of things, the light of *active* creative consciousness arises for a new cycle of attainment. This is the "God" of the text, source of the power that calls all things to active being. From this radiate successively downward, like the descending officers of an army, the systemic, solar and planetary guardians, each in its turn emanating or radiating from its conscious essence the lives over which it watches and which it guides. The text speaks of the actual *incarnation* of one of these, an accentuation of previous *supervision*, among the humanity in his charge. For compassion, love in the highest sense as a power calling to action, pervades the whole, from the apex downwards. Compassion is, at its first stage, where we are considering it, an urge to expansion, to radiation; afterwards it is the will to raise, to help the lesser lives radiated from and within the containing self; and among those lesser or derived lives it finally becomes the will to help each other. It is the soul of the force of evolution, and without culture of it there is presently no further evolution for any of us.

The doctrine in the abstract form of the old Hindû *bo* is thus given by H. P. Blavatsky:

Manu [the "Son"] declares himself created by Virāj, or Vaiśvānara [the "Father"], which means that his Monad [self-central consciousness] emanates from the never resting Principle [again, the "Father"] in the beginning of every new Cosmic activity: [from] that *Logos* or UNIVERSAL MONAD that radiates from within himself all those Cosmic Monads that become the centers of activity—progenitors of the numberless Solar systems as well as of the yet undifferentiated *human* monads of planetary chains as well as of every being thereon. Each Cosmic Monad is . . . the [a] SELF-BORN, which becomes the center of Force, from within which emerges a planetary chain . . . and whose radiations become again . . . each . . . the Creator of his own humanity. (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, p. 311)

This is the fuller statement of the philosophy behind that text. STUDENT

Cracking the Crust

THE Shakespeare Stratford Association has been repopularizing the ancient "morris dance" in the villages and towns of England, and two members of it have been trying to do the same for New York. Said one of them:

In England the people are simply falling over one another to learn these dances. In London I had a class of motor boys and lads from an electroplating firm and they learned as gladly as any of the dear old peasants of Shakespeare's time. Of course, in the very earliest times the dances were all done by men. That was when they were part of the religious ceremonies—long before Christianity came to Britain.

The ancient music, moderately ancient, anyhow, say a few centuries, has also been seized just a moment before it would have been extinct and for the first time put on paper. A few old English peasants could still play it.

The old race consciousness, says the (London) *Times*,

is finding an outward and visible sign in a revival of folk art and in a love of nature, having its deep roots in the traditions of the English people. In the great cities young men and women from shop and factory are spending the hour of recreation in singing the songs of long ago, dancing the dances evolved by the tillers of the soil as an expression of religious ceremonial no less than of joy in everyday work and life. In remote villages, miracle plays, pageants of history, songs and dances are studied during long winter evenings to make merry the days when the sun shines and life can be lived out of doors. There is everywhere a striving for a saner, fuller and more wholesome life, for something more vital and simpler. There are everywhere signs that the ugliness of cities has reached its limit; that the power of commercialism has palled, and once more men and women are returning to the rhythm of life long ago broken by the rush and whirr of machinery, and are seeking beauty in form and color and sound as men found them in olden days when they saw in all beauty, whether in nature or in art, a manifestation of the gods they worshiped.

In truth these dances and the rest, springing up spontaneously, do represent the stirring of a hidden and stifled layer of consciousness, cleaner and clearer than the crusted surface. It means the uncovering of lost youth, civilization-stifled youth. Properly guided the movement will do even more than it seems to promise. For that lost youth-consciousness verily has its root in the very center of human nature. It was the age of the gods, the Golden

Age, before that center was covered in. The stir is the promise of that day's return. The universal legends, of east and west, of north and south, speak of it. It is a universal human tradition because it is a universal memory. Its return only waits for us to be tired enough of the folly of unbrotherhood.

When it closed, came the ages of the Mysteries: the periods when the life of the soul, which had been *lived* spontaneously and naturally, required to be awakened by effort and training, to be shown in picture and symbol that should tempt the mind to memory and understanding.

And then later, on the one hand the poor miracle-plays; on the other, the games and dances once symbolic but whose symbolism was forgotten.

Lastly, modern life, its office desk, its machinery, its great cities—its theory of man's origin from some brute, like but lower than the ape!

Still, there will be the return, plus all of good that we have gained, the real science, the brain-power and all else: a new Golden Age of true men and women who will only put the finest touch on their manhood and womanhood by reassuming the lost youthfulness, *childlikeness*. STUDENT

Eugenics Upsidedown

APPLIED eugenics aims at the restriction of marriages to the fittest, the strains of the unfit gradually dying out. Professor Irving Fisher has lately been indicting war and the readiness for it, as the turning of this process upsidedown, the restraining from marriage, or the killing, of the selected *fittest*.

This is still true; but through the Middle Ages it was much truer. Roughly speaking, we are the descendants of the physically *unfittest*. War was the normal condition.

Not only were the *physically* fittest thus largely sterilized by their occupation, but also the majority of the *mentally* fittest. For centuries all the best minds, all the finest temperaments, entered the monasteries. Says Dr. Cutten of Yale, (*The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity*):

In the fifth century there were more than 100,000 persons in monasteries [of Egypt alone] three-quarters of whom were men; the monastic population in the greater part of Egypt was nearly equal to the population of cities. These figures pertain, however, to the beginnings, and are small compared with the enormous numbers gathered in monasteries after the Benedictine revival. At one time the Benedictine order alone had not less than 37,000 monasteries. . . . In the twelfth century the Cluniacs had 2000 monasteries situated in France, besides many in other countries. . . . In less than fifty years after the foundation of the Franciscan order it consisted of 200,000 members and had 8000 houses.

Monasticism may have, with one feeble hand, preserved art, science, and philosophy; but with the other it continuously and for centuries weeded out the producers.

It would seem therefore that we are descendants of the below-par physically, mentally, spiritually and artistically. It is a wonder that we are even what we are. STUDENT

Archaeology Palaeontology Ethnology

Swedish Rock-Tracings

ROCK-TRACINGS are very common in Sweden, especially in the province of Bohuslän on the west coast, and on the east coast of Skåne. And new ones are constantly unearthed, adding to the thousands already known. They are generally to be found on slightly inclined rocks, two or three hundred feet above the sea level.

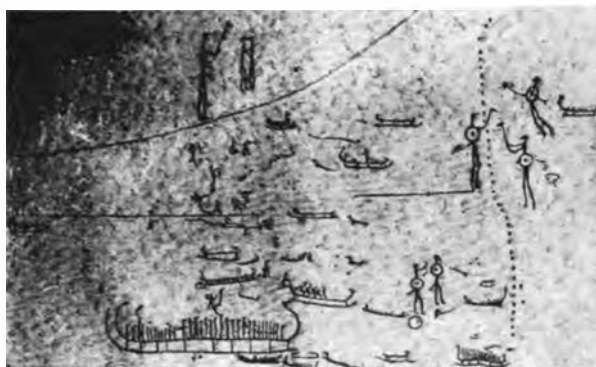
Most of the tracings are cut in quartz, and considering the hard material, astonishing as to their magnitude and the number of figures. One of the finest, discovered and cleared from its covering of soil some twenty years ago, is sixty-six feet in length and twenty feet in height. Another is fifty-four feet in length and forty feet in height. Several contain more than a hundred different figures, the most common being men with weapons and ships filled with men.

The human figures are generally about eighteen inches high, though we sometimes find champions several feet in height, in one instance not less than eight feet. The pictures are often very rude; there is no trace of clothing except a two-horned helmet here and there.

Besides human figures and ships there are animals, even turtles, ostriches, and camels, indicating some intercourse with more southern climes; and wheels of different shapes, weapons, and cup-marks.

There is not the least allusion to these rock-tracings in the ancient Norse traditions and sagas, and their meaning is still a profound mystery. Judging from the form of weapons and ships, etc., their age has been fixed at about three thousand years, for some perhaps more. This estimate is based upon the prevalent idea of a rise from a savage state in the so-called Stone Age, through Bronze and Iron Ages up to our present civilization, allowing for the whole process some ten thousand years. But as civilizations have arisen and disappeared many times before this last phase of human history, it might be safer to leave the question about their age open. Further investigation carried on from a broader standpoint with more knowledge of the earlier history of man, of the fights lasting for thousands of years between the rising Fifth Race, usually called the Aryan, and the remnants of the submerged Fourth, the Atlantean race, may throw a flood of light on the subject. In *The Secret Doctrine* H. P. Blavatsky gives many a thrilling glimpse of those old days, and when the mind has got rid of the current deep-rooted chronology and can take in the magnitude of the vistas opening in the past as well as in the future, one is inclined to assign hundreds of thousands of years to such remains as these rock-tracings.

It is interesting to note that there is a remarkable similarity between some of these Swedish rock-tracings and some tracings in Egypt, though the latter are far more artistic in execution. STUDENT

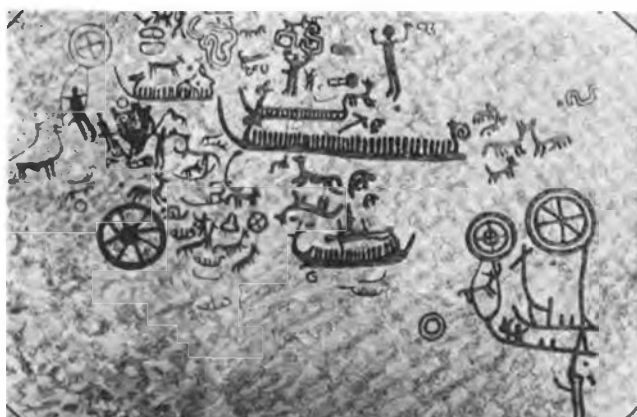


Pre-Aryan Populations

IN a review of a book on the Irish Saints, we read that the author "has sought to distinguish between the Celtic pre-Christian society and the pre-Aryan which we must now regard as the primitive population, which was conquered by the Celts." But the reviewer thinks the author is not warranted



in assuming that this pre-Aryan population was homogeneous. If we may compare it with the still existing Polynesian population, we reach an opposite conclusion. On Rubiana in the Solomons we find in the various valleys tribes differing widely in habit and superstitions, and speaking totally different languages. If this was the condition of



Ireland, then the inquiry into its pre-Aryan population bristles with difficulties.

We note here the conflict between pre-conceived theory and ascertained fact. The author *assumes* that the pre-Aryan population must have been primitive and homogeneous, and the reviewer shows that existing populations which may be regarded as primitive in the same sense, are not homogeneous but heterogeneous. The case, of course, does not rest on the inhabitants of Rubiana; instances could be multiplied at pleasure from Polynesia, from Africa from America. In Africa are innumerable diverse races; and the signs are that these were still more widely divergent from each other in the past than they are now; they have tended to become more homogeneous, through long living together, but still preserve their distinct individualities. In America the Red Men constitute what is virtually an entire separate humanity of races and branch-races and tongues innumerable. Most certainly then it is rash to assume that the pre-Aryan population of Ireland—or of England, for that matter—was homogeneous. But though there is no ground for that assumption, the reason for making it is clear. The desire to have a simple and compact theory, the supposed (but imaginary) requirements of certain biological fads, have been the instigators of this assumption.

The author makes another assumption with which the reviewer disagrees—that the pre-Aryan population came from Babylonia—another fad, based on the discovery of analogies between the so-called primitive peoples of both localities. But similar analogies could easily be traced elsewhere, leading to the theory that the pre-Aryan Irish came from India, Egypt, or Peru. The familiar Lost Ten Tribes and Phoenician navigator fads are based on the same fallacy.

The rapidly accumulating evidence of facts will be found to confute the theory that historical civilizations were preceded by primitive and homogeneous races, and to support the teaching that historical civilizations were preceded by other civilizations.

The diversity of traits, habits, and tongues, found among these peoples, is evidence of the fact that they were (or are) the remnants of many different nations. For not only have there been races in the past: there have been whole humanities; and the peoples from whom the different races in Africa (for instance) are descended may have been as diverse as are the different nations now occupying the earth. So, in the future, there will be a time when the earth will be the scene of the advance of a totally different wave of human evolution from the present, and when the present nations will be represented by their degenerate offshoots. Meanwhile, if we desire to arrive at the truth, we must stick to logical inductions from the existing facts.

STUDENT

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

The Level of the Ant

MARK TWAIN thought the ant was over-rated. He might be well enough as an example for the sluggard since there can be no question of his industry. It was the application of the industry that troubled Mark, the way in which an ant will drag a weight as big as himself over instead of around a mountainous pebble or go up one side of a heaven-high blade of grass merely to come down the other.

We do not know the ant's opinion of man; what he thinks, for instance, of the process of dragging a huge fortune from Wall Street to the top of Fifth Avenue only to have it slip back again in a few years; or of habits that require the services of a hundred thousand doctors per nation to correct their results.

Our index for degree of civilization is degree of differentiation of function. The same man does not plow and make shoes. We have classes set apart for each sort of activity. But the same sort of man is in each class. Men are not born of such different sizes, shapes, and varieties and numbers of limbs, as peculiarly fit them and predestinate them from birth for such or another occupation. We have not carried differentiation so far as that. An ant critic would say that according to our own definition, as also his, we are still in the mere outskirts of true civilization.

But the ant *has* carried differentiation so far that pre-arranged function appears outwardly as structure. There are warriors, nurses, pantry-people, workers of various kinds, kings, queens, etc. — all with structure according with the work they will do. No one who watches a nest will doubt the intense conscious individuality of each member; and yet the whole constitutes one organism, a body, the cells as it were of the various organs of which happen to be free and separate instead of stuck together.

Must we then place the ant, even in this one regard, on a level of civilization higher than our own?

In truth the ants and bees belong to a class apart, not quite comparable with any other form of life.

The lowest organisms of the organic world consist of one minute cell, all parts of which (if you can speak of the parts of a jelly-speck) can discharge all the functions of life, breathing, food-taking, and digestion, and so on.

On the next level there is a mass of such cells stuck together, all alike.

On the next level the cells of this mass have become different in structure so as to discharge different duties. There are stomach cells, breathing cells, and so on. Our own bodies are precisely such a mass as this. The body of the ant is such a mass as this.

On the next level we see a *mass of such bodies*, a very loose mass, the bodies or units of such mass having become different in structure so as to discharge different duties. Such a mass or compound body is an ants' nest or a beehive considered (as it ought to be) as a unit. *This level of evolution is only occupied by the ants and the bees.* It is a degree of

compounding not elsewhere exhibited. So though we may not regard the individual ant or bee as on a higher level of evolution than say a tiger, the compound individual (nest or hive) is. It is on a level of its own, not comparable. Its degree of consciousness we cannot guess at. Each ant has its intelligence, possibly hardly surpassed in speed and plasticity anywhere in the animal kingdom — just as each cell of our own bodies (and of each ant's body) has its intelligence, though much lower of course than that of the ant. But as the human body has its intelligence collective, infinitely higher and more vivid than that of any one cell, so, we may be sure, has the ants' nest as a whole, and greatly more vivid than that of the individual ant. It is this which we cannot guess at, for (with the bees') it is apart from anything similar in the whole animal world.

It must be by sharing this vivid collective mind that the individual ant gets its rich compensation for the external monotony of its structurally predetermined life-work. When men can get closer together in feeling, that is to say when brotherhood absolutely reigns, each, besides his own individual consciousness, will share an infinitely more brilliant consciousness that can only light up in a unified whole.

STUDENT

Corrected Weismannism

THERE is now a good deal of evidence that Weismann, or let us say Weismannism, went too far. It is recognized now that some acquired characters *are* transmissible and that environment *may* affect the germ plasm.

The line that Weismann drew was between the great mass of body cells, millions of them, and the little contained nest of germ cells, relatively few in number. The latter, according to his school, was quite unaffected by any acquirement that the body (the visible living individual, plant or animal) might make, any change that environment might impress upon it. When some of these germ cells were handed on and again gave rise to a new body mass, a new individual, progeny of the first, this new individual would show no trace of the acquirement of the parent, nor of any change that environment had impressed upon the parent.

He made this conclusion too definite, too absolute. In general it is of course true; the technical proficiency of a pianist is not handed on to his children. But among both plants and animals examples of transmission are now known. The body plasm does under certain circumstances react upon the germ plasm, so changing it that an acquired characteristic reappears in the next generation and in some generations thereafter. How long it lasts, or whether it is really permanent, we do not know as yet. Pringsheim, for instance, altered yeast and also certain bacteria by altering the media in which they grew; and the alterations were transmitted. By experimental excitation Krebs altered the flowerage of *Sempervivum*, the live-for-ever of the garden; and the alteration was transmitted. Certain plants have one form

when growing in valleys, gradually acquiring another after transportation to heights. When this second form has had time enough to get fixed, it may remain after transportation to low levels. Summing up the matter, Dr. MacDougal of the Carnegie Desert Laboratory, says:

It is clear that some environic effects are heritable and some are not. . . . The alterations induced by external agencies may be cumulative or mutative [that latter word means appearing as a marked sudden change, not a gradual shading] as to appearance or organization, and they may be permanent upon first appearance, or on the other hand they may need generations of repetition before becoming fixed.—*Scientific American*

The bearing of the conclusion upon us as humans is very evident. First: if we permit the continuance of the worst physical environment in our great cities, we may produce a degraded human type very difficult to change, a transmitted degeneration. Second: given the existence of such a type not yet very fixed, we can induce new and better and perhaps the best characteristics by bettering and perfecting the environment. And third: that in man a *mental* environment is also to be considered. We cannot give that to a plant for we do not know how to reach its mind; emphatically we *can* give that to a child, thus working upon it to the good upon two planes at once. And the planes being interactive, our work is doubly fruitful.

STUDENT

Involution and Evolution

STUDENTS of astronomy must not go too far in their satisfaction with the theory of Arrhenius respecting the origin of solar systems. He himself only advances it as a *possible* origin of *some*. Two relatively cold extinct suns rushing through space at say three or four hundred miles a second, meet in a head-on collision. They are shattered into cosmic dust, raised moreover to intense and glowing heat. If they were not *exactly* head-on — a very improbable accident — the resulting nebula would be rotating. The center of it becomes a new sun; in the more and more outlying parts the sun's planets would be gradually condensed.

But now there is only one sun where there were two; cosmos is the poorer by one. What was the origin of those two? A previous four? It is obvious that we cannot go back very far along the lines of this theory without finding ourselves in the presence of an immense number of suns whose origin it does not explain. Granted beginnings we can often explain continuings; but beginnings have to be dealt with too. The only theory of beginnings that will finally work will have to include consciousness and will; in fact consciousness at innumerable centers willing evolution and aggregating homogeneous cosmic substance in such a way as to give a basis for it. Will may seem to disappear into substance and only manifest as force and forces. Consciousness may seem to disappear into substance and only manifest in life far later. But the original program was never for a moment lost sight of. And its supervision is continuous. STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Wonders of Siberia

THE average Briton . . . will read Mr. Turner's book with wonder. Let us hope that it may help him to realize the wonderful possibilities of Siberia, with its unique geographical conditions, its mountains for the grazing of cattle, more ideal than those of Switzerland, its rich virgin soil and succulent grass of the steppes, richer than that of any Canadian prairie, and more valuable than the gold mines of South Africa or the Klondike. — *The English Mechanic*, in a review of *Siberia*, by Samuel Turner.

Besides the magnificent climate and fertility of the valleys, Siberia has the Altai Mountains, which may be regarded as an extension of the Himâlaya and Tian Shan systems. These mountains were regarded by the author as more beautiful than the Alps and as being one of those virgin silent untenanted regions of the earth's surface which seem to enshrine sacred mysteries. In summer the flora of the South Altai surpasses anything in the world. There are still large tracts of the earth unknown, and it is



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TINTERN ABBEY, MONMOUTHSHIRE, ENGLAND

Tintern Abbey

THIS is one of the finest monastic ruins in England. It was founded by the Cistercians in 1131. It is nearly perfect with the exception of the roof, and is a good example of the transition from the Early English to the Decorated style. The scene,

er altar than did our forefathers eight centuries ago, creating beauties appropriate to the age we live in. As a contrast to this romantic ruin in pastoral England, we have below a romantic scene of natural beauty in the Rocky Mountains.

Gateway to the Garden of the Gods

THE accompanying picture shows a view of the Gateway to the Garden of the Gods. The Garden of the Gods covers an area of about nine square miles on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains at the base of Pikes Peak. It is so-called from the many wonderful



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO

to be hoped that many of them will remain so until after the desolating influence of the present brand of civilization has abated its rigor, and men have learned better how to co-operate with nature. For it is not necessary to say that however much people may praise the natural beauties, it is the commercial products upon which their eye chiefly rests. The word "Altai" means gold.

TRAVERS

on the River Wye in Monmouthshire, is one of unrivaled beauty. In the same county are the ruins of Llanthony Abbey, another Cistercian house, founded in 1103. It was here that the late "Father Ignatius," an Anglican priest, a monk born out of time, persevered in his attempt to revive the past and to found a monastic order in modern England. If from the past we learn devotion, let us offer it on a high-

is balanced on a surface of only about two square feet.

The slant of the strata is found to vary from an angle of ninety degrees to one of about forty-five degrees as they approach the mountains. The geological theory is that these sandstone remains belonged to the outer layer of the fold whose granite core forms the peak of the mountain range.

G.



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

AS one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Aeëan isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again;
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

Andrew Lang

The Cry of the Soul

“COME up higher!” That is the call of the soul, and it is spoken in the heart and to the heart by every beautiful thing that we may see. It is the message of nature and the message of art. It is the pleading of the Soul of the World, the Mother, the Oversoul, to her children, and it is the eternal overtone in all song, and the soundless voice of beauty calling to the soul of man to come up out of the mists of the lower mind, up into the sunlight of the higher nature where there is joy in life.

But nature has another aspect and another voice and another cry; or is it the distorted echo of the other? It may be that to every overtone there is a corresponding undertone, and the cry of the soul “Come up higher!” may have its counterpart in another, and, to most, a more seductive call. “Come away!”—come to the land of dreams, where your grossest vices shall be made more attractive, and where your weaknesses shall be clothed in fairy forms to accompany you in your wanderings in the land of pleasure. There you may see your highest aspirations made more noble

in form and feature, and like fairy pictures of magical beauty and godlike grace they shall float before you and praise you for giving them such life as they possess, the life of a dream. They ask no more from you than this, they will never ask you to make your daily life like that: they only ask you to stay in the land of dreams and to feed their shadowy forms with your poetic fancy.

But the soul cries “Come up higher!”

That voice comes not from the land of dreams, where ghosts of old revelries still linger, beautiful as dreams, dressed in the effete garb of satiated passion, calling to you to give them more of your vitality that they may linger a while longer ere they melt into mere mists and clouds of formless memories. Should but an echo of that cry “Come up higher!” reach to the shadow-world of fairy dreams, the alluring ghosts would shiver with terror and seek to shut it out ere they themselves were scattered by its vibrant tone.

The soul embodied in the mortal man lives in a world that lies between this shadow-land of gorgeous phantasy and the bright land of living joy lit by the spiritual sun. This world of ours is luminous with hope and love and joy, or dark with fear and hate and misery, and haunted by the ghosts of ancient memories, and passions grown pale with long satiety. Here we wander life after life waiting for the light that shines eternally; hearing that ringing voice that cries from out the pure bright heaven of the soul, like as one hears the crickets crying in the stillness of the summer night, when all the ether tingles with the tone so ceaselessly that we can scarce distinguish aught but a sense of vague disquiet, till of a sudden there is a silence, and the ear seems to stretch and strain to catch the vanished note. “Come up higher!” cries the soul.

The cry of the soul is a call to action here and now; here in our own life, in our own mind and heart, and now in the present moments of the daily life. There is no other time for action, the present is eternal; it is a door into the infinite, at whose lintel mortal mind, unaided, stands impotent, but illumined by the light within, knows that the road lies open, even though the strength to tread the path is not yet gained. In that moment the ghosts that we call hopes and memories, fall back before the light that shines through the wide-open doorway of the present moment, that door that never closes while time lasts; and then we know the meaning of the call that never ceases in the long night of Time—“Come, come up higher!”

STUDENT

“WHEREBY, however, as we often say, shall one unspeakable blessing seem attainable. This, namely: the Man and his Life rest no more on hollowness and a Lie, but on solidity and some kind of Truth. Welcome the beggarliest truth, so it be one, in exchange for the royallest sham. Truth of any kind breeds ever new and better truth; this hard granite rock will crumble down into soil, under the blessed skyey influences, and cover itself with verdure, with fruitage and umbrage. But as for Falsehood, which, in like contrary manner, grows ever false—what can it, or what should it do but debase, being ripe; decompose itself, gently or even violently, and return to the Father of it—too probably in flames of fire?”—*Carlyle*

If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be and is equally outraged by silence.---*Ammian*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What is the attitude of Theosophists toward the Bible?

Answer The Book of books and final authority is not written or printed, but is the divinity within man. It is not easy to live by its mandates; not easy even, in our present state, to understand in all cases what those mandates are; yet the great step that lies before us now is to learn to read it, remaining always expectant and eager for the voice of conscience, as we say. This conscience is the faint indication of what wisdom is hidden within us. Perhaps all it has for us is a barely audible *Thou shalt not*; yet if we always were obedient to that, and alert for new instruction, there would come to be a *Thou shalt* for us at every moment, and the strait places of life that now we muddle through somehow, we should pass regally and without confusion.

Yet all this needs work, alertness, wisdom; which qualities we have to gain. It is so much easier to have a book, a priest, or some handy text to go by. Then, one need neither exercise mind nor intuition; one can maintain one's respectability—from the world's standpoint—throughout life without ever being a human being in any real sense of the term.

There are two kinds of teachers: those whose object is to further the evolution of their disciples for the sake of the world's good; and the kind whose eye is to the maintenance of their own power. These latter will have an interest in keeping their flocks tame and fairly respectable; but that these flocks should reach spiritual manhood is the last thing they desire. If that happens, their own ascendancy is gone. So they will instill reliance on some external infallibility, as a church or a book; your question is to be: *What saith the Scripture, or the Church?*, never *What saith mine own intuition and conscience?*

The true Teacher exercises authority too; but his aim is always to put the disciple into positions in which he is bound to stand up on his own feet and use his own intuition. And their authority is not imposed by the Teachers, but eagerly sought after by the pupils, who may not come under it until they shall have learned to look upon it as the greatest privilege there is in the whole of life. Under it, they do not learn to lean on any crutch spiritually, but attain a certain divine independence, which is very different from the thing that usually goes by that name, however.

Now every religion has its Sacred Books; and these books *are* sacred; they did originate with the True Teachers, and their purpose is to aid human evolution. Truth, in greater or less degree, is to be found in all of them. But then, Truth is not dogmatic. We have such miserably wrong conceptions of it. You cannot measure yards of it, like cloth; or sell it by the pound, like butter. It is taking the right attitude towards the universe and oneself at every moment: a working knowledge of the laws of life. So all verbal expression of it is but a half-truth; the greater part lies wordless in a certain method of life. Once that greater part is ignored, the lesser part becomes



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LOOKING WESTWARD FROM POINT LOMA

a dogma, and you have the half truth which is the most dangerous kind of lie. Because it will grow another half for itself; and that will be a distortion, a perversion, a wrong conception; what was meant to set men free has been so used as to fetter them more firmly.

It has been said that the sacred books as we now have them are really sacred; one should qualify such a statement. They are like the curate's egg in the story; parts are excellent. But we must remember that they have passed through the hands of many people and translators, and in some cases, false teachers, and have long been in use for anti-evolutionary purposes. Of course there are degrees in this; some may be quite pure, and only need approaching in the right manner. Others again are over-loaded with interpolations, accretions inset with design.

Supposing one takes even the purest as an *infallible* authority, the danger is great; because there is this fact to note. They are not written wholly so that "he who runs may read." Parts may be so written, but other parts were intended to arouse intuition, and are framed in such a way as to make one think, to make one pause; you have to understand them, exercising the faculties of the inner man in order to do so. Claptrap acceptance will not profit. They do not hurl the truth at your head; they do not blab it on the housetops; truth *cannot* be so used. Instead, they sow a seed in your mind, which, if the soil be good, and you tend it with care, shall bloom forth and

bear fruit of real truth a hundredfold. That fruit is truth; the seed is merely potential truth.

Yet always, because there is the buried divinity in man, the seed of truth, rightly sown, may find just a little good soil; always there are divine and magnificent possibilities.

Now if the very purest and best of all the sacred books has no power in itself to reveal truth, unless the intuition of the reader is brought to bear upon it; if even these are useless, considered as final and infallible authorities; what a danger there must be in taking a book that is not wholly pure, that has been largely added to and distorted?

Such a book is the Bible. We must remember that it is not one book, but a whole literature: of which some books may be "sacred" and some profane. For the sacred parts of it Theosophists yield to none in admiration; but they do use discrimination. And of the sacred parts they do not make dogmas; but use them, each so far as he may be able, to arouse the sacred part in their own consciousness.

Let us take a text from the Bible, and see how it might be used dogmatically, and how it might be used spiritually. "Ye are gods," says the scripture. We never heard of any sect that made a dogma of that, because it would not work well with priestcraft at the best of times. But a man might take it and might pervert it; a man of the stamp of Napoleon, or Ezzelino, or Nero. Indeed, the last named did have it for the whole of his religion, actually. Such a one might, so to say, swallow it whole,

look down at himself, a bundle of passions, lusts, ambitions — "I am a god," he might say; "this that I see to be myself is a god." Indeed, might not Nietzsche have founded a small and select church upon just this text?

And yet there is no more sacred text in any bible. For the higher and real part of man is a god; the soul in its essence is divine. Let him thoroughly purge the personality, that god's temple; let him take the whip of small cords to every money-changer, sharper, usurer, and bunco-steerer of passion, hypocrisy, insincerity, that may be prowling there — and he has indeed the House of God, and God manifest in His House. STUDENT

The Theosophical Address at Isis Theater

A MOST delightful and interesting evening was that spent at Isis Theater last evening. The occasion was the usual Sunday evening meeting of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, conducted by students from the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma. The entire program, with the exception of quotations from the writings of the three Theosophical Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, was a musical one. The full Point Loma Orchestra played three selections, and there were also solos for piano, clarinet, cello, and violin, all being rendered in a finished and masterly way, giving great delight to the large audience which filled the theater. As usual, the decorations of the stage formed a beautiful setting, composed in the main of marguerites and green, while everyone in the audience greatly appreciated the tiny bouquets and quotations which were provided for each. — San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Central Office Point Loma California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

Prayer, Selfish and Otherwise

A PARAGRAPH in the press informs us that a certain manufacturing association has introduced a resolution to the effect that prayer must open all its meetings. "There is a spirit which guides the destinies of all things," the mover of the resolution is quoted as saying.

We recollect that a certain evangelist stated that he never even bought a pair of trousers without asking divine help. Readers will doubtless be able to match these stories.

The prayers for rain and for victory over enemies may be regarded as being just one degree better than the above; but that is all. A little higher still we might put the personal prayers for divine aid. But all these come under one head.

Flagrant instances lead us to reflect and ask ourselves what is the meaning of prayer. In the above cases it differs imperceptibly from an incantation. Uncivilized races address this species of prayer to an unknown power, variously designated and variously symbolized. In what do their practices differ from some of those adopted by civilized races? We also address petitions to an unknown power, we give this power certain designations, we represent it by certain objects and symbols. The difference seems to be purely one of local custom.

The explanation of the process is that the petitioner concentrates his desires and focuses his imagination, thereby calling into operation certain forces which exist in nature, both within the man himself and outside him. In short, it is a piece of magic, if we choose to apply that name to what is a perfectly natural process. When a number of people get together to do the same thing, the effect may be supposed to be stronger; though, so far as our congregational prayers are concerned, the individual influences probably neutralize rather than reinforce each other.

Prayer as an aid to business is an attempt to invoke higher powers to the service of minor and material interests. The result is that the powers invoked are not of an exalted character. A god who can be so used surely is not a high god. If the Deity is at all like what he is piously represented to be, he cannot be invoked by human desire to minister to its gratification; only purely spiritual aspirations can move him.

Evidently prayer can be all sorts of things, according to the motive that prompts it. If

MEMBERSHIP

In the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

we had to find a definition that would include all cases, we would call prayer a concentration of the mind on something to be attained, undertaken with the view of setting in motion some power for bringing about the desired end. Pure prayer is not concerned with specific desires. We are not wise enough to formulate a petition commensurate with our real needs. "Not my will, but Thine, be done!" represents the attitude of pure and noble prayer.

If we ever pray for the good of another—not a mere canting prayer for a supposed sinner, but one prompted by unselfish love—we come a great deal nearer to invoking a spiritual power than when we pray for ourself. Yet even then we do not know what is really best for that other; we must confine ourselves to an aspiration for his good.

As the mind cannot formulate a petition great enough and wise enough to be in accordance with our best good, it can only aspire for greater wisdom and acquiesce in the Spiritual Will which overrules our lives. The aspiration of the mind for union with its Divine counterpart is one way of defining prayer.

In case it should be said that Theosophy denies or forbids prayer, let it be understood that only unwise and selfish prayer is condemned.

STUDENT

Too Much System

A GREAT deal is heard nowadays, especially in the United States, about "system" and "systems" in business. The advertisement columns show us that there are people anxious to teach us how to apply these things to our business with a view to making it prosper and turning our losses into gains.

In the *American Machinist* a writer tells us that a reaction against systems is taking place. He does not decry systems as such, but wisely distinguishes between the good and the bad; yet the reaction, not being so wise, is very likely to be against all systems, good and bad alike, for a time at least.

The bad systems are those that are mathe-

matically drawn out on paper by theorists, who can have no regard for the special circumstances of any given case. Consequently, when the system is applied, it does not fit the case; and although excellent in itself, does not work out in practice.

The bad systems are also defined as being those which systematize things and not people;

but the manager of a business finds he has people to deal with. So when a firm of system-makers sends you down an expert to introduce the system into your business, you find that he has fixed the exact order in which all the machines are to work, and traced out a route for the article to traverse as it winds from the beginning to the end of its manufacture. But the human element has been left out; the employees are not economically employed; and more is lost than gained.

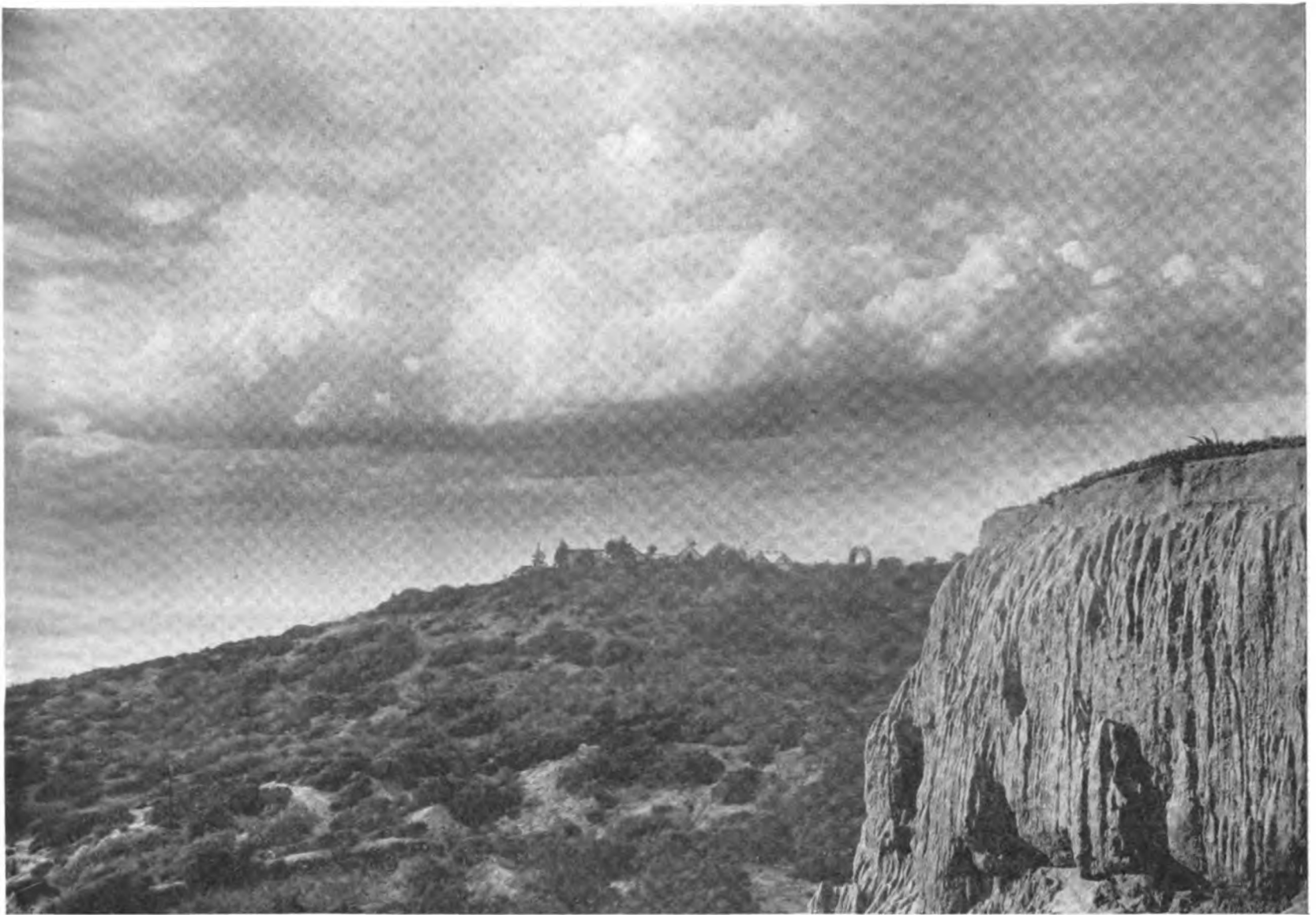
When we come to the good side of the question, it is probably better to speak of "system" rather than of "systems." For the quality of being systematic is a possession that can be applied anywhere; it is adaptable to any circumstances.

Enlarging on the reflections of this writer, we may point to the over-doing of the system business in other concerns. We might point to education as an example. In that sphere the quality of being systematic is often replaced by a set system, and the teacher is obliged to adopt a plan that is not fitted to the special circumstances of his case, having been drawn up in an office by a theorist dealing with imaginary conditions.

The importance of being systematic is of course very great; but however excellent a thing is, it may be over-done. Hence system may be over-done. Some people achieve system by eliminating everything which they cannot fit in; and so they get narrower and narrower. We must not forget to allow for expansion.

The "brain-mind" is given to systematizing; it likes to have things cut-and-dried. It calls other people "opportunists" or says they have "the feminine mind."

Large concerns could not be run without system; but system must be used, not worshiped, or it may degenerate into a hindrance. Similarly we may clog the wheels of our life by too much method. We may limit our activities to those things which we are able to plan beforehand, thus leaving no chance for the other things. Spontaneity is also a virtue. E.



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FACING WESTWARD FROM POINT LOMA: A NATURE STUDY

The Six Wings of the Soul

A LITTLE book of Christian mysticism, quite six hundred years old, has just come almost accidentally into the possession of the British Museum. "We owe its survival," says Mr. Underhill, in the *Fortnightly*, "to some amateur of the contemplatives, who, about the middle of the fifteenth century, caused copies to be made of his favorite mystical works." The one in question occurs at the end of his complete volume, acquired by the Museum from the Amherst Library. It purports to be a translation from an unknown French original "probably written in the last quarter of the thirteenth century, and certainly before 1306."

The theme is the adventures of the soul on the way to God. Here is the description of the soul that has attained:

This book says sooth (truth) of this soul. It says she hath six wings as have the seraphim. With two she covers the face of our Lord: that is to say, the more knowledge this soul hath of the Divine Goodness, the more she knows that she knows not the amount of a mote in regard to His Goodness; the which is not comprehended, save of Himself. And with two she covers His feet: that is to say, the more knowledge this soul hath of the suffering that Jesus Christ suffered for us, the more perfectly she knows that she knows naught, in regard to that which He suffered for us, the which is not known but of Him. And with two she flies, and so rests in standing and sitting: that is to say, that all she covets and loves and prizes, it is the Divine Goodness. These be the wings she

flies with; and so rests standing, for she is always in the sight of God; and sitting, for she rests always in the Divine Will.

Whereof should this soul have dread, though she be in the world? An (if) the world, the flesh, and our enemy the fiend, and the four elements, the birds of the air and the beasts of the field tormented her, and despised her and devoured her if it might be so, what might she lose if God dwelled with her? Oh, is He not Almighty? Yea, without doubt: He is all might, all wisdom, and all Goodness, our Father and Brother and our true Friend.

H. C.

Copying Other People

There is a deportment which suits the figure and talents of each person. It is always lost when we quit it to assume that of another. — *Rousseau*

THE old fable expresses the above far more graphically. A cow, jealous of the affection which her master bestowed on his dog, resolved to study the dog's behavior. Accordingly one day, when the master came in from his work, the cow threw herself into his lap and licked his face.

We can copy a man's virtue without stealing his clothes.

When perplexed between apparently contrary doctrines—as, for instance, whether we shall be natural, spontaneous, and ourselves, or whether we shall copy other people, fashions, or philosophies—let us remember that life is an art, calling for delicate adjust-

ments, clever steering, and other admirable accomplishments, whose exercise tries our skill and flatters our talents. We cannot hop through life on our right leg; neither can we skip through it on our left. Learn politeness from the polite man, but you need not copy his mannerisms; and if he wears a becoming hat, do not steal it, but buy yourself a nice hat of your own size and style.

Do you not think the cow in the fable could have shown her affection without jumping into her master's lap? If you are a cow, and emulate a good dog, then be a good cow but do not try to act like a dog. — *Æsop* (reincarnated!)

Radium and Evolution

POLONIUM was the first of the active substances separated from pitchblende residues by Mme. Curie. Her methods of concentration resulted in preparations of polonium mixed with bismuth that were many thousand times more active than uranium. Marckwald later separated from 15 tons of pitchblende about 3 milligrams of intensely active material, which he called radio-tellurium, for it contained tellurium as an impurity. By dipping a copper plate into a solution of this substance, he obtained a deposit weighing not more than one hundredth of a milligram, which was far more active than an equal weight of radium. It was found that this sub-

stance was identical with polonium, as it gave off the typical α radiation and had the characteristic rate of decay of polonium.

Polonium is one of the numerous transition elements produced during the transformation of the uranium-radium series. Rutherford showed in 1904 that it is a transformation product of radium. Radium at first changes into the emanation and then successively into radium-A, B, C, D, E, and F; the last being identical with the polonium directly separated from a radio-active mineral. When the radium emanation is allowed to decay in a sealed glass tube, the walls of the tube are coated with an invisible deposit of pure radium-D, radium-E, and radium-F.

The amount of polonium present in any radio-active mineral can be calculated from a knowledge of the amount of radium in the mineral, as there is a fixed ratio between the two amounts; the maximum amount of polonium is only 1/5000 that of radium. In 1000 kilograms of pitchblende, containing 50% of uranium, there are 170 milligrams of radium and about 1/30 of a milligram of polonium.

What does polonium yield by its decay? Since it emits α particles, one of its products of decomposition, as for all the other α -ray products, should be helium; and this has been observed to be the case. The other product, the end of the radium-uranium series, is believed to be lead, though this point is not yet settled. (Abstracted from *Nature*.)

Do we not get, in this drama of the life-history of the radium-uranium series, a hint of the laws of evolution?

The point to which we would call attention in this connexion is that the series consists of stages that are (relatively) stable and permanent, and intermediate stages that are unstable and transitory. The ordinary chemical elements are the stable members; the products indicated by the letters of the alphabet are the transitory ones. Now compare this with the biological scale of evolution. Among the fauna of earth we have what corresponds to the stable chemical elements. But what corresponds to the unstable transition products? Is not this the place where biologists are at fault?

And indeed we believe that this is precisely in line with what is declared in *The Secret Doctrine* about biological evolution. The "missing links," whose existence biology is forced to admit, are not to be found. Where are they? The answer, drawn from the above chemical analogy, would seem to be that they do not constitute stable members of the animal scale of evolution. They exist on another plane, where they constitute the changing links between the (relatively) stable forms that actually appear on earth. The essential fea-



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A NATIVE CONVEYANCE, INDIA

ture is that the missing links belong to a finer plane than that of physical matter, and that the greater part of the evolutionary development takes place in those intermediate astral stages. The changes which take place in the animals while in their physical manifestation is admittedly slight—at all events within the compass of very long periods. Is not this view borne out by the radium analogy? The stable chemical elements are the physical *species*; but they do not change to any noticeable extent during long periods. Yet on another plane, the plane of radiant matter, we find rapid transformation taking place and linking together the physical elements.

Another important point is as follows. We are taught in *The Secret Doctrine*, and referred for evidence to the pages of palaeontology, that many animal and vegetable forms which no longer exist on earth, but which would be intermediate between the forms that do exist, formerly did exist on earth. The bird-serpents of Mesozoic times may be cited as an illustration, but there are many others. Turning our analogical process the other way round, then, may we not infer that in the far past these members of the uranium-radium series which now are intermediate and transitory were stable physical elements, while the present stable physical elements were transitory emanations? If so, a new prospect is opened up; for we have admitted that *the outfit of chemical elements is not the same in one age as in another*. Consequently we may infer that it is not the same on one planet as on another; for the difference between different ages on the same planet is virtually indistinguishable from the difference between the same age on different planets.

We do not observe the different animal types changing into one another; each keeps fairly stable. But suppose we could look deeper into

the matter, as these chemists have done in their department. Perhaps we should then see—what? The answer may be left to the student.

H. T. EDGE

Handel in Ireland

AMONG remarkable episodes in the history of music are the circumstances connected with *The Messiah*. In the summer of 1741 the Viceroy of Ireland, the Duke of Devonshire, invited Handel to Dublin; while the Governor of Mercer's Hospital and of the Charitable Infirmary asked Handel to compose something special in aid of the Dublin sick. Handel accordingly commenced the composition of *The Messiah* on August 25, and completed it on September 14.

Handel arrived in Dublin on November 18, 1741, and at his first concert *L'Allegro* was successfully produced. *Acis and Galatea* (in which he introduced an Irish jig), *The Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, *Esther*, *Alexander's Feast*, and other works followed at succeeding concerts; and on April 8, 1742, a rehearsal of *The Messiah* took place. The critics wrote it "the finest Composition of Musick that ever was heard." So universal was the enthusiasm engendered by Handel's masterpiece that those in charge of the first public performance in Neale's Music Hall requested the ladies to come "without hoops," and the gentlemen without their swords. This was on April 13. The following notice appeared in the advertisement of the repetition performance on June 3: "In order to keep the Room as cool as possible, a Pane of Glass will be removed from the Top of each of the Windows."

Charles O'Connor, of Belanagare, left it on record that Handel said he would rather have composed *Eileen Aroon* than all of his own compositions. This song was composed about 1300 by Carrol O'Daly.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

America's Only "Old Master"

A CERTAIN famous court architect, who flourished in Japan some twenty odd centuries ago, and who was asked how he did such wonderful things, said: "There is nothing supernatural about it. I first free my mind and preserve my dependence upon God. Then, after a few days, the question of how much money I shall make disappears; a few more days and I forget fame and the court whose architect I am; another day or so, and I think only of the thing itself. Then I am ready to go into the forest [the architect and the carpenter were one then] whose wood must contain the form I shall seek. As you see, there is nothing supernatural about it." — *John La Farge*, in his book on Japan.

The name of John La Farge is strongly associated with Japan, not only because of the book he wrote, from which the above anecdote is taken, but because of the Japanese landscape which forms the background of his greatest masterpiece—a mural decoration, filling the space back of the altar in the Church of the Ascension, New York. This painting is of such magnificence that it has often been spoken of in the same connexion as the work of the old masters, Michelangelo and Raphael.

Another of John La Farge's great paintings, *The Wolf Charmer*, is in the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts. Of this picture it is related that a Japanese artist once said to Mr. La Farge. "You must have painted this with a Japanese brush." And one of his critics has declared that John La Farge must have been "a reincarnated Japanese."

This great artist was indeed a universal type, embodying not only Oriental characteristics, but American, Italian, and French as well. As a young man, before he had definitely taken up the profession of painting, he is quoted as saying, "I had hoped to find some other mode of life, some other way of satisfying the desire for a contemplation of truth—unbiased, free, and detached." One of his best mural paintings is said to be that in the State Capitol at St. Paul, representing Confucius and his disciples as Lawgivers. All of his work bears the imprint of his intense human interest in everything pertaining to man and the universe. One of his friends says of him:

He drank of civilization as one drinks from a bubbling spring. He knew it in those aspects which belong to antiquity and he knew it through all the long story which stretches down from Greece and Rome and the immemorial East to our own day of industrialism and politics. Side by side with the mundane transactions of humanity, his mind sought to keep pace with the philosophies and religions of the world. It was not in any pedantic



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GENERAL VIEW OF THE LAGO DI COMO FROM COMACINA ISLAND, TO BELLAGIO

sense that he assimilated his knowledge of these things—or used it. It was, rather, with the ardor of a thinker with an incurable zest for the soul's experience that he constantly read and thought, and read and thought again, until his intellect was a closely packed cosmos of sensations. Out of it poured his paintings and his other works, for he was ever the artist, the maker, the man who must put his ideas into tangible form, and out of it there came also what we can only describe as a fertilizing force, a spirit saturating everything that he did, vivifying his unforgettable talk, and making him a singular instance of constructive power.

Besides his paintings, John La Farge will be remembered as having revolutionized the art of stained glass. It was during an illness that he made the following interesting discovery, to quote from a recent biographical sketch:

A soap dish, made of glass in imitation of white china, stood on the window sill. It was an imperfect piece, that is, it was not strictly opaque as white china is, but was opalescent. He noticed the beauty of quality it gained by being imperfect, and also that when it stood alongside what is known as "pot-metal," the ordinary stained glass, this opalescent quality caused it to take on the suggestion of a complementary color in harmony with that of the piece of pot-metal, so that when associated with a piece of violet glass it showed a golden yellow, and a pink flush when laid on a piece of green glass. It occurred to Mr. La Farge, that all that would be necessary to obtain the diversity of form, the shadows, etc., in colored glass, then done by painting it, would be to have this opalescent glass made first without color, and then with variations of color.

Thus was made a great art-craft discovery.

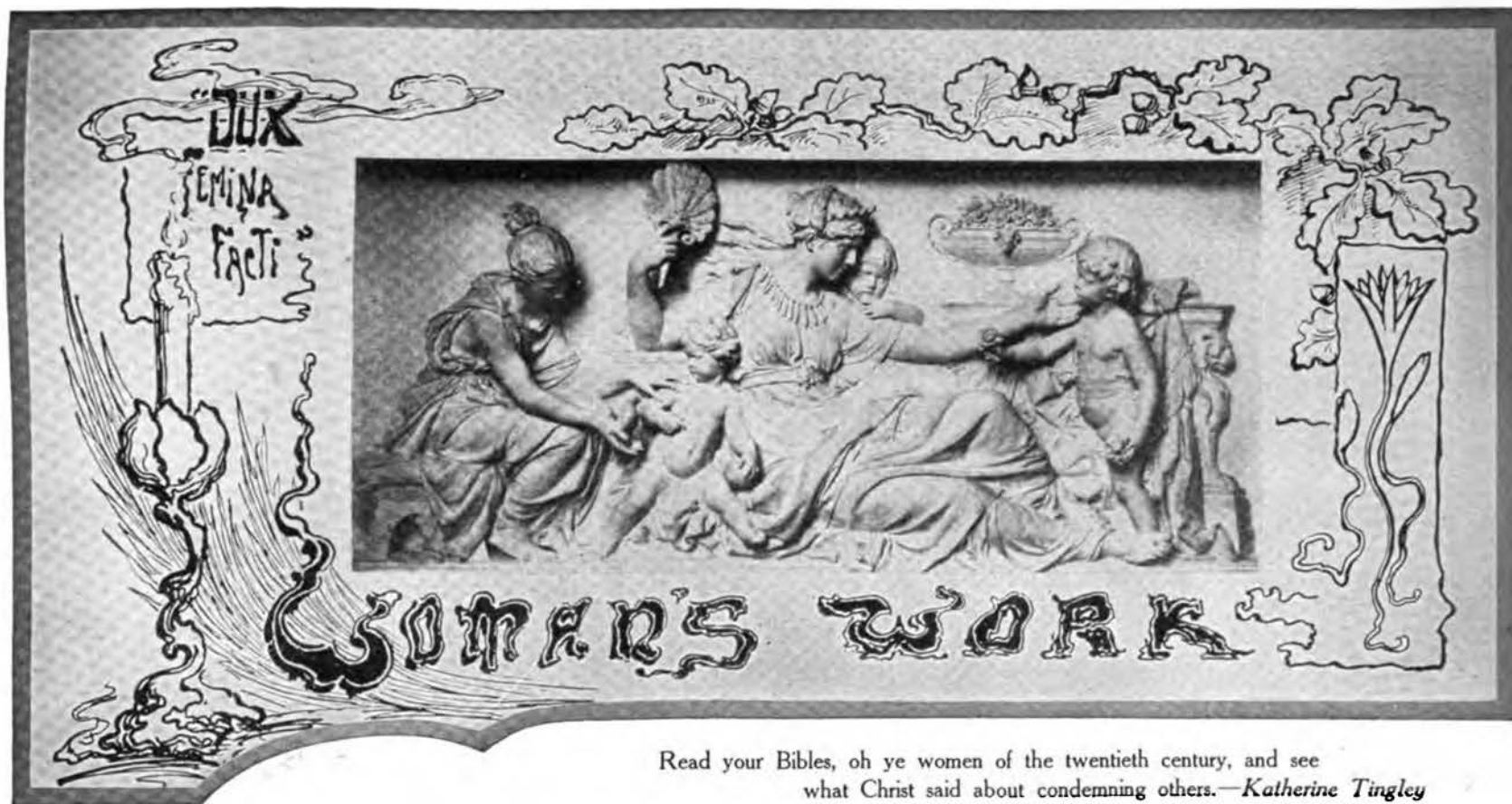
Some of the most famous of La Farge's stained-glass windows are those in the old cathedral at Rouen, in the Southwark Cathedral in London, in the Memorial Hall at Cambridge, Mass., and in the Worcester Museum. In the latter is the "Peacock Window," which is described as one of the most wonderful,

in which the bird, sparkling in varied hues, stands out against a blue sky and peony blossoms.

The art of John La Farge is spoken of as the flower of composite culture and more "American" in its fusion of past influences than any more simple art could be.

While John La Farge will be remembered as reviving the long lost style of the "Old Masters," and thus forming a link between American art and that of the Italian Renaissance, a distinction which has given him the name of "America's only Old Master," his work stands as a type of that universal genius embodying all the best of ancient civilizations, that seems destined to become the purely normal type among the future generations of America.

The secret of the famous court architect of Japan seems to have been demonstrated in a degree by Mr. La Farge in the discovery he made in his stained-glass work that the designer must not be separated from his workmen, and that the artist must, in fact, follow his design through its entire course of manufacture if he would attain success. STUDENT



Read your Bibles, oh ye women of the twentieth century, and see what Christ said about condemning others.—Katherine Tingley

Virtues

VIRTUES are desirable, most certainly, but they are not everything, and they may easily lead a man to be over-rated by himself and by others. All depends upon the negative or positive character of these virtues. In *Light on the Path*, one of the devotional books of Theosophical literature, it is written:

To each temperament there is one road which seems the most desirable. But the way is not found by devotion alone, by religious contemplation alone, by ardent progress, by self-sacrificing labor, by studious observation of life. None alone can take the disciple more than one step onward. All steps are necessary to make the ladder. The vices of men become steps in the ladder, one by one, as they are surmounted. The virtues of men are steps indeed, necessary—not to be dispensed with. Yet, though they create a fair atmosphere and a happy future, they are useless if they stand alone. The whole nature of man must be used wisely by the one who desires to enter the way.

The highly developed spiritual man must of necessity possess all the virtues, but not all who possess the commonly accepted so-called "virtues" are necessarily highly developed or spiritual. Many are virtuous simply because they have not been especially tempted to be otherwise. They have all they want. The circumstances of their lives conciliate their weak points, and so keep them comfortable and quite unconscious of any latent failings. Life will undoubtedly bring them the opportunities, if not in this incarnation, then in some other, of testing their metal, and of revealing to themselves and others where they stand; but for the present they are pursuing the quiet even tenor of their way, not very much awakened spiritually.

Another class may appear quite perfected in all the common virtues and be very proud thereof, looking down with contempt upon others who have not reached their heights. They quite forget that their vainglorious attitude is far worse, from the standpoint of the

VOICES OF CHILDREN

VOICES of children breaking
On eve's delaying hour;
Voices in low mirth calling
From the dusky garden-bower;—
They mock the late robin's chanting,
They call the young moon in glee—
And through the sweet lingering twilight
They steal in to me.

Shy girl with your low glad laughter,
Wee boy with your bubbling mirth,
The odoriferous garden around you
Is a playground 'twixt heaven and earth!
And what can I do to keep you,
O sweetest and dearest twain,
Ignorant of earth's harsh discords
And free of its stress and pain!

Soft treble of golden laughter
Fall faint through the starry eve;
And the robin in the maple
Wings home and ceases to grieve;
While with drowsy step and reluctant
To their cots the children climb,
Their throats still bubbling laughter
And their lips still murmuring rhyme.

I turn away to the garden
Their goodnight sweet in my ears,
And ponder and dream and wonder
At the mist-veiled tide of years;
Ah! if only the mirth and laughter
From their hearts might never die;
If the sweet, shy awe and wonder
In their gaze might always lie!

But the slim, young moon fades westward;
The night wind murmurs low,
And above me the planets question
What man nor star may know.

Poems, Meredith Nicholson

Higher Law, than the lack of any of the virtues, for the absence of which they presume to think contemptuously of others.

This represents the very acme of the "sin of separateness," and shows that the virtues they claim are not true soul-posessions, but are simply worn as an outer garment. It may

be that unexpectedly, suddenly or slowly, sometime, somehow, nature will force these to be thrown off, and the man himself will stand revealed. He will of a certainty succumb to the weaknesses he so despised in others and be humbled in the dust. But his condition then will be far more hopeful, more promising, than ever before. He will have progressed many steps farther on the way.

In the book above quoted there are some other lines especially for these proud ones. They read:

Do not fancy you can stand aside from the bad man or the foolish man. They are yourself, though in a less degree than your friend or your master. But if you allow the idea of your separateness from any evil thing or person to grow up within you, by so doing you create Karma, which will bind you to that thing or person till your soul recognizes that it cannot be isolated. Remember that the sin and shame of the world are your sin and shame; for you are a part of it; your Karma is inextricably interwoven with the great Karma. . . . Remember that the soiled garment you shrink from touching may have been yours yesterday, may be yours tomorrow. And if you turn with horror from it, when it is flung upon your shoulders, it will cling the more closely to you. The self-righteous man makes for himself a bed of mire. Abstain because it is right to abstain, not that yourself shall be kept clean.

This is an expression of the Law of Compassion which is the Law of the universe.

Those who have truly conquered all the vices to which human nature is prone, and gained the strength to withstand, are not puffed up with pride, and are never contemptuous toward the weakest or most erring brother. For they have suffered in order to become strong. They know the price of overcoming, and they know the suffering which is before those who are in the clutch of their lower natures. They are filled only with a compassionate yearning to help, to serve, though stern and uncompromising as they will be toward the sin, toward the sinner they will feel love and compassion. And with this must come also the wisdom to express only that which will strengthen. V. P.

Muckross Abbey, Killarney

THE ruined abbey at Muckross owes its chief interest to the rare beauty of the environment. The tale regarding its foundation has been told before in these pages, but will bear repetition, for it carries a touch of the nature-magic belonging to these enchanting regions. In 1340 the MacCarthy More, chief of one of the oldest Irish families, being desirous to found an abbey, was warned in a vision not to erect it anywhere but at Carraig-an-Cheol (the rock of music). There being no locality of that name known to him he sent a number of his followers to discover where within his principality this place was. After much search they were returning in despair, when, passing by Oir Bhealach (the eastern pass) they heard the most beautiful music issuing from a rock, which they concluded must be the place. The MacCarthy More, satisfied that he had found the site, at once commenced the erection of the abbey. (*Annals of the Four Masters*, vol. vi, page 566.)

The cloisters of the abbey, seen in the illustration, have twenty-two arches, ten of which are semi-circular, and twelve, pointed. Possibly some of the Franciscan monks who designed them had been studying the Kabbala. The yew-tree in the center is supposed to be coeval with the abbey.

The last of the MacCarthy Mores in 1770 left the Muckross estates to his cousin Mr. Herbert of Muckruss. This family remained in possession until in 1900 when the estates were purchased by Lord Ardilaun, with the object of preserving their unrivaled beauty intact.

When the first Theosophical Crusade around the world, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, visited Ireland in 1896, they went to Killarney, and their camp was situated within the precincts of the Muckross estate, on a certain hill near a pine-wood on the slopes between Mangerton and Torc Mountains and with Purple Mountain due west across the Muckross Lake. Some miles southwest of the camp is the spot where at that time was procured the Irish stone for the School of Antiquity at Point Loma. STUDENT

A Letter of Abigail Adams

IN 1804 Jefferson lost his beloved daughter Mary, and was crushed under the blow.

At the time relations between himself and Adams were even worse than strained. The following letter, written to him by Abigail Adams, one of the most remarkable women of any age and probably the most highly educated in America in a day that counted woman's education the most insignificant of its concerns, has fortunately been preserved. In it one feels the tender compassionate heart of a great woman who yet was so filled with a sense of the justice of her husband's position that she

felt it a duty to remember it even under circumstances which deeply aroused her compassion: which is not another way of saying that Abigail Adams was an echo of the great statesman whose wife she was. He admitted her great wisdom in counsel and paid her sagacity and judgment a tribute which would have been courageous in a public man even in our day; and while he probably did not always take her advice, she did not always play the part of a faithful shadow to himself.

There yet exists, or did a few years ago, the letter of protest written to her husband by Abigail Adams whose indignation had been roused to an unwonted pitch at the omission of all mention of woman in the newly-drafted Constitution. But that is another story. Her

ground. That you may derive comfort and consolation, in this day of sorrow and affliction, from that only source calculated to heal the broken heart, a firm belief in the being, perfections and attributes of God, is the sincere and ardent wish of her who once took pleasure in subscribing herself your friend.

ABIGAIL ADAMS

The dignity and compassionate strength that are revealed in this letter mark a phase of womanliness all too neglected today. STUDENT

In the World of Babyhood

IT is becoming the fashion to look upon babies as part of the nation's assets, a condition that is having potent influence in unexpected quarters. We are already familiar with the efforts of philanthropists to make over conditions in the homes of the very poor so



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THE CLOISTERS, MUCKROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY

letter addressed to Jefferson reads as follows:

QUINCY, 20th May, 1804.—Sir: Had you been no other than the private inhabitant of Monticello, I should, ere this time, have addressed you with that sympathy which a recent event has awakened in my bosom; but reasons of various kinds withheld my pen, until the powerful feelings of my heart burst through the restraint, and called upon me to shed the tear of sorrow over the departed remains of your beloved and deserving daughter—an event which I most sincerely mourn. The attachment which I formed for her when you committed her to my care upon her arrival in a foreign land, under circumstances peculiarly interesting, has remained with me to this hour; and the account of her death, which I read in a late paper, recalled to my recollection the tender scene of her separation from me, when, with the strongest sensibility, she clung around my neck, and wet my bosom with her tears, saying, "Oh, now I have learned to love you, why will they take me from you?"

It has been some time since I conceived that any event in this life could call forth feelings of mutual sympathy. But I know how closely entwined around a parent's are those cords which bind the parental to the filial bosom, and, when snapped asunder, how agonizing the pangs. I have tasted of the bitter cup, and bow with reverence and submission before the Great Dispenser of it, without whose permission and over-ruling providence not a sparrow falls to the

that babies, once they are born, may stand a reasonable chance of living. But within the year several State Universities, thanks to the example and initiative of a young woman physician who holds a chair in one of them, have provided a course of instruction in the care and feeding of infants. This course is optional, and yet it is stated that 98 per cent of all girl students elect to take it. Real live babies serve as "manikins," and enjoy it, too, from the properly given bath and the simple, hygienic garments, to the nice warm bottle that follows.

A LARGE new nursery for blind babies has been opened recently in a Boston suburb, the outcome of an effort initiated ten years ago. It is said to be the most important institution of its kind in the world, for while in nearly all countries there are institutions for afflicted young folk and children, the babies have been shamefully neglected. Most of them come, of course, from the homes of the very poor, being the victims of neglect and worse. In many cases in this unique nursery-hospital the eyesight has been wholly or partially restored.

OUR YOUNG FOLK

The City of Quebec

FEW cities in America have a more picturesque site and stronger fortifications, than the city of Quebec in Canada. Situated about three hundred miles from the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, at its junction with the St. Charles, it is built on a great rock which is the northern extremity of a headland that forms one bank of the river for eight miles. At this point it is 333 feet above the level of the water, and being crowned by the citadel, presents a very bold and precipitous front.

Quebec was founded in 1608 by Samuel de Champlain, the French explorer. It served at first as a trading-post, and was always a formidable fortress in time of war; and now it has grown to be the third largest city in the Dominion. It was the capital city for a long time and is now the capital of the Province of Quebec. It is a center of traffic by rail and sea and even the largest vessels enter the spacious bay-harbor, though they anchor in midstream as the water is not deep enough for them at the docks.

At the foot of the great rock are clustered the quaint old houses of the Lower Town—picturesque with their variously slanting roofs, rows of dormer windows, and steep, narrow streets, so steep that often stairs have had to be built to make it possible to go up and down them. Appropriate names are sometimes given them, such as Mountain Street. The above cut represents Champlain Street, a quaint old street of the Lower Town, where the American general Montgomery fell after his defeat in 1775. In this part of the city are situated the principal wholesale warehouses and merchants' offices.

By means of several flights of stairs and an elevator, the people can go from the Lower to the Upper Town which is built on the rock. Here the streets are wider and well-paved, and the dwellings are of a newer and better class. Most of the churches, the public buildings, public walks and gardens, retail stores and shops, are in the Upper Town. The whole city abounds in places of historic fame and relics that make it very interesting to the traveler.

A winding lane takes one to the citadel, the impregnable fortress, whose thick walls are now grown over with grass. Within its massive gateways, guarded by sentries, can be seen the long rows of barracks, the parade ground with its rows of seats for visitors, and the cannon above the ramparts. The view from here of the surrounding suburbs, and cities across the river, is unsurpassed. A little to the north is the famous Dufferin Terrace, a magnificent promenade, 1400 feet long and 183 feet above the river and overlooking it. Facing it is the Château de Fron-



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A QUAIN OLD STREET IN THE CITY OF QUEBEC

THE BLUE BIRD

HARK 'tis the bluebird's venturesome strain
High on the old fringed elm at the gate—
Sweet-voiced, valiant on the swaying bough,
Alert, elate,

Dodging the fitful spits of snow,

New England's poet-laureate

Telling us Spring has come again!

From Spring in New England by Thomas Bailey Aldrich

THE OLD VIOLIN

THOUGH tuneless, stringless, it lies there in
dust,
Like some great thought on a forgotten page;
The soul of music cannot fade or rust—
The voice within it stronger grows with age;
Its strings and bow are only trifling things—
A master-touch!—its sweet soul wakes and sings.

Maurice Francis Egan (Selected)

tenac, named after the famous French general who defended the city in 1690. It stands on the site of the Château St. Louis, which was built by Champlain and destroyed by fire in 1834. In the Governor's Garden, west of the Terrace, is a stately monument dedicated to the memory of Montcalm and Wolfe, the leading generals of the French and English who contended for supremacy in America. On it is inscribed in Latin: "Posterity gave them a common monument: history, a common fame; and valor, a common death."

There are other monuments commemorating the deeds of these two heroes, and the great battle they fought. One, an iron pillar surmounted by a bronze statue, stands on St. Foye road and was the gift of Prince Napoleon Bonaparte. On the plains of Abraham, the site of the famous battle, southwest of the citadel, is a tall granite shaft with the inscription, "Here died Wolfe, victorious, Sept. 13, 1759." There are also two martello towers standing which indicate where the heaviest fighting was done. These are a con-

tinuation of the citadel's fortifications, and their Italian name means a hammer. A little way down the river is Wolfe's Cove, where his successful army climbed. Passing through one of the three city gates, the St. Louis, we find at the corner of St. Louis and Parloir Streets, the house which was Montcalm's headquarters. A little way from here on the Grande Allée are the Government Buildings. If we had time we might visit the Grand Battery with its green parks and old-fashioned guns, and also the Place d'Armes which has among its quaint old houses one which Charles Dickens once occupied. Even now a peep at Quebec is not complete until we see the immense snow-bank in the quarry, 150 feet deep in the winter time. The snow is carried here from the streets and much of it remains throughout the summer. And this reminds us of the cold Canadian winters which add to the ruggedness of Quebec, the Gibraltar of America. H.

The Leaning Tower of Soo-Chow

PISA is not the only city which enjoys the reputation of having a Leaning Tower. In far-away China, in the beautiful city of Soo-Chow, there is a Leaning Tower, which is said to be 1300 years old. It has been out of the perpendicular as far back as its history goes. This tower is generally known as "The Tiger Hill Pagoda," and it stands on an artificial mound built for the purpose and is nine stories high.

The city of Soo-Chow bears a resemblance to another city of Italy, namely Venice, for it is built on a cluster of islands, all of which are dotted with temples and pleasure houses. It is situated about fifty miles from Shanghai, on the eastern side of Lake Tai-hu, which is celebrated for its beauty and size. B.

SOME minds, otherwise bright, have objected to leadership: "We are unwilling to submit to a leadership or dynasty of thought as to any other." This, however, is to misunderstand and to be frightened by a word when the thought is reassuring. The very law which requires that mankind should have no owners, requires that it should have guides. To be enlightened is the reverse of being subjected. The march forward requires a directing hand; to rebel against the pilot scarcely advances the ship; one does not see what would be gained by throwing Columbus overboard. The words "The Way" never humiliated the man who was seeking the road. — Victor Hugo

It is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong. Before I resolve to do one thing or the other, I must gain my confidence in my own ability to keep my resolves when they are made. — Lincoln

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Birds' Postoffice

THE Woodpecker Family have claimed the letter-box today. They are our friends, the bird-foresters, that preserve the splendid trees of the world by eating the hordes of insects that would otherwise destroy the forests. POSTMASTER

UNITED STATES

DEAR Little Folk: Little Brown Creeper is one of my greatest friends. He is the only one of his family living in America. He is as tiny as a wren and looks like a little mouse running up and down the tree. His habits are much like those of my family but he is a better singer. His call is "chit-it-it-it." The Woodpecker call is "pe-auk." All my family like instrumental music better than singing. Our bills are regular drum sticks, and if you live where there are plenty of tree trunks, and tin water pipes, you can hear us drum just like the drummers in the big bands. I'm the smallest and most sociable of my family and you can see me with other birds who live in orchards and city parks and near houses. I have a great many cousins; have you? There are more than three hundred and fifty different kinds of Woodpeckers in foreign countries, and twenty-five in America. You will surely get acquainted with some of us if you ever go where there are big trees. Perhaps you can see Brown Creeper playing hide and seek with me. We go zigzag round and round, and up and down tree trunks and it is great fun. I hope you will see Brown Creeper, and please don't forget to look for your other small friend, DOWNY WOODPECKER

COULD you guess my name, if I tell you how I look? My head is red and my breast is yellow, but my back and wings are striped black and white like a big animal you know about whose name begins with z and has five letters in it. Now you can guess? Yes—zebra! My name is, ZEBRA WOODPECKER

ALL the children, everywhere, know me. Sometimes they help me to fight the snakes that crawl into my nest and eat the eggs and birdlings. If you see a bird on a rail fence as you go to school—a big bird with a very red head, you will recognize your friend

RED-HEADED WOODPECKER

EAST AND WEST

You can find my nest, boys and girls, if you look about twenty feet above the ground, on an old tree trunk. It is made by first boring a hole just big enough for my mate to get in. Then a little hallway is made that leads into the tree a few inches and turns down for a foot or two so the rain cannot get in. At the end of the hall is a nice living room, where the soft shavings make a comfortable nest for the baby birds. For thirteen days my mate and I carry food down into the nest, giving each baby about a dozen mouthfuls every half hour. Then the little



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LITTLE FOLK IN JAPAN

THE same force fashioned the sparrow,
That fashioned the man, the king.
The God of the whole gave a spark of soul
To furred and feathered thing;
And I am my brother's keeper,
And I will fight his fight
And speak the word for beast and bird
Till the world shall set things right.

—Selected

ones come up to the door of the nest and look out upon the strange new world, so big and light, but they don't venture outside their snug shelter until they are almost full grown and quite able to fly. Four days or more they look well around before taking flight, and then, suddenly, with a cry of "wick-a, wick-a," away they go to a distant tree and begin to hunt for their own food. We like ants, and it takes about three thousand of them for

a meal. But you must not think we are greedy to eat so much, for Mother Nature has taught us to do so in order to balance affairs in the animal kingdom. In the human kingdom, however, there is different work to do, so that boys and girls really need spend very little time in eating and drinking if they follow Mother Nature's teaching.

You can see me in the Southern States in winter, but in March and April, you can look out for me, no matter whether you live East or West. These are some of my names: Flicker, Golden-winged Woodpecker, Yellow Hammer, High-holer, Wake-up.

GULF OF MEXICO

ONLY the boys and girls who visit the cypress swamps of Florida, and the swampy woodlands of the Gulf coast, can see me, for I live in such solitary places. I am rarely seen. They call me the prince of woodpeckers because of my great size. My nest is built about forty feet above the ground. If you hear the sound "yap, yap" like a penny trumpet, you will know it is your friend, IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER

NORTH POLE

I CAN be found north of the Great Lakes, in the mountains of Oregon and the Sierra Nevadas, also in the Adirondack Mountains, Maine, and Canada and as far as you can go in the Arctic regions. My nest is only five feet above the ground, and I have only three toes, while all the rest of my family have four toes—two that go forward, and two backward—but we all have the same kind of tails, short and stiff, to brace us against the tree when we want to rest from climbing. And our tongues are all alike. They have little barbs or spears on them, like a four-tined fork, to pick out the eggs of insects hidden under the bark of trees.

ARCTIC WOODPECKER

WISCONSIN

WOULD you like to hear how I help the farmer to save his crops? One year the potatoes were all being destroyed in the farmer's field, except one patch. The farmer kept close watch of the good potatoes. For six weeks he saw a woodpecker going back and forth between the field and a pine stub near by. Then he examined the stub and found inside of it two bushels of potato bugs with their heads off, and he knew his potatoes had been saved for him by his friend,

HAIRY WOODPECKER

CALIFORNIA

IN the oak and sycamore trees you can look for my storehouse. I spend the winter between the Santa Fe mountains and the Pacific Coast, and it takes a great deal of food to last all through the cold weather, so I dig many little holes in the bark of trees, as each hole will only hold one acorn hammered in tight. My storehouse has sometimes saved the life of woodsmen when they could get no other food. CALIFORNIA WOODPECKER

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		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
6	29.853	59	45	50	47	trace	SE	8
7	29.912	62	50	57	53	0.01	SE	5
8	29.869	65	57	58	58	0.04	SE	2
9	29.788	64	58	61	59	0.09	E	4
10	29.825	67	51	53	51	0.28	NW	15
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Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Karma: Our Record on the Film of Time
ACCORDING to the papers, public protest has been made in at least two large cities against the use of certain films in moving-picture theaters. The protest is brought by deaf-mutes, who, by lip-reading, are able to tell the language used by the actors who supplied the drama for the pictures. This language, they say, is in many cases unprintable. This suggests interesting reflections on the working of the law of Karma. Is any act ever done in *secret*? Does any act ever pass unrecorded? And, if acts are recorded, are the records wasted and purposeless or are they at some time reproduced?

We know that acts are recorded somewhere in our own organism—whether in brain-cell or in that from which brain-cell proceeds—and that the records are reproduced. This constitutes the phenomena of *habit*. Thoughts which we have pondered pass again before our mental eye at times when we exchange our active state for a passive one. It is as though we had engraved them on a moving film, which had been fed back into the machine. And what applies to thoughts applies to deeds, for thoughts underlie all deeds. Some of our acts are recorded in other people's memories, where is stored up an impression that may one day be reproduced. Other acts are written down in registers and reports, by managers or police, and may be produced against us. But there is another class—is it not the largest class?—of acts whose history we do not trace, whose future effects we lose sight of. In view, however, of the obvious limitation of our knowledge, it is evident that this must be so; and it is more logical to infer that such actions have causal connexions which we do not trace, than to assert that because we fail to trace any connexions, no connexions exist.

The doctrine of Karma is but a great scientific generalization, an amplification, a full completing, of the well-known scientific doctrine of the conservation of energy. But while scientific theorists often deny the existence of any causal relation in cases where they have been unable to trace it, Theosophy is not so dogmatic. It declares that *all* events are causally interrelated, and makes no exceptions to the general law that every cause must have an effect, every effect a cause, and that every action and occurrence is at once effect and cause, being linked with that which goes before and that which comes after.

If a man, by early abuse of his health, sows

the seeds of a harvest of sickness, which he reaps in his old age—is this Karma? Surely it is; for it would be absurd to limit the word Karma to those happenings alone to which we do not possess the key. In this case we are provided with a scientific explanation—of a sort. We can regard the body as a machine that has been spoilt and wears out prematurely.

But we find people engaged in reaping harvests which, so far as we can see, they never sowed; reaping harvests of sickness in their cradle. This may remind us of the question: "Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents that he was born blind?" Assuming uniformity and consistency throughout the universal life, we would infer that the infirmity of an infant, like that of an old man, is also due to abuse of the health. A partial explanation of the question is found in the statement that the child's parents or other ancestors were the ones who did the mischief; and this explanation is true as far as it goes. But it does not go far enough. We all feel that there is question of individual justice, of moral retribution, involved, in addition to that of physical causation. The point is that a person's acts recoil upon *himself*. This is explained in Theosophy by saying that the child is an incarnate Soul, and that his lot in one life is determined by the causes he has set in motion in previous lives. It is his merit and his susceptibilities that attract him towards a particular parentage and environment.

How the chain of cause and effect bridges the chasm between two successive incarnations is beyond the present powers of science to explain; but it is not by any means beyond *all* explanation. The knowledge stored up in the brain of any one life does not suffice to explain the condition into which the Soul passes when it quits the body. None the less, however, despite ignorance, people die, with their accounts unclosed; and people are born, with ledgers entered up on their behalf; and the laws of the universal life go on.

We can learn a great deal from analogy. Perennial plants may illustrate the life of the Soul. In winter the whole plant dies down till only a root is left, hid away from sight below the surface; and this sprouts again in the spring. May we not say that man also dies down till but a root remains, and that this immortal root (the *true* Self) sprouts again in due season? The heredity and environment are the soil, and these play their part in determining the character of the plant. But far

more important is the nature of the seed itself. It has even been said in old tradition that there is a particular *bone*—the resurrection bone—in man, which is indestructible; and

The Home
of Life

fixed dogma has averred that this is the nucleus out of which God recreates the resurrection body. But taking the liberty to doubt the existence of an actual material bone, we may believe that *something* survives, like the seed or root of a plant, and forms a nucleus for regeneration. Is there not in the Norse mythology also a Stork who brings the seeds of human beings to mothers desiring children? * What is that mysterious seed which, coming into the growing organism, makes it a human being; and which, when withheld, leaves a mere human shell, an idiot? It is surely this seed which contains the latent qualities that will determine the character and destiny. But to get anything like a scientific explanation of the workings, we evidently need to get beyond material conceptions. The world of mind, in its many grades, is not the world of matter; its laws, dimensions and limits are not the same. All this belongs to a higher grade of knowledge, not inaccessible, but unattained for most of us. Whether it is withheld by our own ignorance

Knowledge
of Life not
Inaccessible

and lack of enterprise, is an open question. We are making our record all the time. And the making of the record is but the first stage in a double process. The second stage is the reproduction of the record. In that, the conditions are reverse, and we are now the subject of the action, who before were its doer. We may talk of accomplishing an act and getting it done; but good-bye does not mean death; and, though the act has passed from us, it still lives. Time moves in cycles, and sooner or later we shall surely revisit the paths we have trodden, finding there the things we have left. That which we have dismissed into the past may meet us again from the future, like a man cycling around a circular track and scattering broken bottles behind him.

But let us not regard alone the *retributive* aspect of Karma; for there are good seeds as well as bad. Nor let us carp at fate or providence for visiting us with penalties we deem undeserved, while we are enjoying without complaint benefits whose origin is equally mysterious. He who takes the good with the bad should find his thanks cancel his complaints. Nor let us take too personal and commercial a view of merit and recompense, as though there were no such thing as generosity in the world.

STUDENT

The God Beyond God

THE recent reprinting of *God the Known and God the Unknown*, by Samuel Butler, has called forth sundry notices of the theme of that work. Samuel Butler, who died in 1902, was one of the most ingenious and original writers of last century. He is best known by his satire, *Erewhon*,

* Storkarna som äro Höners fåglar—själv kallas han fördenskull "Långben" och "Träskkonung"—ser dem [Yggdrasils frukter] och flyger med dem till kvinnor, som trängta att smekas av små barnahänder. —*Fädernas Gudasaga: Världsskapelsen*, Viktor Rydberg.

which is a study of prevalent social conditions.

In *God the Known and God the Unknown* the author speculates as to whether there is a *God beyond God*.

In the light of this idea, how looks the controversy between Theosophists and certain clerical people as to whether Theosophists believe in God or not? Is not Butler's question an admission that the conventional God is but a secondary conception?

The great value of the idea is that it enables reverent people to face the evident truth as to the inadequacy of the conventional deity, without throwing over religion altogether and becoming atheists or secularists. We may confess that the God of which so many people speak is to a great extent a graven image fashioned by each one according to his wishes; we may admit that there is a middle-class God and an aristocratic God, a Teutonic God and a Latin God, a Western God and an Eastern God. But what, we may add, has all this to do with Deity? In fact, we have here a mental formula by which we may denote what is already our inward conviction—that God stands for something far deeper than the current anthropomorphic conceptions of deity—that the word stands for the Eternal Spirit, to the radiance of whose presence we are conducted through the portals of our own most intimate and sacred Being.

Butler speaks of the various orders of being, the higher of which include the lower, just as the man is made up of cells. Regarding the supreme life of this earth as a secondary God, he asks, "What about the other worlds?" Have they also their Gods? And, illustrating the force of the inseparable prefix *be-*, he presents us with the magnificent word "begodded"; are the other planets *begodded* like ours?

Analogy . . . bids us believe that the God of their world is begotten of one more or less like Himself, and that his growth follows the same course as all other growths we know of. If so, he is one of the constituent units of an unknown and vaster personality who is composed of Gods, as our God is composed of all the living forms on earth, and as all those living forms are composed of cells. This is the Unknown God.

To avoid misconception, we would substitute for the word "personality" the word "Individuality" or the Sanskrit word *Purusha*. For the word "personality" conveys so much of the meaning we assign to our little personality, that its use as applying to deity is apt to transfer our limitations thereto. Again, when a man has a flash of intuition, his brain-mind will get to work and weave it into theories which reflect the idiosyncrasies of his own mind. When we ascend to a higher landing in the ascent of knowledge, we need not halt there. The truth is vast and unfathomable. Moreover the questions raised have been discussed from time immemorial and made the subject of profound and elaborate philosophies. Hence wide study must precede speculation. The Theosophical teachings will be found to introduce the inquirer into the realms of such study.

Among the intelligences and powers that are superior to our own ordinary faculties, there must be many grades. Our notion of God may be but the reflection of our puny hopes and fears, or it may be the image of that which is purest in our own highest. STUDENT

Too Much Machinery in the Schoolroom

WE notice in a paper a discussion as to how school desks should be made, to prop up the child at exactly the correct angle, support his back, hold up his book, and so forth. Diagrams of ingenious constructions of this sort are appended. Being desirous of contributing to the discussion, we offer two suggestions. The first is to devise a modification of the screw-clamp arrangements used for supporting chemical apparatus and to have the pupil so fixed that the teacher can screw him into exactly the right position and clamp him there. Of course there would be separate adjustments for each limb.

Our other suggestion is to give the boy a three-legged stool and let him hold his book in his hands. For writing he could sit on a bench at a plain deal table, and the teacher could see that he sat up straight.

It is possible to carry mechanicalism too far. Are not these contrivances to a certain extent crutches? By using them too much, there is danger of supplanting the natural functions. We talk of mechanicalism in teaching, but seemingly we drive it out only in order to introduce it in another form.

Modern school-rooms are marvels of mechanical perfection, but it is questionable whether the pupil really benefits thereby on the whole. If he had to adapt himself to less facile conditions, it would at least develop handiness and motherwit. The same applies to mechanical luxury in cars, steamers, hotels, homes. We shall not need hands any more after a while.

In overdoing the health craze we fall into the very pit we seek to avoid. For this overfurnishing of the school is coddling the child. Balance seems to be most needed. We are too intense, too concentrated, too partial. All-round knowledge is required, if we are to meet every need.

A scientific writer praises the human body as a wonderful mechanism. Weston, the veteran walker, does what no horse, automobile, or train can do. Yes, there is quite a deal to be said for the human body. No desk top can hold a book so well as a boy's hands; no seat can hold him as straight as his own muscles (if he is graciously permitted to develop them). But we prevent him from using his muscles as they were meant to be used; and then we set him pulling at ropes on a wall to develop his muscles.

Too much mechanicalism everywhere—physical, mental, and all; too many props. Pre-digested information, pre-digested food. People want their spiritual food pre-digested even, and cry out if they do not get it so.

A TEACHER

New Stars

APROPOS of Nova Lacertae, a contributor to *The Scientific American*, after showing where collision theories fail, maintains that the facts appear to point more to such stars encountering masses of nebulous material—abundant in the Milky Way region. They then become suddenly luminous and show a bright line spectrum. After passing the densest part the light begins to wane, and continues to do so except when encountering outlying or denser parts of the nebula, when they brighten again for a brief time. As the character of the spectrum does change to that of a nebula, the theory is plausible. F.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Karmic Bill for Vivisection

THE amazing cases of Dr. — in Russia, of Dr. — in Missouri, and several others of less notoriety, have aroused an international movement to regulate the sale of deadly disease germs.

A popular contemporary thus begins an article on certain medical murderers whose misdeeds have just come to light. The Russian doctor (named in the article) has *confessed*, so it is alleged, to forty murders and there are perhaps many more. Under cover of his profession, he, like the others referred to, hypodermically injected disease germs into his victims. He kept a large stock of various kinds in hand, cholera, diphtheria, plague and others, so as to be able to adapt the fatal symptoms he was to produce with those proper to the disease of the patient to whose bedside he was called. He is even credited with the present epidemic of cholera in his country! There was a regular tariff scale, says the account, the fees running up as high as a quarter of a million dollars and varying according to the social rank of the victim for whom his services were in requisition.

He made it his business to kill heirs to estates, insistent creditors, politicians who interfered with the ambitions of others, and, in fact any persons of importance.

The other (named) doctor's exploits were alleged to be not far short of the Russian's. How many undetected may there be, one wonders, for each of the few detected?

The London *Lancet* accordingly proposes a plan designed to make it difficult for physicians to obtain poisonous germ cultures except under special warrant and for defined purposes. It need hardly be said that no such plan will work, since physicians who should intend murder could get what they want from cases in their own practice.

The newspaper report has one unconsciously significant sentence.

In April, 1910, with his victim, young Count —, he (the aforesaid Russian) visited Cronstadt, *where plague-stricken dogs were kept for purposes of research*. Soon after this — died.

The dogs were, presumably, not "stricken" (as if by God!) but experimentally *injected*.

The study of the effects of such injections is a part of the training of every doctor, a branch of that art of vivisection with which medical students are made practically or theoretically familiar and to which almost every chapter of the textbooks of physiology and medicine makes reference. And the public, as a whole, led by the doctors and even in some cases by the clergy, has practically acquiesced in this training of its embryo doctors, has thought the cages of stricken dogs, monkeys, and guinea-pigs, well filled if its own pains could be helped.

But it forgot one thing which even selfishness might have made it remember — that the animal experimenters *were its own doctors*, and that callousness encouraged in one part of a man's nature will spread to other parts. Vivisection is the encouragement of callousness in the operator's nature. Given a suffi-

cient number of operators and there will be one that will go over a certain line — just as if you give a sufficient number of men revolvers there will be one that will commit murder. The doctors of the account, and the others not discovered, are those that have gone over that line.

The public is accordingly now having the first presentation of one item in the Karmic bill it has itself incurred, the first touch of inevitable retribution. The knowledge gained by vivisection could have been gained otherwise. And legitimate research would in addition have unveiled much of which medicine, wandered on to an evil sidepath, is now ignorant.

M. D.

Theology's Dilemma

EVERYONE knows that he has access to but a small part of his inner possessions.

"The subconscious" is in fact a very comprehensive name. It is applied not only to the home of our myriad latent memories, of normal and abnormal tendencies of character, of such curious powers (used but not understood) as that of waking at some determined moment — but also of the light of genius. For out of it, into his work-a-day mind, come unexpectedly those inspirations by which the genius is marked off from the rest of us.

And now theology uses the word. The subconscious or subliminal, says Professor Sanday, "is the proper seat or locus of the Deity of the Incarnate Christ." Through the subconscious into the normal consciousness "there are incomings and outgoings which stretch away into infinity, and, in fact, proceed from, and are, God Himself."

The Right Reverend the Bishop of Ossory, examining the theory in the *Hibbert Journal*, admits that

there can be no question as to the extraordinary suggestiveness of this contribution to Christian theology. It opens up an immense field of speculation, and creates a belief that the progress of psychology may have the result of placing stores of material hitherto unsuspected in the hands of the theologian.

But he does not like it — for reasons which he gives, and, perhaps, for another he does not give, whose roots may lie in his subconscious. He may feel that if psychology can in these later years teach theology so much of man's inner nature, there may be question of theology why it did not know before and of itself so vital a part of *its own domain*.

The Bishop admits the existence of the subconscious. He knows that by morning's awakening the mathematical or other problem of last night may be found solved; or that

after a period of hard work or constant practice at some pursuit demanding a high degree of skill, a period of rest will often be followed by a most extraordinary accession of technical ability;

that the sudden inspiration that comes upon the man of genius

is as if some power, far greater, wiser, and of more penetrating insight than himself, used his brain, and even directed the movements of his hands.

"As if . . ." ; the Bishop does not admit

that any *Power* or powers dwell in the subconscious. Only passive *materials* live there, acquisitions of the racial and individual memory. When the ordinary conscious will is fully set to work, it can call up unexpected quantities of these into the normal mental field and thus get unexpected combinations and results.

It will be found that, in general, the aim or creative impulse is given by the conscious will, and that the materials with which this creative impulse deals are, in the main, supplied from the stores of the subconscious. And it must also be considered that even these materials do not take their place in the whole of the result until they have been transformed by the magic, the unifying and co-ordinating faculty, of consciousness.

The Bishop has come out with it squarely. *There is no true soul in man*, no center of active, beneficent, and watchful consciousness within or above and beyond the personal consciousness of ordinary life. Consequently there can be no inspirations from it for the latter, either what are called spiritual or artistic. We should like to ask him whether in his preaching he ever uses the word soul, and if so, what he means by it?

But if he rejects the better part of modern psychology, the spiritual phase of it sketched by Dr. Sanday, he accepts the worse. It is one of the vices of some schools of psychology to deny the self of man as the experiencer of experiences, as the guide of the stream of thought, as the center of the conscious field. There is nothing *but* the experiences, nothing *but* the stream. "I" is somehow an illusion arising in the mass or stream. This is the Bishop's view.

It is the symbolical representation of the self as a mathematical point or material atom occupying a central position in the midst of its experiences, instead of, as it truly is, *the concrete synthesis of them all*, and their containing principle, which has misled thought on this subject.

We would point out, however, that a basket cannot be at once the synthesis of its contents and their container. If the Bishop will have the synthesis view, then (having already negated a distinct conscious soul) he now negates even the ordinary self, making it a mere soluble compost; if, on the other hand, self or ego is a mere container of experiences, what is will? For will is a power acting from a self-conscious *center*. What is that center? A mere basket cannot arrange its own contents.

It is now the plight of theology that it must reckon somehow with modern psychology. If it rejects it altogether, it is itself rejected by the modern spirit, rejected beyond hope. If it accepts it, it becomes pupil in regions where it pretended to teach — for it cannot now claim that any real science of God could have preceded the science of the mind that should deal with God. And in becoming too much the pupil, or the pupil of the worse school, it may find, like the Bishop, that it has implicitly, though unconsciously, lost the conceptions of Soul, of will and of Ego, whilst still using the terms in its teachings. STUDENT

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

The Amphiareum at Oropos

THE Sanctuary of Amphiaraos at Oropos is delightfully situated in northern Attica near the Boeotian border, on the banks of a mountain torrent, in a hilly glen about four miles from the Euripos, the strait that separates the Island of Euboea from the mainland. Among the ruins within the sacred precinct are the foundation-walls of several buildings: of which the most prominent is a Doric temple, dating from the third century B. C. Under the open sky to the east lies the large altar, and close at hand is a colonnade almost four hundred feet long, which doubtless served as a dormitory for the pilgrims consulting the oracle, whose revelations were made at night by means of dreams. Behind the colonnade is a small theater, dug out of the hillside; and not far off are the remains of a gymnasium and baths. It is interesting to note that the baths were heated by the circulation of hot air beneath their raised floors.

Two beautiful plane trees now shade the sacred spring at which, legend declares, Amphiaraos was rescued from his foes by the thunderbolt of Zeus, who clove the earth asunder and transported the hero alive to the Elysian Fields; for Amphiaraos was the one just and righteous man among the Seven who led the expedition against Thebes, and on his father's side was descended from a long line of seers and prophets. He took part in the Calydonian Boar-hunt, and sailed with Jason in search of the Golden Fleece. His share in the attack on Thebes was caused against his will by the treachery of his wife, Eriphyle; hence his apotheosis, an apotheosis that enabled him, although a dweller in the Other World, to help men by inspiring visions. F. S. D.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS OF THE AMPHIAREUM AT OROPOS, GREECE

Archaeopteryx

IN 1861 there was discovered in the "Solnhofen Slates," an Upper Jurassic formation of Germany, a slab bearing the impress of a primordial animal, half bird, half reptile. In 1877 another and much more perfect specimen was found in the same locality. It has been called *Archaeopteryx*, "primeval wing," and is described as the oldest known bird. It unites some of the characters of reptiles with those of a true bird. Thus it had biconcave vertebrae, a well-ossified broad sternum, three fingers only in each toe, each ending in a claw, and long lizard-like tail, each vertebra of which bore a pair of quill-feathers. The wings had free claws, and the jaws carried true teeth, as in the toothed birds of the North American Cretaceous. The claws of the fore limbs are in true birds, merged into the wings;

but in *Archaeopteryx* they project free at the front outer margin of the wing, where they could be used for grasping a branch or climbing. The shape of the vertebrae and the tail are reptilian, as is also the mouthful of teeth. The embryo of the bird passes in its fetal state through a reptilian form. These "missing links" of the past show us the intermediate stage between the present reptiles and birds. The chain of life on the earth at any given time is not continuous, the connecting links belonging to other ages. Though these prehistoric creatures may be spoken of as the ancestors of our birds (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 183), the *method* of heredity and descent is not in accordance with the speculations of the theorists. It is the *astral monad* that evolves, rather than its physical tenelements.

STUDENT

Mysteries of the Great Pyramid

IT is reported that Professor Dow Covington has discovered and cleared out a shaft leading 40 feet directly downward from the floor of the subterranean chamber below the middle of the Great Pyramid. He also found a blind passage of about the same length leading southwards out of the chamber. According to the account (in a newspaper Sunday edition) the Professor is after buried treasure, which in his mind is connected, in a way that is not made very clear, with these and some minor discoveries. The writer of the account takes occasion to remark on the profound mathematical and engineering

knowledge displayed by the builders of the Pyramid. The dimensions, measurements, angles, etc., of various stones and passages give evidence of having been designed on some profound mathematical principle. Many scholars have tried to unravel this, but the further they go the deeper they get in mysteries. If it be asked why was the Pyramid built, it is sufficient to point to its incalculable value as a memorial of the greatness of past civilization. And there is plenty more to be found out yet. If all the labor spent has resulted in an indestructible record of ancient wisdom, then the builders have written the greatest book in all time — more than a book, a living eye-witness, as it were, that speaks more convincingly than the printed page.

To find out more of the teaching of the Pyramid, we must not go to it seeking to convince ourselves that the truth is otherwise than we feel it to be; fearing to have our settled convictions unsettled. Nor must we go for the sole purpose of finding out all we can about Issachar and Zebulon, or 3.1416, or the ultimate derivation of the name Wilkinson. In short, we must go with an open mind, prepared for anything we may find. But we are not required to swallow any dogma: a hungry man who finds food, knows what to do with it; when a problem is solved, it is solved, be the solution orthodox or not. There is plenty of buried treasure for those who value it. But, like the proverbial cock which found a pearl, we may be looking for something else. TRAVERS

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

"Protective" Mimicry

PROFESSOR PUNNETT, of Cambridge University, spent the summer of 1909 in the island of Ceylon, conducting a special study of what is called protective mimicry. The rich insect population which there makes so small contribution to the beauty of the scenery gives the island a special value for this purpose.

Mimicry is the imitation of the form, marking, or coloring of one insect or animal by another. It is adjectivized as *protective* according to the hypothesis that the mimicked creature possessed some more or less important method of defense against enemies which the other desired as it were to be *thought* to have, its real defenselessness being unsuspected under the cover.

Wallace has pointed out five conditions which must be fulfilled if this little game is to work. They are epitomized by Mr. Gruenberg, who describes (in the *Scientific American*) the observations of Professor Punnett.

(1) Mimicked and mimicker must occupy the same area and general stations. A defenseless insect would get no profit from resembling a formidable insect that lived in another locality, for its enemies would never have seen the latter.

Professor Punnett found that certain models, butterflies, whose defense was supposed to consist in unpalatability—a very common defense among insects—had *not* the same distribution as the mimics; at most the areas overlapped. Moreover the chief enemy, lizards, made no distinction between the two. The mimicry was therefore not protective at all. How then did it come about?

(2) The mimicker must be less numerous than the mimicked. For if the former were very numerous the enemies would take their chance when in any doubt. But Professor Punnett found that in northern Ceylon a mimicking butterfly which he studied was more numerous than the butterfly imitated.

(3) The mimicker must, by the hypothesis of protectivity, be more defenseless than the mimicked.

But as shown under case (1), as respects the chief enemy, the lizards, they were both equally unprotected. Moreover several cases are known in which neither have any apparatus of defense whatever.

(4) The mimicry need only be superficial, of general appearance. Whilst it must be sufficient it need not go into very fine details. If there are fine and elaborate details, the origin of these must be accounted for on some other principle than that of protection. The Kallima butterfly, for instance, in its resemblance to a dead leaf, does go into such details and is a great difficulty to the zoologists.

Professor Punnett found several cases of a mimicry which was very good when the specimens were spread out in the cabinet and looked at from above. But while on the wing, that is under the circumstances of greatest danger, the resemblance was so slight that he was able after a little practice to recognize any of them at a distance of fifty yards.

It is becoming generally admitted that no hypothesis covers the difficulty of origination. Natural-selectionists have usually maintained that the resemblances arose very gradually, increased from generation to generation, conferring an advantage from the very first. The reply is that the first move towards slight resemblance would be too small to count at all. Moreover these small changes are not transmitted by heredity; and we do not find the intermediate forms between no resemblance and adequate resemblance.

The more modern view is that the resemblance arose as a sudden "sport," a marked step, not a mere faint change, a real new species, permanent from the first. But if these sports are accidental and in every direction, such as happened to mimic should be far less numerous than those that do not. That is not the case. And it is rather too much to ask us to believe that such a minute resemblance as that of the Kallima to its dead leaf should have arisen from any number of accidental jumps.

It does not seem very hard to imagine that the same type from the type-store-house of nature sometimes comes through in what we, with our classification of species, would call the wrong place, the type of one species breaking through into another and then sometimes proving useful. And also that such a form as that of a dead leaf, taken off as it were photographically into the mind of nature, might be accidentally energized and come out as a living form. In postulating a nature-consciousness we need not therefore go on to assume that it is omniscient and cannot occasionally get things mixed up a little. No harm would be done. Moreover there may often be conscious experiments in hand. STUDENT

Mind and Brain

PROFESSOR Münsterberg, contributing the introduction to the philosophy volume of the *Science-History of the Universe* series, begins with a sketch of the claims and doings of modern psychology in its current materialistic form, thence passing on to show the invalidity of its materialism and determinism. His argument, which is from the Kantian point of view, is well and clearly given despite its brevity. But he might more easily and effectively have upset the materialistic position with a lever taken from within itself. Its own statement contains its refutation.

Speaking of the parallelism between mental functions and brain processes, he points out that the conception of this was connected with the discovery of the law of the conservation of energy and with the appearance of Darwin's *Origin of Species*.

The conservation of energy demanded as one of its consequences that all physical processes be completely determined by foregoing physical causes. Therefore, there can be no intrusion of mental facts in the chain of physical processes. . . . Unlike the metaphysical soul, consciousness in the system of modern psychology cannot do anything. . . . Man has become a part of the course of nature. Every effect was completely determined by the foregoing causes, every event resulted from the synergy [working together] of outer nature and brain cells, every

thought, the wisest as well as the most foolish, every deed, the noblest as well as the crime, is the outcome of causal laws determined by the inherited disposition of an individual organism and the totality (of changes) going on in the cells of the cerebrum.

In other words, consciousness *does* nothing; merely looks on at actions and at changes in the brain cells and thinks itself the actor. It is functionless, impotent, useless, cannot guide any of those nerve currents which when reflected in it constitute thought and the illusion of will. Man is merely a complicated engine that happens to be conscious, but with whose running consciousness has nothing to do.

This is the materialistic psychological position. But there is a little more of it, and that little more is fatal. For:

The Darwinian theory demanded that only those characteristics of the organism which serve the individual or its progeny be conserved in the struggle for existence.

But consciousness has not only been conserved but steadily increased and made keener all the way up from the organisms of the pond to man. No other quality exhibits so uniform and so immense a growth. Therefore, according to the theory, it must have served a purpose, a very marked one, must have served each individual from the bottom to the top of the tree. It must function, and usefully, or it could not have survived. But it could only function by guiding action in some way. And it could only guide action by guiding nerve currents in the brain. Therefore there *is*, what there "cannot be"—"an intrusion of mental (conscious) facts in the chain of physical processes," a directive intrusion. There is *not* a "parallelism" between brain-cell and consciousness, or rather between changes in the two. One determines the other and it is as often that consciousness guides the nerve-current as that the nerve-current determines the change in consciousness. STUDENT

The Leprosy Germ

THE germ of leprosy has, it seems, really been found at last. We cannot say run to earth, for its true home, as the English surgeon Jonathan Hutchinson argued years ago, is the fish. Drs. Duval and Courot, of Tulane University, New Orleans, have now experimentally and microscopically validated his argument.

The germ is not very happy in man's society. It will live with him and it will slowly multiply, inducing the symptoms with which he has been sadly familiar for so many centuries. In the body of the fish, where it would much rather be, it multiplies freely but apparently without injuring the fish's health or personal appearance.

We need not on this account stop eating fish. Firstly, infected fish are very rare. And secondly, any proper cooking will kill the germ. It will not stand a heat beyond 156 F., (boiling water having a temperature of 212, 32 being the freezing temperature). So we need not fear the Fridays. M. D.

Nature

Studies

Prodigality versus Frugality
of Nature

WHENEVER Nature is prodigal with her gifts, advantage is apt to be taken of her; and man, neglecting his duty, allows Nature's storehouse to be slowly depleted, and cares but little if what has been of great value to-day may be worse than useless tomorrow.

Wherever Nature is frugal with her gifts, there man will be found duly appreciative of the value of her storehouse: conserving it, and performing what appears to those of more favored places to be veritable miracles.

A writer in the *Los Angeles Examiner* accentuates the great results achieved in Prussia by proper methods of conservation and intensive culture. He shows what could be done in the State of California, where Nature has been so bounteous, had man been obliged to husband her resources as the Prussians have been. The limited area of agricultural land, and the excessive population of the Kingdom of Prussia, have demanded the closest attention to conservation and development of natural resources, with results that are startling to those accustomed to more indifferent agricultural methods.

The 40,000,000 inhabitants of Prussia possess 22,000 square miles less land from which to raise their farm products than is possessed by the 2,377,549 inhabitants (census 1910) of California. A large portion of this area, not being of value for agricultural purposes, has been devoted to forests, which, while they are as carefully looked after as the farms, produce comparatively small returns. Sixty-three per cent of the land used for crops, can only be made to produce profitable results by use of the most scientific manipulation and assiduous devotion to careful fertilization.

Yet on 64,890 square miles of this almost sterile land and 38,110 square miles of land of better quality, the Prussians, by their painstaking care and efficient methods are able to produce annually the following:

Tons	
1,700,000	Barley
2,500,000	Wheat
4,500,000	Oats
7,000,000	Rye
14,000,000	Hay
34,000,000	Potatoes
From 45,000 acres of vineyards, sufficient grapes are produced to make 13,000,000 gallons of wine.	

The acreage devoted to potatoes is not a large part of the available land, yet the Prussians manage to grow an amount equal to one third the quantity grown in the United



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CITY OF OXFORD, ENGLAND

FLOWER SONGS

II—BLUEBELLS

I

IN the woodland glow and gloom
Thought is born where bluebells bloom,
Deep thoughts of deep things.
Overhead the blackbird sings,
And we bend our bells and dream
Of the stars through heaven a-gleam:
And we sway our solemn bells
Listening for what wonder wells
From the hearts of earth and heaven
To endue the planets seven
With the secret things they know,
That they dance so stately slow,
That they dance and muse and ponder
Through their bluebell meadows yonder.

II

Out of the bluebell bloom of the night
Dew comes dropping of dreamings deep;
Out of the bluebell bloom of the night
Where roameth on dim wings, sleep.

For Sleep, a queen bee, wandered of old
From her island hive in the Pleiades;
Thighs beladen with dust of gold,
As is the wont of bees.

Through the woods of the world she flew,
Drowsy-winged through the woods of June;
Bluebells, deep with her homeland blue,
Swayed to her star-wings' croon.

And all the dust of the starry flowers,
All their honey-rich ponderings dear,
She drowed through golden and dusky hours
For the pondering bells to hear.

And so, when the woods are bluebell-dight,
Dew comes dropping of thought and dream
Out of the bluebell bloom of the night
To the glooms where the bluebells gleam.

Kenneth Morris

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

States, according to the authority we cite.

Were the inhabitants of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys in California as industrious as these Prussians they would be able in that limited area, on account of Nature's munificence, to raise with the greatest ease, sufficient potatoes to supply the whole of Europe. Then, as soon as the crop was out of the ground, they would make it produce another. Thus two or more crops a year would be obtained, and this not only without impoverishing the soil, but even while improving it. H. S. T.

Contradictory Rainfall Records

A CORRESPONDENT of the *English Mechanic*, after giving at considerable length his rainfall observations and figures for the past two years, takes us aback by concluding his letter as follows:

In "British Rainfall" for 1909 it is remarkable to note the variations of rainfalls and rain-days recorded by different observers in Hampstead. An observer residing about a quarter of a mile from my abode registers 217 rain-days to my 165, whilst Golder's Hill claims 25.08 inches of rain and 145 rain-days. "Est-il possible?" Although fine and dry here just now, rain may be falling a few yards away! And again I repeat, "Est-il possible?"

Another correspondent in the same issue says that a contributor has written to him to point out that:

Whereas I gave the 1910 rainfall at 23 inches, at Greenwich it totalled up to 28.1, while at St. James' Park they seem to have fared pretty much as here [Cricklewood, London, N. W]. A difference of about 5 inches in so short a distance is really astonishing; but facts are stubborn things. I see for July they had about an inch more at Greenwich than at Camden-square. Therefore to write with assurance as to the prospective detailed weather experience of any extended area is not to err on the side of wisdom.

These facts need some explanation. H.



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

PRE-EXISTENCE

DREAMS that steal o'er me in my waking hours
Tell of another life than that of earth,
For ante-natal memories sometimes come
O'er the dark flood my spirit crossed at birth.

Visions of other scenes in other lands,
Strange glimpses of a life now mine no more;
Thoughts, too, that tell me what is has been,
Forms I have known on some forgotten shore.

Friends that were mine before I crossed the flood
Which darkly hides that vanished life from view;
Wakening my love, as only brothers could,
Tell me that all these memories are true.

This world is but one scene on life's great stage;
My soul, to whom these visions now are given,
Passing beyond the darkening flood of death
Shall wake to fuller vision in high heaven.

Thomas Sterry Hunt, M. D., LL. D. (Cantab.)

The Reign of Law

THERE is a fitness in that apparent contradiction of things, which we call "cussedness," or "contrariness," which goes far toward reconciling one to the many disappointments provided for our entertainment by the ordinary routine of life. The reign of law in the universe is strangely recognized by those who deal particularly with the uncertainties of life, as evidenced by the very frequent display of faith by gamblers, who are notoriously superstitious. Though this is not really at all a contradictory attitude, for chance is a name for unknown Law and the persistence of the gambler finds its explanation in his deep-rooted conviction of the existence of Law, and in the belief that he may find the thread that is a clue to the course of Law, by following which he will be able to have the "luck"

or the Law on his side all the time. Many a gambler has found a system that would make him successful *if he were able to apply it* with the necessary certainty and promptitude; but the self-control needed is of so high an order that a man who cares for money or such success as a gambler may attain is a man who is still under the power of the very passion that he must be master of in order to apply his system without failure. Thus the gambler is self-doomed to failure from the start.

The contradictory nature of events in general and of human nature in particular is shown in the constant recourse to paradox as a means of expressing truths of a philosophical character. The more precise and careful a man may be in his efforts to attain to accurate statement in such matters, the more sure he is to fall into paradox or even into self-contradiction. Certain dogmatic religionists recognize this and explain it according to the degree of their ignorance or of their narrowness, by saying that this world is a world of illusion in which all is

do so, has been to establish religious persecution more bitter than that from which they had escaped; so that the rule of inversion seems to be the natural expression of law in this world, and rebellion against tyranny by no means secures freedom, though it may change the form of tyranny. These contradictions are recognized in old saws such as, "More haste, less speed;" "The longest way round is the shortest way home," and many others. All seems to point to apparent contradiction ruled by underlying Law, and this Law is quite different from the laws made by man, which are more or less temporary rules of conduct liable to constant change.

The great Law is the expression of the nature of the universe itself and in some way all nature bows to it; and even the most rebellious mortal in his resentment and revolt against all control is but thereby expressing one aspect of the Law unconsciously; his rebellion is but the awakening of a new phase of consciousness, or it may be the dying struggle of a con-



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PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE

inverted and that consequently they, being of superior enlightenment, are not bound by the ordinary conceptions of truthfulness, and may lie freely in the interests of Truth (or of themselves as the self-appointed representatives of truth). In this attitude of mind there is room for the full range of human intention, from the sincerely honest to the absolutely dishonest.

Some of the more simple-minded prefer to believe that the truth is distorted on earth by the power of the devil. These of course look upon the Law as the "Will of God," which may mean anything according to the understanding of it. While the pessimistic materialist, who denies all spiritual life of any kind whatever, shows a more absolute trust in the supreme and inviolable power of Law than almost any other class of mind; his resignation is complete and his submission absolute, while in his humility he far outstrips the most abject fanatic that ever groveled at the feet of a fetish. Here again we meet the contradiction referred to.

In national life it is an old saying that where a king reigns, women rule, and vice versa. Many times has it happened that the first thing done by the people who have rebelled against religious tyranny, as soon as they were able to

dition that is outworn but still lingers, disturbing his progress in evolution.

But while recognition of the reign of Law as supreme even in a world of contradictions may be achieved, as I have said, by the pessimist and the fatalist, this is not the only way, but rather is it an inverted way, even as a lie may be said to be a tribute to truth by inversion. Submission to the Law when reached in that way is degrading, humiliating, and serves only to embitter the mind and stir up hopeless revolt as a reaction against the mere servility of such subjection.

But recognition of the Law as the very root of one's own existence and as the impersonal nature of things finding expression in every form of life in the universe, as necessarily Justice itself and Truth, and Harmony and Compassion—such recognition as this lifts the mind to the state of freedom where Law is supreme. And it is open to each one of us at any time to abandon the old fight against the great Law and to recognize that it is our own higher nature; and every time, when even for a moment we can get to that point, that this consciousness awakens in us, we get a glimpse of what is meant by the strange statement, "Life is Joy."

R. MACHELL

If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be and is equally outraged by silence.---*Ammian*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What constitutes a Theosophist?

Answer Theosophy has been broadly defined as Truth, and first of all a Theosophist should realize that there is no religion higher than truth; and "no doctrine can be perfect until it embraces all truth"; hence he must be an unprejudiced truthseeker.

One of Webster's definitions of "Theosophist" is: "a student of Theosophy," but it is not sufficient to be a student—there have been many students who have seemingly gained formal grasp of the teachings of Theosophy, but in whose lives those teachings played no part.

A comprehension of the fundamental principles is indeed necessary, but unless they affect the life they will avail little.

When we speak of a Christian or a person belonging to any sect of Christianity, we generally mean that that person has certain *beliefs*, the holding of which makes him a Methodist, Baptist, etc.

But this is not so as regards a Theosophist. It is true that as a member of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY he must give his adherence to Universal Brotherhood as a fact in nature, but he must also seek to make it a living power in his own life and in the life of Humanity. And the three Teachers of the Theosophical Movement have always demanded that the members shall exemplify their profession in their daily lives. For if one really *believes* in anything he will put that belief to the proof. So the test of a Theosophist is his life. Does he take more pleasure in helping another than in receiving help himself? Does he really see that it is more blessed to give than to receive? Does he look beneath the crusts of men's hearts and see the divine life in all? Then again speaking generally, Theosophists accept the teachings of Reincarnation and Karma, not as dogmas however, but as demonstrable truths, and if one believes in Reincarnation he must live his life more usefully; if he believes in Karma he must take what comes to him without complaining; if he believes in the essential divinity of men he must act as becomes his divinity, looking for the divine in all others. There are many other teachings of Theosophy that are held by members of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, but it is important to quote the following declaration made in the Constitution of this organization, as follows: "Every member has a right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinions of others which he expects for his own."

But anyone who is trying to live to benefit the world is to that extent a Theosophist, although he may never have heard of Theosophy.

Such a person becomes one who lives according to the highest promptings of his own soul. He does his duty to all without fear or favor and makes his life a means of help

and joy to everyone he meets. He understands himself enough to see others in the true light of the soul and helps the true side of life to express itself in the time of trial.

While his charity begins at home it does not end there, but reaches out to all life. "To live to benefit mankind is the first step." Any one who adopts this as his motto will try to follow the example of Jesus and all the great Teachers, doing unto others as he would others should do unto him.

A Theosophist is tolerant toward others but strict with himself. He is broad-minded, striving to live purely and up to his highest opportunities, physically, mentally and spiritually, and to inspire others to do the same. He knows that his every thought and action must bring either good or evil to all his fellow creatures. So he will try so to live in harmony with the Higher Law that he will not injure his fellows even unintentionally or through ignorance. He will try by the help of his awakened conscience, to live up to the Theo-

He loves the better side, the higher nature, or true self of his neighbor as his own best self, and is as rigorous in discouraging his neighbor's lower nature as his own. He knows that in essence the soul of each is divine, and he can always look within his heart for the guidance of a light that never fails. He knows too that by his life he must help others to find their inner light, not by talking about Theosophy so much as putting into practice its teachings in all his daily duties.

In the first volume of *Studies in Occultism* Madame Blavatsky says:

Any person of average intellectual capacities and a leaning toward the metaphysical, of pure unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbor than in receiving help himself; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasures for the sake of other people, and who loves Truth, Goodness and Wisdom for their own sake, not for the benefit they may confer—is a Theosophist.

And again the same Teacher declares: "Theosophist is, who Theosophy *does*."

STUDENT



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WATERFALL OF TROLLHÄTTAN, SWEDEN

sophical teachings, taking Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion, as his guide.

A Theosophist makes altruism—unselfishness—the corner-stone of his character because of the belief he holds of the divinity of all life, and that there can be no death.

We can imagine him saying, "I am here for a noble purpose; to live for others, not for myself. To help everyone who comes my way. To live the Golden Rule and put in practice the noble teachings of Jesus, and of all the great Teachers. So long as a soul lives who needs help, so long should I be willing and glad to live to render that help."

It will be easily understood that such a person as this must be one whose mind is unprejudiced, and open to the truth wherever he may find it; who strives to eliminate from his nature all that is out of harmony with the divinity within himself. Life to him means opportunity for spiritual growth and unfoldment. So he strives earnestly and continuously to do the things which will promote that growth.

A Theosophist, no matter under what name he appears, will accept cheerfully and gladly the daily duties of his life and see in them his opportunity for working out his own salvation.

The Theosophical Address at Isis Theater

LAST evening at Isis Theater a large audience listened to a most interesting address given by Professor Cranstone Woodhead on "Liberty, True and False," at a meeting of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. Following are a few extracts from his address.

"All the world is seeking Liberty. For ages this word has stirred a strange feeling within the human heart. The idea behind the word is one of those innate feelings which lead after many failures to man's highest aims and aspirations.

"In endeavoring to analyse the cause and meaning of this desire for liberty, we have to consider the history and make-up of man himself. As the product of a dual evolution, he is first and foremost a spiritual being, and secondly he is conditioned by the animal body in which he dwells, for the sake of precisely that experience which will obtain for him a still higher spiritual liberty. Around these great facts revolve the real causes of all human history from the beginning of time. . . .

"Where then shall we look for true liberty? The ancient Wisdom-Religion of the divine sages points out the way. It tells us to look within ourselves and discover the marvelous potentialities which lie within our buried and mysterious godhood. In this path no fear or timorous hesitation need mar our progress, for is it not our own by divine heritage? No half-hearted measures suffice to carry this warfare to the ultimate success which shall bring us true spiritual liberty. For 'the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.'"—*San Diego Union*

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

Theosophy and Occult Powers

IF asked what you thought of the suffragette movement, you would probably say that women should not throw away the priceless opportunities they already have, in order to secure others not worth having. As rulers of the home, as upholders of ideals for man to strive after, they have unbounded power; shall they throw this away in order to dress themselves in a garb that does not fit them and contend for superiority in a field where none of their natural advantages count and all their natural disadvantages tell?

So you would say; but let us apply your medicine to your own case. Are you throwing away the priceless opportunities you already have, in order to seek others which you could not use if you had them? Are you striving to achieve glory in a field where your natural weapons will be useless and the arms needed are those with which you are not equipped?

Perhaps you are aspiring after "higher powers" or "occult powers." Does Theosophy teach about this? Yes, it does; and one difference between genuine and counterfeit Theosophy is that the former is practical while the latter is not. The counterfeit Theosophy is what goes after the imaginary powers and neglects the real powers. There are counterfeit Theosophists who believe themselves able, or say they are able, or try to persuade others that they are able, to teach other folks how to get out in the astral, or to co-ordinate the different envelopes of the "soul," or to psychometrize fossils in a museum, from outside. Also they think themselves able, or say they are able, or try to persuade others that they are able, to "develop your aura," or "your color," or to teach people to study the auras and colors of their friends. Queer statements are sometimes heard about coming Christs, or as to "Who's Who" in the peerage of "reincarnation."

But the old, old world will go on; while the deluded unfortunates may face insanity—or worse.

And all the time we have splendid powers, stupendous powers, waiting only to be called forth and put into service. But this will not attract some folk; the great army of the discontented, the inefficient, and the put-upon, are always on the look out for something that will suit them better than their deserts. They never seem to find it, but doubtless it

is the glamor of the quest that amuses them. It is the same in Occultism as it is in other matters. A man neglects his sphere of influence in order to go into some other sphere, thinking he will be able to accomplish more there than he could in his own circle. Or he throws up one profession to go into another, but finds that brains and energy are necessary everywhere. People anxious for occult powers are often weaklings who expect to get strength in some surreptitious way; but they will find that their weakness tells against them just the same.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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Such powers as flatter our vanity, ambition, love of wonder-working, or love of excitement, are the ones most of such people are after. But is it likely that a society founded with the objects of the Theosophical Society would cater for those desires? Yet Theosophy does very much need people with powers; otherwise how can it become an influence in the world? And the powers of such people must be more than ordinary, if their work is to count for more than ordinary.

Some people try to make out that if Theosophy is not concerned with psychism and queer arts, it must be merely philanthropic. It is philanthropic, but not *merely* philanthropic. The Path of Perfection is recognized, and its recognition constitutes the great difference between Theosophy, and causes that are merely philanthropic. One has only to read H. P. Blavatsky's works, especially *The Voice of the Silence*, and W. Q. Judge's works, in order to see that the attainment of greater wisdom and greater powers—the Path of Perfection—in order to be of greater service in the world is the great object. Purification of the nature does lead to the awakening of finer occult senses; compassion does unseal the Eye of Wisdom; and ability to transcend the ordinary limitations of the bodily and personal life, and to have knowledge of life and death, is set before the aspirant as a goal to be desired.

Cupidity is not appealed to. Yet why should anyone imagine that without cupidity life must needs be dull and dreary? Desires

may be sweet, but only as drink is sweet to the inebriate, or opium to the drug-fiend. To strive with them may cost us a pang, but we look back with thankfulness from the freedom and greater happiness we have attained. If we are suffering from the stress of life and from trouble with our own nature, let us not seek relief by hankering after psychic powers,

which only mean—*must* mean—new desires and new afflictions. Let us rather cultivate a sweet reasonableness and assert the power of our Divinity over our weaknesses.

For such as set before themselves this healthy rational path of service and usefulness, Theosophy has unlimited help. There is no height that cannot be attained through devotion, and the obstacles are those which the aspirant himself places in his path by permitting lesser motives to intervene.

In short, Theosophy offers White Magic instead of Black, Wisdom instead of mere cunning, peace instead of the eternal bondage of desire, harmony instead of variance. The Occult powers of which it teaches are those which alone are worth attaining, those which are real, those which are a blessing, and not a curse, to their possessor. STUDENT

The Fallen Angels

THE *Warren Weekly Times* reports a sermon by Pastor Russell of Brooklyn Tabernacle, dealing with the evil angels. He takes the view that the earth's atmosphere is infested with evil demons, which are the fallen angels. Thousands of years ago, when men became very wicked through association with these fallen angels, God purged the world with a flood and bred a new race, that of Noah, which was clean. The evil demons were thus banished from connexion with men, but they are anxious to get back; hence they promote spiritism and psychism. The world is consequently in danger of suffering from a new invasion of these demons, which will corrupt humanity.

He says that so far as he can learn from those who have been mediums, the trend of spiritism is towards impurity. The fallen angels represent themselves as great persons and even as God and Jesus. They are under the control of Satan, etc., etc.

The pastor is right about the dangers of dabbling in spiritism and psychism; but we believe that a more common-sense view than a revival of medieval demonism is required to

cope with the question. The latter is apt to arouse superstitious fears which intensify the evil. A belief in devils and hobgoblins withdraws our attention from the real source of the evil—our own evil thoughts and desires—and is very likely to plunge us into craven superstition. The earth's atmosphere is teeming with forces generated by men's passions, and the practices of psychism disorganize the normal balance of our nature and expose us to invasion from these forces. Again a person with a morbid imagination and a neurotic constitution can actually create for himself imaginary demons or angels *ad libitum*.

The Pastor takes the cheerful view that a time is approaching when Satan will be bound and mankind thus delivered. H. T. E.

The Bishop of London's Revised Theology

THIS is an indulgent and sugar-coated age, they say, a soft-lying and padded age, with rapid trains and cheap restaurants everywhere. We are pampered, they tell us, and the lucky (?) child of today, with warmed room and digestive candy, knows nought of the black draught and ice-covered morning bath of us old folks when we were young.

Maybe there are some things that cannot be changed and made soft and maybe some people would think religious doctrine was one of these. But nothing of the kind. That has been sugar-coated too. We old folks were brought up in the fear of a god with a beard and a frown, and a devil with horns and a tail, waiting for us on the other side of death. Hell was a fearful place, and even heaven was not properly upholstered and warmed. But what have we now? We find that the prevailing influence has come over the orthodox theological topography, and that these localities, when they cannot be painted in glowing colors, are not mentioned at all. All we are told is that we shall be happy and comfortable. Hear the comfortable words of the Bishop of London, whose orthodoxy is certainly beyond question, as reported in a newspaper:

DEATH AND AFTER

BISHOP OF LONDON ON A COMMON CHRISTIAN ERROR

There was no subject on which Christians were so mistaken as that of death said the Bishop of London, preaching on Saturday at St. Lawrence, Jewry, at a service in connexion with the Commercial Traveller's Christian Association.

Death was mistaken for the pain which sometimes preceded it. Being born into another world was probably like being born into this. The supposed horror of death was founded on nothing more than a delusion. Death was an incident that took place in a continuous life, and the idea that the spirit slept after death was a complete delusion.

There were six things revealed to us about the life after death—that the man was the same man five minutes after death as five minutes before it except that he had passed through one more experience in life, that his character would grow, that he had memory, that he would be a Christ in paradise, that there would be mutual recognition, and that he would still have a great interest in the world he had left.

Such thoughts ought to make one careful not to do something on earth which he would be ashamed to remember five minutes after death.

"A common Christian error"! It is lamentable that such an error should have grown up in spite of the efforts of theology to defeat it. The tendency to fear death must be inveterate in the human mind; but we are glad it is unfounded after all.

As Theosophists we feel called upon to say

a word from the point of view of a Theosophist, and to express our gratification that another popular error—the idea that Theosophy is opposed to Christianity—has been exploded. In what the Bishop says we recognize quite a little that could be found in Theosophical Manuals or in the CENTURY PATH; and the way in which this has been dovetailed into Christian theology is a marvel of ingenuity. "Death was an incident that took place in a continuous life." We hereby ask our readers whether the above is a Theosophical teaching or a Christian teaching; because we say it is a Theosophical teaching. And we say that theology has either kept this teaching in the background and only brought it forth today, or else it has simply borrowed it from Theosophy. In either case Theosophy may claim to be leading the thought of today, theological and all. We congratulate the Bishop, and advise him to read the CENTURY PATH and the Theosophical Manuals. And we trust he will always be able to make Christian theology jog along comfortably with Theosophical teachings.

"Memory, mutual recognition, and an interest in the world he had left"! And where did the Bishop get all these new ideas from? Will the public be amazed? Will the Bishop be tried for heresy? We guess not, or he probably would not have said it. But how times have changed, even within the last few years! He is treading on risky ground, however, for the dear foolish public, so given to errors, will want to know more about these interesting particulars which the Bishop has thought fit to reveal. And then what will he say? Will he give them more theologized Theosophy, or will he maintain a discreet reserve?

Mutual recognition, for instance, demands some other doctrine to correct it; for recognition, as the Bishop may have momentarily forgotten, works both ways. It is no doubt charming to recognize people in paradise; but how about having people recognize *you*? But perhaps there are disguises in paradise. As for memory, let us trust it is the pleasant things alone that we remember. So we take an interest in the world we have left, do we? And much good would it do us or anybody else, if we are not to have a finger in the pie. Think of a mother watching her child go wrong and being unable to help it; a pretty sort of interest that, and worthier of hell than heaven! So the Bishop will have to supplement his teaching by allowing that that mother can help that child. In fact he will have to allow a good many strange and unorthodox things before he is through. Other bishops might have preferred to keep on the safe side and not tempt their fortune in an unknown sea.

And a word to the poor public (with its errors). If you clamor loud enough, the pulpit will throw you a sop. Just a scrap of knowledge to cheer you up, as it were. I dare say you are wondering how much more of this knowledge the church has which it could give out if it chose. The Bishop speaks as though he had a reserve fund somewhere. You would like to know more about the mysteries of life and death and eternity, of God and man, of the Soul, would you not? And do you not think the church ought to tell you, if it knows? And if it does not know, and these scraps are only borrowed from elsewhere, then why not go direct to the source whence they are borrowed? Perhaps, like the Bishop, you prefer

your knowledge in a familiar theological form. Very well; I wish you joy of the attempt to graft heaven and hell on Reincarnation, and the seven principles of man on the resurrection of the body. I wish you more joy than you are likely to get from trying to bestride the divergent steeds of logic and theology. This chiding, bantering appeal to our common-sense is all very well and amiable, but dangerous; because if you appeal to a man's common-sense, you may chance to arouse it. There are churches which forbid the use of such dangerous things as brains—and they are at least consistent in that, at all events!

And finally a word to those "Christians" who say that Theosophists are atheistical, and the Theosophical teachings unchristian. You are all behind the times, my friends! You have got the Bishop of London on the wrong side. H. T. EDGE B. A. (*Cantab.*)

Artificial Efficiency

FIRST efforts at reform are apt to be as bad as the disease. Is there no medium course, asks a newspaper writer, between the incapable housewife and the frigid devotee of the scientific cooking school? A girl who was going to be very rich was sent to a school of housecraft, so that she might be able to understand from practical experience the duties of each servant. She had to get up at six and blacklead the grates; and was sent home ill. In another case a daughter of marked prowess among the scientific pots and thermometers of the school could not do a thing to help her mother at home. So what is the use of the training? the writer asks. The schools cannot seem to drill commonsense into the girls' minds. The best chefs in the world say they themselves do not work by system.

But we must not despair; one always rushes to extremes at first. In very many ways besides housecraft we are at present in the stage of first reform. Unwisdom and overdoing characterizes these efforts as a class. Their failure teaches us; we shall find out where the error is and correct it.

If we find that people are so incompetent that they cannot "say Boo! to a goose," we do not need to start an academy for teaching people to say Boo! to geese.

They might learn how to do that particular thing, but in actual life they might find they had not learned to say Shoo! to a fowl.

What is required is to give the individual some quality which shall enable him to grapple successfully, not only with these, but with other circumstances that may arise in his path. We want to give him *nous* (nous).

The fault in the above cases was possibly that the housecraft academy tried to graft efficiency on a stock of inefficiency, thus making the structure top-heavy; the new wine burst the old skins and the rent was made worse than before. And it is usually thus that we try to fasten learning and skill to mental and physical flabbiness.

In education, the fundamentals and the accessories are both needed, just as the graft and the stock are needed. But at any given time we have to consider which of the two is the more lacking. At present it is the fundamentals that are lacking in our education; and if the accessories also suffer, this is on account of the weakness in the fundamentals. Consequently the only effective policy is to

concentrate attention on the fundamentals. This is generally recognized, but the way to do it is an unsolved problem. We do not know how to get at the roots of character and touch the mainspring. We do not know how to secure the strong healthy stock.

Our scientific and theological formulas of life do not seem to work out practically. It is like building a bridge with a faulty equation. As to the nature of man, we have ideas that are not in conformity with the facts; and our procedure, being based on the ideas, is not agreeable to the requirements of nature. The essential fact regarding man, which we overlook, is his dual nature—an immortal soul within a mortal body. From the earliest we neglect this fact in our treatment of children, and we continue to neglect it all along the line.

If we acted in accordance with this fundamental fact, *we should give the first importance to enabling the newly incarnated Soul to have control over its bodily nature, its faculties, and all accessories.* Such control is the key to all subsequent attainment; a child endowed with it would acquire the right sort of knowledge easily, and it would not be considered necessary to send it to a special school to make up artificially the deficiencies which have been allowed to grow up. A TEACHER

Christian and Muslim

THE *Moslem World* is a new quarterly review "of current events, literature, and thought among Mohammedans, as they affect the Church of Christ and its missionary program." It hopes to interpret Islām to Christians as a world-wide religion in all its varied aspects, and its deep influences, ethical and spiritual; and to point out the true solution of the Muslim problem—the evangelization of the Muslim. The new magazine is described as displaying a statesmanlike comprehensiveness of survey, and as combining an absence of proselytizing fanaticism with an earnest evangelistic spirit.

This represents the newer aspect of missionary work. It is destined to do as much for the Christians themselves as for their prospective proselytes. For instead of assertion and force, it proposes to employ demonstration and persuasion. The missionaries are therefore called upon to demonstrate the superiority of their religion, if they wish to have it accepted in preference to Islām. True, there is an alternative, and that is (supposing the religion to be not superior) to make it superior. We can only anticipate that the final result will be a mutual bond of fellowship in a common religion. Not that we think the two religions will amalgamate or adopt a compromise; that is not the way. But each party, while keeping its own religion, will discover that there is also a *universal religion* which underlies both religions, and indeed all religions. Something of this kind was brought out at a recent congress of churches in Germany.

Of course this implies an attitude towards one's religion which many people would be unwilling or unable to assume. Nevertheless the adoption of that attitude is inevitable. Universality may be said to be one of the dominant notes sounding today, and it would be strange if religion should lag behind the other institutions that are becoming universalized.

Many keen observers will think that Christianity, as an influence in the world today, is

not so great a success as to make one anxious that the rest of the world should be Christianized. Others will think the prospect too remote for serious consideration. One writer in the new review states that there are some 25,000,000 Muslims in Russia, and speaks of a new Muslim language, Pan-Tjoork—a mixture of Tartar, Persian, Arabic, and Turkish—which is intended to unite the Muslim world.

But perhaps the most serious circumstance from the Christian evangelistic point of view is that so many Eastern peoples seem to have found a way of adopting the advantages of our civilization without becoming converts to the Christian religion. This being so, those advantages can no longer be used as an inducement. The Muslims are carrying on great educational work; while the Chinese are doing their own manufacturing with methods learned from us. It is more than probable that when they have acquired as much as they need of Western civilization, they will be their own choosers in the matter of religion.

There is of course a great deal of worthy motive behind missionary work, considered as a whole; and it seems reasonable to suppose that this is outweighing the less commendable qualities and yielding a resultant in the right direction. The result can but be enlightenment for all concerned, so long as they maintain a genuine and receptive spirit. The faithful fulfilment of the command to go out into all the world and preach "my message," may result in unexpected discoveries as to what that message really is. Teach men the one true universal religion, it may have meant; the religion that recognizes the kinship of all humanity in their common Divinity.

Since the above was written, we come across an article by a Christian missionary in India, which remarkably reflects the views we have expressed. It contains the following:

Can Christianity, no matter with how high civilization it may be allied, conquer strong, proud, highly organized, enlightened historic religions? For myself, I cannot see that the history of Christianity in India up to this time furnishes us any warrant for answering this question in the affirmative. One thing, however, seems entirely clear. It is that if Christianity ever does gain any considerable acceptance among leading Indian minds, Mohammedan, Hindū, Parsee, Buddhist, or Jain, it must be a form of Christianity less theological, less peculiarly "Western," more sympathetic towards other faiths, broader and more liberal in its spirit, and distinctly more ethical, more spiritual and more practical than that which as yet has been generally preached in India.

Is India approximating Christianity? That depends on what we mean by Christianity. She is certainly not approximating Roman Catholic Christianity, or Calvinistic Protestant Christianity, or any form of dogmatic Christian orthodoxy.

In the religious progress that is coming to India, and which is sure to come in still larger measure, will Hindūism and Mohammedanism be overthrown? I cannot think so. Indeed, I dare not desire what it seems to me would be so great a calamity. But there are strong and growing signs that they will be reformed and purified. — Rev. J. T. Sunderland in the *Indian Review*

TRAVERS

The Celtic Mother

AS an example of pertinacity under difficulties Mr. Edward Dwelley's Gaelic Dictionary can hardly be surpassed. It is in three volumes, altogether more than a thousand pages; set up, stereotyped, printed,

and published by himself. He had to earn his living while he did it, to buy his press and teach himself its working, from time to time, to sell almost everything else he possessed—including his Gaelic library!—to get the necessary funds. But it is the usual story; what a man *wills* to do, he *will* do.

It was the old Celtic music that first caught his fancy; for he is not himself a Celt but an Englishman. Music introduced him to the poems and ballads.

It was the study of these that first convinced me that what was needed was a really exhaustive dictionary of the language. You see, Gaelic is curiously local and each existing dictionary—so far as the Scotch Gaelic is concerned—is really a dictionary of a dialect.

For poetic purposes, he says,

Gaelic is hardly to be surpassed in richness and subtle shades of meaning. Think of it—there are no fewer than eleven words for love! There is one word for brotherly love, another for motherly love, another for friendly love, another for divine love, another for ideal love . . . and so on.

It seems ungrateful, but one wishes he had included the other Celtic languages. There are two groups of them, each containing three members. The Cymric group consists of the old Cornish, not now spoken at all; the Welsh; and the speech of Brittany. The Gaelic is represented in Ireland, Scotland, and Man. The special desirability of a conspectus of all of them is that we might thus construct some picture of the original mother, now an exceedingly pale ghost. Science makes her the sister of Sanskrit, but according to Theosophy she was the daughter, Sanskrit having mothered all the Aryan or Indo-European tongues.

Celtic was once probably the language of all Europe, but in early historic times it went no further south than northern Italy and was retreating to the west and north-west of Europe. Finally it was the mere north-western fringe in Brittany, Cornwall, Wales, Scotland, Man, and Ireland. Its measure of still existing vitality remains to be seen.

The Celts were the first of the west-flowing Aryan immigrants from Asia, having later to meet, conquer, absorb, and then be conquered and cornered by the later waves, Teutonic, Slavonian, and so on. But as late as two or three centuries B.C. they still occupied the most of Europe, and had overflowed into Asia Minor. The final cornering was due to the ever advancing Roman power. It may be that time will enable us to know more of them than we do now; of their history we know nearly nothing; of their religion and thought but distorted fragments. The first sight that is caught of them is when their perhaps very long career was far in its ebb. If they had a civilization it was not one that built, and their literature seems to have been transmitted orally only. H. C.

Airplane Scouting

TWO airplanes have already been used for actual scouting, on the Mexican border. One of them crossed the Rio Grande from El Paso, Texas, and reconnoitered at an altitude of a thousand feet above Juarez. Another flew from Fort Rosencrans, Point Loma, to the U. S. camp at Tia Juana and back—a total distance of about forty-six miles, over sea mostly. F.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

"True to Nature"

SOME artists are taken to task for saying that Nature is crude and must be improved upon and not slavishly copied. They reply by saying that the artist must study self-expression and give scope to his taste in combining and creating. He must have time to search his own soul.

Their apologia sounds vague when they attempt to express it in the conventional formulas of life. But it would gain a living significance if backed by a larger knowledge and a truer philosophy. What is that "soul" which the artist must express?

In our materialistic philosophy the word "Nature" stands for so much of the universe as we can see with the physical eye. Idealistic artists may well resent the slavish copying of this, without being able to say just why. What is called "copying Nature" may reduce itself to a faithful recording of sensory impressions, a process in which even the most doctrinaire advocate of realism must draw the line somewhere—or else disgust and outrage his clients, as some have done.

But suppose we admit that the physical vesture of Nature is—well, her physical vesture, and that there are greater glories behind the veil. Suppose also we admit that there are in man himself other senses finer than the physical. We then get a means of expressing the feeling that the function of art is to realize the ideal, to present to the eye of the observer forms that shall *evoke in him reminiscences of a greater beauty and truth.*

This is the Platonic idea, some may say; and we reply, Yes it is.

The fact that there should be such earnest advocates of literalism shows what danger there is that our materialistic philosophy may seduce our artistic sense. On the one hand, it lends a plausible phraseology to the advocates of realism; on the other, it deprives the idealists of the power of justifying themselves. A truer philosophy of life would bring reinforcements to the ranks of the idealists.

The same war has been waged among the historians, the musicians, and in fact everywhere. The art-works of man should be ennobling and inspiring, whatever his sources may be. When this end can be achieved by faithful reproduction of Nature, then this method is justified to that extent, but not in every case. Great geniuses attain their end by all methods, and vainly do we strive to analyse their methods so as to reduce them to a formula that can be copied.

In the greatest of all arts, the art of living, we find the same antithesis between natural-



THE MESSENGERS OF THE GODS

Mystical painting by R. Machell, now in the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California

THE OLD SOUL CAME FROM FAR

THE Old Soul came from far
Beyond the unlit bound;
There had gone out a star,
And a great world was drowned,
Since birth and death and birth
Were here, upon the earth.

For she had robed anew
Time and time out of mind;
And, as the sphere of dew
Unshapes into the wind,
Her raiment oft had cast
Into the waiting past.

Yes, she had worn the guise
Of creatures lashed and spurned—
Even of those whose eyes
May not on Heaven be turned;
No house too dark or base
To be her tarrying-place!

The Old Soul came from far;
And, all lives having known,
She nowhere touched a bar,
But all was as her own;
And this could none forget,
Who once her look had met!

The Old Soul came from far;
Moving through days and ways
That are not—and that are!
She turned on all her gaze—
Illumed—deceived—illumed;
Yet still the road resumed.

Edith Thomas in *The Guest at the Gate*

ism and idealism. Perhaps if these two words were correctly defined they might mean much the same, but there is a false naturalism that means sensualism. There are some who want to glorify the animal nature of man, forgetful of his own special divine-human nature. They would thus create, not a natural man, but an unnatural monster.

It would seem that most of the confusion on this subject arises from a failure to define the word "Nature," resulting in a false assumption that everything which may be classed as Nature must be deific and worthy of imitation. But Nature is full of *our* mistakes. Let us bear that well in mind. STUDENT

The Messengers of the Gods

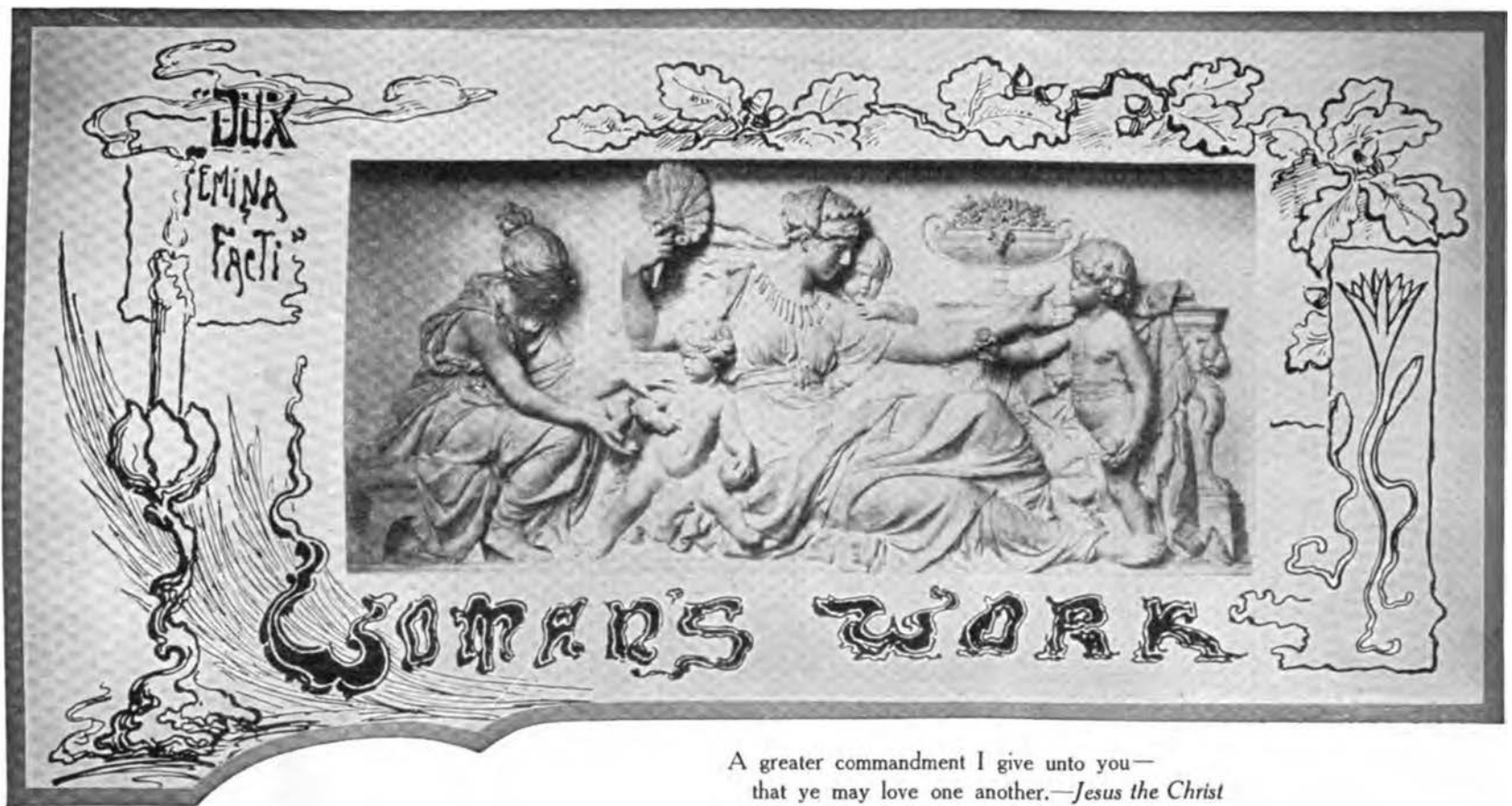
ABOVE is Love, crowned with the sun, the source of life, accompanied by the dove, the messenger of peace, and bearing the bow of the divine Archer whose arrows "hit the mark."

Below is a trinity of principles, the first divine triad: Beauty, Joy, and Truth, standing on the threshold of the heaven-world of light; they send forth their messengers into the world that lies beyond the dark waters of the astral region, where the ferrymen wait to bear them over to the shores of earth-life. Joy's messenger, the Joy of Life, first enters the waters, led by the dove, and wearing red roses in her hair, while her sister, the Joy of Dream and Fancy, lingers behind, loth to quit the halls of light. She bears the sleep-poppy in her hand.

Truth's champion, bearing the emblems of science, goes down, strong and dark, but crowned with light, the emblem of knowledge; while his brother of the helm and spear salutes his sovereign lady ere he too leaves that home of kings to conquer and to rule in lower worlds, as emblem of Power Incarnate.

Beauty's sons go forth to teach men how to make life beautiful. First goes the Master of the Crafts and Arts, following the footsteps of "the Joy of Life" who leads the kingly company, and his brother, the Bard, follows in his path. But for him the veil of Beauty is lifted a moment that the light may burn into his heart, kindling a fire there that men shall call divine, hailing it as a beacon to illumine the dark night of their wanderings. R. MACHELL

DETACHED, separated! I say there is no such separation: nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all; is borne forth on the bottomless, shoreless flood of Action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost; there are Forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order; else how could it rot?—Carlyle



EMERSON is more widely read today than ever before, more appreciated, in a sense, and yet further than ever from being understood. Such a statement will be scouted by many of his most earnest students and lovers; yet it is the truth.

Emerson was a Seer. A Seer is one who sees. Sees what?

Simple as both statement and question appear, to prove the statement and answer the question involves a search into the heart of the philosophy he promulgated; which was not *his* philosophy, but truth, the Higher Law, the science and the philosophy of the Real.

The cultivated, the intellectual, the profound, gather opinions, search for theories, or wander, amazed, in speculative fields. Scholarly and thoughtful as these votaries may be, they have not, with rare exceptions, the key which alone can open before them the portals of full understanding, for they have not Theosophy. They read the pages of Emerson and find enough to delight and instruct them, but the mystery of the great Law, sealed, enclosed in all that he has written, remains still sealed for the majority of readers.

In Theosophy, the philosophy of the Real, lies the solving of all serious and important questions, which, unanswered, have resulted in the present confusion of thought and even of tongues; and also the understanding of Nature's finer forces, which misunderstood, strand poor human craft on dangerous rocks, or precipitate the reckless experimenter from the false heights to which he has presumed to climb, wholly unconscious that the path he follows leads to dangerous and unknown realms, with small chance of escape from nameless perils.

For over two thousand years the so-called Christian world has worshiped at the shrine of the Christ. His ethics have been promulgated, and the torch-light of his Divinity has illumined many lives. Yet much lies still

The Light in Emerson

obscured within the hidden records of his teachings that would serve to illumine the life and understanding of man in a new way, and make clear to him his true place in the Universe. The creed-bound and the dogma-ridden may not have discovered it — yet it is there, for what Christ brought was the truth and a higher interpretation of the Higher Law.

When will the curtain rise,
And earth's fit tenant me surprise?

This Emerson asks, and in his priceless *Essays* points to an answer to the question, for he touches upon the great evolutionary process as developing man's higher mind.

WHAT we see in human life today, even at its best,
is but the shadow of the real.

THE only path to real happiness is to reach a point of understanding as to the duality in human life and the knowledge that the higher tendencies must control.

SUFFERING will be your part, tribulation must come, until you find that in your nature which will liberate you from your lower tendencies.

Katherine Tingley

Today the intellect often proves an obstruction in proportion to the power gained. Advance is possible, says Emerson, "when the mind opens." Truth is possible only to those who have attained to true humility of spirit — "the pure in heart shall see God." Surely the message of the Christ has not been interpreted by all, nor his rules of conduct followed. It was obedience to the Law, whose message Christ came to herald to humanity, that advanced the humble disciples to that state of understanding that carries assurance, conviction, with it, and the power "to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven."

Quit thy friends as the dead in doom
And build for them a final tomb;

Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
Thy churches and thy charities;
And leave thy peacock wit behind;
Enough for thee the primal mind

That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.
Leave all thy pendant love apart,
God hid the whole world in thy heart.

The *Bhagavad-Gītā*, one of the devotional books of Theosophy and upon which William Q. Judge's masterly recension has thrown added light to English readers, holds in its priceless instruction the whole Science of Right Living. This book Emerson loved as one of the most precious in his possession. More than that, he read, studied, pored over, and assimilated its truths to a greater degree than any of his contemporaries, for Theosophy had not then made its impress upon the literary mind of the age.

He who, by the similitude found in himself, sees but one essence in all things, whether they be good or evil, sees indeed. (*Bhagavad-Gītā*.)

Emerson had a perception of that unity which binds all created things together and lies at the basis of all the religions of the world, and he has spoken in clear and positive tones of man's place in Nature and that man has within himself all the possibilities of that infinite power which, differentiated, makes the manifested Universe.

Emerson left behind him commentaries which prove that he arrived at a certain knowledge of fundamental principles, and an abiding trust in the great Law, the Ever-existing, the Changeless. In his essays on *Experience* he says, "I arrive there and find what was there already."

To this goal there is no royal road. Unselfishness, impersonality, devotion, purity service — these alone suffice to "remove the scales from the eyes." In the words of the *Gītā* which Emerson so loved,

Seek this wisdom by doing service, by strong search, by questions and by humility.

KATHERINE RICHMOND GREEN

Is the Spirit of Those Days Dead?

THE following testimony in one of the witchcraft trials held in seventeenth century Salem was recorded by one "Clerk Ezekiel Cheever of Essex County" — for the original records or minutes of the witch trials of 1692 are still in existence and accessible. This excerpt is from Hart's *American History as Told by Contemporaries*, and is here given as pointing a moral at the present time in certain quarters. One Sarah Good, as the following indicates, was on trial as a witch and the minutes (the quaint spelling and wording of which are here faithfully reproduced) give a horrifying picture, between the lines, of what men's minds and hearts must have been like, to accept such childish assumptions as "evidence."

But what we want to ask right here is this: *Is the spirit of those days dead?*

Anno: Regis et Reginee Willm at Mariae
nunc Anglice &c. Quarto.

Essex ss.

The jurors for our Sovereign Lord and Lady the King and Queen, present, That Sarah Good the wife of William Good of Salem Village in the County of Essex, Husbandman, the Second Day of May in the forth year of the Reigne of our Sovereign Lord and Lady William and Mary by the Grace of God of England, Scotland, France & Ireland King and Queen defenders of the faith &c and Divers other Days and times as well before as after, certaine Detestable arts called Witchcrafts and Sorceries, Wickedly and feloniously hath used, Practised and Exorcised, at and within the Township of Salem in the County of Essex aforesaid, in, upon and against one Sarah Vibber, wife of John Vibber of Salem aforesaid, husbandman, by which said wicked Arts, she the said Sarah Vibber the said Second Day of May in the forth year abovesaid and divers other Days and times as well before as after was and is Tortured, Afflicted, Pined, Consumed, wasted and Tormented, and also for Sundry other Acts of witchcraft by said Sarah Good committed and done before and since that time agt the Peace of our Sovereign Lord & Lady the King & Queen theire Crowne and Dignity and agt the forme of the Statute in that case made and provided.

Witnesses

Sarah Vibber, Jurat.

Abigail Williams, Jurat.

Elizabeth Hubbard.

Ann Putnam, Jurat.

Jno. Vibber. Sworne. . . .

The examination of Sarah Good before the Worshipful Assts John Harthorn Jonathan Curran.

(H.) Sarah Good what evil Spirit have you familiarity with

(S. G.) None.

(H.) Have you made no contracte with the devil

Good answered no.

(H.) Why doe you hurt these children

(g) I doe not hurt them. I scorn it.

(H.) Who doe you imploy then to do it.

(g) I imploy nobody

(H.) What creature do you imploy then.

(g) no creature but I am falsely accused.

(H.) why did you go away muttering from Mr Parris house.

(g) I did not mutter but I thanked him for what he gave my child.

(H) have you made no contract with the devil.

(g) no.

(H) desired the children all of them to look upon her and see if this were the person that had hurt them and so they all did looke upon her, and said this was one of the persons that did torment them—presently they were all tormented.

(H) Sarah Good do you not see now what you have done, why doe you not tell us the truth, why doe you thus torment these poor children.

(g) I doe not torment them.

(H) who doe you imploy then.

(g) I imploy nobody I scorn it.

(H) How came they thus tormented

(g) what doe I know you bring others here and now you charge me with it.

(H) why who was it.

(g) I doe not know but it was some you brought into the meeting house with you.

(H) wee brought you into the meeting house.

(g) but you brought in two more.

(h) who was it then that tormented the children.

(g) it was osborn.

(H) what is it you say when you go muttering away from persons houses

(g) if I must tell I will tell.

(H) doe tell us then

(g) if I must tell, I will tell, it is the commandments. I may say my commandments I hope.

(H) what commandment is it.

(G) if I must tell I will tell, it is a psalm.

(H) what psalm.

perhaps would do even today *if it dared*. The educational institutions of practical Theosophy in many nations and under the guiding touch of the Foundress of the Râja Yoga system, are beacon lights, wave crests of the other. S.

Echoes of Altruism

A WAVE of compassionate good sense appears to be sweeping over certain vitally important circles of life. All are familiar with the fuss and feathers of graduation time, and know how often, so powerful is the psychological influence of false ideals, a young girl's graduation dress assumes an importance that outweighs everything else. All



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A TYPICAL CUBAN VILLAGE, ON THE NORTH COAST OF CUBA

Banana growing is the principal industry. The banana palms shown are fully matured. The omnipresent church can be seen at the left. There may not be a decent house in the village, but the church will be found substantial and ample, always.

(g) after a long time shee muttered over some part of a psalm.

(H) who doe you serve

(g) I serve God

(H) what God do you serve.

(g) the God that made heaven and earth. though shee was not willing to mention the word God. her answers were in a very wicked spiteful manner. reflecting and retorting against the authority with base and abusive words and many lies shee was taken in it was here said that her husband had said that he was afraid that she was either a witch or would be one very quickly. the worsh. Mr. Harthorn asked him his reason why he said so of her. whether he had ever seen anything by her, he answered no, not in this nature, but it was her bad carriage to him, and indeed said he I may say with tears that shee is an enemy to all good.

On the battlefield of thought, feeling, and action, which we call "daily life," two forever unblendable forces struggle for mastery. One is lust for power and love of self; the other is love of others, unselfishness, compassion. The one lives in selfish isolation from human interests, or reaches outward to clutch and strangle human lives by persecution—and in the holy name of religion again and again. The other expresses itself in deeds of love, true education, upliftment, work for others. The witchcraft trials of Salem are typical of what the spirit of persecution has done—and

know the aftermath, too, of vanity for at least some of the daughters of rich parents, and of jealousy and heartaches for many a poor girl. Certain schools and colleges are now requiring a standard of simplicity in the graduation dress that the poorest girl can reach, and in one school where domestic economy is taught the graduates are required to make their own graduation dress, and of the simplest material, the expenditure for materials as well as the work of making being under the supervision of the teacher. The result has been an unexpected degree of co-operation.

COMPASSIONATE love for birds has been responsible for many changes in the parks about Guildsborough Hall, Northampton, England, since it has become the home of Mrs. Harborough-Sherard, formerly Irene Osgood, an American writer and bird-lover. Nesting-boxes have been placed on hundreds of trees; and in the large kiosk are perches, trays for crumbs and seed, and also cocoanut shells containing fat which the wild birds eat greedily. Roses are grown and allowed to go to seed unplucked because the birds love the rose fruit; while patches of buckwheat, wheat, and sunflowers are planted and let stand unharvested for the same use. Fountains and plenty of shade make the place a birds' paradise.

OUR YOUNG FOLK

SEA AND SHORE

MUSIC I yield to thee,
As swimmer to the sea,
I give my spirit to the flood of song;
Bear me upon thy breast
In rapture and at rest,
Bathe me in pure delight and make me strong;
From strife and struggle bring release,
And draw the waves of passion into tides of peace.

Remember songs, most dear,
In living songs I hear.
While blending voices gently swing and sway
In melodies of love,
Whose mighty currents move
With singing near and singing far away;
Sweet in the glow of morning light
And sweeter still across the starlit gulf at night.

Music, in thee we float,
And lose the lonely note
Of self in thy celestial-colored strain,
Until at last we find
The life to love resigned
In harmony of songs restored again;
And songs that cheered our mortal days
Break on the coast of light in endless hymns of praise.

Henry Van Dyke (Selected)

The Giant Oak of Finland

WAINAMOINEN, the bard and hero of Finland, who was the child of the Sea and Ilmatar, daughter of the Air, once lived for a long time on a barren island. One day he thought, "This land should be made to bear fruit, but who will sow the seed?"

Just then Sampsa Pellerwoinen, the son of the Field, appeared, and Wainamoinen saw him sow the earth with seed. Far and wide he flung them over field and morass and over the wide heath. On the mountain tops he sowed pine trees, and firs on the hills. In the upland valleys he cast birch seed; in the lowland places seed of water-willows; and by the banks of rivers, the oak seed.

Sometime after Wainamoinen, the brave and bold, wandered forth to see how it had fared with the seed of Sampsa Pellerwoinen, the son of the Field. All had sprouted and now were flourishing. The earth was covered with trees and bushes growing happily together. Only the oaks, the favorite tree of the God Jumala had not struck root. Wainamoinen went away and waited three whole days and nights, then returned. Still the tree of Jumala had not taken root.

Then to the wondering eyes of Wainamoinen, out of the sea arose four maidens. They stepped upon the strand and began to mow the grass that grew upon the misty island. When it was all cut they gathered it in their arms and spread it out in long sweet-smelling rows. Now, out of the sea, there arose a monstrous form, and he set fire to the grass and let it burn till there was nothing left of it but a heap of ashes.

Into a heap of the ashes he cast the precious seed of the golden oak. It swelled, it burst, the little imprisoned plant stretched itself, and spread out. The roots hurried down into the ground but the little stalk crept up, up, up,



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CUBAN RAJA YOGA PUPILS IN THE GARDEN OF THE ACADEMY AT POINT LOMA

seeking the light that it knew in its heart was somewhere above the darkness. Soon it lifted its head into the sunlight, and grew and grew so fast that it was not long before it was a young sapling spreading out its slender branches.

Taller and taller waxed the oak. Its crown of leaves shook itself out in great cloudy masses. Soon it filled all the dome of heaven. The sun and the moon were stopped in their courses. The clouds could no longer sail across the sky. Now no sunlight nor moon ray could reach the earth through its wondrous depths.

What must be done? Wainamoinen looked at the giant oak. "The tree must be cut down," he said to himself, "but where is the man strong enough to do it?" Life looked sad to men without the light of the sun and moon; even the fishes grieved in the sea.

A happy thought came to Wainamoinen: "I will pray to my mother who lives in the sea to send some one to fell the oak. Mighty power is in the sea." So he prayed to her.

Then out of the sea there arose a man—but such a man! He was no bigger than a thumb. He had on a copper cap, and copper boots, and copper gloves, and in his belt he carried an ax, with a blade no bigger than a finger nail.

Wainamoinen, the brave and bold, looked down upon him smiling and asked, "Who are you, manikin? from what race are you sprung, you queer little hero?" And the Man of the Sea made answer, "I am a man as other men. I am the Son of the Sea, a hero." Wainamoinen laughed, "And you have come to fell Jumala's mighty oak?" he asked.

Hardly had he spoken the words, when, in

the twinkling of an an eye, the manikin was transfigured to a tremendous giant. His feet rested on earth, but his head was hidden in the clouds. His beard hung down to his knees, and his hair reached his heels. He sharpened his giant ax on seven stones, and hurried with three fathom-long strides to the side of the oak, his cloak blowing out over the tree-tops.

Once, twice, he struck the strong trunk. Flames flashed from under his feet. With the third terrible stroke, the lofty crown trembled and with a roaring crash the forest giant fell to the ground.

Thus the hundred-armed oak was felled by the mighty Man of the Sea. He rolled its giant trunk to the east; he cast its crown to the west; he threw the leaves to the south, and the branches to the north. Whoever picked up a twig of the tree was blessed with good luck forever. Who plucked a branch from its crown became endowed with magic.

Many chips floated away on the sea like a fleet of tiny boats. The wind blew them hither and thither until they reached Pohja, where the dear little daughter of the North was washing her colored robes on the far-away, foaming strand. She saw the floating bits of wood and stretching out her hands caught them and put them carefully away in her casket, for she knew that they were precious. She took them home and gave them to the Seer, the Magician, to use as arrows.

Once again the golden sun and the silvery moon shed their light upon earth, and once again it became green. The forests grew in beauty. Birds sang in trees and bushes. Grasses sprouted and grew, and thousands of plants lifted their heads.

B.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

What Woke the Birch Tree?

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere,

By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside—

"Ha!" said the Birch Tree waking up with a jump, and looking about with amazement, "is it the song of the grass that I hear?"

Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
went on the low, sweet song.

"You are late as usual, Mr. Birch Tree," spoke out the Big Hill, in a loud voice. "The grass is here ahead of you again."

"Well, I have not slept very well," came the reply.

"You see," he went on, "the children tore off so much of my bark last summer that I have had a hard time to keep warm, and it has been a very cold winter."

"We must put a stop to that this summer then," said the Big Hill, for he was the caretaker of all the trees that grew on his lofty brow and sheltered him from the hot summer sun, as well as made it the most attractive spot in the neighborhood. "I will see to it that you are not robbed of any more of your bark, and then we shall see what your excuse will be next spring."

So the Big Hill sent some little fairies to tell the children not to take any birch-bark that summer; and in the autumn, when everything went to sleep again, the Birch Tree certainly looked well-prepared for the long night. But in the springtime he was again awakened by the singing of the grass.

Here where the children play
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

"Come, come, Birch Tree, the last one of my fine fellows to wake. And how have you slept this winter?" inquired the Big Hill.

"Oh, I have slept poorly, very poorly indeed!"

"And what has been the trouble?"

"I had a bad dream about Christmas time and I kept waking up thinking about it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I thought that the children were all very sorry that they had not gathered some birch-bark to make Christmas presents out of, to help old Santa Claus, and—and I felt very mean and selfish because I didn't want them to take any of my bark."

"Well, it was true. They did need some birch-bark, but they managed to get along without it."

"Will you tell them that they are welcome



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PINK GERANIUMS AND EUCALYPTUS AT POINT LOMA

A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN

I PASSED by a garden, a little Dutch garden,
Where useful and pretty things grew,—
Heart's-ease and tomatoes, and pinks and potatoes,
And lilies and onions and rue.

I saw in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
A chubby Dutch man with a spade,
And a rosy Dutch frau with a shoe like a scow,
And a flaxen-haired little Dutch maid.

There grew in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
Blue flag-flowers lovely and tall,
And early blush roses, and little pink posies,
But Gretchen was fairer than all.

My heart's in that garden, that little Dutch garden,—
It tumbled right in as I passed,
Mid wildering mazes of spinach and daisies,
And Gretchen is holding it fast.

Hattie Whitney (Selected)

to all that they need this year?"

"Certainly. But are you going to be the last to become a green, growing tree next spring?"

"Yes, I think so. It doesn't matter how I sleep. It all depends upon what Mother Nature decides for me and she knows best when I should leaf out. Then the grass warms my roots and wakes me."

E.

The Birds' Postoffice

A LETTER FROM FINLAND

YOU must look in the ancient forests of Europe, Asia, Siberia, and North Africa, if you want to see me. I am called by a dozen different names. Some of them are Pick-a-tree, Nickapecker, Popinjay, Yoppin-gall, Whittle, Yaffil. People say my notes sound like a laugh, and they call me Rainbird because I am so active before rain comes. That is because the moisture stirs up all the plant life and the insects come out, and it is a good feeding-time.

Our family are some of the most useful birds. Woodpeckers are birds that belong to all nations. In Finland, long ago, we were called a sacred bird, the hero with the red crest who warns the hunter and traveler in the forest, and helps him to find the path up the mountain.

In any parts of the world where you can travel, except Madagascar and Australia, you are sure to find some of our family but only in the Eastern Hemisphere can you see your friend,

GREEN WOODPECKER

Birds as Shepherds

ALL have heard of the faithful shepherd dogs of Scotland, but few know of the shepherd birds of South America. They belong to the Crane family

and are known as Yakamiks. These curious birds take care of large flocks of sheep, leading them to pasture early in the morning, and caring for them all day unaided. If any stray animals approach the flock the Yakamik attacks them with beak and wings; they are said to be much stronger than dogs.

At nightfall they gather all their flocks and lead them home to the fold. They never lose their way as they have a very keen sense of direction. Arriving home they perch on a tree or shed near their charges for the night, ready to resume their duty with the break of day.

They are very affectionate and quickly show their appreciation of any kindness shown them. The Yakamiks are found chiefly in British Guiana and Venezuela where they are largely employed to care for both sheep and poultry. A story comes from a little country village in Germany of a crane who voluntarily became a cowherd, caring for a whole herd quite unaided.

RITA

It is an art to say the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult still to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.—Selected

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MARCH the 19th, 1911

Total number of hours sunshine recorded during FEBRUARY 179
Possible sunshine, 308. Percentage, 58. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 6.40 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

MAR.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
13	29.802	61	52	61	52	0.00	E	3
14	29.805	70	58	63	52	0.00	E	1
15	29.803	72	58	65	52	0.00	E	6
16	29.666	73	57	64	57	0.00	W	2
17	29.622	71	54	55	53	0.00	SE	3
18	29.681	61	55	56	52	0.00	SE	1
19	29.730	61	55	56	52	0.00	SE	2

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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 22

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Transplanted Theosophy

IT is pleasant, of course, to watch the spread of Theosophical ideas, especially when they reach the clergy. But when, without their label, they reappear in clerical writings, one hesitates a little. Cut from their natural connexions they may stand isolated and half lifeless; or their vitality may be used to give acceptability to others of widely different character and source amidst which they have been planted.

According to Theosophy, the inner life of each of the world's great spiritual Teachers was ultimately told and handed on in symbolic myth. Their immediate disciples spoke more of the inner, spiritual, events and acquirements in these lives, than of their outer history. The symbolic words and descriptions which they used became concreted by the people, read and handed on not as symbol but as phenomenal fact of external life. As such, they are of course rejected by the critical incredulity of later times; and in the rejection the actuality of the Teacher himself may disappear too.

He is only part of the myth.

But the almost universal identity of many of the myths should have saved both them and their Centers. The former should have been studied for a meaning which because of their universality they must have had, the latter have been accepted as real men of immensely magnetic and lofty character because of the very legends that clouded so thickly about them as to hide them.

A writer in the *Hibbert Journal*, the Rev. Dr. K. C. Anderson, dealing with the story of Jesus Christ, tries to conserve and interpret the legends, the circumference, whilst suggesting the entire absence of any Center. The legends or symbols were built up around a lay figure.

The work of the Higher Criticism is his starting point:

The time has come when it seems necessary deliberately to raise the question whether the story which we have in the Four Gospels of the birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension of their central figure was designed by their authors as literal history. The Higher Criticism, indeed, is forcing this question to the front. . . . The Higher Criticism may be described as a virtual, though not intentional, attack on the historicity of the Bible. . . . As a result of the work of the Higher Criticism the Four Gospels are a complete wreck as historical records. It is long since the Fourth Gospel was relegated to the realm of spiritual imagination; it cannot be depended on in any one particular as authority for a historic Jesus. . . . The same is substantially true of the Synoptics. As authorities for a life of Jesus they are hopelessly shattered by the assaults of the Higher Criticism. . . . Why not

Uncovering a
Deeper
Purpose

listen to the mystic who tells us that it is nothing less than idolatry to fix our thought and worship on a historical Jesus who is supposed to have lived in Palestine two thousand years ago, that a flesh-and-blood Christ is a contradiction in terms, and that what the Gospel writers intended to give the world was not history or biography, but spiritual allegory or drama? If this theory fits the facts as the historical theory does not, this will be the proof of its truth.

We are agreed, he says, that the account of the "Fall" in the third chapter of Genesis is allegory; why shall we not also be agreed that the story of the *Redemption* from that Fall, as given in the Gospels, is also but allegory?

Christ is the
Soul of Man

The Eden in which man was said to be placed was no garden of earth: it was of the soul. . . . The voice that told man to eat of the forbidden fruit came from no serpent or devil, but was the

voice of his own expanding soul—God's voice within him—and marked the birth of intuition and reason; and the death it threatened was not physical dissolution, but the end of animal innocence and sensuous satisfaction. He who was to bruise the serpent's head was no future deliverer who should appear at the end of four thousand years, but the "Living Christ" who was to arise within man himself, or, in other words, be the development within him of that same intuition and reason which had been the undoing of his animal contentment and peace. . . . If the "Devil" who lured man to his "death" be the partial development within him of reason and intuition, the "Christ" who is to be his Savior must be their full development. Man's Savior is not historical, as St. Paul is never tired of reiterating.

The word "Christ" therefore,

becomes a symbol of the soul in its spiritual aspect, or the Son of God, as Plato long ago explained the term.

It is the "Higher Self," "potential in every individual of the race." It has

The "Father
in Heaven
Within"

its birth, its growth, its conflict with the lower nature, its gradual attainment of mastery over lower forces, and its

final triumph and glorification.

All this is pretty fair, though incomplete, Theosophy. The very term "Higher Self" is that used in Theosophical writings. More Theosophy follows:

Human nature is dual.

There is the personal, phenomenal, empirical self, which exists, so to speak, on the surface of consciousness and which constitutes the stream of our ever-changing life. . . . The Latin word *persona* means a mask, such as was worn by the Greek actor on the stage, that through which sound came, and the soul or self in man speaks through many a mask in the course of even a brief lifetime.

The reverend gentleman was apparently very fresh from H. P. Blavatsky's writings when he penned that. In *The Secret Doctrine*, for instance, she has ventured to plagiarize his

metaphor twenty years *in advance*. She says:

Intimately, or rather indissolubly, connected with Karma, then, is the law of re-birth, or of the re-incarnation of the same spiritual individuality in a long . . . series of personalities.

The Secret Doctrine

The latter are like the various costumes and characters played by the same actor, with each of which that actor identifies himself and is identified by the public, for the space of a few hours. The *inner*, or real man, who personates those characters, knows the whole time that he is Hamlet but for the brief space of a few acts. . . . And he knows that he was, the night before, King Lear, the transformation in his turn of the Othello of a still earlier preceding night; but the outer, visible character is supposed to be ignorant of that fact. In actual life that ignorance is, unfortunately, but too real. Nevertheless, the *permanent* individuality is fully aware of the fact. (Vol. II, p. 306).

"The soul or self in man speaks through many a mask *in the course of even a brief lifetime*," says the Doctor. Why did he not write "*even one brief lifetime*," and come out with it? Going on to deal with the real man behind the personality, the Christ, he says:

The Real Self is thus a ray of the Divine Light, a spark of the Divine Fire. . . . It is encased, so to speak, in sheath after sheath, which prevents its full expression. The great end of life's discipline is that this Inner Light may shine through the enveloping medium of the personal *selves*, [italics ours, H. C.], that the consciousness of the Son of God may pass from lower planes to higher, and that the true self may be brought into realization.

The Higher Self and its Selves

This, with its hint at Reincarnation, and its reference to *sheaths* of the soul, is Theosophy, terms and idea.

But it is incomplete; the reverend gentleman must do some more reading. For whilst on the one hand he speaks of the *birth* of the Christ in the soul, on the other he truly calls Christ "the light which every man *brings with him* into the world." He must have it one way or the other; it cannot be both. The word Christ can be used for man's Higher Self, for that entirely spiritual, ever watching and helping Light, the "Father in Heaven," from which he is a detached ray humanizing the animal body, animating the brain, and, in that body and brain constituting the personality. Or, once that he has begun to aspire and has inwardly pledged himself, it can be used for the then born and thenceforward growing *spiritual personality* to which his every effort, thought, and deed to the good will give more and more life. This distils, so to speak, out of his daily life, becomes an actual presence and power, is the "spiritual body" of St. Paul, is the intermediary between himself and the Father-Light from whence he emanated, and, after death, becomes one with himself. The "guardian angel" legends relate to this. It grows stronger and more luminous with successive births, and at last there comes a time when it once and for all conquers the "dragon" of matter. The man and his spiritual counterpart are unified during life and in the body, an Initiate, a "little one," is born for the help of humanity. Among such was the actual man corresponding to the Jesus of the Gospels. Others have been the founders of the rest of the world's great religions. And because of their identity of spiritual history the same myths arose about all of them, myths taken, as we have said,

The Son who was from the Beginning

by the more ignorant of the people for concrete fact.

Dr. Anderson will perhaps forgive us for thus adding a little to his account and for replacing the whole in its proper setting. The fuller teachings can be found in H. P. Blavatsky's *Key to Theosophy* and *The Secret Doctrine*. HERBERT CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.

Man's Thoughts and Insect Pests

IN reading the report of a recent lecture on animal and plant pests, we come across some familiar remarks about man's interfering with the balance of nature, thus causing the pests; and about his obligation to counteract the effects he produces. But we are continually reading of cases where such pests abound and commit great ravages in uninhabited regions, where man has not interfered. If man is responsible in these cases, it must be in a less direct way. Perhaps the effects may be due to the destructive influence of his thoughts. Every creature, great and small, microbe or fungus, is the embodiment of a vital soul of some kind; and whence come the destructive instincts of which these devouring pests are the physical expression? If there be a *moral* law of causation-and-the-conservation-of-energy, (as Theosophy teaches) as there is a physical law, then the devastating effects produced by these plagues must be accounted for by some equally destructive cause, some overwhelming lust of greed and destruction. Such forces must inhere in the world-soul, and must follow the law which impels all souls to seek embodiment and self-expression. This must be the explanation of insect and fungus pests. It must be admitted that man harbors passions of greed and violence, and dies in his wickedness (often being sent away by the hangman or by his own hand). What becomes of the passions of such a being when they suddenly pass beyond our recognition? They cannot be blotted out.

The man's body decays and breaks up into smaller lives. In like manner the other elements of his lower vital nature disintegrate. It is thus that are born, out of the remnants of that which is dying, beings too low to find expression in the human kingdom. Thus are some of the lower kingdoms of nature ensouled, and in this indirect way man may be responsible for ravages that occur even where he has never set foot.

STUDENT

April

IN searching for a topic appropriate to the time, we see on our wall-calendar the word APRIL, and turn to available sources, both in print and on the tablets of memory, for enlightenment as to its meaning.

With the Romans, we learn, April was the second month of the year, until one Caius, of the family of Caesar in the clan Julius, decided to have the year begin in January. Speculation has been poured out as to the derivation of the word. As far back as that encyclopaedic writer Varro we find a traditional etymology deriving it from *aperire*, "to open," because April *omnia aperit*, which is supported by the modern Greek use of *ἀνοιξίς* ("opening") for spring. Some connect it with Aphrodite; and Grimm, with what is surely convenient resourcefulness, suggests the name of a hypothetical god or hero, Aper or Aprus.

Chaucer tells us that in April, when every-

thing wakes up, nature "pricketh them in their courages; then longeth folk to go on pilgrimages;" and that the sun "hath in the Ram his half-course run." However it may have been in Chaucer's day, the sun hath in our day only one-third of his course run in the Ram when April marches in. Yet it does not seem likely that the name of the month is connected with the Ram. The fact that the Romans held the month sacred to Venus shows that it must have heralded the entry of the sun into Taurus, which occurs now about the 21st, rather than into Aries; for Aries is the mansion of the war-god, and Taurus is known in astrology as sacred to Venus. Needless to say, conventional calendars and astronomical cycles have not always been wont to march abreast. But this may give a clue to the origin of the name. The festivals in honor of Cybele and Ceres also indicate the feminine character of the deity indicated and her connexion with the bounty of Nature, of which Taurus is a symbol. It is said that our custom of making April fools is a survival of such floralia or festive games. In China a ceremonial plowing of the earth takes place at a time which often coincides with our April; and similar correspondences can be found in other countries.

A month is the twelfth part of a cycle and may be solar, lunar, or otherwise. We moderns have forgotten why the ancient science divided circles into twelve parts and recognized in these parts various influences designated by the names of their correspondences, such as "gods" and "signs." But we have sense enough to preserve the symbology, though we do not understand it; and may the appropriate deity confound the efforts of those who would force upon us calendars based rather on the absence than the presence of knowledge.

STUDENT

Nova Lacertae

NOVA LACERTAE is a new star discovered by an English observer on December 30, 1910, in the constellation of Lacerta, in the Milky Way, between the constellations of Cassiopeia and Cygnus. Professor Pickering of Harvard, on being informed, examined his collection of plates and found that the star did not appear on a photograph taken November 19, but appeared on one taken November 23 as a star of the fifth magnitude. When discovered by the English observer it was already on the wane, being of the seventh magnitude. An examination of plates taken by Professor Barnard of Yerkes observatory and Professor Max Wolf of Germany shows that the new star had been previously photographed, as early as 1893 by Professor Barnard, when it was of the fourteenth magnitude. Between November 19 and 23, 1910, it increased its brilliancy four thousand-fold.

There are various theories of "new stars," but the only one which, according to Professor Mitchell of Columbia University (to whose account in the *Scientific American* we refer), explains all the facts, is that a dark orb traveling through space, suddenly traverses a nebula, too faint to have been perceived, and kindles both itself and portions of the nebula, as a meteorite glows in the air. This was recently alluded to in this column. In this case the Nova Persei of 1901 must have executed this maneuver three hundred years ago! H.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Problem of Sin

DARWINIAN evolution once outlined, immediately took the problem of sin out of the hands of theology. It allowed of no moment of fall; for sin, Darwinianly defined, would be but the natural continuance of animalism — sensuality, selfishness and so on — in an animal which had developed certain characteristics called by it as soon as it thought of the matter, human. Natural continuance with a moderate and gradual lessening still going on, proportioned to the new human qualities.

Something else is also taken out of the hands of theology. For if there was no fall, but on the contrary a steady rise still progressing, "the purposes of God" have *not* been thwarted; on the contrary the steady rise marks their continuing accomplishment. "The vicarious death" now has no place; what humanity received was a *Teacher*, whose work was in his life, not his death.

But theology keeps up its heart, thinking that its day may come again. The promise of that day lies in the fact that more and more evolutionists are experiencing some prickings of the scientific conscience. The uniform rise looks very well till you come to man; then a gap which *will not* be explained away. His form presents no difficulty; but between his mind and that of the highest animal there is no real continuity. The interval is too large. It is so large that the most eminent of now living biologists, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, supposes that when the highest animal form took the next step and became *human* form, at that epoch a *divine* thing, a soul, incarnated therein — thus making the animal truly human, human in mind as well as in form.

Have we not here the theological fall? We should have, were it not that the said incarnation was in and part of, not outside, the divine program. The law of evolution obtains among souls just as among molecules and cells. The intelligence of a soul that has not been in the fire of matter, of material life with all its change and pain and thrill, is not what we should call intelligence at all. The soul must *add* to its divinity, otherwise too passive and negative, the intelligence and power, the mastery of new scales of consciousness, which can only be got in life as we know it. Its purity must be effortfully won, not be the bare absence of impurity.

So according to law it incarnated, exchanging unconsciousness of matter for gradually coming consciousness in it. As the new and multitudinous sensations were more and more thickly experienced, it was as it were spiritually drowned. Sensation was the all of its life. The *temptation*, one to which we succumb at every moment, was also in the natural order. For if mind was to develop, the sensations had to be more than accepted passively, experienced as they came, but taken thoroughly into consciousness with a remembering clearness not possible to any animal. It is in this way that brain-mind is built up. But this very process of clear retention of sensations in

memory, would prompt conscious effort to repeat them for their own sake, for gratification. In the animal they arise in consciousness only in accord with its needs and that of its species; they are out of its control. They were *in* control of primeval man and are so yet. And it is exactly this conscious search for self-gratification in matter, which gives rise to "sin."

But, since the days of primeval man, the soul has come to *know* of the sin; rather, the knowledge creates sin in the originally instinctively impelled acts. It now feels its own divine nature, sometimes clearly, sometimes dimly; but always enough to justify the word "sin." The "fall" therefore, was not sin. Sin gradually developed *thereafter*, from the moment that the soul began to feel again its divine nature, from the moment of the beginning of what we call conscience.

Dr. Wallace's theory therefore requires the addition of Reincarnation, the recognition that each of us has been man on earth since there were men at all, a time many millions of years gone.

STUDENT

Vengeance made Respectable

THE (New York) *Nation*, commenting upon the increase of crime during the last decade in England, suggests that this may be due

not to mere sentimentality, but to the spread of the doctrine that the only justifiable aim of enactments relating to crime is the reformation or restraint of criminals, not their punishment. That doctrine is deliberately held by many estimable persons who are not wanting in intelligence, but on the contrary have done excellent and highly intelligent work in the improvement of methods of dealing with crime; nevertheless it is a most harmful doctrine.

The *Nation* is less logical than the "estimable persons." Why does the mother stand the child in the corner for some little theft? Is it not to effect such a change in him that he may not thief again? If not, *what* is in her mind? Desire for *vengeance*? No, she will say; merely proper punishment. But that margin of the penalty which is *beyond* the amount necessary to effect reform, what is its function and nature? By the hypothesis expressed in the word "beyond," it is *not* reformatory, does not better the child. Then pain has been inflicted upon him by his mother which does no good. Why inflict it? Obviously such excess will do harm to him, arises from the *vengeance* instinct of the mother, and will consequently harm her too. For this instinct is precisely the devil.

Shift the argument to the criminal. Will the punishment effect no change for the better in him? If not, why inflict it? If it will, why inflict any more than what will? The excess will certainly *hurt* his nature. Have we a right to do that? What the *illogicians* are really thinking, though they may not know it, is that there is some abstract principle in the nature of things which demands that a crime shall have "punishment," pain apart from the utility of it to the man pained. What is this? *It is the brute desire for vengeance*

dressed up by the mind so as to look respectable, nothing else. If more were known of Karma, it would be seen that no pain befalling a man amid the play of circumstance is ever without good to some part of his nature, and that it never exceeds the amount of good possible to be done him at that time.

The reformers, the abolitionists of the "punishment" theory — the *vengeance disguised* theory — do not desire to sentimentalize the treatment of the criminal, are not bent on the ice-cream and lilies method. Their one essential point is that the intent to reform or better the criminal shall be the soul of whatever be the practice towards him; and that society shall be protected from him during the period of operation, whatever its length.

Of the *deterrence of others* theory, one need only remark that it is strictly comparable to my compulsion of A (who owes me ten dollars) to pay me twenty in order that B may be taught right habits of repayment. STUDENT

Real Political Economy

PEOPLE need the elementary lessons of political economy constantly re-read to them — and not all these lessons are contained in the current treatises. For to some extent these treatises are rather concerning the pathology of society than its physiology. They treat of principles which when in action lead to and have produced disease. They resemble an account of the human body which should take it as axiomatic that everyone eats as much as he can stagger from the table with, go on to describe the immense labors of digestion, absorption and excretion, and then picture the whole along with the resulting disease as the normal working of life.

It is true, for instance, that on the whole people buy as many luxuries as they can possibly afford, and that these luxuries are often useless from every point of view and injurious from several points of view. Various diseases of the social organism have consequently arisen, which, along with their causes, have been included in the picture of a social physiology tacitly assumed as normal.

The word luxury itself has never had a proper definition. For to make such a definition requires a preliminary conception of an ideal society. In getting towards such a conception the theorists have usually aimed at a concrete picture instead of beginning with a principle and letting that work out into its own natural details. A perfect society is one in which each individual desires as his first desire, and thinks of as his first thought, the well-being of the whole. A partial definition of luxuries immediately stands out. They would be acquisitions which did not increase an individual's usefulness to the whole and were acquired without that aim. If a musician unselfishly desiring to contribute music, found like Wagner that to clothe himself in a tiger-skin stimulated his creative energy, the purchase of the skin would not be the acquirement of a luxury. For a much wealthier man next door it might be. STUDENT

Archaeology Palaeontology Ethnology

The Illustration

HAINES' Mission, on the Lynn Canal, is one of the most picturesque parts of south-eastern Alaska. The Canal is flanked on both sides by lofty mountains with glaciers. Here started one of the first trails for the interior, the Dalton trail to the Yukon; and the Indians were of great service to the explorers as pack-carriers.

Sweden in Ancient Times

WHEN one who has studied the Scandinavian myths understandingly and felt something of his inmost self vibrate in response to the mighty pictures there given of the early days of Earth and Humanity, and their vast prospects for the future, then turns to the records of archaeological researches, he must necessarily feel somewhat disappointed. The atmosphere he encounters is so totally different that he can hardly believe he is dealing with the same thing. If his intuition is awake, he will see in a glance the limitations of modern research so clearly that ever afterwards he will be more on his guard against conventional ideas. He will perceive how the nightmare of "biblical" chronology still obscures many of the brightest minds, as also the "evolutionary" chronology of the last generation of materialistic scientists. A few thousand years more are now reluctantly allotted to man, but still he is said to have risen from a savage state in the so-called Stone Age to a higher culture in the Bronze Age, and so passed through the Iron Age at a relatively recent date, and so on to our modern civilization—thus allowing for only one turn of the wheel of cycles.

The myths never speak of savage man except in the sense of his being completely mastered by lower desires. True, they speak of the childhood of humanity, but then purity and innocence were ruling, and man did not know of evil. When the time had come for it, the Gods sent them one of their own number as teacher to inform them. And cycle upon cycle is pictured as rolling on in never-ending succession, events in heaven being mirrored in subsequent events on earth, all tending to the elevation of all that lives to a higher plane of life by bringing out the inner soul-life.

But modern science has little room for the soul-life that is urging everything forward and upward, and which constitutes the real moving power in the whole evolution, as being the link with the spiritual worlds of prototypes. Curiously and inconsistently enough, however, many of its very leaders do not seem afraid of giving their imagination free rein to picture a caricature ancient world of their own making, though for materials they have nothing but the fragments that have been found of the mere outer forms of ancient life. Has it never occurred to them to let their imagination draw such a picture of our modern life from the few fragments that may remain and be found here and there in the bosom of the earth some thousand years hence, and to make comparison and draw the conclusions? It certainly would be interesting to watch the curve of evolution, if it pointed upwards or not.

Yet modern research is excellent as long as it is purely scientific, and it furnishes ever new material for the new history of olden days that soon will have to be written. Then we shall find how



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

INDIAN FESTIVAL AT HAINES' MISSION, ALASKA

mythology, archaeology, traditions, and history all join in giving a whole picture of the nations in the ups and downs of their civilizations. We must remember that history as well as geography once belonged to the "Mysteries" as sacred and secret sciences, and only a new "School for the Revival of the Mysteries of Antiquity" is able to cope with them in a true sense and shed light on the discoveries of today. This partly explains the present distorted views and how the pioneer explorers of the last century let their minds run wild in pure ecstasy, like young calves, when the door was opened a little.

The Scandinavian antiquities have been studied for a longer time and more systematically than those of many other countries, and the results achieved seem great, as far as they go. Each new find can almost instantly be traced to its place in the many sub-periods of the different epochs, and the collections thus arranged give a fine impression of some aspects of the ancient life. The beginning of human life seems at present to be pushed back to about 8000 B.C., with the cautious admission that even this may be too low an estimate. In the north the great Glacial Epoch stands as a barrier. It is mentioned in the Myths as belonging to a relatively late period in the Age of Heroes when the northern tribes were forced to migrate to more southern climes under constant warfare, until the ice yielded and they once more could turn their steps to their old abodes. Archaeology is not able to pass this barrier, which may be natural enough when we consider that most of the Swedish soil was carried down into the sea and over to Germany by the action of the ice. But it admits that Sweden may have been populated immediately after the Glacial Epoch, when an immense inland sea of fresh water was formed south and east of it, called the Ancylus period from a little shell there found; and it is sure that it was inhabited in the following Littorina period, when the outlet into the Atlantic opened and the water became salt. But the time allowed for these periods, as to the Glacial Epoch, seems absurdly small from geological and other standpoints, and will probably have to be multiplied by ten both once and twice.

However, taking what archaeology affords us from the remotest time it knows of, we are at once struck by the perfection of those simple stone implements

and the sense of form which they exhibit. To an unprejudiced mind they seem far more to suggest a high race living in new and uncultivated surroundings than brute savages. The craniums of the Stone Age differ so little from the present average, and the slight changes can be so followed through each succeeding period, that we are firmly convinced it is the same race that has lived in the heart of Sweden all the time. We know that the people was even then stationary and not nomadic, that they had domestic animals and cultivated the soil, that they cooked their food, used woolen clothes, and had gems of amber and bone and later of gold. They built large boats and had lively intercourse with other countries, especially with Finland, Germany, and Denmark, probably even England. This at least is true of the later Stone Age, counted from 5000 to 2000 B.C., the only part we know more about. There seems to be nothing there which is

not compatible with the old myths and traditions where they speak of the northern tribes coming back to their ancient home. On the contrary, such a view seems to solve many difficulties now encountered.

One of the most telling chapters in archaeology is that which treats of graves, and so it is in this case. The oldest of them, the dolmens, will probably some day be found to be no graves at all, though sometimes used as such in later times, and to be of much older origin than now suspected. In these pages they have been referred to frequently and quotations have been given from H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine* testifying of their antiquity as monuments erected in all lands by Initiates who traveled over the earth for that purpose. Most of the dolmens are built on circular mounds of great diameter.

The passage-graves often consist of quite a large room, circular, oval, or rectangular, built with heavy flat stones for walls and roof. To the chamber leads a long and narrow passage built in the same way and usually provided with an outer and an inner door of flat stones. Here again it may be questioned if they were original graves and not secret meeting-places for sacred purposes. The largest of them has a room fifty-five feet long and eight feet wide, and a passage forty feet long. Then in the later part of the Stone Age we find smaller stone chambers without a passage, though often divided into two or three smaller chambers.

Not many symbols have been found from this period, but one that occurs in various places is the circle and the cross, usually called the Sun-wheel; and another the ax which seems to be a form of Thor's hammer and related to Sun-worship.

An item of great interest is that, although metals, at least copper, were known in the Stone Age even as early as the passage-graves, the stone implements were still preferred and were exclusively used in all sacred ceremonies. Evidently there must be something more in this preference for stone than we in our metallic age can see. And it is curious to witness how even today such stone axes, arrow-points, etc., are regarded by the country-people in many places as having some magic power and as being able to protect them or help them in their undertakings. Many times it has been hard for archaeologists to persuade a farmer to part with a stone he has had as an amulet. PER FERNHOLM

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The Cardinal's Science

CARDINAL GIBBONS, trying to put Edison right in philosophy, should attend to his own case as well. Edison refuses immortality to man on the ground that there is no man to be immortal. Man, as conscious intelligence, he says, is merely the sum of the conscious intelligences of the cells of his — or rather, the — body. A city (so goes his analogy) has likewise a collective intelligence, but only as the summed intelligences of its citizens. Man, or rather the body, is a city whose citizens are cells.

To which the Cardinal objects: first, that to speak of collective intelligence, whether of a city or a crowd, is a mere metaphor. There is no such actuality; there are merely the separate intelligences of the individuals, possibly acting now and then along the same line. And secondly, that there is no evidence of the intelligence of the cells of the body.

The Cardinal must acquire more science, and both of them more psychology. The evidence of the intelligence of a cell of the body is the same in kind as that of the intelligence of a man. Both show their degree of intelligence in their behavior, adaptation to conditions, choice of conduct, selection of foods, etc. The blood cells behave exactly as a man would if he were of that size and under such conditions.

Has the Cardinal ever attended a revival meeting of the old style? Was it not obvious to him that the prevailing consciousness was *not* that of the individuals as such, that their proper consciousness had been *displaced by another*, a real collective one, showing itself as one and the same in all? "The psychology of crowds" is now a recognized branch of psychology, though its students do not always know that they are *not* using a metaphor.

Mr. Edison needs a little more care in self-examination. If he will give that, he will find that to speak of himself, his ego, as a synthesis, a collection, a compost, is illegitimate. It is to use a form of words which has not and cannot have any original correspondence in idea. No man can possibly realize himself as a collection of elements. He may find a collection of elements in his consciousness, but he knows that *he himself who finds it* is simple, a unit, the center of the elements. He can never throw himself out among them and become one or all of the elements he finds and looks at. That consciousness which is the collectivity of the consciousnesses and intelligences of the cells of the body, is that which *he*, the self, looks at, studies, and mistakenly asserts to be himself.

STUDENT

The Astral Light

IT is a rather vulgar, or at least limited, conception of the ghost, that which we have.

It must be something visible, if only occasionally; a form, an outline. At most we permit a few sounds, a wail, a sigh, a clank of chain.

But there may be subtler ghosts than that: too subtle far for the investigations of the professorially learnedest — even with pickaxe.

Shall we say that a ghost is a memory; or that a memory is a ghost? Both may be true, but the latter statement the more illuminating truth. How do I know that my portrait gallery of memories vanishes when I vanish? It may remain, open perhaps to a sensitive few for centuries, some one vivid picture *very* open, now and then compellingly open. Then these sensitive few say they have seen a ghost. Recollection is the looking into ghostland; ghostland is the memory-field of all past humanity.

But there are other ghosts, neither seen nor heard, ghosts of bygone *emotion* and ghosts of thought. These ghosts of emotion drift through us from hour to hour, giving us those moods whose source we know not; by the ghosts of thought we are in relation with the thought of all the past. For the past is constantly born again in the present, is added to from the factories of the present. A new civilization does not begin *de novo*; and after it has gone on a while it opens one by one the reservoirs of the past. It is only a drop in each that is of value to us; the man of healthy mind and healthy emotion will only accept and work with and upon that drop. The negatives and degenerates cannot choose and are swept from their bearings, profiting little or nothing from the antiseptic light of their own souls. Morphine, prince of destroyers and degenerators, throws the mind rudderless and adrift upon the sea of emotion-memory, to be finally drowned and lost. De Quincey, who by almost a miracle was saved, has given us a few pen-pictures in superb prose of that turbid subjective sea with its ghost-waves of now meaningless, chaotic, mind-wrecking emotion. Here for instance is one:

... Then came sudden alarms: hurrying to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces: and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed — and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then — everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated — everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated — everlasting farewells!

Look at these ghosts, not of form but of feeling, feeling no longer related to the original reason for it, to any reason whatever, in that sense disembodied, ghosts of emotion. "*Sudden alarms*" — proceeding from nothing; "*hurrying to and fro*" — of nothing, to and from nowhere, causeless; "*trepidation of fugitives*" — but the trepidation only, neither the fugitives nor the cause of their flight; "*heart-breaking*" — as an emotion now without its producing heart; "*farewells*" — as distilled agony with no one agonized.

De Quincey's nature was clean: there are worse, more destructive ghost-waves than touched him.

This sea is the Astral Light, the "Great Serpent" of some of the mystics. How many amateur "occultists" of today have the power to reject its temptations, dominate it, cross it

in mental safety to the pure and divine Light beyond or above it? The most of them cannot put pen to paper without revealing that they are actually in process of dissolution by it. They are mistaking emotion for spirituality, the thrill to which they are *passive* for power of their own. They have not begun to learn that power is never born from anything but *effort*, that the otherwise inevitably destroying "Serpent" is only conquered by moral *self*-conquest, and that luxuriation in emotion, once that the "Sea" is touched, is moral and mental ruin.

STUDENT

The Watch and the Clock

PEOPLE will take a new view of health as soon as they have learned something about Karma. The bad health into which so many fall will be questioned for its message, its teaching. Live loosely and you will fall into bad health, is even too trite for a proverb; but it livens up when you add to it that the restrictions and disabilities will lead to the acquisitions of will and character whose lack was your undoing.

From more than one point of view the loss of health that comes from ill-regulated living is often a benediction — may always be made one. It is the opportunity for attainment of a new platform of character, of evolution. As a rule the reform of habits to as near perfection as possible, and the help of a wise physician, will permit the regainment of the health lost. It will not, in general, be of the same kind as that which has departed. Small break-ages of rule, that formerly seemed to exact no penalty, must now be immediately paid for. But the health may be none the less perfect. It is set on a finer trigger; is as it were the health of a watch as compared with that of a grandfather's clock. A rat and family may nest in the latter; there must not be a hair in the former. Translating out of the metaphor, the nerve cells, the brain, in their newly regained life, have fitted themselves to respond to finer shades of thought and feeling. They have gone up in evolution, are further from the animal. Treat them accordingly, do not abuse their new and finer life, and they will last you perhaps as long as they would in their cruder and bygone state if you had not misused them. They have kept pace with you in your evolution of character and will now serve a newer and finer consciousness as they served the older and cruder.

But for that the period of ill-health must have been wisely met, must have been regarded as opportunity, must have been sustained with cheerfulness. And this is hardly possible except for those who believe that Karma is not only the result of conduct, but that result which precisely gives the opportunity for acquiring what is lacking. Behind its administration is wisdom. The ill health that comes from sowing the various kinds of wild oats is often the most easily traceable and comprehensible of all the kindly ways of Karmic nature. It's never too late to mend, is not only true, but the mere introduction to a much larger truth. Life is lined with the doors of opportunity. M. D.

Nature

Studies

Frequency of Lightning Strokes

WITH regard to the frequency of lightning strokes, statistics collected for a long period in Schleswig-Holstein show that the strokes are much more frequent in marshy regions than in dry, being as $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; that the frequency decreases with the extension of forest, and increases with the deforestation. These facts would seem to indicate that evaporation discharges the earth, and that trees discharge it, so that opposite charges are not so likely to accumulate between earth and sky. But trees and high buildings do not seem to attract the lightning specially nor to protect objects of less elevation near them. Weather-vanes, popularly supposed to attract lightning, are acquitted by these statistics. Very likely they are useful in providing a discharging point and thus preventing the house from accumulating a high charge. What one naturally overlooks are the cases where the lightning stroke is altogether prevented.

H.

River Teifi at Cilgerran, Wales

FROM the Falls of Cenarth down to Cwm-teifi, a mile above Cardigan town, the Teifi flows through a kind of fairyland; and especially is this so from Cilgerran Castle, the ruin seen on the left of the picture, downward. It is not like the ordinary Welsh river, singing over its stones perpetually, or roaring at flood times; but deep and quiet, disturbed only by the jumping of its fish, or the silent ripples from the coracles. It winds between high banks covered with oak trees; and on the oak trees the herons are standing, watching the waters for their commerce there. You will not see more than a hundred yards before you from your boat at any time. Here and there will be a bed of pale emerald reeds, bright against the bronze and dark green of the oaks; and there will be silence there from morning to evening.

In the summer evenings, under the grim beautiful little castle ruin, the water will be alive with coracles; for here the ancient Britonic boat of wicker-work covered with leather is the only kind of boat in use. Then too, the banks will be musical with the clear, high-pitched voices of the village children; one never hears voices



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RIVER TEIFI AND CILGERRAN CASTLE, WALES

among these children that are not musical.

The Tywi and the Teifi were rivers held in high honor in ancient times. According to the prophecies of Merlin the Wild, when the time shall have come for the return of the heroes, the "Eagle of the Tywi and the Teifi" will be with them. Then "Cymru will rejoice; her Dragon Leader will be splendid. All shall have their just reward; Joy is me for the Brython! The Horns of Peace shall sound the Song of Joy and Serenity."

M.

Do Snakes Fascinate Animals?

HE is a bold man who in matters of natural history asserts a negative. Somebody with many letters after his name has been asserting that snakes do not fascinate birds and small animals. For proof he quotes his own observations. But it is hard to think this belief is a groundless delusion. A correspondent to *T. P.'s Weekly* writes:

I can say definitely that snakes can fascinate birds, and do so for the purpose of capturing them. One

compulsion they were under, as they flew off.

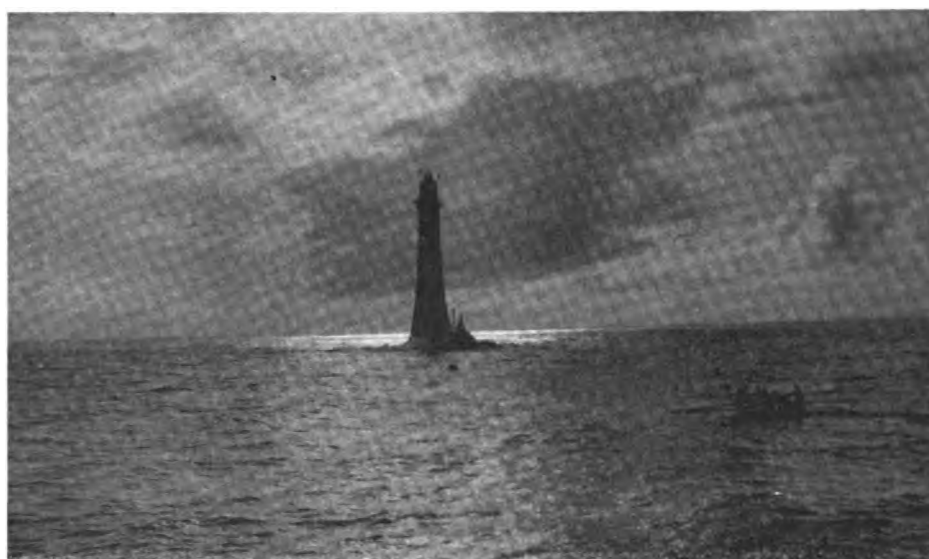
Is it possible that some snakes fascinate and others do not, or that some animals are fascinated and others not, or that the thing happens only at certain times or in certain places or under certain circumstances? Cannot the statements of both these observers be true as regards their respective observations? The statement that snakes do (sometimes) fascinate animals is safe compared with the assertion that they *never* do so. The observations of the denier seem to have been made with captive snakes in cages; and it is surely permissible to suggest that perhaps these snakes could not fascinate, captivity having perhaps deprived them of the power. TRAVERS

The Living Soil

THE soil is not a dead mass controlled entirely by chemical and physical laws, but . . . it is a living thing. It is the scene of the activities of living organisms (bacteria) which have a most important influence on its fertility. In the soil, as in the animal body, beneficial and harmful organisms are constantly struggling for supremacy.

So says the Department of Agriculture in a bulletin describing the investigations on soil hygiene and the practical methods being employed. The whole question of soil fertility and soil sickness, considered in this chemico-biological light, becomes immensely complex. We see that chemicals alone will not feed the plant. Living organisms are necessary to prepare its food for it. Some get nitrogen from the air; others work in the minerals and prepare them. Everywhere there is interaction and co-operation.

Every atom in the universe is a "life." E.



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THE WOLF ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, CORNWALL



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

Liberty, True and False

ALL the world is seeking Liberty. For ages the word Liberty has stirred a strange feeling within the human heart. Uttered in moments of stress and strain it sends a thrill of mysterious emotion through every fiber of our being, when we hear it proclaimed as the aim of any well-considered effort for human betterment.

Liberty was the watchword of the Pilgrim Fathers who abandoned home and country in its search. It was inscribed upon the banners, and engraved upon the public buildings of France in the great Revolution. It was the lode-star of the brave and wise men who founded the United States and wrote its Constitution. And whether the effort to attain it be wisely ordered or not, the idea behind the word is one of those innate feelings in the human breast which lead, even after many failures, to man's highest aims and aspirations. "Liberty or death" has been the cry of the world's pioneers in every age. It has been the inspiring theme of every great philosopher, bard, poet, or artist, and it has been converted into action in the battlefields of human evolution.

In endeavoring to analyse the cause and meaning of this desire for liberty, we have to consider the history and make-up of man himself. As the product of a dual evolution, he is first and foremost a spiritual being, and secondly he is conditioned by the animal body in which he dwells, for the sake of precisely that experience which will obtain for him a still higher spiritual liberty. Around these great facts revolve the real causes of all human history from the beginning of time.

This dual nature of man and the universe has been the keynote of all the great religious systems of the world, and they, in their turn, have all sprung from the great Wisdom-Religion of the prehistoric divine sages, who also taught these truths. In modern days the history of religions and the truths about their origin have been largely forgotten in Western lands, as the result of long centuries of medieval darkness. But modern research has at length brought forth a deeper knowledge about

the history of mankind. The whole world has been brought nearer together by wonderful discoveries in material science and mechanical art. The ancient home of all the ancient world-religions (Christianity included) has begun to reveal its true history, and the ancient philosophies and teachings have come into the light of day with an illuminating force which is positively overwhelming. And so we find that Plato and Pythagoras and their contemporaries, were indeed nearly the last, but by no means the greatest, of a long line of earlier sages stretching back into the night of time. And what is more remarkable still, the further we go back, the greater is their knowledge of science and divine wisdom.

The ancient Wisdom-Religion (now called Theosophy by the great teacher H. P. Blavatsky who recalled it to the attention of the Western world) points out, that man functions upon three planes of existence, the spiritual, the mental, and the physical. Of these, the first and last constitute the two poles of universal being, whereas the middle one or mind may be turned in either direction by the will of the man himself, the self-conscious, spiritual Ego. This real man is essentially independent of matter, with all its changing and evanescent forms. He is by nature eternal and indivisible, an inspired breath from the supreme Creator, an integral part of the eternal, which can never be materialized, though it can experience matter through the mental instrument.

The progressive evolution of man is therefore upon the three planes of spirit, mind, and body, the mind being used to cognize the other two. The success of his effort for liberty is dependent upon the equal development of these three divisions of his nature, and the whole life of man is an eternal effort for that purpose. The equalizing force which regulates this evolution is the law of Karma—the law of action and reaction—which is always the great adjuster.

When these ideas are brought to bear upon the records of the past they throw a brilliant light upon the events of history. The victories which have been celebrated as the forerunners of freedom from physical, mental, or spiritual oppression, have generally been succeeded by a period of progress, which, after enduring for a time, became decadent under an influx of physical, mental, or spiritual tyranny. Such was the history of Greece after the Persian wars, of the great university of Alexandria after the days of Ammonius Saccas, of Europe generally after the Renaissance, of New England after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and such will undoubtedly be the history of the United States, unless the present unworthy and materialistic aims of its social and political life are tempered by those great and true ideals of human life which are according to the laws of true being; for they alone can ensure a permanent and happy prosperity.

As man has a consciousness of dual potentiality, which can direct itself and function at will, at either pole of his being, by the direction of his own mentality, it naturally follows that he experiences happiness or misery, heaven or hell, in accordance with his choice, for the merciful and just Law is always there to adjust his experiences. And as he himself is from the spiritual side of universal nature, he must return whence he came, with the addition of the experience gained in the effort. The object to be attained is freedom of body, mind, and spirit, so that he may fully realize himself as a spiritual being. He is thus the fashioner of his own destiny. To fight against this divine destiny is death on all planes of existence.

And so, in the darkness of material life, where the path of progress is so much obscured, there are inevitably amongst men various views of what is meant by liberty. Let us look at a few representative cases.

Here is a man behind the prison bars, justly condemned to dwell apart for awhile because he has

broken the laws which men have made for their mutual protection. He longs for liberty, but of what kind? If he is an out and out degenerate of a low evolutionary type, he is like a caged animal, desiring to be free merely that he may once more prey upon society, using his god-given mind to scheme out further crimes against his fellows, a selfish materialist who must suffer again and again under the beneficent molding of the law of progress, until he sees the glimmer of some higher ideal, and begins to free himself from the slavery of his lower nature. On the other hand there is a far different type of prisoner—one who in a sudden moment of temptation fell into an error, which in his better moments he would never have allowed to overtake him. This man also longs for liberty, but of another kind. He may be comparatively indifferent to his bodily imprisonment. He recognizes fully the justice of his sentence, calmly reviews the events which led to it, and desires most of all the liberty of his better self from the servitude of his passionate nature. To such a man the apparent calamity of imprisonment may be a step onward in the path of true progress.

Let us now take the case of the man who imagines himself so overwhelmed with calamity that he plans to free himself by death before the appointed time. Thinking only of himself, and unmindful of others, he is also looking for a liberty which cannot be his, by the laws of being of which he is ignorant. For he does not know that five minutes after his self-appointed death he would be as much alive as ever before, freed indeed from the body, but vividly conscious in memory of his supposed calamities, and unable any longer to make headway against them because, for the time, his opportunity was lost. And this must be his lot, until, after years of waiting, he at last leaves his shadowy form by a second death. Better far for him, were he to know this now, and to brace himself by a supreme effort of his better self to stand firm against "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

Again there are those who have sought a personal liberty through seclusion from the world. The ideas of these are well expressed by the poet Cowper:

Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,

Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.

Of course this is all very well in its way, but what would become of the world if those who felt the strain of life's conditions contracted the habit of fleeing to the forest to avoid their responsibilities? They would be losing their opportunity of fighting the battle which must be fought, and which it is their business and duty to face. He who lives apart from men in the effort to avoid that portion of the world's burdens which are his due, has lived in vain. The world is not so ordered that this kind of asceticism affords true progress. For there is no avoidance of the law which makes each of us the burden-bearers of others, and he who takes his true place in the world as a striver for right thought and right action is further on the road than the recluse who avoids the issues which he must face sooner or later, either in this life or another.

Again there are those who have imagined that they can become freed from their responsibilities by the mental acceptance of a dogmatic formula which was invented by ecclesiastics a few centuries ago, to cover their ignorance of the sublime truths of which it is a perverted semblance. This is generally called the "doctrine of the atonement." It is not possible now to go into this question at length, as it would need volumes to elucidate it fully. Suffice it to say, that the great Teacher and Master of the mysteries of life and death around whose

memory this teaching has accumulated, would have been the very last to give it his approval. For the parable of the crucifixion is a superb symbol of that which every man must pass through before he attains the spiritual liberty of that godhood, which is his true self, the divine Christos within his own heart.

To take another instance, how often have we heard liberty of conscience proclaimed as a great ideal. All along the line of history have been men who have nobly perished at the stake and on the scaffold to maintain this great principle of freedom. When we regard conscience as the universal divine monitor for truth within a man's own temporarily separated being, we must see that it is and ever must be free. And yet there are those, even in the twentieth century, who do not hesitate to claim for themselves the right of judgment for others in this sacred place of man's own divinity. "We will direct your conscience" say they. "If your ideals do not agree with our formulas and creeds you are in error, for we are specially appointed by the Most High to act as his vicegerents." Fortunately, this false claim, the fruit of centuries of ignorance and materialistic prejudice, is fast disappearing. For it is easy to see that from the very nature of man himself, the claim is absurd and impossible. A wiser and nobler knowledge of the truth is now rapidly replacing it.

The world's great Teachers have never presumed to control the divine within their fellow men. They have said, in effect: "Look and see for yourselves. If what we say is truth, ye cannot overthrow it. If not, it will perish of itself."

Where then shall we look for true liberty? The ancient Wisdom-Religion of the divine sages points out the way. It tells us to look within ourselves and discover the marvelous potentialities which lie within our buried and mysterious godhood. In this path no fear or timorous hesitation need mar our progress, for is it not our own by divine heritage? No half-hearted measures suffice to carry this warfare to the ultimate success which shall bring us true spiritual liberty. For "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance." The fables of after-death heavens and hells which have done duty so long, are, of course understood now at their true value. But they have their counterparts in everyday life, and even these counterparts must be understood for what they are—lest they prove stumbling-blocks on the path.

What is that path? It is the path of duty and compassion towards every living thing, which leads to true liberty of soul. It is the same as the Theosophical Movement throughout the ages, and corresponds to individual responsibility for the welfare of the human race. On this path, the moment a man is "off duty" he is falling back into bondage.

A great Teacher once said: "I am free to act and to help." To those who have not yet attained the distant heights upon which that Teacher stands, in full liberty of soul, freed from every bond of unwisdom, this saying points out the further path that lies beyond the present goal.

It is the path of absolute compassion, which turns aside from the heaven of realized liberty, to return to earth for the sake of those who have not yet attained.

STUDENT

THE law of Karma applies equally to all, though all are not equally developed. In helping on the development of others the Theosophist believes that he is not only helping them to fulfil their Karma, but that he is also, in the strictest sense, fulfilling his own. It is the development of Humanity, of which both he and they are integral parts, that he has always in view, and he knows that any failure on his part to respond to the highest within him retards not only himself, but all, in their progressive march. By his actions he can make it either more difficult or more easy for humanity to attain the next higher plane of being. — H. P. Blavatsky

If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be and is equally outraged by silence.---Ammian

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Where do the souls of the dead go? In what place is the Devachan of Theosophical teachings?

Answer When you are aglow with some self-sacrifice or the hearing of excellent news; or when you are lifted beyond all your normal levels by some grand emotion (so that it be a pure one)—where do you go then? Before we come to the souls of the dead, let us ask where are the souls of the living. Within our bodies? Who knows? When your mind is fixed on food, comfort, or any physical end; then you may speak of yourself as within the body. But supposing your mind is with some one of the olden heroes, and you are marching beneath his banners, striking at his enemies, mourning at his bier—where shall we say that you are then? Or your body is in China, and your mind hungering after the delights of Peru, calling them up, traveling old familiar ways, taking pleasure in old familiar far-away faces—where are you? Can you relate your inward self to any quarter of space, or to any region in time?

The truth would seem to be, that as soon as you get beyond the material world, time and space cease to be; cease to be, in the form in which we know them, at any rate. There is no *where* and no *when*; but only, so to say, a *how*. It is difficult to imagine how these things can be, our brains being so accustomed to foot-rules, time-pieces and the like; but one has only to think of the dream-states to get some clue and inkling to them. You may dream ten years in ten minutes, or perhaps ten seconds; and you may traverse lands, seas, and firmaments, your head never stirring from the pillow. All imaginary? A glib answer, and a satisfying one, if one is not troubled to ask, *What is imagination?*

The world is so full of a number of things
That we really should all be—

intensely circumspect in the presence of a new idea. It may be fudge, and pernicious fudge at that; but then it may also be that "single Alif" which, could we but find it, is the clue to the treasure-house, and peradventure to the Master too.

That by the way. We were speaking of imagination, which very word has come to be, with some of us, almost a synonym for fudge: we have no right to think it so, seeing that whatever progress the world has made has been by means of it. Lacking it, how are you to come by the least gleam or grain of Truth? The Good, the Beautiful, and the True stand forever sovereign and improbable; there is no crucible for them, no yard measure for them, no set "because" and "therefore." They are not to be demonstrated by the step-by-step logical means: because they *are*, and their existence asserts itself openly and opulently, like the sun. You have merely to look, not to argue, haggle, and conclude; and the eye you shall open and look with, is the eye of the imagination. Is not that a real thing then, which sees Deity, so to say, face to face; that alone can harvest Truth in the fields of the universe?

Where was *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, before Keats jotted it down in his note book; or where was the Ninth Symphony before Beethoven? Non-existent? That is the hardest thing of all to imagine. The poet and the musician revealed them; they produced something out of somewhere; *ex nihilo nihil fit*. There is no doubt about the *something* part of the proposition. Poem or music, the world has taken on a new complexion since they came into it; there is some fresh exultation, never doubt it, in the singing of the spheres. Therefore there is an immaterial, unspatial *somewhere* also; with no relation to any *where* in this world or among

the stars. Or, as was said at the beginning of this, it must be considered rather a *how* than a *where*. And the answer to that *how*, if one makes a question of it, will be: brightly, beautifully, in the manner of poetry and music, "passing all (brain-mind) understanding."

We talk of the "world of ideas," attaching little meaning to it; as if it were a vague limbo, non-existent in reality. Yet out of it flow all inventions and discoveries; all art and the higher branches of literature, the whole of civilization and progress. Is it not a reality then? Certainly it is; and much more of a reality than this physical world. How so? Much more permanent and durable; much nearer to the fountain of things. There is the picture on the screen, a mere effect, appearance or phenomenon; yet our eyes are riveted on it, and it is the whole reality of the show for us, for the time being. The slide in the lantern is more real, and much nearer to the light behind. So with this world and all its brave show and circumstance; would we look around, we should see the lime-light streaming from the lantern; would we examine it, we should find the operator there with his slides. Now conceiving the picture on the screen to include all space and time, how shall we posit a *where* for the slide, the light, or the operator? They are not in relation to the picture at all, in the sense that one part of the picture is in relation to another part. They are out of *its* space and out of time, are they not? So heaven is neither in Aldebaran nor in the Pleiades, neither on this side nor on that side of either of them.

Because what we know of the world of ideas, or the very highest and most excellent reaches of it, is the portal of that condition called Devachan in Theosophical writings. From the most beautiful ideas that were ever imagined, upward into dawn-fields azure and golden, into realms all rainbowed and song-rich, Hy Brasils, El Dorados, Islands that the Ninth Wave keeps—amidst the "foam of perilous seas in fairylands forlorn"; Lands of perennial Youth, where the young are devoid of folly, and wisdom is untinged with any bitterness; where for daily pabulum there is nothing meaner than complete generosity, nothing less noble than compassion perpetually finding its satisfaction, no less of learning than the whole wisdom of the spheres—we can climb some steps towards it, and see its light from afar, with what is given us of imagination to look through.

And yet so mighty is the destiny of man, so divine his origin, that all this will not serve him. He will drink as deeply as he may of the nectar of these imaginings; and then the hunger to be up and doing will come on him again, and this material world, the battle-field of eternity, will call him. For that reason we must be reborn so many thousands of times; until we come to know that the true Reality is neither the picture on the screen, nor the slide in the lantern; but the Light behind.

And then? Why then the doors of the universe, are open to us; the Gates of Infinity are open. And then "Compassion speaks and saith, 'Can there be bliss while all that live must suffer? Shalt thou be saved, and hear the whole world cry?'" Shall we hearken? Shall we come forth to the battle, and stand with the Vanguard forever, eternally protecting the world, needing no rest nor heaven, no beauty nor quiet nor repose? That possibility also Theosophy foretells for us.

STUDENT

The Theosophical Address at Isis Theater

THE pupils of the Râja Yoga College are to be again congratulated on their excellent work as shown at the meeting at Isis Theater last evening, when they had entire charge of the program.

The program included music by the full Râja Yoga orchestra, quotations from the writings of the three Leaders, and addresses by two young speakers on "Lessons from the Classics" and "Life's Golden Key."—San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Central Office Point Loma California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

A Theosophical String of Pearls

"**T**IS time new hopes should animate the world, new Light should dawn" (Robert Browning: *Paracelsus*). Hence H. P. Blavatsky, "the lion-hearted," brought forward the new-old teachings of the Wisdom-Religion; hence William Q. Judge, "the Chief," "the Greatest of Exiles," lived and died that Theosophy might be ours today; and hence it was that Katherine Tingley, the present loving Teacher and Head of the Theosophical Movement established on a stronger foundation the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY for the benefit of all that lives. Thanks to the three Leaders, how prophetic have proved the words of the poet Whittier:

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way:
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

May it not have been the voice of those Teachers in whose names the Theosophical Leaders speak, that the "Sage of Concord" heard, before the gospel of Theosophy had been outwardly given to the Western world in the nineteenth century, on that day when he declared:

I look for the hour when that supreme Beauty which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also. The Hebrew and Greek scriptures contain immortal sentences that have been bread of life to millions. But they have no epical integrity; are fragmentary; are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher that shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy.

Servants of God:—or sons
Shall I not call you? Because
Not as servants ye knew
The Father's innermost mind,—
Yours is the praise if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted and fallen and died.
(Matthew Arnold: *Rugby Chapel*.)

When H. P. Blavatsky proclaimed the gospel of Theosophy,

A voice oracular did peal that day,
That day a hero's banner was unfurled.
(Matthew Arnold, altered)

Let us therefore make it our firm resolve

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own. Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

and our high privilege to be true to our own higher natures and to stand alongside and support the glorious and sacred work of these Teachers, Helpers, and Friends of mankind with thankful hearts and with open minds. Then of a certainty it will be ours to share in their nobler insight and steadfast faith!

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for,
We now breathe cheaply in the common air.
(J. R. Lowell: *Massaccio*)

As Theosophists we agree with the anonymous author of *The Unelected Infant*:

An unelected infant sighed out its little breath,
And wandered through the darkness along the shores of death,
Until the gates of heaven, agleam with pearl it spied,
And ran to them and clung there, and would not be denied,
Though still from earth rose mutterings, "You cannot enter in:
Depart unto Gehenna, you child of wrath and sin."

At last the gates were opened; a man with features mild
Stooped down and raised the weeping and unelected child.
Immortal light thrilled softly down the avenues of bliss,
As on the infant's forehead the spirit placed a kiss.
"Who are you, thus to hallow my unelected brow?"
"Dear child, my name was Calvin—but I see things better now."

As Theosophists, also,

We believe in Human Kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.
We believe in Self-Denial,
And its secret throb of joy;
In the Love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.

We believe in dreams of Duty,
Warning us to self-control,—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul:
In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,
That he may regain the stature
He hath lost,—we do believe.

We believe in Love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,

Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day:
In the power of its remolding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection,—we believe.
We believe in Love Eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That, beneath the deep infernal,
Hath a depth that's deeper still!
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph,—we believe.
(Norman Macleod: *Good Words*.)

Many of the all-embracing and absolutely undogmatic teachings of Theosophy are beautifully summed up in the following declaration of belief:

We believe that to love the good and live the good is the supreme thing in religion:
We hold reason and conscience to be the final authorities in matters of religious belief:
We honor the Bible and all inspiring scripture, old or new:

We revere Jesus and all holy souls that have taught men truth and righteousness and love, as prophets of religion:

We believe in the growing nobility of Man:
We trust the unfolding Universe as beautiful, beneficent, unchanging Order: to know this Order is truth: to obey it is right, and liberty, and stronger life:

We believe that good and evil inevitably carry their own recompense, no good thing being failure and no evil thing success: that heaven and hell are states of being: that no evil can befall the good man in either life or death: that all things work together for the victory of the good:

We believe that we ought to join hands and work to make the good things better and the worst good, counting nothing good for self that is not good for all:

We believe that this self-forgetting, loyal life awakes in man the sense of union, *here and now*, with things eternal—the sense of deathlessness: and this sense is to us in earnest of the life to come:

We believe in the One-in-All,—that Life whence suns and stars derive their orbits and the soul of man its Ought,—that Light which Lighteth every man that cometh into the world, giving us power to become the sons of God,—that Love with whom our souls commune. This One we name—the Eternal Deity. (From "The Things Most Commonly Believed Today Among Us.")

The following sayings of Jesus are pure Theosophy:

This is the first and great commandment: Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy strength. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. (*Matthew*, xxii, 37-40)

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. (*Matthew*, vii, 12)

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"The Aroma of Athens"---Athenian Flower Festival

Presented at Isis Theater by the Woman's International Theosophical League, assisted by students of the International Theosophical Headquarters, and pupils of the Rāja Yoga Academy, under the direction of Katherine Tingley

IT has often been said that Point Loma is a place of magic, and one might almost think that Aladdin's wonderful lamp is to be found on the Hill, when one realizes that in ten days a Greek play was planned and arranged—part being taken from one of the old Symposia given in the early days at Point Loma—music in part composed, gorgeous costumes made, the dialog learned, rehearsed and successfully presented without a single hitch, before a crowded house. The part of the children must not be overlooked, for theirs was no less difficult than that of the older students. The learning of their songs and dances, which formed such a beautiful feature of the performance, in so short a time was a marvel, and would be considered unbelievable to anyone not versed in the possibilities of Rāja Yoga. The older members will recollect that years ago, soon after she became Leader of the Movement, Katherine Tingley said that through the drama and music the best presentation of Theosophy could be made.

Katherine Tingley has always held the drama to be one of the most important factors in true education. She says:

The Drama is like a magnet, drawing all classes within the circle of its influence, and a Teacher could have no more potent means of touching the hearts of men—for the Drama is always symbolic, if not of truth, then of error. When cold intellect is pushed off the pedestal upon which civilization has placed it, and when the heart of humanity is lifted out of the darkness, and cheered and healed, and placed where the sun may shine upon it, the battle of the ages will be won. Has not a wise Teacher among the ancients taught us that out of the heart come all the issues of life? It is the heart that the higher Drama reaches with its message. That is the secret of its power to regenerate.

In 1898 in New York shortly after the foundation by her of the Isis League of Music and Drama, Katherine Tingley revived the spirit of the ancient drama, making it accessible even to those unfamiliar with the Greek language. Under her direction *The Eumenides* of Aeschylus was presented at the Carnegie Lyceum. This was the first presentation of the ancient Greek drama in the English language in this country. Shortly afterwards *The Eumenides* was given in other places and later in the open-air Greek Theater at Point Loma.

The interest and enthusiasm aroused by this dramatic revival called forth highly favorable comments from some of the most celebrated scholars in the country. The following extracts are from two personal letters to Katherine Tingley. Dr. Alexander Wilder, the noted Platonist and scholar, said of the first production of *The Eumenides*:

I was much pleased to obtain some conception of how a Greek tragedy looked. There was the flavor of ancient Athens. I thank you for the delight I have had in witnessing a spectacle that really denoted and signified, by illustration, the very essence of the good and true.

Professor Fowler, of Columbia Institute, New York City, wrote to Mrs. Tingley as follows:

Permit me to offer you my warm congratulations upon the gratifying and merited success of *The Eumenides*, as produced in the Isis League under your guidance and inspiration.

I witnessed it with more than ordinary pleasure because for me it clothed in flesh and blood, in a very charming and convincing manner, what had before been little but a classical abstraction, and translated into light and beauty a sort of cryptogram which nevertheless contained the key to one of the gloomiest and most baffling enigmas of life.

I am assured that such revival of ancient wisdom must be elevating and instructive to all cultured and thoughtful minds. As an educationalist of many years' experience, I strongly endorse them as an adjunct to academic reading of classics, which a student cannot miss without losing valuable opportunities.

The costumes, tableaux, and stage settings, were appropriate and impressive, the music in harmony with the spirit of the drama, and the whole presentation as simple and dignified as a Greek statue.

I sincerely trust that the public may be favored with other productions as conscientious, earnest, and scholarly.

In all her work it has been the aim of Katherine Tingley to call out the highest expression of human nature. To this end it is that she seeks to purify the Drama, and raise it to its true place as an educative factor as it was in ancient times.

At about the same time that Katherine Tingley started the Rāja Yoga School at Point Loma she built the Greek Theater, the first Greek Theater in America and although not yet in permanent form several Greek Symposia and other performances have been given in it. The acoustic properties are simply marvelous, and have excited the admiration of many prominent visitors including notable actors. Mrs. Tingley has declared it to be her intention to have the Theater in permanent shape and completed by the time of the California-Panama Exposition in 1915 when she proposes to give here many dramatic presentations.

The following are some of the newspaper notices published before and after the performance, including a synopsis of the play.

Flower Festival 2300 Years Ago

THE performance of *The Aroma of Athens*, an Athenian flower festival, will afford a rare opportunity of coming in touch with a phase of Greek life as it actually was in one of the most splendid periods of historical times, of interest alike to the student of history and of the classics.

The central incident is the breaking of the truce between Athens and Sparta and the Peloponnesian War, and the whole of the dialog and the classic references are in every respect true to the history of the period.

The following is a synopsis of the play:

The first dialog consists of the welcome to Pharnabazus, later the Persian satrap of the Hellespont, who is represented as visiting Athens in the year 431 B.C., just before the outbreak of the open hostilities of the Peloponnesian war. The scene is the Academy, one of the famous public parks of ancient Athens, at the time of the March festival of flowers, the Anthesteria. In the course of the first dialog occurs the recitation in English verse of Sophocles' splendid and much admired ode in praise of the neighborhood of Colonus and the Academy, the poet's own birthplace, the very spot chosen as the scene of *The Aroma of Athens*. It was this ode that

the aged poet, when nearly 90 years of age, recited, as a refutation of the charge of senility, which had been brought against him by his son Iophon. Sophocles' only defense to the charge was: "If I am Sophocles, I am not beside myself; and if beside myself, I am not Sophocles," (a notable defense for one marked by his calmness and serenity), and then he recited this magnificent lyric, whereupon those appointed judges as to his sanity, straightway dismissed the case and rebuked Iophon for his undutiful conduct.

The first interlude opens with the singing of a Greek "Swallow Song," which was annually sung in antiquity by the children in March at the oncoming of spring, when they serenaded the homes of the wealthy and were in return for their serenade entertained. The music written for this special occasion has been composed in the spirit of Greek melody. The "Swallow Song" is followed by a Greek dance of the children and a recitation of the "Wounded Cupid," one of the most delicate and elegant of the Anacreontics, or songs written in ancient Greek and Roman times in imitation of the Ionic love-poet, Anacreon. Then come games played by the children—actual games played in antiquity by the Greek children—games which are still played by our own children.

The synopsis will be continued in tomorrow's issue.—San Diego Union, March 14, 1911.

Athenian Flower Fête Historically Correct

KATHERINE TINGLEY'S revival of Greek drama in English over ten years ago in the presentation of *The Eumenides* of Aeschylus, called forth great appreciation and praise from some of the best Greek scholars in the country for the faithful presentation of Greek art and life, and the correctness of the costumes and stage settings illustrative of the period. In this respect the revival of Greek art is of a peculiar educative value, and by the presentation of the highest and noblest thoughts of the period a glimpse is given of the possibilities of life that have rarely been so appreciated in succeeding ages as they were in the Athenian life at the time of Pericles.

Continuing the synopsis of the Athenian Flower Festival, *The Aroma of Athens*, which was begun in yesterday's issue:

The Second Dialog is concerned with "The True, the Good and the Beautiful," and develops the ancient Greek ideals on poetry and music and on the end and aim of art and life—ideals which are promulgated to this day by the three Theosophical Leaders and practically exemplified under Katherine Tingley in the student-life at Point Loma. The dialog ends with a short but magnificent invocation by Socrates, which is actually preserved in Plato.

The Second Interlude opens with a song, entitled "Pan on His Oaten Pipes," and this is followed by a series of recitations by the pupils of the Rāja Yoga school of magnificent passages from the Greek poets, Alcaeus, Archilochus, Simonides, Aeschylus and Homer, in English verse.

The Third Dialog is on "The Glory of Periclean Athens," and consists of two parts, a discussion of Athenian patriotism, which is interrupted by the

entry of Melesippus, the son of Diacritus, the Spartan Herald, the breaking off of the truce between Athens and Sparta and the proclamation of the Peloponnesian War. This is followed by the Third Interlude, which begins with two hymns in honor of Apollo, one of which in both music and words is of ancient Greek origin. The hymns are followed by the recitation of Byron's beautiful description of the sun setting over the Saronic gulf and Sir Edwin Arnold's very successful translation of the Greek poet Alcman's far-famed fragment, describing Nature's calm at night. During the recitations darkness falls, but the friends still remain assembled in the Academy to view the torchlight procession.

The Fourth Dialog contains a prophecy by Socrates—a prophecy on the New Athens which is to arise in the Far West—a vision of Point Loma. As to the appropriateness, even of such a prophecy when spoken by Socrates, it is interesting to note that Xenophon in his *Memorabilia* says: "Socrates openly asserted that notices of the future had been given him by the Deity."

The Finale consists of a torchlight procession.

San Diego is greatly to be congratulated in having this opportunity of beholding so magnificent and so educational a spectacle.—*San Diego Union*, March 15, 1911.

Athenian Festival at Isis Theater Tonight

ONE of the high-water marks of civilization as known to history was that attained at the time of Pericles, and it is doubtful if there has ever been known such a galaxy of stars in the firmament of art, literature, drama and philosophy as was assembled 2300 years ago in Athens.

On Friday evening at Isis Theater, in the presentation of *The Aroma of Athens* a rare opportunity that no lover of Greek art or literature should miss, nor anyone interested in the highest educational ideals, will be given of being transported for a time to the far-famed Academy, one of the public parks of ancient Athens, an olive grove outside the city walls, near Colonus. Here at the celebration of the Anthesteria, or Athenian Flower Festival, which took place annually in March, will again be seen and heard some of the most noted characters in all history and literature. Pericles, the great general; Phidias, the sculptor; Thucydides, the historian; Socrates, the philosopher; Euripides, the tragic poet, and many others will once again walk in the Academy and discuss their high philosophy of the Good, the Beautiful and the True. With them will be Aspasia, one of the greatest women of ancient times; Diotima, prophetess of Mantinea; Myrto, granddaughter of Aristides the Just, and others.

The young people and the boys and girls who also took part in this festival will again be seen at their games or reciting the great deeds of their forefathers for the enlightenment of their distinguished visitor, Pharnabazus, the Persian.

In the midst of the friendly dialog Melesippus, the Spartan Herald, is announced. His demands are refused by Pericles, and the Peloponnesian War is proclaimed.

Again one lives in Ancient Athens for a time, hears the Hymn to Apollo, the words and music of which were sung and played in these ancient days. One sees the games of the children, the same games played then as are played now. Who knows how far back in the night of time one must look for their origin?

The magnificent costumes, stage settings, music, dialog—everything will be in most perfect keeping with the time represented. It is an opportunity for coming in touch with a phase of ancient Athenian life that has never before been presented in San Diego.

A crowded house is assured, and great interest is being taken in this production of the famous Athenian Flower Festival. It will be presented by the Woman's International Theosophical League,

assisted by students from the International Theosophical Headquarters, and pupils of the Rāja Yoga College, Point Loma, California, all under the direction of Katherine Tingley.—*San Diego Union*, March 17, 1911.

"Aroma of Athens" Reflects Beauty of Ancient Drama

ATTRACTIVENESS IS ENHANCED BY COSTUMING AND STAGE SETTINGS; WORK OF CHILDREN IS MARVELOUS

A DELIGHTFUL and graphically-wrought bit of ancient Athens, the veritable *Aroma of Athens*, was presented last evening by the Woman's International Theosophical League at the Isis Theater. Like the Theosophical productions, this Athenian flower festival was flawless in the beauty of its staging and costuming, and highly artistic in every detail of grouping and color blending.

The pastoral scene was the setting for a symposium of famous historic characters, who in an intermingling of song, dance, dialog and games, presented the high state of aesthetic and moral culture attained in that classic period. The object of the entertainment, as designed by Katherine Tingley, was educational, and the noble truths and elevating standard of ideals, together with an exposition of the Athenian tenets of patriotism, were entertainingly and instructively embodied in the dialog, carried on between such personages as Pericles, Aspasia, Euripides, Phidias, Socrates and their contemporaries.

A feature of the evening's performance was the singing and dancing of the children, which was a marvel of naturalness and grace. The scenes presented by these talented little people in games and graceful dances were the very epitome of childhood, babes of two and three years mingling in play with the pretty little maidens who were so charmingly a part of the drama. The ancient Greek "Swallow Song" was composed especially for the occasion and the twelve small singers who gave the graceful measures with such perfection and clearness of enunciation, and executed the weaving figures of the difficult dance accompanying it learned it all in that space of time. Indeed, the highest credit is due the entire performance on this account, as it was only ten days ago that Katherine Tingley decided to give the entertainment, and all the detail of magnificent costume, the study for historic accuracy, the writing and memorizing of lines, has been accomplished within that time. The weaving into the dignity of the main theme, the presentation of the ideals of the older assemblage, with this playful spirit of child life, was one of the happiest of the many artistic touches that combined in the success of the production.

Mrs. Tingley has in the past done notable work in the revival of the ancient drama and its use as an educative factor in modern life, and is planning more elaborate work along these lines for the future. The beautiful Greek theater at the Point Loma Homestead it is expected will be completed by the time of the opening of the exposition in 1915, and elaborate dramas will be given an adequate presentation in this appropriate setting.

The theater last evening was sold out and the enthusiasm of the audience was an augury of the appreciation that the elevating in the drama will meet from the people. This afternoon there will be a matinee and Mrs. Tingley has invited all school children to attend, having set aside the greater part of the balcony and all of the gallery for their accommodation.—*San Diego Union*, March 18, 1911

Small Children Given Applause at Isis Theater "AROMA OF ATHENS" BIG SUCCESS; CROWD SEES PLAY OF ANCIENT DAYS

PORTRAYING the life and customs of the ancient Grecians during the festival of the Anthesteria or Athenian Flower Festival, the time being on the last day of the truce between Athens and Sparta, in the year 431 B. C., members of the

Woman's International Theosophical League gave an interesting and instructive production last evening at the Isis Theater of the ancient drama, *The Aroma of Athens*.

The one big feature of the entertainment was the almost marvelous work of the little children in giving songs, dances and pastimes of the Grecian children. Thoroughly trained, so that not a single blunder was made, the little tots went through their work in a simple and childish manner that won great applause from the audience.

The scene of action in the famous Academy, one of the public parks in an olive grove just outside the city of Athens, was shown in a pretty manner. The costumes were perfect, and, with the famous men and women of ancient times on the stage, the evening was much like reading chapters from ancient history—only much more interesting.

The Isis was sold out last evening and the audience was enthusiastic from start to finish. The patriotic speeches, the dances, playing of the children and other features of the performance got enthusiastic applause.

A matinee was given this afternoon, and Mrs. Tingley invited all school children to attend.—*San Diego Sun*, March 18, 1911

Three Hundred Children are Given Treat at Isis Theater by Katherine Tingley

FLOWER FESTIVAL TAKES AUDIENCE BACK TO OLD GREEK DAYS

ANOTHER most successful performance of the Athenian flower festival, *The Aroma of Athens*, was given at the Isis Theater yesterday afternoon by the Woman's International Theosophical League, assisted by students from the Theosophical Headquarters and pupils of the Rāja Yoga College at Point Loma, under the direction of Katherine Tingley.

The balcony was reserved for the school children, an invitation from Katherine Tingley being sent to the schools Friday afternoon. Early Saturday morning, long before the box office was opened, a great crowd of children had assembled eager to get their tickets. More than 300 responded to the invitation and evinced the greatest delight and interest in the performance. Several public school teachers also attended.

For a time the twentieth century was forgotten, and Pericles, Socrates, Phidias, Aspasia, Diotima and their contemporaries, with Athenian youths, maidens and children, were living and real.

A better lesson in Greek history and life could not be imagined, and hardly anyone present could fail to realize the educational value of Katherine Tingley's work along these lines in presenting some of the highest thoughts and ideals known to history.—*San Diego Union*, March 19, 1911.

The Wonderful New Play Masterly Critique on The Aroma of Athens Written by our Contributor, Horatio

PLAY PRODUCED AT ISIS THEATER LAST WEEK BY THEOSOPHISTS SURPASSES ANY OF IBSEN'S MASTERPIECES AND MARKS NEW ERA IN DRAMATIC ART AND STAGECRAFT

"The Play. The Play's the thing."—*Hamlet*.

THE production of *The Aroma of Athens* at the Isis last week was such a notable event that had it occurred in the East it would have brought out columns of comment in the daily papers on it.

There would have been heated criticism over its motif and many learned theories as to the hidden meaning. Discussions of various kinds would have sprung up over different features, and the clamor which Ibsen aroused would have been as nothing as compared with the storm of battle waged over the new play.

It was the good fortune of the writer to have seen the first production of Ibsen's *Doll's House*

in America when it was produced at a "professional" matinee in Boston.

In writing the criticism of it the writer said it was distinctly radical in its treatment of the relation existing between the sexes and would create a great deal of comment and sensational controversy. The gloomy strength and novel stagecraft of Ibsen, then practically unknown in America, appealed to me and warranted me in the prediction of his future vogue, which the years have amply justified.

Ibsen is, despite his close-pursuing analysis of motives and logical sequence of action, a mind which decidedly moves along the lower level of human thought.

While there be some who have endeavored to read a symbolism into his dramas, the same as undoubtedly exists in Wagner, yet his domain is largely that of the physical and lower intellectual mind.

In *The Aroma of Athens* there is a new note struck which will echo down the ages. It marks the beginning of a new era of dramatic art.

The wonderful accuracy of the reproductions of Athenian costumes and scenery more consummate than that of Henry Irving, and I have seen him in his own theater in London, would seem impossible except from a master in stage management who had not only visited old Hellas but had lived there and become saturated with its local color and atmosphere and had also been one of the greatest of living Greek scholars and historians.

Down to the smallest detail the air of verisimilitude was preserved. The censer in which burned the incense was the exact copy of one I remember to have seen in an old work on mythology showing a cut of the temple of Delphi where a censer burned in front of the temple similar to the one shown on the Isis Theater stage last week.

But the drama itself, its form and subject matter and the way in which the action rolled along to its climax, was the thing.

Here we find the new theater in all its pristine novelty. New ideals and new methods of treatment of stage business and of setting and methods of expression, marked the play from beginning to end.

As one who had seen plays until surfeited and before essaying to criticise had "donned the buskin" so that practical experience guided the pen of criticism, the play was a wonder and a revelation.

No play was this leading up to the banal happy wedding of the hero and heroine, nor the weddings of several couples of which the comedies of the Master Player of Avon show so many instances.

Neither did it contain the tragical endings of a hero and heroine or of a number such as are said to justify the criticism that *Hamlet* reminded one of a slaughter-house.

Symbolism there was, and in fact the whole play could be well said to be a great symbol. The deeper and symbolic meaning of the play can only be realized after seeing it reproduced a number of times but much was grasped to show to the writer that there are deeper strains of thought than those appearing on the surface.

The play was not the relation of the affairs of an individual, such as has been the case from Shakespeare down, to which all the other actors were but simply the subordinates and foils necessary to bring the main figure of the play into high relief.

The play was not individual at all. It was the play of a nation. Here a grander concept than the fate of an individual was the underlying motive for action. It was the fate of a nation.

In Schiller's *Wallenstein's Lager*, now almost forgotten save by the scholar, there is some faint promise of this kind of drama, but in this new San Diego play it leaps into view like Pallas Athena, "full-formed from the brain of Zeus."

The co-ordinated action of the characters reminds one of the orchestration of Beethoven or Wagner

where many instruments are chorded to bring out certain tonal effects.

Here the characters are chorded instead of the instrumental tones and the resultant is as novel a departure in dramatic art as was theirs in music.

One of the most striking analogies was the, to me, great similarity between the construction of this play and that of the play of that great old Grecian dramatist, Aeschylus, in his *Eumenides*. Of course this does not mean that the plot is in any way the same.

Both would undoubtedly impress the modern stage manager if seen and read in the book as being "good reading" plays, but poor acting plays. It is the tendency of modern dramatic art (?) to cut dialog and monolog and substitute "action." Action, action is the constant cry of the modern stage-manager even if the action only requires the reproduction of a real railroad on the stage with a real switch and the hero tied to the switch for the train to run over in order to accomplish the "fell purpose" of the villain.

There is action and plenty of it in *The Aroma of Athens* which, by the way is most rightly named.

It is action however which naturally flows out from the subject matter of the text and is not laid down hard and fast by stage directions incorporated in the manuscript of the play. It is fair to presume if one were to see this play for a dozen times, each time the stage business would vary, as either the movements of the players on the stage in this production were entirely spontaneous or else they are more capable of stimulating spontaneity than the players of the Comédie Française, near which theater the writer lived for nearly two years.

The theme of the play is the matter of the home life of a nation. Athens when in her prime and beautified by many splendid edifices made possible by Pericles and adorned by Phidias was the subject of the dramatist's art.

The scene was laid in the Akademe, one of the public parks of Athens, an olive grove laid out with walks about a mile outside the city, which by the way, could be reproduced here in San Diego where the olive grows to as great perfection as in old Greece if the people were but wise enough to adopt the Lammie plan of beautifying our parks.

The occasion was the Athenian flower festival or Anthesteria which gives one a comprehension of the home life of Athenians such as can be gained in no other way and of which the most unremitting study of Grecian archaeology would convey but the faintest idea.

It brought home with great force the words of Professor Fowler of Columbia Institute when he wrote to Mrs. Katherine Tingley at the time she reproduced *The Eumenides* of Aeschylus, which was the first presentation of the ancient Greek drama in the English language in this country. At that time he said, and I repeat them now as embodying my feelings on this new play:

"I witnessed it with more than ordinary pleasure because for me it clothed in flesh and blood in a very charming and convincing manner what had before been little but a classical abstraction."

The back setting was a reproduction of a Greek fountain, carved in Phidian style and of a mellow tone like dull golden ivory, as indicative of great age.

The time was the last day of the truce between Athens and Sparta in the year 431 B. C., just preceding the open hostilities of the Peloponnesian War, which internecine strife brought about the final downfall of the Greeks.

The dialogs which have familiarity on account of their resemblance to those of Plato, introduce many of the characters which he has preserved in his matchless and deathless masterpieces.

The first dialog, the "Welcome to Pharnabazus the Persian," is instructive and symbolical as it brings into sharp relief the difference between the Persian and Grecian civilizations as shown in the racial differences between the Persian and Greek, their style of dress, their habits and customs, accentuating

the differences naturally existing between those of a monarchy of the East and the free citizens of a republican city or rather republic of the West.

The dark-skinned and turbaned visitors garbed in magnificent brocaded stuffs of the Persian looms confronted the light-skinned simply clad and easy moving Greeks whose flowing linen garments did not hamper their steps as did the gorgeous robes of the Persians.

The Persians possessed the air of power which comes from the consciousness of power of life and death over the lives of their fellows.

The Greeks moved with the sense of power and freedom which comes from the sense of power over one's self.

After the welcome to Pharnabazus, in which Euripides, Pericles, Aspasia, Diotima, Myrto, and Deionomache took part came an interlude in which songs, dances, recitations and games by the children from the Râja Yoga Academy made an impressive and beautiful effect.

Râja Yoga is said to mean "equal-mindedness" or "even-mindedness" and any one seeing these children, some of whom were just able to toddle, could not help believing that the name was well applied. These children in a marvelous manner went through their parts with an equal-mindedness and poise that veteran players could not have bettered or even equaled.

"By their fruits ye shall know them" was said once by one who was and is supposed by a large majority of the Western world to have sounded the depths of wisdom.

Whatever the system employed by Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the results as shown in her training are almost beyond conception and if she could give the same results with grown-up actors and actresses, San Diego instead of Paris would soon be generally recognized as the training school for dramatic art.

"The Wounded Cupid," one of the delicate and non-suggestive gems of Anacreon as translated by Robert Herrick, was recited with arch grace by one of the smaller girls and this was followed by ancient Greek games by the children. Then followed the graceful Greek dance by the children, which was a masterpiece and put to the blush any of the great ballets of Paris or London not only on account of its purity but also on account of the marvelous accuracy of the evolutions.

Now I have seen the marching evolutions and dances of the première danseuses and coryphées of the great stage of the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris which makes a specialty, or did, of the ballet, and these great French, Italian and Hungarian dancers who made that stage world-famous and from which they drew huge salaries were but cart-horses besides these children who seemed to float in the air like thistle-down.

They did steps and evolutions which they learned in less than ten days time which take these celebrated danseuses years to learn and which some of them never learn to do gracefully.

Anyone who knows anything about the art of massing of large numbers of persons on a stage and the difficulties experienced in getting them to perform certain figures and ordered evolutions synchronously and in perfect unison can well be pardoned if they accept the statement that the play was written, staged, costumed, and the dancers drilled, in ten days, with polite incredulity.

If it was done in that time it was and is a miracle.

The second dialog was the subject made historic by Plato, "The True, the Good and the Beautiful." Those participating were Pharnabazus, Phidias, Crito, Aspasia, Myrto, Perictione, Potone, Deionomache, Cratinus and Socrates. Then came a second interlude in which the children's chorus sang "Pan on his Oaten Pipes" with an echo from the orchestra of some instrument like the small clarinets played by wandering players in France and Italy.

Then came a recitation, "Ode in Imitation of Alcaeus," a Greek fragment translated and expanded

by Sir William Jones, recited by Glaucon, "Archilochus' Address to his Soul," translated by William Hay and recited by Aster, "Danæ and her Babe Adrift," by Simonides and translated by J. A. Symonds, "The Courier Flame" the gem of all the recitations, from the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, translated by E. Bulwer-Lytton and recited by Agarriste, which was followed by Andromache's "Entreaty to Hector" from the sixth book of the *Iliad* as translated by Pope, and "Hector's Reply," from the same.

Then came the third dialog, which was divided into two parts, the first being "Athenian Patriotism" and the second being "The Proclamation of the Peloponnesian War." In the first, Pharnabazus, Pericles, Euripides, Thucydides, Ariston, Socrates, Phidias and Aspasia took part. In the second part, Artemidorus, Melesippus the Spartan Herald, Pericles and Socrates engage in dialog as intense and exciting as any war drama of modern times.

In the third interlude, two hymns to Apollo are sung, one an ancient hymn recently discovered both as to the music and words and supposed to have been of about the fourth century B. C.

These were followed by "Socrates' Prophecy of the New Athens to Arise in the West, a Vision of Point Loma," which was rendered in a manner to do credit to the greatest living actor and with a verve and intensity that set the blood on a tingle. The finale was a torchlight procession of what appeared to be red-clad priestesses of Demeter while the whole of the cast was grouped and moving about the stage.

It would take a volume almost to give a clear idea of the play and the many departures from modern stage-craft.

The play is grouped into dialogs and interludes but through it all runs the thread of continuity. There is a plot and a motive, a similarity to the ancient Greek drama and yet a dissimilarity, a grouping of modern stage effects and workmanship, a most bewildering combination of ancient and modern and something which is of neither.

It is a drama preserving the unities of the art according to the ancient canons of the Grecian dramatists. It shows itself to be an acting drama worthy to command the closest attention and respect of the modern school.

Yet through it all runs something distinctly new and in advance of either.

Its analysis is worthy of the pen of a Maeterlinck. It is as distinctly a departure from the banalities of former playwrights as was Rostand in his *Chanticleer*, but while Rostand seeks his subject in the barnyard of human life the unknown author of this great play takes his stand on the pure wind-swept Olympian heights where the Greek heroes and gods, as immortalized by Homer and Plato, rouse into activity the noblest sentiments of which the human soul is capable.

It may be that this play will be "but as caviare to the general." I cannot believe it inasmuch as there is so much of reality about it, the home life of the people, the children, the appeals to patriotism and civic pride and the good and noble sentiments which touch the underlying heart-strings of the people.

It is familiar to all how even in theaters patronized by the thugs and toughs of great cities with their female companions of even greater capacity for wickedness, practising evil and deeds of violence every day and night, that virtue is ever thunderously applauded and villainy is roundly hissed although the villain may be doing nothing more than they are doing daily.

There is no bathos or fustian about this play. Consummate art is displayed, the art of the soul, the art of the beautiful which is beautiful because it is good and is true.

This play as presented by Katherine Tingley marks an epoch. San Diego will become notable as the place where it was first presented.

It should be presented again and again as were

the plays of Aeschylus, Euripides and Sophocles, in ancient Greece.

We, who saw it, owe a debt of gratitude to the one who arranged and presented it. May others follow.

HORATIO

(The San Diego News, March 23, 1911)

Unitarian Minister Praises Greek Play in His Sermon

At the services of the Unitarian church yesterday, the pastor, Rev. Clarence J. Harris, preached his third Lenten sermon on the theme, "Knowing Beyond Knowledge," using for his text, "Know the Love of Christ Which Passeth Knowledge." In part he said:

REFERS TO ANCIENT IDEALS

"Wordsworth's *Stepping Westward* embodies the spirit of the day, and the only hope of Athenian culture and art and philosophy is that in this newer western land we may revive its ideals, quicken its spirit, and make it what the noble souls of old hoped it to be.

"No one could look upon that magnificent presentation of Greek life and thoughts and the perfect presentation of its spirit as was given here last week, without feeling the great throbbing spirit and the soul-touching life of the world's mightiest thinkers, artists and masters of men. When we get a glimpse of the spiritual thought of the days of Socrates and Plato, are we not justified in asking why we today are so far from a perfect vision and understanding?

"The greatest error that has been made in years past has been in underrating the worth of character and virtue; in rearing a people who are dependents, and robbing humanity of personal responsibility.

"While Pericles was dying, the weeping friends said: 'He found Athens brick and left it marble.' The dying man felt disturbed, and cried that was not his glory, but that which made him proudest was, he had never caused a fellow citizen to put on mourning."—San Diego Union, March 20, 1911

Thurston Will Case

MANY of the members throughout the world, as well as our friends who are interested, wish to know what progress is being made in connexion with this case. There is no further news to give than that it is in statu quo, awaiting the setting of a date by the Court for a hearing, which is expected to be in May or June.

The action taken by our Leader, Katherine Tingley, in regard to forcing retractions from the many papers which misrepresented matters in the early stages of the case has reminded the press generally to be more careful as to their facts, and has forced upon them a greater consideration for Truth.

Theosophical Literature

DURING the past two months other agencies have been established for the sale of our literature, of which we may mention two, in Boston and Los Angeles and two others in Buenos Aires. The Theosophical Publishing Company reports a steady increase in the demand for Theosophical literature, and an especial interest in *The Plough and the Cross*, originally published in the *Irish Nation*, Dublin, and later brought out by Katherine Tingley in book form and copyrighted by her, she having acquired all rights to the same. The book has received favorable notice from some of the best literary publications and in the next Supplement we shall publish some additional reviews.

Peace and War

IT is indeed a strange sight to those who realize the purpose of Theosophy and the meaning of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, built as it is to be a city of peace and brotherhood, to see within a few miles, at the foot of the Hill a large camp of fourteen hundred

armed soldiers. What would it mean to the world, and to national and international peace if the ideals that are at the foundation of Theosophy could actuate the great nations today? Yet the spirit of Brotherhood is not yet sufficiently accentuated, nor is there that trust on the part of man for his brother man that would make the nations feel they would be safe if they laid aside all armaments, and hence we still find them standing in defense so long as evil and injustice are the controlling factors in the lives of so many. The fact, however, that our beloved Lomaland does exist, standing as a beacon light, actually and metaphorically—the light from its two domes streaming out, visible for miles around on both sea and land—is one of the greatest and most compelling arguments for true peace that is to be found in the whole world.

Katherine Tingley Gives Series of Lectures To Women Only

BEGINNING a few weeks ago, under the auspices of The Woman's International Theosophical League, a series of meetings has been held at Isis Theater, at which Katherine Tingley has spoken to women only. It was a wonderful sight on each occasion to see the theater filled with intelligent, earnest, and cultured women, eager for some knowledge that should help them to solve the problems of life that especially confront women today.

A distinctive and new note has been struck by Katherine Tingley at these meetings, which have been attended not only by the best representative women in San Diego, but also very largely by a great number of the visitors stopping at Hotel del Coronado, the U. S. Grant, and other hotels, coming from all parts of the United States, as well as from other countries. At these meetings, as is the case whenever Katherine Tingley speaks, a new opportunity is given to realize the beauty and sweetness and dignity of the Theosophic life, and the heroic and noble self-sacrifice of her predecessors, H. P. Blavatsky, and William Q. Judge. Many of those who have attended have expressed themselves as understanding in a way that had never been possible to them the meaning of Theosophy, and the purpose of the Theosophical movement in its true application to everyday life—its uplifting teachings, its challenge to all that is purest and best in thought and conduct. Many too have been the misconceptions that have been removed from the minds of some heretofore prejudiced people, and an understanding given as to the true Theosophy in comparison with the counterfeit. Surely the day is approaching when the world at large will be able to distinguish between these, and will have gained the power of discrimination, so that they will not be misled by mere platitudes, or the assertions of any self-styled teacher, who would play upon the gullibility of the people by asserting that she comes as "the herald of the coming Christ." Can it be possible that there are intelligent people who will accept such nonsense on the mere word of one who has passed through such varied phases of experience, marked by constant change in phases of belief and misbelief? It would seem like madness for any one to accept such statements.

Thank the gods, the great lords of Karma-Nemesis, that Truth is mighty and must prevail; that our impregnable Theosophical fortress of truth, light and liberation is established at Point Loma; that the clear beacon light shines out, shedding its radiance and pointing the way, to those who, seeking the Truth, are discouraged and in the shadow; that the pure teachings of Theosophy, as taught by our beloved H. P. B. and kept so faithfully by her noble-hearted successor, W. Q. J. are kept unsullied under our present Teacher, and that we have her example and encouragement in living a pure Theosophic life.

RECORDER

ANOTHER presentation of *The Aroma of Athens* will be given April 17 in the open-air Greek Theater at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, which for this occasion will be opened to the public by Katherine Tingley for the first time.

A new commandment I give unto you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. (*John*, xii, 34-35)

It is more blessed to give than to receive. (*Acts*, xx, 35; Jesus quoted.)

Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall save it. (*Matthew*, xvi, 25)

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you. Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city which is set on a hill can not be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick: and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works. Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. (*Matthew*, v, 2-17)

For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven. (*Matthew*, v, 20)

And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body. (*Matthew* v, 29-30)

I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you. (*Matthew* v, 44)

Do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. (*Matthew*, vi, 2)

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet [that is, thy heart], and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret [that is, thine own Higher Self]; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as [the hypocrites] do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much preaching. (*Matthew*, vi, 5-7)

In the spirit of Jesus, the Theosophist, are the following words of St. John and of Isaiah:

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and everyone that loveth is from God and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God for God is Love. (*I John*, iv, 7-8)

Bring no vain ablutions. . . . Wash ye, make ye clean: put away the evil of your doings before mine eyes: cease to do evil: learn to do well: seek judgment: right the oppressed: judge the fatherless, plead for the widows. (*Isaiah*, i, 11-17)

Cull from every faith and race, the best and bravest for counsellor and friend. (*Tennyson: Akbar's Dream*)

Shining thoughts that ever human speech have starred

Make the Sacred Scriptures that the Ages guard:
Be it word of prophet, be it song of bard,
Every truth is Holy Writ.

Quickly dies the day,
Nations fade away;

But the truth made manifest shall live for aye!
With the light of Sinai each new morn is lit,—
Every truth is Holy Writ.

Down to every nation from the faithful past
Comes the trust of adding new truth to the last,
That the future's fee grows vaster and more vast;
Every truth is Holy Writ.

Every life lived nobly, even though unknown,
Addeth to the Scripture graven not on stone.
Be it word or action, be it thought alone.
Every truth is Holy Writ.
(Lily A. Long: *The Living Word*)

Inspiration has never ceased and its prophets and priests are not those who work to fit the letter of older literature to the needs of dogmas and sects, but those above all others who patiently, fearlessly, and reverently devote themselves to the search for truth as truth, in the faith that there is a Power in the universe wise enough to make truth-seeking safe, and good enough to make truth-telling useful. (Dr. Andrew Dickson White: *Warfare of Science and Theology*, chapter v, last paragraph.)

Be of comfort! Thou art not alone if thou have faith. . . . Is not God's universe a symbol of the Godlike? Is not immensity a temple? Is not man's history and men's history a perpetual evangel? Listen, and for organ music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing together. (Thomas Carlyle: *Sartor Resartus*; Book II, chapter vii.)

Never to tire: never to grow cold: to be patient, sympathetic, tender: to look for the budding flower and the opening heart: to hope always: to love always:—this is duty. . . . Every life is a profession of faith, and exercises an inevitable and silent propaganda. . . . Every man is a center of perpetual radiation like a luminous body; he is, as it were, a beacon which entices a ship upon the rocks if it does not guide it into port. . . . Such is the high importance of example. Therefore it has been said: "It were better for a man not to have been born than to offend one of these little ones." (Henri Frédéric Amiel)

Listen to the teachings enunciated and practised by H. P. Blavatsky:

Behold the truth before you: a clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for one's co-disciple, a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction, . . . a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defense of those who are unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection which the Secret Science depicts—these are the Golden Stairs up the steps of which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom.

Three great ideas of Theosophy as was pointed out by William Q. Judge are, first:

that there is a great Cause—in the sense of an enterprise—called the Cause of Sublime Perfection and Human Brotherhood. This rests upon the essential unity of the whole human family, and is a possibility because sublimity in perfectness and actual realization of brotherhood on every plane of being are one and the same thing. The second idea is, that man is a being who may be raised up to perfection, to the stature of the Godhead, because he himself is God incarnate. This noble doctrine was in the mind of Jesus when he said that we must be perfect even as is the Father in Heaven. This is the idea of human perfectibility. It will destroy the awful theory of inherent original sin which has held and ground down the western Christian nations for centuries. The third idea is the illustration, the proof, the high result of the others. It is, that the great Helpers of Humanity—those who have reached up to what perfection this period of evolution and this solar system will allow—are living, veritable facts, and not abstractions cold and distant. They are, as our old H. P. Blavatsky so often said, *living Men*. These Helpers as living facts and high ideals will fill the soul with hope, will themselves help all who wish to raise the human race. Let us not forget these three ideas.

In the words of Katherine Tingley:

Theosophical principles acknowledge, not a person-

al God, but Spirit, supreme and unknowable, whose presence is manifested throughout the universe as a majestic and unchanging law. This law is revealed to certain men who become teachers of others. Christ is one of the greatest of these. He is divine, as all men are divine, for we are each partly divine and partly animal. Each man can be his own savior, can apportion joy or pain to himself, can at any moment turn to the Divine Light within himself and begin, little by little, in spite of any number of failings and failures to grow nearer to it. Man can also choose ill, for "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Each man has the power of choosing between the good and the ill. Moreover, man's choice is not confined to one life here: he returns again and again in human form, reaping what he has sown in the past in every new life, but with new wisdom from old experience of failure to choose better each time, and to progress to the highest evolution which is possible on this earth. For man is essentially divine and is under the necessity of transmuting everything within his nature which is not divine.

Glory and honor and peace to every man that worketh good: . . . for there is no respect of persons in God (*Romans*, ii, 11)

What is religion? Tenderness toward all creatures. To cleanse the heart, to cease from sin, to get virtue, that is the religion of the Buddha. (Hitopadesa of Vishnu-Sarman)

Good thoughts, good words, good deeds is piety. Nothing more will be wanted. (Zoroaster: *Zend-avesta*)

A man's true wealth is the good he does in the world. When he dies mortals will ask what property he has left behind him; but the angels will ask, What good deeds hast thou sent before thee? (Muhammed in *Mishkat*.)

The selfish devotee lives to no purpose. The man who does not go through his appointed work in life has lived in vain. . . . So shalt thou live in full accord with all that lives; bear love to men as though they were thy brother pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother. (H. P. Blavatsky: *The Voice of the Silence*)

Strive to be really good in that which you wish to be thought good. Whatever are called virtues among men, you will find on consideration, capable of being increased by study and exercise. (Socrates, in Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, Book II, chapter 6, 39)

Love, that holds the planets constant on their way,
Guides the swallow's flight to sunny skies,
Leads the nations upward to the perfect day,
Yet reveals itself in babies' eyes.

Fears and doubtings vanish: all the way seems plain,
Hidden meanings flash upon our sight;
Trials turn to blessings, peace blooms out of pain,
Love is one with universal Right.
(Emma E. Marean)

The Truth is the Voice of the God,
Ever sounding in deeps of the heart:
Bidding climb where no pathway is trod,
To his Sinai alone and apart.
For the Truth and the Right,
For the Truth and the Right and the Love!
Thou must climb, thou must climb
To the Sinai alone and apart.

The Right is the will of the God:
'Tis the deed done by earth, sea, and sky:
'Tis the law in the soul and the clod,
And the stars serve in courses on high.
Serve the Truth and the Right,
Serve the Truth and the Right and the Love!
'Tis the law in the Soul,
And the stars serve in courses on high.

And Love is the Heart of the God,
And to love is the Christ in a man;
On the errands of the angels we plod,
If with heart of the angels we plan.
For the Truth and the Right,
For the Truth and the Right and the Love!
It is wings as we plod,
If with heart of the angels we plan.

Here's a welcome to all who will stand
For the Truth and the Right and the Love!

Not a soul on the earth shall be banned
Whom the heavens will welcome above.
For their Truth and their Right,
For their Truth and their Right and their
Love!
Not a soul shall be banned
Whom the heavens will welcome above!
(W. C. Gannett: *Truth and Righteousness and Love*)

Wisdom in all ages, entering into holy souls, mak-
eth their friends of God and prophets. (*Apo-
crypha*)

Inspiration, like God's omnipresence, is co-exten-
sive with the human race. (W. R. Gregg)

To say that different races worship different gods,
is like saying that they are warmed by different suns.
The names differ, but the sun is the same, and so
is God. As there is but one source of light and
warmth, so there is but one source of religion. To
this all nations testify alike. We have yet but a part
of our Holy Bible. The time will come when, as in
the Middle Ages, all pious books will be called Sa-
cred Scriptures, *Scripturae Sacrae*. From the most
remote portions of the earth, from the Vedas and
the Sagas, from Plato and Zoroaster, Confucius and
Mahommed, from the Emperor Marcus Aurelius
Antoninus and the slave Epictetus, from learned
Alexandrians and ignorant Galla negroes, there will
be gathered hymns and prayers and maxims in which
every religious soul may unite—the magnificent
liturgy of the human race. (Thomas Wentworth
Higginson: *The Sympathy of Religions*)

God of Ages and of Nations!
Every race and every time
Hath received Thine Inspirations,
Glimpses of Thy Truth sublime.
(Samuel Longfellow)

All nations have their message from on high,
Each, the Messiah of some central thought,
For the fulfilment and delight of man;
One has to teach that Labor is Divine;
Another Freedom; and another, Mind;
And all that God is open-eyed and just,
The happy center and calm heart of all.
(J. R. Lowell: *L'Envoi*)

All faiths and worships are akin
All human hearts are one;
To all pure souls God enters in
And makes of each a Son.

The new does not destroy the old,
The old brings forth the new;
The lowest-laid foundations hold,
Forever stands the True.
(Newton M. Mann)

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it.
(J. R. Lowell: *Bibliolatres*)

Theosophy is written large upon every page
of history so that he that runs, if he has eyes
to see, may read. It is the "Absolute Reli-
gion," "the life of God in the Soul of Man."
It has gladdened and

will gladden the hearts of those who worship God
and love man, in every clime. Those who hear its
music joyfully echo it back to sun and flower. It
is the brotherhood of religions. (Quoted from
Charles Carroll Bonney's Opening Address at the
Parliament of Religions.)

Let theologians pile volume upon volume of
what they call theology: religion is a very simple
matter, and that which is so simple and yet so all-
important to us, the living kernel of religion, can be
found, I believe, in almost every creed, however
much the husk may vary. And think of what that
means! It means that above and beneath and behind
all religions there is one eternal, one universal reli-
gion; a religion to which every man, whether black
or white or yellow or red belongs, or may belong.
We are all members of the great parliament of the
world; let us show that we can be above party, above
country, above creed, and that we owe allegiance to
Truth only, and to that voice of conscience which is
the "real presence" in the universal communion of
mankind. (Friedrich Max Müller: in *The Arena*,

December, 1894, "The Real Significance of the Par-
liament of Religions.")

Like an old precious medal, the ancient religion
[or rather the mother of religions, Theosophy, the
Absolute Religion], after the rust of the ages has
been removed, will come out in all its purity and
brightness; and the image which it discloses will be
the image of the Father [within], the Father of all
nations upon earth; and the superscription, when we
can read it again, will be in the languages of all the
races of the world, the Word of God, revealed,
where alone it can be revealed—revealed in the
Heart of Man. (Friedrich Max Müller: *Science of
Religions*, Lecture I.)

To believe in true religion, Divine Wisdom,
is in the words of William C. Gannett,

to hold four things supreme: Freedom of Reason
and Freedom of Conscience, the *Method* in Religion
—instead of Tradition and Authority; Fellowship,
the *Spirit* in religion—instead of Sectarianism;
Service, the *Aim* of Religion—instead of Salvation
for Self; Character, the *Test* in Religion—instead
of Ritual or Creed. . . . On these four "principles"
as corner-stones, slowly uprises the One Catholic
Church of Man.

The hour cometh and now is, when the true
worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in
truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.
God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must
worship in spirit and in truth. (*John* iv, 23-24)

Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of
persons, but in every nation he that honoreth Him
and worketh righteousness is acceptable to Him.
(*Acts* x, 34-35)

There is—there is—one primitive and sure
Religion pure—
Unchanged in spirit, though its forms and codes
Wear myriad modes—
Contains all creeds within its mighty span
The love of God displayed in love of Man.
(Horace Smith: *Moral Ruins*)

With wider view come loftier goal!
With broader light, more good to see!
With freedom, more of self-control!
With knowledge, deeper reverence be!
(S. Longfellow)

Theosophy, the "Absolute Religion,"

From heart to heart, from creed to creed,
(Like a) hidden river runs;
It quickens all the Ages down,
It binds the sires to sons,—
The stream of Faith, whose source is God,
Whose sound, the sound of prayer,
Whose meadows are the holy lives
Upspringing everywhere.
And still it moves, a broadening flood,
And fresher, fuller grows
A sense as if the sea were near
Towards which the river flows.
O Thou, who art the secret Source
That rises in each Soul,
Thou art the Ocean, too,—Thy charm,
That ever-deepening roll!
(W. C. Gannett: *The Stream of Faith*)

Theosophy is

no observance of any sort. It is neither the food
nor medicine of being—it is *life essential*. (George
MacDonald: *The Marquise of Loise*, chapter lxi)

The failure of the current orthodox forms
of religion about us and the need of Theoso-
phy is shown most plainly in the following
quotations from Katherine Tingley, the Leader
and Official Head of the Theosophical Move-
ment:

How can we expect beneficial results from the
so-called Christianity of today, when we see the
diversity of churches and doctrines—the diversity
of interpretations—the numberless sects—good
men here and good women there; but no unity—
the simple teachings of Christ lost sight of, in the
confusion of thought and feeling—in the spirit of
intolerance. . . . There is a heavy taint in the blood

of many Americans, a taint of intolerance and un-
brotherliness, that leads down from the first acts of
intolerance in America. . . . Oh! for one million of
soulful people—real Christians, living Theosophists,
they would be—having the Light of the simple
teachings of Christ in their hearts and minds! . . .
Because Christ's teachings have been and are ob-
scured, because the ancient Teachers who lived hun-
dreds of years before Christ was born, have been
ignored by the Church, confusion and darkness is
upon the minds of the masses. . . . Poorly it would
fare with Christ, if he were with us today! He
would not be recognized; and though he might not
be nailed to the cross, yet he would be persecuted, as
he is now being, by the very people who form the
majority of the millions of Christians referred to.
. . . . What Theosophy teaches is in consonance with
the highest and purest principles of life, and it de-
clares that true happiness can not come to the people
of this land, or of any other land, until the un-
christian spirit of man is rebuked, just as Christ
rebuked the hypocrites and money-changers in the
temple. . . . Is it not time that we take a broader
view of real Christianity and ignore Churchianity?
The great truths received and handed on by H. P.
Blavatsky—Theosophy—are the same truths that
Christ and all the other really great Teachers of
the world have taught. . . . Theosophy is more than
an intellectual system: it is practice as well as know-
ledge: it is the understanding of the heart as well
as the reasoning of the intellect. . . . In a life
guided by the principles of Theosophy, the petty
follies of everyday friction disappear; in place of
lack of faith in oneself, there is self-respect; the
higher consciousness is aroused, and the Heart acts
in unison with the mind, and man walks as a living
Power among his fellows.

Theosophy,

Oh, thou great friend and teacher of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
Thy words, like heavenly music fall,
And draw our lives to thine!
(J. G. Whittier)

'Tis Thou, that makest all things new,—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.
From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
The lovers of the Light are one.
One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the Soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God:
The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The Life that maketh all things new.
(S. Longfellow)

Thou, Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine:
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
Thou, Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine:
Kindle every high desire:
Perish self in thy pure fire.

Thou, Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine:
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.
Thou, Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign:
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Thou, Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden thou, this heart of mine:
In the desert ways I sing
"Spring, O Well! forever Spring."
(S. Longfellow)

Theosophy,

Anew we pledge ourselves to Thee
To follow where Thy Truth shall lead:
Afloat upon its boundless sea.
(S. Longfellow)

F. S. DARROW, PH. D., A. M.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Laws of Art

THERE is no law, human or divine, that can transcend the essential nature of things, for that is the basis of all law. When men make laws for the control of other men's acts they assume a knowledge of what is right or fitting or convenient, and declare that men shall act in accordance with this which they believe to be right and proper, that is to say, in accordance with the fitness of things or the essential nature of things. Man can go no higher in law-making; but in doing even this he is himself acting in accordance with and in obedience to the laws of his own being, or his essential nature, by which he is compelled to express the desire of his being to conform to the law of nature, that is, to do what is right and proper for such a being according to its inherent constitution.

In this effort to govern others we find the expression of a nature that recognizes an origin on a higher plane than that upon which it is at present acting; and, feeling this inherent superiority, man attempts to bring all things on this lower plane into subjection to himself as a being of a higher order. In so doing he expresses that hierarchic principle of order by which the force emanating from the universal center radiates throughout the entire mass, all lines diverging from the center or converging upon it; and every sphere in the universe having the properties of a sphere is subject to the same conditions; for, as in geometry, what is true of the relation of a circle to its parts is true of all other circles, and necessarily so.

But as every plane of nature is different from every other plane, and as in passing from one plane to another all forces must change their state, which is their embodiment; as water when passing from the liquid into the solid or gaseous state, is a force changing its state or mode of action, or in other words its body, and is liable to partial failure or to disturbance so that the transition is always open to imperfection; so man, in translating the law of his higher being into terms of a lower state, is liable to partial failure and to imperfection even in his highest efforts.

The principle cause of man's failure to make proper laws is the delusion of separateness by which all beings on this plane are led into error, as said in ancient writings. This causes him to think that he is competent to make laws for others while not bound by the necessity of first expressing these in his own being. Thus he fails for two reasons: first, for lack of practical knowledge of the working of the laws in his own nature, and second, from his failure to realize that all other men have in them the same potentiality and the same obli-

gation to their own higher nature, (which is one in all) and he attempts to compel them by force or fear to do what can only be rightly done by will and desire for the right. Thus he introduces a disturbing element as well as an element of error into all his laws and the result consequently falls far short of what it should be.

The same thing is true of the laws of art. These are also the natural expression of the forces of the Soul in its manifestations upon a lower plane, but they are often confounded with the dogmatic theories of men who are frequently ignorant of the first principles of art while possibly very learned in the history of other men's work and the traditions of the Schools. But with the manifestation of

position; when Mr. C explains that these and most others violate all the canons of art; and when we find that A, B, and C are supported by a host of others who vary the list of the elect to suit their own ideas, then we may smile and say "Well, this may be all true, or it may be that art is not art at all, but then *what is it?*" Then perhaps we may decide that the word is good enough, and let it go at that, accepting the contemptuous pity of the truly inspired ones as our lot in life, yet feeling that it need not seriously interfere with our enjoyment of any art that we can appreciate.

Let us remember the wisdom of Bunthorne, "High art is for the few; the higher the art, the fewer the few; the highest is for the one." This profound truth is made sublimely absurd when it is spoken by the ridiculous Bunthorne whose conception of the one is but his own absurd personality and not the universal Soul which is spoken of by philosophy as the One. Yet as the One is universal, the translation of this sentiment into correct terms of material life would perhaps be that "the highest Art is for All."

It may well be that we shall come to see that this is nearer to the truth as a test of art — its universal appeal, its great breadth of grasp, its sympathetic quality, more than its studied refinement of unintelligibility. But simplicity is the last word of art, not the first, and we must be content to wander long in the luxuriant gardens of "culture" before we are able or willing to follow the open path that leads to the Light whose source is beyond the Mountain. Finally, it is in ourselves that all laws have their right field of operation and it is there alone that we can learn their meaning. If we try to apply each law of harmony or of beauty or of philosophy or of art to the needs of our own nature we shall soon know whether it has any meaning for us, and if not we need not be troubled by it at all.

R. MACHELL



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THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, ROME

the Soul in its expression on the material plane they have no experience and so can not possibly give a correct theory or rule for the guidance of others.

When they speak of things within their knowledge, such as the history of art, and the traditions of the Schools, and when they examine and record the methods employed by the best masters, then they deserve respectful attention and their words may be of great value to the art student or to the intelligent public, but when they presume to talk about laws which they have not found by the expression of these laws in their own nature and in their own art-work, then they are certain to fall into error and to lead others off the track as well. If they go further and dare to say that such and such rules are the final tests of true art, they become ridiculous.

Fortunately, the multitude of advisers and the variety of final tests of truth are so numerous that they to some extent neutralize one another. For when we have learned from Mr. A that only such and such works can be considered as works of art, and from Mr. B that certain others alone are entitled to that

Irish Melodies in a new Concerto for Violin

THE renowned composer, Max Bruch, who reached his seventy-third birthday lately, has just completed a violin concerto which will shortly be printed.

The composition has an interesting history. About eighteen months ago Max Bruch received twenty-five Irish melodies which a friend had collected while traveling in the United Kingdom. He has employed several of these airs as themes in his new concerto. It consists of two movements, which pass into each other without interruption and which are strongly impressed with Irish national characteristics. The violin part is extremely satisfying. The entire composition displays unusual brilliancy and strength, and is constructed in Bruch's well-known, solid, refined, and tasteful manner.—Translated from *Göteborgs Handels- och Sjöfarts Tidning*.



We can't afford to condemn humanity. We must lift ourselves to that height of endeavor where there shall be mercy—just mercy.—Katherine Tingley

THIS is a scientific age, which claims to be free from blind faith and misleading sentiment, and yet the novel charge is being made against the public school system that it *unfits* the child for practical life. Surely there must be some definite cause to arouse such a complaint with the work of our educators, for we have generally come to accept the dicta of the experts in their several lines, as specialists are wont to defer to each other's opinions. It is small wonder that modern life has become a series of puzzling problems if we do not yet understand the child well enough to start him right.

The old theology obscured the truth that the soul became *involved* in matter that it might gain material power through the experience of working out its salvation from earthly limitations. The scientific reaction from religious error calls the process "evolution" but does not define what it is that evolves. Only the Theosophical view of human destiny is broad enough to include both the religious and the scientific truth and to show logically that "salvation" or evolution means a natural process of the soul's complete earth-education, an education which is carried on from one life-term to another, in a series of selective courses.

No one accuses our present educational system of inactivity, for the pupils, in and out of school, are busily crammed with the latest opinions and with facts. Instead of being trained to digest, assimilate, and *utilize* knowledge, the children receive predigested mental food which replaces the normal exercise of brain and will function. Our present freedom of thought and speech is often quoted as an unmixed good; but the old-time training of youth into obedience and blind conventional beliefs has reacted into a license which is mentally and morally enervating in its lack of discipline and sense of responsibility. Evidently, in bringing out what is in the child, the desired results are not to be attained either

True Education

by coercion or by catering to his bodily or mental desires.

Educators might profitably note the success of the natural evolution of the life-force through the various forms of the lower kingdoms. Mother Nature has charge of all the educational courses below man and she leads her less conscious children along through

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. . . .

Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. . . .

Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates. — *Proverbs*, 31

every experience for which they are ready. However long it takes, they are held to the lesson in hand until it is thoroughly learned. But the human child—the heir of all the ages and with free will wherewith to hasten his progress—is filled with theoretical knowledge the while he is only too frequently denied his birthright to grow through responsible, individual effort.

The scientist teaches that evolution is a natural process of unfolding under suitable stimuli; but he does not realize that the vital

germ of the child's being also requires the favorable environment in order to develop naturally its own potential powers. The chemist knows that even air, when condensed, can exert a dangerous pressure as it seeks outlet at the weakest points of its container; but he does not note how the cramming process which fails to provide for normal expenditure may prove equally dangerous at the weak points of character. Moreover, the child is a living, growing container whose weaknesses of body, mind, and morals can be strengthened by judicious use and by freedom from physical, mental, and emotional strain. The chemist and botanist teach that while a crystal or a rock is relatively fixed in quantity and quality, the vital germ embodied in a tiny seed may rapidly unfold into a marvel of strength and beauty under conditions suitable for growth. Neither of these teachers seem to recognize that the conscious spark within the child is even more eager for expression and that it suffers from repression as its impulses of noble activity are deflected into the channels of the lower personal desires.

The teacher—and no less emphatically the parent—should make the child's conditions such as will aid him in unfolding the divine nature enveiled in the flesh which has its own misleading impulses and sensations. We can add nothing to the inherent power of any seed or of any soul; but true education can make external conditions equal to the light and warmth and moisture which has stimulated wheat grains to grow after being entombed with Egyptian mummies for centuries.

The real teacher is not a slave to the end-of-the-term report; her business is to help to train the child *for all time*. His mental progress while with her is of small account compared with his developing power to find truth without her. The teacher's calling is a most sacred and responsible one, helping the *soul* to evolve.

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

Is Belief in Miracles an Essential Part of Christianity?

THIS is a matter under grave consideration at present by the liberal element in the church. The extremely orthodox would of course answer the question in the affirmative. Dr. Gordon, a popular Congregational minister of Boston, has thought the subject of sufficient importance to call forth a book, and it has had this importance for him, no doubt, because of the popular conviction

formed not under natural law, but outside of it, in fact, contrary to law. To take the Christian belief — God made the laws of the universe, and Christ, who is one with God, occasionally, for reasons of his own, works contrary to the law, becomes in fact, a law-breaker. To take the Theosophical view, a great Teacher, such as was Christ, has become great by working *with the law* for ages. Less than all others would he have a thought not in the most absolute harmony with the law. It

jective experiences could be recorded. The olden people knew what was meant, they knew it by their own inner experiences. It has been left for Christians to literalize, to de-spiritualize these ancient myths, if one may use the expression. But the old and beautiful meanings are beginning to be read in them again by many, thanks to the rich literature given to the world by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley.

GERTRUDE VAN PELT, M. D.



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LOOKING EASTWARD ACROSS CASA ROSA GARDENS: RAJA YOGA COLLEGE AND ARYAN TEMPLE

that a belief in miracles is an essential part of Christianity.

If we can imagine ourselves forward into the next century, looking back at the human mind of today, we can perhaps picture what would be our impression of ourselves on observing that it was necessary for a popular divine to devote enough time to such a subject to write a book about it. We would probably smile over it in very much the way we do now over the childish beliefs of the Middle Ages.

Why *should* a belief in miracles have anything vital to do with Christianity or any other religion? One might have an opinion on such a subject, but what has that to do with religion? It seems to imply that the popular mind has not made a religion out of Christianity at all, but simply a bundle of theories.

There is one point of view that does not seem to come out in these discussions. By a miracle is meant something which is per-

would be folly, impious, a crime, the most irreligious thing imaginable.

One difficulty has been the extreme state of ignorance of the race. Because a thing takes place which can be explained by no law known to men at the time, it is concluded that there is no law under which it could occur. Not very long ago wireless telegraphy would have been considered miraculous. Now is it so unreasonable to suppose that such a Teacher as Christ could very easily do many things simply because of his *deeper understanding of the law*, which it would be impossible for any one of lesser development to comprehend?

Again, a study of the older religions quickly reveals how little we know of symbolism. That many of the so-called miracles ascribed to Jesus occur in all religions, certainly should give food for thought. These stories have been used from the beginning of time for recording the inner experiences of the soul, which simply goes to show that that way is the best, in fact the only way, in which such sub-

The Light Side and the Dark

THE higher motherhood revealed its strong clear light in the will (recently probated) of Margaret Morell Mackenzie of England, widow of the famous throat specialist. One clause read as follows:

When I die I hope my children will wear as little black for mourning as possible. White or mauve I like, but not black. And I hope they will not shut themselves up, but go out among their friends, and to places of amusement. I am not afraid of their forgetting me, and I want them to be happy.

A LIGHT upon ignorant motherhood was thrown by recent police court proceedings reported in New York City, in which a certain Italian mother was held pending examination into the cause of the death of her twin babes. They had gone to sleep peacefully the night before, after their bottles of modified, pasteurized and municipally inspected milk — into which some poppy-seeds had been thrown by the mother because the babes "were fretful." They did not waken afterwards. STUDENT

OUR YOUNG FOLK

Dolly Madison

OF the many noble patriotic American women, there are few more beloved than Dolly Madison. Dorothy Payne was born in North Carolina on the 20th of May, 1774. Her parents were Quakers and until her twelfth year she led a very quiet life in her country home. Her mother was a Miss Cole, a cousin of Patrick Henry. She was named Dorothy from her mother's aunt, Mrs. Patrick Henry. Her father, William John Payne, was one of the first slave owners to become doubtful about the right of slavery.

In 1786, having become convinced that it was not right, he sold his plantation, freed all his slaves, and as a result his family was greatly reduced in circumstances.

It was about this time that Dorothy married William John Todd, a young solicitor, who had been of great assistance to her father. He lived only three years, leaving her with two small children, the younger of whom died soon after. The other, John Payne Todd, remained her only child.

Dorothy was very devoted to her two sisters Lucy and Anna, in whom she took a motherly interest throughout her long life. In 1792 her younger sister, Lucy, married a nephew of George Washington. It was in their home two years later that Dolly was married to Mr. James Madison — a union which General and Mrs. Washington greatly approved.

One of Mrs. Madison's greatest gifts was her adaptability. This is clearly shown by the manner in which, after her marriage to Mr. Madison she was gradually transformed from a little Quakeress to the first lady of the land, a position which very few have filled with such charming grace and dignity as she did. She was possessed of a warm, loving nature, balanced by a royal dignity and tact, which won the respect and admiration of all who knew her.

During President Jefferson's administration, he generally asked Mrs. Madison to preside as hostess over all functions at the White House. He thought very highly of her, and they kept up a lifelong correspondence.

In 1809 Mr. Madison was elected President. An incident which occurred soon after her arrival at Washington, shows her tact and courage. One evening after a supper given to a delegation of Indians, Mrs. Madison retired to her own rooms. On passing a mirror she caught sight of an Indian standing behind the door in all his war paint. She paused a moment to avoid arousing his suspicion, carefully avoiding his eye. She then moved quietly into an adjoining room and pulled the bell rope, in response to which a tall negro



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MOTHER AND CHILD, CORREGGIO

LOOK upon life as a glorious whole,
Changing ever, never ending;
Look upon man as a living soul,
God and nature in him blending.

made his appearance. With his help Mrs. Madison gently persuaded the Indian to leave the apartment.

During the terrible strain through which President Madison passed just before and after the war of 1812, Mrs. Madison helped her husband in a gracious, womanly way, often clearing the clouds of State from his tired brain by a brilliant story and a good laugh, which he said was as refreshing as a walk in the country.

Mrs. Madison delighted in company and was one of the most hospitable hostesses that ever ruled at the White House, though not in any way extravagant. She superintended all the domestic affairs of the White House, rising early and attending to these matters before her guests were awake.

She disliked controversy of all kinds, especially any that might wound the feelings of others. Whenever such a discussion arose she would quietly retire for a few moments. She used to say "I would rather fight with my hands than my tongue." An atmosphere of sunshine and peace seemed always to surround her. She was very fond of children, who quickly responded to her warm kindly nature.

During the war of 1812 when the city of Washington was burned, President Madison had left the Capitol the previous day to join

General Winder, leaving Mrs. Madison in the White House. She determined to stay here and await his return, but was finally forced to leave. Although in a state of great anxiety concerning Mr. Madison, she remained calm.

She carefully gathered all the State papers, among them the Declaration of Independence, and all the silver plate. As she was passing to her carriage, she noticed a valuable portrait of George Washington, and immediately ordered a negro who was standing near by, to cut it from its massive frame. It was thus saved, and was re-hung in the White House after its restoration. When she returned to the ruined city, it was to find her beautiful home, the White House in ruins.

At the end of his second term, Mr. Madison retired from public life to his country home, Montpelier, in Virginia. Mr. Jefferson's country home Monticello was only a few miles from Montpelier, and he and Mr. Madison were in almost daily

intercourse, both being actively interested in farming. Mrs. Madison led a very happy and busy life. She took a keen pleasure in gardening; which proved a source of great pleasure to the many visitors who came there. One of those who took especial interest in the garden was General Lafayette, and after his return to France he sent Mrs. Madison some tiger-lily seeds, said to be the first of the species in this country.

Mr. Madison suffered greatly during his declining years and all through this period Mrs. Madison tended him with the same loving care. After he died, in 1838, she devoted her remaining years to the arranging of the valuable State papers which her husband had spent many years in arranging. In so doing she rendered a great service to the nation, which was duly recognized; for these documents were recognized by Congress as of national importance and were purchased by them from Mrs. Madison for the nation. In further recognition of her services the franking privilege was bestowed on her, and she was also voted a seat on the floor of both the Senate and the House of Representatives, being the only woman upon whom such a distinction has ever been conferred. Her last years were spent in Washington, with her devoted niece, Anna Payne.

She will ever live in the hearts of Americans as one who served her country by the true nobleness of her womanly life and character.

R.

CRUELTY to animals is the characteristic vice of a vulgar, base nation or individual. — *Humboldt*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Story of the Nightingale

LONG ago in a country in the Far East, the Emperor was sitting in an easy chair of gold in his wonderful porcelain palace, reading a book. He was reading what a traveler had written about this very palace he was in. "Nothing could be more magnificent," the book said, "than the palace and the gardens, but the most precious thing of all, in fact the greatest treasure the Emperor possesses, is the Nightingale."

The Emperor was so surprised when he read this that he almost dropped the book to the floor. "If I have such a treasure, such a wonderful bird, why have I not heard it sing? I have not even heard of its existence before. Bring it this very evening to sing to me."

No one about the Emperor knew where to find the Nightingale; but at last a little peasant girl who helped in the kitchen heard the inquiries and she told the Emperor's attendants that the bird lived near the lake, beyond the forest which surrounded the palace gardens. She offered to guide them to the place.

When they came to the lake the Nightingale was singing. The pompous serving-men were amazed that such a modest little gray bird should sing so delightfully. They invited the bird very formally to come to the palace that evening and sing before His Imperial Majesty. The Nightingale was not at all embarrassed by their grand airs. She said she could sing better out in the woods but that she would go to the palace if the Emperor wished it.

When her lovely song was heard in the palace the Emperor knew that what he had read in the book was true. Nothing had ever touched his heart like those sweet tones. He would not part with the bird. She was kept in a gorgeous cage in the palace and was let out only a few times a day for an airing.

Soon after this the Emperor had another surprise. This time it was a box, which contained a toy nightingale made of gold and silver and glittering with gems. It could actually sing when it was wound up and the whole Court was soon agog with interest in the wonderful toy. The attempt was made to have the real bird and the toy one sing together, but it did not succeed, for the one sang only because her wheels were set in motion and the other because the sweet song was ready in her dear little throat. The Emperor was as much interested as any one else in the toy. While they were all occupied with it, the Nightingale flew out of the window away back to her home by the lake. This offended the Emperor and shortly after he banished the Nightingale from the palace.



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YOUNG STUDENTS OF THE RAJA YOGA ACADEMY,
PINAR DEL RIO, CUBA

RIDDLE

(The Tree)

I HAVE only one foot, but thousands of toes;
My one foot stands, but never goes.
I have many arms, and they're mighty all;
And hundreds of fingers, large and small.
From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows.
I breathe with my hair, and I drink with my toes.
I grow bigger and bigger about the waist,
And yet I am always very tight laced.
None e'er saw me eat—I've no mouth to bite;
Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight.
In the summer with song I shake and quiver,
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

George MacDonald

For a whole year the Court was taken up with the toy bird, which, when wound up, sang over and over a fragment of the Nightingale's song. Then one night something suddenly snapped, the wheels stopped and the song with them! They mended the broken spring, but after that they did not dare to wind the toy up more than once a year, as they feared to break it again.

The Emperor was now sick and old. One evening he felt very lonely and sad. His attendants had left him alone. They had grown careless because they thought there would

soon be a new, young Emperor. What would not the sick man have given for some music? The toy bird was near him, but he had not strength to wind it up.

Suddenly a sweet note sounded at the window. It was the Nightingale from the wood. She sang and sang and with her song hope and joy filled the Emperor's heart. He felt young and strong again. He thanked her and begged her forgiveness, entreating her to come back to live in the palace and bless it with her song.

This she would not do, but promised to come every evening to sing to him, if he, in turn, would promise her something. The Emperor would almost have given her his crown, had she asked it, but all she asked was that he should tell no one of her coming. Then off she flew and left the Emperor to give the Court a bigger surprise than they had had since the Nightingale was found. This story came from the Far East by way of the northern country where lived Hans Andersen, the friend of all story-lovers.

ASTRID

The Birds' Postoffice

A LETTER FROM EGYPT

DEAR CHILDREN: The pictures of some of the family I belong to are on the ancient monuments of Egypt. We were much liked in ancient Greece and Rome also. King Eagle knows about these

old countries, for he is closely linked to ancient history. Perhaps he could tell you something about ancient America too. You know the eagle is the national emblem of America, which is older than Egypt itself.

Our family is well known in America. We swallows fly over land and streams in search of food, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the fur countries to the Tropics. We are on the wing from morning till night, feeding our little ones in the air as we fly.

The Swallows build adobe nests, like the Robins, of mud and straw baked in the sun. We do not sing like the Robins; our special talent is flying, and we are called "sailors of the sky."

We live in flocks, like the Blackbirds and Pigeons. We have great sport playing cross-tag in the sky. Perhaps you may see us some evening. When we fly very high, it is a sign of clear weather; but if you see us flying low, look out for rain. Good-bye.

Your friend,

SWALLOW

Look one step onward and secure that step.

Robert Browning

Discord is like a leak in a cistern.—Talmud

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ber of hours per day, 6.40 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

MAR.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN		WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET	FALL		DIR	VEL
20	29.751	62	56	58	52	0.00		W	1
21	29.719	63	53	55	54	0.11		NE	2
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Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 23

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Force and Matter

THE attitude of a Theosophist towards modern science is discriminative; he must be equally outright in bestowing approval and disapproval. So long (says H. P. Blavatsky) as scientific men keep true to their declared method—that of accurately observing facts and correctly reasoning therefrom—nothing but praise can be accorded; for such a procedure can but contribute to our knowledge of the truth. But when they depart from that method, our approval must of course be modified; and if they depart so far as to promote any kind of harmful dogmatism, the approval must become reproach.

It will be understood, then, by all fair-minded readers, that any observations directed against scientific thought are not intended for its worthy votaries, who are many, but for those whose mistaken efforts discredit its reputation. And this understanding will not only clear true men of science from any undeserved slight, but will also exculpate Theosophists from an equally unmerited charge of undervaluing science through ignorance of the same. Such charges, however, are brought only by the camp-followers of science—those whose beliefs

Real and
Counterfeit
Science

rest not upon the results of their own observation and reflection but upon a misinterpretation of the statements of others; those who have accepted as dogmas the views which the real men of science have, in all humility, put forward merely as provisional hypotheses.

Critics often fail to discriminate between true science and its beneficial results on the one hand, and spurious science and its harmful effects on the other; and thus injustice is done, either by wholesale approval or disapproval. The good side of science is of course comprehended in its discoveries and the beneficial applications thereof; the bad side comprises those materialistic (animalistic) dogmas that have sprung from a confused reasoning which *claims* to be grounded on scientific facts and inductions.

That the animalistic dogmas, so unjustly called scientific, have sprung from sheer confusion of thought and bad logic, has frequently been shown by scientific men gifted with clear heads. The late Judge Stallo, an American thinker, wrote a book which may justly be regarded as a classic in its own department, his *Concepts of Modern Physics*, a work approvingly quoted by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, where she gives the views of a Theosophist and illustrates her position by quotations from contemporary thinkers. The late Professor

Borden Bowne also wrote on the same topic and exhibited the same clear-headedness. Professor Ladd is likewise quoted by H. P. Blavatsky, as is also Professor Butlerof of Russia, and many more. Unfortunately, however, such clear thinkers are not so numerous as the facile writers; and we still find people writing in the name of science and exhibiting the same old confusion of thought as is so ably exposed in the above-mentioned books.

But in the *English Mechanic* (March 3) we find an article on "Matter, Force, and Energy," by F. W. Henkel, B. A., F. R. A. S., which displays the qualities of clear-headedness and is correspondingly welcome to a Theosophical critic naturally prone to appreciate wherever possible.

This writer explains very clearly the fundamental fallacy committed by many scientific reasoners—that of neglecting to distinguish between entities and concepts, between objects that actually exist in nature and the mere formulas of the mind. This fallacy is what Stallo calls the "reification of concepts." But perhaps it would be as well to preface further remarks by a few words about the meaning of the term "concept."

The word "concept" is now frequently, though somewhat improperly, used as a synonym for "conception"; thus we say "a concept," meaning simply "an idea." With this meaning we have nothing to do at present; we here employ the word in its stricter philosophical sense, as it was employed by Stallo in the title and subject-matter of his book. Thus used, we find that it connotes: "A general notion, embracing all the attributes common to the individuals that make up a class." Its meaning largely overlaps that of the word "abstraction," also used in its stricter sense. Now what is an abstraction? The

derivation of the word indicates its meaning. We take some object in nature, *abstract* (or draw away) from it some quality or group of qualities, and thus form an idea, a general notion, a concept, which has no real existence but is merely a formula in our mind, made for convenience in reasoning. But a concrete instance will make matters clearer. A red cow is a real object, something actually existing in nature. We take some one quality—redness, for instance—and abstract it from the object. Thus we get a mental conception, an abstraction, "redness," which has no actual existence (in the sense in which the cow exists). This is a "concept." In the same way we may create any number of such mental categories: the cow is a quadruped—another concept, for

there are in nature no quadrupeds *as such*; there are four-legged cows, four-legged horses etc., but no such thing as a quadruped that is a quadruped pure and simple and nothing else.

Now the point as regards scientific fallacies is this: that many of the data which scientific men use in their thinking are concepts, abstractions. There is no harm in this, however, *so long as the thinkers know or remember that these concepts are concepts*. But the trouble is that they frequently do not know it or forget it. In fact, they mistake abstractions for realities, thus getting false premisses for their arguments, and (of course) arriving at false conclusions. This circumstance illustrates how essential it is for all men of science to be masters of logic as well as mere observers; and how impossible it is to achieve true results in one department of thought without taking into account other departments.

We take some instances which have been mistaken for entities. The writer in the *English Mechanic* begins with that familiar pair of opposites denoted by such correlative terms as "force and matter," "energy and matter," "force and inertia." These, as he shows, are concepts — not objective realities.* This is proved by the fact that neither of them can exist alone. Not only do we never find in nature any matter destitute of force, or any force devoid of matter, but we cannot even think of such things. The two ideas are inseparable and complementary to each other. In short, both force and matter (as the words are used) are things which do not exist in nature, and which cannot exist, any more than redness can exist apart — any more than there can be a quadruped which is that and nothing else.

All we know of nature in this connexion is that it exhibits a number of properties, which we find it convenient to classify into two main groups, denoted by the terms matter and force. Force signifies the more active and positive properties, and matter or inertia signifies the more passive and negative. But the moment we isolate a quality, for the purposes of considering it alone, it ceases to be a reality and becomes a notion or abstraction. Thus natural objects are described as having force and inertia, just as our cow is described as having redness and cloven-footedness; but to say that natural objects are *made up of* force and matter is like saying that the cow is a compound of redness and cloven-footedness. We could never make a cow that way; nor could we even separate the beast into those components. Similarly we can never sift out natural objects until we get a bottle of force and half-a-pound of inertia or pure matter.

What may be called the materialistic philosophy (wrongly called scientific), which characterized last century, is based on this fallacy. A man, for instance, is spoken of as being a compound of body and soul. Here we see that

* That is, the words "force" and "matter" as used by these theorists, do not correspond to objective realities. Whether there are any objective realities which might be described (by H. P. Blavatsky, for instance) by those names, is another question, which must be kept distinct.

a theologian, a believer in the conventional religious teachings, may be as materialistic as a scientific sceptic. For both body and soul, as thus spoken of, are concepts. And indeed we shall find H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, blaming the "animists" on that very ground and calling them even more materialistic than the materialists. To separate man into a body and a soul is as bad as separating objects into force and matter, or dividing a cow into redness, four-leggedness, etc. Is it not very crude to imagine that the physical body of man is purely material, and that a soul, which is not material, can be inserted into it or act upon it? Is it not just the same to say that matter is dead

and that there is a life-principle which acts upon it and makes it move? And how does this differ from the notion that physical objects are composed of a number of inert corpuscles which are pushed about by some mysterious agency called force?

One curious result of mental confusion is that there is "no such thing as force"; a conclusion which may well be described as a flying in the face of facts but which, according to the writer, was arrived at by Professor Tait, who argued that, in accordance with the principle of the conservation of energy, the total algebraic sum of the forces in a system is zero. A similar question would be whether there is any force when two equal teams are engaged in a tug of war. The algebraic sum of the forces may be equal, but it is hard work for all concerned just the same!

The writer is also very good on the subject of the so-called *four-dimensional space* or *four-dimensional bodies*. He shows that the analogical reasoning is based on erroneous assumptions, and that the conclusions are necessarily false. The theorists assume the existence of geometrical points, lines, and surfaces, and so argue the existence of geometrical forms having four rectangular co-ordinates — their so-called four-dimensional figures. But there are no objects having less than three dimensions; for length, breadth, and thickness are abstractions, having no independent existence or even conceivability; and every physical object must possess all three. In fact, these three dimensions are three lines of reference which we use for convenience of representation and mathematical calculation. If there were such things as one- and two-dimensional objects, it would be proper to infer the possibility of four-dimensional objects. But since there are no one- and two-dimensional objects, no such inference is valid.

It should be added here, however, that we may legitimately use the dimensional analogy so long as we confine ourselves to pure mathematics and do not mix these up with physics or confound algebra with geometry. That which physicists call "space," but which is really the quality of extension in physical matter (for pure space can have neither extension nor dimension), is three-fold; in other words, it may be measured with reference to three mutually perpendicular lines. It cannot be measured by less or more than three such directions. Things which are two-dimensional or four-dimension-

al have nothing to do with geometrical extension at all. We might speak of time as being one-dimensional, and denote it by a mathematical line; we might call magnetism one-dimensional, in allusion to its bipolarity. Length is one-dimensional, but length is an abstraction, and we cannot do a proportion sum in which some of the terms are abstract and others concrete. If there is anything four-dimensional, it cannot be anything connected with extension in space. A four-dimensional thing would not stick out in four directions; the expression only means that it is in some way conceivable as a quaternary.

The nearest approach to a property common to all bodies is that denoted by the word "inertia."

The writer points out that we cannot isolate the properties of bodies from the bodies themselves. In the endeavor to arrive at a conception of matter pure and simple we try to isolate the various qualities which we find in bodies, and, stripping these off, to arrive at the residuum. But this we are unable to do. Though some bodies are more magnetic than others, all are magnetic to some degree. No body is entirely devoid of electrification; none is perfectly black or perfectly transparent. The nearest approach to the conception of an invariable common factor is the conception of inertia or mass; and even this is now called in question.

Atoms and molecules are mathematical units, adopted from necessity, but not necessarily corresponding to anything in the physical world.

It will be seen from the above that we cannot expect to explain *mind* in terms of its own ideas, and that the attempt to do so is both illogical and futile. One part of our mind may cognize another part, but the whole mind can only be cognized by that which is beyond mind.

There is only one point on which the remarks of this writer seem to need a little explanation. He says that the true aim of science is not explanation but accurate description of phenomena; though he qualifies this later by adding the word "ultimate" before "explanation." This seems tantamount to saying that physical science cannot explain physical phenomena but only describe them; which is true in so far as the causes of physical phenomena must lie beyond the physical world. But the word "science" need not be thus restricted. If we take it to mean the culture of knowledge, of all kinds, then perhaps it may be correct to say that its aim is explanation — or one of its aims at any rate. But then it would include the science of *self-knowledge*; and many mysteries which lie beyond the reach of physics would resolve themselves before a study of our own cognitions and mental processes.

A final caution should be appended to the above remarks, in order to prevent a possible misunderstanding. We have said that force and matter are not entities but abstractions. We were then using these words in the scientific sense; what science calls force and matter are abstractions. But of course there must be realities in nature somewhere; and of course

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 10)

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Remission versus Karma

KARMA is the doctrine that a man will have to reap what he has sown. The opposing doctrine of sin-forgiveness teaches the annulment of past sowings, the disappearance into the void of the due pain-crop for sown evil.

A clergyman, preaching on the two, has argued that the universe is vindictive if Karma be a real law. He supposed an old sin, or set of them, repented of and the sinner's character changed. He agreed that were there no repentance and no change it would be fitting that the pain should duly follow on as desirable and reformatory punishment, more or less preventive of the repetition of the offenses. But the repetition is already headed off by the repentance and the change of character. How would the universe or the man now profit by the appearance of the punishment? Would that not be useless vindictiveness? Why should not a compassionate forgiveness wipe out the past for good and all?

The first question is, *Does it?* Take the case of a man who for several years in youth was a drunkard. He has long ago reformed, is in middle life, appears an eminently desirable citizen and is self-restrained in all his habits. A thorough-going forgiveness, annulling the crop of the old sowing, of the years of debauchery, would mean that no traces of those years would be woven into his fabric of health, that there would be no physical disabilities, no liabilities to break-down which he would be free from if his youth had been wisely spent. Is that the case? Is his mind, even, what it might have been?

Obviously not; forgiveness, supposing him to have obtained it, has not covered the physical side of the case. On the clergyman's showing, then, even God is vindictive, still visiting on the man the effects of sins repented of, and despite change of character.

Examine the repentance. Are there not often two elements — regret for having injured others and hurt the divine heart of the world, and a purely selfish regret for having hurt personal health and prospects. The change of character is often likewise dual. There may be a new love for others and for the divine heart; or a new love for the personal benefits of health and respectability. To use the clergyman's terminology, God will have great respect for one kind of repentance and one kind of change of character; not much for the other.

And very naturally. One is the attainment of unselfishness and love; and this makes the man of great value henceforth to the universe and a help to all the divine work and purposes. But the other, though bringing about the same alteration of *conduct* in respect of that particular failing, leaves the man as selfish as before. And a selfish man, in the proportion of his selfishness and whilst it continues, *is of no use to the universe*, is no ally in the working out of divine purposes, is not an object of interest, so to speak, to God.

Suppose the restoration of the youth (as

indeed there will be in the next incarnation). Suppose there is again the lost health, flush of vigor, and consequent temptation to sensuality. There would be no danger for the man whose character had genuinely changed to unselfishness and love. But the other, who had merely changed his conduct and reformed for selfish reasons, remaining selfish, who had renounced his sensuality merely because it hurt his individual health and prospects — would almost certainly find the temptations too much for him. His essential character has not changed. Shift the scene to the next life and the situation will be clear. Concrete memories are not brought across from one life to another; character is. Neither man, in the new life, has warning memories to guide. But one of them now has a character to which sensuality does not appeal.

In both cases Karmic results follow on notwithstanding change of conduct. But in the one case they are "forgiven" to the man in this way: accepting the disabilities, he *uses* them. They become reminders to him, teachers of the laws of life to him, stimulants to him to be ever strengthening his will, to surmount temptations to indulgences still possible to him, to rule his life to the highest. Out of it all he *may* gain a new and altogether finer health of body, a subtler responsiveness to finer forces; he *will* gain a finer health of character and mind. *This is the real forgiveness*; inevitable Karmic results have turned to gold; the man has reached and drinks of the compassion which is within all "punishment" that comes from nature. Karma is not mechanics.

But the other man has not that fine and potent help to health which comes from a new attitude towards life and a will set to self-restraint in every direction. He has rather been forced into, than accepted, a new line of conduct; his sensual tendencies are nearly what they were, are merely caged, and may indeed be caged but in respect of the one great failing. His lesson is still to learn.

So the inevitability of Karmic results is not only not opposed to the attainment of "forgiveness," but the forgiveness is verily *in* the continuance of the results. STUDENT

The Power of the Word

AN Irish writer, taking for his text the unfortunate necessity for *printed* poetry, pleads for a restoration of speech to its ancient dignity. Poetry is speech glorified, filled out with feeling to be expressed in sound, not read with eye alone. If children are taught to read poetry aloud, giving full and expressive value to vowel and consonant, they will come to understand the difference between true speech and *our* speech.

But they must first have it read to them; education must begin with the teacher. How many teachers could come up to the ideal? Voice is the most immediate revelation of character, and where character is thin no training will give the voice a soul.

Real poetry readers do not read with their

eyes. There is a constant translation from the eye to unuttered but interiorly heard sound. Most minds are but little awake to word-sound. The word is for them almost entirely picture; the sound element attached is only so much as is given in our customary chatter talk and business talk. A sense for which we have no precise name has never opened inward for them and they are correspondingly flat or superficial. No one knows it; no one knows that he has no full feeling of say *grandeur* because he has never heard the word pronounced nor pronounced it himself in such a way as to have grandeur in it. Only when words are properly filled with sound does their meaning fully awake in the mind; only in that way are the very deepest places of mind opened up for the first time. Some schools of elocution explain that when you say, for instance, *the sea rolls in*, you must *see* the scene. But that alone, seeing alone, will never enable you to fill the words with their utmost, their endless harmonics. The majesty of the great waves flowing on and falling must be *felt*. There is the key to the reading of poetry. Only with that can we open up some of the depths of the child nature and teach it that with its tongue it can work magic as of old. Speech is the actual magic wand of the magician. Sound by us unheard is nature's formative power. STUDENT

Evolving Philosophy

MEN are not reasoned into the acceptance of a system of philosophy. They read or hear it and then find that it answers to an unformulated conviction which had already arisen within them. They like to watch the development into mental terms and logical shapes of what had been for them but undefined intuition. So the successive systems, appearing year by year, may be read successively as the history of the secret thought of the age. Bergson has come to his sudden popularity after thirty years of comparative obscurity because the developing intuition of the time has come into harmony with his. It welcomes the new voice as its own. Look in, he says; find yourself; you yourself are life self-knowing; sound yourself and you know life. The living world cannot be thought out with the mind; mind, trying to know the world, has first to kill it, to break up a living whole into molecules, a living time into seconds, living consciousness into separate conscious states. Beginning within and passing outward, Bergson is thus in sharp antagonism to the systems that begin without and try to get within.

The man who has really found himself, the owner and director of his thoughts, has found the key to the universe. He is in fact only completely educated and ready to live when he has trained his mind to turn inward and reflect the inward as readily as it now turns outward to the world. It finds living time, the universal mother; living conscious wisdom, unfolding itself as soul of man and nature; the inner living unity of all things and beings that seem separate. STUDENT

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

Druidic Cromlech, Pembrokeshire, Wales

THE word Cromlech is one of the few words in English taken from the Welsh language, in which it has the meaning of bending or hanging or poised stone; *crom lech* would be the exact Welsh form of the Saxon term *stone henge*. We call all these old titanic stone remains, popularly, "druidic," although the Druids did not build them. The explanation of that mystery is that the successors of the people who did build them, came to be called Druids in after ages. Certain it is that the Druidical rites took place in these stone circles and cromlechs; and that the circles particularly seem to have been built for the very purpose of the rites.

As for the country of Pembrokeshire, it forms part of the old kingdom of Dyfed, and was among the most sacred parts of Wales in ancient times, being known as the "Land of Magic" (Gwlad yr Hud); and it is associated with the Fwch Lefrith Laethwen the Milk-white Milch-cow that wandered over the world giving her milk to all that might need it, and whoever drank it, if he were foolish he became wise, and if he were sick he became strong. It was in this land that she disappeared at the end of her time. The legend is found also in Ireland and indeed, her parallels would be the Norse Audumla and the Hindû Kâma-duh. Here too the Celtic Church had its archiepiscopal see that refused submission to Rome and Canterbury until submission was forced on it.

The southern part of this country was settled by Fleming servants of the English king, put there to be a trouble to the Welsh in their rear, so to speak, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. These Flemings form a curious English-speaking island (or should one say, peninsula?) in Wales; and the part they colonized is often called "Little England beyond Wales."

The Minnesota Rune-Stone

THE mystery of the "Kensington rune" is discussed in the *New York Herald* (January 15). In August, 1898, a Swedish farmer near the village of Kensington, Douglas County, Minnesota, unearthed a stone with strange characters on it. It was 30 inches by 16 by 6. The characters are said to be runes, and the question is whether the inscription is genuine or a fraud. There are strong opinions on both sides. It has been translated into English and reads as follows:



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"DRUIDIC" CROMLECH, PEMBROKESHIRE, WALES

Eight Goths and twenty-two Norwegians upon a journey of discovery from Vinland westward. We had a camp by two skerries one day's journey north from this stone. We were out fishing one day. When we returned home we found ten men red with blood and dead. A. V. M., save us from evil

and on the edge:

[We] have ten men by the sea to look after our vessel 14 [or 41] days' journey from this island. Year 1362.

The stone was sent to Chicago, but sent back as a fraud; and the farmer used it as a doorstep. But recently it has been brought to the front again. It is to be sent to Christiania for a learned opinion. STUDENT

Were the Mayas Autochthonous?

A RECENT lecturer on the Maya civilization described the chain of ruins 300 miles long stretching through Yucatan and including huge buildings, temples, palaces, observatories, courts for ball games, etc. These gave evidence of a singularly high state of artistic culture by a race presumably the ancestors of the present Mayas. The most remarkable point was that they belonged to the Stone Age and had no knowledge of metal; so that they must have done all this building and carving with flint! We suggest it might be better to give up this Stone Age fad, but theories die hard. The lecturer considered the civilization autochthonous, falling

back upon the theory that men of whatever race develop along similar lines at given periods of evolution, provided their environment is similar. This theory seems to us far too fanciful and inadequate. The similarities between Maya symbolism and culture and those of ancient peoples in the East being much too intimate to be thus explained. The Theosophical explanation is that the ancient races in both hemispheres had a common origin in the Atlanteans. STUDENT

Babylon: Herodotus' Timid Estimate

IT has been customary with modern writers of history to make subtractions from the statements of ancient historians whenever these statements threatened to stretch their imaginations unduly. Herodotus and others were supposed to be most peculiar combinations of folly and wisdom, skill and incompetence. But science has a way of not merely confirming the ancient historians but even of improving upon them. The ancient historians did not exaggerate — they understated.

Professor Koldewey of the German Orient Society finds that Babylon was even more strongly built than was supposed. The outer walls were about four miles on a side. Herodotus makes them 84 feet thick; and if he was lying, or had been imposed upon, or was saying feet when he meant inches, how much more does this apply to Professor Koldewey, who makes the walls 136 feet thick! E.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Vivisection

THERE are three logically successive steps in vivisection. The man who takes the first will be *tempted* by something he has awakened in his nature to take the second. A certain proportion of those tempted will yield.

The second step is the application of experimental vivisection to human beings. This is definite criminality, and the spirit of it, diffusing through the collective medical mind, will now and then touch some one to the use of the vivisection-won knowledge and technique for the purpose of murder. Examples of this last step are now in the newspapers.

As to the second step:

Herbert Snow, an English surgeon of the front rank, specialist in cancer, recently addressing a meeting in the Waldorf-Astoria, said:

Vivisection is useless. In cancer research I have found it entirely so. In the last analysis the final experiment must be performed on man, no matter how many tests have been previously practised on living animals.

For this very reason *so-called human vivisection is secretly practised in hospitals on an extensive scale*. So, as a matter of fact, despite the widespread experimentation upon animals, we are not escaping from the attempts of surgeons to practise upon us.

The public, selfishly accepting the first step, never consider that the second and third must follow by the laws of human nature.

At the conclusion of the same surgeon's second lecture, two New York physicians showed from statistics (of their own city's mortality) that the supposed benefit from the use of certain recent vivisection-arising serums does not exist. The best known is the diphtheria serum. According to Dr. Snow the English and Welsh mortality from that disease is now higher than during the last five years. The pre-serum methods of treatment were, according to him, not only more effective but free from the special serum dangers.

In the old days we could cure any case of diphtheria within forty-eight hours. I use sulphurous acid in frequent doses and find it an excellent remedy.

The present writer, from the experience of a large practice, can corroborate. His own most usual prescription was one-hundredth of a grain of perchloride of iron, given hourly in solution along with one-thousandth of a grain of the same salt of mercury.

The older diagnosis of diphtheria was made on signs and symptoms, not on the microscopic finding of germs. And on the whole, if we had to be limited to one of the two lines of diagnosis, the older is a better one, more accurate, safer for the patient. It is the germ method of diagnosis, throwing the other too much in the background, which has produced the illusion of the serum-lowered deathrate. There are cases of undoubted diphtheria, as Professor Osler (quoted verbally by Snow) admits, in which the germ is not found. These cases *were*, on a *symptom* diagnosis, treated as diphtheria and most recovered. A few died and were registered as diphtheria deaths. On a purely microscopical diagnosis they would

usually not get into the diphtheria lists, and their deaths, registered under some other head, would *come off from* and lessen the diphtheria death list. And this fictitious lessening goes to the serum's credit! Moreover the *serum*, instead of the *microscope*, gets the credit for the recovery of cases which, before the germ was discovered, were called simple sore throat or what not, and so treated. Non-serum, and serum, treatment, resting on the double diagnosis of symptoms and microscope *or of either alone* when definite, have never been statistically compared. The latter rests on the basis, and practice, of vivisection; the discovery of the relation of the germ to the disease, and the consequent use of the microscope in diagnosis, did not require it. M. D.

The Life-Essence

THE medical profession seems to be extending and bettering its outlook upon the causes of disease. Would a writer of ten years ago, even, have ventured to name *selfishness* as one of them?

A recent number of the New York Medical Journal contains two articles which in some degree belong together. One of them, instead of trying to make bad physiological chemistry a cause of fear, makes fear a cause of disturbed physiological chemistry. According to Dr. Butler — and commonsense — the state of fear is a disaster in the body. All along the line, from terror to the vaguest apprehension of undefined coming evil, it paralyzes the life centers, perverts the nutritional work of the nervous system, and causes the appearance of a vast variety of morbid symptoms and products in every tissue.

Dr. Noble's article specializes further. Beginning with the fact that the brain cells of one who has died insane often react abnormally to the usual laboratory stains when mounted for the microscope — stains used to bring out fine details — he goes on:

When one violates the laws of health — by unreasonable thought, leading to unreasonable acts, by selfish motives, by unreasonable hours of labor, by the failure to secure a sufficient amount of sleep, by the failure to secure reasonable recreation, and more especially by hurrying at work, and by an unreasonable attitude toward one's work — which is called the worry habit — there results exaltation of the will and increase in the production of, first, pituitary extract, and then of thyroid extract, which leads to increased liberation of nerve force in the cortex cells, also of increased metabolism in the body — hence it necessarily follows that the production of fatigue toxins is increased.

Turn the statements upsidedown. Fear, selfishness and worry finally work out as toxins. Courage, benevolence, faith, peace — will work out as antitoxins and something more — as tonics. It is the truth that a man is actually lowering his vitality during the hours or minutes when he is thinking harshly of another. This works out directly into poisons; works out indirectly as robbing digestion of some of its energy. It is a fact that a man raises his vitality by kindness of thought and deed. The ultimate metaphysics of the fact is that the life-force, that which streams from

cosmic will into matter, energizing it for evolution, is that which is felt in ourselves as compassion, good will and the like. We are then at the center of things. The primal force, then playing in us, is at its highest work, guiding the upbuilding physical forces. When it lets go, death begins. If, during life, we have cultured and encouraged it in us, we consciously hold its thread through and beyond death. The man who firmly grasps this truth will presently find that it so changes his consciousness that he no longer fears death. He gets the intuition of immortality. M. D.

Inebriety

MODERN medicine classes inebriety as a disease. It is; but the statement alone does not go far. Nor are we much furthered by calling it a disease of the will. For certain reasons it would be much better to call it a disease of consciousness, separating it from the physical results of the chronic alcohol poisoning. For if by some magical medicine all these results could be suddenly removed and the body placed in perfect health, the real disease would remain.

Why call it a disease of consciousness? The first dose of alcohol that the future inebriate takes induces a *feeling* of physical well-being, a pleasantness, a modification of physical *consciousness*. It is on the subjective side. The memory of this takes form as the desire for repetition. And it is this desire, born in and made of the physical consciousness, that ultimately constitutes the disease. In the beginning and for a long time the individual accepts it as *his* desire, just as most of us accept any other physical desire as our own. Later, however, the desire behaves as a partly extraneous force. The desire of the victim may be to escape; even as he drinks he may loathe the imperious crave and the very smell and taste of that which gratifies it. From time to time therefore consciousness exhibits a clear duality whose elements show themselves at the same moment. It is this cyclically self-energized presence in consciousness that constitutes the disease. The man has lent it some of his own will; it is truly an obsessing entity *willing* to drink. It has no other will or wish; that is its entire being; it is even capable of using the intelligence remaining to the man to scheme out methods of obtaining what it wants. It can even invent arguments in reply to those which the man when himself using his intelligence, can advance. The more the behavior of the inebriate is studied the more clearly is the existence of this created entity in consciousness seen. It is *not*, at the end, a subjective cell-crave. For it exists unimpaired, as we have noted, when that crave has been replaced by loathing. And for this reason, at this stage, our supposed magical medicine, restoring the cells to perfect health, would be useless.

Here, the only remedy is detention. Hinder this thing from its gratification and it will gradually starve. The important thing to remember is that its starvation and extinction may come about much later than the restoration to physical health. M. D.



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THE SKY-LINE IN LOMALAND

The Sky-Line in Lomaland

THE view shows one of the fine profile effects of the landscape in Lomaland; and for him who knows them well, a favored imagination and a grateful memory will furnish the colors and details which even the best picture must suggest rather than portray. Lovers of California know how her clear blue aether glows behind her wooded crests in all the wonders of light and shade and of boldness united to grace. But how greatly is the effect enhanced by architecture in harmony with the natural forms! The enthusiastic lover of nature can never decide whether to give the palm to day or night; but he fears not, by lavish joy in the fair sunlight, to lessen his love for the dark beauty of night; nor suffers that love to lessen his gladness in the returning day. The background effects change continually. In the hour before sunset a pale green glow diffuses the landscape. The sun goes down, now in solitary majesty in the midst of a firmament of blue; now attended by all the splendor of his rainbow court. But most enchanting of all is the mystic moonlight. In the foreground, as though peopling the solitude, rise the stately forms of some of our most appreciative and most welcome home-seekers—the health-giving eucalyptus trees. E.

APRIL

WHENNE that April with his showers sote,
The draught of March hath pierced to the root,
And bathed every vein in such liquor
Of which virtue engendered is the flow'r;
When Zephyrus—eke with his sote breath
Inspired hath in every bolt and heath
The tender croppes, and the younge sun
Hath in the Ram his halfe course run,
And smalle fowles maken melody,
That sleepen alle night with open eye,
So pricketh them Nature in their courages;
Then longeth folk to go on pilgrimages.

Chaucer

Flower Manicuring

THE words "nature," "art," and "artificial," overlap at the edges of their meanings, and the handiwork of man may be considered as an enhancement or a perversion of natural beauty, according to our estimate of its effect. Flowers in a florist's window, flowers that decorate our homes, undergo their tiny toilet at the hands of the skillful plant-manicurist, chiropodist, barber, or whatever one may elect to call him. This artist is equipped with an array of scissors, pincers, droppers for glue, pencils, brushes, atomizers, and curling-tongs, with which to curl the petals

or glue them on, trim the anthers, and generally freshen up the flower and pull it into shape. A rose with two or three drooping petals spoils a bouquet; but instead of throwing it away, the artist goes over it with the pincers, pulling some petals into place, straightening out others, plucking some off. Fine wires are inserted near the base of buds to keep the petals together; the petals of chrysanthemums are crimped; feeble stems are fortified with wire; a drop of special glue in the calyx of a flower prevents the bud from falling off before it has withered. H.

A Tortoise Story

SNAKE stories are always welcome, so we may be pardoned for stretching a point and telling one about a tortoise. It is related by a correspondent in the *English Mechanic*. A servant who had joined the household late in the autumn, burst into the drawing-room one day in the spring and cried out that there was a stone walking about in the cellar. When told that it was only the family tortoise, which had wakened from its winter sleep, she replied: "Oh no, it is not; it is the stone with which I have been breaking coal all the winter!" What a blessed thing it is to be a sound sleeper. TRAVERS



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

Karma and Reincarnation

(Abstract of an Address by William Q. Judge)

THE doctrine of Karma cannot be considered properly without keeping Reincarnation in view, for Karma could not have its proper place and operation unless reincarnations furnished the material for it to show in. Reincarnation is, indeed, itself a part of, and is as well a cause of Karma, because the reincarnated man, struggling with fate, ignorance, and desires, generates constantly new causes that may result in further reincarnations.

The meaning of the word Karma must be inquired into. It really means *action*. It is the action of the Divine, or God, or the unmanifested, or Brahman, and also of every sentient being. All worlds are subject to it, as is declared in the *Bhagavad-Gitā*, where it says: "All worlds up to that of Brahman are subject to Karma." Hence is it found operating in all planes. It is Karma that brought us here, that will take us to Devachan, and afterwards bring us out of that condition. For if Karma does not act superiorly to Devachan, then we could never emerge from the latter; but the moment "the reward is exhausted in the heavens of Indra"—which is a description of Devachan—Karma seizes upon the ego and draws it into another body, there to begin again the adjustment of the scales.

The wise among the ancients did not lose time in wandering about, lost in illogical doctrines of salvation and favor from a jealous god, but considered the problem presented by the vicissitudes of life, in the extraordinary fact that the just man often receives no reward nor the wicked one punishment. Finding an explanation needed, they hit upon the word Karma.

As one writer says:

FREEDOM

THE price of freedom sweet is living purely,
For souls are free that conquer snares of sense;
Unselfish deeds and thoughts are bringing surely
Again the Light—so long departed hence—
That wrapped the sea and sky in weirdest beauty
When bards and kings held sway o'er air and earth.
The wondrous keys of Selflessness, and Duty,
Awake in us the Gods who gave us birth.

—F. J. Dick

Karma when viewed thus is good or bad deeds of sentient beings, by the infallible influence or efficiency of which the said beings are met with due rewards or punishments according as they deserve, in any state of life. And we must remember that the world has no being, in the essential sense, but is subject to an alternating process of destruction and renovation.

This leads us to consider the erroneous views of some as to what Karma is. Some think it an evil influence that stands ready to strike a man at the first favorable moment, and I have met more of those who looked at it thus than as being also the good results and compensations of life. It cannot be properly called "the law of ethical causation" only, for if it applies "to all worlds up to Brahman," it must be more than this.

It is the great law which operates also through a manvantara, and which—considering a manvantara as a great Being made up of all beings included therein—causes each manvantara to be the exact resultant of the one which preceded it.

Nor should we make the error of applying it only to ourselves as a great whole, for it affects every atom in our bodies. As we are in fact made up of a *mass of lives*, our thoughts and acts affect these atoms or lives and impress them with a Karma of their own. This again rebounds on us as well as on all other atoms or lives.

Karma is a great benefactor, for it never fails to mete out all compensation, and that demands that the smallest good act or thought should bring what we call reward. Now as we have been reincarnated over and over again, we have met each other in previous lives. The laws of affinity and harmony require that those who are now together must have been with each other before. So the acts of charity and kindness we perform now will compel similar acts to be done for us in other lives; and the law is bringing about such in this life because we did those of like nature in another life. As *The Voice of the Silence* says: "Act thou for them today and they will act for thee tomorrow." So I believe that I am working now to help you, and you me, because there still exists a reciprocal obligation.

The causes of Reincarnation are desire and ignorance. We have what we term "will," but our will is moved into action by desire, and our acts spring from the desire to bring about pleasure or to avoid pain. As long as we are ignorant we constantly fix our desires upon enjoyment or the avoidance of pain, and thus lay the ground for the operation of Karma in another body.

In each life all previous Karma is not exhausted, because the desires and old meditations are not able to manifest themselves unless the apparatus or sort of body is provided which will permit the bringing up to the surface of the old impressions. This is clearly set forth in Patañjali's Yoga Philosophy.

Thus by means of inheritance of bodily frames of various sorts, the ego may exhaust by degrees its Karma, and this explains the differences in men. The man who has a great wide brain takes hold of old Karma which that apparatus may exhaust.

And at this point ignorance shows its power. As, ignorant of the law we sin against it, we receive the result, or, acting in accord with it, another result; in the one case sorrow, in the other, happiness. So we must beware, having become acquainted with the law, that we do not continue as trespassers, for in the present life we settle the opportunities for the next and determine whether we shall in that succeeding reincarnation have opportunity to live with good men, helped by them, or among the vile, ever pushed toward evil.

Of the more recondite mysteries of Reincarnation I will not speak, since those are more or less speculative, but will divide it thus:

- (a) Reincarnation in good surroundings and in a good body, and
- (b) Reincarnation in the opposite sort of body and in an evil family.

Karma as affecting us we may for the present analyse thus:

- (a) That sort which is now operating in our present life and body.
- (b) That which is held over and will operate in other lives or in a later period of this one.
- (c) That which we are making for other lives to come.

The fields in which Karma may operate are:

- (a) In the body only, or the mere circumstances of life;
- (b) In the mental plane when trials of the mind are felt;
- (c) In the psychical nature.

The spiritual plane is not affected by Karma at any time.

Karmic causes may interfere with each other and produce a result in our life which, while similar to neither cause, will be the proper resultant of both. It may also be exhausted by two opposite Karmic causes meeting each other and thus destroying the effect of each.

Its effect is also varied to our sight by the apparatus or body and mind through which it works, in this, that instead of such and such a Karmic cause producing an instantaneous result, it may be spread out over many years in a series of misfortunes, the sum total of which might in some other person appear in one single disaster or favorable turn of fortune.

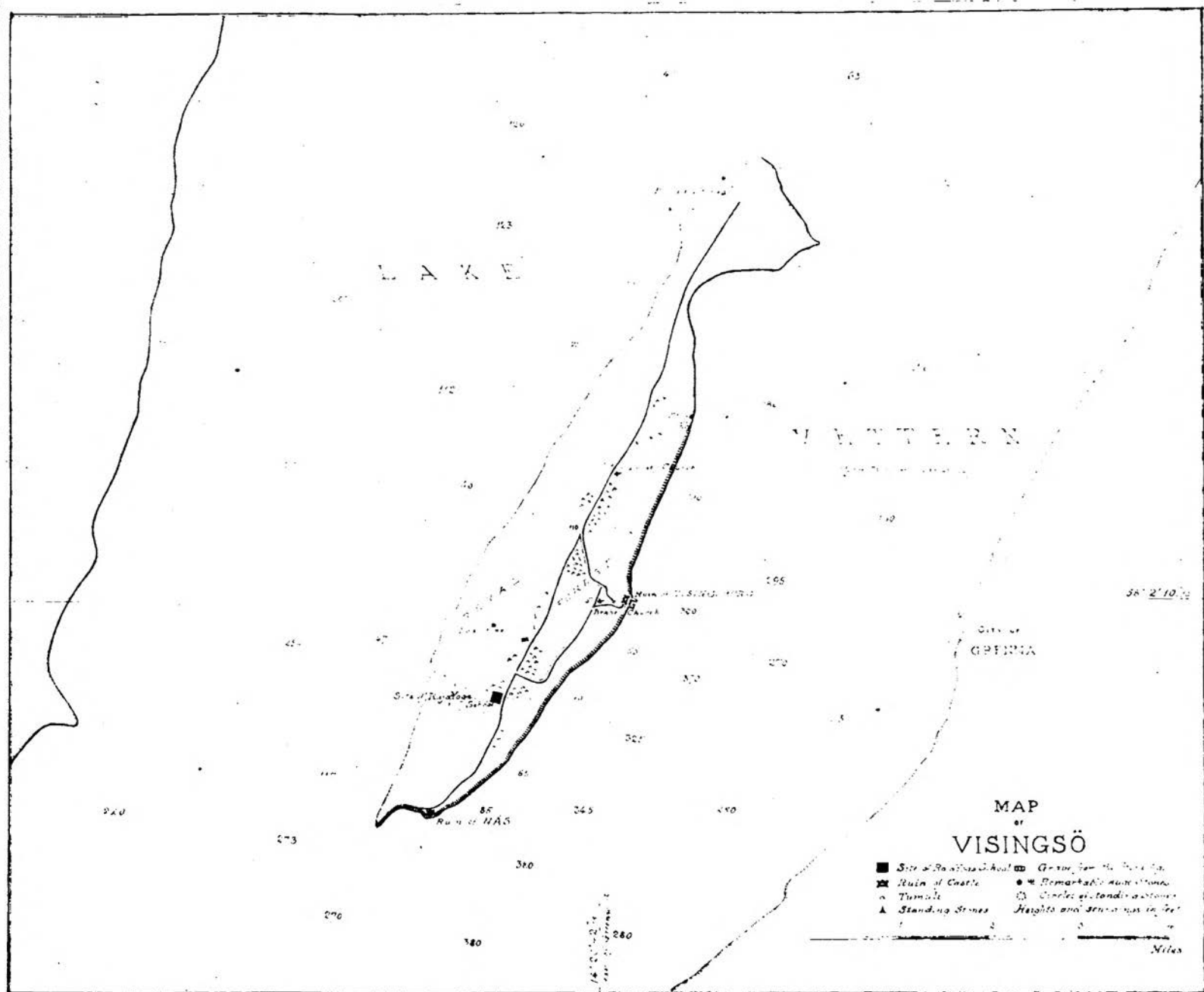
Jesus of the Christians uses the words of occultism and describes Karma in this language:

Judge not that ye be not judged: for with what judgment ye judge so shall ye be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you again.

And in the words of Paul: "As ye sow so shall ye reap."

This is a restatement of the great law as declared by the ancients, and those great sages said that none other than ourselves forged the chains that bind us, and no other hand but our own smites us.

The road up which we must climb to rise above Karma and thus be able to help our fellow men with conscious power well directed, is that one which is marked with the signs Charity and Love.



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If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be and is equally outraged by silence. ---Ammian

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question If we have a knowledge of Karma and Reincarnation in this life, shall we have or recognize such knowledge in our next life?

Answer Speaking generally, any real knowledge gained in any life is gained for all time. But in a subsequent incarnation such knowledge may not be available, but be latent. It will not be lost wholly, but through a certain course of conduct the power to use such knowledge may for a time have become atrophied. It may also happen that in some cases such knowledge previously acquired may not for the time be available as knowledge, that is, so far as mental recognition is concerned. I think we, all of us, have had examples of this in our own lives. If a certain set of circumstances were related to us, and we were asked how we would act, we might be unable to judge what would be the right course to pursue; in other words, we would not have the mental power or know-

ledge to decide. But, if those events actually took place, and we found ourselves in those circumstances we might know on the instant how to act without any intermediate process of reasoning. All action proceeding from intuition is of such an order. The knowledge which we have gained from experiences has been transferred to an interior plane, and has become a part of our own nature, and not something which we need any more to reason about. It has become really ours, though we may not be aware of its possession until the time comes to use it.

It must be that the soul goes on adding to its store of experience from life to life, and that the lesson learned in any one life will not need to be learned again; otherwise, progress would be impossible. It is thus that we have built up our complex nature with all its powers, and though through a wrong course of action we may, for a time, apparently lose some of our powers, they are not really lost, but only dormant, and may be recovered with very much less labor than that which was needed to acquire them originally.

Herein lies the great hope for Humanity, for looking back to the early races of Human-

ity and the Golden Age, we can gain a dim realization of the higher powers of the soul which were then possessed by those races, but which through the ages have been gradually covered up and lost. But since we ourselves were part of those early races we know that those spiritual powers must still be ours, and will again be actually realized by us when we awake out of our long sleep of materiality. It is not that we have to develop new powers but regain the old.

STUDENT

The Theosophical Address at Isis Theater

LAST evening at Isis Theater, before a large audience was read a most remarkable and interesting paper on the subject "The Curse of Gossip," written by Professor H. T. Edge, one of the early members of the Theosophical Society, he having been a pupil under Madame Blavatsky in London. As usual a most delightful and interesting musical program was rendered by the Rāja Yoga Theater Orchestra. This included the following selections:

"Allegro" from Symphony No. 2 Haydn
 "Loreley" Paraphrase Nesvadba
 "Wedding Procession" Rubinstein

— San Diego Union

Professor Edge's paper will be given in full in a forthcoming issue of the CENTURY PATH.

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

Crowd-Psychology

AN actress is quoted as saying that in a theater one appeals to the "crowd-psychology" of the audience, and that it is necessary for playwright and actor to take this into account. The appeal of the actor is not made to any individual, but to some composite entity, apparently; and a play which appeals to this entity may not appeal to an individual who merely reads the book.

The question of "crowd-psychology" touches an interesting point. Theosophy bases its message of brotherhood on the affirmation that "brotherhood is a natural fact"; in other words, that brotherhood does not have to be artificially made or engrafted, as it already exists and so merely needs to be called forth or emphasized. Men, that is to say, are actually united, but endeavor to cultivate separate interests; in doing so, they are acting contrary to their nature—hence the trouble. But we must show them how to act in accordance with their nature—that is, inculcate solidarity as being the true law of their life. Such is a brief summary of the Theosophical position on the question. In this so-called "crowd-psychology" we find at least one illustration of an actually existing unity. For this collective being, to whom the actor must appeal, is something more than a metaphor or a way of speaking. It is at least as real as any individual man; it is addressed and appealed to in exactly the same way as an individual would be.

But the phenomenon of unification does not take place on the lowest physical plane. The members of the audience do not coalesce into one huge giant, like so many soap-bubbles. Could we, however, look on the mind-plane, we might find something different. The limitations of *physical* space and matter being there absent, individual minds might partially coalesce into a single collective mind.

But all such hints have to be issued with a caution; for everywhere the duality of the beneficial and the harmful, arising out of the duality of our nature, prevails. Associations are formed for evil purposes as well as for good; and within certain limits, the occult potencies of nature may serve the one as well as the other. Fanatical crowds may use this magical power of combination as a means of exciting frenzy. In a mob, passions may be generated such as no individual in the crowd

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

would of himself have experienced. In such cases it is clearly the lower elements of our nature that have combined; our better qualities seem rather to have canceled each other. This is not the kind of crowd-psychology or solidarity that is needed or should be cultivated.

As a contrast take for illustration the saying: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." The Master, speaking as Christos, refers to a higher union, a higher solidarity, that is achieved when people meet together for a lofty purpose, with aspirations sincere and hearts pure. In this alchemy it would be the finer elements that would coalesce, and the impurities that would neutralize and precipitate each other. A useful thought, this, by the way—that union not only enhances the good but neutralizes the evil.

But how delicate an operation is this true Alchemy, this Divine Magic! Does not its successful achievement demand a skilled instructor, and fit materials? What evident risks attend any half-knowledge and bungling. For the mysteries of mind and our psychic nature are manifold and perilous. Among its ingredients are those which are pure and those which are not; and though the latter may be precipitated or purified, the process might easily work the wrong way and blow up the alchemist, or distil poison instead of the elixir.

Do we take sufficient account of crowd-psychology in our calculations? It is often assumed that a multitude of citizens will reflect the attributes of a single citizen; but experience contradicts this assumption. But crowd-psychology, though it may be overlooked in theoretical politics, exists and plays an important part, which the practical man recognizes. Thus there is a contrariety between theory and practice, the former being based on the idea of the citizen or man, the latter being concerned largely with the psychology of masses of people.

Where the crowd-psychology is of the bad kind, the individual ought, of course, to resist

it and rise above it. He has a fine opportunity to exercise his individuality—if he happens to possess any. But so many people seem to depreciate their own individuality. What they *call* their individuality is something else; it is merely personalized desire, the instincts of the crowd as focused in one's own mind. The exercise of this so-

called individuality implies neither freedom nor originality, but servility. People of this sort are merely echoes.

True self-assertion is not asserting the personality but asserting the higher law. To escape from crowd-psychology, we must escape from a kind of conspiracy of mediocrity and narrow selfishness, rising into the higher fellowship of those who do likewise. STUDENT

Personality

THE suppression of personality is an old teaching, which has been so misapplied by certain bodies as to become a weapon of oppression even to the perpetration of crimes against humanity and brotherhood. Yet common sense guided by good feeling and a knowledge of Karma, would teach us to be grateful for the rubs and apparent injustices that tend to irritate us. We should see in these the beneficent reactions of self-generated causes—Nature's way of expanding our inner life. STUDENT

Force and Matter

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 3)

there is another use of the words force and matter, a use whereby they denote actualities. It will be understood, therefore, that a Theosophical writer, like H. P. Blavatsky for instance, may use these words to denote other things to which reference is being made so that, if such a writer should say that they are realities, the meaning would be that these other things, and not the scientific conceptions, were the realities spoken of. In *The Secret Doctrine* such distinctions are usually made clear by the use of variations in type or by a direct intimation to that effect. The same applies to the word "soul." We have said above that the dividing of man into soul and body was an instance of the process of abstraction; but we were then using the words in conventional senses. A Theosophist, speaking of soul, might mean something different from the conventional idea. Thus, the statement that the soul is an entity might be true in that case.

H. T. EDGE, B. A., (*Cantab.*)

A Beetle's View of the Universe

WHEN we are discussing scientific problems which lie within the limits of our ordinary conceptions, it is proper to assume the objective reality of physical extension, distance, and magnitude. But when it is questions that transcend those limits, we may find ourselves involved in the consequences of a serious fallacy, if we make this assumption. How often is this overlooked!

For instance, we find an article discussing the limits of the stellar universe and how life got to the earth. Now when one is discussing the origin of life, is it legitimate to think of physical space, and of objects traveling through it, at all? The movement of bodies through space is a peculiarly physical conception; but we are here discussing questions which must, from their very nature, transcend all purely physical conceptions. Why should we assume that life ever originated at a point and traveled thence to other points? In the physical world it is not considered possible for a thing to be in two places at the same time. But is this necessarily true of any ultra-physical state which we may consider as pertaining to such a question as the origin of life?

To be brief — how can we possibly hope to solve such questions while our mental reach remains restricted to the conceptions arising out of our physical perceptions? It seems evident that we cannot hope to do it. Any conclusion at which we might arrive by such a method would necessarily be false. We are putting the cart before the horse, surely, in proposing to settle the origin of life before we have fathomed the nature of those conceptions which we call "space" and "distance" and "motions." May not life be spirit that is omnipresent and eternally present, situated at the center of every atom in the universe, nowhere and yet everywhere? ever ready to leap forth into exuberance or to slumber for ages locked in the perfect rest of absolute motion? We must perforce use terms that have little or no meaning, and which are but intended to arouse reflection.

Truly, in comparison with the realities we so valiantly set forth to fathom, the little universe of our imaginings is like the colored picture on a screen. Built of rays of light that proceed from an inscrutable source, in vain may we scratch with our knife at the surface of the canvas in our childish attempt to find out what it is made of, whence it came, and whither it goes. The origin of life! The source of the stream is not in its bed. Our ideas of antiquity and futurity — are they not as the crawlings of a beetle over the lantern screen? What know we, any more than that beetle, of the ends and beginnings of things? For the beetle, time begins with the beginning of his crawling, and the world comes to an end when he reaches the top of the screen.

Yet man is not limited to the beetle part of his mind; he may take wings, like the chrysalis, and from the free air view the dirt he has been crawling over — and laugh in his joy.

STUDENT

THE Universe, including the visible and the invisible, the essential nature of which is compounded of purity, action, and rest, and which consists of the elements and the organs of action, exists for the sake of the soul's experience and emancipation.—*Patanjali*

Choric Dancing

"MORRIS-DANCING" appears to be reviving in England, and its vigorous movements and healthy outdoor character appeal to the abilities and tastes of young people bred on the soil that witnessed its former vogue. There seem to be indistinct ideas afloat in many quarters at present, that the choric and rhythmic performances which have always played such an important part in the world's history, are something more than mere amusements. All performances in which people unite in concerted action — choral singing, dancing, drilling — call into play an impersonal spirit, thus promoting harmony and solidarity. Some natures rebel against anything of the kind, and flatter themselves that they are too refined to partake in the frivolities of ordinary people. It is galling to their brain-power to have to stand in a row and move their arms and legs to the word of command. But other natures feel an exhilaration, associated with a welcome escape from self and a sense of being merged in a greater whole.

Such exercises have been used in times past as adjuncts to the practical teachings of the Mysteries. They promote harmony when carried out under wise direction and proper conditions. But it is easy to see that, without these provisions, they might not only fail of a useful effect but even produce a bad one. As an instance of the latter, take some kinds of dancing. Again, there have always been fanatical religious sects, savage and "civilized," which have used dancing and other forms of concerted gymnastics as a means of inducing frenzy.

In the various instances of attempted revival of Greek or other ancient dancing, we recognize what is doubtless in many cases a genuine aspiration towards a worthy object; put into effect, however, without much attention to providing guarantees that the thing will be maintained at a high level and not misapplied. Yet, however pure and excellent the intentions of the promoter, few will deny the risk of introducing costume dances to a more or less indiscriminate selection of people of both sexes. Good work always needs protection, especially against foes from within, and rather against its friends than its enemies. And worthy enterprises suffer from the evil associations of unworthy counterfeits.

For these reasons we prefer to regard dancing as an adjunct to moral discipline, so that the energies it arouses may contribute to a predetermined purpose rather than be uselessly or harmfully frittered away. And it surely goes without saying that in so important an undertaking the greatest care is requisite in selecting the participants. And here we notice a singular remissness that is rife in our civilization. We are so careful in the mixing of drugs and foods and dynamite, and yet so heedless in the way we mix persons — whether it is selecting companions for children or daughters, or what not. The naïve assumption that a mixed crowd of applicants will come up to standard without any sifting is astonishing when you come to think of it. The question is, Who is competent to do the sifting? Who shall set himself for a judge? But is not this a further confession of incompetency?

STUDENT

ALL Nature flows in rhythmic dance.

The Deadly Castor-Oil Plant

CASTOR-OIL is recognized as a safe and certain remedy for certain conditions. The castor-oil plant is a familiar ornament of gardens in some localities. But let us beware of false inferences, for a mistake in logic may be a matter of life or death. Persons who have eaten the castor-oil bean under the impression that they were taking castor-oil have found that they were taking other things besides.

The castor-oil bean contains a poison of the most remarkable deadliness, we are told by a certain professor who has isolated this poison. One gram of *ricinus*, as it is called, is sufficient to kill one-and-a-half million guinea pigs. We do not know what is our own coefficient of resistance expressed in terms of guinea-pigs, and we do not mean to try. But it should be known that the castor-oil plant is very poisonous.

The poison exhibits in remarkable degree the property of losing its effect by repeated doses. In brief, *es übt sich schnell*. The dose may be increased gradually one-thousandfold or even ten-thousandfold without harmful effects. An antitoxin is developed in the body, and this antitoxin, derived from the blood of an immunized animal and injected into that of a poisoned animal, will cure the latter. Thus there is an analogy with bacteria, and we much prefer this vegetable immunization to the animal kind, though it would be still better if injection of animal blood could be avoided altogether.

TRAVERS

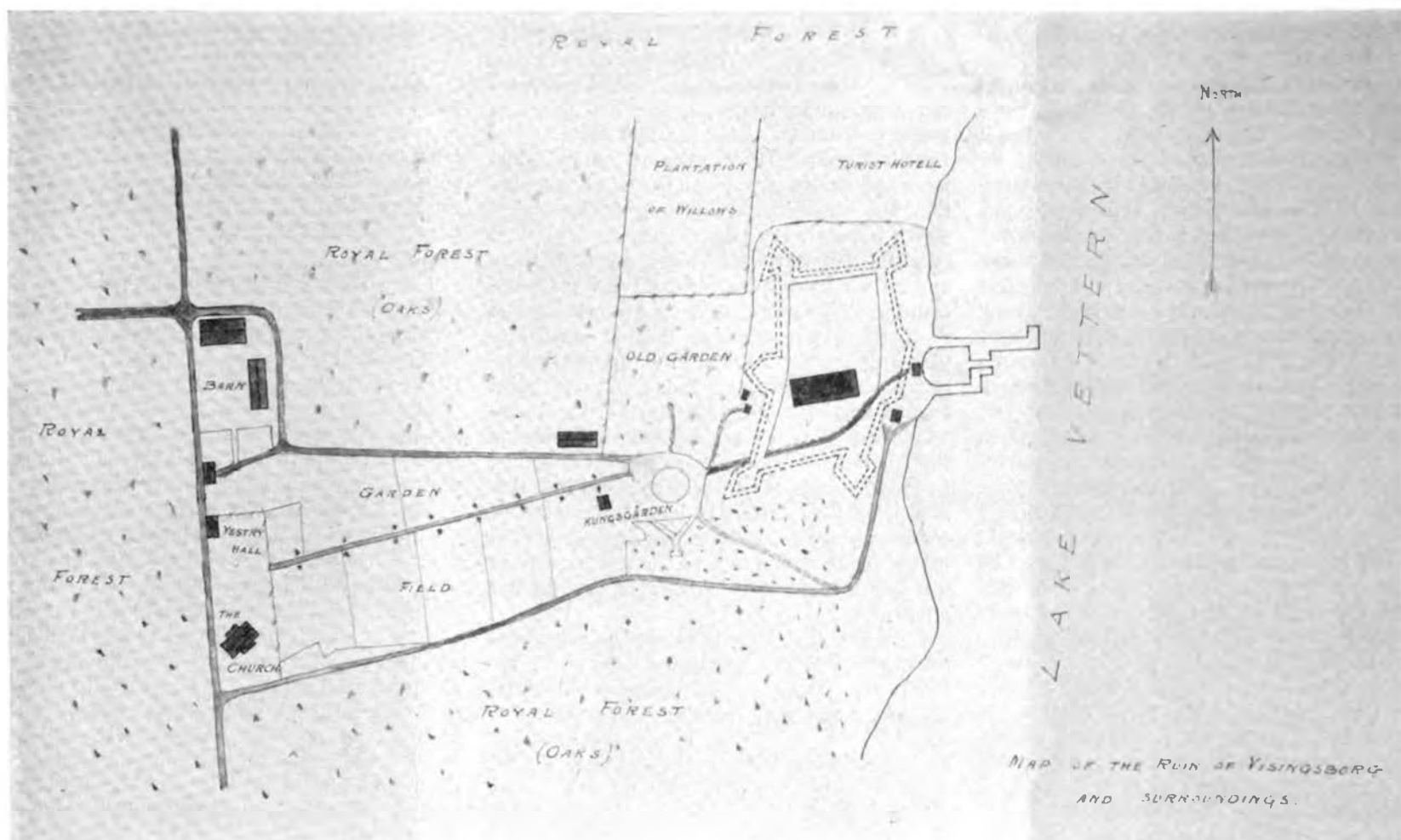
Stellar Aberration and the Sun's Way

WHILE the velocity of the sun with its planets through space has no influence upon the size and shape of the aberration-circle, parallel to the ecliptic, of each star, yet the real place of the star within that circle is more ex-centric than usually supposed, by reason of the sun's motion. Moreover the sun's motion also causes a displacement through aberration of the entire aberration-circle of each star, in amounts varying according to the sine of their angular distances from the apex of the sun's way near the star Vega. Thus the maximum displacement of about 13 seconds of arc would occur in stars near the head of Auriga and in all stars 90 degrees from the apex. Then there is the diurnal aberration.

So that between the sun's motion, that of the stars in all directions and at various speeds, the three aberrational displacements, the influence of precession, nutation, refraction, etc., the prospect of finding the true orbit of the sun is by no means hopeful as yet. Unless, perchance, some one succeeds in unveiling part of the knowledge of these matters possessed by the successors to and descendants of the ancient astronomers of Atlantean days. Such knowledge was bound up with that of the great life-cycles, and was held sacred in days of old. And why should it not still be regarded as sacred?

The question is complicated by certain star-displacements having been held to result from the a-symmetry of the earth, whereas there may be rhythmic movements of the crust, as in South Africa, which mask the other effect. Seismology may discover the steadiest place for an observatory. The sun's motion may itself be complex, like that of a satellite, and analogy would suggest this probability.

STUDENT



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Visingsö

LAKE VETTERN is, as to its size, the second of the Swedish lakes, being eighty miles in length and about ten miles across. Its depth is considerable, especially in the southern part around Visingsö, where it is four hundred feet in some places. No rivers flow into the lake, but it has a large outlet in the Motala Stream. Thus it is dependent for all its water on the mighty well-springs in its depth, this being the reason for the crystalline clearness of the water. This fact, and the depth, and other curious circumstances, have given rise to a tradition that it is connected by subterranean passages with other lakes, especially with Lake Constance in Switzerland.

The lake has only one island of any size and that is Visingsö, which, shaped like an immense fish, seems to swim in the clear waters. It rises abruptly from the bottom, though it is only a hundred feet high above the surface of the lake at the present time. The geological formation of Visingsö and the bottom of Lake Vettern is highly interesting and still a puzzle to the geologists; it has been classed in a group by itself, as there is nothing like it in the North. It is mostly considered to belong to a very early period in the Earth's history, the so-called pre-Cambrian period—not the least trace of former living things having been found embedded in the sandstones and slates of which it is composed, and which have been bored through to a depth of several hundred feet in search of a solution to the problem.

Around the lake, especially to the west, are found the most ancient archaeological finds, showing that this was a settlement of the first inhabitants of the country in the so-called Stone Age; and on Visingsö has been found

at least one grave with remains from that time. On the island are further found more than a thousand graves preserved from the next following periods up to the Viking time, rings of standing stones and single blocks. This combined with the traditions, show that it has been a notable center in the past; and when we shall be able to read the Scandinavian mythology more understandingly, a new light may be shed on those ancient times and on this special spot. The traditions have much to tell about wise kings, giants living in the neighborhood, and magicians who saved the island from the destruction which dark forces had planned for it.

The later history of Visingsö has previously been touched upon in these pages; how it was the seat of the Swedish kings for a considerable time in the Middle Ages, the ruin of Näs' Castle at its southern point being the monument of that period; how the Brahe family, the prime nobility of the country, ruled here in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, building the magnificent Castle of Visingsborg, part of the ruins of which are still standing; how Earl Per Brahe here established a remarkable school for higher and practical education on the first of May 1636—of which the two hundred and seventy fifth anniversary is next year—and how this school after having served excellently for one hundred and seventy-five years was removed to the mainland a hundred years ago, in 1811, the place "being unfit for an extended and complete education"—a reason which may stand out in a singular light, when the island once more stands to Sweden and Europe as a real center of learning and education in the deepest sense.

For certainly Visingsö entered into a new period of active and radiating life when Kath-

erine Tingley in 1907 secured a property there for the establishment of Rāja Yoga education. It is impossible to foreshadow what will happen when the experience and the knowledge and the deeper love that have grown so wonderfully at the center on the hills of Lomaland under her Leadership shall be connected with that center in the far North. Only those who have been happy enough to get an insight into Lomaland life can have some glimpses of it.

On the island live a large number of thrifty farmers, as most of the land outside of the Royal Forest is cultivated and very fertile. The Royal Forest was planted some eighty years ago to provide oak timber for the navy; but as steel now has taken the place of oak in the construction of warships, the forest stands there to serve other ends. It covers the middle part of the island, and with a projecting hook it encloses the property owned by Katherine Tingley.

PER FERNHOLM

Seismology in America

THE Seismological Society of America has issued its first Bulletin, from which it appears that the number of seismological stations in America, including Canada, Mexico, Costa Rica, Panama, United States, West Indies, and South America, is about one hundred. One of these is at the Rāja Yoga College, Point Loma, where both horizontal and vertical component instruments are installed. The Bulletin states that a great deal has still to be accomplished in organizing and co-ordinating the work of observers, as well as in promoting a better distribution of stations throughout the continent. Seismology, still in its infancy, has an interesting future before it, of much import to science. STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Art in Daily Life—The Artisan

WHAT a world of meaning there is in the first object of the International Brotherhood League: "To teach men and women the nobility of their calling and their true position in life." The great mass of men and women who are engaged in work of a productive character are doing that work under the severe pressure of commercial competition and with the sole aim of getting a living. There is no art in such work; it is mere handicraft into which the *soul* of the worker never enters at all; consequently such work is soulless and without influence for good in the world.

This is not wholly the worker's own fault, unless we view it from the broad standpoint that he is suffering under conditions which in the past he has helped to bring about. How he has done this I have indicated in a previous article; and being in the mud he has to raise himself out of those conditions or rather to lift and transform them to his own more noble use; which he can do through Art and Brotherly Love. No sort of work is too small or trifling to be regarded as a work of art in which the love and creative fire of the divine can be embodied, thus ennobling both work and worker. Here it is, then, that the artisan, the so-called common workman, can do the largest share in the grand work of restoring a universal artisanship. It cannot be done in a moment, but the fair and lovely change must surely come if every working man and woman resolves to transform Handicraft into Art and so make commerce a servant instead of an all-compelling master.

We are in a transition state, and the slaves of present day industries are probably those who, in the flower of past civilizations, made their weaker brethren thralls to work which they would not deign to share. The Greeks rose to glorious heights in religion and art through a partial practice of Brotherhood, but the lowlier duties of life they put away to slaves. Since then we have been learning the lessons of this grievous mistake, so that today we are far better prepared to understand the glorious message of *Universal Brotherhood*, for now at last we have learned to realise in our inmost hearts that "when all men cannot alike be free and happy, all men must suffer alike as slaves." So, too, have we learned to see the short-sighted folly of the modern effort—born of materialistic thought—which would fain drag us all down to the soul-destroying level of a commercial handicraft instead of lifting us to the shining realm of Universal Art. To alter mere material conditions will not alter man himself; the cleaned-out slum and garnished garret will be filthy again in a week unless we change the hearts and minds of the inmates, and plant therein new hopes and new ideals.

Richard Wagner, one of the greatest artists of his century, wrote over fifty years ago:

The crime and curse of our social intercourse have lain in this: that the mere physical maintenance of life has been till now the one object of our care—a real care that has devoured our souls and bodies and well-nigh lamed each spiritual impulse.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE GALLERY OF THE VENUS DE MILO, LOUVRE. PARIS
THE FAMOUS STATUE IS IN THE DISTANCE

... When the Brotherhood of Man has cast this care forever from it, and, as the Greeks upon their slaves, has laid it on machines—the artificial slaves of free creative man, whom he has served till now as the fetish-votary serves the idol his own hands have made—then will man's whole enfranchised energy proclaim itself as naught but pure artistic impulse.

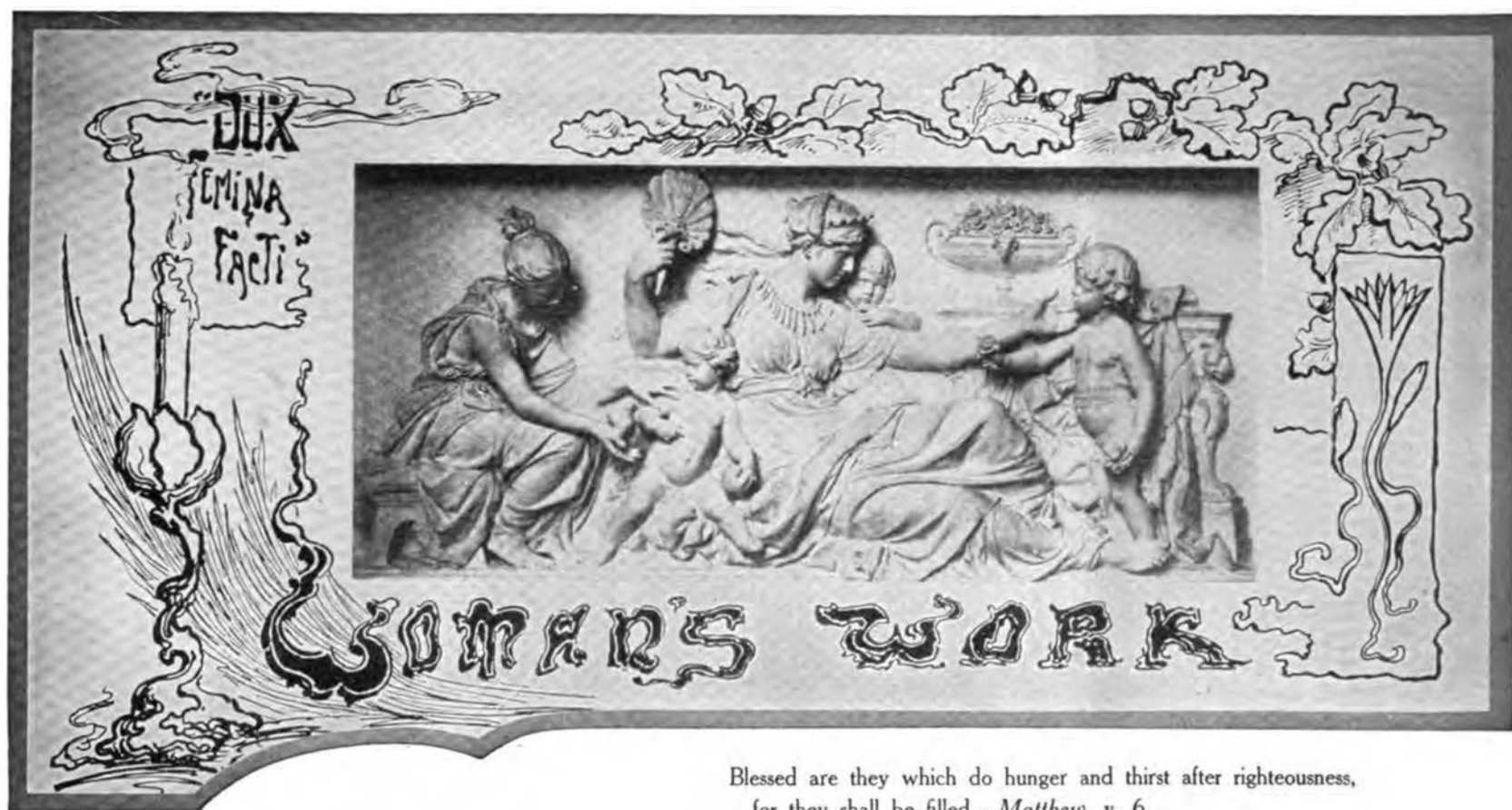
Truly, in America, of all countries, we see in the perfecting of machinery one of the great hopes for the liberation of our industrial slaves; along with it marches the rapid growth of Brotherly Love. So can we joyfully look forward to the dawn of a new and brighter life for all humanity, a life in which true Art will regain the throne so long usurped. M.

Michelangelo at Work

THE following description of Michelangelo at work is by Vignero, the mighty old sculptor's contemporary and close friend.

STUDENT

I have seen Michelangelo although then 60 years old and not in robust health, strike more chips from the hardest marble in a quarter of an hour than would be carried off by three young stonecutters in three or four times as long, a thing incredible to him who has not seen it. He would approach the marble with such impetuosity, not to say fury, that I have often thought the whole work must be dashed to pieces. At one blow he would strike off pieces three or four inches thick; yet with such exactitude was each stroke given that a mere atom more would sometimes have spoiled the whole work.



Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness,
for they shall be filled.—Matthew, v, 6.

CLEANLINESS is next to godliness," and clean, purposeful activities of mind and body hold the key to sanity, health, and morality. The prevalence of insanity, of degenerative and social diseases, of vice and crime, demands a searching study of the causes of these conditions.

Improved sanitation has modified the spread of contagious diseases, and this gain in externals is being followed up by a popular movement of education in hygienic laws and in mental and moral soundness. Individual and organized efforts among the laity and in medical circles give evidence of study and active service in dealing with topics which heretofore have been barred from public discussion, while their importance has been underestimated even by the medical profession. Gradually the subject of right living is being pursued from the material externals toward the conscious center of the individual life. In following up the abnormal conditions to find their cause and to provide preventive treatment, the mental view is being focused farther and farther back toward the beginning of life.

The Rāja Yoga system of education inaugurated at Point Loma has anticipated the popular movement to get back to natural conditions and it aims to begin the child's training at birth, if possible. Under favorable external conditions, by cultivating the higher nature while controlling the lower, there results an equalizing and harmonizing action of the physical, mental and moral forces.

This method is based upon a consistent philosophy of life and a knowledge of complex human nature. While the teachers are

The Home Standard

prepared to deal with the worst side of the pupil they are trained above all to bring out the best in him. Thus the character is so poised and strengthened as to attain most nearly to its best expression. This can only be possible where purity of thought and deed is recognized as a pre-requisite of education which concerns not only the head but also the heart—"for out of it are the issues of life." Cleanliness is not a mere matter of



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QUIET ABOVE THE WATERFALLS, TROLLHÄTTAN, SWEDEN

ethics or aesthetics but is an underlying principle of normal living that is related not only to infancy and prenatal conditions but to the whole environment.

True parentage has a sacred meaning in its relation to the creative quality which assumes the protecting and guiding care of other creatures who are more helpless and less experienced. Deity has no title which brings such a sense of wisdom and nearness as the familiar one of "God the Father." In pro-

viding a body for the child do not the parents create the type of his physical constitution? A little thought will show that they also are responsible for striking the keynote of their child's mental and moral inheritance.

Too often the best thought and feeling, the purest and noblest ideals, which go into the making of the marriage tie are soon dissipated along less worthy levels of commonplace living. Yet somehow all the old diseases and sins and suffering of humanity seem to survive as racial heirlooms. The multitude of disappointed—and disappointing—men and women, in deserting their own high aims, usually hope and expect to make things better for their children. They forget that in the shaping of the child's future, which lies largely in their hands, they can bequeath only that which they have made their own. There is an instinctive acknowledgment that purity of life is the normal state in the fact that it is publicly professed even where privately betrayed. It vitally influences the whole nature and, like nearly all other basic problems, this matter lies deeply rooted in the home. The social standard can rise no higher than the level of the individuals that compose it.

Popular instruction in social purity and sex hygiene cannot fail to improve upon the classic ignorance and evasion of the subject. But more important still is the parental duty of investing the child from the first with the noble standards which can make a fit home atmosphere for the soul. The formative period of prenatal life should constantly receive from both parents the imprint of their highest conception of human life, its relationships and its destiny. Their standards of thought and

feeling during these few months are to affect permanently their child's future years and leave their mark upon his future lives. Even if this period be a time of trial and disappointment, continued aspiration, especially in the mother, will transmit to the child the impulse for attaining better things. On the other hand, a sordid and selfish environment of parental ideas robs him of the best of his heritage. The ideal to be sought is not a vague and impractical state but simply *life as it should be*.

From the first the babe should become used to the rhythm of regularity and balance in all things that contact him. His food, his bathing, his dressing, his exercise, all these need to be carefully considered and rightly timed. He should not be treated with coldness or neglect or with too much handling, which is disturbing and enervating. Most infants are able to feel and to expand under the sunshine of an enveloping love without the contact of too much caressing.

A new world of matter, of thought and things, is forming around this center of the incoming soul with its fresh, sweet body and untouched brain. The surrounding atmosphere should be that of clean, restful serenity and harmony. Sensitive adults are affected in mind and in health by abrupt and harsh sounds, crude colors, garish lights, bad odors, distorted lines, disorder and confusion generally, and by the unhappy mental and emotional states of those around them. How much more cruelly must the child's susceptible nervous system suffer from like causes even when he is yet unaware of them? These things all fall short of possible completeness and therefore they produce a restless, unsatisfied feeling which in time becomes a distinct trait in the character. Like produces like: the missing notes of harmony or the discordant tones of the family life arouse a sense of lack, of longing and desire, and the impulse of fulfilment will seek satisfaction at the same level rather than along higher lines. The parents who strike the wrong keynote for the child may easily taint him with a quality of restlessness and desire which they will lack the wisdom to recognize and control in its early stages or in its later expressions.

Everyone knows that infants have sickened and even died from taking the milk of an enraged mother. The hatred which can thus poison even the physical fluids of the body certainly can contaminate the subtler home atmosphere. The same holds true of the other passions as well. Even before the child has either body or brain to feel or to express the emotions of his adult associates, he is physically and psychically impressed with the *quality* of

the contacted feelings which will find various ways of working themselves out. The family discords and unrest which can affect the infant with irritability and illness later may stimulate him into unwholesome efforts to find selfish gratification. The origin of vice and youthful indiscretions, of bad tempers and cruel traits and sensual appetites, often dates back to the



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AN OLD DOCK-KEEPER AND HIS ISLET HOME, TROLLHÄTTAN

unworthy standard of some home life where the parents have discarded their ideals. The foundation of social purity and moral hygiene rests upon the sacredness of the hearthstone, and parentage cannot be degraded without all humanity paying dearly.

The creative element is so essentially basic in its character as to affect the whole nature



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SLOTTSÖN, TROLLHÄTTAN: THE SITE OF A CASTLE IN ANCIENT DAYS

— physical, mental, and moral. Its highest function is capable of creating a new heaven and a new earth; reversed, and acting upon the lower plane, it energizes the lowest and most debasing evils. The mystic unity of the masculine and feminine principles which together stand for human completeness has a significant power and meaning for those parents who live and love unselfishly and purely. The higher qualities of parenthood are essentially spiritual and uplifting, and the home that has not these as its cornerstone is indeed built upon shifting sands, which the waves of untoward circumstance will wash away. L. R.

Slottsön, Trollhättan—Above the Falls

IN striking contrast to the turbulent, boiling, and foaming mass of water that rushes down the Trollhättan Falls, is the idyllic quiet and peace of the waters above them. The Göta river here widens to a considerable extent, encircling a cluster of islets that seem to be a natural home for contentment and rest, so full of charm is the scenery in whatever direction you may turn. Not of slothful ease—the landscape breathes too much of power for that—but ease of mind and ease in action, in tune with Nature and with that finer consciousness that seems to ooze out of the very soil, a reminder of the glory of long past days.

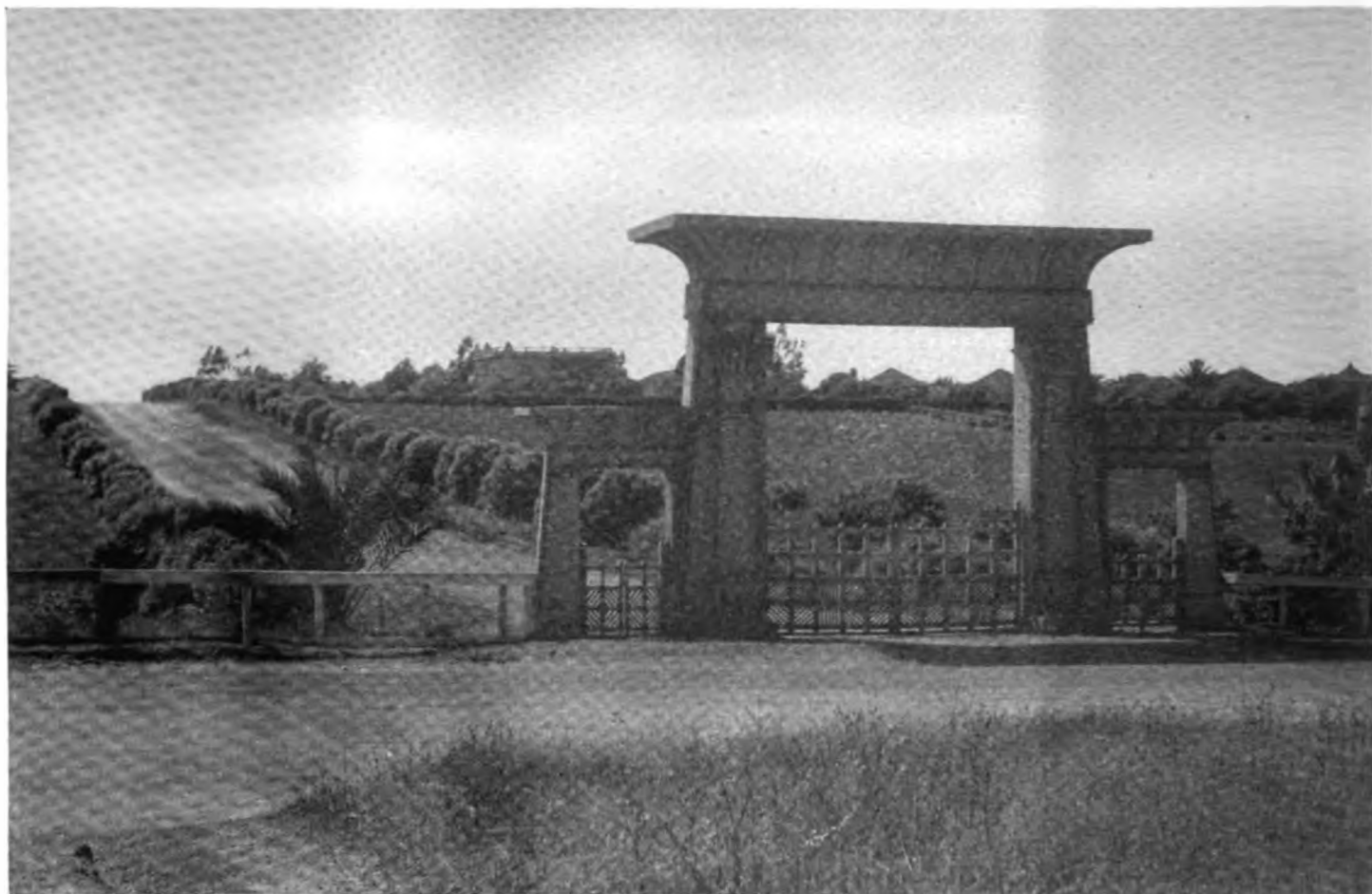
One of these islets, Slottsön—which means the Castle Isle—was in olden time the center of the neighborhood and held a mighty castle of which, however, there are now hardly any remains. In late years it has become a meeting-place for the young folk in their midsummer festivals, for the Swedish youth is again taking up many of the old and good customs of his country.

One who has visited these islets in midsummer will not soon forget the scene, for hundreds of young men and women and children have gathered to pluck wild flowers for the garlands and wreaths that are to deck the maypole. And when the pole is raised they dance the old dances in their national costumes with the bright colors that harmonize so well with the nature-surroundings. In taking in the picture of sound health that is before the eye, one becomes sensible of certain pure and mighty forces which slowly but surely are taking visible form, thereby inaugurating a new age of glory for Sweden. SWEDISH STUDENT

THE spiritual Ego of man moves in eternity like a pendulum between the hours of birth and death. But if these hours, marking the periods of life terrestrial and life spiritual, are limited in their duration, and even if the very number of such stages in Eternity between sleep and awakening, illusion and reality, has its beginning and its end, on

the other hand the spiritual pilgrim is eternal. And so the only reality in our conception is the hours of man's *post-mortem* life, when, disembodied—during the period of that pilgrimage which we call "the cycle of rebirths"—he stands face to face with truth, and not the mirages of his transitory earthly existences. Such intervals, however, their limitation notwithstanding, do not prevent the Ego, while ever perfecting itself, from following undeviatingly, though gradually and slowly, the path to its last transformation, when, having reached its goal, it becomes a divine being.—H. P. Blavatsky, *Key to Theosophy*

OUR YOUNG FOLK



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EGYPTIAN GATEWAY: ENTRANCE TO THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY GROUNDS,
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

William Q. Judge and the School at Point Loma

THIS gateway is the entrance to that part of the grounds of the Headquarters at Point Loma where, in February, 1897, the cornerstone of a great Temple of Wisdom was laid by Katherine Tingley. The height of land where the flag floats daily above this cornerstone is far from the country where Helena P. Blavatsky, the first Theosophical Teacher in the nineteenth century, was born. It is far from the city of New York, where Madame Blavatsky began her work in America and where she met her Helper. This Helper, William Q. Judge, taught the students of Theosophy to look forward to this School in the West, where the teachings of wisdom would once more be given to old and young, and he worked with unswerving devotion to uphold Theosophy and to make it known, thus preparing the way for the School.

For more than ten years men, women and children from far and near have been gathering at Point Loma and when the Leader, Katherine Tingley established the Headquarters there, she began the new educational work at once. The Râja Yoga School is ten years old now; it has grown and developed until it is now a great College where young folk can be prepared for all departments of work. The new-old learning of the Wisdom-Religion has here been revived and knowledge of self

THE EARLY SPRING

THERE is a charm in the early Spring,
In the smell o' the mould when the wind
comes cold,
In the flashing dip of the swallow's wing,
In the cowslips' cloth-of-gold,
Spread on the marsh's ragged edge
By shallow pool and frost-rimed sedge—

A charm the mellow season lacks,
When the free brook leaps down its rocky steeps,
And Echo answers the woodman's axe;
When over the spot where the bluebell sleeps
The dumb sod feels the first, light thrill
Of a promise wee buds fulfil.

Ah, to spy when the alder shoots show pink
A shy brown breast on a quiet nest,
To mark by the foamy river's brink
Willows in silver greenery dressed—
Hearts that are Winter-worn, wake and sing—
There is a charm in the early Spring.

Out on the hill, when the day is new,
Then one may capture the spirit of rapture,
Born of the dawn, baptized by the dew.
High on the hill, in the breezes pure,
One may stand, for the moment, a god—
Full aware of it, and unawed.

Lulu Whedon Mitchell (Selected)

and of the Soul must be mastered by the students who seek the benefits conferred by Râja Yoga. All these students receive inspiration from the new ideals of life taught at

this School and exemplified in the lives of the three Theosophical Leaders.

The link binding these three Leaders is a golden one. So pure was the purpose of H. P. Blavatsky, so devoted to the same object was William Q. Judge, and so strong and loyal is Katherine Tingley in furthering this cause of Brotherhood, that these three are always thought of together. It was Mr. Judge's part to preserve, protect, and spread the work begun by H. P. Blavatsky, so that far-reaching growth and building could proceed under the third Leader.

So faithfully did he perform this service that all he did *lives* in whatever is now being done to help Humanity. Everything he did was done with the knowledge that it is Theosophy Humanity needs. Everything he wrote was a successful effort to teach Theosophy. Every activity he started was the fruit of his selfless desire to serve. Therefore his work goes on, strengthened and increased because of the growth that has followed his right effort. What he began at a time when no one else was strong or wise or unselfish enough fully to understand, is now carried on by the hundreds his brave efforts helped and the thousands the world over to whom the light of Theosophy has since reached. The influence of William Q. Judge's life will endure, for it lives on in every young life that is nourished with the teachings of Theosophy and Râja Yoga. E.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Friend and Teacher of the World's Little Folk

WHAT can the little folk learn about William Q. Judge, who is so well beloved wherever Theosophy and Râja Yoga have become known? Wherever there are Râja Yoga Schools or Lotus Groups the boys and girls say every spring, "It will soon be Mr. Judge's birthday," and when they speak of this day in April, the 13th, their voices are full of love and gratitude to this Friend and Teacher.

They learn that William Q. Judge was born in Ireland and that when he was a boy he came with his father to America. I have no doubt that every Râja Yoga child believes the greatest day in his life was that on which he entered the Râja Yoga School. Well, the greatest day in Mr. Judge's life surely was when he met Madame Blavatsky. She had come to America to plant Brotherhood there, and W. Q. Judge now grown up to manhood, met her in New York.

After that they worked together to the end of Madame Blavatsky's life. They began to teach the world all over again about Brotherhood and the Soul, for these had been forgotten and the people were starving for the Truth. Sometimes Madame Blavatsky was far away in India or Egypt or Europe, teaching Theosophy and Brotherhood in many countries and William Q. Judge was left alone in America to carry on the work there. He was always trusted, faithful, and true. He alone understood what a treasure for the future lay in Madame Blavatsky's teachings. She called him "my only friend."

America was in W. Q. Judge's care. And well he served it. He traveled all over the United States several times, telling the people about Theosophy, showing them how to begin to work together for Brotherhood, and teaching them to hope for a happy new time when the Soul should have conquered the lower nature. He wrote letters to many people, helping them in that way. He started a printing press in New York so that books and papers and a magazine might be sent out telling about Theosophy and Brotherhood. He worked night and day and gave all he had to help to spread the wise teachings Madame Blavatsky had brought.

He not only worked in giving out these teachings. He had to guard them with his life; for cruel enemies would have clouded the beautiful truths of the Soul and Brotherhood by falsehood and foolishness, and spoiled the treasure H. P. Blavatsky had come to bring. William Q. Judge was a champion and defender. To him we feel the gratitude that the heart offers to a Watcher and Protector who never slept in time of danger but made his whole life a defense of Truth.

Mr. Judge guarded the teachings so well that the enemies could not reach them and so then they attacked him, and this brave



WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

THE heart of a child
Like the heart of the spring,
Is full of the hope
Of what summer shall bring.

O, glory of things
In a world undefiled—
O, heart like the spring's
In the heart of a child!

Warrior had to endure the onslaught of evil thoughts and false charges that they made. His trust and steadfastness were so great that he was able to do this for many years.

A wonderful thing happened in 1895. William Q. Judge had been working in America all this time, faithful to his trust. In that year the members and students from all over the United States met in Boston. Then it was found that the persons who had been learning about Theosophy and beginning to work for Brotherhood as Mr. Judge helped them to do, and many persons who had heard Mr. Judge speak, or had had a letter from him, or had read his books, all agreed, that William Q. Judge was a Leader, their Leader, and their Teacher. Each one had found it out for himself and knew it without any one having to tell him. And then, being united, under a Leader they loved and trusted, they felt a new strength, and Brotherhood had a stronghold in their hearts, and William Q. Judge's work in America began to bear fruit.

Great things were to happen in America. Mr. Judge had told some of his workers that

some day there would be a new School where the children of the world could learn wisdom and to live a life of joy. All that could be done then was to gather boys and girls together once a week in Lotus Groups and teach them. This was a beginning. Has it not had a magic growth? Now there are Râja Yoga Schools and many, many Lotus Groups, and thousands of children are finding in their own hearts the love that must share its treasure until every child in the world has the opportunity to learn Râja Yoga. Three Teachers began it. They had this great love; H. P. Blavatsky first, then W. Q. Judge; and when Katherine Tingley came she brought more and more until it flowed out to children everywhere. When she started Râja Yoga, she made it possible for every child to begin to learn to be a center of light. This was what Mr. Judge had held out as an ideal. Now Râja Yoga is making it come true in the heart-life of children.

Every Easter there are more boys and girls who have learned to love William Q. Judge and to think of him as a Teacher and Friend. They love to think of his life. It helps them to fight their own battles against the lower nature. Anyone who knows about Mr. Judge would be ashamed to give up trying. His life goes on helping others because he was a Warrior; and his message, which you can read in his eyes, is that every child can make his life a help to the whole world.

G.

Quotations from the Writings of William Q. Judge

THEOSOPHY applies to the self the same laws which are seen everywhere in Nature.

WILL is a spiritual power constantly present in every portion of the universe.

SPIRITUAL and divine powers lie dormant in every human being.

THE doctrines of Theosophy call forth every hitherto dormant power for good in us.

EVER perfecting and reaching up to the image of the Heavenly Man, man is always becoming.

GIVE up doubt and rise in your place with courage and fortitude.

RELY within yourself on your Higher Self always. That gives strength, as the Self uses whom it will.

THE will and mind are only servants for the Soul's use.

IF you can do no more than duty it will bring you to the goal.

PERSEVERE, and little by little, new ideals will drive out of you the old ones.

MAN is a thinker and by his thoughts he makes the causes for woe or bliss.

EACH man's life and character are the outcome of his previous lives and thoughts.

No one is so originally sinful that he cannot rise above all sin.

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Possible sunshine, 372. Percentage, 58. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 6.93 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

MAR. APR.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
27	29.798	62	54	57	53	0.00	NW	3
28	29.846	64	53	57	55	0.00	NW	8
29	29.757	63	52	55	55	trace	NW	2
30	29.689	59	53	54	53	0.00	E	1
31	29.734	58	54	56	52	0.00	NW	3
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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 24

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Dr. Anderson's Theosophical Christianity

THE article on the real meaning of the Christian Gospel, by the Rev K. C. Anderson, D. D., of Dundee, which was treated on pages 2 and 3 of the CENTURY PATH for April 2, may be regarded as important enough to call for further comment. For it is desirable that the significance of the situation created by the appearance of this article should be "well rubbed in." And one phase of that significance is this. We have now in the Christian churches views which are totally irreconcilable with each other, yet alike supported by appeals to the reason. One could understand the coexistence of two camps, the one founded on reasoning, the other eschewing reasoning and grounded on blind faith; but when both schools are intellectual, comparison and a settling of accounts is called for.

While on the one hand such divines as the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Handley C. G. Moule) are arguing for what may be called the old orthodox view of the Gospel—that Jesus did actually appear as stated and proclaim a special message of intercession whereby the guilty are forgiven (see CENTURY PATH, xiii, 46, page 10); on the other hand we have such writers as Dr. Anderson destroying all possibility of continued faith in Dr. Moule's doctrine and putting forward what is in certain important particulars the view taken by Theosophists.

Another point is that we cannot stop half-way and accept what Dr. Anderson and his kind have admitted, without also admitting the inevitable consequences of their admissions. For, given that part of the Theosophical teachings are true, then those other parts which consistently follow from them are true. This point was well illustrated in the case of certain admissions by the Bishop of London (CENTURY PATH, March 26th) on the subject of the state of the soul after death. What the Bishop there stated leads directly up to several other important Theosophical teachings, which he would not (probably) have dared to bring out, and is altogether irreconcilable with other church teachings which he would (probably) feel bound to endorse. Such a situation may well be regarded by many intelligent and self-respecting people as ludicrous if not intolerable, and it is in this conviction that we venture to press the issue.

What, in the main, are Dr. Anderson's views? First, that the Gospel narrative which has been handed down to us is not a literal history of events, and was never intended by

its writers to be taken as such; but that it constitutes a symbolical and figurative presentation of a mystic gospel, describing in the dramatic form the eternal drama of the human soul, its Divine origin, its fall into matter, its long pilgrimage through the halls of experience, and its final redemption and glorification by the triumph of the Divine Self over the lower nature. This view has quite frequently been advocated by writers claiming to speak on behalf of Christianity; but never, we believe, in so open and explicit manner as that of Dr. Anderson. Surely it behoves earnest and intelligent Christians to give the subject their serious consideration,

if only with a view of exposing and finally demolishing an inconvenient and dangerous heresy; but much more so if they suspect that this

view contains elements of truth which they cannot afford to miss. The alternative policies of merely denouncing and rejecting it without argument, or of ignoring it—while they will certainly be adopted by some, will not satisfy others; and it is to these latter that we hereby appeal.

This is a day when issues are becoming more and more clearly defined; it is not time for compromise. And consequently we find that religious thought is gathering into two camps. On the one hand are those who are earnestly striving for knowledge and are determined to retain both their intellectual freedom and their devotion. For them the only possible goal is the ancient teachings now called Theosophical—whatever name they may prefer to call them by. On the other hand are those who are determined to cling to old tradition, who fear intellectual emancipation, and are firm adherents of the hierarchical principle as applied to

faith. For these the only goal is—bigotry and ecclesiasticism, open and undisguised. These latter are

assisted in their efforts to subdue the inquiring spirit in the human mind by a host of writers whose object seems to be that of reducing all philosophy to an intellectual chaos, and who are thus (whether consciously or as irresponsible instruments) playing the game of the religious bigots.

Between these two camps oscillate those whose mind is not made up; a crowd whose position is rendered daily more uncomfortable. And finally we may add the crowd of the indifferent, who will be pushed aside into any corner that may suit the convenience of more energetic folk.

Dr. Anderson's second point is that the

creation, fall, and redemption of man are not to be regarded as so much literal history, but as eternal spiritual processes taking place in man, both individually and collectively, and represented symbolically in the Bible. This view, again, has found considerable support within the churches, but is here expressed more frankly and clearly than ever before.

Not a Point of
Time, but an
Eternal Fact

It is what these views imply that is the important consideration. They lead directly up to the other Theosophical teachings. As pointed out in the previous CENTURY PATH article on this subject, it is impossible to ignore Reincarnation. Without that teaching, the other teachings make nonsense; it is logically deducible from them. How can a Soul undergo its pilgrimage through the halls of experience, from its first descent into matter to its final redemption, in the space of one short earth-life of 70 years, confined perhaps to experience of one single and very limited kind? If we are to appeal to logic in this case also—and not to adopt logic when it suits us and drop it when it does not—then we must infer that the Soul has an immensely extended career, adequate for the learning of all the lessons which the theory premises it must learn. Again, what of the composition of man? Here the Theosophical sevenfold classification will be found inevitable; without it we shall find ourselves landed in inextricable confusion. The Soul has already been

Duality
needed for
Experience

made dual—half eternal and Divine, the other half temporal and terrestrial. This really means that the soul is threefold; for between these two there must of course be the connecting link, the common factor, that which makes the two into one. We may call this last the human ego, refraining for the moment from a stricter definition of the term. Thus we have our threefold soul. Then we have to analyse each of these parts farther. Coming to the lower man, we find that he has a physical body, and within that a fluidic body—the soul of the body, the vital soul, so to say. Again, this body, with its fluidic counterpart, is ensouled and animated by an animal life-spirit of desires and instincts, such as the animals possess; this is what Theosophy designates *Kāma-Rūpa* or *Kāma*. And then the Higher Nature of man: is this immortal Soul to be considered as One? we are bound by analogy and the law of thought to conceive of it as triune. Again, it must consist in part of universal and undifferentiated elements, and in part of individualized elements.

Theosophy and
Christian
fundamentals
agree

But further discussion of this subject must be sought in the Theosophical hand-books.

All this shows that between Theosophy and Christian fundamentals there is no such hostility or irreconcilability as is sought to be made out by some who claim to represent their religion. The real issue is of course between freedom and bigotry; and in that Theosophists and true Christians will always be found linked together in opposition to all that fetters thought and freedom. A large part of our present purpose is to acquaint these more timid champions of Christianity with the results of the best thought in

their own circles, for they seem to need such information; and to save them from the calamity of inadvertently sawing off the branch on which they are sitting by denouncing doctrines which they imagine to be heretical but which are really orthodox Church doctrines. We have also to exculpate ourselves from the charge of an insufficient acquaintance with Christian teachings. But we do not presume to criticise anything which we have not adequately studied, and a retentive memory of early Bible lessons has at times enabled us even to correct Bible texts which have been misquoted by our clerical controversialists.

The Revolt
within the
Church

Dr. Anderson may be thought a little severe on the "hard unspiritual theology" which has turned the splendid gospel message into a literalism that mocks the intelligence and saps the message of its virility; but that is his affair. Suffice it to say that where Theosophists speak in this strain, they do so in "good company"—Doctors of Divinity. If what Dr. Anderson says is valid, then many Christians today are the unconscious servants of medieval ignorance and rigidity and need to get back farther in order to find the original Gospel.

The word "Gospel" means God's holy message of Truth, Light, and Liberation, eternally revealed to man by the Divine Spirit within him. While it is revealed continually in the hearts of those fit to receive it, there are times in the world's history when it is specially revealed by some great Teacher, who appears, and departing leaves behind him a School or sacred body to preserve his teachings. In time this establishment suffers decline, and the message becomes encrusted with dogmas and superstitious beliefs. Later on comes a regeneration, the old husks are burst and the Spirit blossoms forth afresh. So runs the truth; and this is what Dr. Anderson says. We boast of having rid ourselves of many superstitions that fettered the past; but we have yet to discover how greatly we have been imposed upon by those who in some past age buried out of sight the ancient Mysteries and gave us instead our present hard theological system to which we cling so tenaciously. Our extolling of Christianity—is it not rather like a cheated heir rejoicing in the pittance that has been spared him from a sequestered heritage of whose existence he is not aware? How much more cause for exultation should we have, did we know the glory of that of which we were thus deprived. What is Christianity, after all?
H. T. EDGE, B. A., (Cantab.)

Cosmic Intelligence and Brains

IDEAS which Theosophy has maintained for years against opposition have since become so familiar as to be almost commonplace. All kinds of writers and thinkers are taking them up. But usually only one point is grasped and that is done to death.

We find a writer in the *Lancet-Clinic* advocating the view that intelligence is a great cosmic force, comparable with electricity, and that it filters through our brains, which are instruments for manifesting it. This is excellent, as tending to give a comprehensible

idea of solidarity and the real union that exists among men and all creatures. It emphasizes the unreality of much that we call our personality or self. But the writer really appears to run his idea to death. His universe is nothing but cosmic intelligence and brains; these fill his whole horizon to the exclusion of every other idea. But we must not go to such extremes. Under this view the cosmic intelligence becomes a great impersonal force, and as such must remain a mere abstraction. For what notion can ever be formed of intelligence apart from selves or Egos? The theorist fails from want of an adequate analysis of mind and consciousness. Our consciousness is made up of many factors, some of which are universal and others peculiar to ourself. Moreover there is the permanent Ego, of which this writer's theory apparently quite fails to take account. The mere conjunction of a brain and a swirling sea of cosmic intelligence could not make a self-conscious being, though it might make a jelly-fish.

And this theorist proceeds to apply his theory to the subject which forms his main thesis—education. He could educate us on the supposition that we are brains immersed in an ocean of intelligence. Fortunately, however, he does not apply his theory logically, but tacitly assumes the existence of all those other factors in our life which make it what it is. So the conclusion he draws is quite satisfactory. It is this: that no man can manifest the cosmic intelligence properly unless his brain is in order. Loss of memory, failure of attention, etc., may be due to feeble brain-cells, and even weakness of will may be due to defective nerve-nutrition. Hence, in educating, we should not try to cram, but should strive to render the machine efficient.

Excellent, so far as it goes, and quite in accordance (so far as it goes) with Theosophical ideas of education. Theosophy urges the necessity of keeping the body and brain in order; and much of the wonderful success which applied Theosophy achieves is due to the attention given to this aspect of the question. But then there comes moral training. Without this, the other would be wasted. For it is not true that the *highest* intelligence can be attained by simply caring for body and health. The body is the servant, not the master; and if the master cannot work without a good servant, it is still more certain that the servant cannot work without the direction of his master. Hence Theosophy places prime importance upon moral training.

The above will serve as an illustration of the necessity of studying Theosophy as a whole and not piecemeal. So much is being said and written nowadays about the "sub-conscious," "auto-suggestion," "being in tune with the infinite," and so forth, that it is imperative to call attention to the teachings about the *Spiritual* nature of man. TRAVERS

Progress in Aviation and Wireless Telegraphy

MESSAGES are now regularly sent through the air from Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, to the Eiffel Tower at Paris. On March 7 an airplane flew from Paris to the top of the Puy de Dôme Mountain, 4800 feet in height—a distance of 222 miles, in 4 hours 51 minutes. In Texas, a flight of 116 miles was made at a speed of 55 miles per hour, wireless communication being maintained. F.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Blank Slate Theory

THE old doctrine of the mind as a *tabula rasa* at birth, a clean slate upon whose passive surface the outer world was presently to write its own picture and inscription, is no more dead than the Mosaic cosmogony, despite Kant's killing. It is too easy a solution of the problem of knowledge to die easily.

And yet every man knows, notwithstanding this theory, that his mind was never at any time a passive slate-mirror or photograph plate, but from the first a very active living being.

Why is it interesting to read newspapers, and why, later, or at all in sickness, exhausting? Obviously because the mind is not simply taking off a copy of the page but vigorously reacting. There are only little black marks; the mind has to interpret these into ideas. It marshals and mobilizes all its memories to meet the words. What would the word *war*, for instance, mean, if a thousand memories were not brought forward to meet it? As we look out of the window what would a little gleaming surface in the far distance mean if we did not bring all the resources of memory to understand that it is a sheet of water with the moon upon it?

And besides all this activity involved in the mere receiving of a bit of nature or experience and making an idea or concept about it, there follow those countless other activities around it which we call reasoning. So when we find our feverish patient exhausted by the visit of a friend who has done nothing but talk for ten minutes, we have proof that the mind is not a mere plate held out to receive impressions on.

It is the same when we study the mind of the youngest infant. There is a living being not passively receiving pictures but eagerly curious about them, ready with an active apparatus of understanding. More than that, we find that the apparatus has special capacities. The child that will be a musician soon takes especial care of the *sounds* that it hears and in a very few years will show that it has been arranging them into order. In other words, as soon as the mind can manifest at all it manifests itself as not only active but active in a particular way which is not exactly the way of any other mind. The senses furnish the details among which, when they are sufficiently heaped, it begins to select, and which it proceeds to arrange.

A profound philosopher and an ordinary man both move into new houses. For weeks they are preoccupied with carpentering, altering the rooms to suit themselves, and arranging the furniture. During that time you could not tell the philosopher from the other; he has no time to get at or think out any more of his philosophy; he is just a house-arranger like the other. Only when he has done his arranging is the philosophy resumed where he left it off in the old house. Would you say, as you noted him at last take to his books and papers, that he had *become* a philosopher?

Is it not the same with the children? As we have seen, their minds are fully living

things from the first. For years they are entirely occupied with arranging their new experiences, and, more secretly, arranging the brain that has to register the experiences. The work entails incessant activity and allows no time for anything else. And it is natural that they should be intensely interested in it. The new details about which they have to make so much fuss are to us quite commonplace. But the arrangement of them requires as much work as we expend upon *our* new mental and experiential acquisitions.

Are we right in speaking of the child's mind as young? Are we not taken in by the elementariness of the details upon which it has to occupy itself, by the interest it shows in these to it by no means elementary novelties? A grown man makes just the same sounds, has the same difficulties, in learning the fiddle as a child; is just as interested in the same elementary points. In another room you could not tell one from the other.

So we have really no warrant for calling the mind young at all. Considering its inherent tendencies, as for example towards music, it behaves as if it had existed before. Considering the readiness with which it can assimilate this immensely complicated world, an assimilation far completer than that of any animal, it would seem to have faced this same world before and was prepared for the work in front of it. Nothing that we know is opposed to the theory of Reincarnation. Nor is time lost, birth after birth, by having to learn the same things over again. For it is not so much nature's plan that those casual and passing things shall be known, as that the capacity for quick and exhaustive knowing shall be acquired. The infant years of each life are like the pianist's scale-practice every day. He plays the same scales but plays them better. And so, little by little, our minds life after life become quicker, more alive, alerter. The work could be done much faster if we had better systems of education. STUDENT

The Fall of Ideals

A CRITIC, writing in the *Chicago Dial*, tells us that the modern novelist, even of the second, third, and *n*th ranks, has more technique than his predecessors of the last century, the Victorians and their brethren on this side of the water.

But his praise of the writer involves a heavy backhanded slap at the reader. The novelist has discovered that the one thing he must not do is to allow the reader's attention to wander. It is far more likely to wander than it was in the old days.

A fact due

to the rise of a new and half-educated public, who have been fed on papers like *Answers* and *Tit-bits*—the babies' food of the young reader. It remains to be seen whether this public will ever be educated up to anything better; but at present they are incapable of absorbing any paragraph of more than five or six lines in length. They require a series of shocks to keep them awake. . . . The page of a new novel must not even present a physical appearance of solidity.

We regret to find ourselves wondering

whether the critic is not too flattering. The Victorian reader was capable of sustaining his attention; did not require that his intellectual nourishment should be broken up into little bits of five lines each; and could powerfully grapple with a solid page of intermixed reflections on art, religion, or what not. The critic implies that he remains, with all his intellectual strength; but that a new public has arisen from below, so numerous as to dilute him out of sight, a public that cannot keep up its attention upon anything.

Now we wonder whether that arisen public is not rather an excuse, a delicate way of putting the matter; whether in fact that primeval ideal reader has not himself degenerated.

A prominent educationalist has recently maintained that from the day a young man leaves college his powers of sustained attention begin to decline; that whilst almost any kind of education compels a considerable degree of their development, it begins to be lost from the moment that education ceases. The student who reads a single page of a treatise on psychology does so with the knowledge that an examination question may require of him just that piece of knowledge or thought. For the years of his student life he has this continuous stimulus to concentration on what he reads. With the close of that life the stimulus mostly disappears; if the power of concentration is to remain, the stimulus constituted by an examination on the horizon must be immediately replaced by *the will*.

The Victorian century contained the gradual decline of religious belief. It went with or was part of a decline in the hope that man could think himself into real knowledge about ultimates; that the central truths of the world and life could be known at all.

If the queen bee ceases to work the whole hive presently feels it. If the general in battle becomes listless his listlessness would presently work down to the last private. If the screw binding the highest intellectual energy of the time to spiritual and philosophical problems loosens, the loosening will be felt in various ways and departments all the way down. The average intensity and power of mental concentration will lessen. The whisper of the voice which says *What's the good of effort? you can't know anything*, is in the back of every mind, known or not, the real Mephistopheles. It tends to work out into conduct: let us eat, drink, and be merry. Licentiousness at the bottom; loss of spiritual and philosophical hope at the top; some loss of the instinct to make intellectual effort, to concentrate on any set of thoughts that may not work out into cash or pleasure, everywhere. It is all one thing. The lack of concentration, the intent to be amused at any cost to mind and virility, the moral failure, are all one. You must count together graft; dishonesty; adulteration; unspirituality of the pulpits; lack of belief in the soul; increase in divorce—and the five-line paragraph. There is no meditation on the great ideals, and without that they slowly vanish. STUDENT

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

The Cave Temples of India

ELEPHANTA is a small island between Bombay and the mainland, celebrated for its cave-temples, which contain magnificent and richly embellished architecture and a number of figures of the Cosmic powers. The date and origin is attributed by archaeologists to various epochs and religions. India, like most countries today, is in a state of unrest; and the world waits in wonder to see in what direction it will emerge. Will its ancient wisdom continue to slumber in cave-temples, while its people, relapsing into their long inertia, become mere drift-wood in the mighty currents of progress? Or will India awake to a new sense of responsibility, a new unity, a true nationality, and play her part in the great future uplifting of nations? If she choose the latter, a great destiny awaits her; for is she not the preserver of immemorial wisdom? But men must judge by noble deeds not words; and if India indeed possesses the virtue she boasts, it is in grateful actions that she must evince them. A swarm of agitators and interested parties struggle to convince India that she is oppressed, in order that they may pose as her saviors. But India will stand up in her strength and send them all where they belong. People from the West, doubtless with axes of their own to grind, flatter the ignorant populace by praising their superstitions and pretending to instruct them in their own ancient lore. And this they do in the sacred name of Theosophy. But Theosophy has a genuine message for India, as for all nations; and the sooner the people find out the difference between Theosophy and its counterfeits, the better for them and the rest of the world. H. T. E.

Mitla: All Done with a Stone Ax!

IN an article on the Mitla ruins, in the *National Geographic Magazine*, we read:

We can scarcely imagine the amount of labor necessary to cut the stones for the Mitlan buildings, with nothing but rude stone tools, especially as many of these stones were tons in weight.

We should be glad to know how the writer knows they had no metal tools. His only argument, so far as we can see, is a case of reasoning from the general to the particular. He says these buildings were erected in the "Stone Age," that the use of metals was unknown all over the earth in that age, and that therefore these builders can not have used metal. We submit that this Stone Age is a provisional hypothesis and that it has failed



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GREAT ROCK-CUT TEMPLE, ELEPHANTA, INDIA

to account for facts and ought to be changed accordingly. We do not believe there was such a time as *the Stone Age*; we think there were many stone ages, and that they were times when the inhabitants of different localities used stone instead of metals. Stone ages are prevalent now in some localities. No doubt there were stone-agers at the time these buildings were erected. But there can be people using metals and people using stone side by side in the same epoch. In the past there have been great civilizations and also peoples in other stages of civilization, barbarism, and between. The use of metals has been known and forgotten, times without number. What anthropologists have been doing is simply to dig up the remnants of stone-using peoples, stone weapons being more lasting than metal ones; and to infer that everybody used stone at that time and for all time before. We might as well say that in early geological times the ground was all gneisses and schists and the earth peopled with stone animals.

The fact that these buildings were erected is a strong argument in favor of the belief that the builders used metal tools, whether of steel or some other hardened metal. But let us read on.

Holmes estimates that there were as many as 1500 wooden beams in all the different groups of buildings as originally constructed. What infinite

patience was required for these hewers of wood with stone axes. Without steel or iron, they cut the trees in the forest as best they could, and then cut them again into the required length for beams. . . . How did they cut down the trees and hew them into shape with their rude tools? Had they lived in the Iron Age and possessed steel axes, saws, planes, and chisels, our wonder would not be so great; but they lived in the Stone Age.

Yes, one certainly marvels at the attempt to picture them felling trees with stone axes and squaring them into beams. We suggest that perhaps they did not know they were living in the Stone Age and that they surreptitiously and illegally made unto themselves metal axes and saws!

But really it is astonishing what one can do with a stone tool. Why don't we use stone tools, since they seem to yield such excellent results?

What impressed me as most remarkable was the skill with which they carved the design into the heavy stone lintels. There was an exactness and finish in details such as we would expect from stonemasons with iron hammers and chisels of steel instead of the primitive stone tools.

The idea that the use of metals was discovered for the first time at a comparatively recent epoch, and that before this epoch nobody used metals, was a provisional hypothesis and is now a dogma. It takes a great deal of hard fact to upset a dogma. TRAVERS

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Problems in Physiology

THE aphorism that "the brain secretes thought as the liver bile" is probably dead. It left, however, an heir, somewhat better looking but nearly as foolish as its parent—"mind is a function of brain." An admirable paper by Dr. Hamilton Forline, recently read before the California Medical Society, subjects this derived aphorism to dissection.

By the function of an organ we mean, or should mean, in medicine, the task that the organ performs in the economy of the body; we mean the physical effects of the activity of the organ. Thus, the function of bones is to give rigidity to the body . . . the function of glands is to secrete and elaborate fluids or liquids; and the function of the brain is to receive, store and liberate motion.

In other words, what you mean when you say that mind is a function of the brain is that brain secretes thought—the original aphorism. What the doctor points out is that brain, roughly speaking, secretes *motion*, pouring it into the muscles and organs. Behind it stands the conscious guide of the part of it at which the motion shall be secreted, the selector of the path along which the secreted motion shall be poured.

No positive action of the body is undertaken except after, and as a result of, that mental process or action which we call exerting the will.

What is the exact relation of mind and brain? The doctor frankly says "we do not know." He examines the four theories, Monism, Dualism, Parallelism, and Epiphenomenalism. Monism is the theory that mind-change and brain-change are not two things but two aspects of one.

This is a purely verbal explanation, and is practically no explanation at all.

Dualism makes the mind-changes the product and reflection of the brain-changes. This fails altogether to account for the fact of volition, in which, so far as it is possible for us to judge, the bodily changes do not precede, but follow the mental operations.

Parallelism supposes

that the two sets of changes go on together always parallel to one another and always simultaneous, but that there is no connexion whatever between them except simultaneity. . . . It is clear that this explanation explains nothing.

There is a circle of energy—into the body as food etc.; out of it as muscular motion, heat, etc. Epiphenomenalism regards the brain as the point in this circuit at which mental phenomena are imposed on it,

just as in an electric current the current flows completely round, but at the point of greatest resistance where the flow is most impeded, a new phenomenon appears in the shape of a glow of light; so in the nerve circuit, the excess of resistance at one place is the appearance of an epi-phenomenon, a mental change. The parallel though is faulty, because in the electric circuit the epiphenomenon occurs at the expense of a portion of the energy which disappears from the circuit; while in the case of the brain, we do not know nor can we conceive that any portion of the energy is converted into mind.

All the theories seem to be condemned. Exactly what facts do we know? Energy reaches the brain and excites motion in the receiving cells. Then there is motion in mind, some sort of thought. Then there is an act of will determining to what *motor* cells the received energy shall be guided for discharge thence into the muscles. The problems are these:

Does energy, between its disturbance of the cell it comes into, and its disturbance of the cell it comes out from, disappear from the former, leaving that quiet; excite motion in some finer stuff of mind; and emerge from that stuff, leaving it quiet, into the determined motor cell?

Does this mind-stuff possess inertia? If so the incoming force must expend a trifle of itself in overcoming that—by which trifle the emerging force will be less.

Is some of the energy permanently *retained* in mind as potential energy, just as the energy expended by workmen in carrying up bricks is permanently retained in the finished house as potential energy? Is it in fact the highest and final function of physical forces to feed and build mind, slowly disappearing into it as potential energy?

The questions await fuller philosophical knowledge. All that we can now be sure of is that there is a point in the circle of energy at which mind and will come into action upon it, guiding the channel of its second half. There is nothing to suggest that physical death involves the death of mind. Death merely liberates it from the circuits of physical exchange. M. D.

Varied Atoms of One Element

SOME recent experiments of Professor Ehrenhaft's have developed some rather perplexing behavior among the atoms. Atoms of one and the same element behave *chemically* in one and the same way. *Electrically*, it seems, they may behave very differently.

Metals were reduced to atoms by the electric arc and then introduced into a vacuum between two horizontal plates connected with the poles of a battery, no current running. By gravitation they began to fall at a definite rate towards the lower plate. As soon as the current was turned on the difference of behavior manifested. Some of them fell faster than before; some slower; some remained suspended. In the last case they were either repelled by the pole-plate towards which they were falling, or attracted by the other, with a force just equal to gravity. In the second case they were attracted or repelled with a force somewhat less than gravity—since their fall, though continuing, was slackened. In the first case also, the force seems to have been less than gravity, but in the same direction—either a pull from the lower plate or a push from the upper. Since, throughout the experiment, the plates remained the same, a difference in the constitution of the atoms has come into view.

The significant points are: that the atoms concerned in the first case showed themselves possessed of a charge with a sign opposite to

that of the atoms in the second and third cases; and that it does not seem to have been a sign of the sort of electricity known to us. For in respect of that, the atoms, as the same chemically and ready to behave in the same way chemically, had the same sign. Chemical behavior is a case of electric attraction. The charges, moreover, since their effects were comparable in magnitude with those of gravitation, must have been smaller than what we have hitherto regarded as the minimum, the unit.

It remains to be seen whether a new plane, as it were, of electricity, has been opened up. We may be approaching the secret of gravitation. STUDENT

Rice as Food

MEDICAL experience in the Philippines seems to have definitely established the necessity of the use of unpolished rice for those in whose diet rice is the leading item. Says the *Medical Record's* Philippine letter:

It is now practically nine months since unpolished rice has been exclusively used at the Cullion leper colony as the staple article of diet, and not only has beri-beri [a tropical disease characterized by paralysis and other symptoms] completely disappeared, but no new cases have occurred among the inmates.

The polishing, it would seem, removes too much of the phosphorus. The ordinary No. 2 Saigon polished rice contains 0.35%—of course in combined form; the unpolished 0.59. Experiment shows that a certain amount of polishing, just enough for the table appearance of the grain, may be given without reducing the phosphorus below 0.5, and that this proportion is sufficient for health.

Since we too eat rice, though without making it a very important part of our usual diet, why should we not have it in its most chemically nutritious form? The unpolished grain is if anything rather agreeable to the eye. M. D.

Where is the Prima Materia?

IT seems to be agreed that the *spiral* nebulae result from the head-on collision of two extinct suns. They give a recognizable spectrum and are consequently regarded as consisting at any rate in great part of elements known to us. But there is another sort, not spiral, whose spectrum is not understood. Instead of being continuous it is composed of a few separated bright lines not assignable to known elements. What is the nature and history of these nebulae?

In the first place they are of extraordinary tenuity. The breadth of the great nebula in Orion, says Professor Hoffman (in *Prometheus*), is at least four thousand times as great as the distance of Neptune from the sun; yet the mass, or quantity of matter, is minute. It has no perceptible effect on the motion of the nearest stars and must be rarer than any vacuum we can make by modern exhaustion methods. Is it in the electron stage and its light that of radio-activity? Well, in that case, since its spectrum is compound so must be the electron, and we are again in search of true protyle, elementary matter. STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Intelligent Nature-Study

SHOULD we sacrifice the animal creation in order to gain benefits for ourselves?

The man of heart does not wait to argue the question, but is always willing to stretch a point in favor of mercy. In his weakness, or owing to mistakes in the ordering of our collective life, he may do things which prick his heart; but he always steers on the side of compassion and hopes for a day when man will not be thus confused between his duties and his lusts.

One always welcomes instances of a nature-study that does not involve destruction. One day, what with our *x*-rays and such-like, we may even be able to do without dissection. A good many people study nature with a gun. Others, however, pursue saner methods. We note that, at a meeting of the Selborne Society (for natural history), a lady lecturer discoursed on the romance of bird-life. She has sat for hours in semi-concealment, waiting her opportunity to get pictures; and needless to say, she has been rewarded by seeing things that cannot be seen along a gun barrel.

The feeding of nestlings by their parents goes on from dawn to dusk without intermission. The writer's experience was that male birds, except in cases of emergency are less courageous than the female. If she is referring to the feeding process, we might point out that the mother has the more powerful incentive to courage. Her concern for her brood masters her fears.

The tiny goldcrest, weighing 76 grains, and with two-inch wings, finds its way across the North Sea and Scandinavia, or across the Mediterranean and back to Europe.

The wastage of nature, she says, is appalling; and estimates that, out of all the young birds hatched, no more than 5% reach maturity. This is chiefly due to the destruction of nests by natural enemies.

Some people do not like to think that nature wastes, and others say that she does waste and point to this alleged fact in support of a rather godless and chaotic system of philosophy. But we may mention two considerations which must affect our conclusions on this point. In the first place, "Nature" is our personification of an aggregate of intelligences and agencies outside our own consciousness. Nature is not the Divine Omniscience but merely one manifestation thereof. Is nature, then, necessarily perfect and impeccable? We can scarcely credit the beasts of the field or the fowls of the air with perfection; they are creatures undergoing evolution—that is, they are learning—just as we ourselves are. Consequently Nature must be made up of a crowd of beings undergoing evolution and none of them perfect. If nature is wasteful, it may be one of her failures, destined to future correction.

But again, there must certainly be many things in nature which escape our observation, and which, consequently, we have



NATURE'S CHORISTER

BIRD of the amber beak,
Bird of the golden wing!
Thy dower is thy carolling;
Thou hast not far to seek
Thy bread, nor needest wine
To make thine utterance divine.



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IN THE BEAUTIFUL BUSH
GEMS OF AUSTRALIAN SCENERY

failed to include in our calculations as regards this alleged wastefulness. We are not in possession of the complete balance-sheet, so how can we audit the accounts? It may be said, to begin with, that those eaten eggs go to feed the creatures that eat them; and as to the life-germ within the egg, who has traced that? Having failed at one point to incarnate, is it not likely that it eventually succeeds at another point? H.

The World's Solid Rivers

BUT few realize the amount of land that is covered with a moving cap of ice in the form of glaciers or glacial deposits. It is well known that 127,302,000 square miles of the surface of the globe is occupied by the great oceans; to this waste area, must be added 4,485,000 square miles of land surface (more than one-and-a-half times the size of the United States) which is occupied by the glaciers.

But little is known as to the laws governing the movements and the increase or decrease of glaciers. They are one of many common phenomena that still remain unknown to the scientific world. That their movements vary is a fact. It is a matter of record in the Alpine regions, that former grazing lands are now occupied by these strange congealed rivers. In Norway, harbors which were entered three hundred years ago by whaling vessels are now filled up with these moving masses of ice. In Iceland, places formerly occupied by buildings and prosperous farms are now deeply buried under enormous ice floes.

What little information we have shows that up to about the year 1860 there was a slight noticeable increase in the extent of the world's glaciers. Since then, the growth has stopped; some even have diminished in size and others have entirely disappeared. This peculiar fact cannot be considered as a local accident, as it has been observed in all parts of the world.

Glaciers are formed in two ways. One kind, the Alpine, are formed in depressions, which by action of the wind or avalanches become filled with snow to such a depth that the pressure converts the snow into a sort of ice, known technically as *névé*. Under the influence of gravity, the whole mass begins to move slowly down the mountain side, forming a true glacier. The other kind, the polar glaciers, are formed in precisely the opposite manner. Condensation and precipitation take place on the highest points, forming an icy cap which completely covers the ground. Slipping slowly into the lowest places, this cap forms the huge glaciers of the polar regions.

The finding of unmistakable signs of former glaciers in the Temperate and Tropical Zones furnishes strong evidence that the Earth's axis has changed many times. Were it possible to penetrate the Arctic and Antarctic glacial drift most valuable indications of its former condition would undoubtedly be found. H. S. T.

Students'



Path

From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

Motives

OF all the feelings that stir men to action the one that is most often questioned is altruism, the love of others. If a man claims that his acts are inspired by jealousy, or hate, or revenge, by greed, or fear, or desire for praise, or mere conventional respectability, no one thinks of questioning the truth of his statement; but if he claims that he has acted from love of his fellow creatures, he will probably not be believed. Why? Presumably because he has claimed as his motive a quality that is universally admired, and presumably also because the other people, who doubt the truth of his claim, think he has probably acted, as they themselves generally do, from motives of self-interest, and also that he has tried to hide his real motive under cover of a more worthy one. All of which shows that these people habitually act from motives that they consider unworthy, and further that they know that there are better motives upon which to base their lives, and yet choose the worse. But then what sense is there in calling the motives we choose, and prefer, and habitually follow, bad? How can we choose what we at the same time do not admire or respect? What is our test of good and bad? and why do we not choose the good if we know it to be good?

The dual nature, recognized even by theology, is not sufficient to account for the puzzle, for besides the two opposites, that we call good and evil, there must be the third or middle principle which can choose between them; and there must also be the Supreme which contains them all. Just as a stick has two ends which are opposite and many parts between the two extremes; then there is the exact center, and there is the whole stick. You may break the stick into as many pieces

as you please, and the same conditions apply to every particle, no matter how small; and when the two ends coincide and are one, there is no longer any stick, nor any middle, nor opposite ends. Let those who are inclined to think that good and evil can be united and cease to be opposed, meditate a while upon the condition of a stick when the two ends are one. No sophistry can make evil good, or good evil. I do not believe that any rational explanation of this constant inconsistency in our conduct can be found without the aid of Theosophy—which is indeed the root of philosophy.

It is necessary to understand not only the difference between the individual soul and the personality, but also to understand something of the intimate relation existing between living creatures and their relation to each other and to the Universal Mind before we can understand how the conduct of the mass of humanity is guided by forces that single personalities neither originate nor control, yet against which the soul must struggle and which it must ultimately conquer. Then to see how there may be some who are so different from their fellows as to appear free from the influences that control the masses, one must study the history of human evolution, which can be found only in the writings of the founder of modern Theosophy, Madame Blavatsky, and her successors, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

From these writings it will be seen that man upon earth is subject to powerful influences, and that his individual will has to be developed by conflict with these forces, while he is more or less guided by the unconscious wisdom gained from experience in his own past lives, the details of which are long ago forgotten while the fruits of these lives remain in his character. Then we can see perhaps how a man may know what is better but choose the worse, or rather, he may fail to follow the choice of his better self and so try to hide his weakness by pretending to choose when he is in reality driven at the mercy of the lower forces of nature acting through his passions which he refuses to control, or through long indulgence may be incapable of controlling. Thus we may learn to account for the inconsistency of human conduct and human ideals.

The love of humanity by man is universally admired because it is the expression of a law of nature which we call brotherhood: for laws of nature are but the facts of nature in operation, the inherent quality of things working itself out in the visible world. But the lower qualities, from which spring our vices, must be recognized as distortions of truth, or as the chaotic elements on which nature is at work, organizing into worlds and the denizens thereof. And as we are at a turning point in the history of human evolution we are not all set in the same direction, for some have passed the turning point and others have not yet reached it, and the great mass are vacillating and wavering, influenced by cross currents and contradictory motives.

We are taught that at such times help is sent back by those in advance to guide the march of the main body and call up the stragglers, and that this help comes by the devotion of those who accept the thankless task of voicing the warnings and teachings of the "Elder Brothers of Humanity." And such

are the Leaders of the Theosophical Cause.

Those who have been accustomed to doubt the sincerity of "lovers of humanity" may see in the conduct of the children trained from birth in the Râja Yoga system of education, introduced by Katherine Tingley, proofs that the love of humanity is a simple and natural motive, productive of happiness, and health and purity, and wisdom. It may well be, however, that after seeing such characters the spectator may be more than ever sceptical about the motives of those others, whose lives are so obviously different; for the life is the ultimate test of the motive.

No mere recognition of higher ideals is worthy to be called a motive of action, unless it is made active by will and effort. But a knowledge of Theosophy should make us more tolerant of—though not blind to—the failures or little hypocrisies of others, and more hopeful of the future of the race than is possible for one who has not this knowledge. STUDENT

If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be and is equally outraged by silence.---Ammian

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

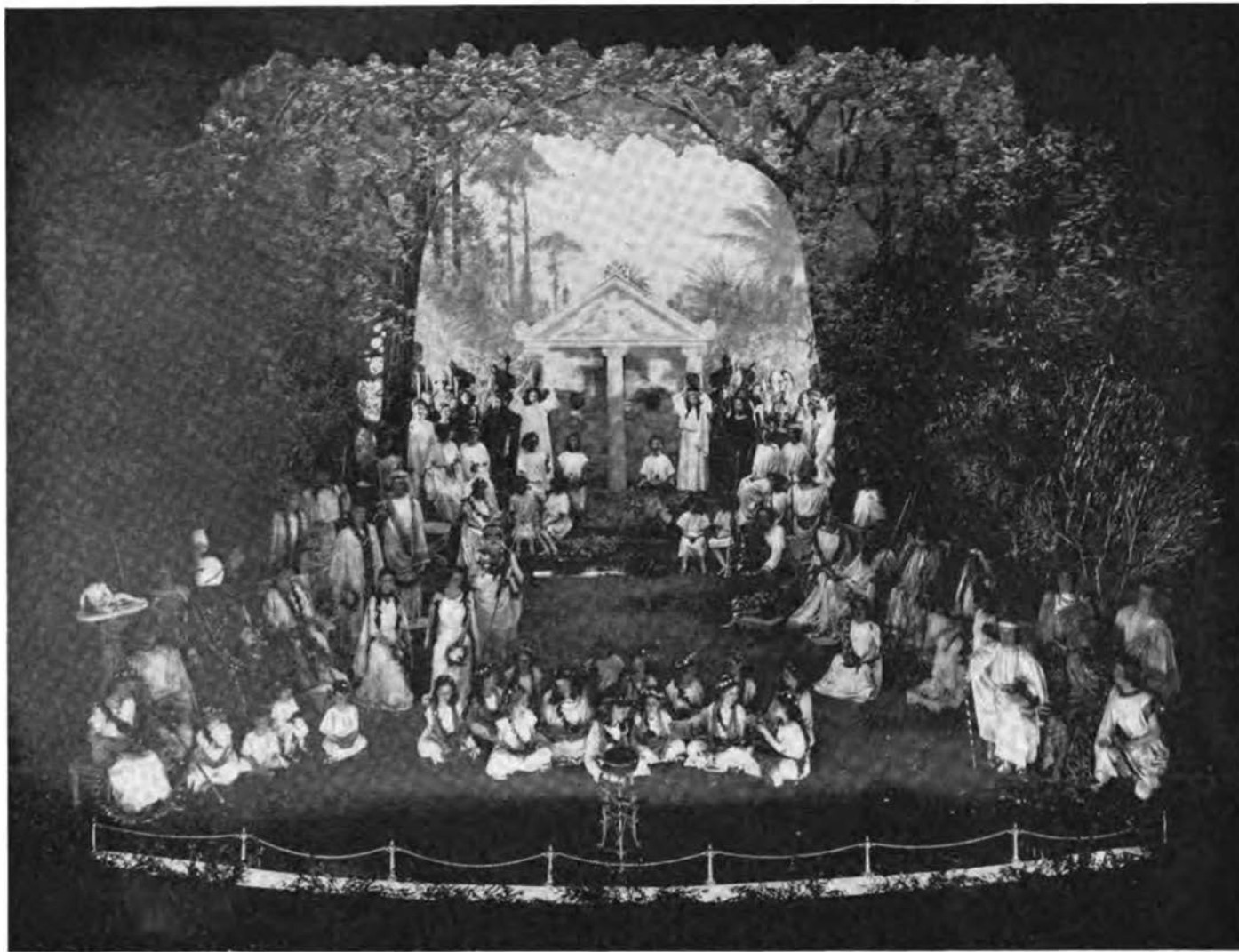
Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question I have found a man who is educated, refined, and holds a responsible position; he reads the CENTURY PATH, believes in universal brotherhood, but says Jesus was only a man. I can't make him understand about the Christos. Can you show me some way to open this man's eyes?—From a letter to The Forum

Answer Only a man, you say: but that, after all, is no little thing to be. If only the rest of us were "only men"! But we are about nine parts animal to one part man, with commonly a dash of devil thrown in; and so, *voilà* this glorious world!

It has been said that the standing given to women is the criterion of a civilization; another criterion might be, the meaning attached to manhood. Consider what a range of meaning lies in the word human. To be *humane* (only *human* with an accent thrown on it, so to say) is to be compassionate; and yet again we say, "To err is *human*." *Manly* is another word for *brave*; but by *human nature* we mean weakness. Now compassion and bravery are the two outstanding qualities of true manhood: these are the marks of that within us which makes us men, and not mere two-legged plumeless animals. What has Theosophy to say about the real nature of man? He is *Ātman*, the divine universal spirit; *Buddhi*, the spiritual soul, fountain of intuition and the inspiration of genius; *Manas*, offspring of the gods, the Lords of Mind, the eternal, stainless thinker. These three, mind you, constitute his real and permanent being: the rest are mere accretions and the dust and soil of the ages. Which are we to set up for our standard of humanity? Alas, we have taken the latter too long; we are only human, we say, and claim a great latitude for our errors. So our true god-manhood waits in the silence. *Ecce homo*—this is indeed the *Man*, the Crucified. Meanwhile we are splendidly generous to Barabbas of the personality. Him we perpetually enlarge, and send him on his way rejoicing.

Think what has been the effect on the world of all this agelong lifting Jesus out of the sphere of humanity. Every perfect man that comes upon earth, is a link between mankind



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THE AROMA OF ATHENS—SCENE I. ISIS THEATER, MARCH 17, 1911

and the gods. He may well say *I am the Way*; because we others can get our best picture and knowledge of the Way through a study of his life. Such a life is lifted out of the common groove, and is radiant from within; and we see there how mighty a thing compassion is, and huge selflessness, and the certainty that passes through the flames unscathed, and takes crucifixion as an incident. We see the daily efforts at self-mastery, the intimate longing to serve, come to their high fruition; and that the fruit of them are apples of the Hesperides, apples of Eden and the Tree of Life. Step by step they illumine the path we are to follow; without them we should not have known even that there was a path. The dreary flat that this world is; the stale commonplace of this business of getting born, marrying, and dying! Then suddenly looms up one of these Great Ones, and we behold that wonder, a mountain; the very mountain of the gods, with the eternal thrones and the eternal calm about its brow. We see him mount, fighting the way laboriously; the thunders play around him, and the lightnings; no inch of the road but has its scorpion or its adder. Yet we see him, that he "fails not of growing for lightnings above nor death-worms below." Then lo, there is the Transfiguration; the lightnings have become a radiance, a crown of iridescent thorns: and there is the return of him, bearing the healing of the nations in his hands. Most marvelous of all, we see that our own dwelling has been at the foot of that very mountain; that we might go out from our own front door, and

leave the level of our old ennui, and begin to mount; and what equipment we must take for our journey; what footgear, what staff.

Where else should we find vindication of the old, splendid, super-reasonable ideals? Honesty is the best policy, we say; so it may be; but not for him who would choose to follow it for such a trumpery, stock-jobbing reason as that. The Star you follow for policy may be traveling towards its Bethlehem; but it will have you thoroughly bemired first; it will take pains that you shall fall many times among thieves. That will not do for an inducement; the cycle is too long. You must love honesty and the other virtues for some better reason; he who woos them for their jointure, will find that it has been secured for future generations. But when these great Men come, we find virtue in them invested in a fiery glory. Land and sky and sea are illumined, and mere policy slinks and skulks in a mean robe, shown up for the poor thing she is. But what value is in this virtue, if it is all unhuman and not to be attained? Apollo, shining on the slums, does but make them fester the more. It is a near example we want; not a burning contrast afar off. We made Jesus unhuman, and found in his goodness of a god only a contrast to and illuminant of the wickedness of man. It would be a kind of presumption if we did not thoroughly live up to our part in the picture; it would take away from his godhood were we too in the least godlike. So "we are all worms and miserable sinners, beloved brethren; there is no health in us." This was not

his doctrine. Being divinely a Man, what he taught was divine—and *manly*.

In such ways the possibilities of manhood have been obscured; and now it is the business of Theosophy to rescue and bring them forth into the light. Above all things we need to insist on the humanity of Jesus. The West has been hypnotized into the belief that there never was more than one perfect being, and that he was useless as an example, through being God, not a man. But there have been many such, and they have come in all ages, and they have shown what the end of manhood is, and that there is something gloriously worth striving for after all.

M.

We find this great precept often repeated in Plato, *Do thine own work, and know thyself*: of which two parts, both the one and the other generally comprehend our whole duty, and consequently do each of them complicate and involve the other; for he who will do his own work aright, will find that his first lesson is to know himself; and he who rightly understands himself, will never mistake another man's work for his own.—*Montaigne*

The Illustration

IN the accompanying illustration—one of the scenes in *The Aroma of Athens*, given at Isis Theater March 17th, on the left are to be seen rather indistinctly, the Persian, Pharnabazus, and his friend. Next to them is Diotima seated, and to her left towards the center of the picture are Hipparete and Myrto. Just behind the last named is Pericles. On the right towards the center of the picture is Cratinus; behind him is Aspasia, and to her right Crito and Thucydides, and towards the center Phidias.

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

The College and the Shop

WE observe that a certain technical magazine, as probably others also, continues to gird at college education, as though anxious to make out a case for those who have it not. But of course the question is double: is the kind of college education in vogue of any use; and is *any* kind of college education useful? These are two distinct questions. We admit cheerfully that the present college education has grave defects; but should it be destroyed or healed?

Engineering, applied science, industrial ability—these are important, but they are not everything. There is another side to culture. The cultural idea, including higher education, literature, art, etc.—surely this is not all a mere mistake, a mere phase of our civilization's childhood? Are there not still many things which should be studied *although* they have no direct bearing on what the engineers call "practical needs"—nay, even, *because* they have no such bearing? Are there not *belles lettres*, fine arts, aesthetics, culture for the love of culture, art for art's sake?

But it seems that the colleges partly fail to fulfil this latter aspiration; and, in defending themselves, have sometimes sought to vindicate their excellence in a field which is not their own. Would it not have been better for them to leave the field of "practical" education to others and to stand boldly on their ground of academic culture? Is not their position in this controversy somewhat like that of a student who, failing to impress people with his learning, should compete with the laborer in a contest of physical strength?

The old idea of a college was a place whither students might retire for leisured cultivation of the mind and higher sentiments. It is because the commercial idea has so absorbed us that the colleges largely find themselves today places for providing material for commercial life. They have had to lend themselves to a process for which they are not fitted, and it is not surprising that they should be bested therein by institutions which *are* fitted. But if commercialism is to be the future basis of our life, the changes that will come about will not stop short at the destruction of academic life. Other things will disappear too. We begin to suspect that, in the peculiar qualities needed, we are inferior to certain other races of mankind; and it may well be that the same process which renders the college inferior to the tech-

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

nical school will cause occidental industrialism to yield the palm to oriental.

One important question is whether culture has any value in our life. In the days when colleges were founded, culture was sorely needed to raise civilization above the level of ignorance and fighting. Our present civilization is built on the results of that bygone preservation of culture. But now the inspiration in that particular direction seems exhausted and we are merely repeating ourselves and studying artificially. We need a new inspiration—an aspiration towards a still higher culture.

The study of Greek and Latin and general Literature? Apparently it no longer carries with it the same enthusiasm and uplift as of yore. It has (in too many cases) degenerated into a purely mental exercise. So it accomplishes little or nothing, and its product is too often a useless man.

Our studies in literature show us instances of ardent efforts to revive bygone enthusiasm—in art, in literature; but they have been more or less artificial and have succumbed to the *real* spirit of the age. We cannot go back, we must push on to what lies ahead. A renaissance is needed all around—not only to inspire new academies of leisured culture, but to stem the tide of materialism in all its evil effects. We must anticipate a revived interest in the realities of life—those great moral and spiritual truths that constitute the life-spirit of humanity, and which have been dying down. Religion has always been the precursor and inspirer of culture; and here we speak not of ecclesiasticism, the very foe of culture, but of the genuine religious inspiration in the human breast. This has been an age of no-faith. Faith in the eternal verities must revive; confidence in the essential Divinity of Man. The message of Theosophy is fraught with promise for all institutions of art and culture. Without that message there seems no hope; they know not whither to turn; they see the academy swallowed up in the shop.

H. T. EDGE, B. A., (Cantab.)

Sincerity versus Meretricious Adornment

A MID surroundings where vain strivings and rival pretensions to adornment had resulted in a matchless ugliness, our attention was called to an engineer's crane, built in open steel-work and solely with a view to the most effectual union of lightness with strength. This alone in the nightmare of shapes was beautiful, symmetrical; but it was interest, one fears, rather than taste, that had prompted the builders to forbear from decorating even this structure with figures from the frieze of the Parthenon.

By a coincidence frequent of its kind, we notice an article in a scientific contemporary treating of this very topic—the relation of beauty to utility, of grace to strength, in art and construction—one of Ruskin's favorite themes. The conclusion is arrived at that the engineer must join the artist in admitting that our efforts at adornment result oftener in defeating their own true aim than in promoting it; and that we are most artistic when we are most artless. An honest utilitarianism, even if limited in the aspirations, is nobler than any pretense. The writer speaks of the abandonment of bygone attempts to adorn machines with such things as hanging columns, oscillating pillars, flower-work and fancy friezes; and we join him in welcoming their departure. But there is still much to be done in the same line.

One need not expend words on a theme so fertile and so amply treated elsewhere. Let us briefly indicate the lessons it conveys. Are not these simplicity, sincerity, fitness, spontaneity, ease, naturalness? And their correlative blemishes, what are they but complexity, pretence, inappropriateness, forced effort, and artificiality? Ugly forms show forth the ungainly spirit that gave them birth; they reflect its strivings after unearned and inappropriate beauty, its unbalanced and spasmodic sentiments, and its motley and disunited efforts. In vain do we try to plaster and paint our defects; the bones show through.

So, if we seek a remedy for the malady indicated by this jangled art, our research must be deep and our treatment radical. So long as the disease inheres, the symptoms will reproduce themselves; the very attempt to suppress the symptoms is a manifestation of the disease—pretense. Looking within, then, we find artificiality in all our modes of

thought and action—bred in the bone and brain. Our attempted reforms, whether of ourselves or of people and things in general, are hasty, spasmodic, designed rather to engraft perfection upon imperfection than perfect that which is imperfect.

The contrast between a machine and a natural growth will help us to a useful analogy. The machine is all planned out beforehand to the last detail; the plant grows tentatively by adaptation to conditions. We cast our houses in a mold and dump them down anywhere without regard to their adaptation to the scenery. Thus the appurtenances of our civilization are an assortment of separate parts, not a whole; reflecting a similar mental condition.

The great art of life which we are all learning—the synthesis of the arts—consists in finding the way to be natural and artless. But we are overlaid with artificialities and insincerities. The great Illusion, that which holds us back, is not its name Self-Deception? And do we not yearn to be genuine, sincere, true to ourselves?

STUDENT

Robbing Paul to Pay Peter

DO you seat your honored guest on your right or your left? Even the left-handed man would not permit his peculiarity any play here. The guest would be on the right.

A curious little bit of Church controversy opens up here, little, but productive as such things will be, of much heat. The artists of the early Church, looking with the spiritual eye straight into Heaven, were of course able to behold Peter and Paul seated one on either side of Christ. But sometimes they saw—and thereafter depicted—*Peter* as on the more honorable right, sometimes *Paul*. Was the early Church therefore divided in its views as to the relative eminence of the two? Did part of it give first place to the circumcised, ritualistic and conservative Peter, part to the philosophic and innovating Paul? A correspondent of the *New York Nation* tells us that his early archaeological instincts were warmed at the fire of this dispute.

We can rest now in peace. He seems to have settled it. If we may say so without irreverence it was for Peter a case of heads I win, tails you lose. He had the post of honor whichever side he was on. It appears that among the Romans, whilst in ordinary matters the right and left hands had the usual relation of honor, in religious matters it was the left hand that counted. The Greeks however did not make this distinction. The right was the hand of honor anyhow. And the reason was this: on religious occasions the Greek faced the *north*, having the east on the right.

With all ancient peoples, even those whose relation to sun worship was not close, the east was considered the source of all good things: hence the association of the right and of good fortune was obvious. But with the Etruscans, the augur faced towards the south, instead of the north, and therefore had the east on his left instead of his right hand, so that in their minds the good gifts from the gods were associated with the left hand. The Romans were absolutely dependent on the Etruscans in celestial augury and adopted the Etruscan theory in this connexion.

And the *Nation's* correspondent, Mr. Frothingham, tells us that it is several years since he began to note that in early *Greek* Church art Peter was placed on the right, whilst in

Roman mosaics and frescoes he was on the left. Either way he had the post of honor. *Why* they honored the disciple who when the pinch came showed himself a coward is another matter. The possibilities of that saying about the "rock" in its original form, the ease with which it could be slightly touched up so as to seem to refer to the *man* Peter, had already been seen.

STUDENT

Superficiality in Education

IN the report of an educational foundation, mention is made of the comments of Oxford tutors upon the state of preparation of the American Rhodes scholars admitted to Oxford University under the provisions of the late Cecil Rhode's will. The tutors, while recognizing the strong points in these scholars, remark upon a certain "superficiality and diffusion" of the work done in the American secondary school and college. To remedy this condition the president of the foundation urges co-operative investigation by the secondary school and college men. Neither the certificate method admission nor the method of piecemeal examination have solved the problem, in his opinion. He insists on greater freedom for the teachers, and that they should not be hampered by influential minorities. The interests of the student are best consulted by his learning a few things well, rather than many things superficially. The boy who has obtained this intellectual discipline is a fit candidate for collegiate and higher training, whether he has studied one set of subjects or another; and without this discipline he is unfit alike for college and for business, no matter what he may claim to have learned.

The above reflections may be indorsed. Education in this country suffers from a defect which is not peculiar to itself, but shared by it with other institutions. *Its standards of proficiency are artificial.*

By way of illustration, take the experiences of a teacher in two cases: first, in receiving a pupil from one of the educational institutions of the country; second, in handing over a pupil to such an institution. In both cases we find the same artificiality of standards. In the former case, when it is desired to ascertain the qualifications of the pupil, great difficulty is experienced in finding out what these are. Questions as to what has been studied and learned elicit answers that are irrelevant to the point at issue. How much history have you studied? What do you know in history? The reply comes: "I have been through such and such a *course*, been through so many *books*, passed so many *grades*." In Latin the pupil has gotten to a certain place in a certain *syllabus*; in English his progress is measured by a number of *years*; but in vain does the questioner try to find out by that method what the pupil *knows*. The outcome is that he examines the pupil in actual knowledge and places him "way down," where he forthwith begins to *learn* for the first time the things which heretofore he has merely *been through* or *gotten beyond*. He also incidentally learns a good deal about the meaning of intellectual discipline and its connexion with discipline of other sorts.

And now to our second case. The candidate for admission to another school has to be provided with a printed form supposed to indicate his qualifications. One would think

that the only right way to ascertain the proficiency of a prospective pupil would be to examine that pupil and find out. Particularly among a people renowned for practical acuteness and commonsense would one expect that to be the case. But no. Instead of examining the actual flesh-and-blood pupil whom the proposed teachers have with them on the spot, they send this printed form around to the previous teachers, with a request that it be filled up. Applying this principle to commerce, what do we get? A man is about to purchase some goods. The seller offers to submit them for approval. The prospective buyer declines, and insists that the seller shall send him a printed form stating the qualities of the goods. If the description of the goods, as filled in by the seller, is satisfactory, the buyer will take the goods without looking at them. Otherwise he will not have them, no matter how good they may be!

The thing looks sufficiently ridiculous from that point of view; then why is it not ridiculous from the other point of view? One is driven to ask what can be the reason for a procedure so repugnant to common-sense; for people do not act without reasons, and there must be some explanation. The answer is readily supplied; it is to be found in the current criticisms on our educational shortcomings.

The schools and colleges are not free, but are hampered by influential minorities. (We merely quote.) Somebody insists on these false standards, demands them. Their underlying object, we think, must be the same as their result—to fool somebody. For they misrepresent. Is it reasonable to suppose that there can be any better guarantee of proficiency than that which is furnished by the actual character and attainments of the pupil? Can the written assertions of a teacher convey any information superior to that which the prospective teacher can ascertain for himself? When we purchase a horse do we throw the whole burden of appraisal upon the seller? Do we need a paper to assure us that it is a horse and not a donkey?

So the whole trouble is artificial standards in education particularly and in life generally. To go back to Carlyle, it is a question of clothes. The man shall have a suit of the correct cut and a collar of the fashionable shape; nothing else matters. The printed forms, duly filled in and signed, may be folly, but they are genuine folly. They are intended to guarantee *something*, and they do guarantee it. They vouch that the candidate is a creature of a certain type, and that is all that is needed, seemingly. Anyone looking over such a form would be able to tell what kind of a being to expect. The question is, "What sort of commodity do we want?" Is it that sort? If so, then the supply is equal to the demand. We can always get plenty of labeled goods, guaranteed by the powers-that-be to contain no other ingredient than those stated on the label.

When there shall come a demand on the part of parents for a better sort of goods, then the colleges will turn it out. At present the unfortunate colleges are not doing worse, but better, than is demanded of them. They are only too often asked to turn out patent-leather, glossed, and shoddy goods; but they still honestly and fondly preserve an instinct to

produce sound work. *When* we have become sufficiently tired of our false standards of life to insist on better ones, we shall find supply ready to meet demand. *When* the country has ceased to be a huge factory, then education may become once more a rite instead of a manufacture. Then young people will be taught to use their hands and their brain, so that they may be efficient and proficient in anything that claims their attention.

A TEACHER

Scientific Oddments

It will now be possible to speak from London to St. Petersburg through land lines and a submarine cable from Dover to Cape Gris Nez. The indistinctness and weakening of the sound has been overcome by introducing small self-induction coils into the wires at intervals of about one mile.

A FRENCH inventor has brought out a safety parachute for aviators. It folds in a small space behind him; and in case of an upset, opens and jerks him out of the aeroplane. It has been successfully tried on a dummy weighing 150 pounds, launched from the Eiffel Tower.

Two people played a game of chess by wireless telegraph. One was on board the *Morea*, the other on board the *Rembrandt*, both ships being bound for Colombo, and being 150 miles apart when the game began. The players were strangers and continued playing until one of them won at the 69th move after 24 hours' play.

SUIT was recently brought against a railroad company because its single-phase alternating current affected inductively the lines of two telegraph companies and the signal system of another railroad company. But the court found that the use of the current on one's own premises did not constitute a "nuisance," and that the complainant companies held no monopoly of the atmosphere.

IN an English county, where the farmers have met to form a rat and sparrow club (boding no good to those animals), it was stated that so great had been the devastations of the sparrows during seeding time that some farmers had decided to sow no more grain. Thus the sparrows might even send up the price of the loaf. These sparrows must be an incarnation of the spirit of hunger and love of eating.

AN un contemplated use to which the automobile has lent itself is the carrying of the caterpillar of the gypsy moth. Owing to the fact that the female moth does not fly, it has been easy to localize the pest. But the caterpillars attach themselves to automobiles (and to other vehicles) when the opportunity offers, and so get themselves transported to other places, when they drop off and spin their cocoons. The remedy is to keep the roadsides clear of vegetation.

THE Ashland division of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad has a fire train, specially devised to deal with forest fires. It consists of three tank cars and a steam pump with hose. The tanks have a capacity of 24,000 gallons each, and there is a suction hose for using any pond or river that may be at hand. In the fire season it is intended to keep this train ready,

and a locomotive fired up in the roundhouse, so as to rush at a moment's notice to any fire.

A PICTURE on the cover page of a scientific contemporary, called "Plowing Six Furrows at Once," and showing a locomotive drawing the plow across the field, seems curious to one who can remember seeing six furrows plowed at once in England in the seventies of last century. The only difference is that that was done with stationary engines at the ends of the tracks—"traction-engines," with a wire rope on a drum. So, though progress has of course been made in the application of machinery to agriculture, this particular instance is not a case in point.

FIFTY-THREE lives were sacrificed to aviation in 1910, and of these casualties nine occurred on the thirteenth of a month: one on May 13, five on July 13, and three on November 13. A census taken in France states that on November 15 there were 501 men and women devoting their lives to aviation. Three years ago there were but four—the Wrights, Farman, and Santos-Dumont. It is the exhibition flights that are chiefly responsible for the accidents, and many of the pioneers have retired from this part of the business and are engaged in the industrial aspect.

THE weather Bureau is beautifully organized and can send its opinion hundreds of miles by telephone to the farmer. But its opinion relates to general conditions over large territories, and the farmer wants to know what the weather is going to be like just over his own hayfield. So when a local thunder-shower drenches his hay, he blames the Bureau, though the Bureau was correct in predicting fine weather as the general condition. Organizations of farmers for watching thunderstorms and exchanging information as to their wanderings is needed; and this kind of thing is actually done in some countries.

THE vexed question whether petroleum is of animal or vegetable or mineral origin has been answered by a chemist who holds that it is a solution of animal and vegetable matter in a mineral substratum. This is the kind of theory we like; it is generous and unbiased, distributes its favors impartially, appropriates everybody's hypotheses and adds a little more to complete them. And so with other problems: when anyone asks, "Is it thus, or thus?" the answer comes, "It is both ways and a good many more besides." As regards petroleum, this latest theorist finds in it optical properties such as are only found in organic substances.

THE fact that many solids, especially metals, can be regarded as extremely viscous fluids, is illustrated by the fact that briquettes can be made by pressure alone from iron shavings. These briquettes are used for adding to cast iron with a view to increasing its strength. Previously to their invention, attempts had been made to strengthen cast iron by the addition of loose shavings, but these were either blown away by the blast or else rapidly oxidized. Then it was sought to bind the shavings together in a mass; but processes involving heat were used, and this caused the shavings to absorb too much carbon. The briquettes, however, are made by cold pressure in a hydraulic press, moderate at first, but

increasing to 2000 atmospheres or about 30,000 pounds per square inch.

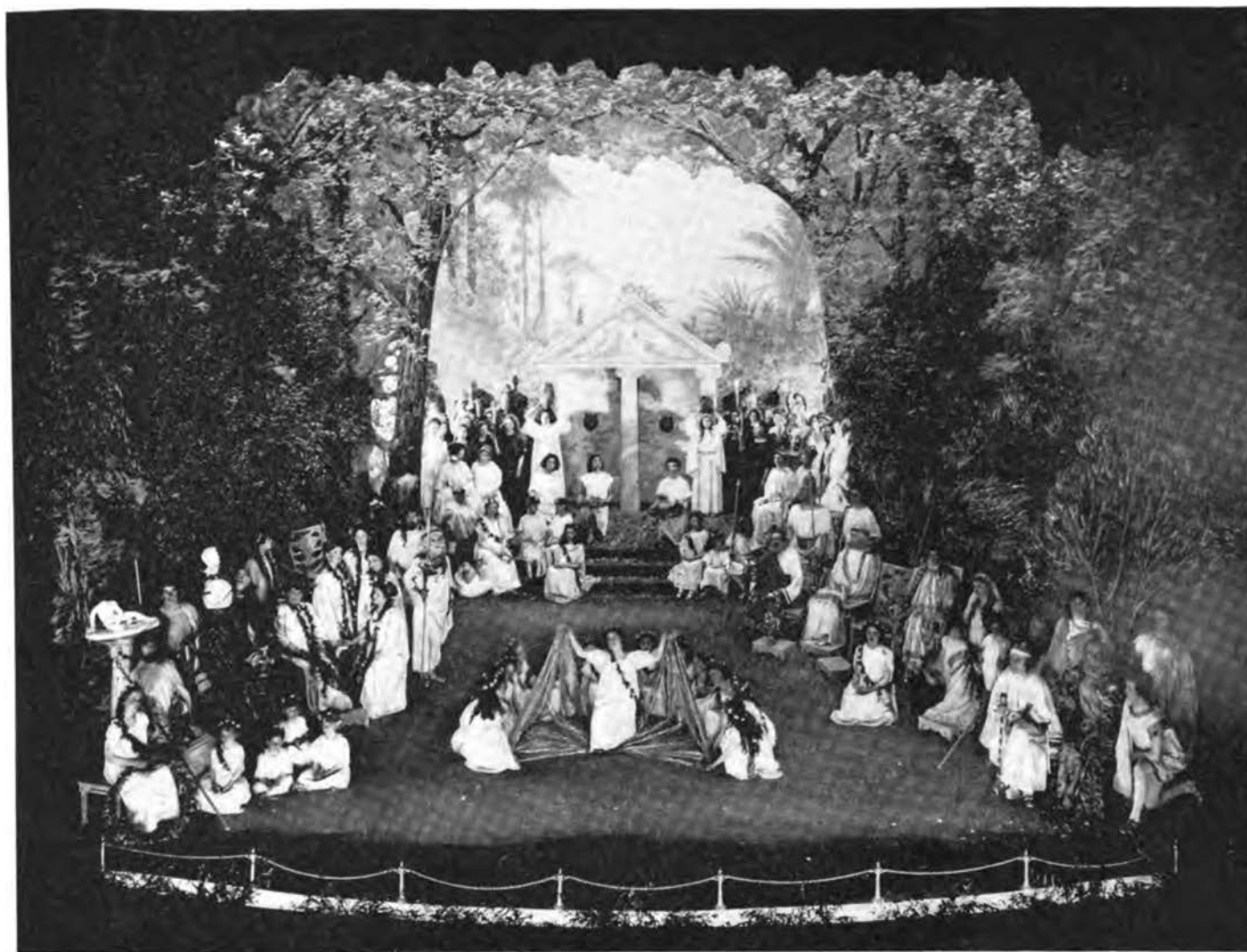
WE notice incidentally in the course of an article on mica that over half the world's supply is from India. The United States, though a mica-producing country, is India's best customer. Great Britain is the distributing center for the United States and other countries. Thus we do not use our own mica—most of it; but get it from India; and even then it has to be imported for us. This curious phenomenon of the laws of supply and demand probably means that international communications are often better organized than intra-national ones. It is nearer from an American city to India (via Great Britain) than it is from the city to our own mines. But we import many articles which our country is peculiarly adapted to produce—fruit, for instance. And the same with other countries.

A NEW way of digging ditches has been invented. There is that in a man which welcomes new inventions. And there is that which resents them. The winding path through the dell and over the hill is improved in a sense when it is graded and paved—but only in a sense. The old coat is laid aside with a pang of regret. Time was when the chief pleasure of a boating trip was the landing and boiling one's kettle on an extemporized trivet. But now this joy is spoilt by the reflection that one was a fool for not having brought along a "thermos" bottle. The man who, day after day with growing interest in his honest toil, has watched a long ditch grow under his pick and shovel, feels rewarded when at last he comes to the end. He is happy—happy in his ignorance; for he did not know that the modern method of digging a ditch is to plant a thousand feet of dynamite and touch it all off at one fell swoop.

PROFESSOR MILNE, the English seismologist, has found that the rise and fall of the tides causes a rise and fall in the land near the seashore. A seismograph placed a mile and a half from the shore at Bidston, Cheshire, showed that the average deflection due to tidal effects was equivalent to a change in slope of about one inch in sixteen miles. The result is affected by the rate at which the tide rises and by its height. Together with other observations of the fluctuations in the level of the land, this seems to indicate that the crust is in a very flexible condition, ready to respond to comparatively slight variations in pressure. And indeed this is not surprising when we consider the vast extent of that crust and the fact that the rigidity of its material does not increase in proportion to its extent. Even on the supposition that the earth is solid throughout, such variations of level could easily be accounted for. No body is entirely inelastic; and even the most inflexible body would yield to pressure sufficiently to exhibit an appreciable result when the scale of action is so large and the scale of observation so relatively small. In other words, one inch is, relatively speaking, a microscopic amount. Still, we do not say that the earth is solid throughout. But, whatever its condition, the real wonder is—not that it moves, but that it keeps so still. For matter is a restless thing, full of uneasy forces, swellings, shrinkings, and tremblings.

THE BUSY BEE

Art Music Literature and the Drama



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE AROMA OF ATHENS—SCENE 2. ISIS THEATER, MARCH 17, 1911

Co-operation in Art

THE value of co-operation is recognized in most of our industries. We should be in a poor way if it were not. But in other of our achievements it is not recognized, or at least not carried out. These achievements are those wherein pride takes a prominent part, and the higher sentiments and capacities are called into play—in what is generally understood under the word "Art," in short.

We make pins by co-operative labor, each workman contributing his share. Nobody builds a whole house by himself. But in painting pictures, writing poems, and a few other such things, we are personalists. It obviously must take a man of great genius and versatility to turn out a product, finished in all its parts, by himself. Hence, most of the things done in this line are necessarily inferior; for there are few people who shine in every one of the particulars necessary for the conception and execution of a great art composition.

But how might it not be, if people could co-operate harmoniously in such work? There are many who possess in a high degree the faculty of adapting ideas to beautiful and expressive forms, but who are lacking in the ideas. On the other hand, a wealth of good material goes to waste for want of the art of expression. Quantities of what might be good

poems are met with in current literature, all spoiled by the defects in execution. These defects could be entirely removed by the alteration of some grammatical blunder or inelegance in expression. Why may one not do this? Where shall we find the author willing to submit his work to such a process?

Impersonality is a glorious faculty. Its opposite is thrown into inglorious contrast. Contrast a body of craftsmen working on some magnificent cathedral, and producing a gem, wherein varied talents combine in one grand unity—contrast this with the same number of men each working before a separate square of canvas or lump of clay or drawing board. Think of an exhibition of pictures—a collection of mainly unrelated fragments. Is not this a demonstration of personalism?

Not only do we want the man willing to submit his darling progeny to the criticism and even the finishing touch of a brother genius, but we need also the man who can render himself so impersonal that he will really improve the material instead of adding too much of his own flavor. On the part of the adapter would be the necessary combination of extreme tolerance of other people's ideas—indeed, a positive power to adopt these ideas in preference to his own, by enthusiastic sympathy, so long as they were good—with ut-

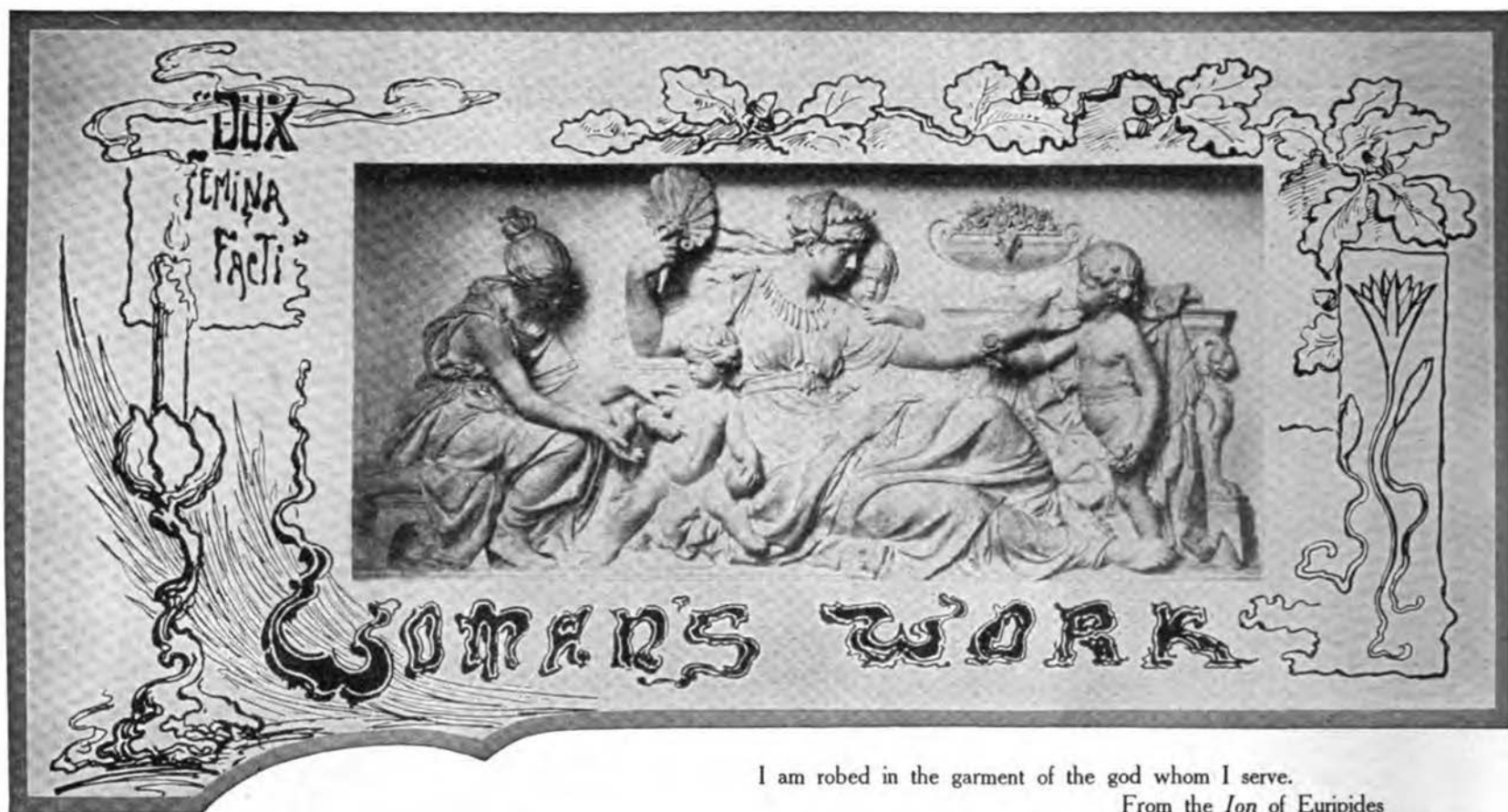
ter ruthlessness in cutting out all that was not good. On the part of the artist who received the help would be the absence of all prejudice in favor of his cherished ideas. Fancy an atmosphere with no feelings to be considered, no misunderstandings, apologies, assurances, protestations, self-sacrifice, or forgiveness!

To a real lover of art—whether one of the ordinary arts or the art of living, generally—the presence of these personal motives and susceptibilities is really an intolerable situation. I write something or paint something or do something. Very well; throw it into the general pot, and let others improve it if possible, to my great joy. But no; it is My work; I have smeared that fine achievement all over with an odious flavor of vanity that renders it unpalatable for general use; so the Law ties it to my back as a burden.

As life itself is the greatest Art, this is a lesson in life. Let us examine ourselves and see if we could not get along better with less of the cumbrous finery of vanities. STUDENT

The Illustration

In the view given on this page of *The Aroma of Athens*, the arrangement of characters is similar to that given on page nine. A clearer view is given of Socrates and his pupils, also of Aspasia on the right. In the center is shown the concluding figure of the Greek Dance by the Rāja Yoga children.



I am robed in the garment of the god whom I serve.

From the *Ion* of Euripides

ON March seventeenth last, after but nine days of preparation, *The Aroma of Athens*, a Greek Symposium-Drama, was staged at Isis Theater under the auspices of the Woman's International Theosophical League and under the stage direction of the League's Foundress, Katherine Tingley. The drama filled the theater to the doors; it was declared by both press and critics to be "flawless," and truly it did seem to bind this hard materialistic age of ours back to something of the gold and glory of Athenian life at its flower. And yet to many a Lomaland Student the real drama was enacted behind the scenes.

The Symposium itself has been fully described elsewhere (for press reports see the CENTURY PATH SUPPLEMENT of April 2), although much more might have been said of so superb a production, enlisting as it did over ninety in the cast alone, and the services, in greater or less degree, of nearly two hundred students during nine magic days of costume-making, scene-painting, property-making, rehearsing etc., with Katherine Tingley directing every detail, from the pronunciation of a word to the pattern of a child's sandal or the width of hem upon the *chiton* worn by supernumerary.

There was patience, precision, absolute fidelity to the Greek tradition, all the chastity and moderation of the old Hellenic touch, the very thought of which sets the blood a-tingle—for the Leader not only designed and fitted every costume, but inspected each upon completion, and herself, before each public performance, draped every *chlamys* and scarf.

But all that we are accustomed to. And, being Students, we are accustomed to just such "nine days' wonders." The truth is, we have seen the impossible done again and again in Lomaland dramatic work—so often in fact, that while the freshness and delight of it may sink into our hearts to leave an ineffaceable impress, to the wonder of it all we now give scarcely a thought. We in Lomaland are no more amazed that nine days should suffice to produce what one spectator and dramatic critic pronounced to be "the most gorgeous spectacle ever seen upon Isis stage, and the only worthy revival of the pure Greek spirit upon any stage at the present time," than the art lover is surprised to encounter one of Rembrandt's superb *Saskias* after having seen the artist's *Martin Daey* or his portrait of Tulp the anatomist. That the painter should have worked less than magic in his later portraits, while his earlier so closely fringe the mysteries of genius and interpretation, would be the surprising thing. No, let us leave commonplaces like these, and quietly slip behind the scenes of what was

Behind the Scenes

really a drama nine days long, and get back into the corners of memory and as learners look and listen and keep our peace.

The coveted, crowning privilege of an art student's life is admission—it may be for one day only—to the studio of a great artist, not the very proper studio that the public sees on reception days, but the workroom, the "shop." Let us for a moment's memory-space stand beside such an artist, one of our great portraitists, say, of whom we have possibly four in America and not more than ten or so in the world. We go early that we may see him begin, the untouched canvas before him, intent as he decides upon the pose, and all quietness, as if all that we observe were merely floating about some calm center—all concentration, in a word.

We note the generous palette—no starved color-procession such as timidity is wont to beget upon our own—and the full, responsive brush with which he begins. And we note that he does no drawing—none that we can see, anyway—and that there seems to be no set, labored plan in advance, but rather a pathway through what appears to us who are only beginners upon the long, long path of art, *chaos*.

Tentatively, almost as if he were playing with brush and color, stroke follows upon stroke. The pasty glare of the canvas is erased with all speed, here the light is massed, and there widens out a valley of shadow and solitude; matching, placing, building up, tearing down, painting in, painting out, moving things about, creating mass here and detail there by those deliberate, magical strokes which seem to follow after no plan—and yet a plan evolves.

Now he works as some mosaicist might do, with patch after patch of clear color, to be scumbled perhaps in the next moment into some haze of indescribable gray or brown. Did ever portrait come out of such chaos before? Ah, the kind beginners paint do not, with their painfully labored drawing and then their painfully labored progress lest some of that precious drawing be "lost." But we wait on, conscious of being no more noticed as on-lookers than the accessories which the artist discarded when the pose was fixed.

An hour passes, two, three, perhaps five or even six, broken only by the regular "rests" for the model, and it may be that we see the subject of that portrait giving over to the artist the very secret of his soul life. The model may not know it, the artist will not tell you so, perhaps he does not

know it either in the deeper sense, only—*there it is*, a soul record that is to a degree imperishable, even outwardly.

The day's work is over, such a day's work as occurs not often in a week or month of any artist's life; the model goes; palette and brushes are laid aside; the easel is wheeled to another light perhaps, and we view what to us, with our limited knowledge of technic, is a thing of wonder.

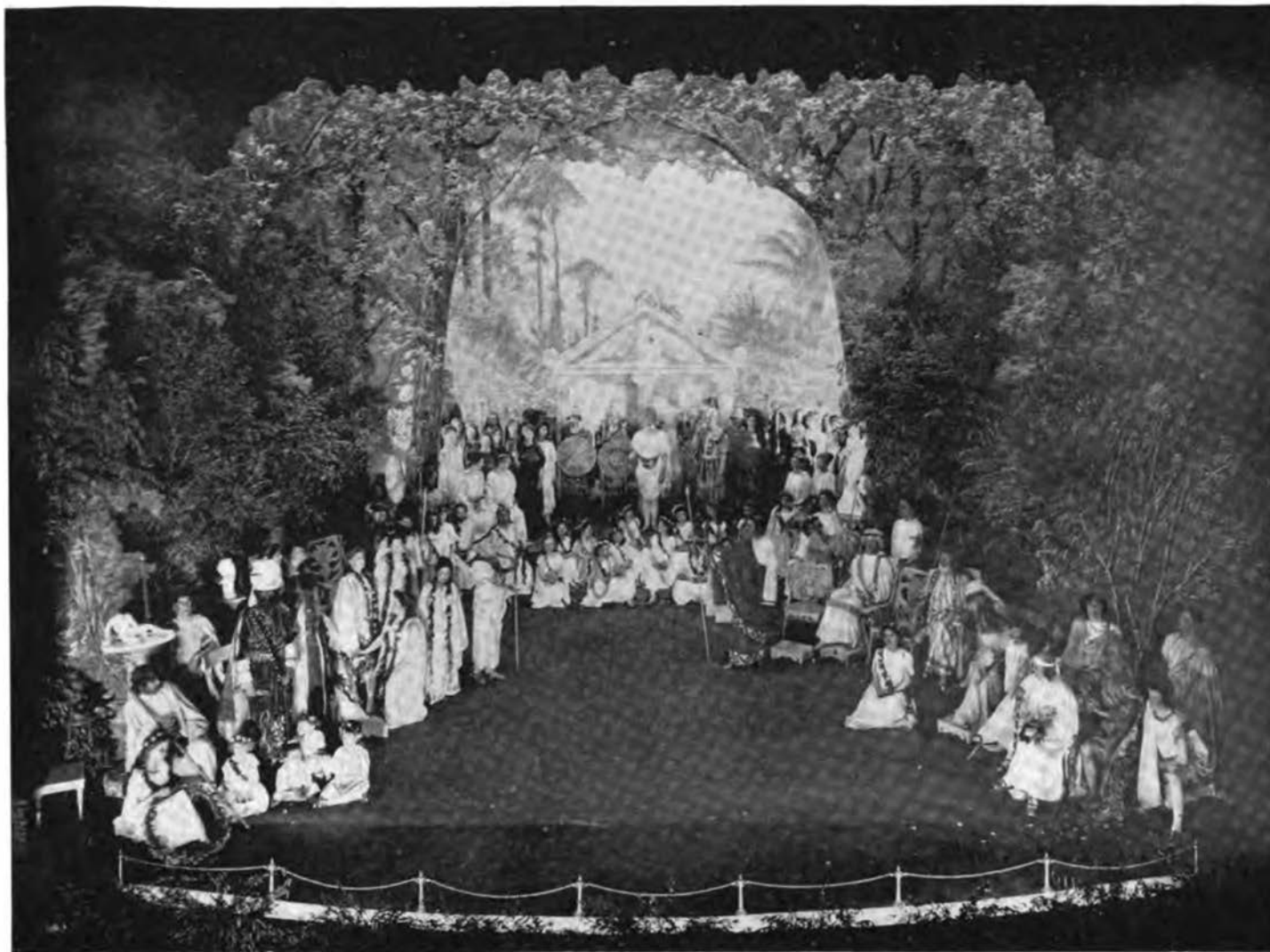
We ask ourselves—perhaps we ask the artist—"What is the secret—your secret?" and the answer is bound to be "knowledge." Then, if we ask him of what this magic-working knowledge consists, he will probably answer in substance, if not in word, as once did Michelangelo, "Three things are the bestowers of knowledge in art; the first is drawing, the second is drawing, and the third is—drawing." And yet—*this* artist did no drawing at all! Not so fast; how about those hard, obscured years of drudgery with pencil, and charcoal, and perhaps pastel and etching needle? Does not our spirit of questioning stand self-condemned?

This is no digression. It is part of things preliminary to a glimpse behind the scenes of this "nine days' drama" that we started out to consider. But we can't expect to see with closed eyes. During every hour of the preparation, more particularly at the rehearsals, Katherine Tingley worked as the master-artist upon some great canvas that it is predetermined shall body forth something imperishable in its record as a spiritual inspiration, a soul appeal.

Nine days before the date of the public presentation of *The Aroma of Athens* the Leader called together a group of Students and briefly outlined her plan. And this is part of what she said:

"If each will do his part—his own duty, not another's—with carefulness, patience and trust, without haste or anxiety or criticism of others, all the rest will care for itself and I can assure you that the result will be beyond your hopes or dreams. The plan itself I have not time to give you now, but it is fully formulated in my own mind and it will grow as we proceed, the result depending upon the faithfulness with which each one of you, in performing this special work, lives up to the Theosophic ideal of life and conduct and devotion to duty. If you go forward as I know that you can do, this Symposium will touch human hearts with a new light and there will be recorded on the Screen of Time a picture that will be imperishable in its glory and its inspiration."

At that time only a portion of the dialog had been written, and part of the music required had



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE AROMA OF ATHENS—SCENE 3. ISIS THEATER, MARCH 17, 1911

not been composed, nor, in fact, decided upon.

The next evening the same group met for a first reading of the Symposium, literally waiting upon the clicking typewriters for some of the parts, and not until the evening after that did the rehearsals proper begin. There were but six rehearsals in all, and in the evenings only, Sunday being reserved of course for the usual Sunday evening meeting. There were only two rehearsals at which the entire cast was present, and the expected costume-rehearsal did not materialize at all for the very excellent reason that the costumes were not done in time. And yet, say what you will—here are the facts and there, on Isis boards, were the results, living, glowing seeds of light in the hearts of thousands, for *The Aroma of Athens* was one composite exemplar of the guiding ideals of old Greek life at its flower—moderation, sanity, impersonality, balance, patriotism, and an utter, deathless devotion to "the Good, the Beautiful, and the True."

But *how* was it done—at all, let alone in nine days? Ask those rehearsals!

Now the stupidest mind does not contend that it is limiting the real life and power of, say, ultramarine, for the artist to insist that it keep its place on the palette and itself pure, in order that later, when needed as part of some irresolvable color-chord, it may come to its work pure and bright and "alive," and thus fit to render real service. Imagine ultramarine, or any other color, possessing enough of our human wilfulness and crass conceit to want to run all over the palette and take on the hues—as *we* do the opinions and psychological impress of other people—of vermillion, or patient terre verte, or the umbers, instead of staying where it belonged and keeping itself clean and dependable! Where were the possibility of anything like any real life on its own account for a color that would do that? It would mean annihilation. Is it, then, so very "autocratic" of the artist to do his part to make such deaths impossible in the little world of his color-scheme? For what is fulness of life, anyway, for pigment or for man, for any last or

THE great public performances during the festivals of the Mysteries (at Eleusis, ancient Greece) were witnessed by the masses. . . . Epictetus speaks of these instructions in the highest terms: "All that is ordained therein was established by our masters for the instruction of men and the correction of our customs." . . . Plato asserts in the *Phaedo* the same: the object of the Mysteries was to re-establish the soul in its primordial purity, or that state of perfection from which it had fallen.

H. P. Blavatsky, in *Ludfer*

least atom in the Universe, if it mean not *purity*, first, and then *service*, impersonal, self-forgetting *service*?

The secret, then? There it is, in parable.

In her little preliminary talk to a group of Students, nine days before *The Aroma of Athens* was presented, Katherine Tingley touched upon the "mysteries," the deeper mysteries of true service; but directly, explicitly, just as she has done with her Students time and time again. Only don't you see—"duty, one's own duty, not another's," and "purity" and "service" and "unselfishness" and "brotherliness" and "devotion to high ideals"—these are so commonplace that to get *hoi polloi* to attend to them at all we have to dress them up in some kind of parable, and look wise and hint of "mysteries" underneath.

The virtues are so "commonplace," yes, as blades of grass are commonplace. But when you can make for me a blade of grass, then I will find for you an impresario who can gather up from out of the world's life a hundred or so performers—amateurs—and in nine days' time produce a drama of *his own designing* that shall melt the crusted indifference of human hearts with the clear archaic gleam of Promethean fire. Yes, the secret is very simple, as simple as the "mysteries" of virtue and love and self-conquest that lay behind it. It lies in the fact that the Students chosen as actors and actresses, all of them non-professionals, have for years so built into their lives the ancient pure ideals, have

for years so fashioned their every thought and act by an inner devotion to "the Good, the Beautiful, and the True," that all they had to do was just to be—*natural*. No wonder one dramatic critic wrote:

"It (*The Aroma of Athens*) marks the beginning of a new era of dramatic art."

And also:

"It is fair to presume that if one were to see this play for a dozen times, each time the stage business would vary, as either the movements on the stage in this production were entirely spontaneous or else they (the actors) are more capable of stimulating spontaneity than the players of the Comédie Française, near which theater the writer lived for nearly two years. . . . The Greeks moved with the sense of power and freedom which comes from the sense of power over oneself."

But those rehearsals! and the methods of our Lomaland impresario, Katherine Tingley, as we Students saw them! There could be no question that behind each direction, each suggestion, lay knowledge. As with that artist of Merrie England, the paints on her palette were mixed "with brains." There *was* knowledge, no doubt of that.

Art is Art, and to the goal of it there is just one path and it is a long, steep path, "winding up hill all the way, yea, to the very end." As behind every great portrait, every immortal picture, is the "dim, aerial distance" of untold effort, the striving and the silent, unseen work of year after year, so behind Katherine Tingley's mastery of dramatic technic—so complete a mastery that technic seemed to the observer to play no part at all—there was the record of year after year of faithful service in *her* life to an ideal, the ideal of LIFE. STUDENT

The Illustration

IN the accompanying cut of *The Aroma of Athens*, a clearer picture is given of Pharnabazus, the Persian. Pericles and Phidias are seen standing towards the center of the picture, and at the rear is seen Melesippus the Spartan Herald with soldiers.

OUR YOUNG FOLK

Magnus Stenbock

THE name of this general is known and beloved by all Swedes, because he was one of the great men who, in the hour of need, by his skill and patriotism saved the country from falling into the hands of the invaders.

It was in the year 1710. Charles XII had just been defeated at Poltava in Russia, and when this tidings spread over Europe, all the old enemies, who during the years when the star of Charles shone bright over Europe, had not attempted to attack Sweden, now approached the Swedish frontiers. A strong Danish army landed in Skåne and encamped at Helsingborg. The danger was great, because all capable troops were out with the king, and it was mostly old men and boys, who were left at home. Stenbock, who had for several years been one of Charles's devoted followers, and who himself was an extraordinarily skilful general, now saw that quick action was necessary. He at once began to collect troops, and when he had about thirteen thousand men, he marched down into Skåne to meet the Danish. The Swedish army was a curious spectacle. The men had no regular uniforms; many of them were dressed in fur jackets and wooden shoes, and this queer army got the nickname: "Måns Rock and his getapojkar," which means: "Magnus Goat and his herdsman." But what did a uniform or the number matter among these sturdy defenders! It was the spirit which filled them all that counted. The general gave his own glowing enthusiasm and courage to his soldiers, and they felt unconquerable. And a glorious victory did these "herdsmen" win on the plain at Helsingborg, a victory which saved the country from further invasions, and made Magnus Stenbock's name honored all over Sweden. His march to Stockholm was like a triumph. In every town he entered the churchbells rang and the people stepped out on the streets and roads to greet and bless him. After another victory over the allied Russians, Saxons, and Danes at Gadebush in Mecklenberg, he encamped with his whole army in the castle of Tönning. There he was besieged for a long time and at last had to surrender. Stenbock was captured and taken to Copenhagen, where he died in prison.

Stenbock was not only a fine general, he was a poet, a student of music, of painting, and of architecture. He understood how to turn and to carve, and in many collections in Sweden are things in ivory and wood, which he wrought during his years of imprisonment. Besides all this he had a rare gift of oratory and by this and his winning manners he captured all hearts. He was indeed his soldiers' idol. It is no exaggeration to say, that no name in the history of Sweden is more loved and revered than that of Magnus Stenbock. To honor his memory, a statue of bronze has been erected on the big square in Helsingborg. This statue shows him sitting on his horse,



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MAGNUS STENBOCK
ONE OF THE OLD HEROES OF SWEDEN

A SONG FOR APRIL

LIST! list! The buds confer.
This noonday they've had news of her;
The south bank has views of her;
The thorn shall exact his dues of her;
The willows adream
By the freshest stream
Shall ask what boon they choose of her.
Up! up! The world's astir;
The would-be green has word of her;
Root and germ have heard of her,
Coming to break
Their sleep and wake
Their hearts with every bird of her.
See! see! How swift concur
Sun, wind and rain at the name of her,
A-wondering what became of her;
The fields flower at the flame of her;
The glad air sings
With dancing wings.

Chas. G. D. Roberts (Selected)

putting his sword in the sheath, indicating that there is no longer war between the two neighboring countries. At the base of the statue is a most strikingly beautiful group of two of the "goat's herdsman," young men in clothes torn in the battle, the one with a flag held high, the other wounded on the ground, but gathering his last efforts to keep himself erect. On the base of the statue is written: "The fatherland to Magnus Stenbock, skilful general, brave soldier, noble man, great in fortune,

greater in misfortune." At the foot of this statue, the Swedes every memorial day lay flowers and wreaths, expressing their gratitude and showing that so long as there are men and women who love their country, will the memory of this man live in their hearts, as one of the noblest, strongest and best characters their history tells of.

LAURA

A Modest Hero

LAST January a porter on the East Indian Railway was presented with the King Edward medal for heroism, as a reward for saving the lives of two children. The Viceroy of India fastened the medal on his breast in the presence of a large company of Europeans and Indians, among whom were the chief officials of the railway. A year ago Ram Lal Bouri, the porter, was on the first of a number of coal cars that were being shunted to a side line leading to a colliery, and as they passed around a curve, Ram Lal saw three little children playing on the track. He leaped off the car, seized two of the little ones and bundled them off the track; and he had the third child in his grasp when the car came upon him, throwing him down and killing the child. When Ram Lal was called to appear before the Viceroy he went in fear and trembling, not having taken any food that day and expecting to be severely punished for not having saved the third child's life. He did not seem to realize that he had done well in doing all that it was possible to do. The cheers which greeted him and the praise given to his brave act were never bestowed upon a more modest hero.

G.

Oyster Islands

OYSTER islands, similar to those formed of coral, are found in several parts of the world. The islands in Newport River and Beaufort Harbor, North Carolina, have been discovered to have as base a reef to which the spawn were attached and above this layer upon layer of oysters, vegetable growth, and debris brought by the action of the waves and winds, all of which finally grows high enough to rise above the surface of the water. This growth is exactly analogous to that of the coral islands of the Pacific.

The islands near the mouth of the River Tagus in Portugal are said to have been built up in this way also. Here, where there is such a quantity of oysters that 100,000,000 a year would scarcely be missed if they were removed, the expanse of water just beyond the river's mouth is dotted with oyster islands, formed presumably as were those in the United States, where islands in various stages of growth show clearly the successive steps. As in the case of the coral reefs, which, on the seaward side may be covered with living, growing coral, live oysters thrive in the same waters where the accumulation of dead generations has served to form the islands.

G.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Letter from Mother Goose

DEAR CHILDREN: Such charming letters as all the birds have been putting in the letter box lately! Why, surely you would like to hear from me too, your old Mother Goose who has been telling you stories all these hundreds and hundreds of years. So this is why I am writing you a letter, even if I am not a dear tiny bird with a beautiful voice or lovely bright colors on my feathers.

Now you must already know about my habits, for I am a plain old white goose and have spent a good part of my life in a barnyard, laying eggs and raising goslings, like any ordinary goose. I am not going to tell you about my cousins, the Wild Geese, for they are so different from us that it would take a book to tell about them; but I have some interesting things to tell you about my own people.

Our ancestors were made famous as early as 388 B. C. by giving the alarm to the citizens of Rome and saving the city from surprise and capture. Watchfulness is one of our special traits of character and we have a certain shrill yell which cannot be mistaken for anything but an alarm call. But there are some particular geese who have done even more than the service of a goose and a watchdog. Listen to this!

I know an old gander who is a faithful guardian and guide to a blind woman. He directs her footsteps into safe paths when she goes out to walk, by taking hold of her gown with his bill. There is a pet goose in a certain town in Pennsylvania who is so fond of music that she keeps time with her feet while her master plays the accordion. I was told of a gander who is the companion to an old lady in Massachusetts, going with her when she pays visits, and showing his interest in the conversation by looking up into the faces of the people about him just as though he understood every word that is spoken.

Some of us geese live to a good old age. In 1859 a certain Madame Goose was exhibited at the New Jersey State Fair, who was then 125 years old, having been handed down for four generations in the family to which she belonged. There is a noted breeder of geese in Rhode Island, who had a wild gander which he had tamed, for 75 years, and who told of a goose who lived to be 101 years old and was killed at that age by a kick from a horse. The animal went too near her nest upon which she was sitting on fifteen eggs, and she rushed off, seized him by the tail, thinking she could defend her eggs, and was instantly killed. What a pity!

I think it is natural for us to become fond of the people who are good to us and take care of us, but I cannot understand how some geese can become so violently attached to some inanimate object such as a door, a stone, a plow, or a cartwheel. I know some geese who spend the greater part of their time sitting



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NEW ZEALAND ALOES

AT RUSSELL, BAY OF ISLANDS, NEW ZEALAND
At one period the capital of New Zealand, with about 3000 inhabitants, and the headquarters of the whalers. The Waitanpo treaty was signed there. Situated in a beautiful harbor among many islands, its sole communication is by sea.

THE MERRY BEGGARS

COME, come away! the spring,
By every bird that can but sing
Or chirp a note, doth now invite
Us forth to taste of his delight
In field, in grove, on hill, in dale;
But above all the nightingale,
Who in her sweetness strives t' outdo
The loudness of the hoarse cuckoo.
"Cuckoo," cries he; "Jug, jug," sings she;
From bush to bush, from tree to tree:
Why in one place then tarry we?

Come away! why do we stay?
We have no debt or rent to pay;
No bargains or accounts to make,
Nor land nor lease to let or take:
Of it we had, should that remove us
When all the world's our own before us,
And where we pass and make resort,
It is our kingdom and our court?
"Cuckoo," cries he; "Jug, jug," sings she;
From bush to bush, from tree to tree:
Why in one place then tarry we?

Richard Brome

beside some such thing or in its company.

You will notice that I am well-informed about my various relatives. That is because I am always on the look-out for new stories to tell you.

I am faithfully yours,

OLD MOTHER GOOSE

The Rainbow

ONE day Father Sol turned his bright face to a break in the clouds for he thought the earth had enjoyed enough rain for a while. He called to his pet little Hope Maidens and told them it was time for their dance in the sky.

They soon appeared all in line, but for some reason they were not as happy as usual. The truth was they had been quarreling over their place in the ranks. Red Maiden was so sure of her title as leader that her boasting became very disagreeable to the others. Violet could not understand why *her* place wasn't first and not always called last. Yellow and Green were always good friends, and Blue was called the sweet little "Peacemaker," but today she too was troubled. She did wish she could stand by Sister Orange just for once and not always have dull Indigo for a neighbor.

Just then Father Sol listened to find out why his little favorites wore such dull faces and danced so poorly. When he heard the quarrel he sadly drew a thick black cloud before his face so that the maidens were obliged to stop their dance.

"My beautiful children," he said, "you have forfeited a chance to give a message of Hope and Harmony to the world. The idea of wishing to change the places which every law of Harmony, Beauty, and Peace, bids you take! Foolish children! *each place is best*, for every one must be guarded lest Black Discord run into your ranks as he did just now and spoil your sweet message of joy to the world."

M. D.

A Favorite Flower

THE blue cornflower was the favorite flower of Emperor William I of Germany. When he was a boy and was fleeing from Prussia with his mother, Queen Louise, and his brother during the war with Napoleon, they stopped one day by the roadside to rest. The boys ran into the fields and gathered their arms full of blue cornflowers, and when they gave these to their mother, they saw her face brighten and all sorrow and anxiety vanish from it. From that day the blue cornflower was always William's favorite flower. Whenever one passes the grand statue of William I, one can always see tiny bouquets of cornflowers at the base of it, placed there by those who loved him and who knew this little story.

R.

HE that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. — *Solomon*

THE talent of success is nothing more than doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame. — *Longfellow*

THE road to happiness lies not across the fields of pleasure, but up the straight broad path of truth and right action. — *Tradene*

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APRIL the 9th, 1911

Total number of hours sunshine recorded during MARCH 215.
Possible sunshine, 372. Percentage, 58. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 6.93 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

APR.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
3	29.620	63	55	57	56	0.00	SW	5
4	29.744	63	54	59	57	0.00	SE	4
5	29.743	63	56	58	55	0.00	NW	4
6	29.721	63	55	56	56	0.07	SE	1
7	29.739	61	53	55	53	0.15	SW	3
8	29.751	62	52	58	54	0.00	NE	1
9	29.853	63	54	58	55	0.00	NW	6

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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 25

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Irresponsible Writing that Unsettles the Mind

THE vast spread of periodical and cheap popular literature, added to a kind of education which gives nimbleness and superficiality, has brought forth many smart writers who deal in paradoxes and turn everything upside down. Their tendency is unsettling and destructive; and, whether consciously or not, they are playing the game of destructive forces.

Some of them adopt the serio-comic form, under shelter of which they are able to insinuate as jokes things which are nevertheless serious in their effects. The adoption of this form renders any critic liable to a charge of deficiency in the sense of humor. These writers unsettle thought; they turn everything topsy-turvy; they sneer and belittle. While seeming to attack conventionalism, they too often attack conventional morality, and thereby (through a confusion of the issues) morality itself. Their cleverness blinds people to the fact that the writers do not possess that superiority which they seem implicitly to claim, and which alone could entitle them to criticise the morals

of others. Under the banner of Egotism of worthy assailants of error, they push their own fads, air their own prejudices, and confound the issues. They traduce the names of science, religion, philosophy, or whatever it is they elect to shelter under. Often their hold on the public ear was gained in other fields, wherein perhaps their popularity was justly earned; and now they have used that popularity as a means of gaining the popular ear for writings that would not have won a hearing on their own merits. They are frequently masters in the arts of subtle suggestion, by which doubts, fears, and prejudices, are sown in the mind, there to rankle.

Their effect, we have said, is to disintegrate and destroy; but what of their purpose? In most cases, we believe, they are largely irresponsible and really unaware of the tendency of their writing or of the real force that drives them on. Sometimes of a highly neurotic temperament, endowed with that feverish, unbalanced energy which impels its restless owner to seek a vent, they find relief in rapid and ill-considered literary activity. An education

which gives a haunting verbal facility without the corresponding depth, and confers the power of rapidly skimming the surface without sounding beneath, completes their meager equipment. They are therefore what might be called "inspirational" writers. Instead of having a set subject, a fixed interest, a pro-

found intellectual conviction, they are always ready to lucubrate on any topic that may come up, and their engagements probably necessitate a constant search for topics rather than call for adequate treatment of any given subject. Occasionally they venture too far, and reveal the real poverty of their ideas.

Now the point is this. A writer endowed with such a temperament and working under such conditions must necessarily be an instrument, a channel, a gramophone, for varied kinds of mental influences. Does he not deliberately open himself and invite ideas to flow in? Knowing what we do about the reality of the thought-world and the communication from mind to mind, we can easily infer the final consequences of such an attitude of receptivity in a writer. He will express the ideas of others, gathered in conversation, by reading, by unconscious thought-communication — who knows how? Hence the result of his work, and its *real* (though unsuspected) purpose, will be other than what appears on the surface.

Some of these writers are, obviously to all but themselves, afflicted with unmistakable vanity, which is but ill-concealed under a mask of frankness. Try as they may, they do not always succeed in disguising the fact that they think themselves to be the wisest of men; it *will* leak out. In some of them we recognize our old friend the disappointed man — the fox who has lost his tail. They are too anxious to make us lose our tails, or to convince us that the grapes are sour. They find other people fairly satisfied with life, getting along well with each other, and reasonably well in tune with circumstances and society. This they cannot stand; they have their own unfortunate condition to account for. And as that cannot possibly be due to any fault of theirs, it must be society that is wrong. But the way in which not a few of these writers use all their cleverness in trying to steal away people's respect and faith in themselves and in age-old standards, looks very like malice.

Speaking of sneerers, is it not often a fact that they themselves are abnormally sensitive people, and that they owe their immunity to the fact that people, recognizing this vulnerability, shrink from wounding them? If so, then what they deem superior penetration is in reality only unkindness; for their smartness consists in saying things that other people would forbear from saying. Are they trading, in fact, on the forbearance of others, rather than on their own prowess, like the little dog that snaps at the big one? Let them

reflect whether they are playing such a famous part after all.

Besides the "smart" writers we have mentioned, there are other writers whose adopted form is not the serio-comic but the solemn and respectable. They are quoted with awe and reverence in certain circles as being great pioneers in the clarification of philosophy; but their works have precisely the same destructive tendency, and we recognize our old friend in spite of his saintly disguise. The public is hypnotized into the belief that such writers are great authorities, in science or philosophy, peculiarly worthy of respect; and this is not the only instance in which judicious and liberal advertising has been made to supply the place of merit.

Solemn
Emptiness

"Nothing matters much, after all." "There is no such thing as Truth; *your* belief is *your* truth, and *my* belief is *my* truth." "The most expedient thing is the most true thing." "Morality is merely custom." "Desire is a sacred thing—especially when you call it 'will' or 'spiritual aspiration.'" "Your only duty is to make yourself happy." These are a few of the old ideas (to be found stated with blunt plainness in the writings of Solomon and Aesop) all dressed up in modern language and brought forward as new discoveries.

These writers also implicitly claim a deference for a superior clearness of vision and freedom from delusion, which has enabled them to point out the singular errors under which other people are laboring, but to which they themselves are superior. And here again we have the old fable of the tailless fox. It may well be that the things they assail (this time in courteous and grave language) are the things they themselves so sadly lack, and which therefore can not possibly be worth having.

Turning to the utterances of the representatives of religious dogmatism, we often find these writers cited as good arguments *against* freedom of thought and *in favor of* reaction. "Look at all this," say the dogmatists, "and beware"; and they have this much justice on their side—that such writings do lend themselves to severe criticism. Thus, the writers in question are seen to be playing the game of reactionary dogmatism.

To come right to the main point. Watch carefully for everything that tends, whether consciously or unconsciously, to destroy man's confidence in his own integrity, to undermine his self-respect, to make him distrust his intelligence, to make him ashamed of his morals. For, whether it be under the guise of religion, in the name of science, with the testimonials of academies, or tricked out as smart and humorous writing—the tendency is one and the same; and so, we believe, is the ultimate source of the inspiration, whether known to the writer or not. All this smart writing is like a fall of ruins—ornate and decorated fragments spilled all about us, as might happen when a strong fabric was decaying.

H. T. EDGE, B. A., (Cantab.)

THE modifications of the mind are always known to the presiding spirit, because it is not subject to modification. — *Patañjali*

Medical Experiments in Hypnotism

FROM London are reported cases of the medical use of hypnotism in the cure of persons who have lost the memory of their identity. Success in effecting the immediate object—the restoration of memory—is announced. Scepticism and addiction to precedent have long prevented the use of hypnotism in medicine; but with every day there seems more chance of the restriction being removed. It will most surely then be found that this treatment is likely to introduce complications; only the complications will be psychic rather than physiological. Added to this drawback is the far greater objection that it will be found impossible to keep the practice of hypnotism within legitimate bounds and prevent its serious abuse.

Hypnotism may be classed under the head of "occult arts," as these are defined in Theosophical writings, particularly those of H. P. Blavatsky. As such it is open to the objection that the operator has not full control of the means he employs. His intention, good as it may be, does not suffice to ensure a beneficial effect from his treatment or to prevent an injurious effect. The reason for this is obvious. The operator establishes a very intimate relationship between himself and his patient, and naturally every quality in his character, virtues and defects alike, must act powerfully upon the patient. For this reason he is in danger of doing the patient, quite unwittingly, more harm than good.

In the few casual experiments reported we fail to find sufficient data as to the all-round effects of hypnotic treatment to be able to pronounce an opinion on the facts. If the practice should ever become common, we shall get plenty of such evidence. The consequences of an extensive network of rapports between hypnotists and subjects would be sure to lead to many indirect and unreckoned consequences.

In short, hypnotism is a very dangerous practice, and nothing is more evident than that it requires restrictions of the most careful kind. Unfortunately we do not find any person or faculty that could be considered competent to exercise such a discretionary control.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Theosophists should view with misgiving experiments in this direction, and should earnestly discourage lines of study that tend that way. All the energy of Theosophists must be thrown into such work as will tend to promote an understanding of the essential facts as to man's nature, so that society may become educated up to the point where it will be possible to control these dangers. TRAVERS

A Rare Planetary Configuration

ON April 28 occurs the rare configuration of an ecliptic New Moon in conjunction with Saturn and in opposition to Jupiter. Mutual aspects of Saturn and Jupiter repeat themselves every twenty years (approximately); but it is with much greater infrequency that the Sun takes part in the configuration. To this we must add the two facts that there is a New Moon and an eclipse of the Sun, which circumstances severally multiply the rarity of the configuration. In astrological parlance, the fact of the eclipse is equivalent to the fact that the Sun and Moon, and also

Saturn and Jupiter, are in conjunction with the Moon's Nodes—the "Dragon's Head and Tail," or Rāhu and Ketu. Saturn is with the North Node or Dragon's Head, and Jupiter with the South Node or Dragon's Tail. The Sun, Moon, Saturn, and North Node are in Taurus (of the Ecliptic Zodiac), and Jupiter and the South Node consequently in Scorpio.

All the above is stated by some astronomers to be without significance. They are welcome to their theory. The heavenly bodies of our Solar System are the makers of Time. Time is the geographical map of events. The little cycles of the day and the tropical year are admitted by these astronomers to have a great significance for humanity. There are many other solar, lunar, and planetary cycles which have a great significance for humanity. It is reasonable to suppose (*a priori*) that the science of our age knows about some cycles and not about others. It is reasonable to suppose that a few will be found to deny the existence of those about which they do not know.

Such a configuration as the above marks the end of one period and the beginning of another. It indicates the juxtaposition of great contrary forces. The interpretation of the symbology may be left to the intelligence of the student. The Dragon means one thing; his Head and Tail another. Jupiter stands for one Cosmic Power or group of Powers; Saturn for another. Taurus and Scorpio have their meanings—specially connected with the Dragon, by the way. Even ordinary modern astrology has learned to call Taurus a "fixed sign" and an "earthy sign," and to see in the opposite sign, Scorpio, one of whose ancient symbols is an Eagle, the symbol of restless forces below the earth. On this basis it is probably justified in expecting earthquakes.

We shall not attempt to label one of these opposing forces as good, and the other as bad. In quarrels it not infrequently happens that both parties are wrong. Given the triumph of a new spirit over an established system, and who shall say whether it is a calamity or a benefit? It may be one way in one case, and the other way in another case.

When antagonisms declare themselves, it is the opportunity for the wise to find the pivot of the balance. STUDENT

The Planet Vulcan

CAMILLE FLAMMARION writes to the *New York Herald* to say that the intra-Mercurial planet Vulcan is a myth. He was a student at the Paris Observatory at the time when Dr. Lescarbault thought he had discovered it. On March 26th, 1859, the Doctor saw a round spot on the sun. At this time Leverrier was engaged in observing perturbations in the motion of Mercury, which gave reasons for conjecturing the existence of a neighboring planet, as in the case of the perturbations of Uranus when Neptune was discovered. Leverrier seems to have jumped at the opportunity without sufficient examination, and to have indorsed Dr. Lescarbault's alleged discovery. But his predictions of the dates when the new planet ought to appear have not resulted in anyone seeing it. Such is Flammarion's account in brief. Whether an intra-Mercurial planet exists (or more than one) is of course another question. TRAVERS

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Completed Life

THAT the proper end of man is an action, not a thought — is an axiom that needs amending. His end is an action as the completion of a thought. We accept the first form rather gratefully sometimes, reacting from certain tones in literature. The books of Mr. Benson, for instance, quasi novels with a purely contemplative hero, or of Richard Jeffries, arouse this reaction. There is nothing *doing*, only elaborate dissections, intricate explorations, and then settings forth, of feeling. The result may be interesting and beautiful, but we find only the half of life.

Our finding is even science. Physiological psychology shows us energy coming in to the brain centers and convolutions, thence exciting mental activity, and finally re-emerging as an overt *doing* of some sort. So we find it unfair and unbalanced of these contemplators to accept the inflowing energy and let it lose itself within in the creation of luxuriously delicate emotion and thought imagery.

But do they not discharge their debt by telling us about it so beautifully? Is not that, their writing, an adequate action? We should not put, say Carlyle, in this unsatisfactory class; and yet he did but write. What is the source of our feeling that he did complete his life by the action-half of the circuit, and that the others did not?

Perhaps in this: that we feel that in him and such as he the urging will to tell, to deliver what he had found, to teach, to help, was equal to his desire to find, to receive; that he searched and accumulated but to impart. But that with the others the desire to receive, to be moved, to accumulate food for their subjectivity, was chief and first. They permit you to look at their stores if you have patience enough to follow in, culture enough to appreciate. He brings what he has to the front and even too vehemently demands your attention.

Among the mystics the two sorts have been very marked. They have gone inward to the divinely subjective side of things, the one to luxuriate spiritually, the other to bring forth something for men. Indian doctrine has it that the first may go so far as to disappear altogether from manifest life and incarnation, cease forever to feel the pulse of humanity; whilst the second constitute the long line of the "Buddhas of Compassion." STUDENT

Compulsory Suicide

THERE is now a bill before the legislature of one of the western States which proposes to legalize the condemned criminal's choice among three methods of death. Hanging, shooting, and *enforced suicide by prussic acid*, are the alternatives. The bill is understood to have good chances of passage.

The mere proposition must have already done irreparable harm. Even before its legalization it has given suicide a certain standing there which it never had before. The path of the idea has been blazed, cleared, to a degree officialized, in some degree legitimatized.

The bill requires that twelve citizens shall be present at the suicide; that is, that for each criminal selecting that mode of death there shall be twelve minds in the community henceforth carrying about a hideous picture printing itself in the atmosphere. One of these men will certainly be glad to furnish the newspapers with description and sketch. Indeed they are already furnished in advance. One issue has an illustrated broadside of discussion, the methods of the various countries being all depicted in operation, and the chief executioner of France contributing a eulogium of the guillotine.

Why will the people not trust the sense of horror excited by the whole subject? Theoretically we respect and follow the verdict of our consciences when we feel the interior pronouncement against some proposed act. We admit that conscience speaks with a wisdom farther-reaching, farther-seeing, than that of the brain-mind. The sense of horror is that same voice pronouncing against this (in especial, and any other in general) method of killing our fellow men. And the disregard of it must have its inevitable penalty. The proposition comes from an evil place in human nature — the same from whence emerged that other, perhaps viler, the sterilization project, now in full swing in one State. We are running up several heavy Karmic bills. Here is one more item.

STUDENT

The Duality of Evolution

WE can only get life in the laboratory by the aid of life. We can build up the subtlest, the most unstable compounds, bodies that seem *almost* to live; but in the end the last touch must be supplied by something already living.

John Burroughs, the naturalist, writing in the *Outlook*, tells us that whilst he *accepts* the account of evolution which science furnishes, it is rather as an act of faith than of true belief.

I confess that I receive evolution only at arm's length, as it were. I cannot get on intimate terms with it, familiarize my mind with it, and make it thinkable. The gulf that separates man from the orders below him is so impassable, his intelligence is so radically different from theirs, and his progress so enormous, while they have stood still, that believing it is like believing a miracle.

Yet equivalent gulfs, he says, we do actually see passed.

We see about us daily transformations as tremendous as that of the evolution of man from the lower animals, and we marvel not. We see the inorganic pass into the organic, we see iron and lime and potash and silex blush in the flowers, sweeten in the fruit, ripen in the grain, crimson in the blood, and we marvel not. . . . But when we stretch this process out through the geologic ages and try to see ourselves a germ, a fish, a reptile, in the womb of time, we are balked.

Yes, we do see "iron and lime and potash and silex blush in the flowers," and so on; but they don't manage it of themselves. The far higher life of the flower or plant *must be there first* to help them up the ladder. And when the life of the flower is withdrawn from them into

its seeds they sink back to the level they came from.

Similarly we see the *animal* elements of human consciousness drawn up and made to stand around and serve for the manifestation or completion of that consciousness. But they have not evolved into it. They are raised, as animal; but animal they remain — so far.

Mr. Burroughs should talk the matter over with Professor Wallace. The former with his ascending forms, and the latter with his descending hierarchies, might work out a conjoint scheme. And perhaps it would not be so far from Theosophy. The gap between man and the animals may be bridged with something better than an act of blind faith. We cannot say that *man* incarnated in the highest human-animal forms, once that they evolved. But *soul* did, and from the blend man and the gulf began. The plant life, to be plant, needs "the lime and potash and silex"; the soul, to be man, needed what nature had evolved. The naturalist's protesting intuition is right. "We . . . are not willing to be made out of the dust of the earth when the god called Evolution makes us." But science has only considered the half of evolution, the upcome. That downflow for which the upcome was the preparation, and to which it corresponds, has hardly been considered.

STUDENT

Mysticism and Degeneracy

DR. HYSLOP'S recent article (in the *Nineteenth Century*, "Post-Illusionism and Art in the Insane") is leading some of his newspaper critics into a confusion. Some of them take him to mean that symbolism and mysticism in art are always manifestations of insanity, of degeneracy.

The writer examines the art work of the insane, finding therein two kinds of degeneracy. The first is due to the fact that impaired brain cells distort the outer world; the lunatic does not see as much as actually is.

The second goes deeper. The insane or degenerate artist takes off in his mind a picture of the outer world which contains elements not in the original; or these elements quickly insert themselves. They come from memory and anticipation, and are accepted as part of the real. Memory pictures, fancy pictures, and the true objective blend together. Thus

faulty memory and the superposition of distorted former imaginings give to present objective facts a sense of mystery . . . outlines of objects become obliterated, and everything which has no meaning becomes profound.

With the mystic the meaning suggests the expression; with the degenerate the expression suggests a meaning. The first uses combinations of the external world to express his meaning; the second makes fanciful combinations and then tries to find, or pretends there is, or thinks there is a meaning in them. The mystic adds from his own soul something that may provoke the souls of others; the degenerate miss-sees the actual and tries to find symbolism in the blur and confusion. STUDENT

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

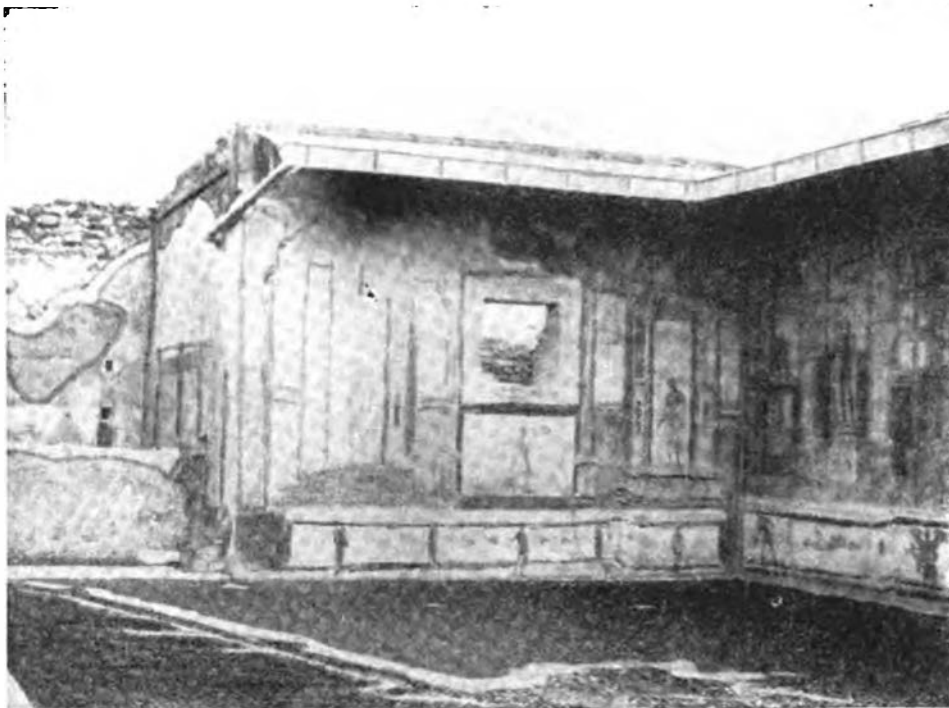
Pompeii

POMPEII was visited by an earthquake in 63 A. D., but it takes more than one earthquake to make people abandon their homes and property; and though a large part of the city, including most of the public buildings, was destroyed or seriously damaged, the people began to rebuild. They were still rebuilding when the great and final catastrophe came in 79 A. D. But this disaster, which brought many people to an untimely end, has been the means of preserving for future generations something to make antiquity more real. Though only 18 to 20 feet of volcanic ash hid from view what we now behold, it remained unknown for centuries, the very site of the town being forgotten, until 1748, when it was discovered beneath the vineyards and mulberry grounds. Systematic excavations were begun in 1755 and have been continued ever since.

Situated on a small eminence within a mile of Vesuvius, the town was an irregular oval about two miles in circumference, surrounded by a wall except on the shore side. The streets are rectangularly laid out, with the exception of a principal thoroughfare leading from the gate of Herculaneum to the forum, which is crooked and narrow being in some parts only 12 to 14 feet wide including the raised footpaths on either side. The other streets rarely exceed 20 feet; they are paved with large polygonal blocks of hard basaltic lava, fitted closely. At the sides were raised footpaths, connected from place to place by stepping-stones. The living-rooms of the houses open to the interior and present blank walls to the street, except in some places where there are shops. STUDENT

The Pyramids of Teotihuacan

THE Pyramids of Teotihuacan form the subject of an article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for December 1909. Is it not an important fact that our predecessors in this continent should have had the same idea of building vast pyramids, with subterranean cham-



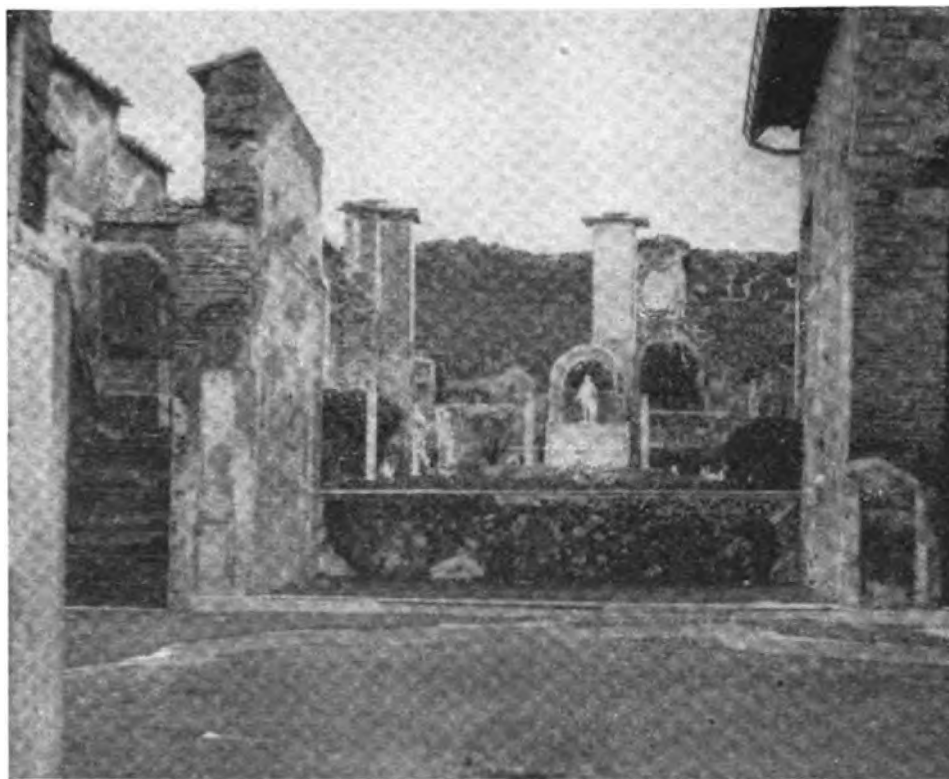
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bers, as the Egyptians in the Old World?

Teotihuacan is near Mexico City, whence it is easily reached by rail. The traveler passes first through the House of the Priests, showing remarkable walls, terrace, and stairway of 13 steps; parts of the decorations on the walls still exhibit most beautiful tones and shades of colors, for the builders, like the Egyptians, seem to have been adepts in producing colors both beautiful and enduring. The highest pyramid, "El Sol," which has recently been bereft of the mantle of trees and brush that covered it, is at present 216 feet high with a

ancients did not. Modern theorists are puzzled in their endeavors to define this symbol by connecting it with some familiar modern conception; but all such definitions merely limit the meaning. We may call the Sun a "god," and at once we are limited to the ideas of superstition and idolatry. If we call it the supreme power we are again limited. "Suns" appear to have been cycles of time, say some authorities. Again, there were Sun and Moon *races* of men. Such symbols are intended to suggest ideas too great for words. The Pyramids of the Sun and Moon remind us of the Osiris and Isis of Egypt—the All-Father and the All-Mother—primary conceptions common to all the great ancient cosmogonies.

Another point: how seldom do we remember that these ruins are only the dry naked skeletons of the original structures! What does a dismantled house look like? Nothing more dreary and untenable could be imagined. What does Kenilworth Castle look like? Not much like cheery hospitality and knightly chivalry, certainly, but more like rheumatism and rats. Try to imagine the stately halls of Karnak all canopied, hung, and furnished on a scale of magnificence comparable with the splendor of its stones, and the imagination will sink helpless. And what were these pyramids like? STUDENT



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

VIEWS OF POMPEII

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Bacteria as Plants

HERE is of course no reason why bacteria, which belong to the plant side of organic nature, should not vary and mutate and fluctuate around standards like other plants, the variations being steadied and checked by environment. And the evidence is that they do. No two cases of disease are quite alike, and bacterial variation may be an element in the differences. There are also borderland cases in which diagnosis between two diseases is very difficult and even impossible. Bad influenzas with long continuing fever shade over into typhoid; typhoid sometimes shades over into malaria or vice versa; scarlet fever and diphtheria may overlap or have a common area. Indeed it is possible, perhaps, probable, that although the morbi-facient bacteria are grouped around certain definite standards, the dividing lines are in all cases crossed by a succession of intermediate slight variants.

The bacteriology of typhoid, specially studied of late, is very instructive in this connexion. This disease varies more readily around the textbook type than any other. But it has now been shown that in addition to this general variability, partly due, of course, to the patient's constitutional make-up, typhoid contains apparently definite sub-species beginning to be known as "para-typhoids," whilst another has just been added with the name of "Manchurian Fever."

The environment of morbi-facient bacteria is blood. And the condition of human blood is the register of human habits. If the habits change the bacteria must. If the habits become perfect the bacteria will have to resume their proper business—the destruction of *dead* matter. If the only change that is made in habits consists in vaccinations and prophylactic injections, the bacteria will merely adapt themselves to fit conditions which we have made impossible to them in their present form. The sum of disease will remain. STUDENT

Our Defenses

RECENT physiological research has demonstrated a yet further line of defense against disease. Theoretically the secretions of all the mucous membranes, respiratory and digestive, from the nose down the air passages, from the mouth down to the stomach and intestine, are antiseptic. The next line, also germ destroying, is the blood serum; and within that the white blood cells. And beyond that is another.

The anti-alcohol crusade is beginning to make the public a little familiar with the word *lipoid*. The lipoids are fats, but they differ from ordinary fats in containing nitrogen and sometimes phosphorus. One of the lipoids sheathes all the nerves and exists in considerable quantity in the brain. And in various proportions they are distributed throughout all the organs. They are soluble in alcohol, or alcohol in them; and the combination naturally impairs or destroys all their functions.

One of these functions is the shielding of

the cells or nerve fibers against poisons. A French physician has shown that a solution or emulsion of a certain two of them, lecithin and cholesterol, immunizes against the virus of rabies, tuberculosis and typhoid, and arrests the growth of some microbe cultures. They can even annul the poisonous action of strychnine and some of the narcotic alkaloids.

We thus get a fourth line of defense, one especially injured by alcohol. M. D.

The Ice Ages

GEOLOGY should be one of the most modest as it is one of the youngest and most dependent of the sciences. And it does indeed usually confess the necessitated preponderance of inference over fact in its teachings. Its researches are almost limited to the extreme tip of the four thousand miles of the terrestrial radius; and in time the line of the known is much too short for any assured projection into the backward unknown. Even the very laws and constitution of matter may have changed. A recent volume, one of the *Science History of the Universe* series, speaking of the age of the earth, makes an unusually complete admission. It says:

Reasoning by analogy it is true, there is a certain standard to be secured. Thus, for example, when it is discovered that water flowing at a certain speed cuts away the particles of a certain rock so many fractions of an inch in a decade, it is assumed that where so many feet have been cut away from a certain rock by the influence of water, the proportion so cut away must represent so many multiples of the fraction of an inch cut away in a decade and that we can thus estimate for instance the age of the Niagara gorge.

But the writer goes on to point out that the calculation rests on the assumption

that matter was in those early days as it is now and that forces are unchanged. This assumption, though useful, cannot be termed strictly scientific, for there is no means of determining whether the original groove, for example, may not have been made in the time when the rock was in a viscous state or even so superheated that water would cause violent fractures, since worn smooth.

The case becomes worse the further back we look. For a few million years ago the entirety of chemical elements *may* have been quite other than now. We know that elements are really groupings and that these groupings are slowly changing. Uranium, for instance, slowly passes into radium, helium, and probably into potassium, copper, lead and others. If we cannot infer structure, still less can we infer behavior. The same writer notes that

if the forces of life were stronger in their youth (as is not an impossible assumption) changes could and probably would occur with greater variety and at higher speed than at the present time, when the force has been worked over and over for myriad centuries.

The opposite seems more likely — that some changes are now *more* rapid. It took countless ages to produce the human form as the culmination of the animal forms. But in the few months preceding birth the whole vast process is rapidly run over, or re-outlined.

Not so modest, however, are all the exponents. An address recently given before the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, speaking of the causes of the ice ages, remarks that

Astronomy has definitely ruled certain theories out of court, and has shown that such changes cannot be attributed to a change in the direction of the axis of the earth . . . nor to a change of eccentricity of our orbit about the sun.

A young student, we should suppose. Older men are wiser from more knowledge. Axial and eccentric changes are more and more, and more and more plausibly, being adduced as competent explanations of great climatic changes. Indeed practically their only rival is the carbonic acid theory. The latter postulates an alternating increase and diminution of this gas in the atmosphere, producing a corresponding increase and diminution of warmth. The earth's carbonic acid overcoat is supposed to thin and thicken with a rhythm of possibly 40,000 years. But when the thinning period comes why is not the whole surface chilled? The overcoat is universal. In the end the other theory will be found to stand alone. STUDENT

Where is the Mirror?

A GERMAN physician has studied 18,000 children to determine the proportion of the lefthanded. It turned out to be rather less than five per cent. This was an average for all school-grades. But the lowest grades showed the highest percentage, the highest grades the lowest percentage. This is doubtless in part explicable by the fact that as the children rose in the schools they tended to lose the abnormality — either by imitation or education. But it may be also due in part to some imperfection in cerebral development. lefthanded children perhaps rising more slowly and tending to leave school without attainment of the highest grades. Since among criminals (whose physique tends to be below or apart from the normal) the proportion of lefthanded is larger than among non-criminals, the peculiarity looks as if it were often a symptom of some defect of development.

Another peculiarity points in the same direction. The curious phenomenon known as mirror-writing is much more frequent among the lefthanded than among the normal children. When a mirror stands fronting a bookcase, the titles of the books are not reversed in the reflection. If the mirror were at the same time transparent and looked at from behind, everything would be naturally placed. It is the observer who does the reversing in his half turn from the books to look at the mirror. The mirror-writers, having taken off on the mirror of memory an image say of the letter D, mentally turn and face it when they come to write it, copy on the paper what they then see, and so produce a letter whose upright is to the right and loop to the left. Is this first image more closely connected somehow with the right brain? — for it is with the right brain that the lefthanded write. And in normal people is the corrective reversing done on the way to the left brain—from which *they* write? C.

Nature

Studies

Mammoth Caves in Austria

THE new mammoth cave discovered under the Dachstein mountain in Upper Austria is at an elevation of 4500 feet. It has a natural tunnel, at the bottom of which is a river bed six feet deep; a gallery 150 feet high, leading to a series of stalactite caverns; and a dome 340 feet high, with a conical heap of debris 250 feet high in the center. From the dome radiates a maze of galleries and other domes, many of which end precipitately in dark abysses. Geology will tell us the How but who shall explain the Why? For nameless ages, while on the earth above civilization has succeeded civilization, and barbarism followed barbarism, nature has been at work carving these weird halls as though with a cambric needle. And was it all to no purpose but to excite our wonder? There must be an answer to such questions, and knowledge is not limited to what I know.

TRAVERS

Cultivation and Run-Off

IN considering the effect of forest denudation on the run-off and consequently on floods, we must take into account what is done with the cleared land. If it is cultivated to a proper depth it probably affords a better reservoir for the water than did the original forest humus. But in many cases it is either not cultivated or else the cultivation merely scratches the surface.

H.

Plants and Colored Light

MANY of our errors are due to considering in detail what ought to be considered as a whole, and to isolating our area of investigation from its surroundings. As pointed out by Poe in one of his detective stories, this error is noticeable in the calculus of probabilities, where the assumption is made that successive events have no mutual dependence. An article on the results of investigations into the effect of different colored lights on the growth and nutrition of plants illustrates the same error. The investigators have adopted the usual process — split up light into a number of different colors, divided the functions of the plant under a number of separate heads, and then proceeded to study each separately. It is not surprising that the plants have taken no notice of this scheme, but have continued to behave as if they were plants and not combinations of nutrition and growth; and that the sun has continued to pour out his radiant balm heedless of the plan to classify it into thermal, luminous, and actinic rays. In short, the results are mixed, contradictory, and inconclusive.

Again, the ideal scientific plant does not find its analogy in nature; in nature a plant is either a bean or a rose or something else. Like the theoretical "child," which we devise schemes to educate, the "plant" is an elusive

creature. Then, what is red light, and what blue? And why does not the sun keep his thermal rays in one part of the spectrum and his actinic rays in another, instead of mixing them up? As things are, we are obliged to dose the plants with light through colored glasses and chemical solutions, and then they do things which they were never made to do in nature. So much for the process of *generalization*.

The expected has happened: some plants do some things at some times and under some conditions; and the same plants do other things at other times; and other plants do

otherwise; and so on. Red rays create energy for the plant; but blue rays make it grow the fastest. This law holds true in all cases except those in which it holds false. So far as we can make any generalization, it seems to be that plants do not like green light and often die under it. They prefer red and blue. But there are times when they do not need any more light and thrive best in the shade. The best practical method is to observe your own particular plants and find out what each one needs at given times, and not trouble about framing too many general theories or listening to too many opinions about them. E.



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EUCALYPTUS AND CHAPARRAL ON THE HILLS OF LOMALAND



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

The Return of the Golden Age

ONE thing alone is worth your straining toil—
To seek that way which in good time shall lead
Up toward the fairer future of mankind.
Deep in the soul of each must rise the dream
Of man with higher powers, man more divine;
Flooded with light whose spark was on his brow
When he emerged from out creation's deeps,
The wonder and the mystery of the world.
As from the brute he grew in ages past,
A greater passion of exalted life
Shall thrill and glorify him, till he rise
Godlike and winged with his destiny.
Such is the fate I give and ye must take.
This is your polestar. Crown or crucifix
Suffice for this; but in each secret heart
The light must spring—a more than mortal sense
Of ages leading ever toward new heights;
That the far generations, sweeping on,
Shall each see clearer, and descry at last
What wondrous destiny lies free to man.

But far in distant ages, all the years
Of weary toil shall turn to their fulfilment.
The lesser fails; the higher shall endure;
And in the end the Promised Land shall spread
Its vast aerial valleys at men's feet.
Greater mankind shall walk the walls of heaven
Yet never dreamed. And from the cloudy night
Of man's long martyrdom shall come the dawn.

This is the speech of the "Spirit of the Eighth Day of Creation" in Mr. Ficke's new mystical drama, *The Breaking of Bonds*. A vast cataclysm has laid civilization waste, and for the encouragement of stricken humanity the Spirit thus tells of the future. The prophecy is also that of Theosophy; but Theosophy does not place mankind's day of release from its pains so far ahead—and does not admit that mankind "grew from the brute."

On the contrary, it shows that these high possibilities lie before us precisely because we are *divine* in our origin, and because divinity lies hid in the heart of each; the gods at heart in us have to come by their own. C.

Words

In ancient days words were not needed. Teacher and disciples understood the Law and in silence worked in harmony with it. — *Katherine Tingley*

All the interpretations that we give must be to a degree imperfect, for the reason that language always fails in its effort to translate the real utterances of the Law. — *Katherine Tingley*

"What are all words" she said, and all songs sung? Are not the world's great white rose-petals flung, Petals of peace, o'er land and sea and sky? What were all words, if words could take them wing, And over all the wide world ring and sing, And breed and breathe out courage where they fly? "The Pillar of the World" (*Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine*)

THUS ever speaks the Soul, for is not its language action, can it express itself in words alone, be they ever so noble? We know it cannot.

Else why should a Teacher of Wisdom say "Ye must do the deed to know the doctrine"? Why should the Great Helpers of the race say "It is deeds we want, not words"? Why should it echo true in our own hearts? Must it not be because it is our destiny to be actors in the great drama of human life, be our place on the stage star or chorus? The poet reminds us of this truth when he says "Be not like dumb driven cattle, be a hero in the strife"; he at all events sensed the possibilities of human progress towards a higher state of being and consciousness and gave a bugle call to action for those who would listen.

Ah! and there lies danger in mere words, why do we not more often remember that "It is the letter that killeth, but the spirit that giveth life"! Do you know what Theosophy teaches? "It is not what is done, but the spirit in which the least thing is done that counts"; and Theosophical statements are statements of law, axioms on which we can safely rest the ladder of action, to climb to greater heights of wisdom and knowledge. Ruskin points out one danger in saying "Beware always of contending for words: you will find them not easy to grasp even if you know them in several languages." Do we not often reject a truth because it is embodied in unfamiliar terms, instead of trying to understand what it means? We say, through laziness very often, "Oh it is beyond me," and then go away and swallow some nonsense at a gulp because it is expressed in familiar words whose sound pleases us, and so once more desire enchains will. Here too is an interesting statement, I think, by J. P. Bailey:

Words are the notes of thought, and nothing more. Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.

Have we not all at some time or other been faced with the fact that the expression of our highest feelings and thoughts always eludes us in words? Why? Is not consciousness beyond form? If it were not so, how could we be immortal? H. P. Blavatsky defined our final destiny as the attainment of "a conscious immortality in Spirit, not matter." Forms we know must perish, but the Flame of Spirit will never wane, neither in time nor eternity, but ever is. And words are but the *forms* of thought, not the thought itself; but for all that they are a form of energy, teaches Theosophy, for they are sound, and sound has great effect for good or ill, as expression of

the feeling that called it forth and so to say ensouls it.

Words have their place, but their position of importance has been placed like the brain-mind, too high in our estimation; like the latter, they are good servants but *bad masters*. In this age we have largely forgotten the power of Silence, the power of potent action. The value to mankind of unselfish work for the good of all, was largely fading even as an ideal from the minds of most, amidst the flood of "words, words, words," of conflicting sects and isms, until that trio of heroic souls, the three Theosophical Leaders, came upon the arena of modern thought and life. They brought us words of wisdom truly but they also gave themselves, their lives in service to their fellow men, mighty *deeds* of thought and will, and action!

And see what we have today! Theosophy, not merely the grandest system of philosophy and ethics, between the covers of a book; but a living power in the lives of men, women, and children, a Light held on high whereby the weary and discouraged may find their way across the morass of ignorance, into the wisdom and peace of the Perfect Life. W.

Shall We Live Again

I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the rose as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn. — *Victor Hugo*

THE world seeks for and requires a practical illustration of the possibility of developing a higher type of humanity, and an opportunity for this now presents itself. All who have the welfare of the world's children truly at heart can hasten the day of better things eagerly sought for by so many.

Valuable efforts are often hindered and the work which lies closest at hand may suffer neglect and be overcome in confusion by indulging in useless speculation. To accomplish the great purpose in view, unity and harmony are absolutely necessary. When these conditions are established everything is possible. — *Katherine Tingley*



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"CAMP KARNAK"—THE HOME OF SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY STAFF
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be
and is equally outraged by silence.---Ammian

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

What is meant by the Cycle of Necessity?

Answer

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

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

If this can be thoroughly realized, then we can begin to look around and within to discover the method and the purpose of existence and we shall begin to find that while bound,

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

STUDENT

The Theosophical Address at Isis Theater

LAST evening, before a large audience, Dr. Herbert Coryn lectured on the subject, "The Symbolism and Significance of Easter." He made many references to the beliefs and teachings of the races of antiquity, and showed also, quoting from many authorities, that even among some of the most savage peoples there still remained traces of what at one time must have been lofty religious teachings; and among them also, and shown in all the great religions of the world, was the symbolism of the cross and the resurrection. The following are but a few of the ideas brought forward by the lecturer:

"In the spring, at Easter, the vernal equinox, the ancient Egyptian god-savior, Osiris, and the corresponding Persian, Mithra, were both buried — images being used to represent them — in stone tombs, left there for three days and then brought forth, resurrected amid rejoicings. The same is true of the Greek god Adonis. In Egypt also every candidate or student in the mysteries at a certain point in his career, had to go through the symbolic ceremony of being shut in a stone tomb for three days. And the old Greek mythical savior, Prometheus, was

chained to a rock. Exactly in line with these, but of course much later, Jesus was likewise symbolized as fastened to a cross and then placed in a stone tomb.

"We ought not to have much trouble in finding the meaning of this old symbol. The stone tomb of Mithra, Osiris and others, seems to be a stronger and more vivid representation of matter, in which the spiritual soul is buried, and from which in the spiritual springtime it comes forth. The tomb and the cross would thus have somewhat the same meaning. The descent into hell, which we find told of Hercules and Orpheus in Greece, of Arjuna in India, and of Jesus in the Pistis Sophia gospel, would be a yet further strengthening of the same idea, the cross, the tomb, and hell, having thus much in common.

"And then we get the next symbol, the Easter symbol, the coming out of the tomb; a symbol enacted in the various religious rites at that time in the year when the seeds sprout and come forth and the young lambs are born; the natural and physical springtime was made to symbolize and suggest the spiritual springtime when the soul regained its consciousness and memory of its divine nature.

"So the form of the soul, if we may use that word, is the light. The first step of its awakening is the awakening of universal kindness. That held from hour to hour and from day to day, then presently awakes wisdom; and the bondage, the entombment, is over. The soul is consciously henceforth a co-worker with all humanity's Teachers. All this is a possibility for each of us, so those Teachers have said — last of all the Teacher of this time, Katherine Tingley. We have but to persevere from day to day whilst outwardly we faithfully do every daily duty, accepting calmly whatever life brings us. For whatever that be, however painful or monotonous, it will always prove, when stood up to and faced out, to be but better and better opportunity and encouragement for this great work of the soul's Easter, the surmounting of the cross, the coming forth from our tomb of ages. We strive on, even when all seems fruitless and hopeless, and one day the walls and roof of it become transparent and dissolve, and we are free in a new life for which all words of description are useless." — San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

The Death Penalty

WITH reference to a case reported in the papers, where a man was released from the penitentiary after serving twenty years for a murder which he did not commit, we may take occasion to call attention to this one among the many arguments against the death penalty.

As to the other arguments, if for the sake of argument we should assume (which we do not) that they balanced each other, then the introduction of the new arguments which Theosophy supplies would turn the scale against capital punishment.

In the first place Theosophy supplies methods of dealing with criminals which are lacking to ordinary knowledge. Even regarding the death penalty (for argument's sake) as a regrettable necessity, it would cease to be so; for the practical application of Theosophy would provide means for reforming the criminal and for protecting society without resort to so clumsy a method.

Next, the knowledge that in bringing a man's bodily life to a violent and premature end we merely liberate dangerous forces that will continue to prey on society and to infest unbalanced and receptive natures, adds a powerful reason against capital punishment.

Next, a knowledge of Theosophy adds finality to a conviction which most of us already feel, that the deliberate taking of a human life is too serious and violent an interference with the course of nature for anybody to assume.

Finally, an appreciation of the inviolability of natural law would prevent us from sowing the seeds of violence, hatred, and fear, by the perpetration (and even solemnization) of acts which cannot die but must live to repeat themselves in further deeds of horror.

The usual argument brought forward by defenders of capital punishment is that it is necessary as a deterrent. They produce figures intended to show that crime has increased where the death penalty has been abolished, and decreased where it has been re-established. The evidence of figures, especially when so important an issue hangs on it, should not be accepted without full examination; and, speaking of statistics in general, such an examination not infrequently results in showing that the figures do not really support the case — even perhaps that they support the opposite side. But admitting the accuracy of the bare figures, we have still much to

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

prove ere we have an argument for capital punishment. What other influences were at work in the community in question? For it is possible that the increase in crime may have been due to some one or more of such other causes; nay, it is possible that, but for the abolition of the death penalty, the increase would have been greater. But even allowing, for the argument, that the increase in crime was directly traceable to the abolition of the death penalty, still we have to prove that the good thus effected was not counterbalanced or overbalanced by evil done in other ways, thus making the community, if gainers on one point, losers on the whole.

But yet more; even conceding this last point and admitting that nothing but good accrued from the adoption of capital punishment — an admission which of course is made for the purpose of argument only — even then the question remains whether or not justice requires that we should endure the consequences of our sins in permitting the existence of a state of society which produces murderers, rather than seek to escape by violent measures a retribution which we continue to merit. It is owing to our own negligence that the criminals breed. The murderer is as certain, if less obvious, a consequence of the shortcomings of "respectable" society as the street harlot is a consequence of the unrestraint of other people. Would it be just if, having created a community of harlots, we should forthwith execute them as being dangerous to society? Yet this is virtually the principle upon which not a few proposed schemes of social purification are founded.

In short, the violent criminal is a violent symptom of a social disease which we permit to ravage, and continue by our negligence to engender. If our object be merely to avoid the immediate consequences of the disease, logic might suggest a methodical and wholesale disposal of the criminals as fast as they were produced, by execution, banishment, or that crowning exploit of modern invention — the proposal to mutilate them.

But if our object be to mend our own ways

and reform society in general, then we must rather prevent the creation of the criminal altogether, thus relieving ourselves of the whole problem concerning his disposal when created. And in this case the presence of unpleasant symptoms may serve as a wholesome stimulus. The argument would then run as follows: save the male-

factor alive, even though, by so doing, you may encourage other malefactors (which, however, be it remembered, we have neither admitted nor denied to be the case); but instead of trying to prevent the generation of crime by killing its active victims, try wiser methods, search out the root of the disease.

Sometimes it is argued that the abolition of capital punishment marks the triumph of a weak and harmful sentimentality; but this, in our opinion, is a confusion of the issues. We both admit the existence of weak sentimentality in our civilization and deny that the particular case is an instance of it. We will admit also that many weak sentimentalists may be found on our side, but deny that our case is founded on sentimentality, or that our case is destroyed when sentimentality is impugned. There is such a thing as wise humanitarianism free from weak sentimentality, and it is this that we advocate. Those troubled with a plethora of heroic qualities can find other ways of venting them. The case may be illustrated by comparison with that of corporal punishment in schools. The less corporal punishment, the better; if ever necessary, the necessity is regrettable; under a wiser method of education it will cease to be necessary. There are natures which seem to crave corporal punishment and to thrive under it; but the expedient merely secures a temporary advantage at the price of a permanent demoralization; and it is wiser to forgo this temporary advantage in the interests of natures which, by greater patience on our part, could be raised to a higher plane. So with capital punishment; grades of terrorism can be established, varying from the extreme case of a Reign of Terror; fears can be played upon; a species of discipline can be established. But our aims are surely higher and we must look upwards to the future, being willing to suffer present (possible) inconvenience for the sake of things that are not yet, but that shall be. STUDENT

THERE is only one way to kill a criminal, and that is to transmute the evil within him into good. — *Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine*



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LOOKING DOWN LOMALAND HILLSIDE, WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE RAJA YOGA FORESTRY DEPARTMENT

The Decay of Greece

WHY did Greece as a power become extinct, giving place to Rome? According to Mr. Ellsworth Huntington, writing in the (London) *Geographical Journal*, the main reason was climatic change, a further westwarding of the Asian wave of dessication, the wave that has left central, and then western Asia, and then Asia Minor dry, barren, and unpeopled. With the climatic change began the moral downfall.

The great outstanding fact in the history of the country is the sad decay in the moral fiber of the Greeks and in their civilization as a whole, which set in about three hundred years before the beginning of our era, and reached its lowest ebb five or six centuries after Christ. . . . The virile, indomitable Greeks of the classic age, who exulted in their moral uprightness, mental alertness and bodily vigor, gave place to a weak, effeminate race, who substituted casuistry for honesty, curiosity for true thought, and professional athletics for high physical culture.

Along with this there was a decline in population.

The first serious notice of the matter is found in the works of Polybius, a century and a half before the Christian era. For two centuries or more Greece deteriorated, until conditions were such that Plutarch, writing towards 100 A. D., estimated that all Greece could scarcely furnish 3000 hoplites, or heavy-armed soldiers, whereas in the fifth century B. C. Athens alone supplied 35,000, and even little Megara sent 3000 to face the Persians at Plataea.

All this, as we have said, Mr. Huntington connects with climate.

As the result of seven years study of the drier portions of Asia, the writer has been led to adopt

the theory that the climate of Western and Central Asia has changed in historic times, and that the changes have been of a pulsatory nature. At certain periods the climate seems to have become rapidly drier. At others it became moister, but, on the whole, the general tendency has been from moist to dry, and possibly from cool to warm. . . . When used as a key to Greece, this theory is found to fit a great number of facts. For instance, it explains the scanty population and relative poverty of the country today, the inadequate water supply and diminished rivers of Athens, the barrenness of Attica, the location of Mycenae and other towns in situations where it would now apparently be impossible to obtain a sufficient water supply, the disappearance of forests from many parts of the Peloponnesus, and the change of the center of population from the dry east side to the more rainy west.

Excluding Athens, there are only about half as many people on the east as on the west.

The writer traces out the way in which climatic change could finally work out into political, economic, and physiological decay. Malaria would lend its aid, the mosquito beginning to flourish when running waters tended to stagnate. The cause of the entire march of change he attributes to the gradual subsidence of the last glacial epoch.

The *pulsations* in the wave of dessication would perhaps be a couple of thousand years or so in length, some of them, it may be, considerably more. In Sir William Ramsay's view—a view commonly held, however, by numbers of pre-Christian thinkers—the *historic* period around the Mediterranean basin shows gradually increasing decline, interrupted by temporary and lessening ascents. The great period of Greece, that embraced by history, would be one of these latter. Pre-

historically, then, there should have been another, Homer and Hesiod being its last dying echoes; historic Greek civilization and culture being a diminished and inferior repetition of an anterior grandeur. Archaeology could at least say nothing against this view, and there is much in its favor. And this lost Greek civilization, according to Theosophy, was itself a branch of a still earlier and greater culture.

STUDENT

Twentieth Century Montgolfier Balloons?

THIS is surely an era of locomotion, and the possibilities in the way of getting about, on land, water, or air, seem endless. It is now being seriously proposed to revive the long abandoned idea of the fire-balloon, invented by the famous Montgolfiers. In their day they had either to heat the balloon from a fire on the ground, or else carry a dangerous load of burning straw; and in either case the flight was soon over. But now we have learned the use of petrol, the ideal fuel. There is nothing to prevent the aeronaut from carrying up a magnificent petrol-burner, specially designed to generate great heat in plentiful quantity and perfect safety. The advantages of hot air over gas are many. It costs much less; the balloon is not dependent on the neighborhood of a gas-works; hot air is not inflammable or explosive. Gas gradually leaks away and is exhausted, but hot air lasts as long as the fuel. With gas it is necessary to carry ballast; but hot air can be cooled down and reheated. The proposal, with petrol-motor propulsive power added, seems to have a future before it. H.

Scientific Oddments

THE proposal to treat conflagrations by a method which amounts to chloroforming them is excellent. The substance suggested is carbon tetrachloride, a close relation of chloroform and having the same odor. It is a colorless, volatile liquid, non-inflammable and non-explosive, and its vapors extinguish fire. It is made from carbon disulphide and chlorine, both of which substances have been cheapened in manufacture, the former by electrolytic processes. Hence carbon tetrachloride can be put upon the market cheaply in 100-gallon drums at about 10c a pound, and in smaller lots. Water does a great deal of damage to goods, and sand and steam are not so easily handled as liquids. Hence it is expected that this new liquid has a future before it.

THE demand for cotton threatens to be seriously in advance of the supply of raw material. Cotton forms the clothing of about three-fourths of the people in the world, and cotton cloth was produced in India five hundred years before the Christian era. The cotton-manufacturing industries of various countries are uniting in an effort to broaden the base of cotton growing by introducing it into such colonies and countries as are suited for it; and an expert of the U. S. Department of Commerce and Labor thinks the United States should co-operate in the effort. The provision of an increased supply of second-best cotton for the coarser cloths would tend to the conservation of the American crop for the better grade goods. There is no fear of a glut in the raw material.

ACCORDING to a recently announced theory, the aurora borealis is formed of cathode rays emitted by the sun and deflected by the terrestrial magnetic field in the upper strata of the atmosphere. These rays are supposed to be emitted by unknown radioactive substances in the sun. No doubt this theory will be considered in some quarters as wild and unorthodox, but why is it more speculative than any of the other theories? Let us remember that but yesterday, before cathode rays were dreamed of, theorists found explanations of cosmic and terrestrial phenomena, often deemed satisfactory; but now these new discoveries have to be fitted into the plan. How many more factors in the problem there may be that we have not yet discovered it is impossible to say; but it is equally impossible to deny that there must be some. The aurora may be due to cathode rays, or not, or to something not yet discovered, or to a combination of all three.

ORDINARY light has visible rays and also rays that are invisible to ordinary sight and lie beyond the violet or the red end of the spectrum. Besides ordinary light, there is the light known as phosphorescence; and when we come to invisible phosphorescence we are indeed extending the borders of science into the regions of invisibility. Yet there is ultra-violet phosphorescence and infra-red phosphorescence. The former was first observed in fluor spar soon after the discovery of the Roentgen rays, and has since been observed in a great many substances; the latter, which is much rarer, has been discovered in the sulphides of the alkaline earth metals. These rays are detected by photography. A Lenard spark

phosphoroscope is used to excite phosphorescence in the substance, which is placed in a quartz vessel before the spectroscopy slit; glass would stop the rays. An exposure of 30 minutes suffices for the production of the ultra-violet bands, and their position can be determined by reference to the spark spectrum of some metal placed beneath the first spectrum. The infra-red bands require from ten to fifty hours, and even then the film must be specially sensitized.

IN Siberia the soil has been found at the close of summer still frozen to a depth of 56 feet, and the dead that have lain in their coffins for 150 years have been taken up quite unchanged.

THE evil of advertising-signs is familiar enough; but now proposals are being entertained for placarding the earth with huge numbers and letters intended to indicate to aviators their whereabouts above an earth that to them looks bewilderingly uniform. But could not the aviators be provided with telescopes instead?

WE have met the following statement in two scientific papers, and it is quoted by them from a third scientific paper. The statement is that at 7000° the heat is so intense that even platinum, the most infusible of metals, melts like wax. Now platinum, according to Ganot, melts at 2000° Centigrade, and according to Lupton's *Tables* at 1700°. These are equal to about 3600° and 3060° respectively in the Fahrenheit scale. It is certainly a little curious that such loose statements can be copied from one scientific journal to another without remark; and goes to show that our respect must be reserved for that which is entitled to it, irrespective of any authority however great.

A SOMEWHAT recent introduction into the theories of cosmic dynamics is the supposed repulsive force of the sun's rays. Rays of light can exercise a repulsive force upon bodies on which they fall, as is seen in Crookes' radiometer. This consists of a glass bulb containing a very light and delicately mounted system of four vanes revolving around a vertical axis. They are of aluminium, blackened on the one side and polished on the other. When light falls on them, after a high vacuum has been produced in the bulb, they rotate, and the action is usually attributed to convection currents set up in the residual air by the heated surfaces of the black sides of the vanes. The pressure exerted by light is against surfaces and so is proportional to the area of those surfaces. The attraction of gravity, on the other hand, is proportional to volumes. The smaller a body is, the larger is its surface in proportion to its volume. Hence it is supposed that in the case of very small particles in space the pressure due to light overbalances gravitation and they are pushed away from the sun. A body moving in space would have little or no atmosphere to check it, and the smallest force acting upon it would soon accumulate an enormous velocity. This is one of the theories used to account for the great velocity which comets' tails sometimes seem to have, changing their position so greatly in such a short time. One wonders how many more such factors we may have overlooked, to say nothing of factors of whose existence we do not even know. How many

people have a sufficiently comprehensive grasp of all the possibilities of dynamics to be able to predict unerringly what will happen under given conditions on earth? How often have things been declared impossible, and yet explained in accordance with physics when once their actuality had been proved beyond question? And if this is the case on earth, must it not apply with even greater force to the realms beyond earth? Physical laws have a way of holding good within ordinary limits, but of deviating when the limits are pushed to extremes.

THE BUSY BEE

Accuracy of Scientific Instruments

OUR present-day knowledge of stellar phenomena is the result of wonderful achievements in mechanical accuracy, particularly as regards diffraction-grating-mirrors. These are often made so flat that nowhere is there a variation of more than one-millionth of an inch. They are ruled or scratched by machinery in a subterranean chamber surrounded by double thicknesses of walls and closely sealed. No one is present during the operation, because the heat from a living body would distort the surface of the plate. The diamond-point of the machine makes no less than 20,000 parallel scratches on the plate within the space of one inch. These ruled gratings break a ray of sunlight into a spectrum of great length and accuracy. A diffraction-mirror, five inches in diameter, and corrected to one-fifth sodium-light-wave, that is, to 1/250,000 of an inch, can be had at small cost.

A story is told of a man who wanted a bar of glass a yard long, and absolutely straight. The firm addressed replied that it could not be made, but that they would undertake to come as near to it as they could for \$200,000. The customer concluded that a ruler, guaranteed straight to the sixty-fourth of an inch, would do.

One of the most remarkable instruments in point of accuracy, according to a contemporary, is the 30-inch diameter plane mirror at Pittsburgh, used in testing for flat surfaces. Notwithstanding its large diameter, no point upon it is as much as one-millionth of an inch in error. Yet even this mirror is not flatter than if it were part of a sphere the size of the Moon.

It is difficult to say which is the more remarkable, a 30-inch mirror with the curvature of the Moon, or the 760-foot base-course of the Great Pyramid, constructed some eighty thousand years ago of solid masonry, yet still possessing the actual radius of curvature of the Earth.

A difficulty which has been very successfully surmounted is a uniformly steady drive for astronomical telescopes. For wherever there is gearing there is apt to be imperfection. While pendulums, except those swinging east and west at the equator, experience a torque due to the Earth's rotation, which has a tendency to cause minute irregularities. F. J. D.

The Hausas of Nigeria carry drums to give the people in the village they are approaching news of their coming; and they can send code messages from village to village by this means.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

New Vocal Art

THE fundamental element of song is poetry: a thought, sentiment, story or idea—its vehicle, words, phrases, sentences; these are exalted by melody and ensouled by that mysterious agent, the human voice.

The art of singing has been and is still being practised chiefly with the view of producing only sensuous sound without much attention to the underlying poetry. That this pleasing representation should still exercise such widespread admiration is not to be wondered at, because it fits only too well the general taste for the superficial, showy, and sensuous bias of the age. Of course, in the natural progress and development of vocal music, this most obvious feature would be the first one to attract, and centuries of tradition have kept the art bound within comparatively unprogressive limits.

The evolution of song to its present perfection has been accomplished practically within the last sixty years; and now, though our modern lyric literature has become generously abundant and mature, the art of interpretation still lingers, as if almost unaware of the great treasure that the modern masters have given to the world with such a lavish hand.

The highest expression of music in vocal form is only attained when beautiful sound is intelligently conjoined with poetry. If the execution of a song is in the least deficient in the expression of the fundamental element—poetry—it is incapable of achieving its intended purposeful functions.

Nothing can excite such multitudinous associations of ideas in the mind of the hearer as a poetic thought expressed by the perfect blending of music and poetry, particularly when illumined by those certain, yet indefinable, tonal shadings which the human voice alone can produce. A subconscious exhilaration always accompanies such an experience, which comes to and affects the listener, he knows not whence. It may be that he is able to assimilate but part of what is given, but he will feel himself receiving an impulse which is akin to a living reality: some truth, a deep feeling, or the illumination of some long cherished philosophic idea. The artist himself is much influenced by sympathetic auditors; if he be so fortunate as to combine all the accessory arts necessary to perfect interpretation, he is often unconsciously compelled to give spontaneous utterance to feelings not wholly his own but that will call to the consciousness of his hearers the very things they themselves most fervently crave to hear.

The effect produced by beautiful tones alone is never competent to affect the listener in as varied degrees of aesthetic feeling as is the case when music and poetry are united; nor is there any limit to the perfection by which these two sister arts may be brought into consummate harmony. Pronunciation, diction, a peculiar talent for enunciating a thought convincingly without loss of tonal beauty; phrasing, personal attitude, original conception, the ability to unfold and round off the subject; all these are essentials and enter into the artistic production of that most difficult department of music, the song.

There are rules galore, all to be learned and some to be learned well. But there comes a time when rule, rhyme and rhythm are so assimilated that they may express themselves automatically, and then the artist may venture to use originality, creating ever new things within the bounds of his artistry.

Words constitute phrases; phrases, sentences. Words, phrases, and sentences are used to express ideas. The living words denote action, substance, quality. Perfect pronunciation and pure vowel-

ing are the first requisites; rhythmic phrasing, proper emphasis, value as to duration, accent, silences between words, and the intrinsic character of each word—all these must be well observed. Imagine then a strong individuality with these accomplishments and with keen artistic sensibility, and it is easy to conceive that a single word may be so exquisitely rendered as to call forth in the listener infinite shades of meaning, a flood of mind-pictures connected with the most spiritual ideas.

It must not be supposed that a word, sentence, or poem shall be rendered in strict conformity with definite rules; far from it. The artist's individuality supplies the real character, time, and poise, and his interpretation may vary much according to his intuition, his mood, or the occasion, although a perfect rhythmic balance must obtain.

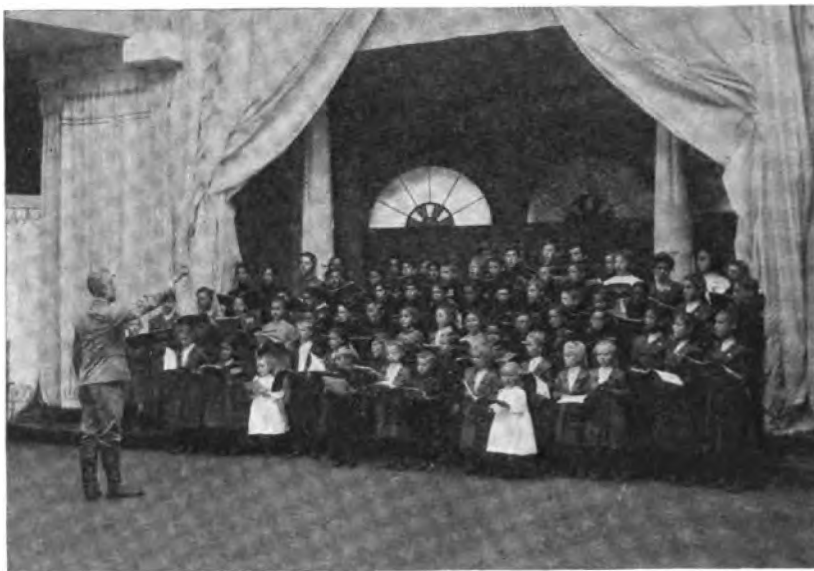
Imagination is the inspiring agent that searches out the hidden points of beauty, while intuition and perfect art reveal them. Imagination is the bridge

When this happens, certain words, phrases, tonal shadings, may assume a quality that is not only beautiful, but laden with the essence, the synthesis, of the experiences of his entire past. Being able, by reason of his art, to approach somewhat nearly to the expression of his own ideals, he expresses likewise the ideals of his sympathetic listeners, for they have the same story to tell, whether they are fully conscious of it or not.

In music, language is much idealized, and the intention of vocal music should be to enrich, amplify, illumine, in short, to interpret better the idea involved in the language. The human voice, when enunciating a tone with intent to sing, becomes endowed with strange qualities; each given tone vibrates simultaneously with peculiar overtones that are not perceptible of themselves. The overtones augment the natural powers of the voice to inconceivable degrees, most wonderful inferences are produced when joined with word and idea. The

very Logos seems to hover expectantly above, abiding its revelation.

The best and most serious vocal artists are exceedingly nervous when confronting an audience, until the moment, during ecstasy, when the purely brain activity suddenly leaves them and an At-one-ment with their auditors is reached. At that moment the imagination becomes free and all faculties and accomplishments combine to express the singer's exalted emotions. On such occasions there prevails a peculiar silence, as though the very air stood still to give place to a more refined and ethereal medium of transmission. For the time being both artist and audience are exalted beyond mere enjoyment, into more spacious horizons of consciousness. E. A. NERESHEIMER



THE RAJA YOGA CHORUS OF LOMALAND
AT REHEARSAL, MR. E. A. NERESHEIMER CONDUCTING

that leads to intuition, therefore, to the clear perception of the particular method that should be adopted spontaneously to infuse the living sense into a phrase or sentence, or even a word.

A very fine sensibility is required to determine the relation of words in a sentence, their duration, force, or delicacy; each word commanding its own strictly relative value as to time, sense, and rhythm. Verbs and nouns predominate, while subsidiary words make the connexion and establish the flow. Melodic phrases are not always exactly in accord with poetic phrases; it is the artist's duty to reconcile them, but never to the detriment of the poetic phrase nor to disadvantage in conveying the sense. In musical notation this is most often adequately provided for; indeed, the ingenuity of the modern masters of classical song-form in transcribing melodic progression is so great, and their work so very conscientious, that it is wise for most artists to follow them implicitly.

However we may endeavor to analyse the method by which some of the wonderful, almost magical, results are produced in the realm of song, we find at last the real secret quite elusive. The real character of the Cause and the Effect thereof are of an entirely superior order. They are meta-physical.

Many mysteries are hidden in man. His duality is obvious. Sometimes the divine side is uppermost and a message is on his lips. Aeons of time lie behind him with their untold secrets, and their lesson and their mystery may be called forth through the voice and made manifest in song.

It is quite possible for a serious artist to efface his personality during moments of inspiration and to blend his individuality, his true Self, with an idea.

Mistakes of Artists

THE poet who sang:

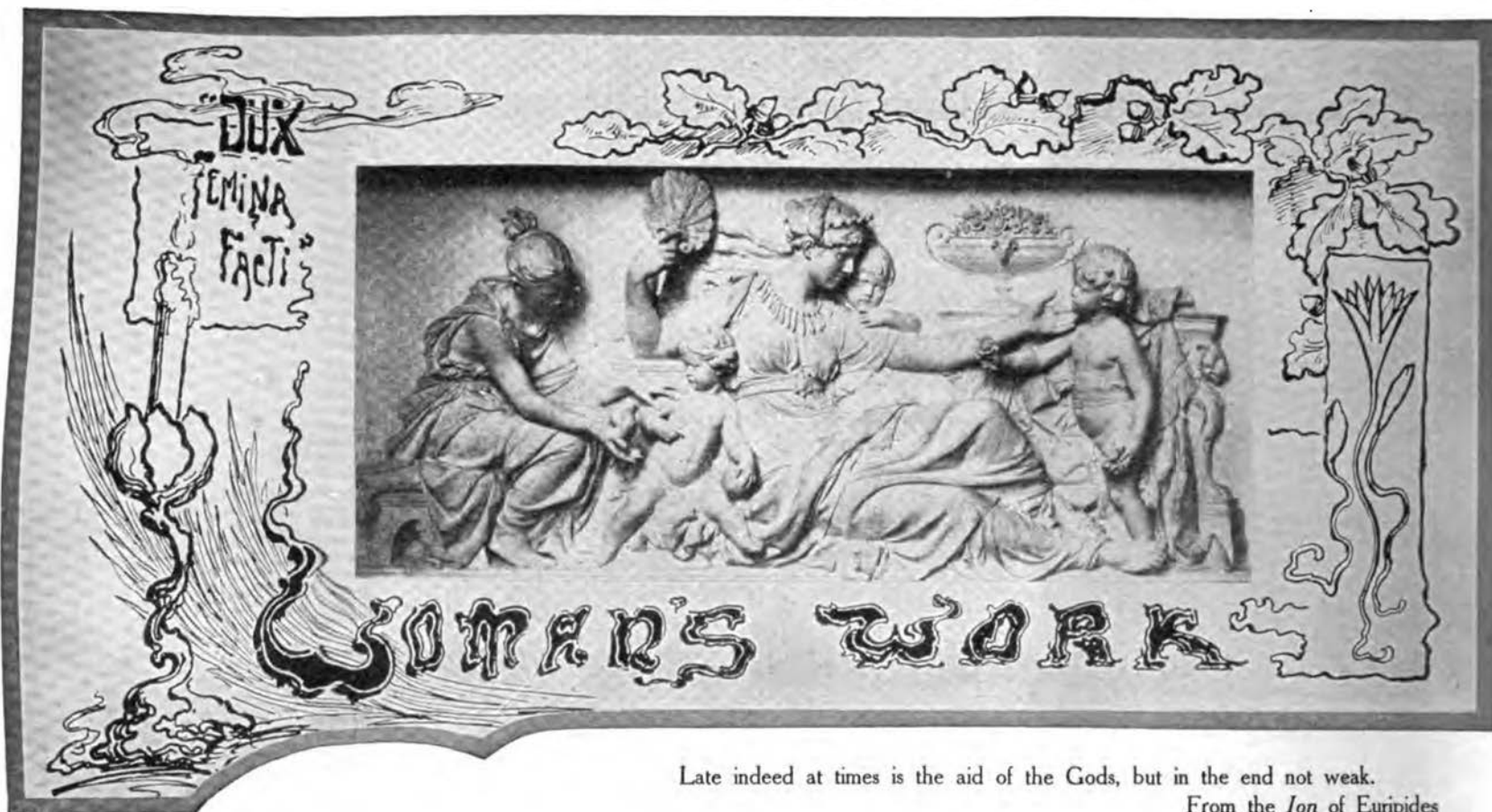
When in thy dreaming,
Moons like these shall shine again,
And daylight beaming
Prove thy dreams are vain. . . .

may have had reference to the errors committed by novelists and artists in representing crescent moons rising in the evening twilight, moons with their horns turned towards the sun, moons wandering about in Ursa Major, and so on; dreams which daylight, in the shape of science, has indeed proved to be vain. These errors can scarcely plead the excuse of artistic freedom; they belong to the class of mistakes that should be avoided. But when it comes to the size of the moon in a picture, we may allow some freedom, a picture not being a blue-print diagram.

The greatest landscape painters have used freedom in regard to the relative sizes of objects. Hence the scientific aspersions about the diameter of the moon in pictures are not so much to the point. Among the mistakes of artists may be mentioned a tiger who is seen drinking water with his muzzle plunged beneath the surface, like a horse, instead of lapping like a cat; and a rainbow which was painted inside out (the artist charged a hundred dollars for altering it).

When we come to the question of anachronisms, we are on delicate ground. In the drama, if we may commit the anachronism of making Romans speak English, where are we to draw the line? This being so, excuse may be found for anachronism in pictures, though everyone will set his own limits to the extent to which it should be carried.

Since we do not know what angels look like, we may as well have a Dutch angel as an English or Italian one. As to costumes, we are more particular now than they were in past times; nor do we paint yew trees clipped in quaint devices in the Garden of Eden, or equip the Israelites with muskets. Still we neither practise nor desire absolute literalism. No sharp lines can be drawn. E.



Late indeed at times is the aid of the Gods, but in the end not weak.

From the *Ion* of Euripides

WH Y is it that Theosophy, which claims to be in harmony with all religions, so frequently takes a critical attitude toward the Christian religion, which has done so much for the world, and which holds within its ranks men of such noble, self-sacrificing lives?

We are glad this question has been asked, because it gives us another opportunity — such a one as we always embrace — of reiterating that we have love and reverence for the *Christian* religion.

Our motto is: "There is no religion higher than Truth"; and to the Truth we are dedicated. All the great religions of the world are expressions of some phase of the Truth, and we therefore assert that Christianity sprang from the same source and, in its pure and undefiled teachings, is an expression of the same thing. *But*, the church is not always Christianity, and is too often far from expressing it; and though recognizing that the church holds individuals who may be exponents of any or all the virtues, and that in the name of the church the real spirit of religion, which is in every one's heart, is often expressed, we yet assert and are prepared to demonstrate that much which has been called "Christianity" has done an infinite amount of harm; that it has retarded evolution, and has obscured instead of revealing the real teachings of Jesus the Christ.

It would take volumes to go into this subject thoroughly, but a hint can be given which will be enough to answer the above question. Any one interested in it sufficiently to read Theosophical literature will see the answer written all over its pages, and will find in them a real revelation — that which will reveal him *to himself*; that which will reveal the essence of Christianity as it has not been known for ages; and that which can make less and less dense the veil which covers the Mysteries of Life.

Theosophy shows plainly the duality of

Theosophy and the Truth

man's nature, the higher and lower aspects through which it is possible to function. Christianity, i. e., the *pure* teachings of Jesus, also declares the same thing. Indeed, the church could make no claim to religion at all, if it did not endorse this teaching, which everyone in his heart knows to be true.

O, SOFT SPRING AIRS

COME up, come up, O soft spring airs
Come from yon silver shining seas,
Where all day long you toss the wave
About the low and palm-plumed keys!

Come from the almond bough you stir,
The myrtle thicket where you sigh;
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here
The robin whistles far and nigh!

For here the violet in the wood
Thrills with the fullness you shall take,
And wrapped away from life and love
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

For here in reed and rush and grass,
And tiptoe in the dusk and dew,
Each sod of the brown earth aspires
To meet the sun, the sun and you.

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
With hints of heaven upon your wings!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

But while declaring it, the church has made it ineffective. So far as possible it has held the consciousness down to the lower man. Theosophy, on the contrary, does everything possible to help man to identify himself with his *higher* possibilities, and to recognize himself as the *higher* being rather than the lower. *There* is a radical difference.

The church has mingled truth with fiction, has so chained man to earth, and concealed the

facts, that nothing *but* a conscious, selfish un-christian spirit can explain the results.

Some day the world at large will awaken to this, as it is awakening in certain countries to throw off the "yoke" of dogmatism. True religion gives real freedom, and it could never be likened to a "yoke."

In the early days those in high places managed to cover the teaching of Reincarnation, *which was then known*, to belittle as much as possible the law of cause and effect, and in every other way to shut out the Light, so that the pall of the "Dark Ages" settled over the earth.

If the church as it then existed could have been understood, and if the simple truths of Karma and Reincarnation could have been retained as *living* factors in the life of humanity, it would seem as if the Dark Ages need never have been. That alone would have brought evolution to a point so far beyond the present that men would not recognize themselves.

The cycle of darkness has passed and the old truths have come back, this time under the name of Theosophy. The first magazine to carry its teachings bore the name of *Lucifer* — the "Lightbringer."

By concealing the teaching of Reincarnation, as new generations were born who had forgotten it, consciousness was more and more held to the present earth-life, and absolutely limited to the dropping of the curtain at its close. The whole horizon of life became more and more contracted, the mystery of existence grew deeper and its purpose obscured. Worse than this, the sense of justice in human life was outraged, and noble incentives to right living were removed. A hell-fire doctrine was introduced to create a panic in the selfish lower man in order to induce him to "save himself."

And then the church, after taking from him his divine heirloom of knowledge, posed as the instrument through which alone he could be



Lomalind Photo. and Engraving Dept.

PART OF THE GROUNDS OF THE RAJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA
THE ARYAN TEMPLE AND THE MAIN BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE

saved! No words can ever depict the unjust policy of this procedure, nothing that shocks us in the world's present system of money-getting, as it comes to light, can be compared to it. The stimulating and healthful law of cause and effect, reaching like an unbroken thread throughout eternity, it has covered with the doctrine of vicarious atonement.

And finally, by a series of curious doctrines and hypnotic influences, it has succeeded in making man think of himself only as *the lower part of his nature*, without power, or knowledge, or self-helpfulness. Attention has been constantly drawn away from man's divine possibilities.

And the results were and are that some decided to eat, drink, and be merry; some, to return to the mountains to pray for mercy; while the nobler ones pushed out over the world to give up their lives in trying to save the others from "the wrath to come." The latter evinced the true spirit, and were themselves living demonstrations of the soul and of man's higher possibilities; but they had been deprived of the very weapons by which they might have saved humanity. And so although to all such great souls as thought of the fate of their comrades must be due what spiritual life was really held, yet their labors were terribly weakened and in many cases annulled. The church cannot now hold the people in ignorance as it has done in the past. The soul of humanity is beginning to stir. But it has not regained the truths it had lost and,

with the best of intentions, it has not the Bread of Life to give.

Theosophy, in revealing the truths of Christianity must often condemn error. G. VAN PELT

The Biographers of Lafcadio Hearn

THERE is food for reflection in the fact that Lafcadio Hearn's three principal biographers are women, his wife first and foremost, the literary Clara Schumann of Japan; and two others, one, an American woman who is well known for her press writings, and the other, English. From the *Seoul Press*, an Oriental newspaper printed in English, we clip the following. STUDENT

FEW Japanese women in Tokyo are so little known among their own country-women and yet so often spoken of in Europe and America, says the *Japan Advertiser*, as Mrs. Hearn, the widow of the late Lafcadio Hearn. She lives at Okubo with her three sons and a little daughter, devoted to her children and her husband's memory. The eldest son Kazu, so well known through mention of him in his father's letters, is now a young man of eighteen and very studious. He is attending the Waseda Middle School. The second son, Iwao, is said to resemble Mr. Hearn very closely, and like his father already shows a literary bent, by preferring literature to any other study. He has recently been adopted into the family of Mrs. Hearn as an heir was needed, and his name is now Inagaki, although he still continues to live with his mother and brothers and sister. He attends the Fourth Middle School. Kiyoshi is the third son and a pupil of the Okubo Primary School. Suzuko the little daughter is a pupil at a French school. Strange to say, all three sons have aspirations to follow in their father's footsteps, and it will be interesting to watch their future career and

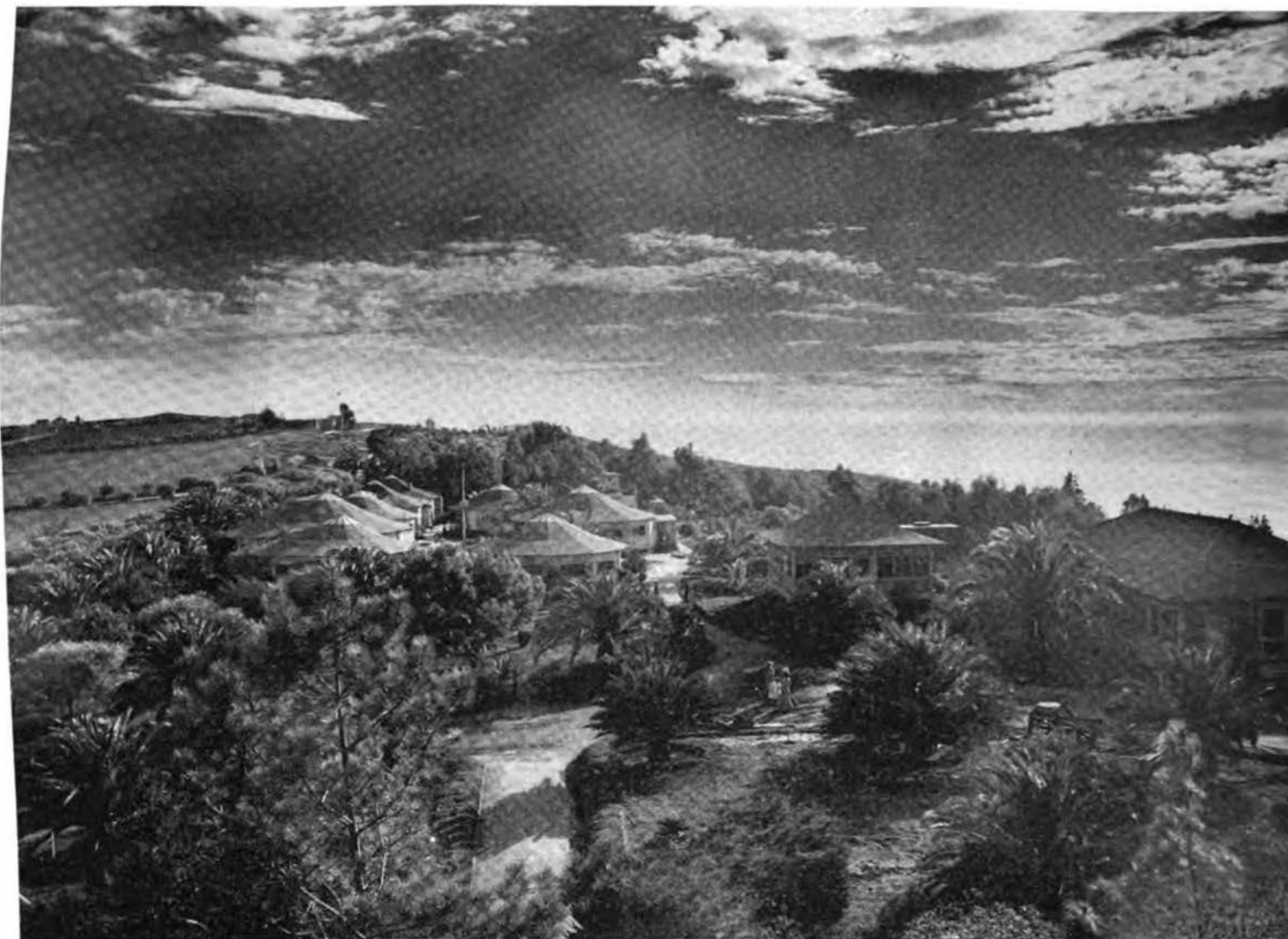
see what they accomplish. Mrs. Hearn is giving them a thorough Japanese education first and afterwards Mr. Hearn's particular friends in America are anxious to give the young men every advantage. A former student of Mr. Hearn's is now preparing a biography which will certainly be of interest, since except what has been written by Mr. Yone Noguchi on Hearn, very little has come from the Japanese side of his life. Mrs. Kinnaird of London has also in hand the preparation of a biography which will bring out prominently the Hearn family's history in Ireland, which has not yet been made clear, and Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore, the American friend who is now famous as the author of "The Life and Letters" is expected to visit Japan in April with her husband.

The Vanities of an Elder Day

MRS. ASHDOWN, in *British Costumes during Nineteen Centuries*, writes, anent the vanities of Elizabethan days:

Red, white and blue starch was much in vogue in Elizabeth's time for the stiffening of ruffs. Indeed, the ruff was made possible only by the invention of starch, which was introduced into England in 1564 by Mme. Dingham van der Plasse. A contemporary writer waxes furious about this useful domestic article. "There is a certain liquid matter which they call starch, where the devil," says he, "hath learned them to wash and dive their ruffs, which, being dry, will stand inflexible about their necks." Queen Elizabeth, whose ruffs were always of larger dimensions than those of her ladies, had trouble in finding a laundress who was capable of correctly starching her fine cambrics and lawns—for her majesty disdained to encircle her royal throat with the holland worn by her subjects. She therefore sent abroad and imported for this special purpose a Dutch woman who was famous as being the best starcher in the world. Her name is not now remembered—how shadowy a thing is fame! H. H.

OUR YOUNG FOLK



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A GROUP OF THE RÂJA YOGA BOYS' BUNGALOWS
TO THE RIGHT CENTER IS THE LITTLE RÂJA YOGA MUSIC TEMPLE, AND IN THE EXTREME RIGHT
ONE OF THE OFFICE BUILDINGS OF THE POINT LOMA HOMESTEAD

Sunshine Within and Without

BOY-LIFE in Lomaland is as full of sunshine as this glimpse of some of the homes where the boys live in groups. A number of the Râja Yoga pupils who entered the school when it was opened by Mrs. Katherine Tingley, were then very young, and they have had ten years of healthful life in Lomaland, learning all the while to make sunshine in their hearts by overcoming all that was dark and cloudy there. Their brave efforts to do this have made a warrior-atmosphere in these boys' homes. Every boy who comes to the school now, feels this. He is challenged by it to begin the conquest of his own lower nature. He hears a call from his comrades who have gone a little farther on the path; he begins to try in a new way; he finds the cheeriest and most brotherly encouragement on all sides, from teachers and fellow-pupils, and behold! here is another boy who is learning to live in the sunshine of his own divine nature.

The founder of the Râja Yoga Schools has thus taught boys how to help themselves and how to help other boys. If all the histories of

AMONG the noblest in the land—
Though he may count himself the least—
That man I honor and revere,
Who, without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand,
The friend of every friendless beast.

Longfellow

conquest over the selfish enemies of the lower nature made by Râja Yoga pupils could be written, they would prove that in every boy lies the divine power to take hold of his life and make it a noble and pure one, free from anything that makes him unworthy to stand among those whose manhood will be an honor and blessing to the world. To get the better of the enemies *within* and grow up with strength to control all low and foolish desires — this is what Râja Yoga enables boys to do.

Of late years there have been many attempts to revive the games and sports in which the youths of ancient times excelled, and to awaken the spirit and joy of those long-past festivals. The true spirit of this beautiful past can never be restored however, until the youth of today have gained the strength and poise that

result from the overcoming of the enemies of the lower nature within. It is this victory which raises the tone of boyish companionship and effort and makes it possible for a loftier spirit to enter their study and their sport. Not only ancient lost ideals, but glorious ones still held hidden in the future, hover over the youths who have found their own divine strength and purity by daring to oust the foes they had within.

A new day dawned for young folk when the teachings of Theosophy were applied to their needs in Râja Yoga. The great golden secret is that the divinity within each one is the stronger part of the twofold nature; and that when it is sought out and trusted, and given its sovereign rights, the desires and faults of the lower self become its willing subjects, yielding obedience to the Self, instead of harassing by temptations to failure. Then the sun rises in the heart, and every day is full of joy.
D.

If you resolve to do right, you will soon do wisely; but resolve only to do wisely, and you will never do right. — *Ruskin*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Facing the Consequences

THERE lay the broken vase upon the floor, with a scared little girl looking at it. If only —! Lucy thought herself back half an hour ago when Auntie had left her, saying: "Yes, you may look at them if you like, but don't touch anything." She picked up the broken pieces. They fitted together and stuck. "Mew-mew," cried the Persian kitten from the depths of an armchair. Lucy fled from the room and shut the door.

The door bell rang, and presently Lucy's aunt sent for her to come down into the drawing-room to meet her cousins who had come to see her little visitor. "This is Tilly, and that is Jim, and this is Florence, and this is Lucy," and her aunt put her arm around her and drew her forward. The children shyly greeted each other, and then her aunt continued, to put them at their ease, "Look at what naughty little Kitty has broken!" showing the broken vase, "she sprang from the shelf to me and knocked it to the ground."

Lucy drew a long breath, "Is it very valuable?" she asked.

"No," her aunt replied, "I bought it for its graceful shape. But instead of talking indoors, run and ask Mary to set tea for you on the lawn, in the shade of the trees, Lucy, and I hope you will all have a happy game together."

"I need never tell now," thought Lucy, "Auntie doesn't care, and besides she thinks Pussy did it, so why should I tell?"

The cousins were dear children, and the milk and cakes were such as children enjoy, but Lucy was a miserable little girl.

Jim caught Tilly easily and she contentedly took his place as catcher, but Jim flushed up. "It isn't fair, Tilly, I looked to see where you hid."

"I never knew," she answered.

"No, but I did," he replied. "I do not know how I could have been so mean."

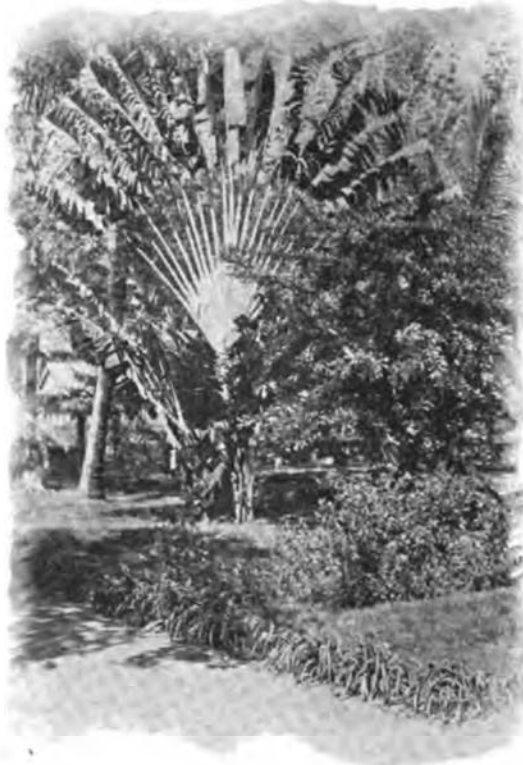
"Spec's you wanted to hide very badly," said little Florence.

"Yes, I did," said Jim, "and some *desire self* ran away with me, but the next best thing to not doing right, is to own up doing wrong and *face the consequences*, so back you go, Tilly, and then I shall not feel quite so mean; and I'll wait till I catch you fairly if it is all the afternoon." And the game went merrily on again.

Poor little Lucy, how she wished she had told at once, as she turned to enter after watching her cousins go. Her eyes were so full of tears that she stumbled against her aunt, and at her startled "Why child, what is the matter?" Lucy sobbed out, "I broke the vase, not Kitty," and then she understood what Jim meant when he said the best way was to face the consequences of your action when you did wrong.

"You never scolded me Auntie dear," she whispered later.

"No dear," her aunt replied, "you have learned your lesson through the pain your



TRAVELER'S PALM, HONOLULU, HAWAII

WILD GEESE

THE wind blows, the sun shines, the birds sing loud,

The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy dappled cloud,

Over earth's rejoicing fields the children dance and sing,

And the frogs pipe in chorus, "It is spring! It is spring!"

The grass comes, the flower laughs where lately lay the snow,

O'er the breezy hill-top hoarsely calls the crow, By the flowing river the alder catkins swing,

And the sweet song-sparrow cries, "Spring! It is spring!"

Hark, what a clamor goes winging through the sky! Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and high! Like a peal of broken bells,—kling, klang, kling,—Far and high the wild geese cry, "Spring! It is spring!"

Bear the winter off with you, O wild geese dear! Carry all the cold away, far away from here; Chase the snow into the north, O strong of heart and wing,

While we share the robin's rapture, crying, "Spring! It is spring!"

Celia Thaxter (Selected)

wrongful action has caused you; in the end, we must always face the consequences of our actions, and delay only increases the pain. What we need to learn is so to act that the seed of action sown will bring forth the flowers and fruit of happiness and helpfulness."

STUDENT

The Birds' Postoffice

TODAY there are letters from the jolly Blackbird Family, some of our best bird-farmers. They alone destroy every season more than twelve thousand millions of

the insects that ruin our fruits and grains. They live in all parts of North America, in wet, marshes, dry plains, orchards, and forests. Most of them are beautiful songsters, and no bird is more useful or popular. POSTMASTER

UNITED STATES

"HWA-KER-EE," boys and girls, you can see me almost anywhere in the United States, if you look for a bird mostly black with bright stripes of red and orange on the shoulders. And my nest you will find near small streams, in marshy places. You may think it is a nice little bag hanging low down on the bushes, but please be *very* careful about getting too near to examine it, for Blackbird babies are such restless little folk, and I know you don't want to frighten them. It keeps me very busy guarding them for at the same time I have to keep hunting about on the ground for grubs and insects to feed my hungry babies. But I don't mind care and trouble for I am very devoted to my family. We are very social birds, and always travel in large flocks. After the nesting-season, you can see all the gay red-wings flying together, and in another flock all the little ones with the mothers. If you live near a big grove we'll invite you to one of our grand concerts. When we sing we can be heard two miles away.

Your friend,

RED-WING BLACKBIRD

NEW ENGLAND STATES

"DIG-A-HOLE, put-it-in, cover-it-up, stamp-upon-it," that is the way to plant corn, boys and girls, and that is what I tell the farmer every year. He calls me a great friend of his, for I help him to take care of his crops. No matter how many laborers he employs, their work would be of little use if I did not do my part in looking after the harmful insects. In the winter you can see me in the islands of the Gulf of Mexico. In Jamaica they call me "Butter-bird" because I get so fat clearing up the old rice-fields. About February I travel up through the Southern States into New England and the Central States, and some of my party even go across the great plains to the Western States. But they come back in the fall to the Atlantic coast, to return south for the winter, with the rest of us. Perhaps you might like to hear sometime why we go north in summer and south in winter, but it is too long a story for this letter, so goodbye until next time, from your friend, BOBOLINK

The Traveller's Palm

THIS beautiful fan-shaped tree is a very good friend to thirsty travelers. The stalks of its leaves are hollow and in them water gathers until there is stored enough for a fresh, cool drink for any traveler who knows the habits of the tree and taps the stalk. It is found also in Madagascar.

HAIR by hair makes the head bare.

LITTLE and often makes a heap in time.

THE greatest oaks have been little acorns.

— Old Proverbs

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Possible sunshine, 372. Percentage, 58. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 6.93 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

APR.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN		WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DAY	NIGHT	FALL	DIR	VEL	
10	29.872	62	53	58	55	0.01	E	1	
11	29.807	64	49	56	54	0.00	NE	1	
12	29.701	63	51	57	54	0.00	NW	1	
13	29.693	62	45	55	50	0.00	NW	1	
14	29.753	64	52	64	52	0.00	E	1	
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Vol. XIV

APRIL 30, 1911

No. 26

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Vol. XIV

Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 26

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Does the Aether Move About?

ALL ratios and variations are estimated with reference to some invariable standard which we are obliged to assume. We have calculated force and acceleration with reference to an assumed invariable quantity denoted by the term "mass." The undulatory theories of light and electricity have been mathematically studied in relation to an aether assumed to be stationary. It is of course essential to assume such fixed standards or points of reference, if we are to calculate ratios and variations at all. In recent speculative science there has been a disposition to question the fixity of some of these standards which we have heretofore assumed to be fixed; to be more particular, "mass" has been suggested as a variable quantity, and the aether has been imagined as not stationary but moving. But one must confess that it is somewhat difficult to understand just what is meant by such suggestions. For we find in many cases that there has been the usual confusion between abstractions and concrete objects, between mathematical quantities and physical dimensions, between what exists in the objective world and what exists only in the imagination. When, for example,

Confusion
of mind —

it is asked, Is the aether fixed in space or does it move through space? one finds oneself in doubt as to whether the question refers to an actually existing aether or merely to a hypothetical aether. In the latter case, of course, it is purely a matter of choice and convenience whether we shall assume it to be fixed or varying; and to ask whether it is the one or the other is tantamount to canvassing the opinions of different scientists on a question of policy or law. If, on the other hand, the aether is a real existence, the question is one to be determined by experiment. What one actually finds is an evident confusion in the minds of writers on this subject as to whether the aether they are discussing is to be considered a reality or an abstraction; we find that the sense in which they use the word is (whatever the aether itself may be) a variable quantity, whose value depends in some mysterious way on its varying positions in the course of the argument.

with regard to
Fundamental
Standards

With regard to the aether in particular, it is stated that Michelson and Morley undertook some experiments to ascertain whether there was any relative motion between the earth and the aether, and were unable to find any. This conflicts with the assumption, made by the calculators of the undulatory theories, that the aether is

fixed in space. But, as it seems to us, since the aether was not regarded by the undulatory calculators as an object of perception, but merely as a necessary postulate, the discrepancy merely indicates an inadequacy in the hypothesis, an incompatibility between different hypotheses made by different people for different purposes — not any actual paradox in nature. In this case it would seem to be incumbent on physicists to find some other theory which shall accommodate all the requirements. However, we find that some speculators, assuming apparently that the aether really exists and that we have consequently a real phenomenon to explain, have resorted to what might be called transcendental physics for a solution. There is a "new theory" called the "theory of relativity," and though it is not easy to see just how it explains the particular case

The Theory
of Relativity

of the aether and the earth, we may quote the following from a writer on the subject. A certain physicist explained the alleged paradox

by assuming that, in a moving system, the units of mass, of time, and of length (in the direction of the motion) were diminished by a certain amount, depending on the ratio of the velocity of the system to the velocity of light, and this is the fundamental fact in the theory of relativity.

Here indeed is mystification and confusion. What can be meant by units changing? But we gather from ensuing remarks that the actual length of a moving body (not any unit of length) is supposed to change in accordance with its velocity, and that the axis of the earth is spoken of as actually shortening along the line of its motion. We also gather that the quantity denoted by m in the equation $f=ma$ is considered as being variable; in other words, that the mass of a moving body may vary with the rate of its acceleration. This last assumption makes the

Substituting
Variable Quantities for Fixed

equation insoluble and seems to indicate that there can be three ratios between three quantities — which is nonsense. To obtain a meaning, we must assume a fourth quantity and regard the other three as varying with regard to this. And this seems to be the essence of the matter. Theorists are digging deeper, their former bases are being changed; things that once were assumed as fixed data and points of reference are now being considered as themselves variable; but that variation must be relative to some new fixed standard — for it is mere nonsense to regard it as relative to the other variables. That would be like saying that, when we stand still, we are really moving, but the place moves with us; or that the ratio

between a and c has no fixed relation to the ratios between a and b and between b and c .

The idea that is struggling to the fore from beneath this hazy speculation and mental obfuscation—and that not only in physics but in several other departments of thought—is that of substituting changing quantities for

fixed. It is part of the cyclic rebellion against fixity and precedent. It also seems to indicate a wish to apply to physics the mathematical idea

of variable units. But it certainly introduces us into a region of rather precarious freedom; we leave the earth and plant our footsteps in the sea (like the Almighty in Cowper's hymn). We measure with yardsticks that elongate and shorten themselves by an unknown law; even the unit of time, we gather, may change; so that in that day when "the first shall be last," they may excuse themselves by saying that they did it in less time but it was a different *kind* of time.

We may make our meaning clearer by a concrete instance. Let us apply it to history, for example. It has been assumed that the properties of nature have been always the same; but suppose they have varied! Suppose the atomic weights of the elements, the qualities of metals, the characteristics of animals, the senses and faculties of man, have fluctuated. Suppose—to put the matter in a nutshell—two and two have not always made four, but that ten thousand years ago they made four and a fraction, and a million years ago they made nearly five!

The conclusion is obvious. STUDENT

Exploring the Brains of Monkeys

WE often hear it said that science should be practical in its aims and its results.

If this be true, then the best method of studying human faculty is that which yields the best practical effects. We would put the question, then, which of the two is likely to yield the best practical effects—a study of living human beings, their character, motives, thoughts, actions, and psychology; or an examination of the material substance and structure of brains and other organs? Can experimental biology compete with the ordinary methods of observation and character-study?

By way of suggesting an answer to this question, if such is needed, we might ask people to imagine a civilization regulated by the results of biological experimentation and the theories of biologists; instead of by the wisdom of men of knowledge and experience of human nature. And we feel confident that the pictures thus called up will show that there must be a limit to the claims of experimental biology, and that this method of seeking knowledge must be considered, when carried beyond a certain point, as a left-hand path.

But if the extreme demands of experimentation be conceded, to what logical conclusions shall we be led? If the brain is to be studied, what brain should be used—that of animals or that of man? And should this brain be that of a corpse or of a living being? Logic can only lead us from dissection to vivisection, and thence to possibilities which some say are already more than possibilities, and whose

nature, fraught with horror, may be left to the imagination.

These remarks are in reference to an account of certain experiments upon the brains of monkeys, for which experiments it is claimed that they "justify the conclusion that extensive work with the brains of animals will solve the problems which are vexing the medical world today in regard to the important functions of the brain which connect the seat of man's mental processes with his body."

Further, it is claimed that these experiments have proved the "cortical motor areas"—parts of the brain which control action—to be similar in the brains of men and monkeys. But it is admitted that monkeys differ very much from men in intelligence; from which we must infer that very little concerning man can be learned by this means, and that it will be considered necessary by some experimenters to examine the brain of man himself.

The monkey suggests a human being which, having become deprived of the essentially human element, has degenerated. We find a complete animal structure, adapted to express the requirements of an animal monad. The experimenters describe the cerebral centers connected with co-ordinated actions, or "habits"; and their ill-regulated curiosity led them to mutilate the animals, so as to prove that the loss of particular parts of the brain would deprive them of particular functions. Man of course has similar centers in his brain, for he is an animal *plus* something else.

Experiments involving cruelty should be given up without further thought, by all desirous of real and useful knowledge; for by violating a fundamental law of our superior nature, we would close the gates of knowledge against ourselves. Instead of useful knowledge, we should only gain misleading notions. But evidently conviction is required—conviction of the efficacy of following the law of mercy. The idea that the pursuit of knowledge can ever run counter to the practice of mercy, or that the interests of man can be promoted by outrages on the "little ones," is a delusion.

Science has recently made discoveries which promise a future possibility of investigating without this brutality. Now that we have rays that can permeate the living substance of the body, making it visible to our eyes or portraying it on the screen, we may and ought to dispense with the knife in these investigations. Our aspirations should always be turned in the direction of knowledge that involves no violence or outrage. We would stand to learn more by voluntary sacrifice of the desire to gain knowledge by illegitimate means; by yielding to this temptation, we may shut ourselves out from greater opportunities. E.

Meteoric Stones

AT Ensisheim, Alsace, on November 16th, 1492, a stone of 262 pounds fell with a great noise and made a hole five feet deep; it was kept in the parish church and viewed as a miraculous object.

At Wold Cottage, Thring, Yorkshire, on December 13th, 1795, a 56 pound stone fell.

At L'Aigle, Department of Orne, France, on April 26th, 1803, a great shower of stones fell.

These events were thoroughly investigated, and demonstrated that the idea of heaven-fallen stones was no fiction. The stone at

Wold Cottage was seen to descend by a laborer at ten yards distance. The event at L'Aigle was accompanied by a loud explosion and rolling noise heard for 75 miles. Biot, who investigated, concluded that two or three thousand stones fell within an elliptical area of 6.2 by 2.5 miles. The luminous fireball which produced the explosion and scattered the stones was seen from several towns near.

In Shropshire, on April 20th, 1876, at 3.40 p.m., a strange rumbling noise was heard, followed by a startling explosion; and about an hour afterwards the meteorite was found in a grass-field. Observing that the ground had been disturbed, the finder probed the hole, which was nearly perpendicular, and found the meteorite, weighing 7.75 pounds.

At Middlesborough, Yorkshire, on March 14th, 1881, a fall took place which was witnessed by a permanent-way inspector and three platelayers. It weighed 3.5 pounds and was quite warm when extracted from its hole 11 inches deep. Professor Herschel calculated the velocity of its descent as 412 feet per second. It would acquire this velocity, he said, by falling freely through half-a-mile; while in falling freely through forty miles it would have acquired a velocity nine times as great. [It will be seen by calculation that very little is allowed for the resistance of the air in the former case, but a great deal in the second case; for the final velocity of a body falling in vacuo is proportional to the square root of the height from which it falls, and so (neglecting the atmosphere) the velocity for forty miles would have been 6400 times as great as for half-a-mile, instead of only nine times as great. This enormous retardation is sufficient to explain the great friction and consequent heating of the stone, together with its bursting. We also see that no falling body can acquire much velocity, and that no inferences as to the distance of its origin can be drawn from its velocity alone.]

At Crumlin, County Antrim, on September 13th, 1902, at 10.30 a.m., a loud noise, as of explosions, was heard for thirty miles around. Two men were on a haystack, and one saw something whirl into the adjoining field of corn. The cloud of dust which it made was only twenty yards distant from a third person who was gathering apples. The men went to the spot and found a hole eighteen inches deep from which they dug a meteorite weighing 9 pounds 5.5 ounces. It was hot when first handled, a quarter of an hour after its fall.

Such instances might be multiplied. Professor Newton, who investigated the direction of motion of 116 stone-falls, concluded that nearly all the stones in the solar system are moving in direct orbits, very few in retrograde, and that they overtake the earth in her path around the sun. A large proportion fall in the daytime, and the majority are of course unobserved. Another writer calculates the average mass of a meteorite at one-eighty-fourth of a pound, and the number which daily enter the earth's atmosphere at twenty millions. (Abstracted from the *English Mechanic*.)

Hardly more than a century ago, a famous Scientific Academy officially excommunicated meteorites, in these terms: "There are no stones in the sky; therefore none can fall on the Earth." May it be that we are only entering upon the Stone Age? STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Legacy of Memories

IN 1901 two English ladies, taking a holiday in Paris, spent a day at the Trianon. Each had a set of curious experiences, not quite the same for the two, and each made a separate record. The next year one of them, repeating the visit, found the experiences also repeated. Certain researches followed, and the two ladies, who are well known to a large circle of English friends, have recently published a little book on the whole matter.

The situation was this: the Trianon they visited was the Trianon of 1901-2; the one in which they presently found themselves was the Trianon of one hundred and twenty years ago. At a subsequent visit none of the peculiarities which had struck them were visible.

We spent a long time looking for the old paths. Not only was there no trace of them, but the distances were contracted, and all was on a smaller scale than I recollected. The kiosk was gone; so was the ravine and the little cascade which had fallen from a height above our heads, and the little bridge above the ravine was, of course, gone too. . . . Instead of a much-shaded, rough meadow continuing up to the wall of the terrace, there is now a broad gravel sweep beneath it, and the trees on the grass are gone. Exactly where the lady was sitting we found a large spreading bush of apparently many years growth.

An old door which they had found open, had really been disused and practically unopenable, so they learned, for decades.

Then they undertook certain researches, occupying years. Here are a few of their results. They had seen a curious old plow. There is no such plow there now, but there was one in the Queen's time, sold during the Revolution along with some other royal property. They had seen a cottage. There is none there, but there is one marked on a map of 1783 and at a later visit they hunted for and found its traces. The kiosk they saw has vanished—except on an old map; and they found in old archives the builder's estimate for it. They had seen a curiously dressed lady sitting in an arbor; the items of her dress they unearthed in the journal of the Queen's modiste, 1789;

there is a colored picture of the green silk bodice, with all the measurements to enable her to fit the Queen perfectly.

One of them had heard violin sounds and had written down about a dozen bars of the music. Showing her notes to one of the greatest living authorities on archaic music,

He said, without having heard the story, that the bars could hardly belong to one another, but that the idiom dated from about 1780. He found a grammatical mistake in one bar.

The hearer had noted the key to be lower in pitch than is usual today. Her authority told her that in the eighteenth century bands were actually tuned lower. For the music he suggested Sacchini. So they hunted among the forgotten operas of Sacchini and found those very phrases.

Evidently the thing cannot be explained away. The two ladies offer an explanation. They think that they somehow entered or got into touch with the Queen's mind as it was

on August 10, (the day of their visit) one hundred and nine years before, 1792, the day of the massacre of the Swiss guards, the ten hours of agonized suspense during the session of the Legislative Assembly.

There is an incoherence about both the large and the small incidents which seems to require combination within a single mind, and the only mind to which they could all have been present was that of the Queen. Our theory of 1901, that we had entered into the working of the Queen's memory when she was still alive, is now enlarged. We think that the first two visits to Trianon (August 10, 1901, and January 2, 1902) were part of one and the same experience; that quite mechanically we must have seen it as it appeared to her more than a hundred years ago, and have heard sounds familiar, and even something of words spoken, to her then.

Science will sometime find this theory perfectly valid and capable of wide application. Our memories do not disappear with us; they remain, vivid and long-lived in proportion to the emotion they contained. And many people, insensitive to the faint pictures about them, may yet feel the continuing pulse of the original emotion—not recognizably, accepting it as an inexplicable mood of their own.

STUDENT

Thoughts and Words

WHILST the poets will doubtless always maintain that there is an order of "thoughts that lie too deep for words," the psychologists are mostly agreed that there is not.

An easy way out of the argument is to give some other name than thoughts to states that cannot be worded. Then you can say that there is no thinking except in language.

Brain gets a set of impressions from the outer world, all of them connected with language. These are handed over to the mind, which thinks about them by means of words. If it determines upon some kind of action with respect to the objects of the impressions it wills into the motor parts of the brain and the action is discharged. This whole process is within the sphere of words and verbal description.

Suppose the brain is that of a cat and the object of the impression a mouse. The cat has not only a set of wordable thoughts concerning the mouse and what she will do about it, but also a strong feeling or desire. This, if the cat could talk, could not be directly communicated by words to another cat; only indirectly by a description of the mouse. When we say that a word expresses something we mean that it excites in a hearing mind a state like that in the uttering mind. The word mouse would excite the mind of the second cat to the production of the same picture as the first cat's mind had. But the desire, apart from its cause, considered alone, could not be verbally excited. It lies too deep for words, certainly; but it is not a thought.

Passing now out of the range of the cat, consider two diverse men looking at a cornfield waving in the sun. Each can give the same description, the wind, the sun, the color,

height, size of grain, value, etc., so as to convey to a third party exactly what he sees. But one of the two has in addition an intense sense of its beauty. If the third man did not already get that on his own account from the description, there are no further words—other than further description—which could carry it across to him. The feeling of its beauty could not be directly transmitted, notwithstanding that every item of its characteristics could be. The artistic man might erroneously say that it excited in him "thoughts" too deep for words.

Are there then no actual thoughts, properly so called, which do lie too deep for words?

If one feels the presence of his soul as a spiritual consciousness trying from its end to open communion with him, what has he? If the soul is anything it is an intensely living consciousness with a succession of states answering on that plane to our states on this. But these states are *sui generis*, not built up from physical sense impressions—but, if you like, from spiritual impressions or cognitions belonging to another order of being. Such states would not be expressible by any combinations of our words—nearly all of which are of sensational derivation. Whenever, consequently, a man in his highest moods begins to catch as it were echoes or gleams from the subjective life of his soul, he is coming into possession of, or being surrounded by, thoughts that cannot be worded, the thoughts—we have no other term—of his soul. And not only can they not be worded but cannot be got into any of our thought forms and processes. To realize them mind must train itself to live and breathe at will on that plane. to think in that, for it, new way. C.

The Primeval Revelation

THERE is a small group of anthropologists who hold a degeneration theory of religious belief. There was a primeval revelation and the remains of it survive as that belief in a supreme Creator which is found among so many even primitive savages. Most of this group accept the current account of evolution, which is that the further back in time you can go the more abject will you find the primitivity. Since, however, the belief, often even now lofty, is a degeneration of one still purer and loftier, we have the curious contention that this lofty revelation was made to savages hardly above the ape. Surely it would be more reasonable to couple a degeneration of belief with a degeneration of believer, in fact to postulate a spiritual Golden Age.

The need met by the revelation theory would be equally met by Professor Wallace's incarnation theory, which is also Theosophy, in a large degree. When the highest animal form was complete, a mind incarnated therein, and its spiritual consciousness, before it was clouded by the new physical sensation, would, in partially impressing itself upon the new mental forms, constitute the "primeval revelation" which degenerated. STUDENT

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

Carreg Cennen Castle

CARREG CENNEN, the Rock of Cennen, must have been the site of a stronghold since strongholds were in the island of Britain. Popular belief credits the present castle with being of prehistoric or even antediluvian origin; in reality it was only built after the Conquest in the reign of Edward II, son of Edward the conqueror. But there had been many castles on Carreg Cennen before that.

Even in Wales, the land of ruins, there are few ruins wilder and more glorious than this one. On the one side, and below the steep crest — steep even here, the only accessible approach — are upland farms and cultivated land, or rather, for the most part grazing fields. At these farms you will have a welcome, perhaps even in English; and there will be skilfully unwound from you, skilfully and warily, all particulars of your birth, ancestry, station and method of life (*Where wass 'ew comin' from new, I shood'n wonder?*)

On the other side the little Cennen flows, hundreds of feet below the castle, from the walls of which you could drop a stone into its far, white waters. Beyond the Cennen rises the wilderness of Fforest Fawr, the Great Forest or Black Mountain; purple it is, and not black in reality. This latter is a place of rains and winds and carns and marshes; a wild, wet, glorious haunt for the cloud and the curlew and the fairy. Right opposite the highest point of the mountain, the Carn where Twrch Trwyth passed, and Arthur hunting him, stands Carreg Cennen with its little grim castle, almost as high as the mountain itself.

As to its history, little is known. There was a castle there before the conquest, owned by the Rhysiad of Dinas Fawr, kings of Dyfed, and descendants of Urien Rheged, one of the men of Arthur. (This Urien built the castle). In the thirteenth century Rhys Fychan lost Carreg Cennen to the Saxons, owing to the treachery of his stepmother, who gave it up to them through hatred of her stepson. But Rhys Fychan would not allow them to keep it.

In 1282, Gruffydd and Llewelyn, the sons of this Rhys Fychan, took the castle from the English "four days after Palm Sunday."

In 1287, Rhys Fychan ab Gruffydd ab Rhys Fychan, in spite of a conciliatory letter, sent him by the king of the English, took Carreg Cennen in the beginning of June.

In 1403 Owen Glyndwr threatened it; and it was probably he who dismantled and destroyed it, as he did most of the castles in Wales. Nothing more of the history is known. Roman coins have been found there; also a stone hatchet, thought to have been an ornament in the castle in Plantagenet times. K. M.



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RUINS OF CARREG CENNEN CASTLE, WALES

from the "Galley Hill men," who inhabited the Thames Valley 170,000 years ago! What is William the Conqueror to that? He came across only eight hundred and forty-five years ago, which is as but yesterday compared with the antiquity of that Galley Hill Englishman; for one finds that the smaller number will go into the larger over two hundred times, so that there could have been two hundred Norman Conquests in the interval. 170,000 years in the future, William I and George V will probably be jumbled together by archaeologists, who will dispute as to which came first or whether they were one person.

An Englishman 170,000 years ago, and his bones still existing in the Thames Valley! How about Ussher's Biblical chronology after this? To talk of there being Englishmen 164,000 years before the world was created is — a testimonial to the qualities of that race. Yet Professor Arthur Keith, Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, acknowledges the fact. And, to make matters worse, he calls this Englishman a "modern man." "A consideration of the parts of the skeleton found at Galley Hill shows how old the modern type of man is" — we quote from a brief notice. What about the races of men that came before the modern type? we naturally ask; and we infer that there must have been a good many of them, of varying degrees of development, each race lasting at least 170,000 years and probably longer.

Archaeology is certainly making strides, when it places even modern man so far back. Very likely many archaeologists will shrink from the logical conclusions to be drawn from such a premiss, but we mean to state one or two. It is reasonable to suppose, for instance, that, if the man was of a modern type physically, he was modern in many other respects. For if we deny this, whither does the denial lead us? We have to assume that physique is an unimportant factor in determining a man's character, and that the present Englishman has something, apart from his physique, which this ancient inhabitant did not have.

In short, for the purpose of sustaining our argument, we should have to make admissions disastrous to those materialistic theories which prompted that argument. Given a man with a modern physique, and how long would it take him to produce a civilization like ours? Would 1000 years be enough; or 2000? Ah, imaginative reader, who thinkest not in figures and words but in pictures, cast back your eye over 170 millenniums or 1700 centuries, and ask yourself how many civilizations may have risen and passed away on England's shores since that Thames Valley man left his bones behind him on the Galley Hill. Why the Egyptian Pyramids — if indeed they were built when the scholars think — belong to yesterday.

But it is just as well that it is now admitted that there were some kind of men on earth; for the idea of the world going on millennium after millennium, million years after million years, depositing sediment, rearing bugs and beasts, going through precessional cycles, and so forth — and no one there to see it all, is horrible. And it is but little better to think that the men that were there were only savages, chipping flints for 170,000 years and much more, killing dinosaurs with stone axes and splitting each other's heads in strife over the meat.

The remains in question were found in the upper (100 feet) gravel terrace of the Thames Valley at Galley Hill near Northfleet in 1888; and though geologists at the time refused to believe that they really belonged to the strata in which they were found, subsequent examination has convinced experts, both at home and abroad, that they were imbedded when the level of the Thames was ninety to one hundred feet higher than it is today. The antiquity of this Englishman, said the lecturer, must be measured by the work done by the Thames since that time. Calculating on the basis of the work done by the river since the Roman period, the lecturer arrives at the figures given, which he characterizes as probably an underestimate. The remains are described as "essentially modern in type." STUDENT

An Englishman 170,000 Years Old

THERE is a story of a lord who said to a yeoman, "My ancestors came over with William the Conqueror;" and was answered, "And belike they found mine there when they arrived." But such rival boastings are foolish — for one may now claim descent

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

An Early Englishman

IF the earliest Englishman were still living he would, it is estimated, be 170,000 years old. And his head would be just about that of the average Englishman of today.

If, carrying a line, as it were, back from our heads through time to his, that is, through the aforesaid 170,000 years, we find that the heads at the two ends are alike, how much further should we have to carry it to get back to the head that was thoroughly simian, to the head of the man who, according to science, had just slipped from apehood to humanity? Would a couple of cyphers be enough to add to that number?

So long as the previously found skulls were lower in type than that of civilization today, some of them about half way to apehood, the problem seemed easier. Guessing a date for them, some multiple of the interval was considered to indicate man's age. That 100,000 years ago, say, there could have been civilized men and savages in Europe, just as there are now in Australia and Africa — was a possibility never thought of. But later skulls altered the situation. Thus, writing (in *Scientia*) of "Solutrian" and "Magdalenian" man, Professor Sollas of Oxford says:

We are thus far from recognizing in these primitive palaeolithic hunters the brutal animal of dawn-intelligence which we have been taught to expect, and the origin of our race must be pushed an indefinite distance further back.

He italicizes also that

as we proceed backwards in time the human brain increases rather than decreases in volume,

and later repeats it:

Thus, as we proceed backwards in time, Man departs farther from the ape in the size of his brain, but approaches nearer to the ape in the characters of his bodily framework.

The Professor's explanation of this curious fact is that brain size is not necessarily correlated with intellectual capacity. But another explanation — that of Theosophy — is already "in the air": that it was the ape which retrograded from early man, not that man advanced from the ape. Man had his large brain because there was a soul incarnate in him. And from time to time he degenerated here and there as man, beside sending off the ape collaterals.

Dr. Keith, conservator of the Royal College of Surgeons' Museum, contributes to a contemporary an interesting account of the (1888) finding of the "Galley Hill skull." The gravel in which it was found is in the Thames Valley,

known to geologists as the high-level or 100-foot terrace, and is regarded by them, and with good reason, as an ancient bed of the Thames. . . . The skull was eight feet from the surface of the gravel and two feet above the chalk. . . . The overlying gravel was just as the ancient Thames had laid it down. . . . Further [certain reasons] convince one that the remains thus discovered were those of a man who lived in England when the Thames flowed on land which was nearly one hundred feet above its present level.

In addition to this one hundred feet which

the river wore through, there was probably an additional forty, cut and then filled up with sediment. Counting raisings and lowerings of the land, Professor Keith reckons on the river's work being answerable altogether for one hundred and seventy feet.

We must judge of the past from what we know of the present, and on this basis the land movement is a slow one, for as far as can now be told, the level of the river has scarcely altered since the Roman period. If, then, a movement of a foot is allowed for each thousand years, one may with some safety assign a period of at least 170,000 years to the period which has elapsed since the high-level terrace was laid down at Galley Hill. Further research will probably show that the period is much longer, and that the land movement is much slower than is presumed here.

Describing the skull, the Professor remarks how "one is struck with the modernity of the type" and thus sums up:

The lesson that the Galley Hill discovery has brought home to anthropologists and archaeologists is that the modern type of man — the man who has shed all traces of simian traits in face, feature, and body, is infinitely older than we have hitherto supposed. The history of man in England does not commence some five thousand years ago with an invasion of Celt or Saxon, but at a period of which five thousand years is a small fraction.

Something older than 170,000 years may yet be found in Britain. She was part of Lemuria, the mother of Atlantis, and the Thames was a Lemurian river. Since then she has taken three sea baths. But even they may have permitted *something* to remain. STUDENT

Diseases and their Germs

THE recent discussions between Dr. Herbert Snow (of the London Cancer Hospital) and Dr. Woods Hutchinson must have caused a sort of shock to some minds. For the English surgeon suggested that the germ theory of disease was still to prove and seemed to regard the London *Lancet* as having thrown it over altogether.

There is no question that its ordinary statement is much too absolute. There are for instance cases of markedly clear diphtheria where no germ is to be found; and on the other hand the germ may sometimes be found healthy and happy in the throats of people who are quite well. The same is true of pneumonia as well as of many other germ diseases. What then is the relation of germ to disease? No one maintains that there is no relation.

There is, first of all, one point that has never been looked into. Take a supersaturated solution of salt or alum and throw into it a crystal of one of those substances. In a minute or two your solution will have become solid from the formation of countless secondary crystals. No one supposes that the latter are the *progeny* of the first; its presence has merely stimulated them to form themselves, to integrate out of the solution.

When we find the blood full of the germs of some disease, we assume that they are the direct progeny of some few that entered the body by the lungs or stomach. All of them

may be; some of them may be. Here is a gap in knowledge. For there are two possibilities. The original ones may have found food and multiplied. Or their presence may have had an inductive influence on the cells, like that of the crystal on the solution, causing each of those affected to break up its life into lives, to dissolve its unity into bacterial units.

In the first case the damage done to the body might be small — the loss of food taken by the invaders, and the production of some excretory toxins often but little more poisonous than those normally produced by the body in much greater quantity.

But in the second case the cells thus wholly or partly disintegrated might be concerned with very important functions, for instance the innervation of the heart or lungs. Symptoms of this origin would be added to those due to the loss of food-stuffs and the presence of excretory toxins.

There is evidence suggesting the actuality of this second case, but it has never been discussed or thought of in that light. Suppose it to be valid — that the *life* of a cell may break down into the *lives* of bacteria. There may be several stages, the very first of which would as effectively throw the cell out of commission as the entire sequence. Hence we can understand that the symptoms of a disease, those at any rate due to the sudden loss of function of vitally important cells, may have no relation to the *number* of germs found. And secondly, the inductive influence causing such an initial break-down might come from other bacteria — even those called innocent — than such as are usually related to that disease, might even be the result of general low health or slight shock. Our supersaturated solution will crystallize just as well from a sharp tap as from the presence of a crystal. Here we shall get *the disease without the germs* ordinarily related to it. On the other hand if the cells are quite healthy they may refuse to break down notwithstanding the attempted inductive influence of invading bacteria. Here we shall have the cases of the *germ without the disease*. Everyone knows that when in a situation favorable for instance to taking cold, say the presence of a draught, he can often by an effort of will make his body positive enough to resist; but that if he *fears* and gives way, becomes negative, the cold develops upon him. If the life of the cells has a slack hold of its unity, it will be ready to break down upon getting the "tap" from bacteria or other cause. With serums, vaccinations and the like, we may prevent it from breaking down in particular directions. But break down it will. We shall not in that way reduce the total deathrate. The invading bacteria will merely change their nature, for they are as it were very fluid and variant; or the cells their path of break-down.

Civilization has to abandon the entirety of habits leading to vital depletion, *all the worst of them increasing*, or nothing real will be done. Medicine has yet to begin preaching that sermon. Maybe it has itself yet to begin *learning* it!

M. D.



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THE EAGLE'S NEST, KILLARNEY

The Cycles of Cicadas Coincide

THE present year is memorable in the annals of entomology, for both the seventeen-year locust and the thirteen-year locust will emerge from their underground burrows and come up into the sunshine.

This insect is of course no "locust" but a cicada, and the curious point about them is that their lengthy term of subterranean preparation should be followed by only a few weeks in their perfected state with wings.

The thirteen-year cicada inhabits the Southern States, and it is supposed that the warmth of the lower latitudes enables it to go through its larval condition with greater speed than its cousin of the Northern States. But we are tempted to inquire why there should not be a series of gradations—as, for instance, a sixteen-year cicada and a fifteen-year cicada—to correspond with the gradual rise of temperature as the equator is approached.

In 1894 and 1898 respectively, on the twigs of trees were laid the eggs from which the cicadas due this year were hatched. When each egg hatched, the liberated larva dropped to the ground and burrowed down until he struck a tender root, on which he fastened, and, living on the sap, began his uneventful cycle of underground life.

Late in May of the current year, on some warm evening, the buried insects will shake off the soil and climb up the tree which has nourished them; and on arriving at the

branches their skins will split and a snow-white insect will emerge. The odd-looking tags behind the head are not ears, for as you watch they expand into gauzy wings like those of a fly, and the color soon changes to brown and later deepens into black. After a few pleasant weeks of sunshine and cicada society, the female lays her eggs upon a twig; and thus, the life-cycle being completed, she realizes the aimlessness of further existence and fades out of the sunlit world she has so recently entered.

If you miss seeing these two cicadas this year, you will have to wait till 2132 before the phenomenon of simultaneous emergence recurs.

P. L.

The Eagle's Nest, Killarney

THIS is Killarney's chief "rock of music." Derrick, in 1760, wrote as follows of this region:

The torrents that pour down on every hand with amazing impetuosity, contribute much to the magnificence of the landscape. . . . In passing to the Upper Lake you go for some distance through a gut. Two mountains, called Glenna and Torc, seem here almost to join; and at this place is a bridge over which we passed, quitting our boat, as the violence of the current was greater than we could venture to stem. After climbing over many rocks and dangerous declivities, and forcing our way through briars and brambles, we found another boat ready to carry us forward.

On this bridge we were presented with flowers by two very lovely little girls, neatly clothed, who could not speak English: they are the children of a peasant who lives in this sequestered spot. He

was very civil, and for a small present guided us in the best manner possible.

Not far from hence is the Eagle's Nest, a most stupendous rock, covered in many places with trees and shrubs, in several cavities of which the land-eagle, and the osprey or water-eagle, build their nests; and we saw them, in our voyage, often on the wing in pursuit of their prey. Under this immense rock we rested for some time, in order to try the echo, which has here a most astonishing effect; our single French horn had the harmony of a full concert, and one discharge of our little piece of cannon was multiplied into a thousand reports, with this addition, that when the sounds grew faint and almost expiring, they revived again and then gradually subsided: it equals the most tremendous thunder.

F.

Nature's Aeroplanes

IN the matter of aviation Nature seems to have stolen our patent by anticipation, just as she has done in many other matters. Dr. Amans, in *La Nature*, describes the aviating contrivances of seeds. There are the plumed seeds, where the seed is carried by a plume of silk, like an aeronaut by a parachute. One form has about forty barbed hairs springing from the end of the stem and radiating out. In others the hairs are finer and more numerous. Others have wing-like expansions, and of these some spin as they fall.

The numerous devices used by Nature to scatter seeds are a constant source of wonder, and Nature must be a fertile genius. One kind of vine growing in Lomaland fires off its pods on a dry day like pistols and discharges the seed in one's face.

E.



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

The Hell and Heaven of Human Life

THERE is a story of a traveler who had wandered far away from the centers of civilization into an unknown country, and who one day emerged from the dense forest upon the banks of a mighty river. The natives of that part of the country were accustomed to use this river as the waterway of communication between the neighboring villages. They lived upon it most of the time, fighting the dangerous animals which lived therein, and drawing from it much of their sustenance. Upon inquiring of these natives whence came the river, and whither it went, all they could tell him was: "We do not know." They had never passed beyond certain limits in either direction. They knew nothing of the source of the river, and had never heard of any ocean into which it flowed. They did not care to inquire further. All they knew was that they lived upon the river. They were not curious to know more.

The life of man has often been compared to such a river. We find ourselves in the world apparently by no will of our own. We see our fellows borne along with us upon the stream, each one following more or less eagerly ideas which he finds inherent in his being or into which he is educated by environment. Very few take the trouble to pause even for a moment in the pursuit of the objects which seem best to them, and to consider what they are doing, whence they came, whither they are going, and what is the relationship which binds them to their fellows. Most people in their hearts believe that these questions cannot be answered. However much they would really like to know, they have become discouraged and perhaps given up any longer trying to find them out. They are supposed to be impracticable questions, no longer talked over in polite society. Turn which way you will to make inquiry, and you are met with either vague generalities or theories which have had their day and are no longer seriously considered. The people who profess to know, are not consistent in their respective creeds. There are hundreds of differing professors of Truth, who dispute amongst themselves. And meantime life must be lived. Day follows day and year follows year. Objects are striven for and they are attained or they are lost. There is a mingling of joy, satisfaction, sorrow, disillusion, and despair. Men disappear from the scene

and others succeed them. This is the way of the world. What else can you expect? He is the wise man who accepts all this, and does his best, with a philosophy born of an unknowing stoicism.

Is this picture overdrawn? I think not. Many of the darker shades are omitted from it. I have traveled in twenty-three of the countries of the world and have visited most of the larger towns of Europe and the two Americas, residing in some of them for weeks together. I have mingled with almost every class of society in these countries and my experience has been, that this is the attitude of almost everyone in the civilized West. It is that of the politician, the merchant, the professional academician, the tradesman, the mechanic and the man in the street. It is also the attitude in nine cases out of ten of the professor of religious dogma, although he is not so frank in his admission of it. Yet in the intimacy of family life, or under the influence of the good fellowship resulting from the attraction of casual friendship, even he will come out from under cover and admit his real position. Perhaps he is the more free in this respect when you meet him as a fellow traveler when he does not expect to see you again.

And the pity of all this is, that viewing it from one aspect, it is all so unnecessary. For men have been so psychologized by the traditional aspects of what is generally termed religious truth, so puzzled by those who shout "Lo here," or "Lo there," that they have forgotten to look in the right direction and to take that position which ordinary prudence would dictate in almost any other line of daily thought and action.

If we attentively regard the lives of most men of the present day, what do we find? When the child is emerging from the more or less happy days of buoyant early youth, and approaches ten years of age he is beginning to look out into the world and to encounter its puzzling problems. He knows little or nothing about his own nature and make-up, nor as a rule can his elders enlighten him upon these vitally important questions. He finds the world full of contradictions, and begins to suspect that the precepts continually urged upon him cannot be of much value, as they are so rarely followed by example. As time goes on this idea is confirmed, until at the age of twenty, he has most frequently given up trying to seek for a solution of the difficulties which surround his mysterious make-up, and seeks for ideals suggested by an unbalanced character. At the age of thirty these are in full swing, and have begun to develop marked results of supposed success or failure. At forty, when in the prime of manhood, the power of these are in the floodtide of rush and stress. The man is pitted against his fellows. The doubts and the ideals of early life, if by good fortune he ever had any, have now been suppressed. He has no time for them. He is a busy man, seeking his fortune, floating on the stream of life unknowingly, not even thinking of a beginning or an end. And at fifty? What then? He begins to fancy he is growing old, and perforce cannot conceal from himself that the grave is not far ahead. Very, very few are those who have been able to carry out consistently any great or noble purpose. There is no certainty of any great thing to strive for—no enthusiasm in the pursuit of any of those lofty aims which the more thoughtful dimly perceive are sketched out somewhere in the background of human life. Even his greatest successes have been turned to dust and ashes by the disillusionment brought on by forces which he cannot grasp, and which though barely seen have produced a sorrowful bewilderment. And so he passes away in a few more years with comparatively little further real understanding of the great problems with which he has been struggling, than he had in his early years. And yet, in truth, the sum total of these experiences have produced (largely unmeasured by himself) a change in his nature which the battle of life has stamped upon his character as a permanent asset in the eternal march of its evolutionary progress.

What then is the true position which each man would do well to take from his earliest childhood? Where shall we look for light on a subject so supremely important for us all?

Surely the answer to these questions is to be found in the study of man himself from that broad point of view which results from a conviction of the solidarity of the human family, not only as part of the whole, but as that part upon which the rest of

the world depends. For the more we look at it in this light, the more we must become convinced, that in man, and in the forces that work through him, lies the key to the riddle of the universe. Then we shall come to understand the creative intelligences which guide and mark the progress of all sentient life. For man in his diviner aspect, as he has been, is, and will be, is the creator of the world.

The progress which has been made during the last half century in scientific and mechanical discovery is patent to all. But there are more important discoveries which have been made in other fields of research, which the world has not yet accepted at their full value. By far the most important of these is the bringing forth once more into public prominence of the Wisdom-Religion of the ancient sages of prehistoric times, with all its wealth of true knowledge and spiritual enlightenment. The study of this has given us the history of all present-day religions. From one point of view it may be described as a return to that reasonable, lucid, and commonsense aspect of man and the universe, which is the natural teaching of the human heart. From it all the so-called religions of the day have sprung, and it asks for no acceptance except that which every man may give it, when he has found out for himself by careful study, what are the possibilities for good or evil which lie within his own nature.

One of the principal teachings of this ancient Wisdom-Religion is the duality of human nature. It explains all the contradictions in our own lives and those of others. The forces which strive for supremacy within us, are those of the God and the animal. The history of how this came about, is taught in the Bible, and in many other older sacred books, from which the Bible is derived. The superb myths of ancient days written by poetic symbol in book and sculpture in many parts of the world, and by many glorious and long forgotten civilizations, have begun to reveal their mystery. We find in them not only a revelation of ancient teachings but an inspiring and enlightening unfoldment of modern truth. When once a man realizes that within himself he has wondrous powers of self-control and self-conquest, through a trust in his own innate divinity, he has found the key which will unlock all the mysteries of life, and will enable him to overcome that lower selfish nature which is the cause of all the woe and sorrow in the world.

Sir Edwin Arnold has well expressed this noble truth in *The Light of Asia*.

If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change
And no way were of breaking from the chain,
The Heart of boundless being is a curse.
The Soul of Things, fell pain.

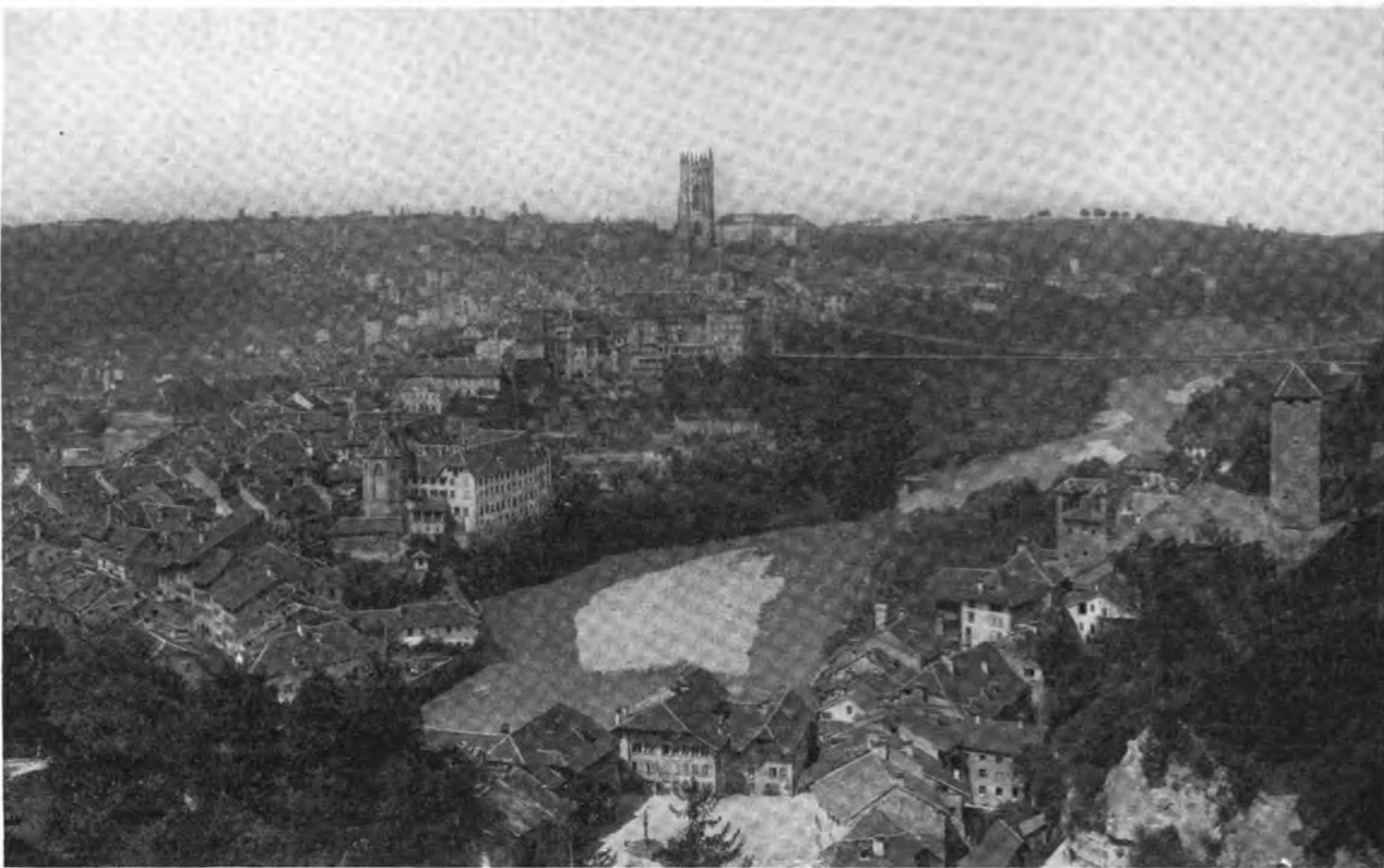
Ye are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.

Ho! ye who suffer, know
Ye suffer from yourselves. None compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony,
Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.

Such was the teaching of Jesus, and of all the great philosophers of ancient days, beside whom there are few moderns to compare. And if the Western world had not been overspread by a cloud of sectarian dogmatism for so many centuries, man would long ago have found out these splendid and true teachings and applied them to the problems of the passing time.

Need there any longer be uncertainty as to the truth of all this? The test is open for each man to apply for himself. Let him look and see whether he is not conscious, that within him, are the contending forces of Good and Evil—the one flowing from the divinity incarnated within him—the other from the body in which it temporarily dwells. This is the simple explanation of all the talk about Heaven and Hell. We have been asked to believe that these are the conditions of some impossible future life. But surely they are all the time present with us, and are the results of our thoughts and actions in the world we live in here and now.

The one changeless law of that divinity of which each of us is a part, is that we shall reap where we have sown. It is ordained by Justice and Mercy—the pillars of the Law—that we may learn wisdom.



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PANORAMA OF FREIBURG

And if one life is too short for any great advance towards this great ideal, we must remember that we have already lived many lives on earth, and that the one we are now living is but one of a long series, coming down from the past, and stretching forward into the future. The lessons learned in one life can never really be forgotten. They become part of our progress on the long journey, and however great have been our past failures, there are always new opportunities. No effort is ever lost. "No effort in right or wrong direction can vanish from the world of causes."

And so if we would know the reason of the Heaven and Hell in Human Life we must learn the great truths which are vital parts of our own natures. Forgetfulness of them produces that separateness of selfish aim which is the cause of human sorrow and of Hell upon earth. There is no Hell worse than the world we live in. *We suffer from ourselves.* We have forgotten that the *soul of things is sweet*—that deep down in the heart of every man who is worthy of the name is a foundation of divine love and celestial peace. It may be so closely hidden over and obscured that it is barely felt, but it is always there. And if it be sought for and brought to light, it inspires all those thoughts which are noble, beautiful, purposeful and divine. It is the God in Man. No man ever has found or ever will find any other God than that which he finds within his own heart, unless it be in the heart of his fellow man. And that is the same.

Upon these foundations are laid the teachings which are given in their simplest form to the children in the Rāja Yoga School at Point Loma. In their earliest childhood they are taught the duality of their own natures and the power of their better selves to take command. They do not expect to see any difference between the precept and the example of their teachers. They are brought up in habits of unselfishness and self-control. A boy of ten years of age already knows well that his future character and happiness depend upon himself. And as he grows in powers of body and mind, his character gains strength and poise and he becomes fitted for the stress and strain of the battle of life. In the great vital decisions which must be made he knows well the difference between right and wrong, he has been trained from earliest childhood to judge wisely and he has acquired strength to carry out that which is unselfish, noble, and true. W.

Katherine Tingley at Isis Theater

FEAR, THE POWER IN DOGMA'S RULE
KATHERINE TINGLEY EXHORTS AUDIENCE TO COURAGE
IN BANISHING PREJUDICES AND GETTING CLOSER
TO THE DIVINE LIFE

"MY last message to you is: 'Courage, a new courage, must be born in the human family if it is to awaken and receive its heritage.'"

With these words Katherine Tingley closed a forceful appeal to raise heart and mind above the sordidness of present-day civilization and banish the fear that trammels, that binds with bonds of prejudice, that weighs down like lead and keeps the spirit from entering the realms of higher truth.

The Isis theater was crowded. The boxes were filled. Several officers from Fort Rosecrans and Camp San Diego were present, and there were many new faces in the audience.

A bewildering mass of daisies and roses with ferns and palms and drooping limbs from graceful pepper trees were woven around the footlights and the railings or placed about the stage. The house was filled with a fragrance that gentle winds might have carried from many forests.

Madame Tingley was earnest, and no one could leave the impression of greater sincerity than the white-robed woman who declared it her duty to carry the message of a higher life to benighted humanity.

"The purpose of my talk tonight," she said, "is to arouse courage. Have you done your whole duty? Couldn't you have spoken louder or more courageously?"

"It is the inner life that man must bring forth. He must become a part of the universal law. He may ride in autos. He may lead in churches. He may touch you with his oratory and astonish you with his learning, but unless he awakens that divine spark within, unless he develops his higher nature, he is but a dot in the eye of the law—a cypher."

Madame Tingley spoke of the churches and spared them not.

"Creeds are fit only for funeral pyres. If your creed satisfies you, why are not your churches filled with men and women crying out God's law?" she exclaimed. "There is splendid good in the churches. Christ's philosophy has something good for all of us. But when you throw into the human heart

fear, you must expect the obscuration of truth."

She spoke of the preacher and spared him not. She mentioned the seminaries which send out men to help humanity, but "the broadest minded preacher must cut his sermons to suit his creed."

"Do your best not to accept creed. Do your best not to allow others to do it," was her injunction.

Corruption in politics received her attention and she spared it not.

The newspapers were subjected to her criticism and she spared them not. Murders, divorces, recitals of crime occupied the minds of especially the poor, who had little money to buy books and less time to read them, and filled their souls with the contemplation of horrors, to the exclusion of the glories of the universe.

"It is a crime," she cried, "to place a man in politics who will not bear the strong searchlight of justice."

And Madame Tingley turned prophetess. She predicted the day of church rule. The time was coming soon when dogma would be the yoke on the necks of the people.

"And when the time comes, we shall see that during all these years of prosperity we have been retrograding. We are certainly going rapidly toward the crisis," she said.

She spoke of some of the men of the Nile who lived close to nature, and at sixty-five looked like men of forty. Men here should live as they in the full glory of the inner life. Those men of the Nile were not transgressing the laws of nature. They were not transgressing the law of spiritual life. They were not transgressing the law of the inner life. If the men of America lived as do some of the men of the Nile, there would be no saloons, no redlight districts.

"Saloons and redlight districts could not exist if they were not supported. We cannot touch those men until we clean our own garden; clean out our own lives."

Madame Tingley spoke for an hour. Her words were received with rapt attention. Frequent applause greeted her words.

"Open your churches as schools. Build up the home. Purify politics. Have a funeral over creeds. Make home a sacred altar in life. Do that and you have a key which will open the mystery of the philosophy of life."—San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

Loisy and Liberal Christianity

M. LOISY, the Roman Catholic writer on liberal Christianity, thinks that a study of the history of religions would help Christianity. It would prove an antidote to the two fanaticisms—bigotry and scepticism. So far so good. But RELIGION is one; religions many. The student of the history of religions comes to the conclusion that they are not all superstition, but that there is an element of truth, common to all. Loisy thinks it is possible to write a neutral manual of the history of religions, which shall be neither Christian nor anti-Christian.

Religions contain the devotional element and the mystical element. The kernel is faith in the reality of Spiritual knowledge, the perfectibility of man. It is this faith which originally inspires devotion, though religion may continue to run for a long time on a basis of very little more than devotion. Then we get a religion of the non-formalistic kind. On the other hand we have types of religion in which the mystical element is exalted, but reduced largely to a superstition. These types, together with a few others, represent the fragments into which true Religion has become split.

We feel that actual knowledge must lie at the root of Religion—and conviction, which is the prescience of knowledge to come. And this feeling is played upon by fanaticism and charlatantry; Christs and coming Christs are announced; various new gospels obtain a passing vogue; alleged revivals of Hindûism, Persian religion, Mohammedanism, etc., appear; different kinds of self-hypnotization are advocated.

But these are passing fads and cannot interest the thoughtful. "Revelation" will not come in a sensational and ostentatious manner, but in the form of an awakening of our collective conscience, accompanied by an increased clearness of vision in dealing with practical problems. Before anything like a higher revelation can come, much has to be done in cleansing and harmonizing our collective life.

Such liberal thinkers as Loisy are feeling their way towards the universal recognition of a universal religion, whereby all nations can be united in a spiritual life. The bond of self-interest links us together in a kind of commercial commonwealth; but that will not suffice; we need a spiritual bond. What is the common factor in religion? That is the question they are asking.

Theosophy urges the recognition of certain

MEMBERSHIP

In the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

truths which once were recognized by religions but have sunk into abeyance. Their revival is needed now that the extension of our inter-communications has brought the nations into such close relations. Instead of regarding man's life as a short and apparently fruitless episode in an infinity of duration, we must view the Soul as an undying Seed, which germinates in the soil of the earth, season after season; that life is in the interests of this Soul, and not in the supposed interests of any of its mortal habiliments. Life is a puzzle so long as we remain ignorant, but the attainment of great insight lies open before us, when we may become partakers in the Divine purposes, instead of rebellious doubters. Revelation comes from within, in response to the inner search; and manifests itself not as new doctrines and superstitions, but as the adoption of a reasonable and felicitous attitude towards life. The determination to hold fast to that which is true, while rejecting that which is false, will lead to many strange and changing phases of thought.

E.

Human Nature

THEY say sometimes that human nature has never changed and never will change, and scout the Utopian on the strength of such a statement. Well, there is some truth in it, no doubt; only what do we know about human nature? Someone was writing the other day that we had given up cannibalism and a few other matters of the kind; this was for proof that human nature does change. But have we given up cannibalism? Does anyone remember giving it up? They do it in the Congo forests. Yes, but the forefathers of the Aryan and the Mongol did not come from the Congo forests. We forget that it is all based on a presupposition, a prejudice. Our ancestors held that their ancestors were divine; not merely cultured, but with a strain of something glorious and superhuman in them. Folk believe in turn that they were Congolese semi-gorillas. The only reason they have for their wild belief appears to be that our ancestors thought differently.

If one wants to picture the early man of our race, the best plan is to take as one's model the unspoiled man of our own day. There will be certain root similarities; it will not be so hard to skim off what belongs to the present age; his dress, the names, and dogmas of his religion, etc. There are types among mountaineers, among the fishermen on wild coasts; among some "country gentlemen" also; which are pre-eminently unspoiled, wholesome, healthy. They do not show the least tendencies to savagery; they are farther from the Congo forest than many of us. "Unspoiled" is an indicative word here; what savages you will find in civilized countries, for example, are directly the product of over-civilized conditions. Who are they? The drink-mad, the vice-victims, the bedrugged. The slums of Paris, New York, London, produce men with as little restraint as may be found in darkest Africa or Papua; your poisoned arrow is child's play to vitriol. But the Apache and the Hooligan are our own children. We tread down the weakest into the mire, where they breed cretins and criminals among malebolgean surroundings. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. It is said that there is no such a thing as a Londoner whose ancestors have been Londoners even for four generations; and if this be no more than approximately true, it follows that the Hooligan of today is not the lineal descendant and heir of Tudor or Jacobean slum-dwellers. His forefather of those times was probably a decent man enough, in Kent or Wiltshire or Essex, with a touch of the old sturdiness of Merrie England in him; an Elizabethan sea-dog in his day, perhaps; or before that, among the yeomen and archers of Crécy. Conditions changed, so-called industrialism came in, driving him at some period into unnatural unhealthy environment. The animal in man, which in the old hard open-air life had its demands somewhat deadened and the effect of tribute paid to it—gross and full-blooded doubtless, but not anti-natural tribute—somewhat neutralized by the general clean, stressful, exigencies of the life, became more insistent; the physical stamina less capable of resisting the effects of excess. Vice developed slowly somewhere in the line, weakness followed; there was no regenerating or redemptive influence at work. So in a few or many generations we have the complete Hooligan, the basest types of criminal; not to be exceeded in Africa.

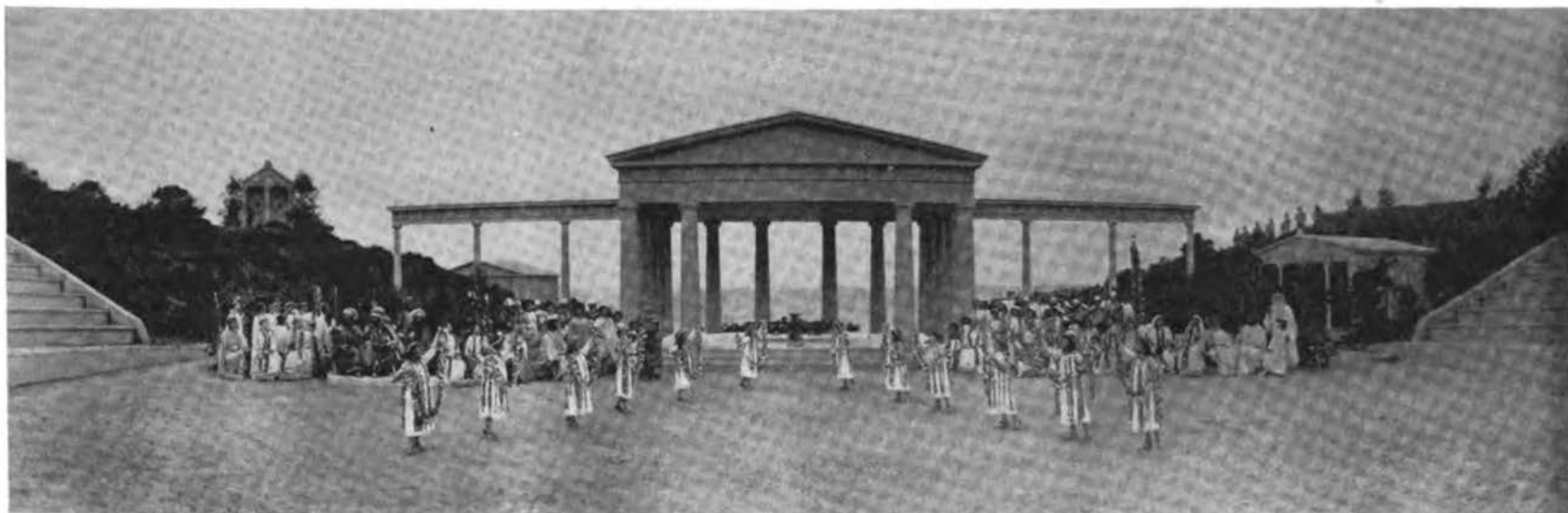
Century Path---Supplement

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

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"The Aroma of Athens"---Athenian Flower Festival

Presented at the Greek Theater, Point Loma, by Katherine Tingley and her Students

From the San Diego Union. April 18, 1911

Athenian Flower Fête Wondrous for Beauty

Opening of Greek Theater Marks Birth of New Dramatic Art

SCENES ARE FAIRYLIKE

CHILDREN TAKE PART IN PLAY GIVEN AT THEOSOPHICAL HOMESTEAD

NOWHERE outside the semi-tropics could such a scene have been presented as was last evening witnessed by the throngs of spectators who traveled to Point Loma to attend the opening to the public of the open-air Greek theater, and view the production of the Athenian Flower Festival, as presented by Katherine Tingley and her students from the International Theosophical Headquarters.

And nowhere outside of Southern California, and Point Loma could such a perfect masterpiece of the blending of art and nature have been consummated. The scene was so rare a feast of mingled beauty—beauty so poignant in its suggestion of poetry and mystery, as to rise from the plane of reality and to become one with "such stuff as dreams are made of."

The starlit heavens spreading their spangled expanse above a replica of Old Athens—the theater, with its encircling tiers of seats rising above the central forum, the temple and colonnade as background, all gleaming palely in the encompassing dusk, the unrelenting ocean far below, graceful, dignified groups of white-draped classic figures, and dancing, garlanded children—who, witnessing the fairy-like scene lighted by the changing glow of signal fires of red and green and gold, rising from the hilltops and cañons, would not say in these days of the twentieth century, it was "the unsubstantial fabric of a dream."

CREATES NEW ART

This wonderful ensemble of scenic effect and symposium of the arts and graces of an ancient perfection of civilization is the drama as Katherine Tingley conceives it, and represents the lines along which she intends to develop a dramatic art that shall be to the present heterogeneous drama of the day, as the heterogeneous civilization of the present time is to that far past pinnacle of artistic perfection of the golden age of the classics.

The play as presented last evening was much

as that given some little time ago at the Isis theater, with some small variations in the order of the program, but its effectiveness was greatly enhanced by the realism of the setting. The Point Loma Greek theater in its natural setting, with its wonderful acoustics far surpasses the one below the Acropolis in Athens, and about the steep cliff edges, gleaming in the dark masses of the shrubbery are small temples and dwellings and graceful bits of statuary.

As always, the children were the center of interest whenever they were on the stage, weaving through the mazes of intricate flower dances, singing songs and hymns, playing games, all with the childlike charm and simplicity which makes the perfection of their training a continuous marvel.

MYSTICAL TORCH PROCESSION

One of the most effective bits of the evening was the torch procession, which was indescribably mystical, bringing out the possibilities of the wonderful setting. Far down the cañon climbed the procession of votaries, clad in flame red, bearing flambeaux, filing up through the tortuous paths from that murky cañon depth where the sea was murmuring a continuous undertone to the performance, and, as they approached, chanting a weirdly martial song.

This was the climax and the closing of the festival, with its varied entertainment of songs and addresses, of games and dances. Following this the company of famous characters, sages, philosophers, poets, warriors and artists joined with the audience in watching a series of nine spectacular tableaux, representing scenes of the Iliad, and all wrought with the infinite attention to detail and fidelity to natural effect which has so large a part in the success of these beautiful productions of the Theosophical students.

The dialog was excellently rendered and held the audience from start to finish and called forth frequent applause. It closed with a speech from Socrates, which also rang with a prophetic note, his vision-held gaze looking down the ages to another time when on Point Loma the beautiful life and the hidden mysteries of the ancients would again become living realities.

After the last tableau the enthusiasm of the audience rose to such a height that a call was made for Madame Tingley to which she briefly responded amid great applause.

From the San Diego Sun, April 18, 1911

Greek Play Presented in Wonderful Setting

GREEK THEATER ON POINT LOMA
HOMESTEAD GROUNDS DRAWS IMMENSE CROWD
SCENE ONE OF GREAT BEAUTY
PLAY TO BE REPEATED SATURDAY MORNING

IN a setting well nigh perfect, combining great beauty, fine acoustics, grandeur and mystery, the Greek Flower Festival, *The Aroma of Athens*, was presented last night by students of the Raja Yoga college in the Greek theater at the Theosophical Homestead grounds. A large crowd saw the striking spectacle.

The theater is built between two cañons. Broad seats sweep around, tier after tier in a full semicircle. In front the stage is white-pillared like a Greek temple, with broad steps leading down into the space in front. On either side of the stage beyond the end of the seats, the cliffs rise in rough formation of red sandstone. On each cliff a shrine had been erected and at intervals during the evening, the white-clad figures of water-carriers were seen coming and going. Boys clad in gold armor stood guard on the edge of the cliff, their figures standing out against the night sky. Behind the open stage the cañon rambles down to the shore offering a wonderful glimpse of the ocean in the daytime. The never-ceasing murmur of the sea floated up to the audience, while now and then a wave boomed out on the rocks, like a sudden trumpet call.

With such surroundings and such plastic material as is offered among the students of the Raja Yoga school, dramas, operas and spectacles which would draw the attention of the artistic world, should be given at Point Loma.

The appearance of the children of Lomaland is always greeted with applause. They were gowned, as always, in white, with garlands of flowers and wreaths on their heads. Graceful and happy-faced they skipped, with perfect rhythm of body through their dances, to tunes from hidden pipes.

In direct contrast to this, after a rather extended interval of dialog, was the mystic effect at the close of the evening, when the lights were turned low, only a pale green diffusing its pallid color over the assembled Athenians. The evening star hung big and yellow above the hill, while from each cliff

smoke and flames arose to the gods in petition for the continued glory of Athens. Across the cañon colored lights were seen, forming a curtain of soft mist behind the Greek theater. The air seemed suddenly very still. Fragrant incense permeated every corner. Not a sound was heard for a moment, and then, from far down the cañon, the sound of chanting arose and through the haze of smoke, torches wavered like fireflies. Nearer and nearer the procession of red-robed Greek maidens came, passing through the temple in and out, and finally winding down the other side of the cañon and disappearing as over the edge of the darkness itself. As the voices faded away into the distance the Athenians were silent and for several moments there was no movement save the fluttering of a beautiful white bird over the temple.

At the conclusion of the festival the audience called for Madame Tingley and she consented to appear and spoke briefly in response. This was of particular interest to those who have never seen this remarkable woman, whose personality and tremendous working powers have drawn together this body of humanitarian workers, under conditions which cannot be duplicated in any other part of the world.

The play will be repeated at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, in the Greek theater. The morning rather than the afternoon, was selected, to avoid the glare of the sun as much as possible.

From the San Diego News, April, 20, 1911

In the Greek Theater

WONDERFUL SPECTACLE, "THE AROMA OF ATHENS" PRODUCED IN THE OPEN AIR AT POINT LOMA

GORGEOUS COLORS AND SPLENDID COSTUMES AT AN IMMENSE COST PRODUCE MARVELOUS SUCCESS AT FIRST PRODUCTION BEFORE GREAT CULTURED AUDIENCE FROM SAN DIEGO AND OTHER CITIES

PILGRIMS to Point Loma wended their way to this modern Athens from the corner of Third and D streets and were from there conveyed in true modern style by electric cars and automobiles to the scene of the ancient mysteries redivivus.

When the steam railroad carries the pilgrim to the Holy Sepulchre from Joppa to Jerusalem it is no greater shock to the dramatic unities to convey those who seek to know the Lesser Mysteries in a modern auto, to the outer gate where they can ascend in the old-fashioned natural method of human locomotion to the top of the hill.

The big autos, "rubberneck wagons" and buses rushed their passengers from the electric cars to the Egyptian gate on the grounds of the School of Antiquity in bewildering manner, and dashed back for more passengers leaving their passengers in the road in front of the Egyptian gate crowded in front of the small gate on the side waiting for the latter to open.

Ancient and modern ideas and notions jostled and jumbled with each other. This beautiful gateway of strictly classical Egyptian design was lit up by the most modern cluster of frosted tungsten lamps while a large and fashionably dressed audience swayed and chattered waiting for the gates to be opened.

When the gates were finally thrown open, as one went up the avenue, he could hear in the distance, cries as of the populace, while ever and anon they were punctuated by the shriller voices and laugh of children at their play. It seemed indeed true that we were to see Athens itself as it appeared when in its glory and could hear in the distance the noise of a great city.

The lighting was superb. When the concealed electric lights were turned on and the purity and lightness of the façade of the temple were disclosed, a subdued murmur of delight could be heard to go through the great audience which had by this time filled the immense open-air theater.

From that time on, surprise after surprise followed one another. On each side of the façade of the temple stretched to each wing, a delicate open colonnade, through which each side of the cañon could be seen fading away into the indistinguishable distance with lights in the distance and occasionally the glint of the ocean could be seen

whose low hoarse murmur could be heard as the surf broke on the far-away shore far down the cañon. Greek statues could be seen indistinctly gleaming while at the right wing was placed a small temple open to the spectators where was placed the far-famed Râja Yoga orchestra which discoursed appropriate music from time to time.

The theater itself is stated by one who has seen it as being almost a duplicate of the theater just below the Acropolis in Athens.

From the beginning when the procession of characters appeared coming up the winding sides of the cañon until the end, there was a constant succession of dazzling spectacles.

The dancing and games, the songs and acting of the children were, if it be possible, even better than they were in the former production. What they do is something that borders on the miraculous. Their costumes were even more beautiful. Their evolutions in the garland and cymbal dances were even more wonderful while the time kept in the cymbal dance was perfect, the clashing of the cymbals seeming in nearly every instance, to be so accurately timed as to be one note.

They are children beautiful, animated by a grace and fervor in their work and play that are indescribable without the use of adjectives that would seem extravagant.

For years, the spectacles produced by Imre Kiralfy were accepted by the people as the acme of gorgeousness. They were, however, but riots of color and appealed to the sensuous side of color perception.

This spectacle far outclassed any of his in gorgeousness of coloring, but the massing of colors and the contrasting of these colors when massed were given with an artistic purity of taste and an aesthetic foreknowledge of result as much superior as the work of Rubens, Raphael, Tintoretto, Titan or any of the old colorists was superior to the coloring of a chromo.

The robes worn by the Persians were marvels of sumptuousness on which gleamed jewels of various colors. The great golden helmet and shield of Pericles cast rays of light as he moved. The costume worn by Aster who recited "Archilochus' Address to his Soul" was also strikingly rich as was that of Diochares. The costumes were all so magnificent that it is only the most striking that are remembered.

The golden armor of Melesippus, the Spartan herald, as also those of the Athenian guards under the command of Pericles are likewise high lights in the memories of the play.

On all these the modern spot-light played and its changes of colors gave new beauties to the costumes, while above the stars dotted the heavenly canopy. Procession after procession wound its way around the arena, one of the most effective being that which contained the offering of fruits and flowers which afterwards at the grand finale fell in behind the scarlet clad torch-bearers of Pallas Athena and the glittering guards of Pericles and made one of the most beautiful stage pictures it was ever my good fortune to see.

In response to the request of the Persian visitors, the Greeks gave their opinions as to the best things to be observed in life which while framed in ancient form yet contained the quintessence of what is termed common sense. The discussion of the beautiful, the good and the true gave many sides of the question.

When Pharnabazus, the Persian, with a delicate, half-revealed sneer turns from their meditations and didactic utterances, and suggests that patriotism and civic virtues were of more importance, he is shown that the latter but flow from the former and he is given a concrete example of how good men can also be valiant when he is a spectator of the encounter between the Spartan herald and Pericles, where the latter orders the Spartan from the soil of Athens and tells him to take back the word that Athens makes no treaty with foemen camped on her borders in battle array.

Socrates stands out as the central figure when he predicts that the words of the Spartan herald are true and that that day presages woes unutterable for Greece, that the mysteries would cease, men would be valued by their wealth and not by their glory, and virtue would decay.

As he stood in the center of the arena, clad in his leopard robe, the sign of the initiate in Greece

as well as in India, and uttered this mournful prophecy, prefiguring the downfall of the great Athenian commonwealth, he made a striking figure. As he went on to say that in years to come a new Athens would arise far in the West and there would be established once more the mysteries long silent, his form seemed to dilate and all present felt the solemnity of his utterances while far below the low booming of the surf sounded a deep refrain to his prophecy.

The audience applauded him fervently as indeed they did many others, it being a very sympathetic audience and extremely generous in its applause, but at the same time discriminating.

It was curious how the Nature sounds interwove themselves into the play. Not only the booming of the surf, but all through Pericles' reply to the sarcastic questions of Pharnabazus, a cricket chirped and shrilled while insects of the night hurtled down the beams of the spot-light.

After the prophecy of Socrates, one could see back of the stage far down the cañon, the torches of the scarlet-clad torch-bearers flickering and moving as they wound their long way up the steep, passing through the portico of the temple and coming forward across the sand of the arena to circle and march around it while all the characters stood and united in some grand, ancient chorus of archaic harmony.

The torches and spot-light playing on these torch-bearers, clad in robes of surpassing beauty and of most vivid color, made a striking picture.

Then followed some nine most beautiful tableaux from the Iliad. All these were given with a steadiness and finish that made the figures appear as though carved out of marble.

When the tableaux were finished and the people were about to depart, some one in the audience spoke out and said that the spectacle would not be complete without a few words from Mrs. Tingley. The audience halted and gazed toward the stage where Mrs. Tingley appeared and in a voice of singular purity and distinctness expressed her thanks to those who had journeyed so far to see this production and who had come in such numbers to participate in this first opening of the Greek theater to the public. She also said that the people who had taken part in this play were sincere in their work for they not only talked of the necessity of purity of life but they lived it.

Taking it all in all, the play was wonderful in the gorgeousness of its lighting and costume coloring, as well as in the grandeur of its spectacular effects assisted by the natural surroundings. It was a daring and successful experiment. It has brought into the life of San Diego something which has not been there heretofore.

One thing stands out prominent and that is, Mrs. Tingley is pre-eminent as the handler of spectacles and pageants on a grand scale. Some of the pageants recently produced in England have excelled her spectacle in the number of persons involved but none have equalled her in magnificence of costume, splendor of color effect or gorgeousness of the pageantry. It was a gigantic task she essayed and she accomplished it nobly and in a manner worthy of all praise.

As it becomes better known it will bring many persons to San Diego to see it. HORATIO
(A well-known theatrical critic visiting California)

From the San Diego Union, April 19, 1911

Matinée Performance "Aroma of Athens"

ON account of the many requests made by those who witnessed the wonderful presentation of *The Aroma of Athens* at the Point Loma Greek theater Monday evening, to have it repeated and that a daylight performance should be given, Madame Tingley has decided to give a matinée next Saturday at 10 a.m. The time has been set for the morning as the Greek Theater, facing the west, the sun will be behind the spectators.

On Monday evening the play was witnessed by some two thousand people; for all of whom, probably, it will have been a memorable occasion, the starting-point of new mental currents and ideas. One does not see such a profusion of grace, beauty

and dignity many times in a life-time. And there was the setting, wholly in accordance with Greek canons of art. One saw the middle line struck between austerity and gorgeousness; and yet it was the middle line that had something of either element in it, rich, but elastic, untainted with the coldness of the one pole or the voluptuousness of the other.

The play is not an imitation of Greek drama, but a living page out of Athenian life. You see there a critical moment in the history of Athens; the entry of the Spartan herald and the declaration of the Peloponnesian War. Proud, beautiful Athens has come to the climax of her greatness; by the pursuit of what ideals she has reached it, is expounded by the characters taking part in the play. So that we have a chapter in the spiritual history of the Greeks set forth, as well as one from the mere record of outward events.

The good, the beautiful and the true are not to be held separate; they are to be sought after as one thing. This is the idea that of old blossomed in the "glory that was Greece." The drama of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides; the art of Phidias and Praxiteles; the wisdom of Socrates and Plato; the marble glories of the Acropolis; the heroism of Salamis and Marathon; the many-islanded empire of Pericles; the untrammelled brilliant life of the "violet-crowned Athenians" in their heyday—these were the results of those canons of sanity and balance applied in life and in art. It is well known that there never has been an epoch in historic times, during which human intellect blossomed so splendidly as in Periclean Athens; and it is well that it should be known that the ideals which made Athens great are those which are molding the life at Point Loma in our own day.

This by the way. But surely one can see the enormous import of such a play as this, embodying as it does both artistically and in philosophy this principle, to our own America of the twentieth century. It has a superb educational value, and strikes the keynote of a new type of drama that will be, it is thought, that long-desired thing, a truly national drama, because it will meet the nation's needs. It is not the commercial actor or manager who can tell what those needs are; it is not anyone who is himself engaged in the pursuit of the dollar. One does not need rush, sensationalism, what is usually called (and falsely) realism. What is needed is beauty, dignity, poise, those qualities that found their expression in Athenian life, and find their expression in this play so superbly staged by Katherine Tingley. It struck one while watching and listening on Monday night, that to fail to have been impressed, indeed exalted, would have been a confession of the cheapness and sordidness of one's own life and ideals. The beautiful white temple, the Grecian pillars, the poetry of color and motion, the severe and noble philosophy—no, not severe either, except from the standpoint of the butterfly-minded and selfish—not severe, but free with the higher kind of freedom, chastely and brilliantly intellectual, of the kind that comes when intellect is untrammelled by selfish desire, and enlightened by the presence of the diviner part of man—that was what was set before that great audience under the stars. Can one wonder that the applause was almost continuous, the comment unlimited in its enthusiasm?

Those who know anything of Madame Tingley's work, know that she never repeats herself—a thing which is true of all genius; and what is not so generally true, that every one of her repetitions is much, very much more brilliant than what went before. One longs to see this play with California sunlight pouring down upon it, with the gleam and blueness of the Pacific visible between the temple pillars, with the hillocks and irregularities of the sunlit cañon revealing and again half-concealing the white-robed and red-robed processions of chanting women, of full-panoplied, glittering-helmeted hoplites and of peltasts, of children with ringing, musical laughter—who that was present does not carry in his mind delicious memories of the rippling glee and melody of that laughter, with longings that the like of it might be heard, sometimes at least, in the playgrounds and nurseries of the world?

It will be a great occasion, of which those who have any feeling for the good, the beautiful and the true should avail themselves. A special opportunity

is being given by Madame Tingley for children under fourteen to enjoy this beautiful play.

K. MORRIS
(A well-known European writer and critic)

From the *Evening Tribune*, (San Diego)
April 20, 1911

Greek Festival has Unique Setting

COMBINATION OF BLUE OCEAN AND
BROWN HILLSIDES

EVERY season and every time of day has its charm at Point Loma, and it is difficult to find any climate comparable to that of Southern California. Different as will be the effects in the open-air Greek theater at the morning performance of *The Aroma of Athens*, next Saturday at 10 o'clock a.m. when compared with those of the performance given last Monday night, the charm and beauty will be none the less, but in many respects greatly enhanced in broad daylight by the wonderful view of the Pacific and the hillsides.

The glimpses that one gets through the columns of the Grecian temple, which has been recently erected by Katherine Tingley, of the breaking waves, and out beyond of the broad ocean; the contrast between the blue of the ocean and sky, and the orange and brown of the cañon sides, and the varied green of the foliage, make a picture that defies the greatest art to reproduce on canvas.

Those who have traveled say that of all places in the world, Point Loma most reminds them of Greece in its atmosphere and coloring, and to sit actually facing a Greek temple, perfect in its architecture, makes the illusion so complete that one loses sight of time and place, and lives again in ancient Athens.

That is one side of the picture. The other is the wonderful reproduction of Grecian thought and life, represented not only by the dialog, full of some of the noblest sentiments that have ever been uttered or that are recorded in literature, but by a touch of out-door Athenian life as seen in the games and dances of the children, some upon the hillsides, and some in the arena. The whole play is the striking of a national note, the depicting of the culture and life of a people.

One point of especial interest is that Mrs. Tingley has arranged to set aside a limited number of seats especially for children, for the play is one that in many of its features will appeal to the young folk as well as to their elders. In fact one of the charms of the play is that with all the beauty and grace and the laughter and joy of the children taking part there is an educational side that appeals to the noblest qualities.

From the *Evening Tribune*, (San Diego)
April 21, 1911

Masterly Art in "Aroma of Athens"

ACOUSTICS OF NEW GREEK THEATER DECLARED
MARVELOUS BY ALL CRITICS

THE best dramatic critics who witnessed the presentation of the play, *The Aroma of Athens*, in the open-air theater on Point Loma on Monday evening, must have been impressed at the masterly art displayed by Madame Tingley, both in the external arrangements and stage management, and in the inner motifs of the work presented.

In these modern days when the world is all for "snap" and tawdriness, and modern stage presto business and artificiality; when men and women will not give themselves time to live rightly, here was one who ventured in the name of art to introduce new methods—a new art for these modern times; setting forth a spacious representation of deep and calm things. The stage was a hillside; the curtain at the back, darkness rhythmic with the sound of the Pacific.

The whole atmosphere and intention was away from the rush and fever of life, away from the garishness and hustle of too much of our modern drama; and towards the serene spaces of true art, towards that same peace and amplitude and majesty which are a part of the night, and the eternal croon and beating of the waves, and the long stillness of the hills. It would have been so easy to have spoiled the artistic—not to say the spiritual—

value of the play, by recourse to the breathless methods of a modern playhouse. But that pitfall was carefully avoided by Katherine Tingley in her study to adapt the play to the period and natural characteristics and methods of ancient Athenian life.

The ideas given forth were not of the quick-lunch variety, and were not given in the quick-lunch manner. They were deep and called for much ponderment, for what might seem delays to one who was uninformed in regard to the history and customs of the period; and they were enunciated as one would imagine Aeschylus would have taught his players to enunciate his own mighty lines. So one was enabled to follow them, step by step maintaining rapport with the lofty march of the arguments; understanding why Athens was great, and also what it is that we need in our own day to make us great also.

If there was no rush from one point to another, music filled the pauses; music of a nature to carry on and emphasize the ideas. Always a certain august dignity, in keeping with subject and setting, was in view. When not at war the Athenians' life was calm and dignified, motion and poise were made a grand art. This is one of the hardest things for actors and stage manager to bear in mind and to carry out successfully. That a complete success was attained in Monday's performance of *The Aroma of Athens* must have been deeply felt by all competent critics. There was not one atom of compromise with cheapness or sensationalism, not one note of disharmony with the highest art and with the high and deep purposes of the play.

What an ordinary observer might call delay was carefully arranged by Madame Tingley in order to make the picture natural. Those in the torch-light procession, the torchbearers, when first appearing made a part of the great scene one-eighth of a mile down the cañon, winding in and out the narrow ravine. The beauty of the picture would have been lost had they immediately appeared in the arena with quick step from the wings as has to be done in the ordinary modern theater.

The acoustics of the Point Loma Greek theater are the marvel of perfection, and, strange as it may seem, it is a fact that anyone many hundreds of feet away can be heard on the top tier of seats, and even a whisper from behind the stage settings. It was this that greatly helped to render the play so perfect in its dialog. For all this, some who have grown a little stale and weary of criticizing the "Art (!) for shekel's sake" that does duty so much on the boards, were profoundly grateful to Madame Tingley and the scholarly cast trained by her.

From the *San Diego Union*, April 23, 1911

"Aroma of Athens" Charming in Day

LARGE AUDIENCE JOURNEY TO POINT LOMA
TO WITNESS NEW FORM OF DRAMA

BY DAISEY E. KESSLER
DRAMATIC CRITIC FOR THE UNION

SEEN under the glimmering stars, *The Aroma of Athens* was a beautiful spectacle of mystery and mysticism. Viewed in the clear, fresh light of the morning, another aspect is revealed. The picture is that of a happy, buoyant people, living normally the every-day life of a perfected aesthetic and intellectual civilization.

Yesterday morning, this second presentation of the beautiful Greek flower festival was given in the Greek theater, at Point Loma, by Katherine Tingley and the Theosophical students. As on the evening a few days previous, a large audience made the journey to Point Loma to witness this symposium of life in the golden age of artistic culture.

The Greek theater was well filled with interested spectators when at 10 o'clock the procession of actors filed up the winding paths of the cañon and emerged through the Ionic columns into the central arena.

The audience included many children, to whom the work of the small students of the Rāja Yoga school in songs and dances was a particularly entertaining and educative feature. Many officers and soldiers from Fort Rosecrans and Camp San

Diego on Point Loma were also in attendance.

One of the most attractive features of the entertainment in the Greek theater is the splendid acoustics of the structure which enable every word to be heard with ease. This is especially desirable in a symposium in which one of the main features is the addresses and dialogs. These are given by the older members of the company of actors, who, representing famous philosophers, poets, warriors and artists of ancient Greece, are seated in a semi-circle about the central forum.

The discussions are divided into several general topics, and addresses showing much beautiful philosophical thought are given by the famous personages represented. "The true, the good and the beautiful" opens the dialog, followed by a recital of "The Glory of Athens," which is interrupted by the proclamation of the Peloponnesian War, and ends impressively with Socrates' prophecy of the New Athens which is to arise in the Far West.

The Aroma of Athens is the initial production which is to be given in the Greek theater to the general public, but will probably be the forerunner of many beautiful dramas of this description, as Madame Tingley and her students are endeavoring to present a drama to the world which is a distinct departure from the accepted drama of the day, the elevation of the drama being one of the distinctive branches of the work of the organization.

IN all this work one thing stands out pre-eminently, viz: that Katherine Tingley is an educator in the highest sense of the word. In every detail of the presentation of *The Aroma of Athens* is this exemplified, but more than all by the spirit pervading the whole. Mention has already been made in the previous Supplement of the tribute paid to Katherine Tingley by Professor Fowler, Principal of Columbia Institute, New York, on the occasion of her first presentation of *The Eumenides*. He said:

I am assured that such revival of ancient wisdom must be elevating and instructive to all cultured and thoughtful minds. As an educationalist of many years' experience, I strongly endorse them as an adjunct to academic reading of classics, which a student cannot miss without losing valuable opportunities.

And again has the educational value been recognized by those who were present at the presentation of *The Aroma of Athens*.

During the present tourist season the city of San Diego has been more crowded with visitors than usual, not only from all parts of the United States, but from European and other countries, and many of these availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing *The Aroma of Athens* both at Isis Theater and at the open-air Greek Theater, Point Loma.

Busy as she was Katherine Tingley did not forget the children, but for the morning performance sent an invitation to all who could come from the Children's Home in San Diego, providing them also with transportation on the cars and motor bus.

Space does not permit the publication of the many letters of appreciation received, and we can here give only the following in addition to those given in the last Supplement.

Mr. P. W. Ross, Principal of Washington Grammar School, San Diego, Cal., wrote to Katherine Tingley's Secretary:

My dear Sir:

I want to express to you my appreciation of Madame Tingley's kindness in extending to me an invitation to witness the Saturday morning performance of *The Aroma of Athens* in the Greek Theater. I enjoyed it absolutely. I can't commend each particular that appealed to me—there was

nothing not to commend—but, I cannot refrain from speaking of the perfect enunciation of each speaker and the children's songs; not one word was missed! I consider this most wonderful in an open-air entertainment. It surely rivaled the Athenian times themselves!

Mr. L. E. Behymer, the Impresario, widely-known throughout the West, and representative of Schubert's Theatrical Enterprises on the Pacific Coast, wrote:

I wish to thank you for one of the most delightful evenings I have known in Southern California. I had the pleasure of being with your audience at the Greek theater last Monday evening, and it was indeed a revelation. I had not expected a sermon and the foundation for a pure life placed before me not only in a most dramatic and literary manner, but in such a dignified way that it will linger many years with me.

I must say that the lighting, the grand nature surroundings, the music, the approach and departure of the participants were exceptionally artistic and entertaining.

Program

THE AROMA OF ATHENS

SCENE

The Academy, one of the public parks of Ancient Athens, an olive-grove, laid out with walks, about a mile outside the city walls to the north-west beyond the Dipylon Gate, near Colonus.

OCCASION

The Anthesteria or Athenian Flower Festival, celebrated annually in March.

TIME

The last day of the truce between Athens and Sparta, in the year 431 B. C., just preceding the open hostilities of the Peloponnesian War.

Overture to *Oedipus* (H. Bellermann).

SYNOPSIS OF ACTION

Tableaux of Famous Scenes from Homer's Iliad. Grand Pageant

NOTE. Throughout the whole presentation two scenes will be given simultaneously, including glimpses of Athenian outdoor life, games and sports.

FIRST DIALOGUE: Welcome to Pharnabazus, the Persian.

Speakers: Euripides, Pericles, Aspasia, Pharnabazus, Diotima, Myrto, and Deinomache.

FIRST INTERLUDE: Song, Dance, Recitation, and Games.

Song: An ancient Greek Swallow Song. Greek Dance.

Recitation, by Pamphile: "The Wounded Cupid," an Anacreontic, translated by Robert Herrick.

Ancient Greek Games by Children.

SECOND DIALOGUE: The True, the Good, and the Beautiful.

Speakers: Pharnabazus, Phidias, Crito, Aspasia, Diotima, Ariston, Myrto, Perictione, Potone, Deinomache, Cratinus, and Socrates.

SECOND INTERLUDE: Song and Recitations.

Song: "Pan on his Oaten Pipes."

Speakers: Pharnabazus, Pericles, Euripides, Potone, Myrto, Perictione.

Recitations:

"Ode in Imitation of Alcaeus," a Greek Fragment, translated and expanded by Sir William Jones, recited by Glaucon.

"Archilochus' Address to his Soul," translated by William Hay, recited by Aster.

"Danaë and Her Babe Adrift," by Simonides, translated by J. A. Symonds, recited by Hegeso.

"The Courier Flame," from the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, translated by E. Bulwer-Lytton, recited by Agariste.

"Andromache's Entreaty to Hector," from the Sixth Book of the Iliad, translated by Pope, recited by Hipparete.

"Hector's Reply," also from the Sixth Book of the Iliad, translated by Pope, recited by Diochares.

THIRD DIALOGUE: The Glory of Athens.

Part I: Athenian Patriotism.

Speakers: Pharnabazus, Pericles, Euripides, Thucydides, Ariston, Socrates, Phidias, and Aspasia.

Part II: The Proclamation of the Peloponnesian War.

Speakers: Artemidorus, Melesippus, Pericles, and Socrates.

THIRD INTERLUDE: Songs and Recitations.

Songs: Hymns to Apollo:

(1) Modern.

(2) Words (i. e. in the original Greek) and music of about 4th century B. C.*

FOURTH DIALOGUE: Socrates' Prophecy of the New Athens to Arise in the Far West.

Grand Spectacular Finale.

* First publicly introduced into America by Katherine Tingley in her presentation of *The Eumenides* at Carnegie Lyceum, New York, 1898.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MEN.

PERICLES: Strategus or General of Athens.

PHARNABAZUS: A Persian Visiting Athens.

PHIDIAS: the Sculptor.

THUCYDIDES: the Historian.

SOCRATES: the Philosopher.

CRITO: Friend of Socrates

ARISTON: Son of Aristocles.

EURIPIDES: the Tragic Poet.

CRATINUS: the Comic Poet.

HIPPONICUS: the Son of Callias.

MELESIPPUS: the Spartan Herald.

ARTEMIDORUS: Captain of the Guard.

WOMEN.

ASPASIA: Friend of Pericles.

DIOTIMA: Prophetess of Mantinea.

MYRTO: Grand-daughter of Aristides the Just.

PERICTIONE: Daughter of Glaucon.

POTONE: her Sister.

DEINOMACHE: Daughter of Megacles.

DIODORA: Daughter of Diodorus.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

YOUTHS.

GLAUCON. ASTER. DIOCHARES.

MAIDENS.

HIPPARETE. HEGESO. AGARISTE. PAMPHILE.

Boys and Girls, Athenian Citizens, Soldiers and Attendants. Persian Attendants upon Pharnabazus. Torchbearers.

There is another element of course; the way that criminal heredity has been shown to come down, to increase, degenerate, and multiply. But at some time or other criminality must have been introduced into that line of descent. To whatever Mountains of the Moon you may follow it, there is no Nile without somewhere its fountain; this is the surest of truths. There was some father or mother that took a wrong step sometime, which led to. . . . Heavens, what a blot each of us has in him to set upon the future!

A sane view to take of the past would be, that since man has been the two-legged plumeless thing we are accustomed to, he has always been widely varying; always been recognizably the same in character and mentality, if you take him by the world as a whole, and by the ten millennia for specimens, as he is now. That is to say, you might always have found somewhere some Congo with its cannibals, some Paris with its extremes of good and evil; some nations fired with a heroic enthusiasm, very near to the gods, others sodden with contemptible greed, very near to the hell of Mammon. There will always have been old civilizations bordering on effeteness; pioneers, somewhat rough and lawless very likely, but themselves grafted from a well-established civilization elsewhere; civilizations also that had gone beyond even the effete, that had nothing but a few relics of lost arts, a certain surviving grammatical intricacy in their language perhaps, or a dim tradition, to tell that they had not always wandered naked through the forests. For we do find those things among even the lowest races. K. V. M.

Whence Came our Folk-songs?

THE difficulty of making a new folk-song or a new style of architecture is a standing puzzle to many; the thing, once made, looks very simple—is so simple; yet who can produce another? All we can do, seemingly, is to copy. We can put together musical phrases, but they do not make a whole, any more than a combination of curves from a draughtsman's curve-templet makes the lineaments of Apollo. We can put together divers elements derived from styles of architecture, but the attempt thus to make a whole labors under the same difficulty as that of trying to make an apple in a laboratory.

How did folk-songs come to be written and styles of architecture created?

Such productions are spontaneous, unaffected. No attempt was made *merely* to copy anything. They were the outcome of inner inspiration. Is work produced in that way today? Undoubtedly it is, but of a different kind. For the inspiration is different, the spirit of the age is not the same. When a creator becomes receptive to the spirit of the present age, he may indeed produce something that is unaffected and sincere; but it will not be of the same lofty and beautiful kind.

Probably the generality of leading artists, whether in music or architecture, are students and dependent largely on imitation. They may have some originality and endeavor to express it, but ready-made materials must still enter largely into their resources. We have some, too, whose striving seems to be rather in the direction of a sedulous avoidance of everything conventional, and who seek to attain originality by *not* copying.

But what of the man who conceives and writes down the popular air of a season, afterwards sung in the music-hall and whistled on the street? In many cases all unknown to fame, he is endowed with the right kind of receptivity for coming into tune with the spirit of the age, such as it is. He catches the sounds in the air. His rate of production may be almost unbelievable, amounting to many tunes in an hour, mostly destined for the wastebasket, but leaving a few selected survivors which become the popular airs of the time. Is this man the true creator, expressing the spirit of the times?

We can imagine that if the spirit of the times were more refined and beautiful, it would provide inspiration for a higher class of artists, who, reaching into the invisible spaces, would catch forms of immortal beauty and perpetuate them.

Folk-songs and styles of architecture must be "in the air" before they can materialize. Otherwise we can only use old materials. It is as though a folk-song and a style of architecture were actual beings, existing in some invisible space, and inspiring receptive natures with their beauty. The spirit of the age has to become nobler, the lives of men more beautiful, ere we can create any beautiful forms that shall be entire, symmetrical, and sincere.

H. T. E.

Mechanism in Place of Virtues

THERE is a tendency to do by machinery what ought to be done by virtues. This weakens the character, as stays weaken the muscles of carriage. Suppose a crowd of people issuing from a doorway and stepping aside to take their hats. Conflicting streams are formed of those going to the hat-pegs and those coming away; continual jostling and confusion result. The usual remedy is barriers. The real remedy is a little patience and a little drill in deportment. The usual remedy deals with the symptoms alone—the confusion. The real remedy roots out the disease—impatience and disorderliness.

Someone is promoting a bill to make people get up early by altering the clocks. Edison is trying to make his new storage battery "fool-proof," but he says even he cannot invent a battery which some fool cannot invent new ways to destroy. No doubt it would be possible to make the people keep off the grass by machinery, and to invent clothes that could not be put on hind before. But there are still some men who prefer to shave with a razor that will cut them if they are not careful, rather than sacrifice skill and courage to the latest invented automatic spokeshave.

Education ought to be a drill, but it has become a mill. The manufactured article is burnished and sized ready to sell; but it does not last.

It is comparatively easy to organize people on a strict military basis or to run a school by fixed rules. It is not so easy, but how infinitely better! to organize them so that individual incentive will supply the place of fixed rules.

Rules are things which weak people ask for and then grumble at. They want to be saved from themselves, but are not sure which side their sympathies are on. They think that if they are duly propped up they will be free to loll as much as they please. "Give us rules to break!" they cry.

If we do not like leading-strings, the proper thing is, not to break them, but to *grow up*.

There are many existing rules that are a slur on our character and an insult to our pride. True, most of them were not made for me, but for my brother; but then I am bound to my brother like a Siamese twin and would not break the bond if I could. So we must stand or fall together. Besides, my brother talks just the same way about me; he says the rules were made for me, not for him. I would prefer to be trusted, yet I ask myself, "Can I be? Would I trust another such as myself?"

Virtue is a power, but we make it a possession. While a handy man is at home everywhere, the other sort carries everything about with him in a grip—clean collars, medicine, cooking-stove, books, and all. Do we carry our virtues and powers about with us in a grip, all ready-made, ready-to-wear? Are we Cans or Haves? The ideal man should perhaps possess nothing at all, but be able to do everything. Things are easier to carry about when they are *in potentia* than when they are *in actu*.

STUDENT

Meteorological Notes

IT has been pointed out that slight changes in the solar constant, combined with the elevation or depression of large land areas and alterations in their distribution, are of themselves sufficient to account for local glacial epochs, to a greater degree than generally imagined. There is no doubt about the solar constant undergoing changes in value, although its limits and periodicity may not be fully known. Taken at three calories per square centimeter per minute, enough heat would be received from the sun to melt fifty-four meters in depth of ice in one year. The calculation is $3 \times 60 \times 24 \times 365 \frac{1}{4} \div 73.4 = 21,477$ cubic centimeters of ice per square centimeter. One fourth of this (as the Earth's surface is four times the area of a diametral section) gives 5370 cubic centimeters, or 54 meters in height. To changes in the solar constant, and the other factors mentioned, may be added probable local changes in the internal heat. Slow astronomical changes, orbital and axial, do not seem adequately to explain all the observed facts.

A remarkable fact about the climate around Point Loma is that occasional rises and falls of temperature from about 80°F. to 55°F., which are liable to occur in one day in any month of the year, are unaccompanied by high winds. Usually in other zones when a sheet of cold air overruns a stratum of warm, the powerful convection-currents cause waterspouts and cyclones. Waterspouts are occasionally seen on the ocean here, but the wind on shore usually remains moderate.

It is beginning to be recognized that the variations in the great eastern whirl of north temperate zone circulation are due not so much to local conditions as to changes in subtropical pressure, which Lockyer has pointed out are the result of yearly and long-range changes in the solar radiation.

The progress made in international meteorological observation, aided by cable, land lines, wireless telegraphy and solar physics observatories, has been encouraging. Yet owing to the large area of ocean, the unequal land distribution, lack of knowledge as to polar ice-movements, and to many other things, meteorology remains a difficult study. F.

Astronomy in the Middle Ages

WHEN we read of the curriculum of the European Universities during the Middle Ages we are inclined to think that certain classical studies, literature and languages, music, and mathematics, were almost the only subjects taught that had reasonable foundations. The natural sciences are generally supposed to have been in their infancy (as of course they were) when not purely fanciful, arbitrary, and grotesquely erroneous. But now and then side-light is thrown into some obscure corner and the existence of correct knowledge discovered among much that is doubtful or wrong.

A most interesting instance exists in an Irish Treatise on Astronomy now in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, and which was translated into English by Mr. J. J. O'Farrelly in 1893. It was written about the year 1400, certainly not later, and is derived from the works of Messahalah, an Arabian Jew who lived between A.D. 754 and 833. Twelve of the thirty-nine chapters are not contained in the Latin versions of Messahalah's treatises from which the Gaelic translation was derived; their origin is unknown, but they probably came from other Arabian sources, or they may have been in part the results of the observations and studies of the Irish writer himself.

The treatise is based upon the Ptolemaic theory of the Solar System. It is remarkable that Ptolemy did not accept the Pythagorean System, which placed the sun as the central body instead of the earth, for the teachings of Pythagoras had been widely diffused in the time of Ptolemy. The result of his refusal to work on the correct system of the great Initiate, Pythagoras, was that the students of astronomy were misled and held back from the knowledge of the true relationship of the sun and the earth for many centuries, and much bitterness was aroused.

The Irish MS carefully explains the globular shape of the earth, and gives its true, approximate diameter, 8000 miles; the real causes of the phases of the moon, its eclipses, and the eclipses of the sun, are stated; the reason why the sun rises earlier if you travel eastward and later if you go westward is properly explained; the writer points out that the moon, like the planets, has no light of its own but reflects that of the sun. He also touches upon physical geography and geology. He gives, though with some hesitation, the true explanation of the rising of the Nile. His remarks about the wearing down of the mountains by the action of rivers, and upon the origin of fossil shells agree remarkably with the principles of modern geology. Yet, hundreds of years afterwards, geology had to fight for its life against the entrenched strongholds of learned ignorance and prejudice which went so far as to say that the fossils were artfully placed in the rocks by the Devil in order to try the faith of the pious in the literal accuracy of the Genesis account of creation in six days.

But the most curious thing in the whole treatise is a statement which shows the possession of information upon a subject of which it is generally believed that *nothing was or could be known* before the invention of the astronomical telescope by Galileo in 1609—two hundred years later! This is that when the planets Venus and Mercury "are twelve

degrees proceeding westward of the sun they are horned like the new moon."

One of the strongest arguments against the true theory (Pythagorean or Copernican) of the solar system was that Venus failed to show the crescent or horned phase like the moon as it should do. As the phases of Venus cannot be detected without optical aid, and as the critics possessed nothing of the kind, they had some show of reason in not accepting the truth; but when Galileo turned his "optic tube" upon the Planet of Love it was immediately seen that it *did* pass through exactly the phases of crescent, half-moon, and full-moon, that ought to be seen.

How then comes it that the unknown Irish writer was able two hundred years before Galileo, to write quite confidently of the crescent phase of Venus, and also of Mercury, a much more difficult object to distinguish? Perhaps the answer to this will be forthcoming when it is explained how it was that the ancient Assyrians represented Bel, the Assyrian Jupiter, with *four star-tipped wings*, and the god corresponding to Saturn *standing within a ring*, as Proctor, the famous English astronomer, pointed out in *Our Place Among Infinities*, unless they knew by telescopic observation that Jupiter had four large moons and that Saturn was surrounded by a wonderful ring!

This is another instance of the debt owing to that remarkable Arabian civilization and culture which flourished so brilliantly in Spain and the nearer Orient, at a time when the intellect of Europe proper had not yet awakened. How dark those rightly termed Dark Ages were when the Arabian Jew Messahalah wrote in the 9th century, can only be appreciated by those who have given the time and energy necessary to understand it. When this 15th century Irish writer composed his treatise, the mind of Europe had already begun to stir; the priceless treasures of Greek knowledge had been lately brought to Europe and had quickened the sluggish and stupefied thought to unwonted activity, while the dullest could see the parallels in the Greek writers with the philosophy and science of the Jewish-Arabian culture. Just as the Greek intellect had expressed itself in science, philosophy, and mathematics, in Pythagoras, Plato, Eratosthenes, and Euclid, who themselves were to a large degree indebted to Asia, so the Saracens who studied and absorbed these writers, stamped their own productions with their own native genius, and in turn handed on to the European the Grecian thought, based as it was on Asiatic (Babylonian, Syrian, Egyptian) achievements. What a curious and interesting reflection it is, that the theoretic and philosophical systems of the Egyptian and Babylonian priest-scientists should have wandered from their native soils to Ionia, Peninsular Greece, and Magna Graecia; then to return to their native continent, and after greatly aiding to mold and soften the manners of the Men of the Desert, to be carried to Spain, and from Spain to meet again in the European Universities the other branch of the same stream of Asiatic learning flowing from Constantinople. Truly, so far as European history is concerned, no more fascinating page exists than this period of renaissance. And, it is sad to say, no period has been treated so meagerly by historians. STUDENT

The Telescopic Eye

INVENTORS are hard at work perfecting an instrument which is fitly called a telescopic eye, an apparatus for transmitting by wire visual images instead of mere codes of signs. The essential principle is of course the photo-electric material, of which selenium is the best known example; a material whose electric conductivity varies in proportion to the intensity of the light which falls upon it. The details of construction are necessarily complicated, and difficult to explain without diagrams. But it can readily be understood that fluctuations in light can be made to cause fluctuations in the conductivity of selenium upon which they fall; that these fluctuations in conductivity will produce corresponding variations in the strength of an electric current in whose circuit the selenium is included; that the current may be carried to an indefinite distance; and that an electromagnet apparatus may be devised which will utilize the variations in the current in reproducing a light-picture at the receiving station. In translating the scene at the transmitting station into current-variations, space is (as it were) translated into time; for all the different parts of the picture are made to travel successively past a given point and to record themselves by their illumination upon the sensitive selenium. The area of the picture to be sent is divided up into minute portions, and each of these is sent separately; and they are built up again at the receiving station.

If this apparatus is perfected, as doubtless it will be, it will have many important uses, such as anyone can imagine. It will be a kind of eye of providence—if we may be pardoned for saying so—for it can be sent down at the end of a wire (a nerve) into the deep unfathomed caves of ocean, to search out all those gems of purest ray serene which the caves are said to bear; while the flowers need no longer waste their sweetness on the desert air, now that they can keep their blushes for a worthier purpose. The eye will climb lofty summits, thence to peer over the surrounding territory, surveying, exploring, prospecting, or scouting. It will burrow into the hearts of mountains or the bowels of the earth, and bring us

Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine.

The engineer or the manager at his desk will be able to send an all-seeing eye all over the premises, so that the operatives will have to toe the line. In short, and not to anticipate the bounding imagination of our readers, if all that is said be true, this telegraphic eye is destined to become a terror to evildoers and an annoyance to those who do good in secret; and we will have to cut the wires—as long as there are any to cut. TRAVERS

Improvements in Photometry

PERSISTENCE of vision—the rationale of "living pictures"—has received a beautiful application in the latest method of comparing light-intensities. If a white surface be illuminated alternately at intervals of 1/10 to 1/16 of a second, by two sources of light, flickering vanishes when, by moving the illuminated surface suitably, the intensities become equal. The relative powers of the light-sources are then computed by measuring their distances from that surface. F.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Musical Possibilities in American Life

THERE is a growing appreciation of the need of bringing the principle of Brotherhood into the musical world on a much larger scale than now exists. A writer in *The Musician* has recently made a practical suggestion as to the organization of the musical life in cities, based upon the principle of intelligent co-operation. He calls it "team-work"; for he fears that it must be carried out by "teams" of selected citizens, who understand what they are working for, and who have the higher interests of their fellow-citizens at heart. He does not believe that the rulers of the American cities recognize their opportunities in matters of musical culture, which require a certain amount of expert cultivation in order to be properly handled.

Already there is promise for the wider development of the great civilizing art of music among the masses of the American people; singing is taught in every school to some degree; even the smaller cities have glee clubs and church choirs which present the lighter cantatas and some oratorios; the piano is almost universal. But the most hopeful thing is that we are beginning to have orchestras and to take pleasure in playing in them. There must be already many hundreds, possibly thousands of high-school orchestras, and the study of music from its different standpoints, including its relation to human thought and feeling, is being introduced as part of the curriculum in some schools.

The writer in *The Musician* gives the following list which could be organized even in moderately small cities, say of ten or twenty thousand people, if the musical population could be induced to work together in harmony. He says:

It has occurred to me to try to set down in order the things which taken together make up a musical city. . . .

I

Of the Voice and its Team-Work

- 1 The children sing and understand what they sing.
- 2 The men will have part-song choirs and enjoy them.
- 3 The women will have private clubs for singing part-songs for women's voices.
- 4 There will be a mixed chorus for the practice of part-songs and the lighter cantatas.
- 5 There will be a larger chorus for the study of oratorio and serious choral work.
- 6 There ought to be amateur opera; good operas taken up, and now and then one produced by local talent, or with a solo singer or two imported for leading roles.
- 7 There will be many competent solo singers.
- 8 The women, at least, will have study clubs for culture; devoted to the historic and aesthetic side of music.

II

Of Instruments and their Team-Work

- 9 The piano will be practically universal; it must also be made much more cultural than is usually the case.
- 10 The violin must be quite widely studied, and there should be numerous good players, many of them under sixteen years of age.
- 11 Orchestral instruments must be studied in a reasonable proportion to their musical usefulness.
- 12 There should be good student orchestras. (eighth grade and high school).
- 13 A good amateur orchestra with all instruments, but not yet devoted to symphony, except perhaps a single movement now and then.
- 14 A good symphony orchestra, most of the players in which should be native to the city and educated at home.
- 15 Chamber music organizations, private and semi-public.
- 16 There would naturally be many piano recitals,



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RIO PINELLI, VENICE

I AM pleading for the home. Let us have more music in our homes—more music evenings and all the time. It will bring in a new and potent spirit of harmony. It will mean a new life for all and especially for the children.

Katherine Tingley

- both by local talent and by visiting artists; recitals by other instruments, also of songs.
- 17 The press must assist and appreciate. The true ideal of a local newspaper is that of expressing an ideal public opinion for that locality and time. . . .
- 18 All the above more or less co-ordinated; that is, easily administered in its proportion, with the motive of helpfulness as well as enjoyment.

This outline of musical activity is most interesting to the student of Theosophy, because it is along the line that was adopted more than ten years ago at Point Loma under the direction of Katherine Tingley. Years before that she emphasized the importance of music as a part of life, and in proportion to the increase in the number of students at the International Headquarters of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY at Point Loma, and the development of the children

of the Râja Yoga Schools and Academies, essentially the whole of the above plan has been gradually taking form. According to Katherine Tingley music is one of the highest means of training character; but it must not be taken as a pleasant relaxation or mild dissipation; it must be a part of a general, consistent effort to reach to the understanding of the real life. Good music, taught by the Râja Yoga methods introduced by Katherine Tingley, leads to the awakening of the soul. From this standpoint there is no drudgery in the practice, and even persons who are not specially gifted with the musical faculty find the most surprising results when they commence to study an instrument on the impersonal lines advocated at Point Loma.

The writer quoted brings forward another idea which has been strongly urged by Katherine Tingley, and which leads directly to a higher plane of living. He says:

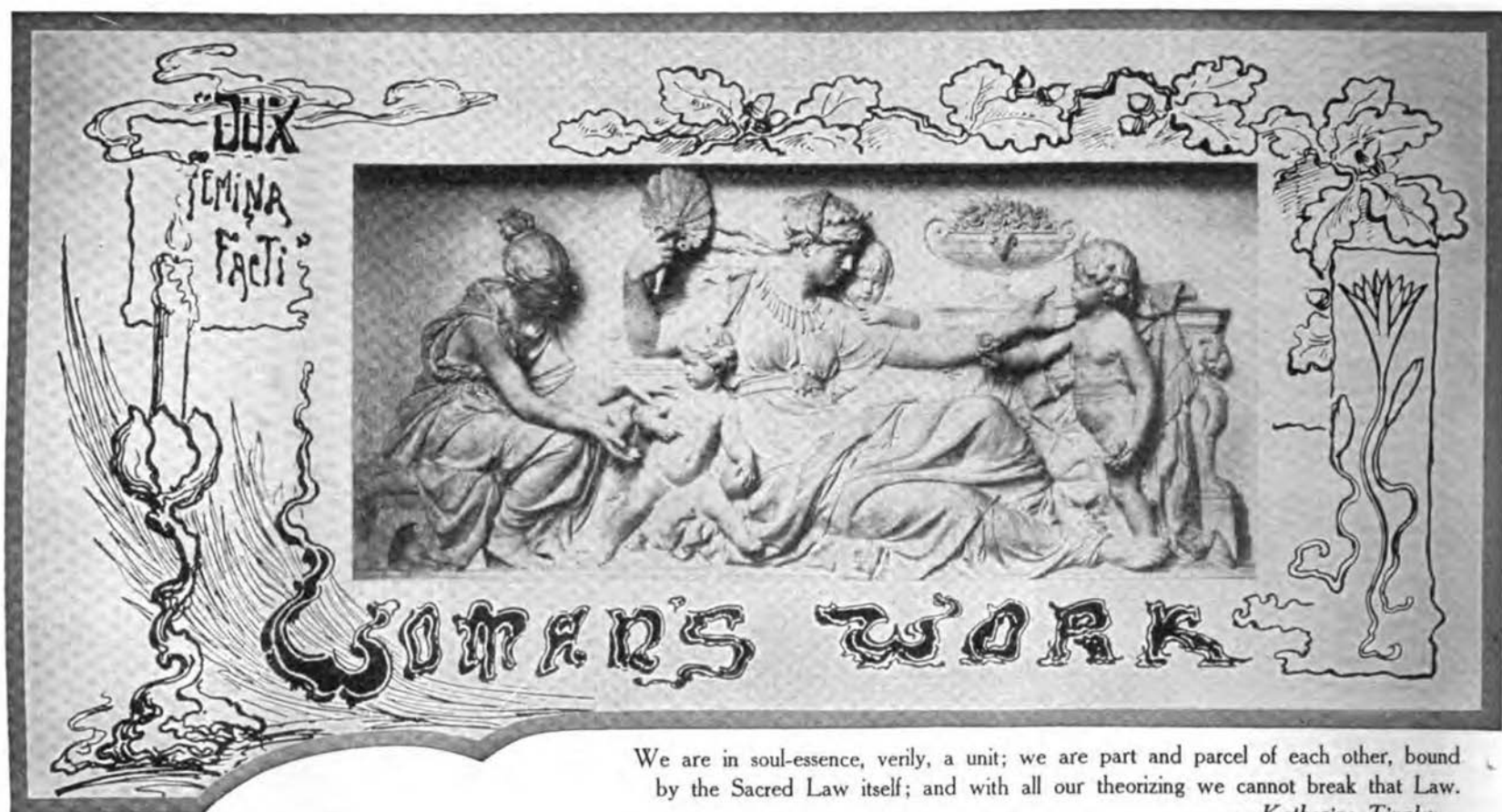
The natural road by which ideals become higher is that of collective instrumental music; especially by way of the orchestra.

The sense of brotherhood is strongly felt during orchestral practice, for the individual player is compelled to take his place as one of a whole, a cell in the larger body. An orchestra is a sensitive entity, different from and superior to any one of the component parts. Everyone who has played in an orchestra knows that it has moods. Sometimes everything goes with ease and smoothness, at other times it seems impossible to obtain the highest standard.

The writer sees that the pleasure of the ear and the development of the musical sense is not alone a sufficient reason for the cultivation of music, but he does not explain why.

The finer musical intelligence which is called for is a power of the soul which comes from right living. It cannot be trained on theoretic lines alone and municipal "team-work" will never be able to evoke or supply it. When the Real Self begins to be realized by all mankind, not by a few musicians alone, music will take its rightful place as the voice of the soul. To reach this Theosophy will have to come into the lives of the people. What music, studied on Theosophical lines as a part of the larger life, can do for the young has already been proved by the successful work of the past ten years at Point Loma and in other nations wherever the Râja Yoga system has been established. Katherine Tingley has brought a new factor into musical teaching, and her work is really only just beginning. In her own words:

We will ever remember that True Music is the highest expression of a pure and harmonious life. V.



We are in soul-essence, verily, a unit; we are part and parcel of each other, bound by the Sacred Law itself; and with all our theorizing we cannot break that Law.

—Katherine Tingley

THE object of the Theosophical Movement is to bring back the heart life to earth — the beautiful, rich, warm heart-life, which sets everything aglow; which gives birth to noble enthusiasms; which lifts one high above all that is mean and sordid and glorifies even the humblest task; which purifies and sweetens every home; which searches out every darkened corner of the earth, and illuminates it with divine fire; which makes heroes out of common men and women and awakens the now undreamed-of sleeping faculties which lie dormant in every human breast but which, aroused, will produce a *renaissance* — a true rebirth — such as only the gods can imagine.

Indeed, so little is there manifest of this, that comparatively few know of its absence. The message of Theosophy is necessary simply to tell the world what it lacks, for the world seems to be searching for other things.

There are many, not acquainted with Theosophy, who will ask: since we are trying to bring back what was once here — the greater ideals of very ancient days — do we mean to imply that progress is not a law of life? For there are many who insist, in the face of all the misery and crime today, that this is the greatest age the planet has ever known. Without arguing with these latter, who perhaps with fuller information might change their minds, it is enough to say that Theosophy *does* unfold a majestic and all-embracing scheme of evolution, such as will make modern science some day kneel at its feet as a little child. It is too much to do more than allude to this here. For a fuller exposition, those who are interested are referred to the now abundant Theosophical literature. But a suggestion of harmony in the paradoxical facts of retrogression and evolution can be found in the common examples about us of people who have appeared to be saints until they were tempted — then becoming devils.

The mind, not the heart, has been the ruling

The Heart-Life

factor in recent civilizations. Probably no one will question this. Even in the schools, education has meant little more than intellectual achievements, the medals, the honors, have all been for these. The fact that these mental competitions have bred envy, ambition, vanity and selfishness in many forms, has either been overlooked or been considered a matter impossible to deal with.

IN our love for poor Humanity, let us salute the Law in a warrior-like spirit; and let us call forth from our hearts a new breath, breathing itself into a new tone of silent, calm effort for peace and light everywhere. Let it be a radiation of the diviner life in ourselves, and a link binding us to the New Order of Ages which we have chosen to build.

Katherine Tingley

The Rāja Yoga Schools have been founded on quite a different basis, and have been intelligently carried on with the idea that *character* is the first thing, and that mental development must be subservient to noble ideals. As a result, the mind unfolds more rapidly and perfectly than under the other systems, and something else, far greater, is being accomplished also. These ideas are now in the air, and earnest educators in different parts of the world are perceiving clearly that there is something radically wrong in modern education.

The schools being the preparation for later life, here, too, intellect has been the god, and the cleverest succeeds. Legal issues have almost become, not a test of right, but of the skill of lawyers in inventing sophistries. Fortunes are accumulated, not by the most honest, conscientious workers, as we all know, but by the cleverest financiers. This all seems inevitable, and is, with our present ideals.

Out of these ideals has grown the doctrine

of the survival of the fittest, the fittest being the man who is most accomplished in outwitting his neighbor. This may all seem true for a number of centuries, but then the startling results of such ideas become so apparent that all who have escaped ruination begin to awaken to the horror of them. And then it becomes evident that intellect as a master and guide is like a wild elephant turned at large. And people begin to remember that the most clever of all is the arch fiend himself.

Many and many a prominent figure stands out as the incarnation of an intellect without a touch of the heart. And how cold and repellant is such a person! A body which has been vacated by its tenant may seem to some ghastly or awesome, but what is it to that subtle and devilish vehicle — a mind, which the heart-force has vacated! Let those who worship, admire, and are vain of their brilliant minds, beware. The examples of those who have taken this course are before them.

The intellect remains powerful only so long as it subjugates the faculties below it. But as there is no higher force than ambition in cold intellect itself, to hold it on its throne, by degrees other desires, often of a pleasure-loving or sensual character, enter and gain the ascendancy. So we have degenerates of all classes, from the cold intellectual degenerate, to the lowest kind of a sot. There is no denying it. The world is full of them. The most unbelievable, unnamable, the most disgusting, the most horrible crimes are every day, every hour, every minute, being recorded. We have hell on earth in areas all over the globe. There is no need to preach of hell in the distance of either space or time. It is just here and now.

The time is indeed ripe for Theosophy to come again to the rescue, as it has come in many an age before, for selfishness has brought our civilization to the verge of destroying itself. That this is not fully realized is because



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LOMALAND GARDENS OVERLOOKING THE SEA

people are asleep, and because, as said before, the real heart-force has for so long been in abeyance that few know what it really is. A sentiment has taken its place even in well-meaning and naturally unselfish people. They have desired to make happy their friends and so have given their lives in catering to others' ideas of happiness, which has been generally equivalent to catering to their weaknesses. Unwittingly they have contributed to the general result — chaos, unrest, Hades.

The heart-force has not been quite absent, surely, or we could not have lived. Scattered through the ages have been the innumerable hosts of Great Souls who have worked for humanity in the true way, but for the most part they have been persecuted and misunderstood; so they have succeeded only in keeping the fires burning here and there, and the planet has not been consumed in darkness.

But we must not forget the noble lives of many who are living today, and have always existed in greater or less numbers, who, though they commit one mistake after another and advocate one false scheme after another, are yet trying to stem the tide to the best of their belief. They suffer from not having a true philosophy of life. The mind they are trying to guide is not well instructed, and therefore is a poor instrument. The heart as the master must have a well-trained servant in the mind, to do efficient work. Without this perfect balance we cannot advance. Râja Yoga means that perfect balance. It does not underrate the mind, in fact, Theosophy teaches that the particular purpose of this earthly evolution is the development of mind. This is called a

mind-bearing planet. *But it puts mind in its proper place and relation to the soul.* A true philosophy of life is, of course, necessary for right living and none can teach this except fully evolved men. It is absurd for the half-formed men of our present civilization to *expect* to present a true and complete philosophy. They are not in a position to do this, however fine their minds may be. It is the advance Souls, the true Teachers of humanity, who give this from age to age to men according to their development and needs.

Theosophy is the expression of the wisdom of the ages and presents to the mind a true philosophy, but it evokes at the same time the heart-life. With that comes the love for all that lives; a perception of the beauty of the vibrating life hidden in the stone, stirring in the trees, and looking out through the eyes of men. Also comes the desire to liberate the beauty that is buried in the undeveloped soil of human nature—a desire so pure and strong that no evil in one's own or another's nature can be passed without protest. It is indeed, in its perfection, the presence of the Warrior on earth—the Warrior, of whom it says in *Light on the Path*:

Obey him, not as though he were a general, but as though he were thyself, and his spoken words were the utterance of thy secret desires; for he is thyself, yet infinitely wiser and stronger than thyself. Look for him, else in the fever and hurry of the fight thou mayest pass him; and he will not know thee unless thou knowest him. If thy cry meet his listening ear, then will he fight in thee, and fill the dull void within. And if this is so, then canst thou go through the fight cool and unwearied, standing aside and letting him battle for thee. Then it will be impossible for thee to strike one blow amiss.

But if thou look not for him, if thou pass him by, then there is no safeguard for thee. Thy brain will reel, thy heart grow uncertain, and in the dust of the battlefield thy sight and senses will fail, and thou wilt not know thy friends from thy enemies.

GERTRUDE VAN PELT

Sixty Years After

IT must sometimes be among the ways of Karma that an experience should be almost exactly repeated, that some essential event in one incarnation should be copied in the next. Experience has not been exhausted; there is still something to be got out of it. The poor French dressmaker who has just written the book of the hour, has reminded several reviewers of an antetype of sixty years ago. Marguerite Audoux almost repeats Reine Garde; *Marie-Claire* repeats *Marie-Rose*. One of the reviewers says:

If it be strange that an uneducated woman should write a successful romance, it is stranger still that it should happen twice; that two women with sixty years between them, the latter knowing nothing of her predecessor, should not only pass through the same experience but write practically the same book, and reap the same success. Both orphans born under unhappy circumstances, and brought up by nuns; both dressmakers after working on a farm; both write their autobiographies in novel form; both find influential godfathers, reach the public and become the literary heroines of the day.

The coincidence is however only strange in coming to light. Why should it not happen many times? The Dreyfus affair is paralleled, even in its details, by a certain similar case occurring two centuries previously and any close student of history can multiply examples. A study of cyclic law throws light upon this. C.

OUR YOUNG FOLK

The Author of Robinson Crusoe

THOUGH Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, did not himself have the adventures he describes in that book, he did have a very active and stirring life. The period when he lived, 1661 to 1731, was full of bitter strife in England, between political parties and also between dissenters and high-churchmen. Defoe was a champion of liberty of conscience. He never scrupled either to oppose what he thought wrong in any party, even his own, or to support what he believed to be right even when it was upheld by his opponents. This independence caused him to be persecuted by both sides. In 1715 Defoe wrote *An Appeal to Honor and Justice*, in which he explained his position to his countrymen; and then he deserted public life and, settling down in quiet, wrote *Robinson Crusoe*.

A book published in 1712, telling of the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, suggested the story of Robinson Crusoe, which is said to be the best narrative in the English language. So, even if you have read *Robinson Crusoe* for the enjoyment of the tale of adventure, you must read it again, later or when you are a student, in order to appreciate the admirable simplicity of Defoe's style of writing.

Daniel Defoe wrote a great many other books and scores of pamphlets. One of his books, the *Essay on Projects*, was much esteemed by Benjamin Franklin. It is full of suggestions for improvements and reforms, including better roads, a saving's bank for the poor, widow's funds and friendly societies, a military college, and a college for the higher education of women, all of which have been established since 1697, when Defoe wrote this book.

One of Defoe's pamphlets raised a great outcry against him. It was called *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*. He could not ignore intolerance in religious matters, and, though he was a Dissenter himself, he aimed a severe hit at the intolerance of the Dissenters, before going on to ridicule the harshness of the High Churchmen. The Dissenters were angry with Defoe for his rebuke, and the High Churchmen were furious when they found out that he was satirizing them. Defoe was condemned to stand in the pillory and to be imprisoned. He had a ready pen, however, and wrote a clever poem called *Hymn to the Pillory*, which won the people of London over to his side, even while he was suffering the penalty.

This did not save him from the term in prison. Here he was busy with a new project. He started a *Review*. It came out twice a week at first and then three times a week. Defoe wrote it all himself. Besides articles on great public questions, and news, it contained imaginary letters and short discussions of the customs and happenings of the day written in a light, interesting style. These were the fore-



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MONUMENT TO DEFOE IN BUNHILL FIELDS
BURIAL GROUNDS, LONDON

LINES

WHAT care I for caste or creed?
It is the deed, it is the deed;
What for crown or what for crest?
It is the man, it is the man;
Heirs of love, and joy, and woe,
Who is high and who is low?
Mountain, valley, sky and sea.
Are all for humanity.

What care I for robes or stole?
It is the soul, it is the soul;
What for crown or what for crest?
It is the heart within the breast;
It is the faith, it is the hope.
It is the struggle up the slope,
It is the brain and eye to see
One God and one humanity.

Robert Lovenar in *Ainslee's*

runner of the famous *Spectator* written soon after by Addison and Steele.

Defoe, you see, was energetic and resourceful. He was also honest and honorable, paying to the last dollar his indebtedness, after a business failure. He learned many lessons, which he has endeavored to pass on to young folk in *Robinson Crusoe*.

This monument was erected by the children of the world, their little subscriptions having been massed to cover the expense of it. M. G.

The Preservation of Ancient Swedish Instruments and Furniture

A NEW interest has awakened in Sweden in gathering and preserving old musical instruments, furniture, architectural remains, etc. Prince Eugene, son of King Oscar, and a prominent artist, full of love and appreciation of all that belongs to Sweden, has set about reawakening the interest of all classes in the peculiar old instruments, which in past times were common among the peasants, but now have been put aside for modern, if less interesting instruments.

On clear summer days, old men from all parts of the country come together on the invitation of the Prince, and these old musicians present a picture which one can hardly forget. Many of them look as if they had been dug up by some antiquary. With what love and tenderness they treat their strange instruments! On an occasion like this there is an opportunity of seeing what a wealth of musical instruments the country possesses. There are pipes, flutes, fiddles, and all kinds of string instruments, which one never now sees, not even in the museums. With hands that tremble with old age, they commence to play, and wonderful, solemn, or cheerful tunes enchant the listener. It sounds like the song of the neck, like tomté voices, and is appealing, enchanting, fascinating.

After the performance the best players receive their prizes. This makes the younger folk interested too, and by and by the old men will have a troop of pupils who will in their turn teach those still younger, thus preventing these old arts from dying out entirely.

An equally lively interest is taken in keeping up the ideal in furniture-making. Here and there out in the country, those lovers of our old crafts see a handsomely carved stool, a chest of unusually pure style, or a chair of which there does not exist a copy, and they immediately try to find a carpenter who knows how to make them. This is often not so easy. Sometimes not one carpenter in a whole province knows how to make this old furniture properly; sometimes they find an old man, who, when questioned about this furniture, answers, that in his youth he used to do those things, but that no one nowadays cares for them, so he had to stop making them. Then he is given an order for say about a dozen chairs, and before long the whole village is busy making old-fashioned chairs.

The annual exhibitions in different cities in Sweden, and the interest which all traveling foreigners show in these things, are a spur to new activity, and it is not hard to prophesy, that before many years have passed, cheap modern wares will be out of fashion, as these genuine, characteristic things were for so long, until Prince Eugene's patriotism inspired him to try to preserve these treasures. R.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

How Jack Learned his Lesson

ONCE there was a little boy who so loved birds and animals that he could understand their speech, but though he was very kind at heart, he was full of mischievous fun and often got himself into trouble.

One day, *just for fun*, he played a trick on his little sister, which hurt her feelings very much. It happened that all the family were going to a picnic; so, as a reminder, Jack had to stay at home with the one old servant. Instead of making him feel repentant, this made him resentful; for he said he had not meant to hurt Mary—and he determined to run away from home. So tying up some food and a few clothes, he started.

He had not gone far when in crossing a meadow he met a drake with a poke on its neck.

"Why have you that on your neck?" asked Jack.

"Oh, because I would not keep out of the garden," answered the drake.

"But doesn't it make you angry to be treated so unkindly?" asked Jack.

"What good would it do to be angry?" answered the drake. "When my master sees that I will stay in my own meadow, instead of eating up the vegetables, I expect that he will take it off. My master is a kind man and is good to me."

Then Jack went on till he came to a pasture where he saw a cow with a board tied over her horns, so that it came down over her eyes and she could only see sideways.

"Why have you that board on your horns?" asked Jack.

"Oh, because I hooked one of the calves for fun," answered the cow.

"But doesn't it make you angry to be treated so unkindly?" asked Jack.

"Why should I be angry?" answered the cow. "If I deserved it, I must endure it. If I behave myself I expect my master will soon take it off again. He is a kind man and is very good to me."

Then Jack went on, and in crossing a field he saw a black horse grazing with a chain fastened to a hind and a fore leg, so that he could take only a very short step.

"Why have you that chain on your legs?" asked Jack.

"Oh, because I kicked the bay colt just for fun," answered the horse.

"But doesn't it make you angry to be treated so unkindly?" asked Jack.

"What good would it do me to be angry," answered the horse. "When I can learn that it is not fun for the colt to be kicked for fun, I expect that my master will take the chain off. He is a kind man and is very good to me."

Then the horse stopped grazing and, looking at Jack, asked:

"Where may you be going?" But Jack did not answer, only silently turned and went back home, saying to himself: "Jack Ander-



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A MARKET-PLACE IN TOBAGO
SAID TO BE ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

TO A CRICKET

VOICE of summer, keen and shrill,
Chirping round my winter fire,
Of thy song I never tire,
Weary others as they will,
For thy song with summer's filled—
Filled with sunshine, filled with June;
Firelight echo of that noon
Heard in fields when all is stilled
In the golden light of May,
Bringing scents of new-mown hay,
Bees, and birds, and flowers away,
Prithce, haunt my fireside still,
Voice of summer, keen and shrill.

William Cox Bennett (Selected)

son, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your mother is good to you and she only wants to teach you a lesson, so why cannot you take your deserts as well as a horse or a cow or a drake, without being angry? There will be other picnics."

When he got home, he filled the wood-box full of wood, and raked the yard, and watered his mother's flowers, and fed the chickens; and when the family came home from the picnic he was as happy as any of them.

He had learned a lesson which he never forgot. His friends, the animals, had taught him to be more thoughtful about his own little sister's happiness.

AUDREY

The Little Green Bird and the Green-eyed Monster

PETER PAN, the parroquet, was sitting on the sash-curtain rod in the south window, amusing himself with his string of little glass beads, when I began to dust. Now what there was about my dusting to excite the green-eyed monster in little Peter, you cannot imagine, until I explain that I was doing my dusting with a small feather duster. It was the feathers that Peter noticed at once, and he came flying just as fast as his little blue wings could carry him, straight to my shoulder. Ordinarily I should have thought nothing of it, but the extreme affection he was showing, pecking my cheek gently with

all his accompanying kissing noises and coaxings in his sweetest tones, made me wonder at him.

"Now Peter," I said, "what is it you want? Do you want to play with the little feather duster?" and I held it towards him, whereupon he pecked at it savagely and began to scold it. Then I knew that the green-eyed monster had possession of my little green bird, or in other words, Peter was *jealous* of my little feather duster.

What could I do but sit right down and laugh at him? trying to explain to him that I could never love a little bunch of feathers tied to a stick which I use to whisk the dust from my table and desk. The kind of feathers I love are part of my little Peter Pan.

He laughed about it too, but only because I laughed. It wasn't because he was ashamed of himself, for it

was easy to see that he was made unhappy the moment I had anything to do with the duster, in spite of all I could say. So I put it away and smoothed down his ruffled feathers and told him in my most convincing way that I loved my little green bird more than all the little feather dusters in the land, and that it was his love for me that made him jealous. I knew that little birds have no reason with which to govern their feelings as people have, and cannot drive away the "green monster" of jealousy when he takes hold of them. Once before, Peter Pan had been jealous; that time it was of his own reflection in a mirror. He did not know that the bird on my shoulder in the mirror was himself! Perhaps even boys and girls are jealous sometimes when there is no more cause for it than Peter had.

E. P.

A Faithful Playmate

CARLO was a large collie dog, who was the playmate and friend of six small children, living near London.

Circumstances arose which made it seem necessary to their parents to part with Carlo, although they felt just as grieved as the children.

Carlo was given to a friend, who took him to live at a little country village, about sixty miles from his former home. Two days after his departure, while the children were at breakfast, they heard a familiar scratching on the door. When Arthur ran and opened it, what was his surprise and delight to see Carlo, tired and travel-stained. He had walked all the way back from his new home to see his little playmates, whom he greeted with a joyous bow-wow.

Poor Carlo was sent back to his new master, but he was not to be discouraged, for in a few days he again returned to his old home. After he had repeated this three times the children were overjoyed to hear that their faithful friend was to stay with them. Carlo lived to a good old age and was never so happy as when in the company of his young play-fellows, whom he guarded with great care. RITA

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Possible sunshine, 372. Percentage, 58. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 6.93 (decimal notation). Ob-
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18	29.668	64	53	56	55	0.00	W	1
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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 27

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A New Aspect of Haeckel's "Monism"

It is a commonplace that every leader has followers who often go much farther than the chief whose authority they claim as support for their pronouncements. Thus schools of thought are founded in connexion with well known names. Sometimes, however, the chief does not die soon enough, but lives on to a riper experience; his views develop and change, and he is just as frank in his utterances now as he was before. This must be somewhat disconcerting to those who have quoted him.

Something of this kind seems to have happened to Ernst Haeckel, if one may judge by what is being said of him. Thus he is quoted as saying:

Materialism is an ambiguous party word; spiritualism could quite easily be substituted for it.

An "epoch-making" statement, a critic thinks. Further, we read that Haeckel

would fain establish a bond between religion and science, and thus contribute to the adjustment of the antithesis so needlessly maintained between these, the two highest spheres in which the mind can exercise itself.

Two Phases of one Truth

He still clings to his "Monism"; but since, for the purpose in hand, the significance is little more than one of nomenclature, we may pardon

a natural desire to preserve consistency and to stand to one's guns, if only in appearance. For "Monism" is by no means crystallized; it is subject to the law of growth. It is defined by Haeckel as the "conviction that there lives one spirit in all things, and that the world is constituted and developed in accordance with one common fundamental law." He regards knowledge as a unity and refuses to accept the duality implied by the use of the terms spirit and matter or natural and spiritual. There is surely no great fault to be found with such an attitude. The error in connexion with both monism and dualism consists in regarding either of them as a final explanation; whereas really they are alternative ways of viewing the universe, adopted by thinkers in deference to the exigencies of thought. In short, the laws of our thought compel us to adopt each and both of these points of view. We are unable

A Divine Substratum a Necessity

to formulate any philosophy without establishing a dualism; nor on the other hand will the mind consent to regard a dualism as final, but must always be seeking to reconcile that dualism in a unity. The danger for Haeckel, and those whom he represents, therefore, is that they will push their idea too far. They rebel

against those who have carried dualism too far; but it is equally possible to carry monism too far. It is possible to see a conflict where there is none.

Haeckel, we are told by another critic, seems "nervously anxious to get God into his Monism." And we seem to see the venerable figure bending over a jigsaw puzzle which fits only too well and refuses admittance to another piece which the solver holds in his hand, knowing that it must fit in somewhere.

Ever more clearly we are compelled by reflection to recognize that God is not to be placed over against the material world as an external being, but must be placed as a "divine power" or "moving spirit" within the cosmos itself.

This is precisely what Theosophists say when they are advocating the need for a worthier conception of Deity than that entertained by many advocates of religion. Again, we read:

A worthier Conception of Deity

Of course Haeckel does not believe in a personal God; but he talks like a good modern Theist when he declares: "God is everywhere. As Giordano Bruno has it, 'There is one spirit in all things, and no body is so small that it does not contain a part of the divine substance whereby it is animated.' Every atom is thus animated, and so is the ether; we might therefore represent God as the infinite sum of all natural forces, the sum of all atomic forces and all ether-vibrations." (Quoted from *Current Literature*.)

So in the combination of (adumbrated) Theosophy, modern theism, Haeckel, and Giordano Bruno — the great Italian so justly honored in (uneclesiastical) Rome — the theological opponents of Theosophy have an adversary that requires delicate handling.

In thus recognizing the immanency of Deity, it is needful to avoid the danger of belittling the conception by falling into a purely naturalistic pantheism. We must not exalt the mere exterior powers of nature to the throne of Olympus; for Pan is not the All-Father.

There are worlds within worlds; and though we may unify our conception of nature by postulating one universal animating spirit or soul, still that spirit is itself but a manifestation of THAT which is beyond. Do we aspire to become students of a universal philosophy embracing all departments of knowledge in one, we must be ready to go further than mere experimental theorizing. We must recognize that such a study has engaged the earnest attention of race after race of men from all antiquity, and that consequently the garnerings of the past demand our attention. Studying in this way, we shall find that modern animism, materialism, etc., are merely

skirting the borders of a mighty ocean of thought. But it is noteworthy that so many different schools of modern thought should now be heading in the same direction, as though preparing for a convergent march towards the heights of truth. We have Dr. Russel Wallace, another great leader of science, who has likewise lived on and lived through some of his earlier and cruder opinions.

Advances and Dangers Over against materialism we have the contrary danger of pseudo-idealism, as to which H. P. Blavatsky said (1888):

Diametrically opposed as may be the materialism of the German Evolutionists to the spiritual conception of Esoteric philosophy . . . the pseudo-idealistic bias now coloring English thought is almost more pernicious. The pure materialistic doctrine admits of a direct refutation and appeal to the logic of facts. The idealism of the present day not only contrives to absorb, on the one hand, the basic negations of Atheism, but lands its votaries in a tangle of *unreality*, which culminates in a practical Nihilism.—*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II p. 651.

These remarks apply to a good deal of pseudo-idealism that lands its votaries in a tangle of unreality—that has seen the light since they were written. We have cults whose very watchword is spirit, whose devil is matter, and yet which actually are more fundamentally materialistic than anything yet; which treat God as if he were an onion to be carried in the pocket to ward off rheumatism; which speak of spiritual powers as a beetle might speak of its horny carapace and pincers—as appliances which it bears about in its little cosmos for its own comfort and protection. The great foe to materialism—or shall we say animalism?—is magnanimity, greatness of soul. STUDENT

The Art of Illumination

GLANCE at the scientific papers shows what interest is now being taken in the art of illumination, for which a new term, "illuminating engineering," has been invented. Both the best means of lighting a room and the color of the artificial light to be used are under consideration. Direct illumination is now avoided, whether from daylight or artificial light. The aim is to diffuse the light, as it is diffused in the open air, instead of having it come from one or more points, or concentrating it in spots. The daylight is admitted through the ceiling of ground glass, instead of through windows; or the electric light is used in bowls hung just below the ceiling, so that the reflected light from the ceiling illuminates the room, and the lamps themselves are not seen. The question of shadows is also carefully considered. In the matter of color, the question, "Why should not artificial light be of the same tint as daylight?" is weighed against the equally reasonable question, "Why should it?" Given that, by long heredity, we have lost the habit of being lulled to early slumber, like the birds, by the pale blue twilight gleams—why not satisfy our need for a renewed activity by the use of the warmer end of the spectrum, just as our ancestors did with their hearth-fires and pine-knots, their sons with their tallow-dips, and their grandsons with coal-gas? Why rack our nerves with a light that protracts the garish day or soaks us in actinic rays? In short, why

not make the color of lights an art? All kinds of psychological effects can be thus produced, and it is pleasant to let the imagination run riot in forecasting the possibilities. An audience or a party of guests might be put through the gamut of sensations, as Alexander was by Timotheus' lyre; or one could switch on a little more red, if one felt cold, and a little blue if one wanted to do intellectual work. But these finer effects are so largely masked by the imperfection of our habits in other respects, such as meat and drink, indoor living, and inadequate clothing. People ignore the most violent discords in scenic effect, because they are not sensitive on that plane—they cannot afford to be. These finer touches will be more appropriate later on, after we have righted some other matters. H.

Pure Science and Practical Utility

THE archer aims higher than his mark. If we aim too directly at practical results, we strike too low.

Speaking in favor of the culture of pure science, as contrasted with applied science, an eminent man of science pointed out that the best practical results have sprung from the work of men who studied science for its own sake and from desire of knowledge, and not with any view to practical results. We forget this; and, rejoicing in the applied results, we seek to obtain more by aiming directly at further practical results. Thus we fall short of the mark.

This principle holds good in other things besides science; it holds good generally. We often hear the question, "What's the good of studying this? it never will be of any use to me." Sometimes, no doubt, the complaint may be warranted; but oftener not. It is beyond the student's power to foresee what practical uses may eventually spring from the miscellaneous and wide knowledge and training he has garnered; but it is not beyond the power of the older person to look backwards.

Practical results come rather as a reward to those who have not made them the primary consideration. Those who have aimed directly for practical results have been wont to achieve less than they aimed at. It is well for us that we have some disinterested motives, or we should always be exploring the ground before us, like the lowly beetle.

All honor and encouragement be to those who study for the love of study and knowledge; for they are the ones who discover the general principles which afterwards are applied to practical results. College and shop? Let those who would abolish the college remember the fable about the man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. Much is said about technical instruction—much that is good; but it is no use teaching people to apply what they haven't got; and the supply will run short unless kept up. We must have students of pure knowledge—people whose function is not to apply but to prepare material and conditions for those who do—and to lead them ever onward to nobler heights. TRAVERS

RECENT analysis of numerous observations shows that the Netherlands are sinking at the rate of six and a half to eight inches a century. Probably some ocean-floor is rising. We shall have to put bench-marks down there to calculate the axial displacement. D.

Development of Crystals

WITH regard to the development of crystals, the question has been asked, Does the crystal, so far as the highest magnifying power can follow it, begin with the same shapes as it is destined to have when fully grown? Or is there such a thing as an embryo crystal, having a different form from the subsequent product? So far as the best observers have been able to determine, it would seem that the former alternative is the right one, and that big crystals are made of little crystals, and little ones of lesser ones, and so *ad infinitum*. Certain experiments which have seemed to show the contrary have been ruled out of court because the conditions were not fair, Canada balsam being used, for instance; the alleged embryos have been said to be merely globules of the balsam. So far as we can see, then, crystals are made up of—crystals; so that the researches cannot be said to have carried us very far in the way of an explanation.

But physical matter, if it does not come into being in one shape, must certainly do so in another shape, so the point is not of much significance. It might be considered a simplification, however, if we could show the sphere (for instance) to be the primary shape, and the other shapes derived from it. Yet may it not be that each crystalline form originates as such? The atoms themselves would then be cubes, octahedra, etc., and the microscope of the future might show them springing suddenly into visibility from out the invisible. But, if we are to go beyond this, we shall have to analyse geometrical form itself, and split size into something that is not size. We shall have to find a stick so small that, if we cut it into two any more, we shall have nothing but two separate ends left. In short, the problem becomes metaphysical. STUDENT

Italy's Jubilee

THE recent opening by the King of Italy of the great Exposition in Rome which celebrates the jubilee of Italian unification, and the opening by the King of another Exposition which is being held in Turin, should not be passed over, for they can certainly be counted among important signs of the times. Greater issues than national patriotism, great and worthy as that is, are involved; for there is always the international touch about these expositions. They unite on cordial terms men of many nations on a basis of mutual interest and aspiration for the future; they are concerned with practical objects, such as self-government, science, art, and all kinds of human and social polity.

The true reverence for antiquity, so appropriate to a city like Rome and a country like Italy, is brought out; the same being carefully distinguished from that spurious veneration which merely clings to outworn traditions of creed and policy. The Italians seem determined to show the world that they can manage their own affairs and that the manifestation of a progressive spirit is not inconsistent with a due estimation of the greatness of their mighty past—nay, that the two spirits help and complete each other. TRAVERS

AN airplane has flown from London to Paris, two hundred and fifty miles, in three hours and fifty-six minutes. J.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The "Anthropocentric Superstition"

DR. MAX NORDAU, of "Degeneration" fame, in his recent book *The Interpretation of History*, whilst giving us the interpretation tells us that it is not worth having. For man in his entire evolution is but a brief and casual episode in the cosmic order, a mere flash given off at a particular moment of its changes, a bye-product. "The appearance and future disappearance of humanity is a trivial episode in the eternal origination and disappearance of the solar system." Even the maintenance of this "episode" for the moment of its flash is a sort of "defiance of nature," an artificial suspension of her march. Man's "whole existence is as paradoxical as that of the diver in the depths of the sea." He is interesting to himself, but that is only because he is the victim of the "anthropocentric superstition." The "episode" flatters itself that it is the real story.

Even if Dr. Nordau has not himself kept up with the philosophic growth of the time, he might at least know that this sort of stuff has had its day. It is a mere continuation under changed form of the reaction from the old ecclesiastical view that the universe exists but as a setting to the alone inhabited earth. We need not limit the word man to *terrestrial* humanity in maintaining that the universe exists for his evolution.

People know more both of matter and of consciousness than they did. They have got the world right way up, perceiving that matter must submit to be interpreted in terms of its reality, which is consciousness, force in terms of its reality, which is will. Consciousness never was a product of matter; there is no meaning in any such phrase. Matter is a set of conscious units, and no atom ever yet accomplished a single change of any sort except under the direction of will—its own or other. And the whole set of changes have their final interpretation and meaning as the evolution of consciousness up to, through, and beyond the phase we call human. Man, in the fullest sense, is the meaning of the universe. The "eternal origination and disappearance of the solar system," and of the system of systems, is to be read from its other side in the steps of evolution of consciousness. STUDENT

Vivisection Without Knife

THERE are vivi-"sections" which do not cut but may be just as cruel. Prolonged exposure to radium is one of them. *Umschau* describes some experimentation of this kind made upon rabbits by the Russian physiologist London. For the first two weeks of the exposure nothing happened. Then red spots appeared on the animals' ears and elsewhere. Several weeks after, the red spots, which had become bald, ulcerated. The ulcers remained and worsened for many months. The rabbits' hind legs became paralysed, until at last they could only drag themselves about on their bellies by movements of the fore legs. The retina was destroyed and the eyes closed with a thick secretion. Frogs

and mice were similarly experimented upon, but their death occurred much sooner.

Vivisection assures us that their work, when it would result in much pain, is done under anaesthetics and the animal killed before recovery. Were these rabbits chloroformed during the year or so of their wretched lives? Did not these months contain the equivalent in pain to the after effects of many cutting operations?

It may be urged that it is desirable we should know the powers of radium. It happens that no knowledge resulted from this set of experiments that we had not already derived from the accidental exposure of workers with it or from deductions from the results of such exposure.

But the excuse is beside the mark. Vivisection remains morally wrong whatever knowledge it produces. And since the public permits it, it pays the price. That is to say, its doctors are calloused; it is itself vivisected in hospitals (vide the recent statements of the English surgeon Snow); and do we not now and then come face to face with the fact that nurses and doctors may commit murder by methods invented and perfected for experimentation by the vivisectioners? STUDENT

Character Reading with Calipers

A FRENCH physician suggests that in time, some extension of the Bertillon methods may enable us to read character with certainty, to judge that with this or that relation among his measurements such or another man must have theft or music concealed in him, would be a good lawyer, would succeed as foreman among large bodies of laborers, has great ability in literature but is unstable, and so on.

Men who are called good character readers, as, say, Napoleon was, are often so by what one might call the calipers method. Consciously or unconsciously they interpret externals, not only gross ones, size of mouth, shape of nose and the like, whose significance is known to all of us—but much finer ones usually quite unnoticed by the majority. It is a power which develops from the desire to use other men, grows of course with practice and is doubtless carried from one life to another.

But the desire to use others is nearly always purely selfish. And selfishness, excluding sympathy, the *feeling-with*, negates the other and better way of character reading. When by a swift fine application of your mental calipers you have decided that a man will act in such a way under such circumstances, you may yet have barely regarded him as a conscious feeling self at all. You may only know that this piece of human apparatus may be depended upon, or not, to act successfully in furtherance of your interests and ambitions. That was perhaps the extent of Napoleon's judgment, swift and accurate as it was.

Men and women of the other method will probably use the calipers too. They know as well as the rest of us that a certain shaped nose or hand betokens will or artistic power, that a certain expression means mental or phy-

sical pain. But some of them have already reached a fuller reading in another way. They began—perhaps many lives ago—by fully and sympathetically recognizing that there was a consciousness and play of feeling in others as vivid as in themselves, as interesting as their own if they could know it, as essential a part of total human life as their own. Professor Royce has finely said something which comes in very well here:

What, then, is our neighbor? Thou hast regarded his thoughts, his feelings, as something different from thine. Thou hast said, "A pain in him is not like a pain in me, but something far easier to bear." He seems to thee a little less living than thou; his life is dim, it is cold, it is a pale fire beside thine own burning desires. . . . So, dimly and by instinct hast thou lived with thy neighbor, and hast known him not, being blind. Thou hast made [of him] a thing, no Self at all. Have done with this illusion, and simply try to learn the truth. Pain is pain, joy is joy, everywhere, even as in thee . . . in all sickness and sorrow; in all exultation and hope, everywhere, from the lowest to the noblest, the same conscious, burning, wilful life is found, endlessly manifold as the forms of the living creatures . . . real as these impulses that even now throb in thy little selfish heart . . . if thou hast *known* that, thou hast begun to know thy duty.

It is this knowing, this admission, continuously lived by, which begets true character reading. Say what you will, such a continuously maintained sympathy generates a real occult power in no other way to be had—the power of feeling or surely cognizing character independently of any external marks, though the marks may also and instinctively be given their interpretation.

Much more follows. For he who can thus read humanity can read divinity and the universe. STUDENT

Vice in Cash Terms

THE committee which has been investigating certain conditions in one of our great cities thus distils the essence of its findings:

Chicago's annual toll to vice is \$60,000,000.

The Nation thereupon comments caustically on the committee's thus implied theory

that all the sins and ills of humanity are best translated into terms of dollars and cents.

It is inexcusably insulting to the heart of the man in the street. Not by cash considerations was New York recently stirred to horror when one hundred and forty-five lives were lost by fire.

But the committee was only desiring to give the imagination a concrete text to work with. The one hundred and forty-five lives is such a text. So was the disinterment of the bodies.

In what other way could all that vice and its results be printably summed up and made vivid in one sentence? How otherwise could you quantitatively present this degradation of consciousness, the poisoning of national vitality which the underground life of one city can effect? "The man in the street" is not a reader of committees' reports. If he is to be reached at all he must be hit with something he can understand at a glance. C.

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

The Easter Island Giants

IN the *Illustrated London News* for March 25 are two pages of photographs headed "The Mystery of the Pacific: the Colossal Statues on Easter Island. Carved by the Giants Mentioned in Genesis? Colossal Heads." One cut shows the position of the statues, the Lake in the extinct crater on Rana Roraka. Other cuts show different views of the statues themselves and the quarry whence they are believed to have been cut. Quotations are made from an article in the *London Magazine*, which was reviewed in the *CENTURY PATH* for September 10 last. Some of these are curious; for instance: "probably one of the few survivals of the inhabited world prior to the time of the archaic Noah." There are many things which are now put back before the time of the "Biblical" Noah; but perhaps the "archaic Noah" is something else.

Another remark runs: "Possibly made by the race of wicked giants for whose punishment the Flood was brought about." Again: "A testimony to the truth of the Scriptures of the times when the world was inhabited by giants." Other quotations run as follows:

The features and general expression of the faces of all the statues are utterly unlike in every detail any known type among the Polynesians of the present time. . . .

There is evidence that both a race of giants inhabited the land and that they were destroyed by a cataclysm.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

TOTEM POLES AT HAINES' MISSION, ALASKA

Easter Island lies isolated in the Southern Pacific, 2000 miles from the west coast of America. It is twenty-nine miles around, and volcanic in structure, with ancient craters. It contains five hundred and fifty-five statues, ranging in height from seventy feet to three feet, beautifully carved out of hard trachyte. Their great antiquity is shown by the fact that though of such hard material, many are badly weathered. They consist of a head and bust almost to the hips, and rested on large platforms, of which more than a hundred were found, some of them over five hundred feet long and ten feet high and wide, of immense stones, uncemented, but admirably dressed and fitted. Many of the stones weigh over five tons each. The platforms contain tombs, thus making the island seem like a vast cemetery with memorials of the dead. Two of the statues are in the British Museum, having been brought over about forty years ago.

As to the significance of this marvelous and too little known memorial of antiquity, we may soon dispose of the feeble attempt to turn it all to the credit of the Hebraic Scriptures. The stories of a race of wicked giants,

and a Flood are universal; and the Bible narrative, in giving its version, merely follows a general fashion. The truth of that ancient tradition is confirmed, but no special case is made out for the Hebrew Bible or for any other particular scripture that may contain the account. Whatever glory, therefore is claimed for the Bible and its authorship, must logically be conceded to the Red Man and the Polynesian savage, to the Mexican *Popol Vuh*, the Chaldaean Flood story, the Scandinavian mythology, etc. etc. All that is shown with regard to the Bible is that it contains some true legends; but so does classical mythology and tribal folklore.

What is really attested is the truth of the teachings in *The Secret Doctrine*, as to the great antiquity of man and the existence of gigantic prehistoric races. Easter Island is a relic of Lemuria, the continent of the Third Root-Race, which formerly occupied the Southern Pacific. Geologists admit the existence of such a continent; indeed the name Lemuria was given by them. This island was at one time taken possession of by some Atlantean refugees. The sensual type of the

features of the statues denotes the sorcerers rather than the wise Atlanteans who are responsible for some other works, such as the colossal statues of Bamiyan in Afghanistan.

Very likely the Biblical narrative refers to the cataclysmic destruction of the evil giants, and it is satisfactory to know that the Bible follows the general consensus of tradition in this respect. We note that the *Illustrated London News* announces a series of illustrations devoted to the mysteries of the world. Periodicals minister to the public taste, and the public taste demands this kind of knowledge. It has been too long spoon-fed on one kind of theology and biological fads.

STUDENT

Totem Poles

TOTEMISM is a subject of great interest and puzzlement to the archaeologist, and has been treated in the *CENTURY PATH* for February 11 of this year and November 22 and December 13, 1908. Totems are symbols of protective influences and pertain to individuals, families, and clans. The institution may be compared to that of Freemasonry. Even in its present altered form there is much more in it than Western folk usually know; but it is not easy for the races to reciprocate confidence in such matters. If we could trace this and many other tribal institutions back to their origin, we should doubtless find that they

have sprung from some ancient mystic knowledge. Many of the ceremonies of ancient nations, whether aboriginal or classical, in which some modern critics have seen merely idolatry, were designed to attune the people to the cosmic powers or "Gods"; but it has frequently happened that institutions pure and worthy in their inception, have degenerated into superstition.

Among the Korean mountain folk, Frank N. Meyer, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, noticed totem poles so like those of the Alaskans that only a specialist in totem poles could tell the difference. H.

The Frisian Language

AMONG efforts being made to preserve disappearing languages is a movement for preserving the still extant North Frisian dialects, which contributed so largely to the formation of English. They are spoken in the islands of Sylt, Föhr, Amrum, and Helgoland; but are seriously threatened by the annual influx of visitors and by immigration from the mainland. Frisian school-books and song-books are to be provided. E.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The Age of the Earth

GEOLOGISTS have been permitting the age of the earth as a solid body to advance by leaps and bounds of late years. It has been variously twenty million, one hundred million, five hundred million. But the last leap, still depending upon the presence of radio-active substances, outleaps all the others. For we have come to the very respectable total of 7,500,000,000 years.

It is got at in this way. In any given rock inhabited by radium we also find radium's parent, uranium, and in a quantity three million times as great. Now radium is constantly degenerating, taking two thousand five hundred years to disappear into or become its own emanation or offspring. Evidently uranium cannot become radium as fast as radium becomes its emanation. If it did the temperature of the earth would be almost sensibly rising, would indeed ages ago have rendered the earth uninhabitable; for both decompositions are attended by the liberation of relatively much heat.

But as we know the general temperature of the earth for the last few millions of years, and know that it has been about what it is now during a period long enough for the argument to stand, we can assume that the changes of uranium and radium have been about what they are now. The degeneration of uranium into radium is therefore assumed to take place three million times as slowly as that of radium into its emanation.

The development of uranium, the heaviest of all elements, remains to be accounted for. As the heaviest, it may be the parent of *all* the rest. Such few changes in elements as are actually known to us are in the direction of lightness. To put it in a general formula, each heavy element tends to break up into a light one and another whose weight is that of the original minus that light one—and so on. Of the building up of a heavy one from two or more of lighter weight we know nothing.

To come back to the question. Since it takes radium to form from uranium three million times as long as it takes the emanation to form from radium, and the latter takes 2500 years, the former must take the period we have already mentioned. And the solid earth is therefore at any rate as old as that.

STUDENT

Push or Pull?

SCIENCE seems to think it easier to understand a push than a pull. There is consequently a recurrent attempt to explain gravitation as a case of the former rather than the latter. Le Sage's presentation of such a theory has been given up; we owe the last attempt to Mr. Charles Brush, who makes it in *Science*.

Ether, he says, is a vast storehouse of energy, part at any rate of which exists in the form of waves propagated in every direction "without finite source or destination." They result from the degradation of other sorts of waves, light, heat, electricity, and so on, just as

wind-ripples on the surface of water . . . continually degenerate in wave frequency until they are absorbed into and become a part of the mighty swell of the ocean.

If there were but one body in space these waves would hit it or press upon it in all directions equally, and it would remain motionless. But let there be another body at some little distance from it. Each now shields the other so that on the sides facing no blows fall. On the opposite sides they fall as before, and, being now not antagonized, push the two bodies together. This push constitutes gravitation.

A formidable difficulty at once appears. Do the supposed forces pass through matter, or do they not? The theory obviously requires that they shall not, that they shall strike upon it and be more or less absorbed. Then in that case gravitation does not depend upon mass; for two empty shells would just as well shield each other as two solid spheres. Moreover the absorbed force would heat the matter absorbing it, and thus all bodies in space would be rising in temperature. If on the other hand the forces pass through matter without being absorbed they will exert no pressure upon it.

And then, letting it be granted that gravitation is thus explained without the objectionable pull, how about those other cases of attraction known as magnetism and chemical affinity? Since the theory will not cover them also, the pull reappears after all in cosmos. If it occurs here why not there? The secret of gravity is evidently yet to seek. STUDENT

Physical Immortality

MR. JULIAN HUXLEY, writing in an English contemporary, wonders whether we shall ever approach the attainment of physical immortality. The basis of his question is the "potential immortality of protoplasm." The body is made up of cells, and we want to know whether nature ever intended cells to die. The lowest organisms consist of one cell only and at a certain point in the career of such an organism it shirks the need of dying by dividing into two. In these two, which grow to the original size, it continues its life. And each of them in its turn behaves as its parent. The line is unbroken. That is to say, from the living protoplasm of our own bodies we could go back through an unbroken line of still living protoplasm to the very beginning of life. And in the same way we hand on some of our living protoplasm to the next generation. Why should the protoplasm which remains behind in our present possession be *necessarily* subject to death?

Science must stop here for want of knowledge. The difficulty is a little less if we assume that with the beginning of truly multicelled organisms protoplasm became of two kinds, one the "immortal," in close and continuous relation with the life force (a real entity), the other not, or not so close. The former would be the stream of germ plasm, the germ cells; the other the general cells

of the body. The latter would therefore have their limit in respect of regeneration and reproduction; the former not. Reform of habit and added knowledge would consequently never confer physical immortality though they might enable us to procure three or four hundred years of life for our bodies. The immortality—that is, the special relation to the life-force—would remain for the line of handed-on germ plasm alone.

It is not so absurd today as it would have been a few years ago to refer to a life-force as a special diffused presence *sui generis*. A few years hence it will be thought absurd to attempt to account for physiological phenomena without it. STUDENT

The Flare of Meteors

THE recent meeting of the British Astronomical Association was marked by a curious criticism of the current theory of the flare of meteors. Entering our atmosphere from outer space they are supposed to be raised to white heat by friction.

It was this that was called in question by Mr. Holmes. He calculated what would be the thickness of the atmosphere if it were all compressed so as to have the same density as at the earth's surface, and then asked whether anyone would like to have a cannon fired at him with only that thickness of air between. In other words is that thickness competent to raise a meteor to white heat and sometimes reduce it to molecular dust?

The point was rather a new one and called forth a good deal of discussion. It was of course remarked that the speed of the moving body increased the resistance of the air in front of it. But it was generally felt that a weak place in the textbooks had been revealed.

We should suggest that the real weak place is that we do not know the composition of the atmosphere on its far outskirts. The reversing layer, for instance, some eight miles outward, where the previously falling temperature begins to rise again, is a matter of quite recent knowledge. STUDENT

The "Speech Center"

THE cerebral localization theory seems to be nearing its demise, at any rate its complete restatement. A contributor to the *British Medical Journal*, concluding an article on the "speech center," Broca's convolution in the left frontal lobe, says:

If the convolution of Broca is the seat of the faculty of language its destruction should be invariably followed by loss or impairment of that faculty; further, where there is loss or impairment of the faculty of language this convolution should always show some demonstrable change; if neither of these relations exist, then the only possible verdict must be that the existence of the supposed relation is not proved.

The restatement will be something like this: That the *faculty* of speech is mental and volitional; that the first stage in the *act* of speech is the handing over of mentally arranged words to those brain paths in closest relation to the muscles concerned; and that when these paths are damaged others tend to be used. M. D.

Nature

Studies

FLOWER SONGS

III—The Daffodil

DOWN in the vale where the peat-brown river,
Mid reeds a-quiver, through meads a-dream
Slow meandereth sea-ward ever,
What 's yon yellow delight a-gleam?

Daffodil!

Daff, daff, daffodil!

Saffron, stainless, mystery-beam.

Asphodel and Daffodil
With the wild, March raindrops heavy;
On the druids' stone-crowned hill,
I am she whose blooms distill
Saffron old traditions still,
In my waving dancing levee.

For, in olden days, the queen
Of a pure and perfect star,
Kindled by compassion keen,
Laid aside her goddess sheen
And her starry state serene,
And came down through heaven afar.

Down and down to earth she hied;
For the pity in her heart
Would not let her shining bide
Where, the Milky Way beside,
The Lady Stars their palfreys ride,
From the woes of earth apart.

Murmured through her hair a sound
Of the wisdom of the Wise;
As, in pale green beauty bound,
With her yellow tresses wound
All her snow-white forehead round,
Came she singing down the skies.

Asphodel and Daffodil—
(Oh, and Spring is full of mirth
Though the wild, loud March winds shrill)—
Where she lighted on a hill,
Asphodel and Daffodil
Blossomed when she touched the earth.

Hush! all praise to the Rose imperial,
Tulip ruby and golden crowned,
Blue Forget-me-not's bloom ethereal,
All that blossoms the wide world round:

But Daffodil,

My Welsh Daffodil,

Where thou wast is holy ground.

Kenneth Morris

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

IN THE ORCHARD, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA

Words may denote abstractions or entities both, according to the intention of the user. Thus, if I ask, "What binds men together?" and answer, "Brotherhood," I may mean by that word merely a descriptive term denoting the effect, whose cause I do not know, or I may refer to some force or being called "Brotherhood" that actually holds men together. So in the case of gravitation: there may be—nay, there must be—some power that draws the stone to the earth; and gravitation is as good a name for it as any other; but gravitation the cause must be carefully distinguished from gravitation the effect, as it makes all the difference between explanation and mere verbal tautology. This word "syngamy" of the naturalist's, does it mean any actual entity, or is it merely an abstract class-name?

So long as we confine our attention to the world of physical forms, we must be content with such abstractions to do duty as causes. We can say, for instance, that animals are "true to type" but then what is "type"? Merely a way of speaking? Yes; probably that, for the ordinary theorist, but not necessarily so for others. Is there such a thing as a type-world, a world of types? Does each species have a type that exists as an actual being in some ultra-physical world? Here we reduce the matter from the abstract to the concrete. There must surely be such a world. Behind the seed, the vegetable or animal, must inhere the invisible but nevertheless concrete form that is to become clothed in visible tangible substance. Evolution is an unfolding;

growth, is the outward manifesting of an inward potency; the passing into visibility of that which was invisible.

We opine that there is a type-world—or rather several, of varying degrees—wherein exist the models of animals that are to become physical. It is probably on these inner planes that the modifications of species chiefly take place; it is here that the molding goes on. Science needs this background to its own philosophy.

STUDENT

The Origin of the Potato

THE potato is supposed to have originated from *Solanum tuberosum*, growing wild in Central and South America, but there is a doubt whether those wild forms are the original plant or a descendant of the cultivated variety. Another species, *Solanum comersoni*, growing wild in Mexico, Arizona, and the eastern part of South America, and Argentina, when cultivated, undergoes a sudden change to the form of the common or garden potato. In its original form it bears hardly any resemblance, but experiments have shown that after four years' cultivation the change takes place.

We have many cultivated plants difficult to trace to their origin. The difficulty may be understood if the change is sudden and unexpected as in the above case. Who was it provided us with these plants, and how many more wild plants may there be which, though unpromising and unsuggestive, might undergo sudden changes if persistently cultivated? The idea seems to call for experiment. H.

The Type-World

SINCE the phenomenal world shows us effects whose causes are elsewhere, the scientific man who confines his attention to the phenomenal world is obliged, for purposes of reasoning, to replace these unknown causes by abstractions. Thus, in an article on biology, a writer asks himself, "What is the bond that unites the individuals comprising a species and separates them from those of another?" And as he can see no bond, he invents an abstraction. It is "syngamy," he says. Obviously this is only a name for the phenomenon, not its cause. What is it that makes the earth go round? Revolution. What makes a stone fall? Gravitation. Abstractions again; mere descriptive categorical names. A stone falls; we call the phenomenon gravitation; but what causes it is not yet known. What causes the revolution of the earth? Again comes the answer "We do not know." Our explanations do not explain.



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

"Weigh Me in an Even Balance"

IF we accept the views of life held by the world generally today, we are bound to confess that the prospect is by no means a bright one. Indeed, did we allow ourselves to become submerged in the thought-current of humanity we should find life to be one awful nightmare of chaos and despair. Men say that life is transient, its joys are transitory, its hours are fleeting. Standing amidst these shifting sands, they ask, "Upon what can we fasten our hold, where may we cast an anchor? What is the meaning of it all? wherefore is man, since his period of life, and the nature of his environment preclude the possibility of any lasting achievement? And wherefore this yearning in the human heart for more lasting joys?"

Is Nature in error when she places Man in his present environment, or is man mistaken in the view he holds of life?

Theosophy declares the latter to be the case. Humanity at large is living under a false conception of itself and the meaning of its existence. Human life today is a long series of illusions. Men seek high and low for happiness, yet, finding that every form of pleasure passes and gives place to bitter remorse or desires for yet keener pleasures, they proclaim this a world of sorrow. The individual, ignoring the truth of human solidarity strives to build up personal prosperity at the expense of the masses. From this attitude there arise the "great problems" of national life. Legislation endeavors to solve these. But in most cases the law-makers lack the knowledge that should fit them for the performance of their task, and in most cases they deal with the effects rather than the causes, hence nothing is accomplished.

Yet the great overshadowing illusion of

modern life is the notion that man is permitted but one life in which to fulfil his destiny. It is this idea which lies at the root of so much of the competition and discord of the world. It engenders and encourages selfishness; for men realize that he who has lived the noblest life; he who has suffered in the highest cause; he who has accomplished the greatest good in his life—he is called away ere his work is well started. "What is the use," men argue, "of all this suffering and self-denial, when by the greatest souls, the object of it cannot be attained? Let us rather enjoy life while we may."

There was a time when humanity accepted the doctrine, despite its illogicality, which said that man could accomplish sufficient good in one life to entitle him to eternal bliss, or sufficient evil to warrant eternal damnation. This belief is no longer accepted, but men still cling to the doctrine of one life. This view is at once the parent and offspring of a depreciative conception of the true dignity of man. Once convince yourself of the divine potentiality of the human soul and the retention of the one-life doctrine becomes impossible. Once embrace the truth that man lives on through a vast succession of earth lives for the purpose of the soul's experience, and your conception of the grandeur of human destiny is immeasurably expanded.

How fortunate is the student of Theosophy in having this great key to the quandaries and enigmas of life. Do all of us fully appreciate the worth of this key as applied to the problems of our own lives? Human nature has a strange fondness for old modes of thought, and tends to cling to them even after their falsity has been proven. *How many of us have made Reincarnation a portion of our own being, and to how many of us does it yet remain merely a grand idea?*

We have been told very often that we should eradicate the idea of "struggling" from our philosophy. Surely the source of this "struggling" lies in our efforts to compromise, in our endeavor to progress along the Path, and at the same time cherish the old thoughts and desires. We cannot serve two masters. The God within can live but by Truth alone; if we would obey the mandates of our Higher Self we have got to make a positive choice—tread one path, and not try to divide our forces between the God and the devil. Against the murmurs of the personality, as it utters its insidious promptings to take life easily, to compromise, to "make allowances for human frailties," another voice is sounding, a voice which will lead us along the path of a glorious and noble existence. Let us give ear to this voice; let us permit its notes to roll forth like a vast anthem-peal of victory. It is this voice which utters those words which we are now considering:

"Weigh me in an even balance."

Here is no compromising, here no pleading for indulgence. The God within each of us stands ever ready to face the great judge Osiris, willing that Thoth shall record its actions in the great book of Life. "Weigh me in an even balance."

Our great Chief had these words ever before him as he toiled for the Cause which he knew must liberate the world. That great soul had no fears; in his full love and reverence for the Great Law he saw in it naught

save perfect unerring Justice. If only we could absorb the spirit that breathes in these words—a spirit of perfect and absolute Trust—Trust—yes that is what we need, trust in ourselves, trust in the Law; trust that will enable us to pursue our duties day by day cheerfully, conscientiously, without thought of results. Those comrades who have acquired this trust, which is born of perfect impersonal devotion to the Work, cherish the peace and happiness which it brings, as the most priceless of Life's blessings. Indeed the secret of happiness has been found by those who truly have acquired this trust.

Happiness never can come when pursued as an end in itself. Even when one is negatively living in harmony with those about him no true happiness is possible. In the life here at the Headquarters one finds that the keynote of Joy is so predominant, that one must be happy unless he goes out of his way to provoke discord. Yet when a comrade is negatively keeping in the general current, without doing anything active to contribute to the general good of others, this happiness becomes meaningless—it even becomes a bore. Indeed, I have heard it said by one, that there is no such thing as happiness, and that a little so-called happiness soon palls. Now if we were to forget all about being happy, and concentrate our energies on seeking opportunities of serving, no matter how small the deed, we should instantly find that the soul rejoices in the blessedness of pouring its energy into unselfish channels. We should suddenly discover true happiness—the happiness that never palls and never tires.

To be happy is a duty, for it means allowing the real inner Self to find expression, and this Self must find ever fuller expression. It is the only real self, and it alone has the power to discover and evoke the realities of life. When treading dark valleys of temptation, when the powers of evil knock upon the door of the heart, it is this real Self that alone has the power to refuse admittance and bar entrance. It is this Self which is the Alkahest of human character—the agent of transmutation which can produce the gold of human character.

We are all alchemists in the laboratory of life, striving to find the great Elixir and the secrets of transmutation. Shall we be untrue to the vows of the secret brotherhood—shall the gold in our crucible be an impure alloy, unfit for the scales of the Master? Shall we stand by at the weighing and plead ignorance of our art, poor implements, unworthy material?—Never! Let us hold sacred the orders of the Guild. Let us learn well the secrets of our art; attain skill in the use of our implements; choose our materials from the purest. Then by the aid of the purifying flames of Truth the impure dross of our personalities shall be transmuted into the purest gold. Then may the Warrior stand in the presence of the great Judge, Osiris—unflinching and unafraid—"Weigh me in an even balance."

A RÂJA YOGA STUDENT

We should aim at creating free men and women, free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects, and above all things, unselfish. And we believe that much, if not all of this could be obtained by proper and truly Theosophical education.

H. P. Blavatsky



Lomeland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE CASTLE AND THE CATHEDRAL, LAUSANNE

If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be and is equally outraged by silence.---Ammian

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question I find it so difficult to understand the Theosophical teaching in regard to the state after death, Devachan or Heaven. How far is it a real state and how far an illusion? For instance, in *The Key to Theosophy* by H. P. Blavatsky, the statement is made "that the bliss of the ego in heaven consists in its complete conviction that it has never left the earth, and that there is no such thing as death at all, that the *post-mortem* spiritual consciousness of the mother will cause her to think that she lives surrounded by her children and all those whom she loved; that no ego, no link, will be missing to make her disembodied state the most perfect and absolute happiness."

What is this but an illusion, and what soul that desires truth can be satisfied with such an illusion?

Answer It also states in *The Key to Theosophy* that

the Ego, omniscient as it is, *per se*, clothes itself, so to say, with the *reflection* of the personality that was . . . the *ideal efflorescence* of all the abstract, and therefore undying and eternal qualities or attributes—such as love and mercy, the love of the good, the true, and the beautiful—which ever spoke in the heart of the living "personality" after death, cling to the Ego, and therefore follow it into Devachan. . . . As to the ordinary mortal, his bliss in Devachan is complete. It is absolute oblivion of all that gave it pain or sorrow in the past incarnation, and even oblivion of the fact that such things as pain or sorrow exist at all. The *Devachani* lives its intermediate cycles between two incarnations surrounded by everything it had aspired to in vain and in the companionship of everyone it loved on earth. It has reached the fulfilment of all its soul-yearnings.

Then in reply to the inquirer's exclamation, "But this is more than simple delusion, it is an existence of insane hallucination!"

From your standpoint it may be; not so from that of philosophy. . . . We are with those whom we have lost in material form, and far, far nearer to them now than when they were alive. And it is not only in the fancy of the *Devachani*, as some may imagine, but in reality. . . . Again we say, that love beyond the grave, illusion though you may call it, has a magic and divine potency which reacts on the living. A mother's Ego filled with love for the imaginary children it sees near itself, living a life of happiness as real to it as when on earth, will ever cause that love to be felt by the children in flesh. It will manifest in their dreams, and often in various events—in "providential" protections and escapes; for love is a strong shield, and is not limited by space or time. As with this Devachanic "mother," so with the rest of human relationships and attachments, save the purely selfish or material. Analogy will suggest to you the rest.

In spite of the above, the question is put, how far is Devachan or Heaven a real state and how far an illusion?

There are several points that should be considered in relation to this question. First, what is meant by "a real state," and by "truth."? Take an illustration: A man who has undergone a great calamity, causing intense heartache and sorrow, is yet forced to give his attention to his business—we may suppose it to be for the sake of others—and in attending to his business which perhaps demands the closest attention, for the time he loses sight of his grief and pain by becoming absorbed in his work. Is he therefore in a state of illusion? Not at all. The one state is as real as the other and if his activity be stimulated by the desire to help others is really a higher state than any which is characterized by selfish sorrow however great or keen.

Take another illustration, the man whose mind cannot at first be abstracted by business or the daily duties, will at least find temporary

oblivion in sleep, and though in each case he will awake again to the consciousness of his loss, still he will have gained strength and gradually he will be able to look back calmly and—how often has not each of us proven it?—find that his calamity was a blessing.

It is a strange thing indeed that men are so prone to view things from the standpoint of their likes and dislikes instead of from the standpoint of Truth. Such do not know the power that comes from the reliance on the Higher Law, and from working with the laws of Nature. Is there nothing real in sleep because it gives rest and sweet dreams? Are these of no value in life? Who can say there is nothing real in dreams? Do we refuse to sleep because we know that for a time the heartache may be stilled and the heart consciousness be once more with those we love?

What is death but a longer sleep?—or is it not an awaking, and after it another awaking on earth to resume the experience of life here in a physical body? And if love is a power at all, the love we still feel for those who have gone, will, so far as it is *true*, be a benediction to them and their love a blessing to us. There is no more helpful teaching for discouraged humanity than this, that the unsatisfied longings of the heart are not in vain, that love lasts beyond the grave and will bring back again to rebirth on earth those who in the past have loved and worked together, and each shall come to his own. STUDENT

Address at Isis Theater

ISIS THEATER was again crowded by an appreciative and enthusiastic audience last Sunday evening on the occasion of Madame Tingley's lecture, a full account of which will be given in our next issue.

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

Poking Fun at Reincarnation

A WRITER in a Western paper contributes a sprightly article on Reincarnation, in the course of which he propounds a number of questions which he does not seem to know are all answered in Theosophical manuals on the subject. Fired off, as they are, however, one after another, without the answers, they present to the un-discerning eye a rhetorical case against the doctrine. All we need do is to refer the writer or any of his readers to the said textbooks or advise them to subscribe to the CENTURY PATH. Indeed, the writer himself says that he expects to be so referred; but pleads his own folly and his desire to get information in some other way, as a reason for not taking the advice. Needless to say, we do not accord him the indulgence.

Another point is that by this method of attack a very much worse case can be made out for any *other* existing theory of life than for Reincarnation.

Our writer makes a great point of certain arithmetical speculations in which he indulges, endeavoring to show that there are numerical difficulties in connexion with the number of incarnating souls and the number of bodily vehicles awaiting them. But his objections are founded on the wildest assumptions as to the antiquity of man, the population of the earth, the duration of the interval between successive incarnations, and other essential data. Hence they amount to nothing at all as arguments. It is possible, however, to raise intelligent objections on this ground, and this has been done in the past by really thoughtful people; wherefore we find that H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge have dealt with these objections, answering them fully. We cannot be expected to quote all that they have said; nor is it necessary. Serious students will study for themselves; and as for the others—why, let them stay ignorant and foolish (as the writer describes himself). We may, however, indicate a few points. As to the number of discarnate souls awaiting incarnation, there is no information given on the point, and we are not responsible for any statement that may have been made by anybody claiming to speak with authority. But the discarnate population is so large in comparison with the population of the earth that the fluctuations in the earth's population are of no importance. Moreover the earth is but one

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

small globe in the universe of habitable globes. Again, we have no reliable statistics as to the birth-rate and death-rate even of this earth, our figures relating to a few countries only. Much less have we any idea of the fluctuations of population throughout the ages of the past. To quote W. Q. Judge:

With due respect to those who put this objection, I do not see that it has the slightest force or any relation to the truth of the doctrine of reincarnation.

The worn-out ancient objection that we do not remember our past lives is trotted out. The writer supplies one very plausible answer in his references to his own alleged ignorance and folly. In fact, whose fault is it that the majority of people do not remember their past incarnations? That memory is not blotted out, but it is not engraved in the cells of a brain that was born subsequently thereto. This is obvious. Hence, in order to recollect experiences which we underwent in another body, we must surely be able to transcend our present body. In other words, we have to go through initiation into knowledge which is the culmination of prolonged and arduous effort. Anyone publicly claiming to remember his past lives, or anybody else's past lives, is considered by intelligent Theosophists to be either self-deluded or an impostor, because if he actually had the knowledge, he would not publicly reveal it, or even reveal the fact that he had it. This is an ancient rule.

If the theory of Reincarnation be carefully studied, as presented in the books, it will be evident that it follows therefrom that ordinary humanity in its present stage cannot remember past lives. The fact that they actually do not remember, therefore, bears out the theory, inasmuch as this fact is in accordance with what the theory implies. Yet here we find it brought forward as an objection!

And this objection shows, as the whole article under consideration shows, how necessary it is to study a subject before criticizing it. Theosophists are not concerned with trying to bolster up any of the absurd ideas as to

Reincarnation which may be afloat, through want of study or through misrepresentation by pseudo-Theosophists. Again, how can we possibly expect to deal logically with Reincarnation if we do not know anything about the Theosophical teachings generally? The doctrine of Reincarnation is part of a consistent whole. We cannot graft a fragment of the truth upon the current errors or prejudices of modern thought. Reincarnation cannot be made to square with false notions about the constitution of man. *Reincarnation is consistent with the facts of life, but not necessarily with anyone's theories of life.* Theosophists are concerned with showing that it is consistent with the facts of life, not with the fruitless attempt to make it square with people's theories.

But we think the writer's article will achieve two desirable ends. It will arouse interest in the minds of those acute enough to perceive that this persiflage hides an important truth. And it will emphasize the vast difference between the burlesque reincarnation that is being purveyed about, and the original teachings as given by H. P. Blavatsky. STUDENT

Reincarnation of the True Gospel

THAT the Christian Gospels consist, in large part at least, of records of the teachings of some ancient School of the Mysteries, is now being admitted by many learned divines; and probably there are others who, if not so outspoken, are none the less well-informed.

Refraining from stating here an opinion as to how these Gospels should be interpreted, and merely following the advice given by Christians—that is, to study the words of Jesus—we quote the following:

And the disciples came and said unto him, Why speakest thou unto them in parables? He answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given. . . . Therefore I speak to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand.—*Matt. xiii, 10, 11, 13.*

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.—*Matt. xiii, 43, etc.*

And he said, Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God; but to others in parables; that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand.—*Luke viii, 10.*

Many more quotations might be given about this "Kingdom of God," both from the Gos-

pels and Epistles; and about the "Kingdom of Heaven," as it is sometimes called in the Gospels. Nothing seems plainer to an unprejudiced reader than that the disciples were privileged pupils; just such a band, in fact, as great Teachers are wont to gather around themselves, and to whom they communicate those private and advanced instructions for which the multitude are not yet fit.

The recognition of this fact makes a vital difference to the import of the Syrian Master's words. For it is seen that these may be taken in two senses: either as the multitude took them, or as the instructed disciples took them. In the one case we get a valuable moral lesson certainly; but in the other case we get something more.

When the Master speaks of the coming of the Christos, of the second birth, of the Kingdom, etc., he is evidently speaking in the symbolic way he describes. This is what so many able Christian ministers now recognize and openly avow.

One cannot but think the Christian religion is greatly elevated and ennobled by this more intelligent interpretation. It is as though a resurrection were taking place, and the buried Christ coming forth from the tomb. Christianity needs restating and reinstating. Deep mystery yet enshrouds the origin of Christianity and the identity of its founder; but we do know that at some time near the Christian era there was a great teaching of the ancient Mysteries. We can see, too, that the violence of bigotry and the subtle tricks of dogmatism succeeded in covering up those teachings and perverting them into ecclesiasticism.

The message itself, however, remains for us; for the seed then planted by Master hands was undying; it has been buried but to spring up again; the frosts and blights have not killed it. Man, know *thyself*; the kingdom of God is within you; ye must be born again, of Fire and the Holy Ghost. Beware of the leaven of the Scribes and Pharisees, who shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against man, neither entering themselves nor suffering anyone else to enter. He who lays down his personal life for the sake of a larger nobler life of Divine love, shall find the Christ and the Kingdom of Heaven.

STUDENT

The Case for the Gorsedd

IN the first number of *Y Beirniad*, a new and excellent magazine emanating from Welsh nationalist societies connected with the University of Wales, Professor Morris Jones writes very learnedly to prove that the druidic tradition in Wales is founded entirely upon fiction. It must be owned that this view would have to be accepted were the universe a mere matter of brain-mind "logic," or could you prove or disprove any persistent or valuable thing, and clinch the matter with that.

Here are the facts. A large body of mystical teachings is to be found in Wales, with a tradition that they came down the ages in secret from "before the Creed." The body supposed to have preserved them is known as the Gorsedd of the Bards. Though bards have never in Welsh history been much rarer than blackberries on a hedge in September, it is no doubt true that nowhere in Welsh literature, or in the old code of laws of Hywel Da, is any mention made of a society or guild of

them, holding mystical views, or handing down a pre-Christian tradition. To some, and to Professor Morris Jones among the number, this is good evidence that such a body never existed, and that their tradition was a forgery of some hundred years ago. We would merely suggest that a secret society ceases to be logically such when it becomes public, when mention is made of it in exoteric literature, or when kings and councils find it necessary to make laws for its benefit or the reverse. This is by no means the only evidence that the Professor relies on; some of it indeed seems at first sight very damaging; but the details are not of sufficient general interest to warrant any attempt to answer them here.

But what is of general interest, is the case for the other side. The fact is that the Welsh tradition stands on much surer ground than even its defenders are, as a rule, aware of.

We do find evidences of a secret ancient teaching in almost every country in the world. Behind all the exoteric religions there has existed a certain body of mystical doctrines. We find traces of it in China, India, Persia; in Greece, and even Rome; among the ancient Scandinavians; among the Arabs and Jews; it undoubtedly flourished in old Egypt, and the symbols of it are carved on the walls of a thousand prehistoric ruins in both the Americas. Little had been heard of it, publicly, in Europe, until the time of H. P. Blavatsky; but it may be said fearlessly that no one could read her books without coming to the conviction that *she proved her case up to the hilt*, so far as the existence of this esoteric teaching was concerned. The trouble with ordinary students is, that the field of their research has to be limited. One man may study Egypt, another India; and the fragment to be found in either, or any, country may fail to convince him. But Madame Blavatsky turned a searchlight on the whole field of ancient records, and showed that the fragments from each land dovetailed into one another; backed the evidence from Egypt with that from India, confirmed the result with evidence from the Norse Edda, from the writings of Confucius and Laotse; ransacked the Kabala of the Hebrews, Homer and Hesiod, the Zendavesta, the remnants of Central American and Central Asian civilizations for still further confirmation—and produced a result that only the most confirmed materialistic or dogmatic prejudice could possibly escape. There were these mystic and universal teachings; you might believe that they represented the truth about the universe, or you might not; but unless you took refuge in ignoring the whole subject, you could not deny that the teachings were there, and always had been there. The cumulative evidence was altogether too much to leave the possibility of *reasonable* doubt. It is easy to turn from the whole subject with a cheap sneer—"We know all about that"—but such an attitude by no means sits well on anyone with pretensions to be a serious student.

Now the case for the Gorsedd of the Bards of Wales rests precisely on the universality of this tradition. Their teaching—and it is somewhat copious—fits in with the whole mass of similar esoteric teaching from all the four quarters of the globe. The doctrines to be found in *Barddas* and other writings accused of being forgeries of a century or so ago, but

which their supposed forgers claimed to have come down to them from druidic days, are actually closely akin to doctrines which were held in those days by the teachers and initiates of, we may say, every country in the world of which we have records. We wish to know how a few obscure Welshmen, at a time when these things were wholly a terra incognita even to the most learned, could have been able to invent such a system. And the principal "forger" was a stonemason by trade, a man without any particularly wide education, outside of purely Welsh matters.

And furthermore, these "forgeries" contain a whole fountain of inspiration, if one will study them. They are replete with the essence of wisdom and poetry; it is not too much to say that. One will not come by it, of course, if one's study is along the lines of the schools; one has not to dissect, to label, to mount the weary treadmill of argumentation. Instead, let a man come to them with some knowledge of Madame Blavatsky's Theosophy, which gives the sane interpretation of all such matters; and let him look on what he is to study as honorable attempts to express a certain vision into the real history and nature of man and universe. If he does so, he will find that they are one of the best and most inspiring possessions of the Celtic race; and he will take the ideas for what they are in themselves worth. All the discussion about the possibility or impossibility of their having been handed down; all these clever and plausible proofs of their having been forged by this man or that, will seem to him, it is safe to say, entirely immaterial, totally beside the point, even childish. We know that there were Druids; we know that in their day teachings similar to these were held, more or less privately, by the instructed among the priesthoods of every religion in the world. We know from the classical authors that the Druids did hold many of these beliefs. We know that the beliefs are in themselves, to put it very mildly, highly remarkable, extremely interesting. There is no test-tube, foot-rule, crucible, *quod-erat-demonstrandum* proof possible, one way or the other. But what is the clear presumption? Wholly, we say, in favor of the case for the Gorsedd of the Bards.

K. V. M.

The Riddle of the Sphinx Discovered?

A PRESS paragraph states, giving the authority of a college professor, that the mystery of the Sphinx has been discovered. It is simply a statue of Chephren, described as the builder of the second Pyramid. But the idea that the Sphinx and other statues were real portraits is nothing new. It may be found in the Egyptologist Professor Wiedemann's *Religion der Alten Aegypter, passim*.

The human head of the Sphinx may or may not be a portrait; and, if so, the portrait may or may not be that of Chephren. But of what significance can this point be? If the theory is that the builder of the Sphinx had no other object than to make a statue of the King, then all that has been settled is that the face is copied instead of being imaginary; a point which, however interesting, can scarcely be said to amount to a solution of the mystery of the ages—the Riddle of the Sphinx.

The real question is, What is the meaning of the Sphinx symbol?—not in relation to



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A VIEW OF THE WESTERN SLOPE, TOWARDS THE SEA, LOMALAND

this particular Sphinx, but to Sphinxes in general, and irrespective of whether the face was copied from a living model (or the tail from a living lion). Does the whole story of the Christos, with all its historical and symbolical meaning, vanish into thin air when we discover that some artist has painted a likeness from an ordinary human model? Our own opinion is that the Riddle of the Sphinx remains about as unsolved as it did before this remarkable discovery was first made.

The Sphinx is an emblem of Man, and its Riddle is the riddle of his nature, life, and destiny. In its completeness a fourfold figure, although represented with minor variations in Egypt, Assyria, Asia Minor, and Greece, it represents the strength of the bull joined to the courage of the lion and the soaring of the eagle, above all which is the power of the Word, as signified by the human head. These four can also be taken to represent four principal planes of Man's nature—physical, spiritual, etc.—as also other quaternaries. The Sphinx, whether found in Egypt or Assyria, is an emblem of the fourfold powers of the Soul, and its builders were immortalizing in stone the teachings of the ancient Mysteries. Why do we put up emblems and all kinds of symbolic and commemorative figures? The desire to express, in some artistic work, a truth deeply felt, is a manifestation of the creative impulse. Great art-works, however simple they may seem when created, are, as a fact, not created except by great people and in great times. Whether or not it be true that we could have created the Sphinx, the fact remains that we have not done so. We create works that reflect the spirit of this age—works of mechanical ingenuity on a small scale; and we reverence and copy the works which the spirit of other ages has produced. The artists of the Egyptian Sphinx have graven indelibly the ineffable majesty and silent power we all sense when we contemplate the vestiges of ancient Egypt. STUDENT

A Derbyshire Heroine

DERBYSHIRE, one of the English midland counties, is noted for its picturesque scenery. In the districts where the mountain limestone abounds there are many romantic rocky dales and narrow ravines. Some of the dells are famous. Dovedale, for instance, was beloved of Izaak Walton, for its fishing facilities in the river Dove, which flows through scenery of great beauty, and in George Eliot's master-piece, *Adam Bede*, the same dale appears under the name of Eagledale. But there is another dale at Eyam, in the same county, which has a melancholy interest because of its connexion with the outbreak of the Plague of London which occurred in this village so remote from the metropolis. So great was the desolation wrought by the outbreak that ever since it has been the main feature of the village's history and William and Mary Howitt, in a poem on the Plague at Eyam, referred to it as Eyam's "mighty woe." The population at that time numbered 350, and no fewer than 260 fell victims to the pestilence. Almost every field has its reminder of the outbreak, and in one field are to be seen to this day grave-stones telling that in one family in a period of eight days, seven deaths occurred. The villagers agreed, in order to prevent the spread of the disease, to remain within a cordon drawn round the village, and Mrs. Mompesson resolved to remain in the stricken village with her husband, who was the clergyman, to aid the sick, comfort the dying, and hearten the living. Mrs. Mompesson fell a victim to the plague, and lies buried in the delightful old churchyard, with its immemorial elms. Her grave is a shrine which all visitors to Eyam always visit. The dell was the meeting-place for the people of the village during the time the plague lasted, and from a projecting ledge of rock the clergyman spoke words of cheer and comfort to his flock. In a letter to a friend Mr. Mompesson, describing the village during the

dreadful visitation, said "My ears never heard such doleful lamentations, and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles." F. D. U.

An Open Mind

HIS activities and interests were widespread, and in no single direction were they superficial. His faculty of concentration, and the capability of assimilating all the knowledge attainable about his subject, were as remarkable as was the utter absence of impatience with the views of others which sometimes mars the field of view of the otherwise clear thinker. Of all the men we have known, Stanley struck us as one of the most favored few whose one object is not that *their* views of truth, or use, or fitness may be found true or practical, but that the right facts and the best methods might be got at, irrespective of all bias or predilections. (From an appreciation, in the *English Mechanic*, of the late W. F. Stanley, optician and astronomer.)

How greatly knowledge is a question of temper and disposition, rather than of ability! So many clever people actually repel knowledge because they esteem self-love higher. Some will even hug what they know to be error, sooner than accept from another what they know to be truth. Knowledge they do not find; but doubtless they find what they are seeking. We wish them joy of it. H.

Electric Heating

AT a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, London, it was stated that the efficiency of an electric heater entirely immersed in a well-lagged cistern was well over 80 per cent—much greater than the best coal fire. Self-contained electric kettles had 90 per cent efficiency, as compared with the 50 per cent of gas heating over a ring burner. Electric cooking possesses the advantages of cleanliness and absence of gas fumes; and as no draft of air is needed, the temperature of the oven is uniform throughout. Heavily lagged ovens gave the best result, and were cheaper to maintain than brightly polished ones. With suitable windows and thermometer fitted, remarkably uniform results can be obtained, without opening the oven-door. J.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Beauty

EVER since the human race fell from its state of bliss and purity, it has longed for beauty as for one of its treasures that were lost in that fall. For when purity and joy were lost, how could beauty remain?

Poor children of earth, sighed the wandering spirit,
Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
Dearly ye pay for your primal fall,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all.

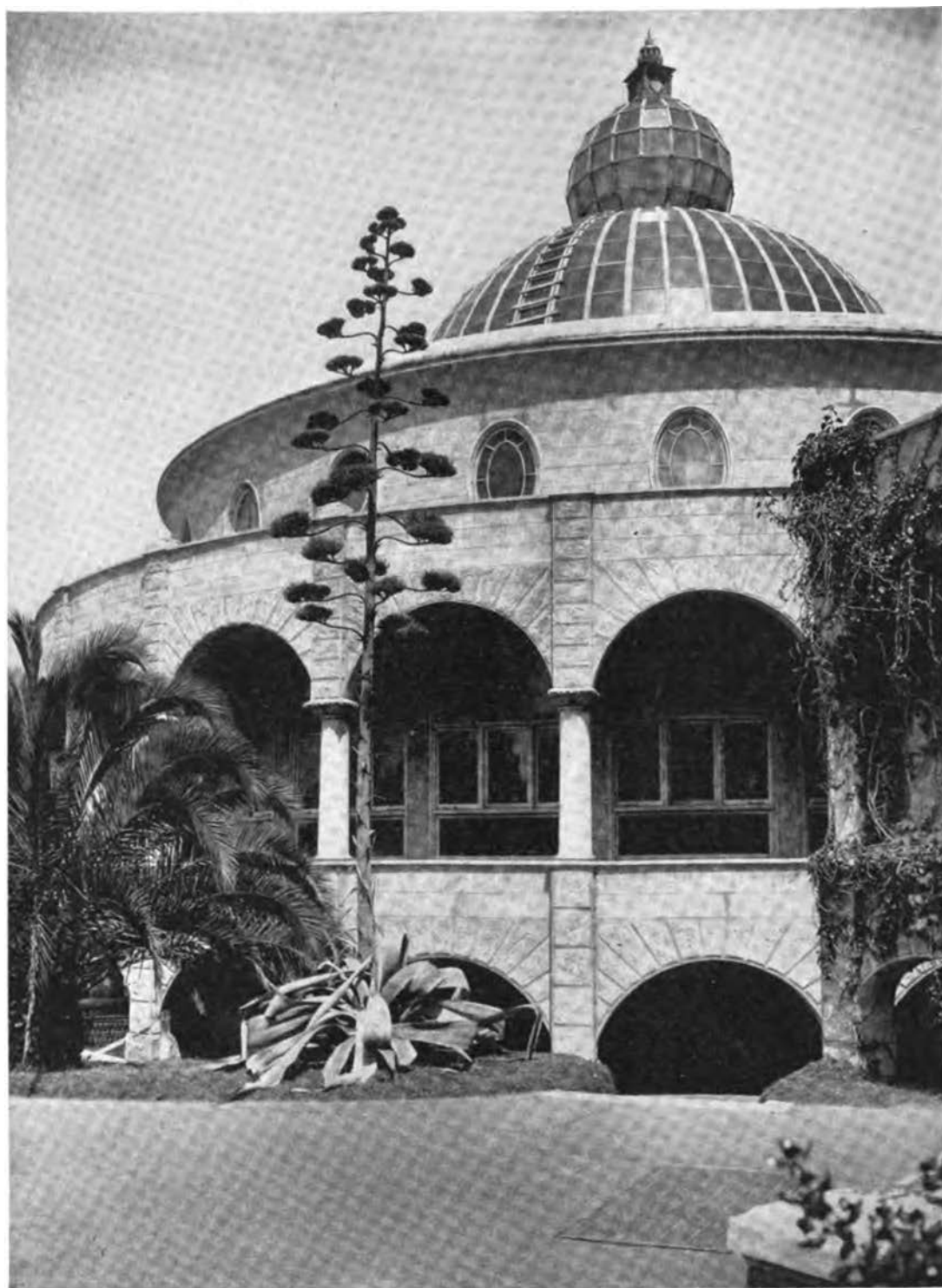
If you have ever had a dream or a vision of true beauty, you know how utterly such a vision surpasses anything to be found in ordinary, waking, daily life. Beauty there is, all around us, all the time, but it is veiled, and so closely that to most of us nothing is seen but the veil alone.

To pierce that veil is a power that all may gain, but it is a power that is still latent in the great majority of mankind, and those who have awakened in themselves this power know that when for a moment the heavy veils that wrap the vision of beauty are seen through, there comes a sadness and a yearning, even a passionate longing, to escape and pass through the veils and reach the pure light shining within the clouded shrine.

Even then, the beauty that we see is like some tender voice calling to us from a great way off, and drawing our hearts to the heart of Mother Nature that throbs behind the veils. We hear the voice or an echo of the voice, we know the goddess is there, and we yearn for a sight of her pure face unveiled. For the Soul of Man is the child of that mother, and yearns to return to its home whenever it hears the voice of its mother calling; whenever it sees but a gleam from the hidden face of the goddess.

So with all the beauty that we can know here, there is always this note of sadness that is heard in our hearts; and indeed it is so strongly linked with sadness, that when we are sad, then too we are conscious of a certain touch of beauty in the emotion, which seems to be awakened there by association of ideas—a strange inversion, for joy and beauty are like twin spirits. But here on earth we are so far away from the presence of the pure spirit that such beauty as we can see is almost like a shadow cast by the full light of the pure beauty of the Soul, and the sadness that so often accompanies it is like the cry of the prisoner who has almost become accustomed to his prison and then sees a glimpse of his native land in a dream, and remembers his lost freedom and cries out in pain to know himself a prisoner. And indeed the Soul of Man is a prisoner here, pining for freedom, and constantly reminded of his lost home, where beauty and joy reign supreme in their purity.

When the Soul of Man awakens from the long sleep in which it has passed through so many lives of mere material experience, and begins to look for beauty and joy and to find here in this earthly life the traces of that pure beauty which is yet unknown on earth, then its first impulse is to find a means of escape. The first impulse of the awakened



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ENTRANCE TO THE CRYPT, ARYAN TEMPLE, LOMALAND
AT LEFT, A BLOOMING CENTURY PLANT

Soul is to escape, to leave the world of the commonplace, the scenes of sordid conventionality and degradation.

Plato tells us in the *Phaedrus*:

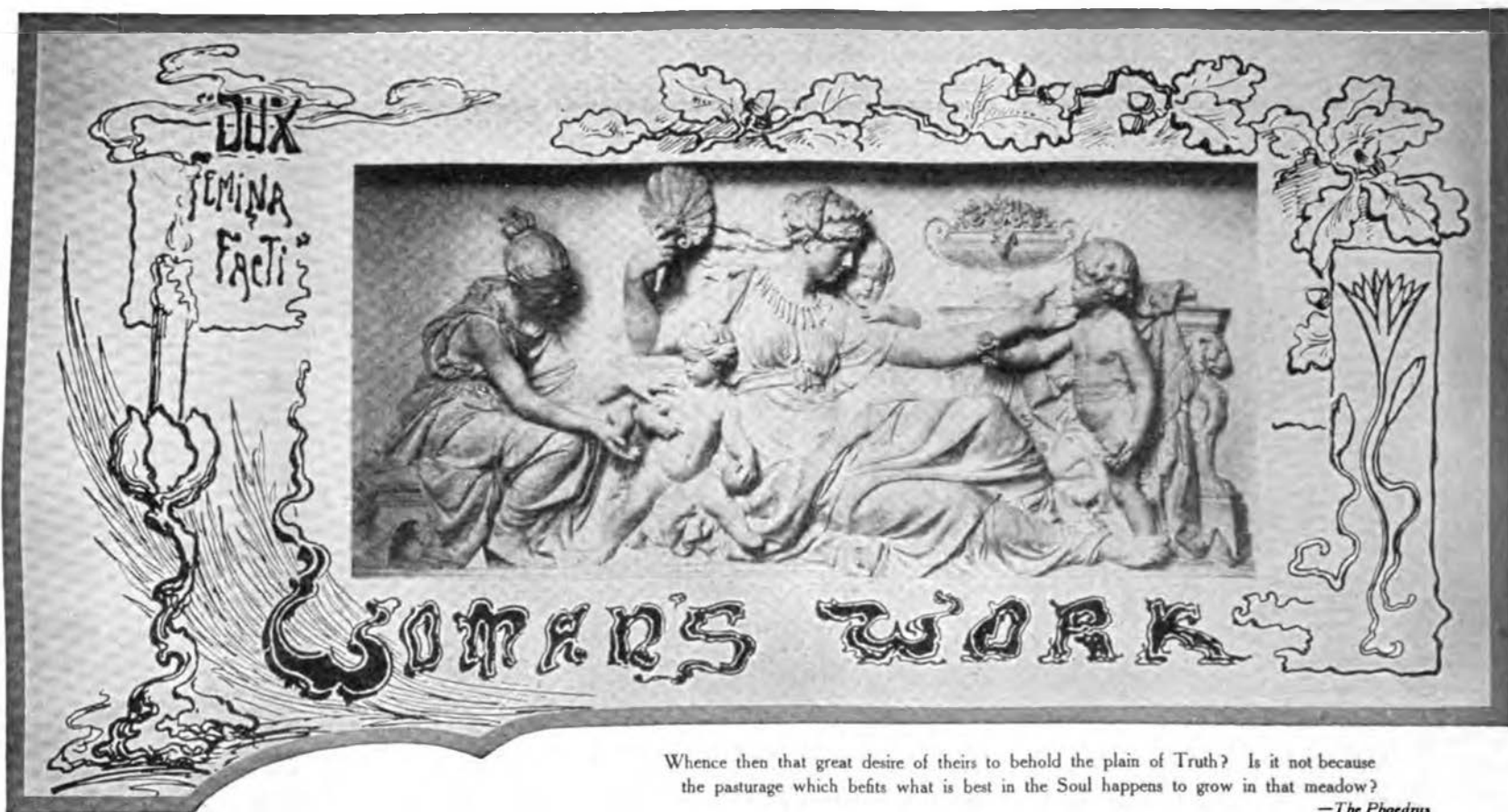
For the divine is the beautiful, the wise, the good, and everything of the sort, and by these the wing of the Soul is nourished and groweth especially.

The Soul longs to get home again, and is ready to take any path that will lead it to the world of beauty and joy out of the prison-house of despair. So men seek the aid of drugs, opiates, intoxicants, as a quick way of getting some sort of imitation of the real joy; then, too, they adopt schemes of salvation

which offer a path of escape from the prison of earth-life to the world of joy. And these means of escape are multiplied to satisfy the constant demand for a short way to happiness—and again and again these eager Souls are cast back to birth in this world, and each time they pay dearly for their efforts to escape. They cry out against their teachers for deceiving them, and new religions, and new drugs, and new means of debauchery are invented to satisfy the constant demand for beauty and joy which yet cannot be satisfied in this illusory way.

R. MACHILL

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



A PRESENCE strange at once and known
Walked with me as my guide,
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream
Or glimpse through aeons old?
The secret which the mountains kept
The river never told. — *Whittier*

It cannot be long before the sublimest days of ancient mystical glory come back in unparalleled peace and light, before our loyalty attracts those who have been away from the earth for ages and enables them to take up their work as never before. The world is crying out for help, for hope. And this can never come save from those... who know their own natures, who cannot be deceived by the subtle voice of evil, whose lives show forth the guiding Presence of the Soul, who shed at every moment the blood of their compassion. — *Katherine Tingley*

ON the eighth of May, 1891, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky placed the destinies of the Theosophical Movement in the hands of her Successor, William Q. Judge, and passed away for a time from the scene of her life-work. Tomorrow is the twentieth anniversary of her death, a day of significance and sacredness to Theosophists all over the world.

What fitting tribute shall be paid the memory of one who carried the light of the Presence—the Soul—into the darkness of indifference and error; who upheld the torch of Truth through every trial of soul, mind, and body; who carried Wisdom's white standard into the enemy's country and laid down her life in its defense; who broke, with the diamond-tipped plow-point of Truth, the crusted, intractable soil of materialism, shattering, as it was her purpose to do, cold, hard-set "molds of mind."

What fitting tribute, to one who built anew for the world a true ideal of life—as an art, a glory, a sacrament, a joy, a reality, through the mystic power of that radiant, restored Presence—a collective soul-life; to one who as a Sower went forth to sow seeds of wisdom and of hope in the minds of men; to

The Presence

one whom the future shall know as one later link in the vast unending chain of humanity's Spiritual Teachers?

The worthiest tribute to the Worker is appreciation of his work; to the Warrior, the prizing of the treasure regained through his courage and sacrifice and toil; to the Teacher, the living of the new life taught, so unselfish, real and glorious; to the Sower, gratitude unmeasured for fields of harvest-grain where naught was before, and the bestowing of its bounty upon the hungry. Only heart-gifts are worthy of one whose life is itself a daily tribute to the Presence.

Room after room, all filled with busy workers upon what seems at first glance to be the wardrobe of some Queen and courtiers of a long past era. Tables and chairs are pressed into service to hold soft fabrics, gowns, mantles, robes, all of exquisite loveliness, while the finishing touches are being put on. One worker threads needles for a busy group, another is at a buzzing machine, others are sewing the last jewels upon a rich Persian cloak, inspecting by the score Greek gowns, carefully folding mantles, deftly picking out, with saffron or mauve, some delicate border-decoration of honeysuckle or Greek key. This worker is cutting a last stencil, and another is drafting some final design outlined only five minutes before by the pencil of the Leader.

Here are garments of flame-red—twenty of them—shot through with gold. They are for Torchbearers, we divine. There, a broad table is piled high with sandals, all in that unobtrusive lusterless gold that the Greeks knew how to use. Scissors, paste, needle, pencil, brush—all are busily plied.

In the corridor is a group arranging fruit on wide simple trays—glowing oranges half hidden in their own flowers and foliage which

in California is never so beautiful as in April—and figs, grapes and loquats within their own clustering green, like a very breath from the orchards and slopes of old Hellas. Beyond these is another group making fillets of freshly gathered laurel from the gardens, dozens and scores of them; and garlands and wreaths of smilax, jasmine, and roses; and filling with a wealth of blossoms baskets galore. Others are inspecting and finishing the garlands and ropes of flowers to be used by the dancing children—these of "less perishable factyness of stuff," not gathered from any gardens save the treasures of creative skill. For did finest of textiles and of tissue ever lend their aid before to the making of such roses and violets and lilies and foliaged green? Indeed, they must have carried some hidden beauty that the inner self alone could feel, for they were fashioned by the busy hands of workers *who knew*, who saw and felt in advance that vision of classical beauty that would within a few hours thrill the hearts of thousands, wakening in them something never wakened before, perhaps, lighting anew the fires that had died long since on many a heart's forgotten altar.

Of speech there is none save that made necessary by the work in hand. "This gown is ready for Diotima, or Aspasia, or Agariste." "Hector's belt—the wings of Iris—Thetis' mantle—Pericles' helmet—the trappings of the Athenian soldiers or the Spartan guards—Athena's armor—sandals for—" this character and that—embroideries, jewels, gauze and sheen and softest of linen and of wool, these are the only topics of conversation, and in rooms where scores of twentieth century women sit plying the needle! Ye shades of sewing societies and missionary meetings! Hath the Spirit of Gossip indeed found about Lomaland walls too high for its harpy talons to scale?

No speech did I say, other than of gowns and garmentings? Yes, one other and one

only I heard — from the lips of a devoted worker who had known H. P. Blavatsky and had been enrolled as one of her pupils in the old, old days — and it was this: "If H. P. B. could have lived to see this! What a tribute to the lines she laid down, the work she longed to do, the plan outlined by Those who sent her forth, that plan which has never been altered and which Katherine Tingley is following with such sacrifice today!" And it seemed as though that Undefined Something which made those rooms sacred, and porous to light, and divinely permeable — that *Presence* felt by every worker there and which was itself the Magician that made gossip and all triviality impossible — it seemed as though it pushed outwards still farther and made itself felt still more in every heart. And it compelled a deeper joy, inspired a sincerer devotion, made every stitch count a thousandfold, and made the incomer pause, waiting, reverent, upon the threshold — aye, *the Presence!*

And so they worked on, hour after hour, every stitch, every touch, bearing the seal and impress of devotion, love, joy, tenderness, service and silence. Truly there was something in those rooms more than fabrics and busy hands, for the service was un-recompensed by any coin of Caesar's. Wholly free of self-interest it was, impersonal, for others, a soul tribute to the unknown thousands, the unknown tens of thousands whom these workers had never seen, might never see, and no hint of whose feeling or appreciation might ever reach them. And this they knew. Do you question that within those rooms walked — *the Presence?* Who was it said, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, *there am I in the midst of them*" and again, "Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, (even) the least, *ye did it unto me*"?

A glimpse is this within some Aladdin's palace or gynaeceum of classic Hellas? Nothing so poetic as that — and yet, paradoxically, more so, for is not the essence of true poetry service unto the soul-life of the world, beauty and love its handmaidens? Ah no, only a glimpse within Social Hall during the last hours preceding the presentation in our Lomaland Greek Theater of *The Aroma of Athens*.

A "city" is in the building, hillside and cañon lending their native beauty to a woman's creative skill. It is a balmy April evening just twelve years ago and in the then unfinished Greek Theater we see a classic Chorus; black-robed Furies; Orestes, suppliant; the Pythoness; the Areopagites; and Pallas-Athena-Parthenos, clothed in the raiment of Abstract Justice, compassion-dowered, supreme in wisdom, merciful. Over the hills and down to the swelling ocean, liquescent, opalescent in the moonlight, floats the sound of archaic music and the lines of stately Aeschylean verse. *The Eumenides* of Aeschylus is on the boards, or rather the flower-carpeted soil of

Lomaland hills; Katherine Tingley is directing this, the revival in America of ancient Greek drama in English, and the dramatists are her Students. A tribute this, indeed, to H. P. Blavatsky who said: "Aeschylus, like Shakespeare, was and will ever remain, the intellectual Sphinx of the ages," and who wrote to her Students: "All ye who can read between the lines, study ancient wisdom in the old dramas — the Indian and the Greek."

A tribute this, to H. P. B., who from the beginning worked toward

the establishment in the West of a great seat of learning where shall be taught and demonstrated



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY
THE FIRST LEADER OF THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

the great theories of man and nature which she (H. P. B.) brought forward to us, where Western occultism as the essence combined out of all others shall be taught.

A tribute to H. P. B., hounded, persecuted, stabbed, betrayed, for years alone save for a single friend, William Q. Judge, "the only one" she once said, "whom I can trust" — H. P. B., who wrote in the agony of her daily crucifixion,

I have been true to all. I have tried to do good to all. I have sacrificed myself for all and for a whole nation — and I am and feel as though caught in a circle of flaming coals, surrounded on all sides like an unfortunate fly with torn-off wings — by treachery, hatred, malice, cruelty, lies; by all the iniquities of human nature... being made to live for purposes I do not know myself. . . . For two or three true friends that remain I will write *The Secret Doctrine* and then — depart for some quiet corner to die.

But she did more than that, for had H. P. B. given up in that hour of despair, had she let slip from her fingers the link of that Infinite Chain of spiritual influence which Those who

sent her had placed within her hand — there had been today no Lomaland, no School of Antiquity, no revival of the ancient Mystery-Drama, no *renaissance* of the spirit of mystic Athens, no hope for humanity till another cycle and a far, far later age.

What sustained her? What held her to the outpost she had been sent forth to defend? Was it not *the Presence*, the Soul at work, awakened — *Isvara*, "standing within her heart" and guiding her life as of old Pallas-Athena guided Odysseus through the perils of his cyclic pilgrimage?

Oh, as Students of Theosophy, let us hold more precious the opportunities made possible through the sacrifices of H. P. B. who "being dead, yet speaketh." Let us know these daily, hourly opportunities *for what they are*. Our bodies — let us reverence them as Temples of the Presence, trained and tested instruments in the soul's strong keeping for work that without them it could not hope to do. Our minds — let us cleanse and clear them, and wipe away the dust of glamor and the cobwebs of misconception; and as fire transmutes crude quartz and common sand into that miracle of transparency which makes it possible for us to harness and utilize the light of sun and torch and taper, so let the fire of aspiration "reduce all actions to ashes," and fuse the opaque elements of our natures into transparency and clearness, that the Inner Light may shine through; that men may be no longer oblivious of *the Presence*, but may see it, feel it, believe in it, know it, and from its own steady flame relight the perished fires within their very heart of hearts. Those whose gratitude to H. P. B. wells up, pure and sincere, can do no less, and more is not demanded of anyone.

STUDENT

Selections from the Writings of H. P. Blavatsky

THE Theosophical Society is intended to help men to develop the powers latent in them through their own exertions and merit.

If you speak of Theosophy, I answer that, as it has existed eternally, throughout the endless cycles and cycles of the Past, so it will ever exist throughout the infinitudes of the Future because Theosophy is synonymous with Everlasting Truth.

WERE the Churches themselves not carried away in the flood of negation and materialism which has engulfed society they would recognize the quickly growing germ of the Christ spirit in the hearts of thousands whom they now brand as infidels and madmen.

THAT many are called, but few chosen, is something I knew from the beginning; that he who speaks the truth is turned out of nine cities, is an old saying; and that the man (and especially the woman) who preaches new truths, whether in religion or science, is stoned and made a martyr by those to whom they are unwelcome — all this is what I have bargained for and no more.

OUR YOUNG FOLK

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky

ON May 8, 1911, it will be twenty years since the death of Helena P. Blavatsky. She had been sent to bring Theosophy to the world and she had spread in many countries its teachings that Humanity is One and that the inner nature is divine. She had gathered a body of students whom she was teaching to live by these truths and had thus formed a beginning of Brotherhood-life on earth. Helena P. Blavatsky came from Teachers even greater than herself. She left her work in the hands of William Q. Judge, a Helper as faithful, as devoted as herself, and she knew that there was a third Great Soul in the world, who would be ready to carry on the work at the right time, as Katherine Tingley is now doing.

History does not tell of any other period when Humanity has had *three* Teachers within half a century. They came thus because a new age was dawning and mankind must enter the new time knowing of the divinity within and of the fact that Brotherhood is a law of life. When the history of the Theosophical Movement, begun openly under that name in the nineteenth century, is written, there will always stand first the name of the mighty H. P. Blavatsky, who was so strong and fearless, so absolutely true and unselfish, that the Truth could reach Humanity through her life and work.

It is part of the glorious heritage of all young folk living at this dawning time of the new age, to be able to learn about the lives of these three Teachers, and especially the life of H. P. Blavatsky, as she prepared the way for those who were to follow. In a new age there must be a new and higher ideal of life and service—one that calls out more of our divinity. These Hero-Teachers call from heights of the Soul to every one who has a life to live and they who answer and follow will experience in full the joy and opportunity of the new time. These Teachers' lives show the conquest of the Soul over every desire or aim that hindered service to Humanity. They show the conquest of unselfish desire to serve, over every wicked slander or attack that would hinder the Teacher from helping Humanity, as well as showing the power to call forth in others a love of service. Here is an ideal for the new time.

The little Russian girl, living in luxury in a noble family, might have chosen at every turn what would have given her merely personal enjoyment. Why should she care about suffering Humanity? She *did* choose, at every opportunity, to give up whatever held her back from serving Humanity, thus making her whole nature impregnable to any petty aim or desire. She found the whole strength of her Soul in this way, must ever stand before us as a glorious winner of the Quest. The whole world is better and brighter for that life that



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

exhibits the triumph of love of Humanity over any selfish enjoyment. The whole world can learn from that life what benefits can come to Humanity when there is one strong and pure enough to win that triumph.

We learn from the study of H. P. Blavatsky's life what are some of the distinguishing characteristics of one great of Soul, worthy to be a Teacher of Humanity. We learn that she, obeying the divinity within, feared nothing and nobody; but that the weak and guilty feared *her* because she unhesitatingly challenged them to strengthen and purify themselves by means of their own divine nature. Anyone who bravely began to do this had her wise and friendly guidance. Those who refused often slandered and attacked her. We can learn from this, if we will, the nature of the enemies of a Teacher of Humanity. The lesson can keep us wide awake in studying those who try to tear down the work of such a Teacher. Another lesson, needed in these days when foolish persons imagine that they can buy everything, even wisdom, may be learned from H. P. Blavatsky's life. She never took a penny for any of her teachings. She had won her knowledge of the Wisdom-Religion by royal effort and service, and she gave these teachings to honest seekers as a royal gift.

From one great solitary worker, as H. P. B. was when she began to teach Theosophy, to the Schools in Lomaland and other places and the International Headquarters with all its manifold activities, seems a long step. And yet that step has been taken. For the first worker

had the dauntless courage needed to stand against every enemy and obstacle and she found a few who tried to live Brotherhood and to realize that they were divine, and to them she gave a light which they kept burning in their hearts. Then these few faithful disciples grew stronger by their service to William Q. Judge; and when the third Teacher came she found a number of students ready to support her in her efforts to carry the teachings of Theosophy abroad over the world in a new way. Sometimes before in the world's history a Teacher has come and sought to lift Humanity but has been unable to find those who could be faithful and hand on the pure teachings of wisdom given to them. But this time the light was to be kept burning, and now it has grown into the glorious beacon of Brotherhood that shines into every country from the center in Lomaland.

One of the truths H. P. Blavatsky tried to teach to as many as possible was that Humanity at periods in the long ago lived with fuller knowledge of the inner divinity than at present. She said the people of today must learn this and try to climb to the high point to which the ancient Greeks for instance, had reached, before being able to progress as they should in this new age. She said we must be just to these ancient peoples and get into sympathy with their ideals before we can fully understand the Theosophic ideals of Brotherhood and Divinity. This step must be taken, said this first of the three Teachers.

It has been taken by a large body of workers. The third of the Teachers, when she founded the International Headquarters at Point Loma, built a Greek Theater in the hillside, open towards the sea and bounded by the rich golden cliffs of Lomaland. Here on April 17, in the evening, and again on April 22, in the morning, a beautiful play was presented, showing a festival of ancient Greece that was always celebrated in the sweet floweringtime of spring. Here between the high pillars, with only the sea and the wild cañon for background, the noble figures of these glorious heroes and poets and sages passed in joyous converse; and children and youths and soldiers and torchbearers coursed in festival procession along the winding paths and marched before the assembled Athenians. The beautiful wise sayings of the ancients, the noble poetry, the stirring patriotic speech, the dance, the banquet, the invocation to the divinity, were all there. For two hours the thousand persons in the theater lived in ancient Athens, drinking in her grand ideals, as they were spoken.

Katherine Tingley in leading the Rāja Yoga students to this height won by the ancient Greeks, has brought nearer to our eyes the height beyond to which we must climb; and White Lotus Day in 1911 is glorious with a new triumph for H. P. Blavatsky's work. M.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Letter to the Children for White Lotus Day

DEAR CHILDREN: You may search through all the history of the world but you will never find, among all the great women the books tell of, another so wonderful as Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. The most marvelous and interesting fairy story ever written or told is dull compared to her real life and what she did.

In our stories the hero or heroine has a purpose and it is in striving to accomplish this and in doing everything to overcome the obstacles in the way, that the daring ones meet with adventures. If they have a noble purpose and are kind and helpful to others, and if they are brave and obedient, all the kingdoms of Nature help them. In Helena P. Blavatsky's life-story, her purpose is great and noble enough to explain all that happened to her. She went out to find Truth and Happiness for every human being and all the creatures of the earth. No wonder she met with obstacles.

Far and wide over the broad earth she searched, guided ever by the light of her pure purpose. She found Truth, and Teachers of Truth who taught her what would give happiness to all, if only they could learn about it and live it. Then H. P. Blavatsky's greatest sufferings began. She had the precious gift; but evil workers tried to hinder her from giving this teaching to the people. Her mighty heart and will had then to overcome these foes. She worked on and spread the Truth in many lands. And she wrote down what she had learned, so that many she could not speak to might read and learn.

Her writings fill one with wonder and awe. It seems impossible to find anything, from the sun and the stars to the pebbles in the stream, which she has not written about and told the real story of. She has told about Man, not only in this life but in past ages and in ages yet to come. She has told the reason for sickness and poverty and death, and happiness and health. She tells about all the things that trouble our thoughts; answers all the questions that no one else can answer and makes everything clear as daylight. She tells about wise and mighty peoples of a time so long ago that no other books have anything to say about them; and she points to certain places in the world where, in ancient ruins, men will find things that prove that these ancient peoples lived. Her words have come true already.

In all the marvel of H. P. Blavatsky's writings the greatest thing of all is—that it is all true. Learned men are now finding out that this Theosophical Teacher had told about



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

MIDSUMMER AT SLOTTÖN, TROLLHÄTTAN, SWEDEN

HIE AWAY!

HIE away, hie away!
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady ferns grow strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green;
Over branch and over brae,
Hie away, hie away!

Sir Walter Scott

the discoveries the scientists would make, by which much more about Nature may come to be known. Yes, H. P. Blavatsky knew that some of these secrets would be discovered and wrote about it before anyone else. Her books were not read by everyone at first, but whoever studies them can read that many years ago her wisdom enabled her to know which of Nature's secrets would be found out next. Now there are many persons who begin to wonder who this wise woman was and how she got her great knowledge.

It is a wonderful opportunity to be young at the beginning of a new time, when there is a Teacher at hand to guide Humanity in living a higher and happier life. If you learn the truths of Theosophy while you are young, the books Madame Blavatsky wrote will have a richer store of learning for you than anyone has yet found; for only the pure and unselfish can find the treasure of wisdom in them, and the young have their whole lives to begin with in the right way. They can build natures strong and pure and unselfish enough to hold more of this treasure. H. P. Blavatsky taught about Brotherhood and the divine Self within each one so that by and by there should be not only one but thousands and thousands who are spreading the Light of Truth in the world. Remember this great Teacher of the Diamond Soul and keep your own heart-light aflame and pure. YLVA

The Birds' Postoffice More Blackbird Letters

EAST AND WEST

"SPRING o' the year,"
"You can't see me."

This is what folks think I say, because I hide my nest among the grasses in the meadows and pastures so that enemies may not destroy my beautiful eggs. They are spotted with brown, purple, and lavender and there are from three to seven in the nest. You will seldom see me alone, for my mate and I stay together as long as we live. Our song is very beautiful. People say it is much louder and sweeter in the West than in the East. We love California. There you can hear us

at all seasons, early and late, from the ground or from the housetop, among the trees or flying in the air, singing "Tung-tun, tungah-tit, lah-tung"; for that is the song of your friend.

MEADOW-LARK

SAN DIEGO

I CAN often be seen in the streets of cities in Southern California. I am a glossy blackbird with bronze and purpleish tints; but please do not mistake me for the black sheep of our family, the Cowbird, whose head is brown. We are all ashamed of her ways. She never builds a nest, but finds one belonging to a smaller bird like the Wood-thrush, or Song-sparrow, or Warbler, and lays her eggs among those of the other bird. Then the little foster mother hatches out the Cowbird baby with her own and finds that it is so large that it smothers her birdlings in the nest and takes more food than all of them would. Sometimes the other birds have to help her to get enough to feed the intruder who has ousted four or five birdies from their home. The Cowbird is able to impose on many mother-birds in this way, but not on the tiny yellow Warbler. The moment a Cowbird egg appears in her nest, she builds a new nest on top of it, and sometimes her queer nest rises several stories high with the plucky little mother triumphantly sitting on top. Please do not forget that I am not the Cowbird. People think my calls and songs are very droll and they call me by several names—Brewer's Blackbird, Grackles, and CROW BLACKBIRD

NOTICE: The Orioles also belong to the Blackbird family. Their letters are coming by the next mail.

POSTMASTER

HAVE perseverance as one who doth forevermore endure.

RESTRAIN by thy Divine thy lower self. Guard thou the lower lest it soil the Higher.

THE way to final freedom is within thy Self.

STEP out from sunlight into shade to make more room for others. H. P. Blavatsky

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APRIL the 30th, 1911

Total number of hours sunshine recorded during March 215.
Possible sunshine, 372. Percentage, 58. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 6.93 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

APR.	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
24	29.680	64	55	56	53	0.00	NW	1
25	29.643	62	55	57	56	0.00	NW	0
26	29.575	61	52	55	51	0.01	W	0
27	29.680	63	55	57	49	0.00	NW	12
28	29.752	60	50	57	50	0.00	SE	3
29	29.873	62	50	56	50	0.00	S	2
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Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

Vol. XIV

MAY 21, 1911

No. 29

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WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED

Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Vol. XIV

Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 29

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What is a Race?

M. JULES FINOT has been writing on the "races myth," contending that the word "race," as commonly used, implies a good deal of delusion. Unity of race, he thinks depends on unity of manners and modes of thought rather than on unity of blood. In support of this contention he cites a number of cases wherein particular nationalities are compounded of many racial elements, which have amalgamated into a unity. The French, he says, include Aquitanians, Silurians, Iberians, Basques, Helvetians, Vandals, Belgians, Visigoths, Franks, Jews, and many more. He maintains the same of several other nationalities which he mentions. Also it is pointed out that immigrants of alien blood are quickly absorbed into the nation into which they immigrate; that even races so distinct from the European as the Mongolian and Ethiopian are at present showing a rapid development and alteration. He even calls in question the great Aryan theory, which he calls a myth, by which some people have flattered themselves at the expense of other people.

The Mobility
of the outer
Vesture

In this there is much truth, though the writer is inclined to go too far. We are prone to attach too much importance to distinctions which in reality are not fixed, to take what is for what must be, to exalt prejudices into divine decrees, to label people in bulk and judge them accordingly. But we see that the individual counts for a good deal and that it is wise to judge him by what he is, as well as by his racial connexions. We see that blood and descent counts for less in proportion to external influences than we had supposed. Yet there is such a thing as a race, as the whole argument of M. Finot implies. Without taking away the notion of race, he makes it depend on other circumstances than blood. What, for instance, is the French nation? Something powerful enough to absorb into itself all these different stocks and turn them into Frenchmen.

A Central
Controlling
Unity

Again, we cannot put into the same class the distinctions between different European races and the distinctions between such great divisions as the Caucasian, Mongolian, and Ethiopian. The divergence in the latter case is far deeper and older, and we note a corresponding great difference in the adaptability and power of absorption. What we need to do is to revise our ideas of the meaning of the word "race," without going to any extremes. The saying that races change implies that races exist; in denying a thing we (in a way) affirm it.

What most imports us in the present is the races of the future, now forming themselves from the nations of the earth. The centers around which crystallization takes place are ideal; they are like the hyperphysical centers around which atoms of matter coagulate. Thus *races* exist on a plane higher than the physical, and human beings sort themselves out according to invisible "lines of force." Briefly, it is *ideals* that constitute the groundwork of races, and a race is the embodiment of an ideal. Just as a man is the embodiment of an ideal, a certain phase of character, so is a race on the larger scale. Births are taking place—births of future races:

A Race is the
Embodiment
of an Ideal

travail is going on. *Parturiunt montes; nascetur quid?* The mountains are in labor; there will be born — what? The well-known quotation says *ridiculus mus*, the absurd mouse. If our ideals are absurd, this is what may happen. Imagine a race encrusted around the commercial ideal, for instance—a race of hucksters, acute in the making of money, but in nothing else, composed of Americans, Europeans, Jews, Chinamen, anybody and everybody possessing the needed qualifications. Or imagine a race of warriors for the truth.

We think we live in the material world, but is not the more important part of our life spent in the world of ideas, the womb of nature, where the wonderful sacred building processes are going on and the future is forming? And what struggles are taking place there, what cross currents and opposing centers! Verily our thoughts and ideals are important. Theosophy is at work in this domain; and its work is principally for the future; it is preparing the seeds, and it is destroying the seeds of tares. STUDENT

Matter

MATTER can vanish without return. . . . Force and matter are two different forms of one and the same thing. Matter represents a stable form of intra-atomic energy; heat, light, electricity, etc., represent an unstable form of it. By the dissociation of matter, the stable form of energy termed matter is simply changed into those unstable forms known by the name of light, heat, etc. . . . The atoms of all substances can disappear without return, by being transformed into energy. —Gustave Le Bon, in *Evolution of Matter*.

Here then we have a trinity — indispensable formula in all our speculations. Duality wherever we look: rest and motion, night and day, male and female. Yet every two must come from a one: one stick with two ends. The unity may be said to be on a higher plane than the duality. Thus, light and darkness are phenomena familiar to our senses;

but the unity of which they are the alternating phases—what is it? And what is that which is neither rest nor motion? Corresponding to the two actualities known as man and woman we can form the conception of Man, without adding thereto the idea of sex; but such a being does not exist among us.

This man of science speculates on the nature of that thing which is neither force nor matter, but of which force and matter are phases. He calls it "energy." Thus this scientific trinity is named Energy, Force, and Matter ("And yet there are not three Incorruptibles, but one Incorruptible."—*Athanasian Creed*.)

Mr. Le Bon uses familiar words to designate the persons of his trinity, words used in shifting senses. One might vary the words—interchange them. The unity might be called matter, and the duality rest and motion, or force and inertia. Some might be disposed to split up this unity again, dividing energy into the kinetic variety and the potential variety. These differences of opinion are partly mere differences of terminology and partly due to the circumstance that so long as we think at all, we *must* go on splitting up ones into twos.

In trying to conceive something which is neither force nor matter, but the parent of both, we must of course avoid making this parent a mere double of one of its offspring; a difficult thing to avoid. This "energy" of Professor Le Bon's must not be simply force over again, as the name might delude one into thinking it to be. It can do nothing in physical nature, since it is postulated as being the source of things in physical nature. What we are after is the *parent* of physical nature—the Mother-Nature of the physical world. And does not this again imply a Father-Nature? Where are we to stop? Clearly we must go on postulating dualities, springing from unities on a higher plane, until we are lost in the pure abstraction of one and one make two.

What physicists are concerned with, however, is the next practical step. Can they find something more elementary than what has hitherto been called "matter"? Already they seem to see their way to getting at a substratum from which the chemical elements are built. Even the invariable known as "mass" is having its constancy questioned, as though it might be a force, compact of kinetic energy and some more recondite "mass."

But even the world-stuff for which physicists are searching cannot be eternal; it must itself be always springing from a supra-physical something, and returning into the same. For the physical world is not a finality. Thus while *physical* matter is unstable in form and quality, matter *per se* is not.

STUDENT

A Universe of Electrons and "Mentoids"

THE question, "Are metals alive?" cannot be answered unless we fix a meaning for the word "alive"; and, until we do so, it will only lead to unprofitable disputes.

Experiments have been performed to show that metals become fatigued, are responsive to certain stimuli, can be poisoned or chloroformed, etc. The behavior thus exhibited by the metals can doubtless be explained by mechanical or chemical means; but that does

not necessarily prevent them from being called "vital." Many of the phenomena of our own body can be explained mechanically and chemically, yet we are alive. These are merely different modes of explanation; there is no essential distinction between a vital action and a chemical or mechanical one, such difference as there is being of degree rather than kind.

There is much reason for extending the use of the words "life" and "vital" so as to include the functions of all physical things; there is much reason for describing minerals, as well as plants and animals, as organisms. The unnecessary distinction between organic and inorganic, between vital forces and non-vital forces, is disappearing in favor of the generalization that all natural objects are organisms and all forces vital.

We do not know what lies back of the forces in matter; we see them moving and working. In our own body we find there is a connexion between our thoughts and our movements; the inference is that there is volition of some kind behind all the phenomena of nature. But we must guard against going to extremes and imagining that the consciousness of minerals is anything like ours.

TRAVERS

Are Metals Alive?

THE human mind loves to construct theories of the universe. Swedenborg, in one of his visions, describes people in one of the heavens, engaged in constructing elaborate contrivances, which, when finished, they presented to God. These were the theorists, but in this after-death state their theories were solid.

We have had a good many theories where the universe was made up of little pieces of matter tumbling about under the influence of a reckless but highly capable organizer known as Mr. Chance. Now we are beginning to get theories which have something else besides atoms in them; and what is more these theories are creeping into the scientific papers. Lately we have come across one such in which there are countless minute electrons *and* things called "mentoids" (which seems to suggest that there is something the matter with them). The mentoids are a kind of atoms of mind, which play the part of messengers and lieutenants to the one great Mind which exists.

The writer argues that our own mind, in its present state of development is very limited, and that our minds are only subdivisions of a great Mind, which is the one Mind.

Clearly, in such theorizings as these, there is ample room for variety in speculation. They are indulged in for the most part by people whose reading is not particularly extensive, and in disregard of the fact that such questions have engrossed the human mind from all eternity, so that one's ideas must necessarily have been anticipated again and again. Such systems are usually more amusing to the fabricator than to anyone else; we prefer our own systems to those of other people, as they are less full of personal eccentricities.

Gleams of intuition must not be despised, but the great difficulty is to make a right use of them. The moment our lower mentality seizes upon them, it begins to calculate and soon gets away into a wilderness of speculation as profitless as it is endless. Our life consists of deeds, as well as thoughts. We must translate ideas into actions.

STUDENT

Is the Bible the Work of Man?

A PROMINENT orator is reported to have said recently that

Atheists and materialists declare that the Bible is merely the work of man, and that it was written under the limitations that apply to human wisdom. Taking this position, they necessarily must contend that, unless man has degenerated in ability and declined in wisdom, he now can produce a book equal to the Bible. Let him produce it.

An excellent argument. All said and done, the Jewish-Christian Bible is a wonderful book. Judging by the influence it has had, we must give it a high place; and we can seldom, if ever, analyse the qualities that go to make up this kind of merit. It certainly is not "merely the work of man" in any sense usually intended by those who use that phrase. Again, what are the limitations of human wisdom?

But, if we thus far endorse the orator's statement, we must not be presumed to support his position. We may impugn the alleged atheists and materialists, but have no desire to bolster up the theological position as regards the Bible, for that is equally untenable. The Bible is *but one of many books* each of which has had the same marvelous influence—the religious books of all nations. Those of the East are far more numerous and comprehensive. What is said of the Bible can be said of many other sacred books.

Such a sacred book, if written now, would certainly not be recognized for what it is. There is enough in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky to make a Bible, but the present moment is not of the kind to value such a literature; it cannot even produce great poets, prose writers, and artists.

The Jewish-Christian Bible can be taken in several ways. If taken literally, much of it is absurd, and other parts consist of excellent moral teaching in excellent language. But it can be taken symbolically. The Hebrew text can also be shown to have a kabalistic meaning based on a wonderful ancient system which connects words with philosophical figures.

Much as people value the Bible, they do not begin to have a notion of what there is in it; they value it for qualities which it shares with many other books, but do not know of its real merits. To understand these, it is essential to get away from the Bible for a time, so as to have a sidelight. We must study comparative religion.

The quantity of energy that has been put into circulating and translating the Bible is incredible. But it needs interpreting in the light of the keys supplied by Theosophy. Many Christian divines are already doing this to a considerable extent, thereby showing that the Bible, instead of being the book of dogmas for a great sect, is one of the esoteric scriptures of the ancient Wisdom-Religion.

E.

Boats Made of Stone

NOT long ago the moderns doubted whether iron could sail; and still more recently whether it could fly. One wonders what materials may have been used by the Atlanteans, for these purposes. The coffer in the Great Pyramid would not float, except in the Dead Sea; so that it does not suggest anything on that line. Barges made of artificial stone, that is, of concrete reinforced with wire-cloth, are in use on the Panama Canal works. They are 64 feet long by 24 feet wide, and are water-tight.

F.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Eugenic Prescription

TWO words that might be defined as the related art and science are *Eugenics* and *Genetics*. Genetics is the science of the laws of heredity and variation; Eugenics is (or hopes to be) the art of the application of those laws so as to produce a better type of man.

But the mating is apt to be imperfect. The eugenicist often makes splurges which are not warranted by his data in genetics. We get a rather bad case of this in the *Fortnightly Review* over the signature of Mr. G. Clarke Nuttall.

As a eugenicist he wants to correct our treatment of the socially "unfit." If the children are below par mentally or physically we do not leave them to be dealt with by nature's laws of elimination. Along both lines we do everything that is possible for them, medically and educationally. Our efforts are often more or less successful; the average social type is approached or even reached; the children grow up, marry, and in their turn become parents. Is this right? "No," says Mr. Nuttall, speaking for the Eugenists, or as one of them.

No—the eugenicist insists that the weak and defective are not to be dealt with in such a way that for the few best years of their lives when their capacities are at their highest, they may be able to lag along not too remotely behind the average folk and thus earn a pittance, and, meanwhile, incidentally leave a legacy of equally unhealthy, equally deficient children to the nation.

They should be segregated and prevented from marriage.

Now as to that "legacy." We here have the genetics upon which the eugenicist's proposed remedy is based.

But the same paper credits the Abbot Mendel with being "the source of inspiration of recent genetics." Well, what is Mendelism? Roughly speaking it amounts to this law: that when an individual of characteristics *a* mates with an individual of characteristics *b*, the offspring will probably present a set of compound characteristics which we may call *ab*; but that the offspring of the *ab*'s will tend to separate the mixture and be again pure *a*'s and *b*'s. To use Mr. Nuttall's words:

Already Mendelism—and genetics today is largely Mendelism in its lines of work—has brought some striking facts to our knowledge. For instance, it has absolutely revolutionized our idea of what is known as "pure-bred." Now, in pre-Mendelian days our conception of a pure-bred individual was one who was descended from a long line of ancestors, all of whom were of the same type, and as a consequence of which the individual in question more or less nearly approached it. But now we know that purity of type in no way essentially depends upon continued selection. In certain cases a "pure-bred" individual may result from parents both of whom are "cross-bred"—which is a paradox; and moreover, that the descendants of these individuals will be absolutely pure-bred henceforward for all time as long as no new element is introduced later.

But the imperfect people for whom we do so much—and might do more—are precisely Mr. Nuttall's cross-breds, whom he would forbid to marry. Yet he also tells us that

pure-breds may result from such a union and that *their* descendants will remain pure-bred. Why then segregate or forbid? Moreover the experience of the city of Glasgow, to which we have referred lately, shows that apparently cross-bred, physically imperfect children, the product of bad pre- and post-natal city environment—reckoned by the eugenicists as the product of bad heredity—surmount their imperfections in the great majority of cases when transferred to country life.

Genetics, in its application to society, must be broadened. To the influence of heredity it must add that of environment; and it must find out how far environment, mental and physical, including the wisest education, can undo the (overestimated) ills of heredity.

STUDENT

Originality and Religion

PROFESSOR Maurice Bloomfield, in his recent presidential address to the American Oriental Society, brought a rather interesting charge against Nanak, the founder of the Sikh religion. This Teacher, it seems, did not exhibit much originality. His conception of the Divine did not differ

in any marked degree from the general level reached in the Upanishads many centuries previous. Transmigration, which runs like a thread through the entire religious history of India, is also an essential feature in Sikh doctrines, and the lack of originality of the sect is further illustrated by the stress that it lays in common with other Hindu sects upon fusion with the "One True Being" of which every living thing is a part. . . . It must also be recognized that the ethics of Sikhism, without being specially original, are founded on high ideals. Philanthropy, justice, truth, and domestic virtue are forcibly set forth as standards to be followed. (From a report of the meeting).

What is the Professor's idea of a religion? Evidently that it is an effort of imagination, of invention. It should display originality, neither in its philosophy nor in its ethics resembling earlier efforts, infringing no existing patents. The inventor is free; there is no absolute Divine truth to hamper him; let him give us something novel. Surely scepticism could have no franker expression!

But perhaps the Professor means that Christianity alone having Divine truth, Christians alone seeing the Real, the founders of other religions are merely mind-wandering in the void and should at least give us something original out of the seethings of imagination. Since the philosophy of the Upanishads is false, since that "One True Being" whose glory they declare, has no existence, the spiritual search of Nanak could never have come upon it; his preaching of it is mere copying and shows poverty of invention.

The charge—as the report goes—that the ethics are not original we cannot understand at all. Aspiration after the "One True Being," philanthropy, justice, truth, and domestic virtue, seem to cover the whole ground of possibility. What more could there be?

There is a sense in which the successive great religions of humanity cannot exhibit evolution—which was probably what was meant

by "originality." For since Divine truth is, the Heart of the universe, the One True Being, from whence emanates Law and whose presence in the human heart is the inspiration of ethical conduct and feeling, it follows that the closer the great Teachers get to this the more will they proclaim one doctrine both of philosophy and conduct. Their "originality" will rise out of their comprehension of the limits—varying with time and place—of human mind, leading them to set forth that one truth in one or another way, to set forth one or another aspect of it. Nanak merely decided that the Upanishads' presentation of this truth was suitable for the people he desired to teach. And he likewise taught Reincarnation and Karma because he perceived them to be fact and actually working law.

It is current Christianity that has exhibited "originality" in neglecting this fact and law.

STUDENT

The Lost Path

A BOOK recently published in England—*Non-Church Going: Its Reasons and Remedies*—constitutes a symposium by a number of men eminent in science, literature, and the Church. The fact expressed by the title of the book is indisputable; of explanations there are nearly as many as writers. One of these writers, Dr. Ballard, goes as far as this: "Nothing can save Christianity from the imputation of being a comparative failure." The failure of Christianity is for him the cause of non-attendance at church.

With this book belongs one by Bishop Welldon, which might indeed have been included as a part of it. Says the Bishop:

There is hardly any more vital problem of religion in the present day than to get the man in the street out of the street into the church.

But this problem is rooted in a deeper: how to secure that what is said in the church shall be attractive to the man in the street.

A reviewer of Mr. Masfield's new story, *The Secret of Today*, Mr. James Douglas, speaks of the "agony" of the present day.

It is the agony of the best minds and the best souls of our day, whether they are toiling in literature or in politics or in social service. . . . What we hunger for is the impulse toward reality in spiritual vision. . . . There is a sense in which the force that is shaping literature and politics may be described as religious.

"What we hunger for is the impulse toward reality in spiritual vision." If there is a man anywhere in the pulpits who has that reality the man in the street will go to him to get the impulse. If there is a preacher who knows of his own spiritual being, who has lit up consciousness there as it is lit up in his mental and emotional nature, who can be there at will and have a full flow of ideation there, with cognition and certainties—the man in the street will gladly hear his message. But the Church as a whole, as a body, has lost the path to real spiritual knowledge these many hundred years. Christianity can now only be revitalized by Theosophy.

STUDENT

Archaeology

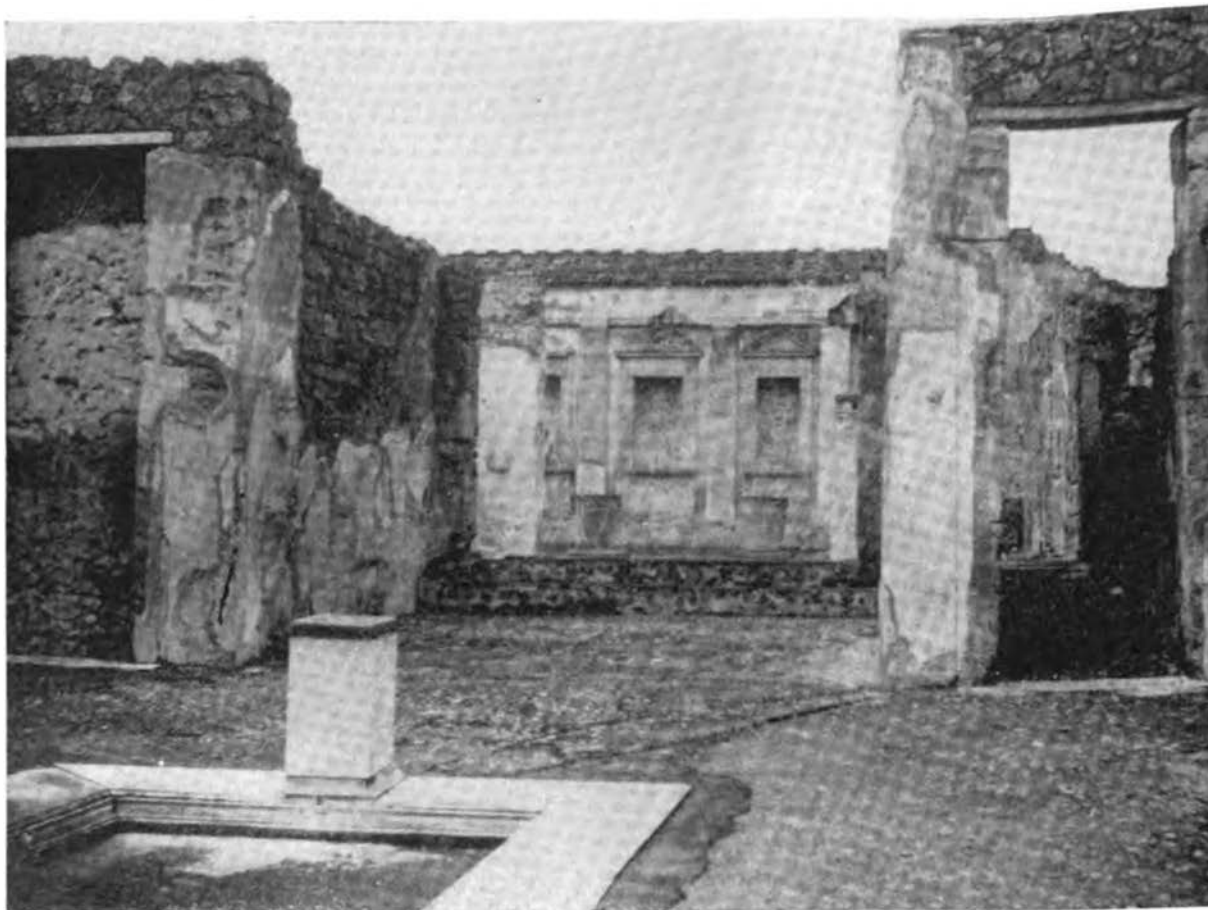
Palaeontology

Ethnology

Art-Work of Pompeii

THIS subject, besides being well known and easily referred to, was dealt with in the CENTURY PATH for April 23rd in reference to other illustrations of Pompeii. We may add a word on the art relics discovered there. These excite the greatest admiration by their profusion, the elegance of their design, and the exquisite finish of their workmanship. Yet they are only the casual gleanings from a second-rate provincial town. Considering this evidence of skill and taste, together with the more solid excellence of the building and laying-out of the city, we may be enabled to form some idea of the perfection of the city in its original state.

The number of utensils found was almost endless, including numerous surgical instruments, some of them very ingenious and elaborate, but all of bronze — and this when the Romans knew of iron. Is it not evident that they knew how to temper bronze to a razor edge? And they did use bronze razors, and the elegant people were as particular about their skins as we are. It is remarkable that the evidence from this actual town should have told us so many things which we never could have gleaned from the classics; and it goes to show how unreliable must be many of the conclusions drawn from the latter. TRAVERS



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ATRIUM OF A HOUSE, POMPEII

The Inca Treasure Again

WHILE the archaeology of the Sunday edition is to some extent serviceable as a counterpoise to professional reserve and academic scepticism, its own particular fault lies in a tendency to go too far in the opposite direction. Through this popular archaeology the public becomes familiar with facts and theories it would otherwise not have heard of; and the energies of professional research are doubtless quickened by the necessity for keeping abreast of the times or of heading off too hastily formed opinions. Yet the demand for "color," the exigencies of the hungry page that must be filled, and the facility of those wielders of pen and pencil who make their bread by satisfying these demands, necessitate a certain reserve in commenting on the product.

The lost treasure of the Incas is a phrase to conjure with, and it is not infrequently used for that purpose, as readers of Sunday-edition archaeology know. But this time, according to the *American-Examiner*, the treasure thrown into Lake Guatavita really has been discovered; at least, something has been discovered, and that is enough to go upon. These Incas, as the story goes, used to offer up treasure to a Cosmic Power by casting gold and jewels into the lake; and prospectors have long had their eye on that lake. But now, says the report, an English company,

formed for the purpose, has dredged up a heavy gold band, a golden bowl, two gold snakes, twenty emeralds, two human figures in gold, sixteen gold bracelets and anklets, and a large gold dish engraved with the Inca treasure — among other objects. The bottom of the lake being covered with thirty feet deep of mud, there is room for plenty more treasure. E.

Giants

WE observe a report of a lecture at the Royal Institution, London, in which the lecturer stated that there never have been races of giants. The belief that there have been such races is one of those that are ineradicably implanted in the human mind; and unless the professor can obliterate the seeds of latent racial memory, that belief will be eternally sprouting up as fast as science lops it off, until the day when science itself comes up to line in this respect, as it has so often done in other matters. He stated that geological evidence afforded no proof. Evidence comes up from time to time, but it is carefully explained away. Different explanations are given to suit particular cases, but no attempt is made to see whether these explanations are mutually consistent or not. The teachings as to the gigantic races are that they lived on continents now submerged, and this accounts for the absence of bones. Nevertheless geology is still an infant science and there is much exploration to be done. Taking the evidence afforded by the universal consensus of tradition, a sufficient case is made

out for a judicial mind having no special theory to support: and the paucity of evidence from geological sources tends rather to the detriment of geology than to the negating of the belief. We cannot even attack the belief in giants without arousing interest in the subject and causing our hearers to feel that we may be wrong after all and that perhaps there have been giants.

The occasional appearance of giants in contemporary races is regarded by scientific men as a disease, and it is certainly an abnormality. Might it not be called by another scientific name — a case of "atavism," reversion to ancestral type? The condition has been found associated with an enlargement of the pituitary body in the brain. This gland appears to regulate the size and proportions of the body. It is one of several organs for whose existence science can find no sufficient reason. Some theorists consider that they are rudimentary survivals — that is, organs whose functions have ceased. The human body, like the sea, has more in it than comes out of it. Speculation, with its customary agility, is even toying with the idea of adding a cubit to one's stature by taking a dose of pituitary mixture, or restoring ungainly proportions by an operation on the gland.

In view of the discoveries and admissions recently made by various anthropologists, that very ancient human remains do not show the expected approximation to an animal type, but are more advanced than many far more recent specimens, we cannot be too careful how we say a thing has "never been." STUDENT

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The Life-Germs

THAT materialistic view of life which makes it a mere composition of physical forces is slowly passing despite the arguments and predictions of certain experimental laboratory biologists. But if it is not the resultant of a planet's matter-forces, how did it get on to that planet among them? This question is receiving more and more discussion, without, however, sufficient clearing of the issue. Life is considered to be represented by life-germs and the discussion relates to their possibilities of getting about in space. But the real question is only pushed back a stage. Our minds might be at rest with respect to Saturn if we learned that he got his life-germs from Jupiter, but we should still need to know how Jupiter got his. And the hypothesis of transit is beset with formidable difficulties.

What conception shall we attach to the term life-germ? Something material only? But in that case any material planet is competent to evolve them for itself and we are with the experimental biologists. We must mean something material *animated*; and life is therefore non-material, *anima*. There is now no reason for raising the problem of transit. Somewhat as all matter is at all times in presence so to speak of gravitation, so it is at all times in presence of life, a subjective essence. Let a number of tones be kept sounding in a room where are a number of tuning forks. Each fork will reply to that one of the tones that corresponds to it. The life essence is comparable to an infinity of tones always sounding in space. Each tone is the keynote of its own octave. Every unit of matter answers to one or another of these root tones, is taken hold of by that tone and raised by it so as to answer to higher and higher notes *in that scale*. This work of these root tones collectively (upon matter) manifests as evolution. The life-germ is a unit of substance ensouled by its "tone." Philosophically, the two appeared together at the dawn of things, the tones collectively being the divine creative energy. STUDENT

Philosophy in Astronomy

MODERN astronomy textbooks always give the reader the Laplacian nebular theory but immediately add the objections to it, the inadequacies of it, and the substitutes for it.

But in the account of objections we never see the grand objection — that *into* the primary nebula you have to put first, like a conjuror, whatever you will subsequently take out of it. The sun revolves on its axis, the planets on theirs and also around him. To explain the sun you have to give your nebula a center, to explain the revolutions you have to confer preliminary revolution on the nebula. To explain the presence of a planet in each of the successively detached rings you have to give each of them a spot of extra condensation, a nucleus. Having got your nebular planet you have to account for the evolution of the chemical elements — with an eye to Mendeleyeff's table. But as that table shows seven great families there must be some principle of

severing concealed in the nebula. It contained, in brief, whatever was to come out of it, a center and centers, precisely laid down principles of conduct, and a force of rotation. None of these are compatible with the postulated "homogeneity."

It has gone by the board, though not for this reason. Its substitutes show that astronomy is less ambitious. We may still have a rotating nebula but in postulating that we have not gone to the beginning. For we create it by causing two suns to crash together in space, the impact resolving the conjoint mass into ultra gas and the resulting nebula rotating because in all but one case in a million the two centers would be more or less sideways of the line of motion. We thus leave the origin of the suns themselves unaccounted for.

Obviously a more philosophical astronomy will not be forever content with that. It will insist upon speculating about actual beginnings. The Laplacian or Kantian nebular theory may take some newer form and assume charge of at any rate first stages.

And then the difficulty will come again — that what you propose to get out of an initial nebula you must in some form put in.

But is there any objection to this? None if you postulate intelligent Mind working upon the nebula and make the nebula the objectivation of its thought or at any rate energized and shot through with its thought. The whole cosmic scheme would then be the working out of a plan, the unfolding of the latent potentialities of consciousness, the hatching of unnumbered vital nuclei into spiritually self-conscious beings. It would be, then, Mind that put in, in principle, what came out as fully evolved being. Science must not forget that if it has to account, by going back to beginnings, for the existing *material* configurations and processes, so it has to account, by the same process, for existing forms and activities of *consciousness*. One demands a theory as well as the other. And if we can get a theory which covers both and finds both substance and consciousness interacting from the very first and all along to this hour, we need not be afraid of the charge of mixing science with metaphysics. It is a very good and intellectually necessary mixture. STUDENT

The Horse

THE exact pedigree of the horse is not yet fully known, but we have now a good many of the steps — running downward and backward, in fact, to an animal no bigger than a rabbit. Of modern horses the true thoroughbred and Arab are the aristocrats and appear to derive their ancestry from India. The European and Western horse is of another line. The latter, may be, "just growed," whilst the former may have reached India already in a state of high culture along with the Indo-Aryan stream and accustomed in that case to be addressed in Vedic Sanskrit. Subsequently, in Arabia, he learned Semitic; and finally, reaching the race-course, English.

The above, like a good deal of biology, is a little conjectural. The fossil true horses of

India show a slight depression in front of the eyes,

evidently representing the pit for the face gland (like that of a deer) which existed in the extinct three-toed hipparions or primitive horses.

This is from a letter from Mr. Lydekker, written several years ago from the British Museum, and it goes on:

Briefly stated, this face-gland rudiment exists in the skulls of all thoroughbred and Arab horses that have come under our notice, and it is absent in those of European horses. The presumption accordingly is that the Arab and thoroughbred (as has been suggested on other grounds) have an origin quite apart from the horses of western Europe, probably from an Eastern form related to the fossil horses of India.

The rabbit-sized creature, Hyracotherium, has been found in London clay of the Eocene period. Of the same period was the "Dawn Horse," Eohippus. But he was as big as a large dog. Along with him and of the same size was the "Mountain Horse," Orohippus, and the "First Horse," Protorohippus. "Near Horse" and "Middle Horse" (Anchippus and Meshippus) were somewhat larger and much later — lower Miocene. With them was an ancestor that had reached the size of a pony. Still later, upper Miocene and lower Pliocene, was what one might call a real pony, Hipparion. And lastly, in the lower American Pliocene, almost actual horses, though not quite large enough, the "Under Horse," "Beside Horse," and "More Horse" — Hypohippus, Parahippus, and Pliohippus. But the earliest "Aryan" horse should be found in Asia, unless he was good enough to develop in India in preparation for the needs of the coming Indic stream from the Asian home of the primitive Aryans. STUDENT

Sugar as Medicine

THE English physician Sir John Sawyer, writing in *The British Medical Journal*, claims cane sugar as a valuable medicine.

In wasting disorders, in various forms of anaemia, in adynamic varieties of rheumatism, and especially in the neurasthenic manifestations of neurotic persons

he has found it markedly beneficial, the continued administration of this *medicine* under such conditions imparting strength and vigor, gently stimulating the vital energies.

Considering it then as a medicine to be called upon like any other by the physician in appropriate cases, it follows that those who use it habitually have despoiled the physician's armory. Anyone who, while in the ordinary full use of sugar, becomes the victim of one of the maladies mentioned by Sir John Sawyer, clearly can get no help from this particular remedy. For its dose is limited; use a quantity exceeding the powers of the stomach and liver to take care of, and rather (sometimes very) serious troubles may result. Immense numbers of people suffer from sugar poisoning without knowing it. They have certain symptoms, skin affections, rheumatism, acid dyspepsia, readiness to take cold, etc., etc., treating each as they severally become very prominent and never suspecting the common root of them all. M. D.

Nature

Studies

The Prolific Slipper-Animalcule

THE Paramoecium or "slipper-animalcule" is among the most wonderful of the minute creatures with which the globe swarms. Its strong point is rapidity of multiplication. But by a wise provision of nature, as we are told, it exhausts itself and dies out after the one hundred and seventieth generation. This is indeed fortunate, for science assures us that, did these creatures survive until the three hundred and fiftieth generation, they would crowd every other living thing from the face of the globe and be themselves greater in bulk than the planet itself. Should they survive until the nine hundredth generation, the sun, moon, and stars would be floating in a universe of them.

Archimedes asked a place to stand on, that he might move the earth with his engines; a scientific "if" would have served him as well. Fortunately eternal wisdom has not decreed that all the matter there is shall be turned into slipper-animalcules, and the process of mathematical involution is checked in its festive career by other laws. H.

Plant Introduction

TURNING over an old number of *The World's Work* (June, 1909), we come upon an account of the agricultural explorations of Frank N. Meyer, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, in the course of which he discovered many strange plants in China, Manchuria, and Korea. In the valley of the Ming tombs, forty miles from Peking, was a seedless sweet persimmon, larger than ours and so firm when ripe that it can be packed and shipped. In the same neighborhood were found fields of white cabbages, some weighing as much as forty pounds which would keep all winter and were odorless. In the mountain district of northern Korea were found varieties of wheat and sorghum that thrive in a fairly cold climate and at an altitude of five thousand feet. From Khabarovsk, Siberia, where it is often 45° below zero, the explorer collected specimens of hardy wheat and barley to send to the United States; as also ornamental spruce, fir, and pine. He found too varieties of pear and plum that would withstand the rigors of the climate. At Kirin, in Chinese territory, he secured cuttings of a peach that would stand the cold, and found a variety of rice which grew on dry soil and could be grown north of New York. Near Tai-yuan, capital of Shan-si, he discovered a wonderful yellow rose which grows wild in the mountains. The Fei-tau peaches of Shan-tung province, 100,000 of which are sent every year to the



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THE POLHEM FALLS, TROLLHÄTTAN
(The first attempt to make the river navigable by canal and locks. Was never finished.)

court at Peking, are larger than any known variety, and often weigh a pound apiece. At Lao-ling were seedless dates which will thrive in alkaline soil that kills almost everything else, and hence are adapted to many parts of the United States. Altogether Mr. Meyer sent home seeds or cuttings of two thousand different varieties of plants and trees.

The writer of the account dilates on the importance of this scientific introduction and adaptation of plants, now being carried on by an army of travelers in conjunction with

the Agricultural Department. He shows how poor we should be in agricultural resources if we had depended on the plants we happened to find when we arrived in this country; and how we are even now much poorer than we might have been, because we have depended so much on haphazard introductions. He shows to what an extent this country has been stocked from other countries all over the globe.

In reflecting on the above, one is struck by the extent to which we are learning self-help in our dealings with "Nature." Instead of regarding ourselves as comparatively helpless beings at the mercy of a great ruthless or indifferent power, we are beginning to see that we ourselves are an important part of Nature. Nature, in fact, seems to be the total of a vast number of active beings, animal, vegetable, and otherwise; and we also are active beings. What we do in the agricultural line is as much entitled to be called "Nature" as what the bugs and roots and the sticks and stones do. It is evident that somebody, the Chinese and Siberians, or their predecessors must have invented (shall we say "Burbanked"?) all these arctic fruits and cereals, just as somebody must have created the various kinds of garden and orchard fruit known to our own lands. Possibly these things are part of the heirloom of ancient science, along with the Pyramids and mummies. Possibly we are but beginners in a science which antiquity had carried far.

The progress of acclimatization, however, is probably delayed by the ease with which we can import the seeds which older countries have produced and are ready to send us. We live so largely by commercial interchange, rather than as direct producers of our own food. In the report of a lecture on "Where Seeds Come From," we find that according to the lecturer the United States is entirely dependent on foreign countries for its supply of flower seeds and largely so for its better varieties of garden seeds and also for agricultural seeds. Germany sends eight to ten tons of seeds a year. Numerous forage seeds are imported to supply the needs of farmers. This country is now producing, in northern New York and Michigan, nearly all the garden peas required; but a generation ago these too were imported. California produces practically all the lettuce seeds needed and now exports largely to France and Britain. Lima bean, onion, squash, cucumber, melon, and sweet corn seeds are also produced at home.

In Europe seed-growing has been carried on for generations, especially among the French and Germans. T.



THE LOCKS OF THE CANAL, TROLLHÄTTAN, SWEDEN



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:
My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

THE ANSWER

WHEN, in the silent hours of the night,
I sit alone within my chamber; or, with open windows,
Lie upon my couch and watch the varied stars,
I ponder then, on the imponderable:
As the sailor seated on the cross-trees
Of the passing square-rigged ship, reflects,
And feels the immensity of space
While loneliness envelops him,
So I, too, reflect—and thus the answer comes:
Even as yonder radiant stars
Moving in their quiet harmony, fret not
Each other in their courses, nor deviate
From their accustomed orbits, but depend
One upon the other in their relationship,
So we, each one of us,
In our daily goings, and our usual habits
Depend also one upon the other,
And the more harmonious our intercourse,
The gentler and more brotherly our thoughts,
So the better is our mutual understanding.
From the distant ages of the past—that past which,
In other bodies, was our own;
From the older teachings of those great Souls
Who lived and showed to us the right
And perfect way to tread the Pathway long,
Come echoes, sounding the motif
Of the grand, harmonious Song of Life
Than which there is no greater!
Incline thine ear, O Traveler! open wide
The door of thine understanding and receive again
The noble words of Ancient Teachers!
Bend low thy head, and in all reverence take
Once more from out the past, that which is thine own.
Having lived, and living yet again,
In thy purer nature there is some response,
Some vibration to these truthful strings.
And as the inner ear opens wider, and the inner
Eye grows clearer, uplift thy gaze, O Pilgrim!
Extend thine arms unto the beams
And the refulgence of the rising Sun!

C. W. E.

Theosophy

THEOSOPHY is the Science of life; the art of living.—H. P. Blavatsky

THEOSOPHY is that Ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings.—William Q. Judge

THE philosophy that teaches selflessness contains the balm for the pain and suffering of today.—Katherine Tingley

WHAT are the questions that trouble our minds? What are the sorrows that wring our hearts? The fears that beset us? Has not many a tortured heart cried out in agony, "Why must these things be?" Are not many misfortunes doubly bitter because of the seeming injustice? But may it not be possible that after all there is an answer to be found to our questionings, and a way out of our difficulties?

Let us consider together the teachings of Theosophy and see if it will not present life to us in a new light, and one that brings hope and comfort with it.

The keynote of Theosophy is Brotherhood—Universal Brotherhood—not as a beautiful

rows of our lives are alike the harvesting of self-sown crops of weeds or grain, in this or other lives. Surely that removes from our minds all sense of injustice, does it not? Surely it is but fair, to receive back again what we give; to reap the harvest of the seed we ourselves have sown!

So in taking Theosophy as our guide in life does it not come to this?—All men are our brothers, we reap what we sow, incarnating again and again for that purpose. Those whom we truly love, and who love us, are friends of the ages. What we call death is but a withdrawal of the Soul from outer to inner activity, and when the hour strikes, the Soul returns to take up its uncompleted task of final liberation from the thralldom and domination of the flesh in company with friends of other lives. But those whom we do *not* love, and who do not love us, also reincarnate with us—reminders of the broken law of brotherhood, for those whom we hate will always be obstacles in our path so long as we hate them, for "hatred ceaseth not by hatred but by love."



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

NORTH-WEST END OF THE "SERPENTINE"
(Ornamental water, Hyde Park, London)

sentiment, but as an actual fact in nature. Then again in the light of Theosophy we do not *have* a soul but we *are* Souls, having bodies. The Soul belongs to the higher division of our dual nature, and the body as the earthly dwelling of the Soul during incarnation, with its personal passions and desires, is included in the lower division; and this lower part of man alone is mortal.

Does not this view of life, remove the fear of death? For what dies? Not the divine nature, which, Theosophy teaches, and in our hearts we feel is true, persists from life to life. No! but merely the outer husk, the "coats of skin" worn during earth-life. Moreover we learn through Theosophy that our earth-lives are many, because we come to earth for a distinct purpose—to attain perfection upon all the possible lines of human development, attaining finally to the stature of Godhead. "Be ye also perfect" said Jesus, "as your Father in heaven is perfect," when expressing this Theosophical truth. Could we attain to our highest possibilities otherwise than by the experience and opportunity which Reincarnation offers?

Again, Theosophy teaches that we really *do* reap what we sow, and that the joys and sor-

To neutralize a force, must we not start the opposite in motion? and thus transform our enemies into friends.

Universal Brotherhood means balance and harmony, all parts of the great whole being in true relation, the one with the other. If men but realized that they were divine Immortal Beings, well able to cope with their difficulties and that it is the real work, privilege, and duty of humanity to manifest that divinity in the every-day affairs of life by controlling the selfish desires of the lower nature, would not a very different state of things soon come about?

"On human shoulders," said Katherine Tingley a few years back, "rests the responsibility of human progress." And it is this principle that is the keynote of the life at the International Center at Point Loma. It is the principle enunciated, by implication, ages ago when man first asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Verily a new day will dawn for the human race when it shall awake to the knowledge of Brotherhood as a fact, and to the responsibility that is upon the shoulders of each one for the happiness of his fellows. And it is to Theosophy that men and women will turn for the knowledge of right living.

W.



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A VIEW OF ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be and is equally outraged by silence.---Ammian

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What is resignation? In what way are we to understand this word, as it is used, for instance, in the statement "The first step in *becoming* is resignation. Resignation is the sure, true, and royal road." If it is used in a special sense, that should be made clear.

Answer This word was not used in a special sense. Theosophists should strive not to strain or specially allot terms. The English language has quite enough words to meet most of our present wants. The intention was to give the deepest meaning possible to the term. *Resignation* was used in the sense of a total mental resignation, not a mere appearance or pretense. We must do as commanded by Krishna, resign all interest in the event of things, and be able to say that any event whatever that comes to us is our just due. This is perfect resignation: it is difficult and yet easy to reach. We reach it by reflecting that the object of the soul is union with the Supreme Soul, and that all our desires grow out of our bodily nature alone. It is really the first step; and as the author of the above statement said, it is the one seldom thought of by students.

HADJI ERINN (W. Q. Judge)

Question Is Karma only punishment?

Answer Karma is action. The law of Karma operates to bring about rewards as well as punishment. The man who is now enjoying a life of ease and wealth has obtained it through Karma; the sage who has attained to great knowledge and

power reached them through Karma; the disciple drinking the bitter drops from the cup of failure mixed the draught himself through Karma; Buddha's great disciple Moggallāna—greater than any other—was suddenly killed, apparently in the height of his usefulness, by robbers; it was Karma; the happy mother seeing all her children respected and virtuous dies the favorite of Karma, while her miserable sister living a life of shame in the same city curses God by her life because she knows not that it is Karma. The world itself rolls on in its orbit, carried further and further with the sun in his greater orbit, and grows old through the cycles, changes its appearance, and comes under laws and states of matter undreamed of by us; it is the Karma of the world; soon or late, even while revolving in its orbit, it will slowly move its poles and carry the cold band of ice to where now are summer scenes—the Karma of the world and its inhabitants. HADJI ERINN

Why do these things happen we ask, why must we endure so much sorrow and suffering when apparently there has been no cause in this life that would make these things just? The question can never be satisfactorily answered from the standpoint of one life only. The human heart demands justice and will be satisfied by nothing else. In Theosophy, in the twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation a satisfactory answer is given, one that appeals not only to the reason but also satisfies the heart.

Taking these teachings which are those of absolute justice, and realizing also the essential divinity of the soul of man by means of which he can rise above all the storms and buffets of outrageous fortune, he has it in his power not only to rule his destiny, accepting willingly the results of past acts, the har-

vests of former seeds sown by him, but also finding true peace and happiness. Even the greatest hardships that come in our lives are blessings in disguise if we would face them in this way in the light of Theosophy. It is the doctrine of hope and new courage.

STUDENT

The Theosophical Address at Isis Theater

LAST evening at Isis Theater before a most interested and attentive audience, Professor Henry T. Edge, from the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, lectured upon "Psychic Powers, their Significance and place in Human Evolution." In opening his subject he stated that there existed many misconceptions in the minds of the public as to the nature and significance of psychic powers.

Professor Edge then said in part:

"(1) That the investigation of psychic powers is very dangerous both to the individual and to society.

"(2) That there is an all-important distinction between psychic powers and spiritual powers, which distinction is often entirely overlooked.

"(3) That the possession of psychic powers does not imply unselfishness, morality, or any other perfection of character.

"(4) That materialism and psychism are not mutually opposed, but that materialism is a disease that affects all our dealings and may affect psychism; and that psychism may be the most dangerous form of materialism.

"(5) That the teachings of Theosophy, as originally given by Helena P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, and as still upheld by the present leader and official head of the Theosophical Society, Katherine Tingley, and by her adherents, throws a clear light on the subject and explain the nature of psychic and spiritual powers.

"It will be granted that civilization has often made an unwise use of the discoveries in physical science which it has made, and that this has brought much trouble upon civilization. If such a civilization were to discover how to use occult forces and psychic powers, would not this prove a still greater menace?

"Theosophy, while recognizing these powers and explaining them, aims to prevent man from misusing them to the detriment of his race."—San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

The Doctrine of Reincarnation

THE doctrine of Reincarnation was introduced to modern Western thought by H. P. Blavatsky, as an essential part of Theosophy, as a doctrine which has behind it the authority of the ages, and as a proposition which demonstrates its own truth by solving the difficulties in our philosophy of life. H. P. Blavatsky says, in the preface to *The Key to Theosophy*, that she cannot do the reader's thinking for him; students are asked, if they think it worth their while, to put the Theosophical teachings, including Reincarnation, to the practical test of applying them to the solution of their difficulties, intellectual, moral, etc. No "revelations" were made by H. P. Blavatsky, or are made by any other Theosophist; nor is any statement put forward for acceptance on authority.

When anything of value is to be given to the world, account must always be taken of the harm that will result from abuse of the gift. Many of the Theosophical teachings, including Reincarnation, which H. P. Blavatsky brought again to the world for the purpose of helping it, have been seized upon by people having private ends to promote. These people have transformed the teachings so as to make them the basis of cults and movements. By this means the word "reincarnation" has been so much abused that many earnest and thoughtful people, when they see it, think that it refers only to the absurd teachings of these cults, and are thus deprived of the opportunity of learning the truth about it. Thus the public is misled. But as this state of affairs is quite inevitable in the present order of society, the duty of Theosophists is confined to combating the misrepresentations and stating the truth as widely and frequently as possible, exercising patience and perseverance, in confidence that the truth will eventually win the day.

The true Theosophical teachings as to Reincarnation are offered, as has been said, for consideration on their merits, and without the accompaniment of "revelations" or sensationalism of any kind. But the case is different with self-appointed "teachers" who misrepresent Theosophy. Here we find "revelations," given on the authority of personalities; statements which cannot be subjected to any proof or test, and must therefore either be disregarded or else accepted on that authority; sensationalism, appealing to vulgar curiosity.

It is nothing short of marvelous that people

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

should be so credulous and easily taken in. We find even well-known publicists, claiming title to be considered as serious thinkers and writers on the problems of the day, so fascinated apparently as to indorse rubbish of this kind by quoting it with approval. Thus, in a well-known review of current events and literature, we find such quotations from a magazine purporting to treat of "occult" matters, given with the approving comment of the editor. On the bare authority of a personality, we are informed that there is in eastern Europe a certain "master," who in the 18th century was the Count St. Germain, and was Lord Bacon in the 17th century, and so on back through the centuries. And we are further favored with the information that "there are rumors" that one day this "master" may appear in England.

Apparently there are people so fascinated that they will approve anything, provided it is stated on a particular authority. That anyone with the smallest claim to be a man of the world should believe that a person is able to know all about the past incarnations of great men, and to believe it merely on no better authority than that person's statement—this seems incredible but it is nevertheless true. And in a world so constituted there are people who complain that the simple and logical teachings of Theosophy make too great a demand on their credulity!

Truly it is difficult to help such a world, and those brave ones who have dared to make the attempt have had to bear the consequences. But their sacrifice was willing, and in it they found the only reward they sought. There are facts and truths connected with Reincarnation that would be most interesting and valuable to men. But these facts and truths must be withheld until such time as they can be brought forward with advantage. Perhaps the worthy are thus deprived along with the unworthy; but which of us is competent to assess his own individual merit? We are members of one family, and share both our privileges and our drawbacks. Our sins may be sins of omission. The surest way to further

knowledge is to put to profitable use that which we already have; till then, complaint is illogical and we stand condemned by the law of justice to which we have appealed.

Details about the past incarnations of people are not needed at present; and how could they be given except upon bare authority?

It is safe to say that anyone pretending to give such details is a self-deluded person, deserving our pity. But such self-deluded ones can only delude those weaker than themselves.

The doctrine of Reincarnation, as simply and clearly stated in the genuine Theosophical writings, should be studied by all who know how to appreciate helpful clues and who can trust their own intelligence. It is the key to many a problem, and no credulity whatever is exacted by a doctrine whose appeal is to the approval of the ordinary intelligence.

STUDENT

Revising the Ten Commandments

THE question of revising the Ten Commandments is being discussed, even by clergymen of high office in the Church of England. It is proposed to shorten the second commandment to simply: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image to bow down to and to worship"; leaving out the part where God describes himself as "a jealous God," and the part where he says that he visits the sins of the fathers upon the children; these parts being considered as pertaining to an archaic conception of the Deity. And certainly, while the word "jealous" has changed its meaning, it cannot be applied in any sense to the idea of Godhead professed by most people today; it seems to pertain to the local and tribal conceptions of Deity. But the other objection is more open to criticism. The would-be revisers argue that it is unjust to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children—though, curiously enough, forced to admit that this does actually happen in the case of hereditary afflictions. Would it not be better to accept both fact and divine law as being right, and our own notions as being imperfect? It is a fact, as admitted, that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children; and here in the Bible we have this fact presented as a decree of a deity. That deity was evidently a personification of natural law. And the proposal is to change the commandment because it offends certain notions of justice which we hold. But this change in

the wording will not alter the facts, and the child will continue to inherit the weaknesses of his ancestry. Of course, the teachings of Karma and Reincarnation reconcile these differences by showing that the incarnating soul receives its parentage in accordance with its own merits, demerits, and needs. We might also point out that the *virtues* of the fathers are also visited upon their children, but one does not hear much complaint about the injustice of this!

The fourth commandment is to be shortened to the simple injunction: "Remember that thou keep holy the seventh day"; leaving out the specifications and the statement about the world being created in six days. For the tenth is suggested the simple: "Thou shalt not covet." This leaves out the schedule of property pertaining to an eastern people.

The great difficulty in these proposed alterations is to know where to stop. This must always be a point over which individual tastes will differ. We may talk of *one* revision, but if there is one there will be several. One would also like to have heard some comment on Jesus' explicit statement that he came to supersede the Mosaic law and to give a new commandment, "That ye love one another." The Ten Commandments are a code such as are to be found in any religious system, the world over. They were obviously made with a special reference to a particular age and nation. Why we should consider this particular code as specially binding upon us in the twentieth century is a curious question of history. We could easily draw up a better code, the outcome of the moral sense of the whole community, the voice of the collective human conscience, the voice of Deity in a very real sense.

E.

Subjective Bronze

PROFESSOR MORSE, writing to the (New York) *Nation*, offers a fellow to that curious experience of two English ladies at Versailles which we recently referred to. They think they saw the gardens as the Queen saw them on that day of August, 1792, when she sat there in agonized suspense throughout the long session of the Assembly. The intensity of her trouble had fixed her mental picture in the psychic atmosphere of the place, and the two visitors, extra sensitive for some reason on the day of their visit, saw it or saw the actual scene modified by it.

Professor Morse's story is a fellow, but it differs. He himself co-operating with two other men, unconsciously *created* a scene, a pair of statues, which did not "exist." And in his memory the created statues assumed immediately a vividness even greater than that of any other detail of the place. They probably existed with equal vividness in the minds of the other two men. But Rodin knew that he had not yet carved them, and Mortillet looked out of the window every day at the blank colonnades.

Says Professor Morse:

In 1887 I visited the Museum of National Antiquities at St. Germain. Dr. Mortillet, the director, accompanied me through the various halls and showed me the amazing collections of palaeolithic man, made by archaeologists whose names are classical in the literature of the subject. In the summer of 1889, I was in Paris again and with a friend visited the Museum. On our way out to

St. Germain, I described to him the beauties of the museum, the wonderful mural paintings portraying the cave dweller, neolithic man, the models of dolmens, etc., and particularly the two colossal equestrian statues in bronze, representing an ancient Gaul and an ancient Roman, designed by Rodin, the armor, weapons, harness trappings, and other details rigidly designed from the very objects exhumed in France, which formed part of the collection. These statues stood on a colonnade which overlooked the plains and faced Paris. Dr. Reinach, the director, with his usual courtesy, accompanied us through the various halls, and, finally, I asked him to direct us to the colonnade, as I wished to show my friend the colossal equestrian figures, designed by Rodin. He looked somewhat perplexed and said he did not know to what I referred. Somewhat amazed at his bewildered look, I mentioned rather impatiently the great figures in bronze and asked if they had been removed. He said they never existed! I soberly told him they had been shown me by the former director, Mortillet, a few years ago. He said he remembered my visit quite distinctly, but he had never seen or heard of the bronze statues. I then asked him if he would kindly show me the colonnade facing Paris, thereupon, amused by my insistence, he went to the side of the room, raised a window, and I looked down at the identical colonnade I had in mind, but no statues! I turned to him in amazement, and after we had gazed at each other for a moment, he turned to a little cupboard and brought out two small plaster cast models, and said, "I wonder if you refer to these?" He said they were designed by Rodin after a suggestion by Mortillet, whose ambition it was to have them made life size and placed upon the colonnade. He had never been able to carry out the idea.

Now the winter before, I had given a course of Lowell lectures on European museums, and I was sure these wonderful statues had been described in the course, for no impression more clear and vivid had ever existed in my brain. Immediately upon returning home, I hunted up my lecture notes and my original journal notes and no reference to the statues, nor even to the diminutive models, could be found!

Professor Morse adds: "This again illustrates the unreliability of human testimony."

Only half the truth; it illustrates the unreliability of *our interpretation* of human testimony. The two English ladies, going to that place, might very well "see" the statues and quite reliably say so afterwards. The statues are there, perhaps for as long as the museum shall last, placed there by the minds of three men. But they are of mind-stuff, not bronze. Mind-stuff may be the more lasting of the two materials—if there are two. The universe may be mind-stuff, becomes indeed intelligible only on that hypothesis.

STUDENT

Astronomical Notes

TO the making of theories about Mars there is no end, and in harmony with the warlike influence attributed to the planet, the controversies between the disputants are distinguished by warmth. The latest hypothesis is a singular one, and, had it not been seriously received in some high astronomical circles, it would seem almost too bizarre to be treated with gravity. Professor Adrian Baumann of Zurich, its author, declares that the so-called "canals" are nothing but cracks in a great ice-sheet, their dark color being caused by the underlying water oozing out during the Martian day. He thinks the "lakes" and "arms of the sea" are volcanic islands with ice-cracks, or "leads" as they would be called by navigators, between them. Professor Meisel of Darmstadt approves of this idea, but not of a more far-fetched suggestion of Professor Baumann's given in explanation of the mysterious "germination" or doubling

of many of the canals. He believes this to be merely illusion, and it is certainly strange that the greatest telescopes in the world, the Lick and the Yerkes, do not show it.

The ice-crack explanation of the puzzling canals is certainly ingenious, but it would be interesting to know how the learned professors explain the fact that not only do the lines ramify in the greenish-gray areas which we used to be taught were seas and oceans (but which is now generally discredited), but are found crossing the light-colored regions which are undoubtedly continental masses of land. One cannot help thinking that Professor Lowell's remarkable hypothesis of waterways with irrigated districts (artificial or natural) along their sides, has not been properly studied by the astronomers mentioned.

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 12)

To Our Readers

TO advance the work of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY in whose interests the CENTURY PATH is published, Katherine Tingley, Leader of the Theosophical Movement and Editor of the CENTURY PATH, has decided to enlarge this magazine, changing its form and title. The last issue of the CENTURY PATH in its present form as a weekly will be that of June 11th. Commencing with July, it will appear as a monthly in regular magazine form under the title THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. Its regular date of issue will be on or about the fifteenth of each month.

By this change of title the attention of the general public will be called more directly to the general purposes of the magazine and to the fact that it is the official organ of the Theosophical Movement. In its new form it will also have many advantages over the old, among which will be the possibility of publishing more exhaustive and extended articles on many of the subjects that are of such vital interest to the welfare of Humanity.

The Magazine will appear in a most attractive and artistic form and will be fully illustrated. On the cover will be a reproduction in colors of the symbolic painting *The Path* by the well-known English artist, Mr. R. W. Machell. This reproduction is in itself a work of art, and the cover alone would be a valuable gift to make to a friend.

In making this announcement we ask your continued interest and support. The yearly subscription price of the magazine in its new form as THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will be two dollars (\$2.00); foreign, two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50); that is, only half of the present subscription price. Single copies twenty cents (20¢).

Faithfully yours,
NEW CENTURY CORPORATION,
C. THURSTON, Manager

A New Magazine for the Spanish-Speaking World

IN response to the many demands from inquirers and others interested in Theosophy in Cuba, Mexico, South America, Spain, and other Spanish-speaking countries, a new Magazine in the Spanish language, entitled EL SENDERO TEOSÓFICO, will be published. It will appear monthly, on or about the first of every month, the first issue being ready July 1st.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Editor

Astronomical Notes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

It is a very curious thing, and one that increasingly forces itself upon the attention of anyone who keeps closely in touch with the latest scientific pronouncements, that the framers of new hypotheses frequently seem neglectful or ignorant of the observations and reasonable deductions therefrom of other workers in the same fields. In regard to the problem of Mars this is very noticeable. It would seem as if even Professor Arrhenius, the great Swedish chemist and cosmogonist, who is delivering the Lowell Lectures at Harvard at present, has not given due attention to the careful observations of Mars which Professor Lowell and other American observers have published from time to time, for he has been declaring that the canals are nothing but natural cracks. In saying this he ignores the elaborate investigation that has been made into the forms of natural cracks and which show that the marks on Mars resemble nothing less than any natural cracks with which we are acquainted; and he seems unaware of the fact that in the Martian summer the canals become more conspicuous, darkening gradually towards the equator as the season develops, while as the winter approaches they fade out towards the pole.

Professor Arrhenius also approves of the hypothesis that the Moon was once thrown off from the earth when the latter was in a (supposed) molten condition. It would look as if he has not heard of the very extensive and laborious mathematical researches of several prominent American astronomers, especially Professor T. J. J. See of the U. S. Observatory, Mare Island, into the question of the Moon's origin. Professor See considers he has established, by the most rigid and irrefutable mathematical reasoning and after bringing the highest known resources of the science to bear upon the problem, the fact that the Moon is no satellite of the earth but a companion planet which has been caught in the earth's attraction and cannot escape therefrom. We have discussed Professor See's capture hypothesis several times in these columns during the past two years as it is of some interest to students of Theosophy in view of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky on the subject. She claims that the Moon is not only a different planet from the earth and not a "splash" jerked off from it, but that it is actually *older* than the earth. This is one of the instances in which modern science is rapidly approaching the teachings given in *The Secret Doctrine*, as she said it would in the twentieth century.

The weird statements that are served up in the press under the head of scientific news are often very amusing. We referred some time ago to an assertion in a very important American daily paper that the Milky Way was "moving into the sun," and that astronomers of renown were searching for the cause. As the Milky Way consists of hundreds of millions of blazing suns the phenomenon would certainly need some explanation, if true! The same journal now publishes the singular information that the "shadow" of the Moon was well seen in California while passing over the sun during the recent eclipse of April 28. The eclipse was certainly well seen, but the journalist who supplied the report evidently does not know the difference

between a solar eclipse, in which the Moon, not its shadow, crosses the Sun, and a lunar eclipse, in which the shadow of the Earth falls upon the Moon. A moment's thought should convince anyone of the impossibility of anything *throwing a shadow* upon the dazzling brilliancy of the solar disk. Why are not children in schools taught the rudiments of the noblest of all the sciences, astronomy? It can be made most fascinating, and it is a subject, which, above all others, lifts the mind from the limitations and narrownesses of ordinary life, and gives a firm foundation for a wider outlook into the meaning of existence. The writer of these lines has had a good deal of experience in teaching the rudiments of astronomy to young folk, and has never had to complain of lack of interest on their part. Every school should have a small astronomical telescope mounted equatorially, for practical demonstration. The cost need not be much, and what can be more interesting than for the children to see the wonderful objects they have been studying and even to find, by means of a very simple calculation, stars by daylight or stars that are invisible to the naked eye!

STUDENT

"He That Believeth Not Shall be Damned"

THIS Sinaitic version of the Scriptures differs somewhat from the others. Like the Vatican Codex it leaves out the 12 verses of the last chapter of the Gospel of Mark as found in the King James Bible. Some critics contend that these 12 verses were not in the Bible originally, but that they were added later.

In one of the verses Jesus tells His disciples to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"; also: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned"; and further: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues."

In the Vatican Codex a blank space is left for the 12 verses in question, as if the copyist had known of their existence but was uncertain whether to include them or not. There has been a great amount of discussion over these points which it is not necessary for us to go into here and which the ordinary person may well leave to the Bible scholars to thresh out. — *The Pathfinder*

A good deal, however depends upon the point; and the ordinary person would do well to do some of his thinking for himself, instead of having it done for him by others. Whoever added those verses to the manuscripts must have done so in the interests of the doctrines that are based on them. The words: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," are such an obvious intrusion, so out of keeping with the gospel, that we cannot afford to overlook the point. The ordinary person may leave the matter to the scholars, provided he is as indifferent to the outcome, and as uninfluenced by it, as he would be over the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. But when the passage in question is the principal basis of a doctrine regarded by the main body of the churches as essential, the ordinary person is likely to suffer for being so ordinary. Does *The Pathfinder* mean that the doctrine of salvation by faith, and the doctrine of heaven and hell, do not matter and can be left to the scholars to dispute over?

The old crude dogma of heaven and hell is fast becoming obsolete. It still lingers among a few narrow and extreme sectarians,

but the more representative ministers and congregations have gone various lengths in the direction of modifying it, until with many it is virtually non-existent. The more thoughtful recognize that it is not part of the original gospel or Jesus Christ's own teaching, but that it is an ecclesiastical addition made at some later time. The fact that its chief scriptural warrant is thus impugned gives support to these more reasonable views. Jesus says that a man who clings to his desires, failing to emancipate himself from them, is consumed in a perpetual fire, which he likens to the place where garbage was burned outside the walls of Jerusalem. This is nowadays interpreted as referring merely to the torture of servitude to one's passions. The word which has been translated "eternal" is now shown to mean "age-long"; see especially Canon Farrar's well-known work, *Eternal Hope*. The kingdom of heaven or kingdom of God is evidently the state of freedom and bliss attained by the victorious disciple who succeeds in emancipating himself from thralldom to desires and in establishing within himself the kingdom of righteousness.

The system of partial future rewards and vindictive punishments is now pretty well recognized as machinery common to all religions in their later and degenerated stages, and to have grown out of superstitious fears. Among Christian divines there are some who have revised their views on the vicarious atonement even, and who no longer teach that man can be excused from the consequences of his acts by a special interposition. There are others who still cling to the dogma of the vicarious atonement, in spite of its inconsistency with all reasonable ideas of divine justice or natural law.

The true teaching is that the Divine power in man saves him by raising him above his personal life into a higher life, but does not, cannot, excuse him from incurring the consequences of his actions.

The word "Christ" generally refers to the Divine in man, and it is this which saves man. If we would invoke Divine aid, we must do it by our own spontaneous action. We must assert our Divinity, not wait passively for some outside power to act through us. This latter attitude is the attitude which false teaching has forced upon us, and in which it seeks to keep us; but it is not true religion, it is only a parody thereof. E.

Logic and Science Generalizations

THE attitude of scientific men towards anything bordering on the metaphysical, while helpful in building provisional working hypotheses in order to correlate the results of experiment and observation, has often blinded them to pitfalls when certain generalizations are essayed. Stallo's *Concepts of Modern Physics*, in spite of recent discoveries, still remains perhaps the most brilliant exposé of such pitfalls that has appeared. To escape them, logic is sometimes forgotten. Take the kinetic energy theory of heat. The work of Bernouilli, Maxwell, etc. is held to establish that heat is to be *construed* as a mode of motion of material molecules. In fact, this is but a correlative *phenomenon*; and we are as far as ever from knowing what heat really is, *per se*! STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Chaos in Art and Life

LOOKING over some reproductions of pictures described as "Post-Impressionist," and as representing a new movement in art, we find among them differences which would prevent us from putting the pictures into one class. In some the spirit of the artist is evidently somber and bizarre; and the result, as shown by two pictures by the same painter, varies with his subject. In one picture, a landscape, the trees and undergrowth seem to be on fire, while the sky rolls in vortices of smoke and flame; but the superscription shows that what looks like a forest fire was by no means intended for such. In the other, the artist's subject was in harmony with his spirit and treatment, for it is that of a squad of jail-birds exercising in a prison yard. Here every touch that lends gloom and grime enhances the effect. Some of the pictures we should describe as an ill-mated combination of decorative symbolism with photographic accuracy, for the draperies and surroundings are conventionalized, almost to the degree of a wall pattern, while yet the faces and hands seem the work of the camera. This combination cannot well be viewed as a whole, the eye resting alternately on each phase; but whichever one looks at, the presence of the other spoils the reality and harmony. Again, we have groups that are like the work of an inexperienced photographer, the expressions and attitudes being literal, and the balance of light and shade ruthlessly ignored.

The common element among these various productions is the desire to get away from convention and achieve something original—the desire, but without the power. It is the same motive as that which gives us experiments in music that have no coherence and that wander off all beaten paths without finding a new path; experiments in literature with no message, new or old; poetry that has "cast its worn-out robes away" but has not found any new ones to wear; architecture that strenuously endeavors to achieve something, yet fails to achieve anything.

We are in a transition age, in short, whose art is indicative of its spirit; for our beliefs are in much the same condition. Too many cross-currents at work for a coherent and symmetrical effect; and so confusion, on paper and canvas, for the eye and for the ear, is the outward expression which greets us as the art of the day. The results are many and various, and things are grouped together which have nothing in common except their vagueness; the class to which they belong is docketed "miscellaneous and unclassified."

When a number of people are intoxicated, their various natures show up; some are benevolent, some truculent: some are foolish, others philosophical. So with the pictures: flashes of genius jostle mere offenses, side by side or in the same picture.

The effort to reduce our chaotic life to a harmony, to find a meaning among all the deceptions, a purpose amid the whims, a voice amid the talking—this alone is earnest and real; but as yet it is only the effort, and the achievement lies in the future. The country

tumus that he would raise a temple to the twin heroes, Castor and Pollux, if they would aid him to win the decisive battle of Lake Regillus, which saved the liberty of Rome.

The story runs that these demigods, when they had led the Roman charge to victory, disappeared from the scene, and revealed themselves, after journeying with more than mortal speed, near the Temple of Vesta. There, as they washed off the battle-stains, they told the wondering crowd of the victory and then departed mysteriously.



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THE TEMPLES NEAR THE FORUM, ROME

farmer who went to hear Rubinstein was moved so that he felt as if "he wanted to love somebody"; and that describes our state: we want an ideal to be true to.

In Lomaland are people who have traveled the world and dwelt in every tent; and they say that the only thing to mend broken lives, to inspire vain ones, to rekindle the "light within the brain," is practical Theosophy as carried out in Lomaland; here there is definite purpose and unanimity, but these things do not seem to be anywhere else. STUDENT

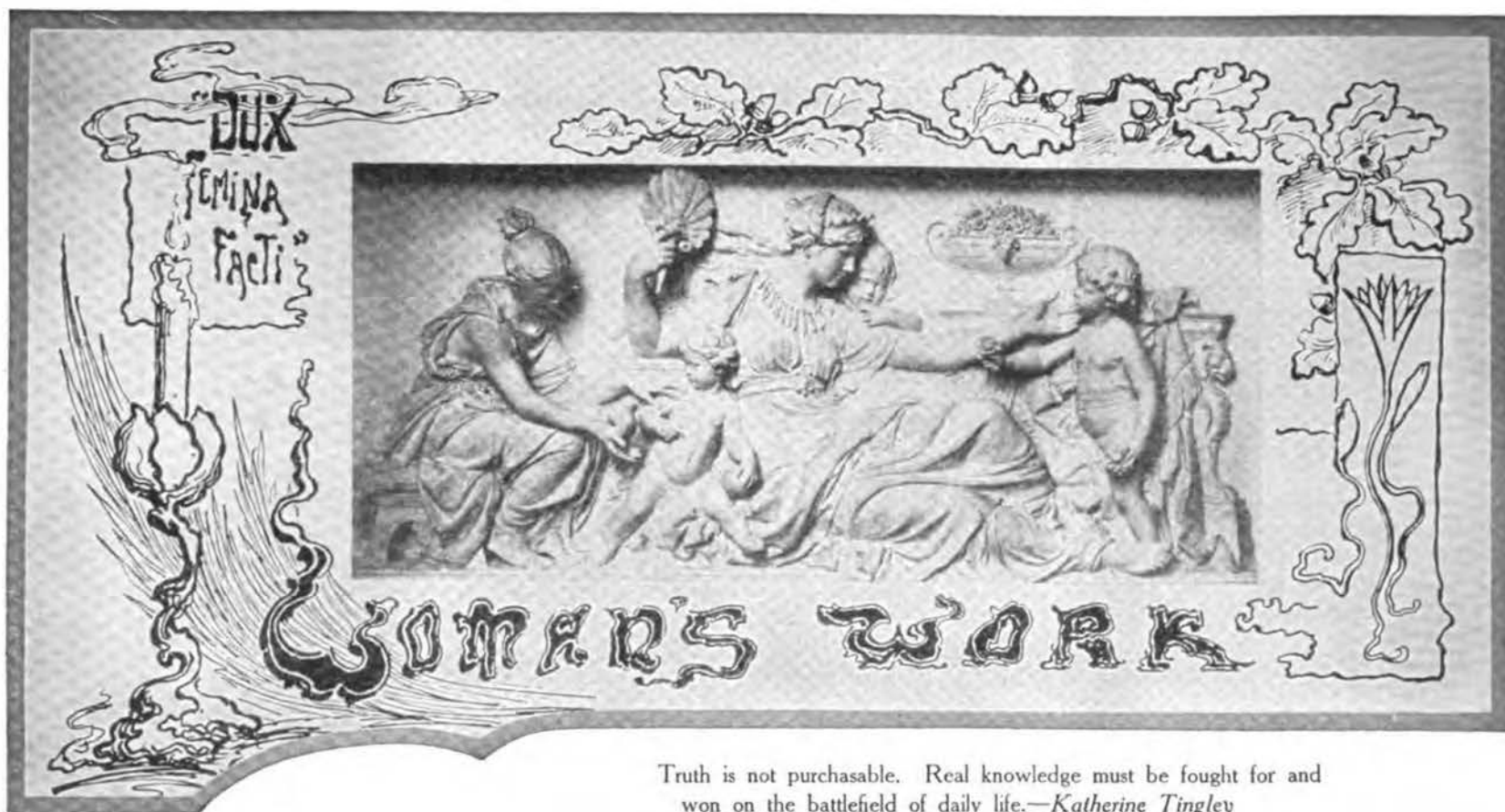
The Temples Near the Forum, Rome

THE central feature in the accompanying plate is the podium of the Temple of Castor, whose three beautiful Corinthian pillars have been strangely preserved through the ages. It was dedicated in 482 B. C., in fulfilment of the vow of Aulus Pos-

In the foreground of the illustration is shown the pavement of the Basilica Julia, which was commenced by Julius Caesar and finished by Augustus. It held four law courts in which one hundred and eighty jurors were employed.

To the left is the Temple of Antoninus Pius and his wife Faustina (about 141). Each column is formed of a single piece of cipollin marble. This temple, though greatly disfigured and in part rebuilt, probably owes its preservation to the fact that it was used at an early period as a church.

In the background the ponderous mass of the Basilica of Constantine (or Maxentius) stands out boldly. It belongs to the latest period of ancient art. The magnificent barrel-vaults of its aisles measure seventy-two feet across. It is indeed reminiscent of gorgeous and prodigal days. STUDENT TRAVELER



Truth is not purchasable. Real knowledge must be fought for and won on the battlefield of daily life.—Katherine Tingley

I sent my soul through the invisible.

Some letter of the after life to spell;

And by and by my soul returned to me.

And answered, "I myself am Heaven and Hell."
—Omar Khayyam

THE Soul awakened from her long sleep and gazed about her. The fresh breezes from Heaven swept over her. The golden light from the sun illumined her. The sweet smell of the earth intoxicated her. She asked no reasons of air, sun, or earth, but took their gifts unquestioning, and gained nourishment, strength and power.

She moved about and gathered the flowers of life, and entered Heaven through their radiant beauty. But the sun withered them, the wind grew strong and carried their petals afar, and soon she stood empty-handed and cold and entered Hell through a cloud which enveloped her.

The cloud was lifted, and again she breathed the air of Heaven. In the distance she spied richer and more tempting flowers and sallied forth to pluck them. As she approached they were transformed into friends like unto herself. And she pressed them to her heart in an ecstasy of joy. "These are my own," she cried, "my very own. These will not leave me." And together they all entered Heaven, and feasted on the joys they found there.

But unknowing, unconscious, they had entered in; and so in time they drifted out.

And the winds of earth assailed the Soul and carried her to a bleak and dreary spot. No flowers were there, no sun, but only gray and leaden clouds hanging about the peaks of the cragged rocks, through which the wind was sighing, while it seemed to sing a song of despair. And the Hell of loneliness gathered itself about her and enshrouded her. And in an agony of hopelessness she crouched low.

But ere the gloom had absorbed her life, a contrary wind arose, and carried her once again into the rich, warm sunshine, glowing

"I Myself Am Heaven and Hell"

and palpitating with life, glorious in its infinite promise, revivifying, uplifting. And the Soul, who so recently had shrunk almost to extinction, now opened out to fill the Heaven which surrounded her, and her heart overflowed with love and gratitude and joy.

FINALLY: if you ask me how we understand Theosophical duty practically and in view of Karma, I may answer you that our duty is to drink without a murmur to the last drop, whatever contents the cup of life may have in store for us, to pluck the roses of life only for the fragrance they may shed on others, and to be ourselves content but with the thorns if that fragrance cannot be enjoyed without depriving some one else of it.

H. P. Blavatsky, in the *Key to Theosophy*

NOW there are two kinds of good, one human and the other divine; and the former hangs upon the divine; and if any state receives the greater it possesses likewise the lesser; but if not it is deprived of both.

Plato, *The Laws*, Bk. I, ch. 6

IF I am out of step with my fellows it is because I hear a different drummer.

Henry D. Thoreau

Then once more the clouds descended, and doubt assailed her, and she entered the Hell of suspicion, filled with poisoned arrows which seemed aimed at her. And they pierced her, and she writhed in an agony of pain.

And thus she was borne from Heaven to Hell, from Hell to Heaven. She gathered of earth's rarest flowers, only to see them wither and decay in her hands. She claimed as her own earth's dearest treasures, only to see them snatched from her grasp, until she cried out in wrath.

Finding herself one fair day in a quiet spot, like that upon which first her eyes had opened she demanded of the air, the earth, the sun, their reasons. "These at least you owe me.

These you must give me."

But for answer came fiercer winds, which carried

her with greater rapidity than ever before from Heaven to Hell, from Hell to Heaven.

Then in a waste and barren place, she planted her feet, and said to the winds, "Blow, I defy you!" A veritable tornado descended upon her, and lo! she did not move.

Her hidden power was revealed to her, and she paused, and gazed upon the black desert surrounding her, and thought and thought. She remembered the many she had met in her journeys who, like herself, had been driven by the winds of circumstance and desire whither they would. She longed to tell them the truth. She remembered the flowers she had gathered to enjoy, and she longed to offer them now to the throngs who were standing on the bleak places of life, where there was neither beauty, nor color, nor fragrance. She remembered the hungry eyes she had passed in her pursuit of pleasure. And, as their faces flitted before her inner eyes, an unutterable yearning possessed her. "Ah, had I now the flowers, I would give them to others. They should cheer the lonely lives. They should give health to the sick and suffering, they should carry the message I have to give."

And lo! at her feet rare flowers appeared, and grew into her lap and caressed her. Suffused with a glory of light, they surrounded her. And all the bare places were covered with green. As far as her eye could reach there was color and beauty. The haze in the distance was aglow with the light of the sun. The air was astir with music.

The lesser self, fettered to joy and pain, the prisoner of circumstance, had slipped from her like a garment. Clothed in the white light of Divinity, Knowledge, and Peace, she stood revealed unto herself.

The Soul gazed at the miracle in silence. She arose in majesty and said: "I myself am Heaven and Hell." GERTRUDE VAN PELT

“’Twas Never our Custom—”

THE following incident is related by a writer in the *Youth's Companion*:

One Sunday the American boarder, returning from a walk, found the windows of her room, which she had left wide open, tightly closed. “O, Mrs. MacLachlan, I don’t like my room to get stuffy,” she said, when she went downstairs again. “I like plenty of fresh air.” “Your room will na’ get stuffy in one day,” said her landlady, firmly. “’Twas never our custom, miss, to hae fresh air rooshin’ about the house on the Sawbeth.”

Laughable as the incident is, and absurd as it may appear to the average thinking mind, it will not do to dismiss it with the quieting reflection, “but of course I never do *that*,” when most of us are doing things all the time that center about exactly the keynote of just *—that*. For it is typical of the mind which is forever wedded to a plan, whose “mold,” as she termed it, H. P. Blavatsky said that she came to break, in order to release the divine and illimitable power otherwise stifled and imprisoned.

This is a factor in the world’s great problem—right living—with which only Theosophy can deal and, for that matter, out of all the movements pertaining or assuming to pertain to man’s spiritual welfare, Theosophy is the only one that recognizes and admits it. This mental keynote is what binds people to creeds, and keeps them quiescent under dogma, and makes them willing to submit to the tyranny of ideas that affront every grain of common sense and of compassion in their make-up. It gives us that easily recognized type of mothers (and so-called home-makers) who are only forgiven the hard, cold, dead-set and unsympathetic atmosphere of their perfectly ordered “homes” because they are so “capable” and because the average observer is not enough of a diagnostician on finer lines to tell what is the matter.

But Theosophy goes further, for it recognizes this centripetal and wholly selfish habit of mind—darling progeny of the personality and its desires—as a factor to be reckoned with even in the most progressive and awakened life. No earnest Theosophical student but has had many a reckoning with it in his own life, for he well knows the danger of a dead-set mental habit of hanging to plans like a puppy to his precious bone.

It was this habit of mind which Jesus assailed when he told his disciples to take no thought for the morrow; and Krishna, when he enjoined against looking for results. According to the philosophies of all time it is the first of the mental fetters that the disciple would do well to attack, and Patañjali writes as though it were the last to be completely broken.

If the ascetic is not desirous of the fruits, even when perfect knowledge has been attained, and is not inactive, the meditation technically called *Dharma-Megha*—cloud of virtue—takes place from his absolutely perfect discriminative knowledge.—*Yoga Aphorisms*, Book IV, 28.

Upon this aphorism William Q. Judge comments, and in no uncertain speech:

When the ascetic has reached the point described in *Aphorism 25* (perfect discriminative knowledge) if he bends his concentration towards the prevention of all other thoughts, and is not desirous of obtaining the powers resulting just at his wish, a further state of meditation is reached which is called “cloud of virtue,” because it is such as will, as it were, furnish the spiritual rain for the bringing about of the chief end of the soul—entire emancipation. And it contains a warning that, until this chief end is obtained, the desire for fruits is an obstacle.

If those who have reached almost the pinnacle of knowledge and spiritual attainment have, or may have, still this fetter to unfasten, it would appear that there is something to be done in the case of the average mortal. But if we never begin we can never hope to end, and in other writings Mr. Judge has called our attention to the fact that while a mental freeing of this kind is not to be done in a minute or done easily, it is the Path. In one passage he says:

This practice is the highest; that which some day we must and will learn to perform. Other



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ST. MARK'S, VENICE

THE FAMOUS “PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S” IN THE FOREGROUND

sorts are inculcated in other rites; but they are steps leading us at last to this. Therefore I said let us enter the Path as soon as we can.

Yes, you will argue, only “attachment to results” is not the same thing as the merely conservative habit of mind which objects to “fresh air rooshin’ about the house on the Sawbeth,” although we will admit that conservatism itself deserves to be pilloried for the way in which it has strangled progress. No, not the same, if one must analyse, merely its father and mother; but the stock to which they belong is prolific, persistent and thanks to our own ignorance and indifference, fairly immune. In essence they are the same and the learner who is forging ahead on lines of real growth regards the mental habit of hanging to pre-set, brain-mind plans as one of his most dangerous enemies, and he keeps his eye right on it, alert.

Oh this mental dead-setness! It kills intuition, it crucifies trust. It blots out the soul-impress that Theosophy tells us it is our divine mission, our supreme duty, to leave upon *all* life. It kills plasticity: it is fatal to growth. It precipitates nine-tenths of our

“struggles.” The Teacher can do very little—in most cases nothing—for the one who persistently allows himself to be dominated by it; and it opens a thousand doors leading outward to that Plain of Desolation wherein the pupil is driven to abide when the Teacher at last ceases to try.

No one, as human beings go, is so irreplicable as not to need an occasional reminder on this line; for this habit of mind is not alien to any soul who is in even an infinitesimal degree of bondage to ambitions, to desires, to creeds, dogmas, misconceptions, preconceptions, or fears. So you and I and all of us are included, however plastic we may think ourselves, however much in reality we may have overcome, and it pays to be vigilant.

Think what it would mean to the world if the true Teachers had pupils, workers, who were ready at any moment—*mentally* ready—to move on and up and away and out, upon new lines, new work, new methods; who never hung back, alarmed at every innovation; who were always ready to dare, and to dare in virile action; whose courage was always “screwed to the sticking place” though worthier motivated than poor Lady Macbeth’s; who like the warriors of old Athens had the faculty of reflection and of action, too. The Teacher could do something with us then, and for us, and through us, and by means of us.

Which doesn’t mean that we are to perch ourselves mentally on the rim of things hunting for tangents to fly off upon. Not at all. In truth, we need to be more firmly based than ever, but upon the divine, eternal moral principles of life—*life*, whose great, creative, disciplinary power is *duty*.

For duty is no passive but well-meaning goddess feebly wailing at us about the virtues—no, it is one of the great magical forces of universal life, one of the most powerful, in fact; and by devo-

tion to it, no matter under what form it may knock at our doors, we become clothed in the garment of its power, verily, “in the raiment of the God whom we serve.” If we could only give it a Sanskrit name, like *Kriyā-śakti* or something, and find some abstruse treatise on it, some of us might think there would be hope of our understanding it better. But there would not be. The only way to arrive at a goal is to *follow the path that leads to it*—to follow, and follow, letting results take care of themselves. The rightly plastic mind attends to sowing the right seed; the worrying about the future harvests is turned over to the personality-ridden minds that wish to do it. And so, when dilemmas toss you up in the air, or threaten to do so, pause, wait, try a little self-examination, and see whether some dead-set notion as to the scandal of “fresh air rooshin’ about” at an unconventional time is not what got you in the pathway of those dire horns. And then plunge into your duties as into a great remedial sunshine-tide of life and joy and peace. You will find there, and only there, the poise and trust and courage you had lost. STUDENT

OUR YOUNG FOLK

Scenes at Cambridge University

THE scenery of Cambridge may claim a charm that is rare and in some respects unique, combining as it does the characteristics of pastoral beauty, of an old-fashioned market town, and some of the grandest old architecture in England. The town has narrow winding streets, and the colleges, of which there are seventeen, are grouped about it, sometimes very close together. Each college is a self-contained unity, whose separate interest and government is admirably adapted to those of the University itself, the greater whole which contains these units. The plan of the college buildings is that of one or more quadrangles surrounding courts in which are grass plots and fountains. The buildings are of ancient solidity and reposeful beauty, and the ivy mantles their gray forms and frames the windows of the students' rooms that overlook court or street.

The River Cam winds along one side of the town. It is hardly worthy of being called a river at all, being but a few feet wide. Its level is only a few feet above its distant outlet, the Wash, so that its stream is sluggish. A group of colleges, including Queen's, Catherine's, King's, Clare, Caius, Trinity, and John's, lie between the town and the river, so that as we pass through the front and back quadrangles of these colleges, we come first to green lawns and then to the river, which is spanned by a succession of bridges, of which two are here illustrated, one taking its name from the likeness to a well-known bridge in Venice. This part of the river is known as the "backs," and the colleges with their lawns afford a magnificent spectacle to one canoeing or sculling peacefully along, as the passage of each bridge reveals a new wonder. As to the lawns, that of King's is said to be the largest lawn in existence; and it is related that when a certain visitor asked the gardener for the recipe for such a lawn, he was told that it was very simple; all that was necessary was to keep it well mowed and rolled for three or four hundred years.

On the other side of the river we enter the open country, which is green and fertile indeed, for Cambridgeshire is land recovered from the fen. Flat



QUEEN'S BRIDGE, CAMBRIDGE

THE RHODORA

IN May when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook:
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Make the black waters with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there,
brought you.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

as a billiard-table, it affords fine sunsets, and its villages are justly considered as among the most beautiful in the world. Many poets have passed their student days amid the beautiful scenery around Cambridge. STUDENT



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THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, CAMBRIDGE

Meteorites

ONCE on a cold winter's night in Canada, several people were spending the evening at the warm fireside of a neighbor's home. It was still and white outside. Suddenly, while they were chatting they heard a terrible sound, hissing and groaning and rumbling and cracking and foaming in turn. It was so loud and fearful that the people were frightened almost out of their wits and some thought that the world was coming to an end. The noise lasted what seemed a long time but was about fifteen minutes, when it suddenly ceased with a last terrible hiss, like a hot iron thrust into cold water.

No one could explain what was the cause, but in the morning somebody saw an immense hole in the ice on the bay near by, melted by a burning hot meteorite that had fallen. This accounted for the strange noises of the night before, and for the last hiss when it melted through the ice and fell to the bottom of the bay. It was such an unusual thing to happen that everybody's interest in meteorites was aroused.

The universe swarms with meteoric stones. These bodies are very much smaller than the other heavenly bodies, but they are governed by the same laws and revolve around the sun and in their own orbits just as do the planets and comets. When they come near enough to our earth, they are "captured" by it, as it whirls around. They rush into our atmosphere sometimes with such speed that they become heated and vaporized into meteoric dust. During the process of burning, if it happens to be at night and we are looking at the heavens, we all exclaim, "Look! there is a shooting star!"

Meteorites usually become luminous about seventy-five miles from the surface of the earth and are burned up entirely when they reach it. If they are unusually large they cannot all be consumed in this time but fall on the earth as a heated meteoric stone. In most of the great museums of the world we can see some of these famous stones, which are interesting not only for their fame as "strangers" from unknown space but also for the various metals found in them, which have been carefully examined. E.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

WHY IT WAS COLD IN MAY

THE Year had all the Days in charge,
And promised them that they
Should each one see the World in turn,
But ten Days ran away!
Ten Days that should have gone abroad
Sometime in early May—
So when May came and all was fair,
These Days were sent to bed,
And ten good Winter Days were sent,
To see the World instead!

Henrietta Robins Eliot (Selected)

One Fairy Freed

“HOW beautiful they are!” exclaimed the small boy whose face could be seen pressed against the high lattice fence.

“I wonder if they ever get tired of staying inside that garden,” said his little sister, who was also admiring through the narrow openings the beautiful crimson peonies that clustered together in six or seven large beds.

“I think they do,” said the boy. “They must want to be picked and given to some poor people to make them happy.”

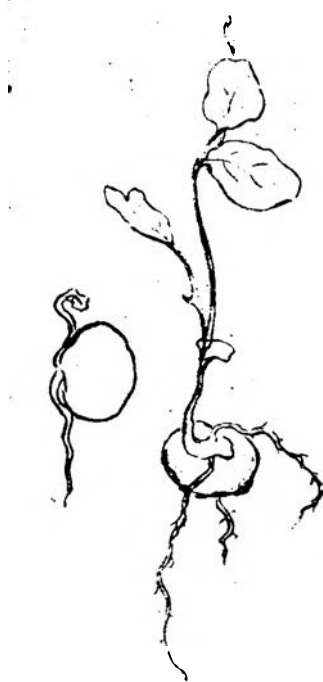
“You know,” said his sister confidentially, “every day when I’m coming home from school I stop a minute to look at them and I always say to them very quietly, ‘I love you very much, beautiful peonies,’ and I really believe that they answer me and say, ‘We love you too and should like to go with you.’ Just to think that the lady never gives one of them away to anybody! She keeps them in the garden like prisoners.”

“Well, anyway, the peonies aren’t selfish. They try to smile at everybody that passes by. Good-bye, beautiful peonies.”

More than once Miss Reynolds had noticed the two children peeping in at the garden. She had never encouraged them to stay, however, by even a nod of recognition. Her peony beds had been brightening the old garden and cottage in their blooming season for years. She had come to regard them as something too much of her own to give away, too much a part of her small household to be picked and scattered around the neighborhood. Miss Reynolds was almost like a prisoner herself, shut up in a solitary corner, for the many years of lonely life, of disappointments and sorrows, and brooding over her own troubles, had imprisoned her gentler nature in a hard crust of pride and indifference towards other people, as her coldness of manner and the stern look in her face showed.

On that particular afternoon, Miss Reynolds was returning home from shopping, and it was a great surprise to the children to turn and see her standing there. With a hasty “How d’you do, Miss Reynolds,” they ran on to their home, whispering to each other, “Do you suppose she heard what we said?”

The next morning they concluded that she had heard; for what did they spy on her front gate but two lovely bunches of peonies tied with ribbons and having cards attached bearing their names. Here was a glad surprise.



LITTLE BROTHER PEAS

“Oh how lovely!” cried the girl. “She isn’t selfish about her flowers at all. I’m going right in to thank her,” and in they ran, round to the back of the cottage, where they found Miss Reynolds.

“We thank you ever so much,” said they in one voice. Something melted in Miss Reynolds’ heart as she kissed the two eager young faces held up to her. Then they asked her if they might give the peonies to a poor invalid friend whom they often went to see, but she said, “No, my dears, keep your flowers and I will give you others for your friend.”

So this was the beginning of Miss Reynolds’ new life — her heart-life, for the children had opened the door and let out the good fairy that had always lived a prisoner there. Needless to say the peonies were never afterwards prisoners either.

ELVA



LITTLE BROTHER BEAN

The Two Little Seeds

ONCE upon a time, two little seeds lay side by side in the ground. One was a bean and the other a pea. All through the cold winter they slept but they were not cold because they had on thick warm jackets.

By and by they began to wake up and feel uneasy and the bean said to the pea, “Brother, I feel very strange; what do you think is going to happen?”

“I feel strange too,” said the pea, “something is stirring in me and I am beginning to swell.”

“So am I,” said the bean, “my jacket is beginning to split open and I find I have two little hands.”

“And I,” said the pea, “have some little feet as well.”

“I am going to clasp my hands and push hard and hold on tight with my feet,” said the bean.

“That is exactly what I am trying to do,” the pea said.

So they pushed hard with their hands and held on tight with their feet and all their little toes began to grow and spread out in the ground and bring nourishment to the little plants, for plants get their food through their little root feet.

One morning bright and early, just as the sun came up, the little pea pushed its hands up through the ground and spread them out to warm in the sun.

“Hurry up, little bean,” said the pea. “Work hard and push your hands up for the sun to warm.”

So the little bean pushed and pushed and presently had his hands above the ground in the warm sunshine. Then came the rain-drops and washed their hands all clean and fresh.

“Now we must work hard and grow fast and get us more hands and our little root toes must find food so that we may grow into strong vines and be ready to thank the great warm sun and the pretty little rain-drops for being so kind to us,” said the pea, who was now a vine and had found out to whom to be grateful.

So the rain-drops washed the little vines and the sun kissed their little hands and turned them into leaves and one day the pea-vine smiled — a cluster of pure white blossoms — and soon the bean-vine smiled too; and the sun said to the rain-drops, “What would the world do if the little plants did not give us their smile-flowers?”

“This would be a dreary world without gratitude,” said the rain-drops.

“It would indeed,” said the sun. E. P.

TRUE conscious honor is to feel no sin;
He’s armed without that’s innocent within.
— Pope

LIFE is not a holiday, but an education. — Drummond

By their own deeds men go downward, by
them men mount upward all,
Like the diggers of a well, and like the
builder of a wall. — Sir Edwin Arnold

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Possible sunshine, 390. Percentage, 62. Average num-
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servations taken at 2 a. m., Pacific Time.

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		MAX	MIN	DBY	WET		DIR	VEL
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9	29.663	66	56	59	57	0.00	SE	3
10	29.609	65	53	60	59	0.00	NW	3
11	29.544	67	53	59	58	0.00	S	3
12	29.601	65	54	58	56	0.00	SW	1
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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 30

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A Cambridge Professor on Reincarnation

THE arguments for Reincarnation are so cogent as to compel the serious attention of all unprejudiced minds. The Theosophical teachings in general demonstrate their truth by their consistency with the facts of life. When Reincarnation was first re-introduced to Western thought by H. P. Blavatsky, there was reluctance even to give it a hearing. This was but natural; conservatism is a necessary component of human character, and will at first assert its claims unduly.

But as time has gone on, Theosophists have continued to promulgate Reincarnation and the other Theosophical teachings, much prejudice has been broken down, people have shown themselves willing to give the doctrine a hearing, and its reasonableness has been largely recognized. But what is more, there are writers who put forward the doctrine, and other Theosophical ideas, without any reference to Theosophy, and in such a way as to leave us in doubt as to the relative proportions of their indebtedness to Theosophical writings and their originality.

Well-balanced and Competent Discussion But in any case the fact remains that these doctrines are argued for by competent and recognized authorities in the world of thought.

A prominent feature of such speculations is the way in which they demonstrate the interdependence of the Theosophical teachings. The writers almost always suffer from lack of acquaintance with related doctrines. The question of immortality is inextricably bound up with the Theosophical teachings as to the composition of man; and the man who argues for the former must either admit the latter or suffer from ignoring them. Clear thinkers are thus led on by inevitable logic from one teaching to another, and go just as far as their limitations, or the limitations under which they write, will permit them.

Going back five or six years, to October 1904, we find that even then Reincarnation, and with it other Theosophical teachings, was seriously argued for by non-Theosophical writers; in the *International Journal of Ethics* for that date we find an article on "Human

Pre-existence," by J. Ellis McTaggart of Trinity College, Cambridge. As the title shows, the writer has recognized that pre-existence, and

not post-existence only, has to be considered in connexion with immortality. He shows how illogical it is to imagine immortality in the future without postulating it in the past. Speaking of the nature of our immortal ex-

istence, he is led inevitably to Reincarnation; and in arguing for Reincarnation he answers the usual objections in the usual way, as if he were a Theosophist. But we must give an abstract of his principal points, so far as space will permit, with our own comments.

He says he can see no way of demonstrating immortality in the way that so many would like to have it demonstrated, and that the case must therefore rest on argument. Here, however, we might point to the suggestion of *experience*—the "transcendental" proof. Perhaps it may be possible for an individual to obtain proof of immortality by rising to some higher level of consciousness. That is a possible argument, though we must admit that

The Power of Knowing belongs to the Knower it could not be considered as proof for humanity in general. There is the obvious difficulty of estimating the value of claims which self-deluded or ambitious individuals might make with regard to their own alleged powers.

The writer considers various arguments for immortality, which are proof enough for the thoughtful mind. We prefer to put the case thus: *unless* we premise that one part of our nature is immortal relatively to another part, we cannot logically argue the question at all. In other words, immortality (of a kind) is necessarily implied in any argument we may make as to human life; the ability to contemplate life and death implies it. But we would draw a careful distinction between immortality and *relative* immortality; it is sufficient, for a first step, to argue that part of our consciousness will survive that part which is functioning at present; it is needless and inexpedient to discuss the question of absolute immortality or eternal existence.

We find that life as we know it is compounded of mortality and relative immortality; in ourselves we find things that pass and die and things that live on. The part that lives on can contemplate the things that have died; our personality, still alive, can look back on the dead selves of our earlier years, and ere we die it will be the witness of other temporary selves not yet born. There is no logical reason for supposing that the whole life from cradle to grave is a whole and not merely a part of our existence. Birth and death are great changes, it is true, but why should they be final or initial stages? This forms part of the writer's argument. To quote:

Even the best men are not, when they die, in such a condition of intellectual and moral perfection as would fit them to enter heaven immediately. . . . This fact is generally recognized, and one of two

alternatives is commonly adopted to meet it. The first is that some tremendous improvement . . . is effected at the moment of death. . . . The other more probable alternative is that the process of gradual improvement can go on in each of us after the death of our present bodies. . . . If we adopt this view, it seems to be only reasonable to take one more step, and to hold that this life will be followed by other lives like it, each separated from its predecessor and its successor by death and rebirth.

We die with
our Work
Unfinished

For otherwise we should be limited to the hypothesis that process begun in a single short earthly life . . . should then be continued in one indefinitely long life.

Our lives, too, are not only incomplete in their results, but also very fragmentary in their nature. We continually find that a process is cut short by death—that a life holds a fault without a retribution, a preparation without an achievement. . . . Surely the more probable conclusion is that the process which is worked out in an earthly life in the one case will be worked out in an earthly life in the other case, even though death has intervened.

This might have been written by a Theosophist; and next come further arguments along the same lines. Not only does man leave the earth with his character incomplete, but we find him on the earth with a special character ready-formed, and this points back to previous lives, in which he must have acquired that character, and which must have been in similar conditions to this present life—that is, must have been lived on earth.

One man seems to start with an impotence to resist some particular temptation which exactly resembles the impotence which has been produced in another man by continual yielding to the same temptation. One man, again, has through life a calm and serene virtue which another gains only by years of strenuous effort. Others again have instinctive

We are born
with an
acquired
Character

powers of judging nice and difficult questions of quality.

Here, then, we have characteristics which are born with us, which are not acquired in our present lives, and which are strikingly like characteristics which, in other cases, we know to be due to the condensed results of experience. Is it not probable that the innate characteristics are also due to the condensed results of experience—in this case, of experience in an earlier life?

The writer next speaks of memory. The fact that we do not remember our past lives is the stock objection to the doctrine of Rebirth. But the writer here points out, as Theosophists are constantly doing, that this in reality constitutes no objection.

If we have lived previously, there seems no reason to expect that we shall be able to remember our present life during subsequent lives.

A knowledge of the Theosophical teachings on the constitution of man would have helped the author out here. In view of those teachings, it will be seen that our lack of memory, so far from being an objection to the doctrine, confirms it, because that lack of memory is exactly what we should have been led to expect. What we call our memory relates to

Brain-memory
of Details
and Events

experiences we have gathered in this life, since our childhood; to remember back beyond birth, it would be necessary to explore the recesses

of our being; those memories exist indeed, but to recall them is no easy matter; they are part of the experience of the incarnating Ego, the essential Man. Recollection is a faculty that may be trained to any extent, but we have trained it very little, and our

memory of events in this life is often hazy.

A more important aspect of this same question of memory is that which relates to the question, "What is the moral value of lives which we do not remember?" and to the objection, "That a life which I do not remember is practically not my life at all but the life of another." These objections are easily disposed of by the author. The possession of a detailed memory would interfere, not assist, our development, because our mind is full of delusions and weaknesses. If we have forgotten the details, we at least have the results of our past; the garnered experience is with

The Character-
memory of
Experience

us in the form of instincts; the lesson has been learned.

In complaining at having to suffer for deeds which we do not remember having done, and for which we do not feel responsible, we are apt to forget that we also enjoy the reward of deeds forgotten, and we do not make any fuss about injustice in this case. But what is chiefly needed at this part of the argument is a knowledge of the Theosophical teachings about the nature of the *self*, for want of which the author finds himself at a loss. He speaks of "us" and "we" and "man," without making the necessary distinction between the incarnating Self and the personal self. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that the incarnating Man is not the same as the incarnated man; the latter is a product of the Spiritual and the terrestrial life. The "self" with which we are so familiar, and which we call "I," is composed of experiences and ideas all gathered in this life; it is a temporal and mortal self; it did not exist before birth, and at death it will be dissociated. But this does not mean that our *identity* will be lost. For

The Self and
its selves
of sense

there is a deeper thread of Self which binds the several lives together. It is difficult to analyse the meaning of the words "self" and "identity."

When we strip off our mental states and memories, what is left seems to vanish into nothing; but we know there is something that binds together all the states of our life from childhood up, no matter how much we may change. Similarly there is a Selfhood that binds our separate lives together, and it is this that makes the difference between ourself and another self. It is necessary to study the teachings about the nature of man in connexion with those about Reincarnation, otherwise there will be confusion. But studied together they present perfect clarity.

We cannot find space to follow the author through many excellent remarks in which he echoes the teachings of Theosophy, but must say a word about the subject of "love," which is one of the points he considers. This is a subject which will deeply interest everybody; for we feel that that word, overlaid as it is with all kinds of delusions, associated as it is with desires and passions, nevertheless conceals a mighty truth. Our attachments for one another—parental, filial, fraternal, marital, friendly—what of them? If we lay so much stress on the desirability of proving that our intellectual powers do not go to waste, how much more must this anxiety apply to our noble sentiments? Bereavement is the principal

agony of mortality; concern for the destiny of loved ones is what most afflicts the living when they think of death.

And here the author speaks of personal proximity in connexion with love. Is it essential to love? And he brings forward the very reasonable view that proximity is the *effect* of love, rather than its cause. We are together *because* we love and have loved. This implies that *such love is a bond that has preceded and will survive bodily death*. In fact, we cannot pretend to know what love is or to sound its depths with our paltry plumb-lines. It is something far deeper than our feeble yearnings and weak clings. In our best moments we realize that our own desires and notions are not safe guides, and that our true interests are in the safe

Proximity the
Effect of Love,
not its Cause

keeping of a higher law, which is seeking to wean us from things that fetter our soul, in order that we may

rise to the level of things that are undying and worth while. We cling fondly to the memories of earthly personalities, because we have not the discernment to see the true Soul within them; and when we lose sight of the form, we think we have lost that which it enshrined and so inadequately expressed. We feel sure these remarks will not be taken as encouraging any spiritistic delusions. It is not easy to offer consolation amid so much risk of misconception; the object is to maintain that our earthly loves are but the faint reflection of a greater and grander unity, and that all which is noblest and most essential in love survives, that which perishes being only the dross.

Here we must leave this interesting paper, in which the author has so ably expressed many of the arguments familiar to Theosophists. His advocacy proves that the teachings of Theosophy are eminently reasonable,

Clear-headed
and Humane
Thought

and disposes of those objectors who argue that they have too much brains for Theosophy. Clear-headedness is all that is needed; and this

implies the open mind, for prejudice builds a cataract over the eyes.

Likewise an intelligent and dignified consideration of Reincarnation, such as the above, serves as an excellent foil to those preposterous lucubrations on the subject which are now being put forward in certain quarters by the tag-rag-and-bobtail of fanatics who have sought to use Theosophy as their stock-in-trade. It is possible, we see, to talk about Reincarnation without expressing any views about the past incarnations of Mr. Roosevelt or the present incarnation of Mary Queen of Scots. Theosophy appeals to all social stations; but there are some natural divisions into which the human family sorts itself, independently of rank or station or creed or nationality. In short there are the intelligent people and the mere populace; the populace in this case being the people (of whatever position) who do not live but merely exist, who do not think but have their thinking done for them. To these nothing appeals but cheap sensationalism, and there are always people ready to cater to them. To these people and their caterers, then, we may safely leave the other kind of Reincarnation, and address our own remarks to the intelligent.

H. T. EDGE, B. A., (Cantab.)

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Nameless God

PROFESSOR WALLACE'S view — that though there is a Supreme Consciousness guiding nature, it does so through a graduated hierarchy of subordinate agents — is no new one; and we do not suppose for a moment that he would make any such claim.

It is not likely that his readers always know how much further upward than downward his hierarchy has at various times in the history of human thought been extended. At the lower end we have the earth, fire, air, water, and other deities or godlets of the medieval Rosicrucians. Each, endowed with only so much intelligence as its work needed, was carrying out in detail the more general behests of a larger intelligence behind — as that in its turn was one of a group serving a still higher command. And so to the top.

But Professor Wallace's top has not been the top for some thinkers even in the Church. His "Infinite God," as we understand him, thinks and plans. Is there a possibility beyond that?

The general of an army stands still, issuing orders, and the subordinates move about, carrying them out. The "Infinite God," ideates out the universe, radiates Ideas and Energy. The Energy becomes Energies which take charge of the Ideas and make them live and concrete them downward and downward till at last they become the world and the lives we see. But the ideation or radiation is itself movement, energy, of a transcendental sort. Carrying thought to its last, we must postulate what is absolutely moveless in every way, from or within which arises that which moves, ideates, radiates, source or field of the "Infinite God." Of this nothing more can be said; for it is the source of everything of which something *can* be said.

This God beyond God, root of the active Trinity, has been preached within the Christian Church, six centuries ago — though the then Pope condemned the teaching soon afterwards. Meister Eckhart, of the Preaching Friars, born about the middle of the thirteenth century, said:

"When a man turns from himself and from all created things," then the Central Spark of him, the intensest element of his intelligence,

takes no contentment in the Trinity, in the Father, or Son, or Holy Ghost, so far as concerns the character of each of these. But it longs to know whence comes the essence of them. It wants to go into the unity that is in the depths, into the still wilderness, where never was seen difference, neither Father, nor Son, nor Holy Ghost; in that absorption, *where there is no one at home*, there the Spark of the soul is content in the light. For this depth is a simple stillness that in itself is moveless; but from this movelessness all things are moved.

He calls this the "nameless nothingness" (so far as mental comprehension is concerned), the Godhead, source of God. The soul, the Spark, can only comprehend it by dissolving back into it; but then, when it comes forth again, it will only know *that* it knew, not *what* it knew. At other times Eckhart gives this also the name God:

Therefore be still and prate not of God — for with whatsoever speech you prate concerning him you lie. What then shall I do? You shall always sink away from your selfhood; you shall flow into his self-possession; your very thought of *yours* shall flow into his Mine, and become there his Mine so completely that you with him eternally apprehend his birthless fullness of being and his nameless nothingness.

But this was no mere emotional rapture of Eckhart's, for he was the sternest and most constant of workers and preachers. Attaining the source of energy he naturally received energy and spent it in the help of men. Whether he knew that he was preaching very, very ancient doctrine we do not know. But he was.

STUDENT

Music and Emotion

A PAPER read before the British Psychological Society on "Emotions and Art," reported in *Nature*, discusses the relation of emotions roused by music to those experienced in ordinary life. Are they the same?

The ancient Greeks were right in regarding music as "the proper language of the emotions," but it is important to realize that the emotions of music are not, strictly speaking, identical with the emotions of everyday life. They are analogous to the latter, and this explains the appropriateness of the music to the words in opera, but they really belong to a world of their own and possess a meaning of their own.

"The emotions of everyday life" run from one end of the scale to the other, from high to low, from the grossest sensual upward. So do those aroused by music. According to the speaker the two scales are parallel, not identical.

A man looks at a beautiful sunset and experiences a strain of emotion. But along with it he is conscious of feeling a little thirsty; or is subconsciously uneasy somewhere among his viscera; is aware of his companion; is beginning to think of something to say or is listening to what is being said; has any number of conscious and half-conscious thoughts about his business or what not, of memories, and of trains of association connected with all the other items in the scene in addition to the setting sun and the changing colors.

His emotion due to the latter is therefore infinitely mixed, not only with disturbing thoughts but with a thousand other twitches of emotion, many of them in a wholly different key.

The exact emotion aroused by the sunset can, we should say, be also aroused by appropriate music. But the two would seem to differ in some degree because the music can extract its own from the diverse elements competing in the field of attention, extract it and maintain it for considerable periods of time. Any of the competing emotions could also be picked out, brought into relief and maintained.

And this is exactly the value of music. Even if the ordinary person can create what emotion he will, he cannot sustain it long against the competition. The creation requires

an effort, the sustentation much more so. And in any case it has to be done indirectly, through some thought or thought picture in a high degree unstable. But lending himself to some selected piece of music, he finds the emotion he wishes aroused without effort, separated out, sustained, developed and evolved.

Which leads us to comment once more on the ambiguity contained in the words good and bad as applied to music. "Good" music, in one sense, is technically correct and satisfactory music, whether it answers to — that is, arouses — *strong* feeling (emotion) or not. This same music may also be "poor" in the sense that however correct and perhaps elaborate it may be it answers to a very small volume of feeling. A large proportion of the "mountainous fugues" of the early last century were thus "poor" music. But music may also be judged by the *quality* of the emotion it generates. Besides being correct it may generate great volume or intensity of emotion and thus be to musical taste thoroughly "good." But to a taste which is also something more it may be exceedingly bad, the aroused emotion being detrimental to human evolution, anti-spiritual. We should say, for example, that the refined sentimentality aroused by a good deal of Chopin's music was subtly detrimental to a large majority of those who lend themselves to it. There are emotions that help the evolution of consciousness and add to life, and those that hinder it and waste life.

STUDENT

The Actor and His Part

SOME years ago the dramatic critic, Mr. William Archer, got statements from a number of first rank actors respecting some points in their art. Did they think that an actor should feel the emotions of his part? The replies were various. Coquelin, for instance, held that the actor should be quite cold; Irving the opposite.

But several testified to a state of dual consciousness. In one department they fully felt the emotions proper to the character played and became that character; in the other they were wire-pulling, observing and criticising.

Suppose the two departments got a little further apart: that the character being played became increasingly real to itself, increasingly submerged in its illusion, increasingly unconscious of the other department, the real man.

We should then have a nearly perfect symbol of human life. Behind is the soul, the real man, conscious of the real meaning of life, of human destiny and possibility, trying to guide the personality to play its part in the drama nobly and worthily. Pulling at the string and now only feeling it as conscience, is that personality, that which we call ourselves, that which we see and know of others. In the last life the personality played some other part and was just as foolishly absorbed in that: next life it will play again another and again be absorbed. But throughout the successive dramas the one consciousness of the soul persists.

STUDENT

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

Athens

WITH the name of Athens there comes to us an aroma of something that words do not define; for there, on a height visible above the horizon of what we call history, shone a sunset glow that has been the inspiration of all later times. It is more generally recognized now that the glory of the Periclean age was not a crowning summit of attainment but an attempt to revive an *ancient* glory, of which all the Greek traditions speak. But the fallen fortunes, the shrunk prowess of man in a dark age forbade the duration of that revival. None the less does it speak to us of something that poets have tried to express, something that is embodied in a matchless and unsurpassed art, something inherited, as the Greeks said, from the Heroes and the Instructors that went before. That mysterious something that alone renders possible the creation of perfect forms of beauty, without which no creations, but only imitations, can be achieved; that joy of life—by whatever name we may strive to convey it—it *was*, it is not, yet it shall be again. Modern indoor mechanical civilization has somehow lost the key to the art of living; in many places we descry people searching earnestly for something they know they have lost without knowing what it is. It is only in rare moments, in visions we vainly try to fix, that we faintly catch the aroma of a life more beautiful than we live now. The reason why we cannot fix this aroma and so make permanent the fleeting vision is that our efforts to do so are so purely personal; a collective effort on the part of society in general is essential. Such beauty and harmony is like a melody: it cannot be played on a single note, it needs a whole gamut of tones—a whole orchestra of instruments. And so humanity must be tuned and tempered, attuned to mutual harmony and to consonance with the music of nature. Thus, and thus only, can the life beautiful grow from a vision to a reality. The poet may wander forth alone and—

The warm wooings of this sunny day
Tremble along my frame and harmonize
The attuned organ—

But his bliss is fleeting and he soon awakes to the prosaic world. He must make music in his life, not alone in his senses. Without seeking to evade the discords of life, he must preserve deep in his soul that inner harmony which resolves them. Thus may he bring nearer the day when other hearts shall answer back with their resonance.

Athens, the lyre of Apollo shall resound again, in a future which thy loyal service in the past has rendered possible for humanity. TRAVERS



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CURIOUS HANDIWORK OF MEXICAN INDIANS

Mexican Curio

IN ethnological museums we shall find many examples of curious figures in which the human form is structurally treated in a way that suggests a misalliance between anatomy and machinery. This is true not only of the Mexicans as illustrated above, but of many other peoples usually numbered among the so-called "primitive" inhabitants of the globe. We are struck by the general similarity of these conceptions and by the strangeness and power of imagination shown. We

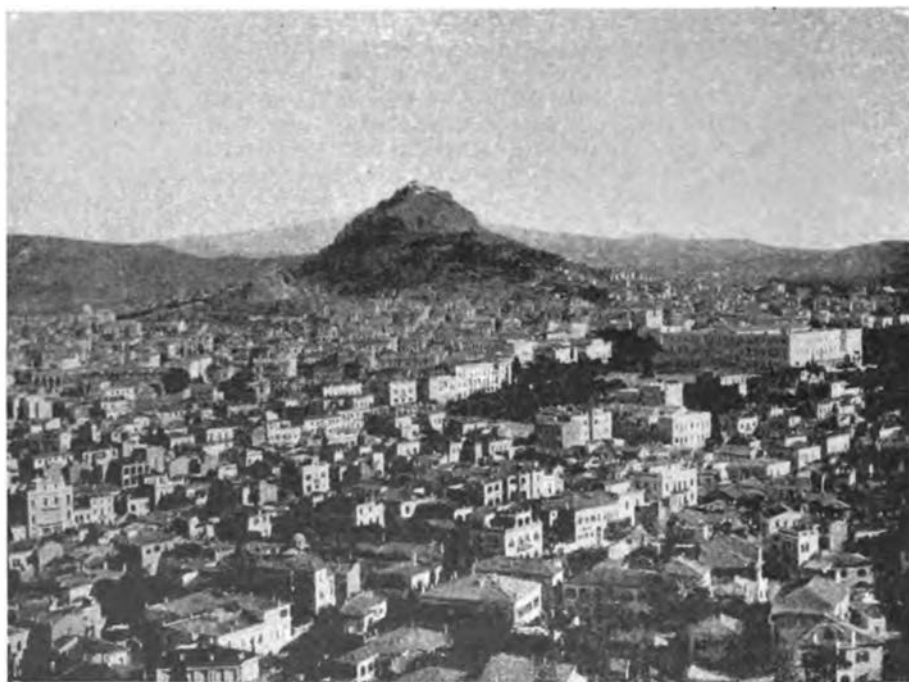
are forced to reject that idea that a primitive people, with no history behind it but that of still greater primitiveness, could have *invented* designs so foreign to anything found in external nature, so unexpected; and the wonder is increased when we find such uniformity among people so widely separated. Where did they get their models, we ask? Do these weird objects represent something that actually exists, if not in external nature and visibly to the physical eye, then in some interior region of nature to which the occult powers of the medicine men have introduced them? Or are they *memories*, lingering in the undying form of traditions? In the latter case, do they, in common with so many other signs, point back to a day when these now degenerated and scattered tribes formed one great race? Are these strange figures relics of a species of symbolism akin to the half-animal, half-human forms of Egypt and Assyria? Without doubt, if we study ancient symbolism as a whole, and not piecemeal, we shall find plenty of support for the conclusion that it points back to a forgotten lore, and that those who have preserved its vestiges are themselves the remote descendants of cultured races to whom the symbolism was more than a mere misunderstood memory. E.

Anaesthetics 1700 Years Ago

A PARAGRAPH states that a Chinese manuscript, recently discovered, proves that anaesthetics were used in China 1700 years ago. Before an operation, the doctors gave the patient a certain concoction which rendered him insensible; it was a simple preparation of hemp.

And we shouldn't wonder; in fact, we seem to have heard similar things about other ancient peoples. It would be surprising if nobody had ever hit on so obvious and easily applied an idea before ourselves. People get injured; operations have to be performed. The pain hampers both patient and surgeon. Certain herbs are known to produce insensibility. How often, then, must anaesthetics have been discovered and re-discovered in the long history of human civilizations! Sir James Young Simpson has the honor, in common with other persons, of having shown modern western civilization a better way of quieting patients than making them drunk. But he did not exactly "discover anaesthetics."

In many supposedly modern inventions we have been anticipated; and in other cases perhaps there was not the same need or desire for the invention. Anaesthetics would not be so much needed if there were greater powers of endurance to pain. H.



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VIEW OF MODERN ATHENS AND MOUNT LYKABETTOS FROM THE ACROPOLIS

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Emotions as Medicines

AN interesting little link in physiology was fitted into its place by Professor Cannon of Harvard at the last meeting of the American Philosophical Society. He had something new about the suprarenals or adrenals, little ductless glands seated just above the kidneys, one on either side. Till recently their function was quite unknown and even now we do not know much about it.

But we have got one more link between emotion and the bodily organs, the viscera. An emotion, for example, hope, plays on the sympathetic nervous system, (a system distinct from the brain-spinal system), causing it to play upon — and in the case of hope, stimulate — the viscera to better work and better nutrition. If the emotion is fear, anxiety or hate, the visceral activity is depressed and may be quite paralysed.

The adrenal glands count among the viscera and are also affected by the sympathetic, its action causing them to secrete and pour into the blood certain chemical substances which affect the other viscera in the same way as the direct action of the sympathetic itself. For the favorable emotions this is not yet *proved*. But it is proved for unfavorable ones and some of the substances in question have been extracted from the blood. We can say with probable truth that one function, at any rate, of the adrenals is to secrete tonics and stimulants under the influence of healthy feeling and emotion and thus to prolong the direct work begun by the sympathetic nervous system. Under unhealthy emotion they naturally produce unhealthy secretions which poison and paralyse.

If we want to aid the tonics and stimulants administered by the doctor we should therefore produce some for ourselves from within. To attempt this by direct action of the will upon the body or organs will do mischief. The way is indirect, through the maintenance of such feelings as hope, cheerfulness, kindness and the like, steadfastly refusing their opposites.

M. D.

The Self-Cure of Cancer

DR. GLEITSMANN of New York, writing in the *Medical Record*, gives us some more cases of evidence that under favorable circumstances cancer will cure itself, or rather, the body rid itself of cancer. Sir Alfred Gould, it may be remembered, having a rather special view of cancer, argued that cure ought to be a normal and usual process and that a little more knowledge would enable us to make it so. He regards it as a cell-anarchy following on faulty habits of life and tending to subsidence when they are corrected, adducing seven cases of recovery within his own practice.

Dr. Bashford, recent winner of the Royal College of Surgeons' "Walker Prize" for original work on the cancer problem, speaks to the same effect. We may, he says, hope for a diminution in the frequency of this disease

by avoiding insults to which at the present time the human body is subjected in the course of following

certain occupations, or, it may be, *indulging various whims of the appetite*. In short, investigation has gone a long way to prove that the disease, when present, is almost certainly acquired, and therefore will ultimately probably be found to be to a large extent avoidable. Not the least significant thing in the again awakening hope of a cure being found has been the demonstration of the fact that animals suffering from cancer can and do cure themselves.

The replacement of vital capital, squandered into a minus by years of carelessness and sensuality, is a slow and exacting process, especially where the minus has taken shape as cancer; but it can, it seems, be usually or often accomplished. But there must be no more squandering.

STUDENT

The Mainsprings of Dream

WE mostly think of the dream state as pure passivity, a state in which judgment and reason play no part, in which casual lights and shadows play confusedly across a mere mirror. Says Mr. Havelock Ellis (in his recent *World of Dreams*):

It seems a mechanical flow of images, regulated by associations of resemblance, which sleeping consciousness recognizes without either controlling or introducing foreign elements.

But a moment's consideration shows that there is a good deal of activity, both of judgment and reason. The flow of images seems uncontrolled, but examination often shows that each succeeding one, so facily and apparently spontaneously coming along, is often for the purpose of explaining or rationalizing the last one. There is

a perpetual effort to argue out harmoniously the absurdly limited and incongruous data presented to sleeping consciousness.

Mr. Ellis gives an example from his own experience — containing a moral which he does not draw:

In the evening, before going to bed, I glance casually through a newspaper. I see the usual kind of news — revolutionists in Russia, Irish affairs, crimes, etc.; I see also a caricature of the Liberal Party as a headless horseman on a barren plain. During sleep these unconnected impressions revive, float into dream-consciousness, and spontaneously fall into as reasonable a whole as could be expected. I dream that by some chemical or mechanical process a man has succeeded in conveying the impression that he is headless, and is preparing to gallop across some district in Russia, with the idea of making so mysterious an impression upon the credulous populace that he will be accepted as a prophet. I distinctly see him careering across sands like those of the sea-shore, but I avoid going near him. Then I see figures approaching him in the far distance, and his progress ceases. I learn subsequently that he has been arrested, and found to be an Irish criminal.

Each of the points in the newspaper extract comes up as a picture in the dream. But they are woven into a whole by explanations which take the form of subsidiary pictures. The dream consciousness will no more accept a headless man without an account of him than the waking consciousness. From the days of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" onward there have been magazine stories of people who by recondite chemical and mechanical discoveries have succeeded in affecting weird changes

in themselves or their appearance. Rapid and unrecognized pictures of some of these evidently flashed across the dreamer's consciousness, guided by his desire to explain the headlessness of the man — who must also be furnished with a reason for having desired to make himself seem headless. The credulous people of Russia will evidently serve there. And we get also a suggestion of a latent streak of ambition in the dreamer himself. Other newspaper pictures doubtless account for the approaching people; some feeling in the dreamer for his not going nearer; and the arrest leads up to the Irish matter.

All this sort of thing is doubtless going on through the day as well, in what is called the subconscious, erroneously the *unconscious*. But it is drowned out or overlaid by the far more vivid work of the senses and of normal thought. Some people however admit a part of it to their minds and lips, and it then constitutes the discontinuous chatter about everything with which they beguile their work.

But the moral for those who want to grow spiritually and mentally is to *use* the dream state. They will *not* "glance casually through a newspaper" just before going to bed, but will turn the current of thought towards their life purpose. The dream pictures are not only effects but causes; in some degree they react upon and color the feeling of the following day. They are very well worth that conscious touch of guidance which is given by the final reading, thought, or meditation.

STUDENT

Layers of the Atmosphere

THE theory of layers in the atmosphere is gaining more and more headway.

It is almost new, replacing that which regarded the atmosphere as uniform in composition all the way up, merely thinning out.

One form of the layer theory is chemical. The layers differ chemically, each having a rather sharply defined boundary. There is a nitrogen layer, a hydrogen layer, and a layer of still finer gas, hypothetical so far, the element "geocoronium," perhaps the coronium of the sun's atmosphere. At sea level it forms an almost inappreciable proportion; at about three hundred miles it constitutes ninety-three per cent, the rest being hydrogen.

Dr. Wegener, who fathers this gas, supports his theory by certain phenomena of sound waves, supposing them to be sharply reflected from some of the bounding surfaces.

The whole theory raises the question of spectroscopic analysis. If beyond the hydrogen layer there is one of a still lighter gas, may there not be one of entire dissociation, of free electrons? What would be the effect of all these on incoming light? How can we be sure of the chemical constitution of the sun and stars when their light, our only guide to that constitution, has to pass through layers of our own atmosphere which may entirely alter its qualities? A *relative* knowledge would seem to be all that is possible for us as present instruments go.

STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Where Nature's Mood is ever Varying

IT was a distinctively beautiful day in Cuba. Since early morn we had been on the way and were now slightly fatigued and suffering from the heat of the tropic sun.

Relief was found as we began to ascend the mountain: our fatigue gave way to an exaltation of feeling at the grandeur of the view spread out behind us; tempered sea-born breezes, the shelter of the forest, gave prompt relief to over-heated bodies.

Our nimble-footed horses patiently and carefully picked their way up the mountain trail—"road" as the native guide called it, though to us it seemed hardly worthy to be dignified by the name of "trail." Were it not for the guide's dexterity with his *machete* in cutting a way through the jungle that at times completely obscured it, exposing to view dim signs that in the past others had gone that way, we could easily believe our horses were treading on virgin ground.

Up, up, the trail wound around the "Loma del Gato," zigzagging, doubling back; at times descending, fording rivers, and then once more rising. Here and there it would change into a rough staircase, cut in the rock, up which our sure-footed horses would spring with the agility of mountain goats; then we would come to a bare, water-slippery ledge of rock, hardly foot-hold for a chamois, but these native-born, faithful servants of ours never faltered, they were used to just such conditions and would slide and flounder across, a bare two feet between them and the chasm yawning at one side.

We passed through forests of the majestic mango tree, loaded down with immense quantities of luscious fruit. Hundreds of other tropical fruit trees were interspersed among them; some bearing, others in bloom. Pine-apples poked up their crested heads wherever a little sunlight forced its way through the matted foliage.

The air was filled with an indescribable delicate perfume, a blend of the delightful fragrance of the orange blossom, the coffee tree in bloom, the lime and innumerable other flowering trees and plants.

The predominating intense green of grass and foliage was relieved by gorgeous multi-colored orchids, festooning the branches of the trees; by the flash of white, orange, red, and purple lilies, lining the sides of rippling brooks; by the hordes of richly-hued butterflies, flut-



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A FISHING CAMP ON THE SOUTH COAST OF CUBA

tering from blossom to blossom; by the purple, blue, yellow, and red tinted parrots and other birds, flying from tree to tree.

The ear was regaled with a veritable chorus, a paean of peace and joy, arising from the throats of myriads of the brightly feathered songsters, who, startled from their peaceful pursuits as we crashed through the jungle, gave voice—not through fear, but through surprise and joy—welcoming us with silvery notes of greeting.

Our progress was slow, as it seemed so necessary to stop and test the quality of this or that mango (there are forty-five varieties) or our guide, profuse in his description of the virtues and *gusto* of an entirely new fruit, to us, would insist that we partake of its deliciousness.

Our natural thirst had been slaked by partaking of the cool, crystal offering of innumerable springs, gushing from the mountain side.

Soon all this was left behind; the scenery swiftly changed and a well-known spicy odor was wafted on the breeze, an odor awakening reminiscences of other climes and mountain expeditions. The mystery was solved

on rounding a gigantic, granite rock; we had ascended to a great height and now found ourselves in the midst of a forest of pine trees, the fragrant cones thickly covering the ground.

Winding in and out among these rugged sentinels, we found ourselves at the summit of the mountain; one of the highest in the Island. A truly magnificent panorama unfolded itself before us. To the south, the mountains slope away to the water's edge—the blue-tinted Caribbean Sea—hardly a surface ripple disturbing its placidity. To the north, a succession of mountain peaks and fertile valleys, covered with exuberant vegetation, through which

the majestic Royal Palms uprear their stately heads. Here and there a small clearing or a little cultivated land is noticeable, marking the spot chosen by some *guajiro* for his home. To the east and west extend the peaks of the Sierra Maestra, picturesque in their contour, vivid in their emerald mantle, stained with the crimson splashes of the well-named *flamboyant* tree.

The air is exhilarating, the spot ideal; but warned by the decreasing altitude of the sun, and realizing the danger of being caught on such a trail at night, we are forced to leave our reveries and reluctantly begin the descent.

Only now do we begin to feel the effects of an over-indulgence in sweet, tropical fruits. An overwhelming thirst consumes us and it is with sadness that it dawns upon us that the nearest spring is seven miles down the trail. A thought flashes through the brain of one of the party; our resourceful guide had declared and proven many times that this enchanted country furnished ready to hand everything that man demanded; we would test him now and see if, Moses-like, he could strike a rock and furnish us with water. He had never heard of Moses, he said, but most certainly could furnish the water. We wondered how, and anxiously followed him as he began to search a neighboring thicket. Presently he was exultantly seen to grasp a twisted and gnarled vine; with a few blows of his *machete* he severed it, and dividing it in short lengths, handed them to us with a smile on his face. Imagine our amazement on seeing that from the end of each piece, a tiny stream of crystal water was falling; a few such pieces being sufficient to quench the fire of our thirst. The vine was a wild grape, common to the eastern mountain regions of Cuba.

H. S. T.



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CAYO SMITH, A SMALL ISLET IN SANTIAGO HARBOR
INHABITED BY FISHERMEN



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

TO WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:
My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

Non-Prejudice

READ and be instructed. If you are afraid of learning, afraid of progressing with the bulk of humanity, shut yourself within yourself, close the windows of the brain by drawing the curtain of ignorance over your eyes. As you are afraid of leaving behind the worn-out old ideas, so do not dare to read. Yet, in your ignorance, venture not to criticise (and criticism may be of two kinds) that which you dare not follow to a logical conclusion.

Do Thou and I, my Reader, for a little space, consider together in modulated harmony.

Come Thou with me to the mountain-top—come from the valley misty with the fogs of mental conflict, dimmed with the clouds of ignorance. Put thy hand in mine while we climb along paths at first well trodden and marked with the feet of the past, but becoming more uncertain as the slopes increase. Leave behind, my Reader, the forests of creeds and ceremonies, now crumbling under the stronger light of today; the thickets and creepers of doubt and uncertainty; the flowers of passion, brilliant but without fragrance. Stoop not to pick up the sparkling gems of hardened thought which gleam but with reflected intellect: climb with me, oh friend, into the purer atmosphere only to be obtained at the higher levels.

And, climbing, bear with me a moment while we look backward—to our ears there rises the faint hum of those below, now peaceful, now angry, broken now and then by the sharper cry of contention or of suffering. Already we can feel peace, the quietness of the higher atmosphere, the relief from the mental struggle with past teachings. The light grows stronger

and clearer and the impulse upwards greater as we renew our path. The mind responds more quickly; the inner senses, freed from the weight of ages, are more alert; we can feel the throb of Nature as we climb, freed from the habits left behind, from the influences of past beliefs—believed not by our own thoughts but because somebody had told us so; for the world does not stand still in any of its varied kingdoms, and outgrows its old ideas as a child does its garments. We can wonder at the environments below which we thought so necessary.

And now for a dash to the top of the first hill, that of *Non-Prejudice*! Rest a bit here, my friend—the unaccustomed height, the rarer air for the moment may make the head dizzy and the senses whirl. Look not backwards, *now*, lest thy courage fail thee, thy heart sink. The old teachings, the old tendencies, the habits of past thoughts while thou wast in the valley, have yet some influence, some attraction! Beware: inhale, breathe deeply the air of mental freedom; now feel the blood more swiftly flowing, the heart-beat slow, strong and sure. Thou hast gained strength, force, LIFE! Stand beside me here, and look outward—see peak rise on peak, range on range, as far as eye can see, or mind comprehend. See the snow-crowned tops, some glowing with the golden light of the coming day; the lesser ones with the delicate pink barely reached by the approaching light. See the fainter glow around us, full of soft tints, the promise of the coming era! There are other, harder climbs before us, but the height of non-prejudice once gained, the path is SURE!

With an even mind, eye steady, body calm, take a long look downward, to the valley below. See the storm-clouds shutting out the purer light from those in the valley; the lightning now harmless to us; see there the crowds rushing about, the hurry and strife; the battling for some vanishing aim; the despair, the greed, the eternal waste of energy. Now and then, one breaks away from the rush, to the mountain side; some climb higher, but rare is the man who can persist, even though courage be the only requisite. Watch one daring Soul, safely passing through the forests, by the creepers and flowers, yet stops to examine a glowing stone of learning, is attracted by others more brilliant, and now wanders here and there, losing sight of the summit. Hard it is, oh friend, even to reach the low point where we are standing.

Courage and the ability to dare, to suffer, will gain for us the peace of calm. As the eagle poised on motionless wings surveys the clouds beneath; as the general, from the height, watches the struggle below; as the aeronaut sees the changing earth—so can we, oh my Reader, being freed from prejudice, consider with reasonable minds, the scenes left behind in the valley. From this eminence alone and from no other, can one commune, reflect, think, without biased judgment of prejudice entering in. Alas, how many consider the eminence gained—how few really reach it!

There is a principle which is a bar against all information, is proof against all argument, and which cannot fail to keep a man in everlasting ignorance. This principle is contempt prior to examination.—*Dr. Paley*

If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be and is equally outraged by silence.---*Ammian*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question How is it that man's conquests over nature have brought so little happiness to the world?

Answer Because, probably, as a whole, man has not yet made any conquests worthy the name over nature. Here again, everything real begins at home, and it little avails you that you can drive an engine by steam, if your own passions can drive you.

There are two fields of nature, one without and one within ourselves; and perhaps there is some connexion between them, if we understood. But the external one we can posit nothing about with any certainty or direct knowledge, but must take all on the evidence, at best, of our five senses; which are tricksters and no better than they should be, if we examine into it carefully enough. The inner field we leave too much untilld; forgetting that summary piece of wisdom, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Are you any the happier because you can cross the continent in five days or so? can send a message to the Antipodes in so many seconds or minutes? can ride an automobile or an aeroplane? Not in the least; because all these things touch our convenience, not our happiness or misery.

The reference is here to two different planes of nature, two different modes of being; and if we understood that, we should at least have started out on that career of conquest which does bring happiness. It may be that Nature, so far from being conquered, laughs our mightiest inventions to scorn; considering them but as orts thrown to the importunity of our intellects; barren substitutes for the true and nourishing food which she might give, if we knew the way to ask. One can imagine a man from some old and spiritual civilization, translated on some time-machine through the ages, and walking scornfully through the streets of one of our cities. "We have grown somewhat since your day," says one of ourselves to him. "Indeed you have," he answers—as a man might answer a gorilla boasting of his superior physical strength. "We have mastered steam; we can construct wonderful engines that will carry us over lands and seas around the world in a matter of so many weeks." "We had no need of steam or engines; we could traverse the world, having mastered ourselves, with the speed of light or imagination." "We have an apparatus by which we can send messages from land to land without even wires or cables." "We merely had to think our messages, and the ones they were directed to received them; only barbarians would need a clumsy material apparatus to do that." "Man, man, we can fly! We have machinery by which we can drive our boats through the air itself." "Ah," says our hypothetical ancient, "we drove our airboats by will alone."

That is only as much to say that perhaps all our conquests over Nature are merely cheap and perilous imitations of the real thing. Perilous not only in the ordinary sense, and on

account of the yearly toll of lives. It can easily be seen that where power is to be had, it will go to those who most eagerly desire it. And in what direction are our sharpest and most general desires? Towards the sum of human happiness? or towards greed, indulgence, ambition, and selfishness? Your medieval robber-baron was scourge enough to his fellows, in all conscience; but his operations were confined to the neighborhood of his own castle, and with the best will in the world he could only bring suffering to a few thousands. But set him down in our own day and give him the money markets, the telegraph and telephone, the network of railways, for his instruments, and he has half the world at his command; who can tell the extent of his power and influence? Your demon is a greater menace than your mere animal any day; and the difference between them is, that the one has will and brain and desire, and the other has desire alone. Indeed, selfishness is directly increased by the scope one has for using it; so that every one of our great inventions and discoveries, if it has contributed something to human convenience, has contributed much more to human misery. And yet our inventions and discoveries are not to be disparaged if put to their right use which is to increase the sum of human happiness.

How should we expect that Nature will yield her real secrets to us unless we have made real conquests over Nature? As was said, we have indeed a true field for conquests; but that is within ourselves. One must look in the glass to find his enemy—the only enemy that counts. While we are invading a far country, and gathering showy trophies on alien and unimportant fields, our own citadel is burned, and the enemy has glutted himself on the best and dearest thing we have. Is ours a stable and well-governed empire then, or is there any order and well-being within its borders? What is the end of an apparently victorious army, that has no base or homeland to fall back upon, no source of supplies, and no known goal? Every mile that they march farther, and every skirmish that they fight and win, is only bringing them nearer to destruction.

Commerce might be the means of supplying demands; but the great thing in commerce is to create demands. Its object *might be*, the education of all nations on the highest lines, the elimination of famines, the general bettering of the conditions of the world. Its object *is*, mainly to make money. We spend more on explosives and armaments than on any reasonable project; the inventions we hunt for most feverishly are those which will prove most damnably useful in war. Why? Because we have not made the first conquest over Nature; which is the conquest of the animal and selfish nature within ourselves. Individuals may make it; but as a civilization we turn to the consideration of other things. Possibly if that incubus were removed, we might march on gloriously to the easy conquest of earth, sea, and sky. And not to the *conquest* of them,



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A MODERN TOBACCO PLANTATION IN PINAR DEL RÍO PROVINCE, CUBA

either; but to a high and beneficial alliance with their subtler forces; escaping plague, pestilence, and famine; warding off not only battle and murder, but sudden death also; even eliminating the flood, the tempest, and the earthquake. Why not? If man once would but take his place as king of nature, why should he not be king indeed? Only, he who would be king must take other means than merely laboriously manufacturing for himself a tinsel and pasteboard crown.

There is no way to happiness, except through self-mastery; and self-mastery means, not merely quelling one's animal desires, but turning the whole desire of one's being into the channels of an active altruism. M.

The Theosophical Address at Isis Theater

LAST evening at Isis Theater at the meeting of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Professor F. S. Darrow gave a most interesting address on the subject "The Divine in Man." He divided his subject into four parts:

- (1) The Theosophical Conception of Deity.
- (2) The Duality of Human Nature.
- (3) The Higher Self.
- (4) Theosophy, the Absolute Religion.

The following are a few brief extracts from the address.

It is essential to keep clearly in mind the teachings, regarding the duality of human nature, which according to Theosophy is partly mortal and partly immortal, consisting of a bodily nature, the personality or lower self, the human animal, and a soul nature, the Individuality or Higher Self, the God within. It is important to note, however, that Theosophy does *not* teach that every man is a god in actuality but that every man has within him the power of becoming godlike. The higher Self is the source of our ideals, the lower self of our selfish desires.

H. P. Blavatsky says: "We find two distinct beings in man, the spiritual and the physical; the

man who thinks and the man who records as much of these thoughts as he is able to assimilate. Therefore we divide him into two distinct natures, the upper or the spiritual being and the lower or physical. A Theosophist looks for the power to subdue his passions and selfishness to his Higher Self, the Divine Spirit or God in him. The inner man is the only God of whom we can have cognizance. We call our 'Father in Heaven' the deific essence of which we are cognizant within us, in our heart and spiritual consciousness and which has nothing to do with the anthropomorphic conception we may form of it in our physical brain or its fancy. 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of (the absolute) God dwelleth in you?' Yet let no man anthropomorphize that essence in us. Let no Theosophist, if he would hold to Divine, not human truth, say that the 'God in secret' is distinct from either finite man or the infinite essence, for all are one. Each human being is an incarnation of his God, in other words, one with his 'Father in Heaven.' The soul is himself, if he is successful in assimilating the Divine Individuality while in his physical animal shell. The Christ principle, the awakened and glorified Spirit of Truth, being universal and eternal, the true Christ cannot be monopolized by any one person."

Life is a combat, a struggle and it is our duty to fight, as volunteers on the side of right. The limits of individual influence are more apparent than real and extend far beyond our perceptions since the universe is basically one and bound up all together.

In the words of Katherine Tingley: "The truths of Theosophy are so mighty and so potent, yet so simple that a child can understand them. They are in the air. They are everywhere. They shall feed all sorrowing hearts with the true essence of consolation, with the Divine Spirit of hope and love; and shall say to those who mourn—mourn no more; for the Law is beneficent; love is immortal; and in the truest sense there is no sadness. It is the Divine touch that we must give, and, then, verily in the twinkling of an eye all darkness and despair shall disappear and we shall become truly Children of Light."—San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

Confucius on Government

ON questions of government Theosophists can but take the sound old views that are reflected in the mirror of the ages, sung by the loftiest bards, taught by the holiest teachers, enunciated by the wisest thinkers. Government is *self-government*; the empire of man is himself; he who can rule himself—he alone is either fit or able to rule others; he who desires a larger sphere must always begin by mastering the smaller sphere of his immediate duties. The Chinese classics have a peculiarly dry and pointed way of conveying these truths. We select a few sayings of Confucius on government, from "The Wisdom of the East" series, John Murray, London.

People despotically governed and kept in order by punishments may avoid infraction of the law, but they will lose their moral sense. People virtuously governed and kept in order by the inner law of self-control will retain their moral sense, and moreover become good.

Someone, addressing Confucius, said: Why, Sir, do you take no part in the government? The Master replied: What does the Book of history say about filial piety? Do your duty as a son and as a brother, and these qualities will make themselves felt in the government. This, then, really amounts to taking part in the government. Holding office need not be considered essential.

Chi K'ang Tzū asked Confucius for advice on the subject of government. Confucius replied: To rule is to keep straight. If you, Sir, lead the people straight, which of your subjects will venture to fall out of line?

Chi K'ang Tzū, being vexed by robbers, asked Confucius for his advice. Confucius replied, saying: If you, Sir, can check your own cupidity, there will be no stealing, even though rewards shall be offered for theft.

This is not "Oriental exaggeration of imagery"; it is Occultism. People may say: "How is my honesty going to affect the whole people and make them honest?" The answer of a Theosophist must of course be a *practical* answer: try the recipe. Try to check your own cupidity. You will find that it is blended with every fiber of your life; and to get rid of it, you will have to enter on the *path of power*. Thus your individual force and influence will increase so greatly that it will affect other people. If people can be made to buy worthless pills or to commit suicide, or to cut each other's throats, by a printed page in the papers and for no other reason than that the idea has been forcibly and repeatedly presented to their minds, why cannot the constant example of a strong and wise man compel them

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

to strong and wise conduct? We boast of our individual rights; but what folly! We do everything except the one thing needed in order to secure them. We fail to exercise them, assert them. Who prevents us from doing that? We do not value our individuality, apparently, since we have so little faith in its power. Confucius was a sage, and he could but give true answers to sincere questions. So he just said: "Exercise your individuality," as Jesus said:

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

As Solomon said:

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

And as Shakespeare said:

Man who man would be
Must keep the empire of himself,
Ruling the changes.

Some day each one of us must be driven by stern circumstance to a realization of the solemn truth that unless we begin right here and right now, to get at the weak spot in our own nature, we never never shall accomplish anything at all. Of what use in the world is a paralysed man? One stroke of a surgeon's knife across a nerve, and Bonaparte vanishes into utter nothingness. The converse is true: all power is from within. We must begin with the rebellious brain-cell.

The death-penalty is a subject on which our civilization seems much perplexed. But Confucius had no doubts:

Sir, what need is there of the death-penalty in your system of government? If you showed a sincere desire to be good, your people would likewise be good.

The advocates of the death penalty are like the schoolmaster who boxes his pupils ears because he cannot keep his own temper.

Tzu Lu asked for a hint on the art of governing. The Master replied: Take the lead and set the example of diligent toil.

TRAVERS

War and Peace

MANY very cogent arguments against war and in favor of arbitration have been adduced, and in fact the problem seems already in a fair way of solution owing to the stress of international economic conditions. In his *War of the Worlds*, H. G. Wells seems to have brought the question

to a *reductio ad absurdum*; yet we read of "Wars in heaven," and the subject in reality is a deep one.

Mars of course pursues a steady orbit in space and as a responsible entity could presumably have no cause for making war against any respectable planet. Yet, according to *The Secret Doctrine*, there was a time when the beings within the primordial fire-mists had good reason to make war on one another. They had to fight for space to live in, and only those that avoided being swallowed up by more powerful life-centers, had a chance to work out an independent and useful destiny.

But once a planet reaches a certain stage, the life-waves circle through it and its invisible correlative spheres in an orderly manner. So that now, the only conceivable reason why Mars should wish to war against another planet would be a superabundance of its own population. Nature, however, probably takes good care that no center of cooling planetary life becomes too populous. And here, by Nature, one means the beings who rule over the evolving destinies of each planet.

Battles for space, so to say, have been fought on the Earth. Owing to this, in conjunction with an interior evolutionary urge, one sub-race after another has more or less dominated from age to age. Such has been, for instance, the history of the American continent during the last few centuries—Europeans supplanting Indians, etc.

But as in the case of planets that have passed beyond inter-stellar conflict, so with the races of the Earth. An epoch is reached when mere battles for space to live in, finally cease.

War does not therefore cease, but its realm of action grows other than physical, though reacting on physical conditions. It is—from the midway point onward—war between the involving and the evolving; between self-centering forces, and self-radiating or emanating ones—within ourselves.

The latter must, in the nature of things, eventually triumph; for they—that is, *we*—were and are the real creators and emanators. In order to avoid fatal entanglement in the

web of complex physical life resulting from primordial acts in high realms—cosmic or archetypal in character—we surely have once more to become emanative, self-less, altruistic, to the core. Thus we may attain to a peace which transcends all needless strife; and don the new armor of the warrior-helpers.

STUDENT

Theosophy and Dual Consciousness

IT is well known that of late years some men of science have had much to say about different forms or planes of consciousness. The old quasi-scientific dictum that the mind of man was only molecular action of a very refined sort has been relegated to the dust heap. There is now a general readiness to believe that not only does the thinking man survive separation from the physical body, but that man is a more complex being than was formerly supposed. The ordinary waking consciousness is not the whole man; there is another and vaster consciousness of which the ordinary consciousness is but a feeble ray or dim reflection. In one sense this is no new thing, for estatics or illuminated persons in all ages have manifested, now and then, a form or forms of consciousness beyond the normal. Very often this was regarded as a "miracle" or a special divine revelation. Men are now seeking a better explanation. Some have been groping and feeling after the truth, and not a few have satisfied themselves that above or beyond the ordinary consciousness there exists a higher plane of being, of cognition, of knowledge—a "self" very much higher than the ordinary self. Some have spoken as if there were many selves, and the term "multiple-personality" is used to describe these states of consciousness which often vary very much both as to range and moral or spiritual quality. Others have preferred to explain the various states and degrees of consciousness as the result of *one nobler self* in us struggling to manifest through planes of being of different density, so to speak. It is here that the Wisdom-Religion comes to our aid, and gives us the clue to many a mystery of life. And, it is very interesting to see, from a late number of the *Hibbert Journal*, how in one instance the teaching of Theosophy has been used by a thoughtful man to explain some mysteries in his own life.

The writer professes to be a Roman Catholic of Paris, and to write from the Roman Catholic standpoint. He tells us that when about the age of twenty, and then an agnostic as to religion, he was very nearly drowned in a treacherous part of the sea-shore. In a very graphic manner he describes how he went on and on along the sea-beach, until he found, to his horror, that he was surrounded by water. He stood on a strip of land about six yards wide, and between him and the shore the incoming tide rose rapidly. He could not swim. No one was in sight. Terror for a moment seized him, then amazement at the nearness of death. He says, "wonder at the nearness of death is the borderland between the normal and abnormal consciousness." Then he forgot fear, and was conscious of a distinct sense of exultation. He felt that life is simply "what is," death "what is not." "Wonder and exultation like a sound heard from a great distance" filled his mind. Then the vision of his friends, and of all the sor-

row his death would cause them came before him. Though the instinct of self-preservation was not obliterated, yet he felt no fear at being drowned, only "a sense of well-being and faint triumph." With this feeling he plunged into the water, nearly lost his feet, and after staggering about in the current eventually reached the shore.

Afterward when the ordinary consciousness returned he was able to recall his former experience, and he says he knew it was not his normal self that, when face to face with death, forgot self, and was conscious only of exultation and the wish to spare his friends suspense and sorrow.

Another self had dominated my conscious self during those instants. That self saw death, personal pain and separation as illusions. I have never understood why my own pain seemed nothing, and the sufferings of others so important.

The writer gives several instances of the normal consciousness having been dominated by a higher self in him; and of being at the same time aware of things pertaining to ordinary sense-consciousness, and also of other things which were not on that plane—of a dual consciousness in fact. He says his experience has taught him that

sometimes the normal self learns instantly, without reason, a fact that it had not known, or had definitely disbelieved.

"Twice," he says, "I have been identified with that other self." Four times was he face to face with death, sudden and violent, and in each case the other self came to his aid, drew up my consciousness into itself, dominated it, enlightened it, or informed it.

This reads like a weapon stolen from the armory of the great Pagan philosopher Plotinus, who, we are told, was *united to his inner god* (fully, not darkly as through a cloud) several times during his life.

Thinking afterwards on some of his experiences the writer says that when face to face with what seemed instant death he was aware of the ordinary self that waited helpless for the shock, and of the inner self that looked on in perfect calm with a sense of wonder and pity, wholly different from the emotions of the ordinary self.

He says:

These and other experiences impressed permanently on my normal consciousness the existence of another phase of "I." I hoped there might be reason for exultation or indifference at the approach of death. I felt less small and "separate," because on no occasion was I wrapped up in the danger to my normal self. Annihilation of time and place gave me an idea of a freedom beyond human imagination. . . . The first experience of domination by another self gave me a vague, but a vast, confidence in that self, and each added experience made that next more definite.

After some philosophizing as to the distracted and pain-tossed life of the world, and of that higher consciousness which sees the "far off divine event," the writer tells how he had access to a library ("we owe it with other good things to George McDonald") which contained some Theosophical writings. Then he describes the sevenfold nature of man more or less according to Theosophy.

Even Theosophists will feel a fresh interest in how the teaching of the Wisdom-Religion is accepted by this writer, a Roman Catholic.

Theosophy, he says, threw light on his dual experiences. According to Theosophy there are

in man seven principles, three spiritual, and four animal; and each principle functions on its own plane of existence. They are physical body, ethereal body, Prāna (vitality), Kāma (desire), Manas (the man, the thinker), Buddhi (latent in all, but known generally in its effects; manifested in the Great Initiates, the Masters, Saviors, Founders of Religions). *Ātmā*, "He who sees me in all things and who sees all things in me, I shall never separate myself from him, and He will never leave me (Sri-Krishna). Under the Eastern terminology we recognize Christianity. Animal man; Reasonable man; Spiritual man; Christ; God. That God and Christ are latent in man, to be developed by detachment from the lower and union with the higher elements of his being, is also Christian doctrine. . . .

There can be no difference and no contradiction in truth, and the esoteric is the soul of all true religions, the exoteric is their incarnation on the plane of illusion.

This and much more he writes about the "duality of Manas"; of the "God fallen into matter"; of the "union of Manas and Buddhi." From these few extracts it will be seen that Theosophy pours a flood of light and truth and reconciliation into many a heart which was until then full of darkness.

REV. S. J. NEILL

Eastern and Western Music

A RECENT article in *The Scotsman* gives an appreciative account of a Japanese orchestra at the "White City" exhibition in London, which, under the leadership of Mr. Nagai, plays modern music on modern instruments to perfection.

The writer is puzzled to understand how a people having the characteristics he supposes it to have can so easily master a music having the characteristic he supposes it to have. The native music of this people being presumed to be very crude and elementary, and modern music to be advanced and elaborate, it seems wrong that a people brought up under the former should show such proficiency in the latter. But we can find most of the solution in the remarks of the writer about Chinese and Japanese music; though to him, instead of being an explanation, they appear as additional difficulties. The Chinese scale, imported long ago, he says, by the Japanese, was very complex; very crude, the writer calls it. Our scale is far simpler, but to the writer it appears as more advanced. It would seem that a people accustomed to an elaborate scale ought to find no difficulty with a simple scale; and this is explanation, unless we insist on calling the elaborate scale crude and elementary, and the simple scale elaborate and advanced. Again the native music employs instruments both few and simple. It is argued that it ought to be difficult for people brought up on such instruments to use ours. But it can be argued that people able to produce music from such scanty resources ought to find it easier to produce music from our ample instrumental means.

Of late years many cherished notions have been upset, as the writer admits, especially with regard to the relative abilities of eastern and western peoples. One notion that seems to be threatened is the idea that our music is so very difficult after all. Our scale is divided into simple intervals, giving the most elementary tone-ratios. The old Chinese scale, of which the writer speaks is divided into twelve parts in accordance with a mathematical principle connected with the duodenary symbolized

in the zodiac. As we gather from what is said, the progression was arithmetical, from 48 to 96, which gives us the ratios 13:12, 7:3, 17:6, among others. The writer calls this a slavish addiction to mathematics and says that the result was a chaos of dissonances. But it is possible to regard it as a more advanced system, especially in view of our own progress from simpler to more elaborate intervals and our own gradually changing notions of the difference between a concord and a discord.

The bulk of the Japanese it is said, still prefer the ancient music and are offended by the music which pleases us. The writer recalls the case of a great Italian singer, whose performance was succeeded by cat-calls and wailings, lasting all night, in mocking imitation of his singing. How then could a people addicted to such "absurd" musical ideas and tastes adopt so easily our own "advanced and excellent" methods and tastes? The only possible answer is that neither our musical theory nor our methods of production present any difficulties other than can be surmounted by patience and intelligence; and that the oriental people in question possess these qualities in a sufficient degree. Here is Mr. Nagai's method of training his orchestra, as described.

Mr. Nagai trains his band wholly by ear, without assistance of any kind to obtain either pitch or correct interval. . . . After perfectly accurate sensitivity to pitch has been acquired, he divides his drill into three main stages. The first is directed to the attainment of extreme exactness in rhythmic timing. The second cultivates skill in the modulation of time. . . . After the timing faculty has become almost automatic and unconscious he devotes himself . . . to produce expression and sentiment.

So the secret is that of having a body of players who are amenable to drill. To be able so to drill an orchestra in keeping time as to get that business settled and disposed of, thus leaving all free to devote full attention to what comes next — this is surely a great gain. First the ability to keep mathematical time is acquired; *after* that comes the ability to modulate the time; the vital difference between variable tempo and bad time being fully recognized. All this is mere drill and soon becomes a fixed habit; the conductor does not have to tap his desk in order to scold players for elementary faults. The scale intervals are easy and elementary; the instruments easy to play compared with the older native instruments; the music comparatively plain and bald. Very little in the way of sentiment and expression is demanded, our civilization being still quite barbaric in comparison with the far older one concerned. This must be the explanation of an apparent anomaly which is no anomaly at all.

But these remarks should not be taken as implying anything beyond what they express. Whether the eastern people in question is or is not better than the western nation is another question. At any rate we will not either extol or condemn it just because it is an eastern nation. Patriotism either is or is not a worthy sentiment; it means the love of one's own country; why should we admit it in another nation if we do not cherish it ourselves? We have many excellences, but they are not those on which we usually pride ourselves; we are apt to neglect them in order to compete in things where we are inferior. Music is a very old art, but youth has its advantages as well as age.

STUDENT

A Mosque in London

THE proposal to build in London a Mahometan mosque for the use of resident and transient Mahometans has taken more definite form. Promises of help have been received from India, Egypt, Persia, Turkey, Cyprus, Ceylon, and elsewhere, and £100,000 is to be spent. The committee consists of Ameer Ali, the Turkish Minister, and the Sheik-ul-Islâm, as Mahometan representatives, and three English lords. The Mahometan population of London fluctuates between 1500 and 2000, including Indian and Egyptian students, and merchants from India, Turkey, Persia, and Tangier. The mosque will be in Eastern style adapted to the climate. Of course the idea of this enterprise having any connexion with a "Pan-Islâmic movement" is out of the question, its object being merely to enable Mahometan members of the empire and Mahometan visitors to unite in the celebration of their common religion in a place more suitable than a hotel.

Occasion is taken to comment enthusiastically on the growing spirit of religious toleration manifested in the readiness with which Christians and Mahometans are uniting in this undertaking. Such tolerance is indeed to be welcomed. But yet there is an extreme to be avoided. It is that of religious indifference. For there is a kind of toleration that is grounded on the feeling that religion does not matter enough to be disputed about. The genuine religious unity, towards which thoughtful people will aspire, is that which secures amity without sacrificing devotion. If, beneath the outer distinctions, there is to be one underlying Religion, it must be a common multiple, not a least common factor, of the several creeds.

There will, of course, be some Christians who will regard this enterprise with dismay; but the issues between them and those who favor the scheme are mixed. The issue may be between bigotry and tolerance, or between devotion and indifference. If we find zeal linked with bigotry on the one side, and tolerance wedded to lukewarmness on the other, then we have ill-assorted partnerships; and such we must expect to find in a world where facts do not conform exactly to ideal conditions. We obviously cannot join either side while the parties are thus constituted. But how can zeal be made to change sides and ally itself with tolerance? Only by the general recognition of a common Religion, underlying all religions and pertaining to man as Man, and not particular races. Such a World-Religion already dimly shapes itself, its outlines defined as various international interests, commercial and otherwise. But the real bond of union yet awaits fuller recognition — the inner Divinity of Man. This is a basis on which all can unite who recognize it.

TRAVERS

Aviation and Solidarity

A GOOD instance of how the expansion of scientific invention may promote international solidarity is that of the proposed international laws to regulate air-traffic. The Comité Juridique International de l'Aviation, organized in Paris, publishing a Review, and including members of various countries, has drawn up a prospectus which has been approved by eminent jurists. It is the work of national committees afterwards approved by a joint session.

E.

Humors of Bible Translation

IN translating the Bible for the natives of Java a serious difficulty was encountered by reason of the fact that the sheep is unknown in that island. In consequence they had no word in their vocabulary to signify that animal. The nearest correspondence was a goat that had been imported from Holland. A familiar text appears in Javanese version as follows. "Behold the little Dutch goat of God that taketh away the sins of the world." This anecdote serves to emphasize the futility of attempting to make universal, a revelation adapted to a special nation at a particular epoch of its history. Every race has its Teachers who adapt some aspects of the old Wisdom-Religion for the use of the people among whom they are born. Instead of attempting to graft an alien religion upon "the benighted heathen" by salaried professionals, would it not be better for kindly, sympathetic, self-supporting persons to make their home among the people they want to help and revive such portions of the native religion that have survived? In default of such volunteers, why not await in patience until, in the fulness of time, their special messenger arrives? There is something surely very depressing in the thought of one true Teacher and the rest "false prophets"; one authentic revelation to last for all time, and then the centuries slipping away while that revelation becomes increasingly obscure as it fades out of sight in the dim vistas of antiquity.

STUDENT

National Military Expenditures

THE net cost of the British Army and its operations, according to estimates for 1910-1911, will amount to \$138,000,000, while the estimates for the Navy for 1911 are placed at \$203,000,000.

The United States Army Budget for 1910 amounted to \$100,000,000, not including the expenditure by the several States on their national guard, or the enormous sums paid for pensions to ex-volunteers. The Navy estimates for 1911 amount to \$114,000,000.

The military expenditure of the German Empire, as entered in the budget for 1910, amounts to \$203,382,000 (excluding expenditures on Colonial Troops). The German naval estimates for 1910 amount to \$110,000,000, which is an *increase* of about 20% over 1909.

The Military Budget of France for 1910 shows estimated expenditure of \$174,000,000 for the military establishment, while the Navy estimates for 1910 amounted to \$75,000,000.

Italy during 1910 expected to spend about \$32,000,000 on her navy and \$54,000,000 on her army.

The Military Budget of Russia, ordinary and extraordinary, for 1908, was \$253,750,000, and in 1909 it was \$210,137,000. The Russian navy estimates for 1909 amounted to nearly \$47,000,000.

In Austria-Hungary the Army estimates for 1909 amounted to \$46,000,000 and for the Navy they were \$13,295,000.

The annual military expenditures of Japan since the augmentation of the army following the war, has been between \$35,000,000 and \$40,000,000, and this is increasing. The naval estimates for 1901-10 were \$37,000,000. D. C.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Coronation Stone and Egypt

GEOLGY is decisive as to its Scottish origin." So says the late Dr. Bradley, (Dean of Westminster 1881-1902) in an introductory chapter which he contributed to one of the best of the guides to Westminster Abbey. He was referring to the strange legend which says that the Coronation Stone—the "Stone of Destiny"—is the identical stone upon which Jacob rested his head!

It would appear, however, that geology is not quite so immediately decisive on the point, and that there is no reason why the stone might not have come from Egypt so far as geological considerations are concerned. Mr. W. J. Loftie, F. S. A., has also written a book about the Abbey, and his work is a valuable addition to the Abbey literature. He mentions the fact that in 1865 Dean Stanley called in Professor Ramsay, the geologist, to examine the stone, and the result of the inspection is given in the Dean's *Memorials*. It shows that the stone is "of a dull reddish or purplish sandstone" of the kind masons call freestone, and the Professor is inclined to attribute its origin to the neighborhood of Dunstaffnage. Now for Mr. Loftie: "But the Professor is mistaken when he says there is no sandstone of the same character in Egypt, for one of the most celebrated statues of the world, the so-called Vocal Memnon, is made of it."

And one might add that no one has suggested a Scottish origin for the Vocal Memnon!

England's new king, George the Fifth, will sit in the Coronation Chair in which the "Stone of Destiny" is fixed, when he receives the crown next June, as the latest of the long line of monarchs who have sat in the chair for the same imposing ceremony—a line extending from the days of Edward the First, who brought the stone in 1297 from Scotland. Even Oliver Cromwell took his seat in this chair of kings when he was installed as Lord Protector.

This ceremony, however, did not take place in the venerable Abbey, but in Westminster Hall, hard by. That is the only occasion upon which the chair has left the walls of the Abbey. Edward the First had the chair made to contain the stone, which it may be mentioned is twenty-six inches long, sixteen wide and eleven thick, and it is fixed into the chair by clamps of iron. Naturally, the Scots made every possible effort to regain the stone of so many associations, believing as they did unquestioningly that "while it remained in their country the State would be unshaken."

England, Ireland, and Scotland, all have associations with the famous stone. It was in Ireland, on Tara's sacred hill, in 700 B. C. Fergus II (died A. D. 501), the founder of the Scottish monarchy and one of the blood-royal of Ireland, received it in Scotland, and King Kenneth (850 A. D.) deposited it in the monastery of Scone.

It is interesting to know that the chair we see today is the one Edward I had made. In the beginning it was a magnificent oaken chair, decorated with patterns of birds, foliage, and animals on a gilt ground, protected by a sheet

their erection and took the most intense personal interest in them. The Temple of Zeus, called the Olympeium, is the largest temple in Greece, and was completed by Hadrian, six hundred years after the first stone was laid.

One of the largest buildings erected by Hadrian is the Gymnasium (two hundred and seventy feet by four hundred feet) containing several small temples, a library, and various halls and corridors. The Stoa, a well-preserved portion of the Gymnasium, still stands. The pillars are composed of single stones twenty-eight and a quarter feet high.



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THE ROMAN FORUM AND BASILICA JULIA

(For description and another view see the CENTURY PATH of May 21, page 13.)

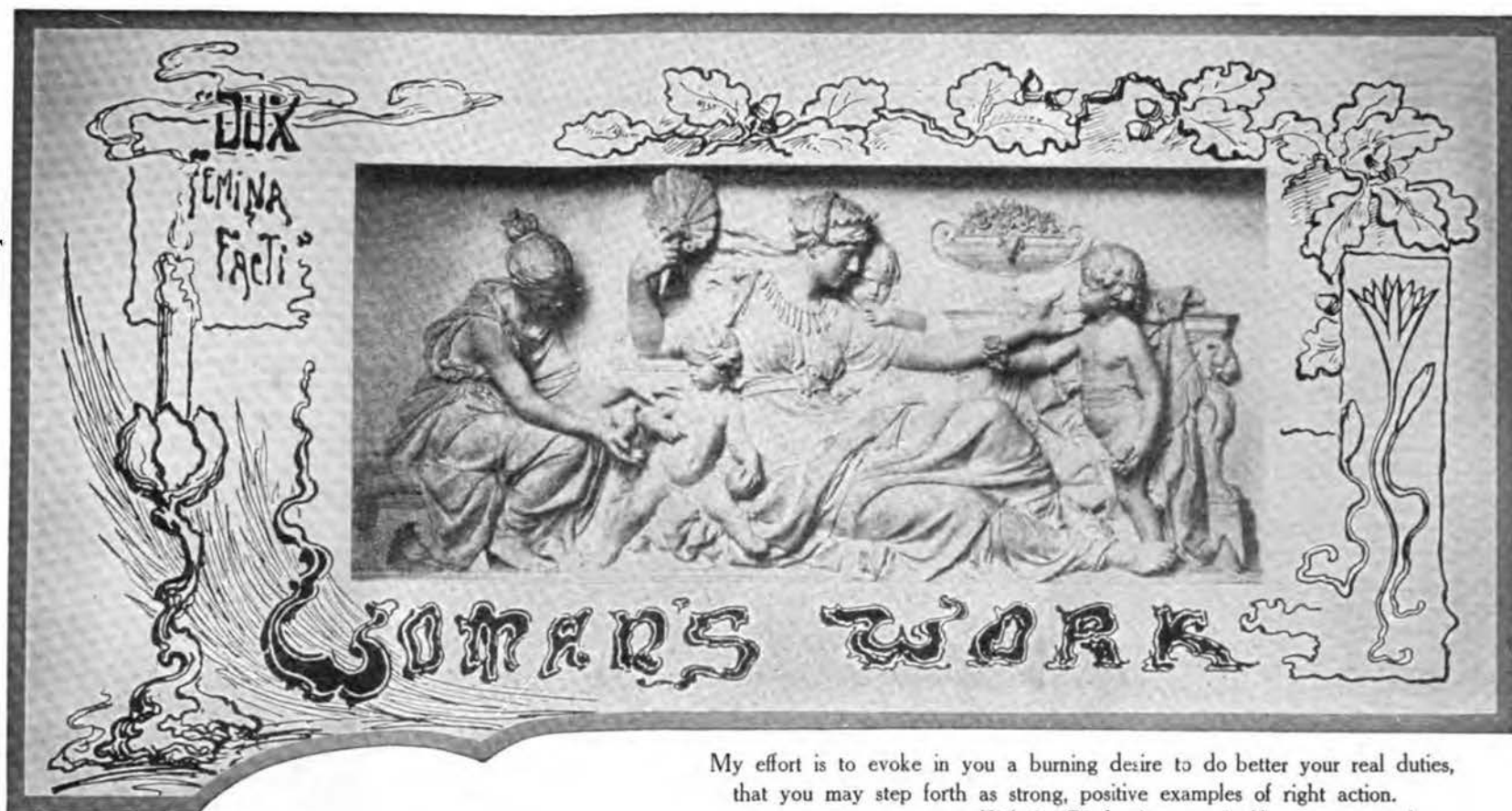
of glass, but time has dealt none too gently with it. On the back was painted the figure of a king, with feet resting on a lion, but the gilt lions now to be seen are modern. Surely never was there such a stone of history and of legend. It is one of England's most cherished possessions.

F. D. UDALL

Roman Art in Greece

THE Roman Emperor Hadrian (A. D. 117-138) was a great admirer of the Greek civilization, and under his care Athens resumed to a considerable degree the aspect of beauty which had distinguished it above all other cities three hundred years before his reign. Magnificent buildings arose in many portions of the city, especially in the southeastern quarter near the Temple of Zeus Olympius. Hadrian provided the funds for

The capitals are in the florid Corinthian style which was so fully developed in Roman Art. The light column to the right is a part of a portico once leading to the principal gateway. Though Hadrian immensely encouraged the multiplication of fine works of art in Athens we must look upon his activity as the last dying effort of ancient art in Greece. But, in the presence of the infinitely purer and more refined buildings of the age of Pericles, which alone seem to harmonize with the natural scenery and the historical associations, the Roman style of architecture seems strangely out of place. We do not go to Athens to see these interpolations. The luxurious temperament of later Rome, as expressed in its architecture, splendid and vigorous as it is, and worthy of much study and admiration in itself, is foreign to Grecian ideals. STUDENT



My effort is to evoke in you a burning desire to do better your real duties, that you may step forth as strong, positive examples of right action.

Katherine Tingley, in a recent address to women only.

IT is pleasant to note the growing tendency to simplicity in our American

homes, not only in architectural types, which have reverted from the hideous "Reign of Terror" mansions of fifty years ago to the earlier models, but also in household furnishings and adornments. Heavy lace curtains and elaborate draperies are replaced by simpler fabrics that let in more light and air and are far more easily cleaned. Carved and ornamented furniture has given way to plain designs and in some houses there is even a noticeable absence of that American reproach, the rocking-chair! Stuffey carpets, which were the bane of the housekeeper's existence at the spring cleaning season, have gone; and the bare, polished floor, with a few easily dusted rugs, is a salutary change.

We no longer load our houses with useless bric-a-brac; the latest fashions in domestic art are marked by a severe restraint in the matter of decoration. We are beginning to appreciate the noble bareness and simplicity in the household arrangements of the Greeks and the Egyptians, perhaps best understood in our times by the Japanese. A single flower in an earthen jar has a hundred times the beauty and meaning of several dozen jammed and crowded into a cut glass vase. And in the same way, a simple, uncrowded apartment, with a few well-chosen objects of household art and use, is more beautiful and conducive to serenity than a room crammed with costly treasures.

There is also a wholesome tendency to simplified meals, especially breakfast. Many American families still begin the day with beefsteak and buckwheat cakes but an increasing number are finding out how much better is the European morning meal of bread and

Simplicity in American Homes

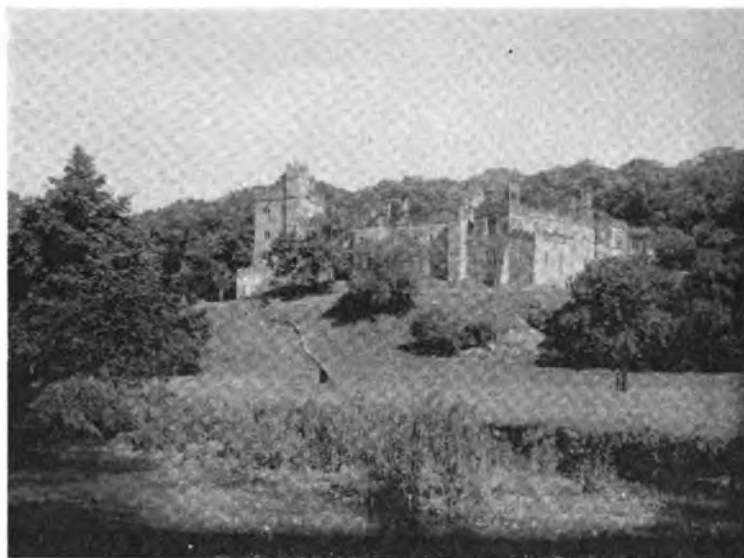
fruit, and only a little of these. The other nations can teach us a few things, if we would learn, on the true economy of food and its wisest application to our needs.

There is a very marked exodus of city families to the country, of recent years. With

in smaller, plainer houses instead of mansions, to want to live in the suburbs and dig in the garden and abolish the bric-a-brac. One could almost maintain that extravagance and madness are the characteristics of the age, and that this return to the simple life is only a fashionable pose. One feels this especially when visiting exclusive shops, where a plain linen dress or an untrimmed hat brings a fabulous price merely because of the name of the artist in fashion who created it.

But let us hope and believe that under all the spendthrift habits and false poses of our day, the great heart of the common people is turning toward an appreciation of the simple and the true. To imitate a virtue shows at least that one admires it and perhaps even an affectation of simple tastes is an indication of deep currents which will have a wholesome effect on our civilization.

Certainly there are numberless instances where such tastes are not affectation, and there come into mind, as I write, recollections of one American home in particular, that seems to me the type most desirable to be fostered. It is situated several miles out from a small Southern



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AN OLD ENGLISH HOME
HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE

the development of the automobile and the improvement in roads, real country homes are springing up everywhere and a great public interest is being awakened in gardening, woodcraft, and nature-studies of all sorts.

But there is one question that recurs persistently in the midst of our observations, and that is, how far is this new simplicity sincere? Is it paralleled by an equal directness and sincerity in our mental and heart-life? And we cannot answer yes. Perhaps, after all, it is with many only a fad, this tendency to reside

city, on a hill-top overlooking a superb view of winding river and rolling meadows and distant mountain range. The living-room and dining-room on the first floor have each an immense long window which shows the view like a picture in a frame. There is a sun-parlor on one side of the house and a glassed-in breakfast room on the other, so that no bit of sunshine may be missed. Every bedroom has a sleeping-porch opening from it, and no member of the family would think of sleeping indoors, whatever the weather. There is not a useless or

meaningless article of decoration in the whole house, no false or pretentious note, although there is a great deal of very beautiful American-made pottery in simple antique designs and bas-reliefs; mostly adapted for lamp bases and for holding ferns and flowers.

The heart of this house is the immense living-room fireplace with its mighty pile of blazing logs; the hearth is of pale brown brick and over the mantel is the unique art treasure of the house. It is a piece of tapestry designed and executed in New York from ideas and suggestions made by the mistress of the house. It represents the old Greek story of Bellerophon and the Chimera. Bellerophon is seated on the winged Pegasus, who has risen into the air with the Chimera clinging to him, its claws deep in the quivering white flanks, its writhing green tail coiled around the snowy hoofs. Bellerophon has already struck off two of the monster's heads and is in the act of striking the last and deadliest, the dragon-head. It is a majestic piece of symbolism, beautifully portrayed in rich color and with much depth of feeling, depicting the immortal strife between good and evil, and the conquest of the human soul, relying on the winged strength and speed of its own divine higher self, over the dark passions of the lower nature. The mother of this home knew what she was about when she chose this pictured myth from the stores of ancient wisdom, and hung it above the hearth fire, where her children's eyes might rest upon it every day. She has taught them the meaning of the legend, and she devotes herself sincerely to the task of making them realize in their own lives its significance and truth.

It is this woman's constant and unwavering desire to make her home a center of happiness and inspiration to all who need it. She dispenses hospitality with a lavish hand, not for the mere pleasure of entertaining but with the generous impulse to share her home atmosphere with others. And I think it may truly be said that none ever enter her house or come in contact with her elsewhere, without to some greater or less degree rising to her plane of thought and feeling. She never stoops to gossip or slander, or to revel in the trivial and vulgar; and she never countenances these things in others. So people find themselves, when in her company, discussing life in its larger, kindlier, truer aspects, and they doubtless often go home surprised at their own latent capacities for this sort of conversation.

The influence of such a mother reaches far indeed, into the unseen inner spaces of life where hungry hearts may go for refuge and for help.

A few homes like this in a community, or even one, can have a wonderfully uplifting influence. When the Theosophical ideals of purity, sincerity, and unselfishness, are more widely established in our land we shall be a nation of real homes. We shall learn more fully to appreciate the value of simplicity and the freedom from useless household burdens, by which we may devote our best time and energy to the true, enduring things of life. B. M.

Haddon Hall

THE Dukes of Rutland tend with loving care the old disused Derbyshire home of theirs at Haddon, near Bakewell. Those who have come under the spell of the picturesque Hall, rising from the meadows through which the winding Wye wends its way, will feel no sympathy with the description of Haddon Hall given by Horace Walpole, who visited it in the year 1760 and spoke of it merely as "an abandoned old castle of the Rutlands, in a romantic situation, but it could never have composed a tolerable dwelling."

"The Rutlands" left Haddon Hall for Belvoir in 1702, but the furniture was not all removed till 1730. The Hall as it is seen today is practically the work of the Vernon family, who lived here for four hundred years. As it was not fortified or castellated the place



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THE BANQUETING HALL, HADDON HALL

IN speaking of home life we must remember that homes are not all conducted on one line. Each is different from others because each family has evolved in a different environment. But all homes should be, above everything else, sacred centers of national life.

Katherine Tingley in a recent address

escaped the violence of the troublous times in England's history, and so we of later generations have spared to us the most picturesque survival to be found in all England of a nobleman's home of centuries gone by.

One of the Vernons was Speaker of the House of Commons, Captain of Rouen, and Treasurer of Calais, and the last of the family was the "King of the Peak," so called on account of his magnificent style of living. He became more famed in later days as the father of Dorothy Vernon around whose story there has been cast such a halo of romance.

The chapel in the Hall is of varying styles of architecture of course, from Norman to Jacobean, and the banqueting-hall and the cavernous kitchens and larders suggest rude plenty. But the glory of the Hall is the Long Gallery, most elaborately wainscotted throughout, with a wonderful plaster ceiling, richly ornamented.

Happily, the Hall with its terraces, gardens, and flights of steps is now properly cared for and is likely to gladden the eyes of visitors for many generations to come. F. D. UDALL

Woman's Part in a New Dramatic Era in Japan

THE new Imperial Theater lately opened in Tokyo marks the dawn of a new era in the development of the drama in Japan. It is mainly owing to the efforts of Baron Shibusawa, whose party visited Point Loma last year, that this magnificent theater has been built, at a cost of over a million yen. It is considered to be one of the finest theaters in the world, and as a State box has been provided, it will no doubt be visited by the members of the Imperial household. This in itself is quite a new departure, and will do very much to raise the level of dramatic performances.

In connexion with this theater a new school for actresses has been started and many of the students attending it belong to good families. The appearance of women on the stage in Japan is also something new and very promising. Miss Sada Yacco, whose picture has appeared on the Woman's page of the CENTURY PATH, was one of the pioneers of this improvement on the old order of things, in which (as in medieval England) boys and men took women's parts.

This is, however, in Japan, more correctly a *re-appearance* of women on the stage; for as a matter of fact, the theatrical performance proper (*Kabuki* in Japanese) was founded by a woman named O-Kuni, who formed a company of female players in Kyôto about three hundred and fifty years ago. They soon became very popular, and are said to have played before such great personages as Hideyoshi and Oda Nobunaga. But after a few years, for some reason, the authorities forbade women to appear on the stage.

Prior to this time there existed the classical *No* dramas, composed mainly by Buddhist priests whose names are not recorded; and also the *Jôruri*, a kind of puppet-show accompanied by ballad singing. The former were confined exclusively to the upper classes; and the latter were mainly of a sensational nature.

The present dramas of the new school are very similar to those of the Western world. In fact a number of foreign plays have been translated and performed here, including several of Shakespeare's. Not long ago Sadanji, one of the leading actors, gave an excellent rendering of Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, and his sister took the part of Portia. In this case the scenery, costumes, and make-up were foreign; but some plays—such as *Romeo and Juliet*—have been quite Japonicized. The Japanese have great histrionic talent and as the theater is very popular the drama should have a great future here. In fact there are some who believe that this will become one of the chief educational agencies, and come to have great influence on the national life. E. S. S. (Tokyo, Japan)

THE facilities for dramatic work at Point Loma are unsurpassed. We are within sight of the day which will once more restore the drama to its rightful position as one of the great redemptive forces of the age.—Katherine Tingley

OUR YOUNG FOLK

John Singleton Copley

THIS American artist, who was born in Boston, received his first instruction in art from his step-father, Mr. Peter Pelham, himself an accomplished mezzotint engraver and portrait painter. Before he reached his twentieth year Copley painted a number of portraits, an allegorical picture representing Mars, Venus, and Vulcan, and a miniature of George Washington. During this time he improved greatly, painting pictures which remain in the possession of families living in New England. A receptive nature and a great desire to learn made it easy for Copley to profit by observing the work of others, and in this he had splendid opportunities, for there were in New England homes pictures by some of the best portrait artists in Europe.

Copley seems to have been connected with the history of the nation in a very interesting way all his life. It was during the stirring years before the War of Independence that he lived and worked in New England, the friend of many of the most prominent men of the time. Though he spent many years in England, Copley accomplished a great deal of worthy work in his native country, including portraits of some of the men who helped in the shaping of our American history. Later, in England, he did admirable likenesses of John Adams, the second president of the United States, and Samuel Adams, both of which now hang in Harvard College. In 1769 he married the daughter of a distinguished merchant of Boston, agent of the East India Company, to whom was consigned the tea which was thrown into Boston Harbor on the night of the Boston Tea Party. Soon after his marriage Copley painted the *Boy with a Squirrel* which was to bring him more directly before the public. This picture was sent to Benjamin West for exhibition in London. The artist's name was not affixed to this work, which was so beautifully done that rigid rule of the institution was set aside so that it might be exhibited. It was received with such marked appreciation that Copley's friends advised him to go to England. In 1774, the year of the First Continental Congress, he sailed for Europe.

Like the true learner that he was he went at once to work, traveling through Italy, studying all the time. In 1775 he returned to England where he met his wife and family. He was accorded immediate recognition, and in 1777 was made an Associate of the Royal Academy, and later an Academician.

Now began some of the most important work of his life. The picture by which he is best known, the *Death of Lord Chatham*, occupied his easel in 1780. It represents the



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THE BRIDGE AT BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES, WEST INDIES
FROM WHICH THE CAPITAL TAKES ITS NAME

"CAREFUL with fire" is good advice we know,
Careful with words is ten times doubly so.
Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
You can't do that way when you're flying words.

Will Carleton

great statesman falling senseless in the House of Lords, and was begun shortly after Lord Chatham's death. An engraving was made and twenty-five hundred copies were sold within a few weeks.

The care with which John Singleton Copley did all his work is shown by the pains which he took in preparing material for his pictures. While in London he received a commission from a number of gentlemen in Boston to paint a large picture of Charles I demanding the "Five Members" from Parliament. In order to bring his work up to the highest possible standard of accuracy, Mr. Copley with his daughter went in a postchaise over many miles of English road, calling at home after home in which there was known to be a portrait of one of those present on the memorable day in Parliament. Such was the esteem in which Mr. Copley was held that they were everywhere received most cordially.

John Copley was very much beloved in America, and though he accomplished the greater part of his important work in England, his sympathies were strongly American. He had a keen sense of fitness, and his great courtesy led him to act always in the most tactful and refined way. An interesting anecdote is told of how he finished a portrait in 1782 of Mr. Elkanah Watson, then in London. The portrait was full length, and had been finished most beautifully, except the background, which was to represent a ship bearing the American flag. Under the circumstances existing at that time, Mr. Copley did not think it proper to put in the flag as his studio was frequently visited by the royal

family, and peace negotiations had not yet been completed between England and America. But on the night of the 5th of December, 1782, both the artist and Mr. Watson were present at a dinner at which the King in his speech formally acknowledged America as a free and independent nation. "Immediately after our return from the House of Lords," writes Mr. Watson in his diary, "he invited me into his studio, and there, with a bold hand, a master's touch, and, I believe, an American heart, he attached to the ship the stars and stripes. This was, I imagine, the first American flag hoisted in Old England."

While living in England, Mr. Copley occupied the mansion-house in George St. which was afterwards known as the resid-

ence of his son, Lord Lyndhurst. Here the artist lived for many years, his home always the resort of distinguished Americans visiting England, who made it a point, if possible, to have their portraits painted by Copley. Throughout his life he was a man of those exquisite tastes which are the mark of a beautiful nature. Elegance and dignity were prominent characteristics and his honesty of purpose and love of the beautiful are everywhere visible in the excellent works which he has left to us. Many of these canvases remain as precious heirlooms in the families of his descendants and friends, as well as in national galleries both here and abroad. H.

A Mexican Queen of the Needle

IN the quaint old town of Cuernavaca, seventy-five miles from the city of Mexico, lives an Indian girl who is known as the maker of the smallest dolls in the world. A description of these dolls is given in *The National Geographic Magazine* and it makes one wonder at the skill that can fashion a doll scarcely three-quarters of an inch long and produce such an artistic little figure that, seen through a magnifying glass, every detail seems to be perfect. This Indian girl, Isabel Belaunsaran, begins a doll by making a tiny frame of wire and winding silk round it to hold it in shape. Then she fits the garments to this, actually embroidering them with designs suitable to the character the doll represents—roses and garlands for the dancing-girls, etc. The hair is arranged to match the costume, and swords, tiny hair flower-baskets full of flowers, sombreros, or water-bottles are added accordingly. She makes besides flower-sellers and dancing-girls, bishops, water-carriers, and bull-fighters. These dolls have been sold to travelers from many countries. Even queens and princesses have been glad to get them as they are said to be very remarkable dolls. R.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

THE BLOSSOM TIME

IT'S O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing—
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming!

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover beds—
There is none of you glad as I.

Ina Coolbrith (Selected)

Brotherhood Work among Children in New York

THIRTEEN years ago in New York, on Memorial Day, the Universal Brotherhood float which is shown in the picture, led the children's section of the memorial procession. Some of the children from the different Lotus Groups in New York and from the Do Good Mission which Mrs. Tingley started on the East Side, took part in this celebration.

The Universal Brotherhood float was like a dove of peace among the others, for this was a year when a war-cloud hovered over the nation and as the procession passed, those watching it were thinking of the soldiers and sailors on duty. Later on, when war was over, Mrs. Tingley and her helpers of the International Brotherhood League went to Cuba to heal the sick and suffering people there.

The International Brotherhood League was formed by Mrs. Tingley in April 1897, just after she came home from her first crusade around the world. The children in New York soon found that this League was to mean a great deal to them. In June Mrs. Tingley began to arrange a summer home for children from the East Side, and in July she opened the first Lotus Home, at Pleasant Valley on the Hudson River.

The first Lotus Home was in a beautiful spot overlooking the Hudson River. There were sunny fields and shady groves and lawns and wide piazzas and a big old mansion with plenty of room for the delighted children. Mrs. Tingley was known on the East Side in New York as a good fairy long before she became the Leader of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, so this summer home was really a continuation of her work among the poor children in New York.

The opening of the Home was a very happy occasion. There was a picnic tea and music, speeches, and fireworks. Everyone felt that it was the beginning of some great work; but no one could ever have guessed what it would grow into. This golden secret was locked in Lotus Mother's Heart. It had been hidden there since she was a happy little child and now it was just beginning to come true.

The children at the Home were divided into brigades and squads for the performance of duties. They learned to keep their rooms neat and clean and to do gardening, and there at Pleasant Valley, just as at Point Loma at the International Lotus Home, every morning the flag was hoisted and every evening the light was raised in its place. Chorus-singing and classes for study in the schoolroom, and hours



CHILDREN'S FLOAT IN MEMORIAL DAY PARADE

and hours of play out of doors filled the happy days of this summer outing.

It was at this first Lotus Home that the Brotherhood motto, "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood Means," was made. All the children one day were given paper and pencils so that they might write down what they thought Brotherhood means. These thoughts were read aloud, and when a musical voice uttered the words, "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood Means," all agreed that this was the best and they took it for the motto of the Lotus Home. Now it is the motto of thousands of children the world over.

At the close of the summer the children gave a play, "Prince Harmony." It was given out of doors at twilight. Funny little brownies darted in and out among the trees, graceful fairies danced about, and a beautiful Queen was there on a fern-covered throne. This sunset hour was the closing scene of the summer holiday.

The children's good times were not over by any means, however. It would take another chapter to tell about the "Order of the Thread and Needle," and the other pleasant meetings planned by Mrs. Tingley for the children in New York, with the Lotus Group always making Sunday morning a bright and joyous gathering where the Soul in each child was called forth.

G.

The Sand-Marten

THIS is the story of a sand-marten who lived under the platform of our bath-house which extended far out in the water and was connected with land by a bridge. For several years this beautiful little bird had its nest under a beam on a piece of plank, well protected from the water which often washed

over the whole bath-house. She was a dear comrade, and whenever one of us came out on the bridge she ran along the bridge a few feet ahead, all the time chirping and singing her little songs. She was generally busy picking up tiny fishes on the sandy beach.

Once in the spring when she had a family of little sand-martens in the nest under the beam, she did not come as usual to meet her friends on the bridge. She flew anxiously around the bath-house, chirping most pitifully, and evidently hunting for something. When we went down the steps that led to the water and looked up toward her nest, we saw that the whole nest was gone. No wonder that the poor little sand-marten was desperate! Somebody had been there and cruelly taken the little ones from the mother. What was to be done now? She was probably telling us something, but we could not understand what she said in her bird-language. Looking around on the water, we saw in the distance a boat being rowed away and at once we suspected that the thieves were in it. We got quickly into our own boat and followed them, while the sand-marten circled around our heads, as if trying to encourage us to hasten.

Soon we reached the boat, and when we demanded the birds, they had to give us back the nestful. Luckily the little ones were alive. You should have seen the mother's joy! She flew as close to us as she could all the way home, and when the nest was put back in its place with all her little ones chirping and alive in it, her happiness was indescribable. From that day she showed herself less afraid than ever before, and we tried our best to keep a watchful eye on all approaching boats, so as to prevent thieves from coming to steal her children again.

Eva

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Possible sunshine, 390. Percentage, 62. Average number of hours per day, 8.08 (decimal notation). Observations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

MAY	BARO-METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
15	29.721	63	55	58	57	0.00	W	6
16	29.674	65	52	58	56	0.00	NW	1
17	29.638	64	54	59	58	0.00	SE	2
18	29.657	65	54	60	59	0.00	SE	3
19	29.590	66	56	60	59	0.00	SE	3
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ETHICS, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND ART

Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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No. 31

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Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Vol. XIV

Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 31

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A Canon on "The Cross Before Christianity"

THE extent to which Christian clergymen are going in advancing liberal interpretations of Christianity, is every day becoming more marked. In many cases the views advocated coincide to a considerable degree with the Theosophical teachings. The strange fact is, that while such views are being promulgated by so many eminent and capable clergy, another section of the Christian body should be attacking Theosophists for proclaiming the same or closely parallel views. These views are declared by the latter to be anti-Christian; but in thus characterizing them the critics are attacking not only Theosophists but their own clergy as well. It is time that a greater agreement and unity were reached by the Christian bodies, so that the public may have a chance of knowing just what the relations between Theosophical teaching and Christian teaching are.

There is one point, however, about these liberal teachings put forward by Christian clergy that must be emphasized. It is that these views imply a good deal more than they express. In putting them

The Existence of forward, their advocates a Universal necessitate the acceptance Doctrine of further views which follow logically from them; and

this fact, for the most part, they do not seem to realize; for some of the doctrines thus logically implied are of a nature which, we feel sure, even these liberal clergy are not yet prepared to stand for. Nevertheless it is impossible to stop half way; you cannot turn on the light and then turn it off again just when it suits you; what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; arguments which prove one thing may also prove other things, nor can we make them prove just what we want them to prove and no more. This point was brought out not long ago in the CENTURY PATH in connexion with some views recently brought forward in a sermon by the Bishop of London, who, in speaking of death and the state of the soul after death, gave his sanction to certain views which have heretofore been regarded by the public as Theosophical "heresies" rather than as orthodox church teachings. We are glad to think that the Bishop should have seen his way to

Theosophical Christianity

teaching these improved doctrines — that dying is a passing into bliss, that the soul is happy, that there is mutual recognition, that the soul continues to progress, and that it can watch over and even protect people on earth — but the point is that these admissions entail so many other

admissions, which one doubts if the Bishop is prepared to make. The doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma and many of the Theosophical teachings about the constitution of man follow inevitably from what the Bishop admitted.

Another case in point greets us from the columns of the *Church of Ireland Gazette*, for December, 1910, where the Rev. Canon French writes on the Cross before Christ.

The usual way of dealing with the fact that Christian symbolism and many Christian doctrines are world-wide and of far greater antiquity than Christianity itself, is to ignore it; and probably in most cases it is thus ignored through honest ignorance. But there is another and less frequent way. That is,

Difficult Explanations

to accept and admit it, but to make the whole of past wisdom a preparation for Christianity, and to set the church astride on the top of

the ages. This way was that of Lundy in his *Monumental Christianity*. That erudite author goes deeply into the question of symbolism, not confining himself to the Cross, but taking many other symbols and doctrines and showing how they have been familiar to all antiquity and how they constitute an ancient and universal system identical in fact with that which Theosophists call the "Secret Doctrine." But, with a singular lack of the sense of proportion, he asks us to regard all this as a mere preparation for Christianity, and to accept the Christian dispensation as the crowning revelation of Divine Wisdom to man. This position entails upon its holder the task of proving that the Christian church is indeed equal to the honor thus claimed for it; a position that can be vindicated only by acts; for if the Christian church is not this, then no amount of mere glorification will make it so.

In the same way Canon French grapples boldly with the facts and admits that the Cross is a very ancient and significant symbol; goes out of his way even, one would suppose, to make admissions that need not have been made; but never seems to suspect that the orthodox position is adversely affected. We select a few of his remarks:

The Cross before Christianity

Our God is holy and just and good, consequently our religion must have been at its root the same at all times.

"Justin Martyr" expresses the belief that what was true in ancient times was all of it of the Logos (of the eternal Word). The Word of God was disseminated in the world like seed until the Lord Jesus was born, and then in Him we received no longer parts or fragments but the

whole word of God. If this is the case, can it be wondered at that the great *central* symbol of our holy religion should be found before Christ as well as after the coming of our blessed Redeemer? If the great and wondrous sacrifice was fore-ordained in the eternal purposes of God before the foundation of the world, surely it is not surprising that it should be symbolized from the earliest times.

The writer holds that there was a deposit of truth in the world before the revelation that "we have the privilege to possess." This leads him to ask the question, "Why was a new revelation necessary?" and his answer is significant.

Christianity
regarded as a
"Reformation"

While the spring and source of religious teaching was pure at the fountain-head, during the centuries so many impurities were poured into it that a great *Reformation* became necessary, a *Reformation* so thorough that a fresh and new means was provided to convey the Divine Will to the knowledge of man.

But we in turn have a question to put. *Why not a still newer "revelation?"* How can the writer, having admitted one "revelation," stop short there? Every argument which he advances in support of the necessity of one revelation supports equally the necessity for other revelations. It is evident that the world might grow wicked again, that the teachings might become obscured, and that the Deity might consider a revival necessary. It is here that the writer plays such a risky game. But he admits a good deal more yet.

The great historical truths that we have preserved for us in the Word of God, such as the stories of the Creation, the Fall, the Deluge, the Confusion of tongues, are found in a more or less corrupted form among people that never could have learned them from *our* Holy Scripture. The idea that the Holy Old Testament contains the oldest written records must be relegated to regions of exploded myths; for in the British Museum there are letters deposited, which were written on tablets of baked clay long before the time of Abraham. . . . "May it not be more than a coincidence," as a well-known writer says, "that Osiris by the Cross should give life eternal to the spirits of the just? That with the Cross 'Thor' should smite the head of the great serpent and bring to life those that were slain?"

Ever-present
Divine Care

And he mentions other instances, too numerous to quote, including the universal Svastika, found carved on rocks in the remotest corners of earth, dug up at Mykenae and the lake-dwellings of Switzerland. On this he quotes from another writer:

"The Svastika here represents the regeneration of the life to come, as evidenced by its position in the center of the Sacred Triangle, which is here the representation of the first Holy Trinity. It shows their beliefs and the original doctrine of these ancient people were identically the same as what we now use."

The reverend writer has thus joined Theosophists in showing the intimate connexion between the symbolism and doctrines of Christianity, and Universal Symbolism and Religion. But to what does this demonstration tend? It certainly cannot strengthen any of the positions regarded by most representative modern churchmen as being orthodox. On the contrary, it supports what Theosophists have said about Christianity. Religion is one;

One
Universal
Religion

religions are many; Christianity is one of many. In common with other religions, Christianity is found to contain many of the essential truths of Universal Religion, and to contain also many local and incidental modifications added by different people at different times. There is a tendency nowadays to get below these outgrowths and search out the essential basis of Christianity. If Canon French is able to enlarge his conceptions of Christianity so that it can include all the wisdom of antiquity, and if he can persuade his hearers to do the same, his researches will have proved a great gain to the true cause of Christianity, and Theosophists will wish him success. But his efforts, in so far as they produce any effect, will go farther than he anticipates. He has turned up the lights and thrown wide open the door; nor will all of his followers halt just where he bids them.

The Doors
of the Past
—and Future

The candor and naïveté with which this clergyman writes induces us to think that possibly revelation is going on all the time, and that truths become manifest to whomsoever is able to perceive them. Also that people may sometimes be unaware of the processes that are taking place in the depths of their own mind, so that they unwittingly do more than they suspect. Readers of Canon French's studies will profit by the information about the antiquity and universality of the Cross symbol in its various forms; but they will not believe that ancient civilizations in all parts of the world graved it upon the rocks in preparation for a certain Jewish-Christian sect that was to arise at a particular period of history and among a particular small section of humanity. Is Christianity indeed the keystone of all this mighty structure? If so, then verily it behooves Christianity to rise up in its might and show it!

The doctrine of the Atonement constitutes the great stumbling-block of the modern churches. There are still many who teach in unmistakable terms that man is saved from the just consequences of his sins by a special intercession; that our present life on earth is the only one; that the Soul has no past before birth, and no career of future victories. These and some other doctrines are not part of the true and essential religion, but man-made additions, such as are common in all religions in their later stages. The symbol of the crucified Savior, in its varying forms which our writer shows to have been so ancient and widespread, refers from one viewpoint to the sacrifice made by the Divine Man when he enters the flesh in order to redeem the mortal man, in fulfilment of his destiny: the Cross, with its four arms, signifies the material world, the flesh; on it the Soul is crucified. Some of the older Crosses are surmounted by a circle, which signifies the Soul in command of matter, but the Christian Cross is destitute of this essential feature, and thus signifies materiality alone. The fault of the ecclesiastical doctrine about atonement is that it transfers the responsibility from man himself to an external power, thus destroying man's self-

The Kingdom
is Within

reliance. The true teaching is that man is saved by the exercise of his own Divine Will and Intuition; for only by voluntary action can man evoke the Divine power to his aid. If he weakly waits for some external power to come to his aid, he thereby relinquishes his Divine birthright and refuses to exercise his spiritual free will. This, then, is the great lesson which many Christians have yet to learn and which their own religion, when stripped of its additions, teaches them. And we cannot but think that such liberal admissions as those of Canon French will tend more to the teaching of this lesson than to the support of the narrower views. STUDENT

Electric Fire

AMONG the dangers encountered on mountain-tops during snow- and hail-storms, is that of finding oneself transformed into a kind of fire-spirit! The following remarkable occurrence took place at the experiment station on Mount Rose, some 200 miles north of Mount Whitney, on October 20, 1907. It is related by one of the scientific observers.

From the summit itself the cañons below could be seen filled with masses of vapor. As night darkened a moderate storm of hail and snow with rain began to fall. The pack-horse, which had been stabled on a terrace just below the observatory, was covered from tail to ears to protect him from the pelting missiles.

Then the electric display began, first as dull detonations to the south, and after an interval a flash at the observatory window, as if there were wires in the observatory and electricity had struck them. To this we paid little heed, for the occurrence was trivial. After a time, however, a crash a hundred feet below us and perhaps 590 feet away, and the immediate terror of the horse, drew us to the door. As we emerged every artificial projection on the summit was giving forth a brush discharge of electricity. . . . Whenever our hands rose in the air every finger sent forth a vigorous flame; while an apple, partially eaten, sent forth two jets where the bite left crescent points. This latter phenomenon occurred, however, only when the apple was raised, and ceased when it was lowered, so that the eating of the apple involved no visible eating of flame. To cap the climax, my felt hat above the brim flashed suddenly into flame. I could feel the draft, and it seemed to me I could hear it, too. The halo was dazzling, but before the senses could act it was gone. . . . So vivid were the flames that continued steadily to play from the corner of the observatory, that I reached up to assure myself that the building was not actually on fire.

Had these men been seen, with flames issuing from their fingers, a hundred years ago or so, one can imagine what might have been their fate at the hands of some "religious" bodies. F.

An Atmospheric Quaternary

AWRITER in the *Physikalische Zeitschrift* points out that there are at least four distinct layers in our atmosphere, namely, the troposphere, or cloud-layer, the stratosphere, or isothermal layer, the hydrogen layer, where meteors are ignited, and the geocoronium layer. These extend roughly to heights of 10, 63, 200, and 600 kilometers (which series is as 1, 2π , $2\pi^2$, $2\pi^3$). There seems to be a sound-reflecting stratum at a height of about 75 kilometers. This is deduced from observations on loud explosions, particularly one on the Jungfrau railway in 1908. A peculiar feature is a zone of silence, beyond which is heard the reflected sound. J.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Specters as Medicine

THE "Freud Theory" and the "Freud Method" are now emigrating pretty freely from the medical to the lay journals. We have seen some accurate accounts as well as some striking feats of journalistic imagination, but nowhere any attempt at criticism. The lay mind humbly judges itself inadequate to that.

But the lay mind is wrong there. Medicine has stepped over its border into a region of psychology where the layman has an equal right.

Freud, a Viennese physician, has specially studied a group of cases that used to be labeled with the rather vague word hysteria. Various mental and functional symptoms are combined without much or any discoverable organic mischief to account for them.

Freud found that by dissecting the memories of these people according to special methods he could find the cause of the troubles. There was something in their past which they wished to forget and had pushed below the floor of ordinary consciousness and of conscious memory. But in the cellar, so to speak, it remained as a disturbing factor, hindering peace of mind, preventing full attention to daily duty, absorbing vital energy, and finally impairing the performance of some bodily function.

The methods result in pulling this memory up on to the floor of full attention, showing the patients what it is that is gnawing at their mind-roots, thus giving them an understanding of their mental and physical condition. They consist partly in the analysis of dreams, partly in direct and indirect questioning, partly in the examination of word associations—especially those which the patient instinctively avoids—and sometimes in hypnotism.

In our view they are philosophically wrong. In the course of greater or less time the healthy action of consciousness will push these things again below the floor and the patient will be as before. There will have been no gain, no growth of will. The proper treatment, we should say, is the exact opposite—the direction of the patient's attention forward, not backward. Give him the ideal of physiological health, a mental picture of what should be and can be. Give him as well the ideal of what the conduct of life should be, the full-hearted attention to duty, cheerfulness, kindness; and give him a medical regimen. Get him to understand that the second ideal, realized little by little through daily effort, will realize also the other. If the doctor has not imagination enough to depict those two vividly enough to arouse the patient's imagination he should let that sort of case alone. As Arnold Bennett points out in his charming little book, *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day*, no man is so happy as he who has invented and is perfecting a machine.

Well, the patient can be given *himself*, as the machine to delightedly perfect. Giving him the ideals of health and of the conduct of thought and life, his gaze can be kept on the future, on his progress. He can be held up

over temporary failings and his will gradually awakened. The doctor's work is in accord with that of the patient's soul. That is not looking back; it beckons forward and its first word is hope. At the right moment in normal spiritual growth, the past may come up of itself; but unless it can be faced without fear and as a lesson only, it should be *refused* and hope and confidence kept shining steadily. Practice will make this as easy a habit as anything else.

In truth, the doctor who does not believe in the soul and has not awakened himself to the consciousness of its presence, is only a mechanic. M. D.

International Currents

WE shall never understand humanity till we consider and study each real nation or people as embodying some special function of the great human consciousness, as being some organ in the great human organism. We must sympathetically study people by people in that way, cleaning our minds of the hereditary deposits of racial antagonism. That is the only way to bring about that *spirit* of universal federation which will quickly and frictionlessly generate its necessary *forms* and organization.

We admit that so far we do not understand the Mongolian; we cannot enter into or know his modes of thought and feeling. Any kind of Aryan we can somehow come to understanding terms with; there is enough in common. But from Aryan to Mongolian we seem to need a bridge.

Are the Japanese Aryan or Mongolian? It seems to be settled that they are, at any rate in large part, Aryan. If they are a mixture they are just what we need as a bridge. If they are wholly Aryan they have for ages so thoroughly steeped themselves in Mongolianism as to be equally the bridge. We can know the Japanese, because they are Aryan, are daily proving themselves possessed of every Aryan capability and characteristic. But because they are equally and as thoroughly Mongolian either by race or steepage, we can, in knowing them sympathetically, know likewise the Mongolian. In the same way, by the other aspect of the same function, the Chinese can through them know us. They are the channel between the mind of the Aryan West and the Mongolian East. They have themselves cut the isthmus between the two oceans.

This may read as mere plausible metaphor. It is however a bit of the map of actual currents in human consciousness.

A little illustration is just to hand from England. There is a Japanese orchestra there, exquisitely playing modern Western music, nothing lacking anywhere.

Japan has thoroughly and efficiently adopted Aryan music, finds Aryan music perfectly expressive of its new consciousness. But its other consciousness was and is perfectly expressed by its other (Mongolian) music. Old Japanese music arose in China, is Chinese music. Says an English critic:

It came to Japan through Korea, probably in the sixth century A. D. It is a remarkable fact that all living trace of this early Chinese music has disappeared both from China and from Korea. Chinese scholars now go to Japan to search the records of their own ancient classics in music.

It was all in the minor, the scale consisting of our *do, re mi*, (no *fa*), *sol, la*, (no *si*), *do*.

Only thirty years ago few, if any, Japanese had any idea of musical beauty except such as was revealed to them by this classic music. Really well-executed German and Italian music affected them most painfully as an altogether barbaric performance. . . . How is it that a people whose musical taste for fourteen centuries has been so diametrically opposite to ours, how have they learnt in so few years not only to understand, appreciate, and become sympathetic to, but also to succeed in really fine and clever execution of, the richest and most complex compositions of our past and modern masters in Europe?

Precisely because they are discharging their function in the corporate organism of civilized humanity. They are linking two civilizations, to the great profit of one and, if we permit, of the other—our own. Every nation, when allowed, will do something specific for the education of every other. But we must cease to think of the currents as metaphorical. C.

The Meaning of Matter

THE doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul, reappearing as the doctrine of Reincarnation, will mean as much for science as philosophy. Granted some influence of the incarnating soul upon the brain it is to work with, and there will be less strain upon the theory of heredity. The particular structure of the individual brain, finely viewed, this little world within the bone, *means* something in this light. It is more than matter; it is matter purposed.

The same idea will develop and extend. When chaos or nebula integrates and at last a thousand electrons come together in particular grouping to form an atom of some element, we shall see (as now) mechanical law doing part of the work—just as heredity might be considered as the mechanics of brain formation. But as, in the latter case, there is something else, giving that brain its particular meaning in relation to that particular soul, so will there be a margin beyond mechanics in the other case.

Chemistry knows of "isomeric molecules," molecules with the same number and kind of atoms, but in which the atoms are of different arrangement; molecules possessing therefore quite different properties.

There are evidently isomeric atoms also, identical as elements, but in which the thousand or more composing electrons are of different arrangement. The difference of property is here so fine that chemistry can barely—and mostly not at all—detect it. But it may mean, for the soul of the atom, as much as the difference of one brain from another for the human souls that will use them and that helped to make that difference.

In other words cosmos is purposeful and meaningful down to the very atoms—and beyond. It means soul everywhere. STUDENT

Archaeology Palaeontology Ethnology

City 10,000 Years Old in Arizona

IT is reported in the press that a mining engineer has found, in an Arizona table-land near Phoenix, the relics of a town which he insists must be at least 10,000 years old. The buildings are on a level stretch of country where neither silt nor wash was possible, and yet they are covered with ten feet of prairie dust, which the discoverer says requires ages to accumulate. The buildings are of sandstone and show great architectural skill. The discoverer is satisfied they are older than Babylon and Nineveh and that the abundance of artistically wrought pottery shows them to have been highly advanced in civilization. A box of cotton bolls and a sealed jar of corn, both well preserved, was found; and it is inferred that the climate at that time permitted the growth of cotton. The discoverer thinks that the civilization may have been broken up by internal dissension, and possibly degenerated into cliff-dwelling peoples.

It is a sure fact that this continent, as well as those of the Old World, has a great past behind it. And it is equally sure that we shall discover many relics of it and be forced to admit the truth. Geology shows that the ages stretch back through many millions of years, during which the earth was tenanted by forms of life, animal, vegetable, and mineral; but that science is still, perhaps unwittingly, under the thumb of theological tradition and grudges the human race an antiquity which it surely must have. Continents have arisen from the sea and sunk back; this geology admits. But it is not these present continents alone which have borne races. There were races on the former continents likewise. If this city in Arizona is 10,000 years old it is not so very old after all; for what is 10,000 years amid the ages? Parts of the two Americas are far older than Europe, and it is not surprising that there should have been ancient civilizations in America.

Americans, while claiming a freedom from Old World tradition, neglect many excellent opportunities for proving this claim. Why do they not delve into their own antiquity and set up something to dispute the claims of Egypt, Greece, and Rome?

All things are subject to time; they are born, grow up, and die. Races exist in large divisions and small; the small are within the large, and have shorter cycles. All the principal part of the humanity now on earth constitutes a great racial division, and some races on the earth are survivals of an older great division. The Fifth Race, to which we belong, has been on earth from 800,000 to 1,000,000 years. It is divided into seven sub-races, of which the present is the fifth. The earlier sub-races, who lived in times we still call prehistoric, erected some of the stupendous architectural works found in various parts of the globe. Civilization does not evolve in the way supposed by many anthropologists, but is handed down by one race to another, like the flame of a torch. Of this we now possess admitted evidence in the old civilizations recently



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PREHISTORIC MONUMENTS IN CORNWALL

brought to light in the Mediterranean basin. Undoubtedly the rule has been the same on this continent, and we must be prepared to find the remains of very old and advanced civilizations in the Americas. STUDENT

Cat's Cradle: a Racial Memory?

CAT'S cradle is played all over the world, in Lapland, in the Andaman Islands, in every distant nook and corner. Surely this, in common with other universal customs and lore, is something that is preserved in the memory—not of any men, but of Man; and that grows up, as from a seed, wherever Man grows. For to every form of life that is born and dies in successive generations, be it the green plant of the soil or the Man-plant, there must be a perpetual undying "seed," from which the type is ever reproduced in all faithfulness, without which the type would perish from the earth and from the records of time. It would be rash to try to infer anything from a single fact; but taking this one in connexion with the many similar facts, such as the universality of Cinderella and Jack the Giant-Killer, we have good grounds for inferring that the humanity which now exists in diverse tribes scattered in many lands was once gathered together. In the history of the ages there are epochs of union, epochs of dispersal. Are we not now already tending towards an epoch of family reunion? STUDENT

Prehistoric Monuments in Cornwall

CORNWALL is richer than any other part of England in antiquities of the "primeval period." What the authorities mean by the quoted expression is perhaps better known to themselves than to others. Sometimes this class of buildings is called "Rude Stone Monuments," and doubtless, if their builders were still alive, they would be rude

too after all these years. But there is no evidence that either they or the monuments were rude at the time. In fact the "primeval period" is an unknown bourne at the vanishing point of our historical perspective, where the rude stone monuments of our imagination sleep.

There are dolmens with capstones, isolated menhirs, and alignments of menhirs; monuments to which frequent reference has been made in the CENTURY PATH. H.

The Kensington Rune Stone Again

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

In your issue of April 9 you refer to the Kensington rune stone, in general terms, and say that it is to be sent to Christiania for a learned opinion as to its genuineness. I have a picture of it made from a photograph, also two articles on it, one in the November *New Age*, the magazine published by the Scottish Rite Masons of the 33rd degree. The writer of this maintains that the word AVM, the only word in Roman characters, which stands out boldly mid the runes, was intended for AUM, as U was always carved on stone as V, as shown in the inscriptions of the Romans in such words as AVGVSTVS. He also claimed that the forefathers of the Scandinavian vikings knew the real meaning of the word AUM, as much as the Masons of the Scottish Rite do today and intimated it may have passed from the Druids to the Masonic body. The result of the investigation at Christiania will be awaited by many in this country with great interest. C. W.

An Ancient Pump

AT the Institute of Mechanical Engineers in London, recently there was exhibited a drawing of a bronze pump in the British Museum, found in Etruria, and attributed to the third century B. C. A pump on the same principle was discovered a few years ago at Silchester, the old Romans' British city near Reading. We fail to see in this sufficient ground for the remark that "the dawn of mechanical engineering appears to have been heralded by machines for pumping water." E.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Alcohol as Food

PROFESSOR LUSK of Cornell must expect to find a part of his recent address on alcohol misused, turned exactly upsidown by removal from its context. For he began by showing that "alcohol may have a very considerable value as food." It can

replace fat or carbohydrates [sugars and starches] in metabolism [nutrition] in accordance with its heat value. So we can say that the cells of the organism may be maintained in their vital activities by alcohol instead of by normal nutrient substances.

It is this statement, and the experiments he adduces which prove it, that are likely to be detached from the context and used by the propagandists of a certain pro-alcohol campaign now in progress.

But because alcohol *may* be used as food, *should* it be? See what happens *after* its preliminary work as food:

It produces decreased resistance, experimentally determined and measured, to all kinds of invading bacteria.

Though more work can be done for a few minutes after the dose, there follows a period of *from one to three days* during which less is possible, physical and mental; and this less is less accurate. For instance:

Typesetters were used as subjects. It was found that those who had partaken of alcohol made a larger number of errors and worked less rapidly than those who were abstemious. . . . Curiously enough, those who had taken alcohol thought they were doing their work to better advantage than those who had not.

Other tests were concerned with the length of time required to memorize twenty-five lines of poetry. A dose of alcohol increased this time by sixty-nine per cent. Moreover the subsequent recitation was slower and contained more errors.

All these experiments are in line with hundreds of others made during the last quarter of a century. Professor Lusk finally quotes Cushman, that

If alcohol were a new synthetic drug imported from Germany and a few cases of alcoholism had been discovered as resulting from it, there would be such an outcry against it that it would be forever prohibited.

If you *will* take alcohol, take it. But be honest. Say, Yes, I know that it makes me more liable to disease, that it is a bad food and that I already eat too much of good ones three times a day, that it impairs every kind of mental and physical efficiency, that the most moderate use of it tends to shorten life, and that the sense of comfort it causes for the next two or three hours is followed tomorrow by a much more than equivalent discomfort — *but*, I want those two or three hours whatever it costs to have them. M. D.

Our Own Potash

THE United States Geological Survey and the Department of Agriculture are co-operating in the endeavor to find and help us to use our own private potash for our crops instead of potash of foreign growth. For in a way potash may be said to grow,

the general process being somewhat as follows:

Ocean water contains potash, dissolved from rocks. Let an arm or gulf of the ocean become land-locked as an internal salt lake. Evaporation goes on, the less soluble salts being gradually deposited from the brine. Last of all, potash as the most soluble (in the form of its chloride) is thrown down. The entire West, Mr. Mitchell of the Geological Survey reminds us (in *The National Geographic Magazine*)

was once covered by the ocean. As the land rose, it left immense salt-water lakes, containing billions of tons of potash, and these, during long geological periods, gradually evaporated. As a consequence the potash beds are there, beyond a doubt. The problem is to locate them.

But there is also potash in rocks. And if plants can get such rocks in powder and cannot get potash from artificially supplied sources they will dissolve it out for themselves. Probably undiscovered organisms come between and assist them here. Various igneous and volcanic rocks contain this food in quantities varying from five to ten or eleven per cent. Doctor Cushman, working for the Department of Agriculture,

matured tobacco plants, which require large quantities of potash, using the ground feldspar as the sole potash fertilizer. If there were no better potash supply possible, ground feldspar or granite would undoubtedly be in general use as a fertilizer.

The doctor's plants (grown however under favorable greenhouse conditions) were very nearly the equal of those which had been fertilized in the usual ways.

Nature has her own ways of pulverizing rock. She can do it by glaciers, by sea waves, by freezing and thawing, and by spraying it with sand in her great desert sand-storms. She can also grow lowly lichens upon it which gradually eat away imperceptible films one after another. As they die, the carbonic acid resulting will dissolve some more and the dry vegetable powder will be impregnated with the solution. Finally there is a little layer of good soil and then the higher plants can put root into it and do their share of further gnawing. Then the trees come.

This is part of nature's great circulation from the inorganic to the organic and then slowly back again. We know that through it all the organic evolves. And we are beginning to suspect that in a slower way the inorganic does too. STUDENT

The Death Habit

CAN man ever get over the inveterate habit of dying? That is a question asked in Mr. Julian Huxley's recent article in the *Cornhill*; asked but left open.

Why did death appear in the organic world at all? It may be said to have begun when many-celled organisms developed out of one-celled organisms. In the midst of the many-celled mass were a few cells which preserved the original power of not dying. These were the germ-cells. The others, those making up the main mass, lost this power. Was the loss a mistake of nature's?

The division of cells into two sorts was on the contrary a great convenience. In order to carry on her work of evolution nature had to be constantly producing variations. How could there be variations if the entire mass of cells constituting the body of a plant or animal were to persist in living and holding together? But if a few cells alone preserved their immortality, handed on as the basis of the next generation and growing from and around themselves the mass of cells which should make the new individuals, that period of growth would be exactly favorable for trying new experiments in form, new variations. Out of these experimentally produced forms the best could be selected, the old types dying.

So death was a convenience and necessity. But it does not follow that it must always be so. In respect of the *human* form the chief evolutionary work may have been done for the epoch. What remains may be passing within the capacity of the individual himself to do — if only, by ideally right conduct, he can preserve or even increase in later years the plasticity of youth. In other words man may sometime learn how not to die physically, at any rate for very extended periods of time. Right conduct, right feeling, right use of mind and will, may contain the secret, the secret of adapting his framework to ever new functionings of his consciousness. STUDENT

The Secret of Flight

TWO German physicists, doing some experimenting for the Smithsonian Institute, tell us that we are as yet off the line of the real secret of flight. This was indeed obvious. Fixed wings are a provisional makeshift and must, one would say, inevitably involve the death of every aviator who trusts himself to them for a sufficient number of flights. He must sometime come to a place in the air where an upward and a downward current are passing each other. If, as is sometime certain, he has one wing in one of these and the other in the other, his fate is assured.

There must be a positive lifting power in the wings if safety is to be secured in this kind of flight. The wings must beat, like those of an insect or a bird — the former, say Drs. von Lendenfeld and Ritter. And, we should say, there must be an automatically acting arrangement by which either wing can when necessary deliver a more powerful stroke, or more rapid strokes than the other.

They studied the blow-fly in particular, finding its wings to be a double membrane between whose layers is a supporting system of hollow tubes radiating from the joint and connected with cross pieces. The movement is directly downward and, toward the end of the stroke, a little forward. The upcome, which is slower, is a little backward, making the front half of the lower loop of a figure-of-eight and then the hinder half of the upper loop. In this the wing becomes a little vertical so as to oppose its back to an air current on which the insect is flying. STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Night and Sleep

PERCHANCE if men knew how to sleep they would know how to die and to live and to be born, all as nature intended.

Long ere the sun sinks, a hush, a peace, begins to tincture the life of all things. In the high noon all is in intense activity, whirl and culmination of the promise of dawn. At the very moment of noon there seems to be an instant's universal sleep; in another instant the rush of outer life is resumed.

Man, as part of living physical nature, shares in all her program; but in him much of it is disarranged. Till he returns fully to nature's plan, there must be much that he cannot understand or enter into.

But he has something that the lower lives of nature have not. When, as sunset draws near, and his nerves begin to vibrate less and less intensely to the throb of solar life, he feels the touch of the universal peace, then begin the hours of his second and deeper life. With the wane of solar life should wax the life of his spiritual consciousness.

The hush deepens into night, yet it is not yet man's hour for sleep. *Something* in his body sleeps, even as and when the birds do; but not the cells that reflect thought and higher feeling; their turn comes later yet. Man's body is an animal body, assuredly, but it is more and finer than that because he who dwells in it is more and finer than that. He is not bound by all the laws that bind the animal.

Now should come the moments and hours of his diviner, unanimalized, manhood. The quiet mirror of his thought might now reflect the image of the soul, bear her message and superscription. His higher brain might now hear and store the meaning-laden song of the spiritual heart, and carry the memory. He could know at last: *I am in deep truth the singer of that song and I sing my nature*—as every bird sings forth its nature in far simpler melody.

Holding by that profound consciousness he may let the hour of sleep approach and the brain cease its work, even the higher. But for *him* there would be no sleep, only an opening eye upon the diviner world where all things are understood.

Sleep is death in part, and waking, birth. If we know not how to sleep, how shall we know death, how realize death as initiation? The great Light of the Beyond shines across through the gateways of sleep and of death. STUDENT



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VIEW DOWN THE KULA VALLEY, INDIA

MOUNTAIN AND CLIFF

YE cliffs in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale—

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.

James Beattie (1735-1803)



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NATURE'S SCULPTURES

View in New South Wales, Australia

Meteorology: Theoretic and Applied

THE United States Weather Bureau is widely regarded as the best organized and most successful in the world. Its maps and bulletins are full of the fruits of careful observation, and their widely disseminated information is everywhere valued. It can generally be told which way a storm is likely to go, though accidents may of course occur. But again there are people studying the sunspot theory and basing predictions thereon. An electromagnetic theory of the weather would seem to go deeper than a wind and pressure theory; but of course the two sets of influences are interdependent and the theories should not conflict. It seems likely that other influences besides the heat of the sun, the seasonal motions, and the land configuration enter into the problem, and that electromagnetic forces is one of them.

Meteorology divides itself, like other sciences, into theoretical and applied; the former being concerned with studying weather and climate as an interesting item of knowledge, the latter interested in providing useful information for the farmer and sailor. But, as has frequently been pointed out, applied science is the child of disinterested science, the best practical applications having arisen from results achieved by investigators who studied from pure love of knowledge. Hence the results of those who are investigating the more recondite aspects of meteorology will one day become material for the official bureaus, the bureaus being at present occupied with applying knowledge of the more settled kind.

Sunspot and electromagnetic meteorology is not yet settled enough to play much part in the official calculations. Weather bureaus, too, are more concerned with proximate causes than with ultimates, and predict "from hand to mouth" rather than for long ahead. Whatever causes determine the weather, they are so numerous and complex that no recurring cycle can be traced, if we except the fixed seasonal and zonal variations. Consequently there is room in our calculations for the introduction of causes not before reckoned with, and nothing would be upset thereby. Electricity and magnetism actually are existent and potent forces, and must have some influence. Besides terrestrial forces there are extra-terrestrial; solar disturbances affect the magnetic condition of the earth, and other bodies may also have an effect. E.



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:
My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

"Nobler Cares"

THIS is the title of a delightful little book by George Hare Leonard, M. A., Professor of English in the University of Bristol. Professor Leonard is a poet full of the mystic spirit. The illustrative heading which he has chosen for his book reveals at a flash what is meant by "nobler cares": the heading is the telegram sent in 1884 by King Humbert, on his way to Naples, "the city of death and pest"—"At Pordonone they rejoice, at Naples they die; I go to Naples."

The little book was first given in lecture form at Oxford, and while addressed to Oxford students it has a message for all. He speaks to those everywhere who need to be reminded that life is a noble and serious thing, and that man lives not by bread alone.

There is such an urgent call for help arising from the world that there is need for a strong spirit of consecration to the service of humanity. The danger lies in those who are well off settling down in quiet places of comfort and forgetting the larger needs, the "nobler cares." We forget that in some cities one person in thirty receives poor-law relief, besides what is done by the many charities. We forget the miserable courts where a whole family live in a single room. No wonder that there the adults drink and the children die in the dirt; and do even a small minority "urge with any passion for reasonable reforms?"

In youth we get a passion for Nature; and some are fired with "an enthusiasm for humanity"; but the tendency in not a few cases is for this passion and enthusiasm to wane, and to leave us wearied, and not filled with a "deeper zeal or holier love."

He says in one place:

There are brilliant men in Oxford who have made great positions for themselves, and who have done great service here. I do not disparage their work. Their country needs it, the world needs it. But some of these men know, in their best moments, that they have failed really. They have given themselves to their "work," as they call it, but it is not the work God asked of them once.

Browning represents his Grammarian as a "narrowly splendid Son of the Renaissance," one who gave up his whole life for things that really do not matter very much.

The attitude of many to the real duty of life, the "nobler cares," is that depicted by Christ:

I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

Men of learning and position need to be reminded of the "nobler cares," in order that they may leave "the fields of ambition where

search? The Christ always comes in disguise, "the root out of the dry ground."

Professor Leonard says he feels very anxious as to how "religious education" may fare in the near future. A steady stream of men passes through the university, but how many are filled with the "nobler cares"? How many begin to realize "holy orders" everywhere? The great cry goes up not only from the widow and the orphan, but from *Man*: from the

factories where women and girls work long hours for miserable wages; from wretched houses where "sweated industries" are carried on; from dock-yards where men, no longer "horny-handed," hang about week after week, with hands "soft and white," waiting for the work that never comes; from homes where little children are literally in need of bread. The cry comes from the hospitals, from the prisons, from many dark places.

It is not money that is wanted so much as love of Humanity, Brotherhood, sympathy, thought, statesmanship, and a strong will that



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VIEW OF THE BOTANICAL GARDEN, SYDNEY, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA

the laborers are many and the harvest not worth carrying away," for the world of suffering humanity where the laborers are so few and the harvest so great.

Men are not moved by the feudal motto, *Noblesse oblige*, as they were in times gone by. It was a tradition that an English gentleman was always at the disposal of his country, ready, when wanted, to take up public duty at home or abroad; but men are not so ready now.

Is not this the crying need in many countries? The men who are really the best men do not serve as they should. They shrink from duty which is no doubt very often unpleasant and thankless, and leave important civic and national duties to the care of the "professional politician." Men of uprightness, courage, and self-denial are needed in every city and in every State; only by their coming to the front can we hope for "simpler manners, purer laws," and a regenerated society.

If Christ were to come back among men we feel that he would not be found in the fashionable, pleasant places, but that he would come to "seek and save the lost." How many of us would have the courage to go with him in the

old mischiefs shall be undone, wrongs righted, and a new order of justice and mercy slowly, perhaps, but surely ushered in.

And as man is not a body but a soul, the chief needs of men are not so much material as spiritual. There are no doubt many intellectual difficulties that beset us in these days, but these are not the most serious; the most serious difficulties are of a spiritual kind, of the heart more than of the head. We have allowed meaner cares to take hold of us to such an extent that the spirit within us is sluggish; we miss the full flow of the spiritual tide; we

lose touch with experimental religion; and we are paralysed with doubts and uncertainties; and in the multitude of philanthropies, God himself has faded out of men's lives.

The above slight sketch will give some idea of the lecture by Professor Leonard. That there are many such earnest and spiritual men is not to be doubted; and all true Theosophists must rejoice that the great cause of humanity has such helpers in many parts of the world: men who are awake to Life, and its "nobler cares," who are hastening the dawn of the New Day. REV. S. J. NEILL



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RAJA YOGA ACADEMY AND ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE FROM THE NORTH

If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be and is equally outraged by silence. ---Ammian

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Can retributive Karma be held back for a time by desire and will-power, and can this Karma be softened meanwhile or entirely nullified by the performance of good works?

Answer An answer to this question may be obtained from a consideration of some of the "Aphorisms on Karma" published by William Q. Judge, in *The Path*, Vol. VII., page 366. Among these occur the following:

(2.) Karma is the adjustment of effects flowing from causes, during which the being upon whom and through whom that adjustment is affected experiences pain or pleasure.

(3.) Karma is an undeviating and unerring tendency in the universe to restore equilibrium and it operates incessantly.

(12.) Karmic causes already set in motion must be allowed to sweep on until exhausted, but this permits no man to refuse to help his fellows and every sentient being.

(13.) The effects may be counteracted or mitigated by the thoughts and acts on one's self or of another, and then the resulting effects represent the combination and interaction of the whole number of causes involved in producing the effects.

(18.) Every instrument used by any ego

in any life is appropriate to the Karma operating through it.

(19.) Changes may occur in the instrument during one life so as to make it appropriate for a new class of Karma, and this may take place in two ways: (a) through intensity of thought and the power of a vow, and (b) through natural alterations due to complete exhaustion of old causes.

(27.) Measures taken by an ego to repress tendency, eliminate effects and to counteract by setting up different causes, will alter the sway of Karmic tendency and shorten its influence in accordance with the strength or weakness of the efforts expended in carrying out the measures adopted.

The above Aphorisms are especially applicable to the question, but it is evident that the desire and will-power to be effective must result in action. Desire alone will not change Karma but only when followed by deeds. Aphorism 13 also shows that the Karma of another may be counteracted or mitigated by one's thoughts and acts, and if this be so the reverse must also be true that it can likewise be intensified. Thus we see the enormous responsibility we have, not only in regard to our own lives, but also the lives of all with whom we come in contact.

In regard to one's self surely the aim should be not to mitigate or change one's Karma but rather to be content to do one's own duty, accepting whatever Karma may have in store with patience and fortitude, or if it be what

is called good Karma, with the desire to use such opportunity for the greater benefit of one's fellow-men.

STUDENT

The Theosophical Address at Isis Theater

AT Isis Theater last evening a most instructive and interesting address was given by Mrs. Estelle C. Hanson, on "The Secret of Theosophy," consisting of quotations from the writings of the three Leaders and Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley.

Below are a few brief extracts from Mrs. Hanson's address. The first extract read by her was from one of Madame Blavatsky's powerful and stirring editorials in her magazine *Lucifer*, on "The Dual Aspect of Wisdom." In this article she says:

"No man can learn true and final wisdom in one birth; and every new rebirth, whether we be re-incarnated for weal or for woe, is one more lesson we receive at the hands of the stern yet ever just schoolmaster — *Karmic life*. . . . So strong is human selfishness, that wherever there is the slightest personal interest at stake, there men become deaf and blind to the truth, as often consciously as not. . . . There was a time when the acquirement of Divine Wisdom (*Sapientia*) required the sacrifice and devotion of a man's whole life. It depended on such things as the purity of the candidate's motives, on his fearlessness and independence of spirit. . . . Add, that no "wisdom from above" descends on any one save on the *sine qua non* condition of leaving at the threshold of the occult every atom of selfishness, or desire for personal ends and benefit—and you will be speedily declared by your audience a candidate for the lunatic asylum. Nevertheless, this is an old, very old truism. Nature gives up her innermost secrets and imparts *true wisdom* only to to him, who seeks truth for its own sake, and who craves for knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality."

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

C e n t r a l O f f i c e P o i n t L o m a C a l i f o r n i a

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

Academic Scholarship: the Origin of Tragedy

WE notice in the columns of an academic periodical a review of a book on the origin of tragedy by a learned author, and are somewhat struck by the circumstance (of which this is a single instance) that there should be a world of scholarship so eclectic, so circumscribed, and so indifferent to the results achieved by investigators in other circles. For in this class of speculation and criticism, we find that conclusions are arrived at which, in the light of unimpeachable results achieved outside of the class, are quite untenable, to say the least. It would almost seem that scholarship is, with some people, a kind of game, whose interest depends on the exercise obtained or on the faithful adherence to certain fixed rules and fulfilment of artificial conditions, than upon the achieving or discovering of anything.

The reviewer, on his own account, surmises that the true origin of tragedy, and of all dramatic art, must be sought in our innate longing to hear the language of emotion as it springs from the lips. The author, it appears, demurs from a certain conventional view—that tragedy sprang from the Dionysiac dances, which were (according to this view) gradually amplified by the introduction of monolog and dialog; and he points to the fact that Aeschylus, the first tragic writer of whom anything survives, bursts upon us like a splendid meteor. Tragedy had already attained a level higher, in some respects at least, than it has ever attained since. In seeking to solve this problem, he connects the origin of tragedy, not with the worship of a Thracian deity whose cult only reached Athens at a comparatively late period, but with a religious custom of an immemorial antiquity. In Greece, as almost everywhere throughout the ancient world, the tombs of departed heroes were regarded as objects of veneration and worship; and the tragic drama had its origin in the festivals celebrated in this connexion.

The curious thing is that a book should be written to announce, as though it were a discovery, a view that is to be found, not only suggested or barely stated, but amply and exhaustively treated in a large number of works on the origin of cults, the universal symbol-language, the common source of religion, etc. When we have works like Gerald Massey's *Book of Beginnings* and his *Natural Genesis*, Lundy's *Monumental Christianity*, Volney's

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

Ruins of Empires, Dupuis' *Origine de tous les Cultes*—to mention but a few out of a numerous class; when we have the researches of students of the religions of ancient Egypt, India, China, etc., not to mention those of ancient America; when, in short, the field of investigation in matters germane to the subject is so extensive and varied—it seems odd that the subject should be discussed in indifference to all this collateral information. Nor can one sustain the objection that such literature is not worthy of consultation; for, granting that it includes erroneous or worthless factors, it is not entirely, or even largely, made up of these, and the man whose aim is truth cannot afford to ignore it. Such books may contain surmises and wild speculations; but they also contain facts whose genuineness cannot be contested except upon grounds that would exclude the contestor's own facts. And they contain *information*, by which we mean such ideas as carry their truth on their face.

No man genuinely anxious to arrive at the actual truth concerning such a question as the origin and meaning of the drama could afford to ignore H. P. Blavatsky's works, *Isis Unveiled*, and *The Secret Doctrine*; for any scepticism he might have regarding Theosophy could not alter the *facts* therein set forth or invalidate arguments which rest upon logic alone. He could not afford to ignore it; nor would he ignore it, were it not that he is influenced by other considerations than the pure love of knowledge we have supposed. Of course we do not impute insincerity; but it would be equally rash to impute a freedom from all prejudice, whether conscious or unconscious.

In fine, the inequality, the want of co-ordination, that characterizes the world of scholarship and speculation, is remarkable. Classical scholarship ignores archaeology, and archaeology ignores linguistics. Even in a single department there is the same separation, different archaeologists maintaining theses that are not consistent with each other. To find a theory of the origin of the drama that shall be agreeable to one's own peculiar notions of

human history—that is one thing; and in accordance with this wish, we may get as many theories as there are views of history. But is this the quest of knowledge? Or is it rather the creation of dogmatic systems of belief? STUDENT

THERE must be truth and fact in that which every people of antiquity accepted and made the foundation of its religions and its faith. . . . The public has hitherto had access to, and heard but one side—Science and Theology. And now our readers have an opportunity to hear the other—the defendants'—justification and learn the nature of our arguments.—H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. ii, p. 794.

The Greek Festivals and Hellenic Civilization

BY some modern authorities the Greek civilization is regarded as the result of a fusion between two distinct races: one, a short, sturdy, dark-skinned, highly artistic race, belonging to that Eurafian stock which seems at one time to have peopled not only the Aegean coast but all the coasts of the Mediterranean; and the other, a race of tall, fair-haired, athletic people whose tribes had penetrated by successive invasions into the southern extremities of Europe. Other tribes of this same race, in fact the majority, spread over Central Europe and westwards as far as the British Isles.

It was to the physical vigor and restless energy of the latter race, that the Greeks owed their colonial activity and their love of sport. But if the Greeks owed to their fair-haired invaders from the north the athletic impulse, yet the high development and the persistence of the encouragement of skill in athletic sports is largely due to the naturally artistic temperament of the original inhabitants, of the Eurafian stock.

Thus merely indicating the progenitors of the Greeks and the qualities which the former transmitted to their descendants, it is interesting to examine more closely the evolution of athletics amongst the Hellenes.

The illustrious law-maker Solon was one of the first to urge upon the nation the value of athletics, not only in the cause of national vigor and health, but from a political standpoint as well. Solon, in addition to making rules for the conduct of gymnasia, offered a public reward to each Olympian victor to the amount of 500 drachmae; to each Isthmian victor a prize of 100 drachmae; and similarly to the victors in other public national contests.

We discern in this custom an attempt to encourage a spirit of athletics among all the Greeks as a nation, and, perhaps, also an effort to counteract the grow-



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PANORAMIC VIEW (SEE ALSO PP. 12 & 13) AS SEEN FROM THE HILLS OF POINT LOMA, OF SAN DIEGO CITY AND BAY

ing love of chariot-racing among the gilded youth.

According to Greek story, Theseus had united into one state all the separate village communities of Attica, and in commemoration thereof, founded the Panathenaea (Plutarch, *Theseus*, xxiv). This festival was celebrated every year about the end of July. The program of these festivals was quite varied, but the great event of the festival was the procession that bore the peplos to the temple of Athene on the Acropolis. This procession was national in scope and afforded an opportunity for the display of all the forces of Athens.

The competitions at these festivals included not only athletics and horse-races, but musical contests, recitations, torch races, Pyrrhic dances, a regatta, and (strange to us) a competition for good looks! — the *Euandria*. For one of these events, the gymnastic contest, the prizes consisted of jars of olive oil. Olive oil was then one of the most valuable and important products of Attica, and the olive trees producing the oil given as prizes at the Panathenaea were under the control of the State. As many as 1400 amphorae (jars) of olive oil were distributed as prizes, the winner in some races receiving as many as 140 amphorae. These receptacles were handsomely decorated vases, richly ornamented with appropriate designs and inscriptions, and were greatly cherished.

The home-coming of a victorious Pan-Hellenic athlete was an occasion of great rejoicing amongst the people of his district. The whole city turned out to welcome him and to escort him in triumph to his home and to the chief temples, where he

offered thanksgiving and paid his vows to the gods and heroes to whom he owed his victory. Songs were composed expressly for the occasion by the greatest poets of the age and were sung by choirs of youths and maidens before the temples or in front of the victor's home. His exploits were recorded on pillars of stone and his statue was set up in some public place to serve as an incentive to posterity. At Athens and elsewhere the victor had the privilege of a front seat at all public festivals, and sometimes also the right of free meals in the Prytaneum. He was often exempted from taxation. In Sparta he was rewarded, characteristically, with the privilege of fighting in battle next to the king and of defending the royal person.

Exaenetus of Agrigentum, who won the foot-races at Olympia in the 91st and 92nd Olympiads (B. C. 416 and 412), was drawn into the city in a four-horse chariot, attended by three hundred of the chief citizens, each riding in a chariot drawn by a pair of white horses (Aelian, V. H., ii, 8). Philippus of Croton, an Olympic victor, renowned as the handsomest man in all Greece, was worshiped as a hero after his death. Euthymus of Locri, who won three Olympic victories in boxing, respectively of the 74th, 76th and 77th Olympiads, was said to have been so worshiped even during his lifetime. To such extremes was this hero-worship carried that Xenophanes, the founder of the Eleatic school of philosophy, protested, and in a long discourse on the dangers to which such extremes would lead, he ended with the somewhat caustic remark that "These things do not make clean the dark cor-

ners of the city." Less than a century later, Euripides echoed this protest, which today is being re-echoed in Europe and in the United States by those who do not believe in carrying athletics to fanatical excesses.

The heroic character of the Spartans was fostered and made a dominant feature of their national life largely through their intense devotion to poetry and music, and this heroism, coupled with the physical vigor growing from their almost religious devotion to physical culture, produced a race of people to whom history has had few parallels.

The origin of the Olympian Games is traceable back to the time of Hercules, contemporary with King Augeas. Homer mentions certain Games as taking place at Elis, under King Augeas, who was the grandfather of one of the chiefs who commanded the Elean troops in the Trojan War (*Iliad*, xi, 697). These early festivals, however, were not periodical; on the contrary, Homer's works indicate that they were only occasional solemnities, and Strabo has remarked (viii, pp. 354) that they were distinguished by a characteristic difference from the Olympian Games.

The establishment of the custom of holding every four years a festival at the temple of Zeus at Olympia, near the town of Pisa in Elis, to which were invited all those who belonged to the Greek nation, was inaugurated by Iphitus, King of Elis. Zeus, the chief of the Greek Gods, was acknowledged as the patron of the plan, employing as the promulgator of his will, the god Apollo. King Iphitus ordained that these quadrennial festivals should consist of solemn sacrifices to the gods Zeus and Hercules, and of



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PANORAMIC VIEW (No. 2) OF SAN DIEGO CITY AND BAY
IN THE FOREGROUND ON THE POINT LOMA SIDE IS LA PLAYA, A PORTUGUESE FISHING VILLAGE

games celebrated in their honor. Also, as wars might often prevent not only individuals but whole states from partaking in the benefits with which the gods would reward those who properly shared in the solemnity, it was ordained under the same authority that an armistice should be maintained throughout all Greece for some time before the commencement of the festival and continue for some time after its conclusion. In this connexion it is instructive to realize, and draw inferences from, the fact that the Eleans were not only among the most cultured but among the wealthiest people of the Peloponnesus, up to the time of Polybius.

The first Olympian festival, as established by Iphitus, consisted entirely of foot-races, distinguished by the name "dromos" or "stadion." Subsequently, the "diaulos," in which the stadium was traversed twice, was added, at the 14th Olympiad. At the 18th wrestling was added, also the "pentathlon," or game of five exercises. At the 23rd, boxing was added. The chariot race was added in the 25th, and the "pancratation" and the horse race were added in the 33rd. These innovations occurred as above stated, according to the authority of Pausanias, who, apparently, got his data from the Olympian Register, which he quoted as having seen (v. 8 §§2, 3; 9 §§1, 2).

Originally, the sacrifices, processions, and various religious ceremonies, constituted the principal pageantry of the meetings; but later the athletic games became a great attraction, though the religious ceremonies continued to increase in magni-

ficence as the festival became more famous and important.

Naturally, this periodical assembly of multitudes at one place offered an excellent opportunity for making public whatever was of such importance that all the scattered members of the Greek nation were interested in it. Thus, at these Olympic festivals, treaties by mutual agreement were often proclaimed; and sometimes columns were erected there at the joint expense of the contracting parties, with the treaty engraved upon the stone.

In this way the Olympic festivals became a place for men from all sections of Greece to meet together at stated periods for the common purpose of mutual intercourse along those lines contributing to the advancement of arts, commerce, science, civilization, and liberal sentiments, in addition to athletics and physical betterment.

Such was the common approval of these advantages so offered, that the custom became recognized as a quasi-divine law that whatever wars might be in progress amongst the various Greek republics at the time of the Olympiad a universal truce should be considered as existing. This truce lasted for some days after the Olympic Games were over in order that persons from the different parts of Greece might safely return from the festival.

It was the natural outcome of such a system of mental and physical development, rooted in the culture of philosophy, art, and of science, that the Greek nation should become not only artistic but intellectual, not only healthy but stalwart, not only

philosophical but courageous, not only skilled but handsome in manliness.

It was but a handful of men that held at bay a multitude of veteran Persian soldiers when the Persians under Xerxes, attempted the pass of Thermopylae. For three immortal days this battle waged between a few thousand Greeks led by Leonidas, and hundreds of thousands under Xerxes. Upon the tomb of the Spartans was inscribed the following eloquent tribute to the manhood and valor of the men produced by the Olympic festivals:

HERE ONCE, FROM PELOP'S SEAGIRT REGION BROUGHT,
FOUR THOUSAND MEN THREE MILLION FOUGHT;
GO, STRANGER, AND TO LISTENING SPARTANS TELL,
THAT HERE, OBEDIENT TO THEIR LAWS THEY FELL.

So great was the death of a hero in battle esteemed by these old Greeks that a valiant soldier named Pantites, by some inadvertence, was not in Sparta when his countrymen had to defend Thermopylae. He returned to Sparta after the battle was over. Upon learning that all of his band of 300 Spartans had perished at Thermopylae except himself, he said: "It shall never be said that I slept after knowing my disgrace!" and killed himself.

Leonidas, the Spartan leader, fought his way, covered with wounds, up to Xerxes himself, snatched the crown from Xerxes' head, and before he could do more was killed by the body-guard.

Where the Spartans fell, they were afterwards buried. Their tomb, as Simonides sang, was an altar, on which Greece revered the memory of her second founders.

D. C.

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PANORAMIC VIEW (No. 3) SHOWING ENTRANCE TO SAN DIEGO BAY, QUARANTINE STATION,
THE OUTER BAY, NORTH ISLAND, AND HOTEL DEL CORONADO

The Vocal Art and the Art of Life

THE Crisis in the Vocal World" is the title of an article by Hermann Klein in *T. P.'s Magazine* for March; and the overstocking of the vocal world with mediocre goods is his theme. Briefly the burden of the complaint is that the same thing has happened here as elsewhere: in place of a few masters we have a host of mediocrities, while profusion has taken the place of excellence. "Three thousand five hundred new singers in ten years" is one sub-title, and "Immature Pupils and Premature Débuts" another. The writer suggests that colleges raise their standards. We select one or two quotations.

Now take Oratorio. Where are our oratorio singers today? Have we a group that will begin to compare with the famous quartet, Albani, Patey, Lloyd, and Santley, who in the early eighties "created" every work of importance that was heard at a provincial festival? A few painstaking, conscientious artists in the leading rank, yes — and then? A huge battalion of non-efficients to whom the true traditions of oratorio seem to be as a sealed book. . . . Oratorio singing is not what it ought to be. To faulty vocalization is often allied conspicuous absence of pure legato phrasing and lofty devotional feeling.

As regards the English language, the writer properly blames those who use it, not the lan-

guage itself. "Stupid and grotesque distortions of our language" is a phrase that puts the blame where it belongs, exculpates an innocent institution from the calumnies of those who abuse it, and vindicates those who think the English language, when pronounced, is sufficiently musical for all purposes.

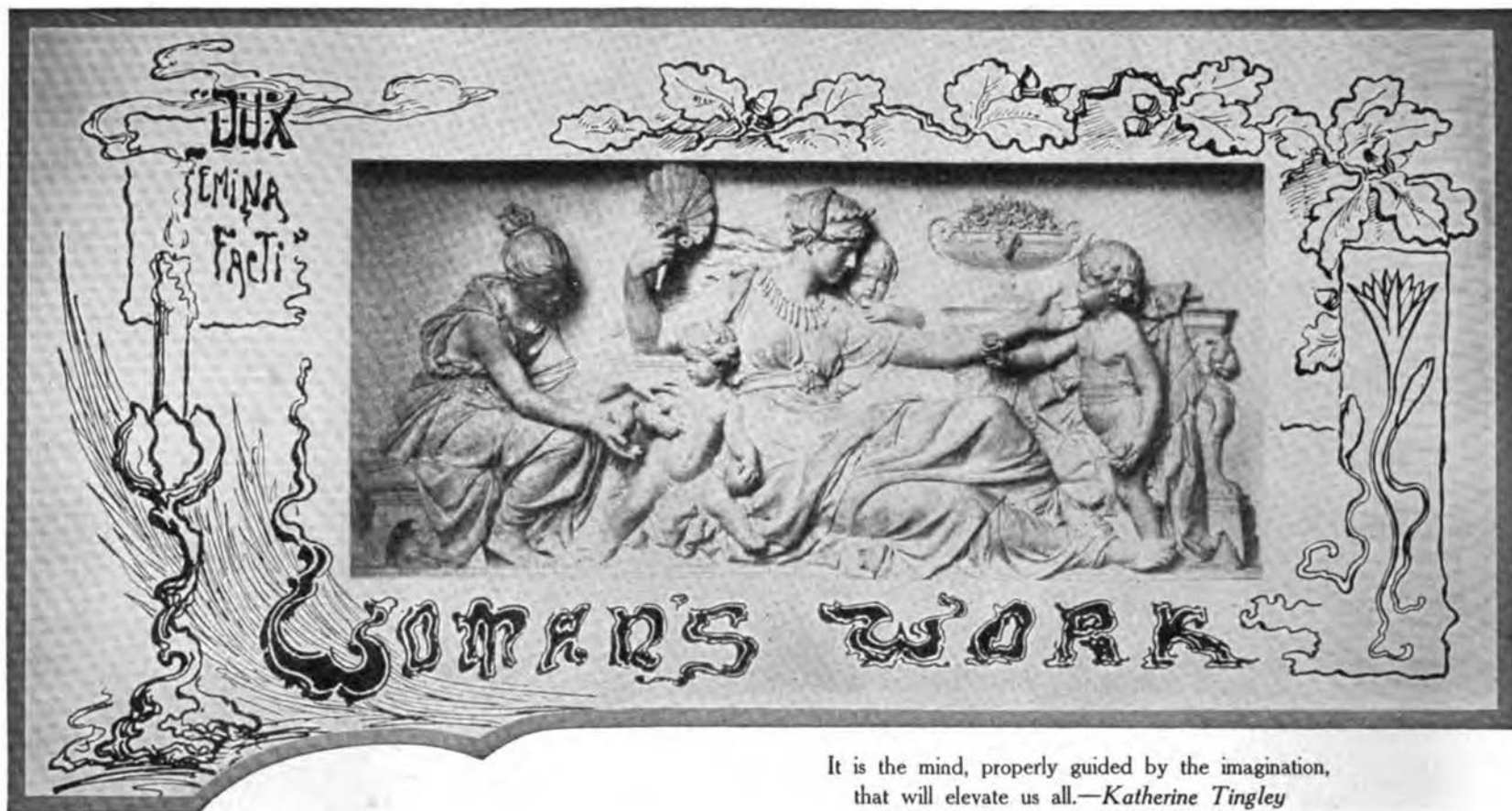
We conclude with the following:

Remember that singers who have attained the highest eminence and left behind the greatest names are those who cherished noble principles and lofty ideals; who worked hard not alone because they had to, but because they loved their art, and were imbued with a true sense of the qualities which have impelled men to call it "divine."

True; for unless our production is the frank expression of our life and spirit, then it must be an imitation. And what is more difficult to disguise than the singing voice? If we succeed in covering up what is to be hid, then there remains — affectation, itself the ugly daughter of an ugly mother. Everything comes out in the voice, especially in the singing voice. Unless the singer has a sound backbone, morally, mentally, physically, unsoundness will come out from his mouth and afflict the hearers. *Noblesse oblige*; he who aspires to the company of the Muses must be worthy

of their august presence; otherwise he will find himself moving in inferior circles. We cannot play with Art; none but the brave deserves the fair.

Music, including singing, is studied in Lomaland, and here the true principle is applied. Personal ambition and "starring" are not encouraged, but the singers trained as a body, those who would ordinarily be considered as the more proficient willingly deferring to the rest, but no injustice being thereby wrought or imputed. For *esprit de corps*, the spirit of fellowship, is keener than personal ambition, and each individual feels that his brother's debt to him is balanced by his debt to his brother. One member may be more proficient in music, but the one who is less proficient has qualities of character that are needed in the total harmony of the class; so that all is equalized. The attainment of a technical result not being the sole aim, but that aim being merged indistinguishably in the aim towards harmony in life, the moral development of the group goes on simultaneously with its improvement in the singing. Personal eccentricities spoil alike the harmony of life and the harmony of the choir; they are conquered, smoothed out. All true Art is a question of the Great Art of Life. E.



WOMAN'S work in astronomy, so far as strictly historic time

goes, has been comparatively limited. Only occasional women in any age have taken up this work, but whether independently like Maria Mitchell and Mrs. Somerville, or in connexion with the work of some other investigator like noble and unselfish Caroline Herschel, their contributions have always been signal. At the present time the world's record for star-discovery belongs to a woman, and a woman who has made her discoveries on a wholly new system, compared with which the traditional method with the telescope is in reality inaccurate and incomplete. More than that, we are indebted to a second woman for the generosity that has made this new line of work possible.

Something like a quarter of a century ago the Henry Draper Memorial was established at Harvard by Mrs. Draper, whose husband had been greatly interested in the idea of preserving a map and records of the heavens by means of photographic plates. The memorial consisted of a fund for establishing a library of astronomical photographs and Professor Pickering, a Harvard University astronomer, began the Herculean task of building up such a library. He persevered and there are now over four hundred thousand plates in the astronomical library thus established.

Professor Pickering's first assistant in this work was an unknown young woman, a Mrs. Fleming, who had come to this country from Scotland. The necessity of supporting her little babe forced her into the world of work outside of the home sphere, and Professor Pickering, by one of those fortuitous "accidents" which have done so much for progress in all ages, accepted her application and opened his laboratory to her.

Mrs. Fleming's immediate work was the care and cataloging of the photographic plates

A Woman's Work in Astronomy

in question, a work which involved creating a new system of record and classification. In the course of her duties the entire collection of four hundred thousand plates has passed under her eye, most of them many times, with the result that she has by this means discovered ten new stars, more than half the number that has been discovered by all the astronomers of the world, so far as we know, during the last twenty-five years.

Says one account of Mrs. Fleming's work:

SHE WHO IS TO COME

A WOMAN—in so far as she beholdeth
Her own beloved's face;
A mother—with a great heart that enfoldeth
The children of the race;
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty
That comes of perfect use, is built thereof;
A mind where Reason ruleth over Duty,
And Justice reigns with Love;
A self-poised, royal soul, brave, wise and tender,
No longer blind and dumb;
A human being of an unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come!

Charlotte Perkins Stetson

Photographic astronomy includes not only picturing the stars as points of light, but with the use of the prism each star is pictured as a tiny strip of rainbow which, by the very grouping of the color lines, tells an interesting story. It is these stories which Mrs. Fleming is clever at reading. Each photographic plate, when it is cataloged, enveloped, and ready for shelving, passes under her expert eye. If there is a spectrum which has not appeared before among the hundreds of tiny lines she is keen to detect it.

Among the changing stars Mrs. Fleming has caught literally hundreds in the very act of change, since one plate is often given two exposures, once early and once late in the night, and the two spectra thus shown for the changing star may be entirely dissimilar.

The value of this was clearly demonstrated some time ago when a European astronomer announced the discovery of a new star. By careful mathematical calculations one of the Harvard astronomers was able to ascertain when this star must have appeared in the heavens last. Working from these figures, Mrs. Fleming produced her plates, some eight or more, taken at different times. Here she located the star and from its different spectra was enabled to determine much of its life history. The man who had found it with his glass could tell of nothing but his one observation. On the plates in the Harvard library was its record for several years.

These plates would not have been useful had they not been so recorded as to be immediately available and this is Mrs. Fleming's contribution to the hard work of science. The finding of new stars constitutes her brilliant and occasional achievement.

Mrs. Fleming believed thoroughly in the study of astronomy for women both as part of the school and college course and as a life-work among those fitted to pursue it and not held by other duties. The world-wide recognition which has come to her came quite simply and naturally along the lines of her duty, and in a work which of itself would seem to promise nothing in the way of brilliant results.

But it not seldom happens, in this queer world of ours, that brilliant results follow hard upon faithfulness, fitness, loyalty to duty, and "an infinite capacity for taking pains." These are the real avenues to the world's broader work for women as well as for men—for nothing in the world is broader of scope than duty and the palaces to which it is the portal—and when women discover *this* new star in the heavens that overarch the world of their special work, whatever it may be, so that it is *theirs*, not another's, they will indeed become worthy contributors to the world's higher knowledge and weal. And great is their reward, for duty, followed faithfully and without thought of self, will in no long time reveal the secret of right action and of joy in life, of all, in truth, that makes life worth living. H.



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THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, BRUSSELS

Brussels, Belgium

ACCORDING to tradition, Brussels was founded early in the seventh century by a certain Bishop of Cambrey who built a little chapel on one of the islets in the Senne river and encouraged the community that was attracted by his preaching to remain. A modest hamlet soon sprang up, then a town, and in the eleventh century we find there a walled and fortified city. At that early date Brussels was an important commercial center, its textiles being known throughout Europe and its workers in iron and steel being unsurpassed.

In the fourteenth century the workers in its various trades were incorporated into guilds, the members of which played an important part thereafter in municipal affairs. They regulated taxes and municipal disbursements and drew up a code of municipal laws in which, among other things, provision was made for trial by jury.

Brussels, in common with practically all the cities of Europe in that day, passed through its baptism of persecution, war, fire, famine, and plague. But after every period of disaster, many of them sufficient, it would seem, to effectually blight all hopes—for example, the four years' famine that followed immediately upon the fearful plague of 1587—the city rose Phoenix-like from its own ashes and again resumed its position as a center not only important commercially but

distinguished for its schools and its patronage of art.

Charles V spent much of his time in Brussels and raised the city to the rank of a national capital. Under his son, Phillip II, it became the focus of the revolutionary movement which resulted in Flemish independence. In the year 1695 the French besieged the city, though unsuccessfully; but about a century later it surrendered to France and remained a French possession until the downfall of Napoleon, when Belgium and Holland became united into one kingdom under William of Nassau and Brussels became the seat of government alternately with the Hague. This remained its status until 1830, when, "after a sanguinary conflict of four days in the streets of the city," the Belgians declared their independence.

The present city consists of two main parts: the new or upper part which contains nearly all the public offices, the Royal Palace, the residences of foreign representatives and the Chamber of Deputies; and the lower or old part, which is more interesting to the visitor because it contains the buildings of more ancient days and some of the finest existing examples of old Gothic architecture. The lower part of the city is intersected by canals connecting it with Mechlin, Ghent, Antwerp, and Bruges.

The most famous of its public buildings are the Palace of Justice—a modern structure,

as is shown in the illustration—the Hôtel de Ville, and the cathedral of St. Michel et Ste. Gudule. The two latter are ancient, the Hôtel de Ville, the tower of which—nearly four hundred feet in height—may be seen all over the city, having been built in 1400. The cathedral was built in 1010. STUDENT

Encouragement to the Woman Astronomer

A BOSTON paper announces that a fortune of \$25,000 has just been given the astronomical observatory at Nantucket Island to further the work of women who are astronomers. A fellowship has been established providing for a stated income yearly, six months at the observatory at Nantucket, a semester at one of our larger American observatories, and a quadrennial at a European observatory. Any woman astronomer in America will be eligible to compete for the fellowship.

This is the result of efforts initiated by prominent New England women some years ago, for the purpose of establishing a permanent memorial to America's first woman astronomer of note, Maria Mitchell. For many years Miss Mitchell had her observatory on Nantucket Island.

And, it might be added, how immortal is such a memorial in itself!—far more so than monuments or mortuary tablets, for its perpetuity will be sealed in earnest and aspiring lives, whose unseen records can not perish. H.

OUR YOUNG FOLK



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

A VIEW OF ROTTERDAM

Rotterdam

THIS city is divided into an inner and an outer town. The latter consists of peninsulas and islands lying in the several harbors and thus has an extended water-front which makes Rotterdam a very important seaport. Along the great stretch of quay lie barrels upon barrels and sacks upon sacks of the products of the Dutch East Indies. Besides this colonial trade, which is very large, Rotterdam carries on an extensive river traffic with the cities of Holland, Belgium, and Germany.

The city is crossed and re-crossed by canals, which are sometimes so full of water that they come within a few inches of overflowing the sidewalks. There are many fine bridges and wide quays—one, called the Boompje, being planted with trees, like a boulevard, and serving as a public park.

Rotterdam was the birthplace of the great Dutch scholar, Desiderius Erasmus, a bronze statue of whom stands in the Groote Market. A Latin inscription marks the house in which he was born.

Erasmus lived at the time of the Revival of Learning in Europe. He went to England

to study Greek at Oxford, and it was at the house of Sir Thomas More that he wrote his famous book, *The Praise of Folly*, a satire which drew attention to the ignorance and corrupt methods of the priests and monks. Erasmus thus prepared the way for Luther.

It was the study of literature, however, that Erasmus delighted in. Wherever he went, to London, to Rome, to Venice, to Basle, he was soon surrounded by men of learning. The great German artist, Hans Holbein, was his friend, and painted a very interesting portrait of him, which shows Erasmus in the act of writing. They met at Basle. Here too Erasmus by his ability as an editor helped to make the Froben press of that city the leading one in Europe.

Of one of the Dutch cities, which are mostly built on piles, Erasmus once said: "I know a city in which the people live like rooks, in the tops of the trees." N.

Spider Silk

SINCE time immemorial men have sought to find some means of utilizing the silk of the spider. But there has always been the great difficulty of winding it without-

breaking it, and also of obtaining it in sufficient quantity to be serviceable. Part of the difficulty has been solved, in a very interesting way, by a Frenchman. He conceived the idea of winding the thread as the spider spun it, instead of after it had been made.

He invented a machine containing several small bobbins, made to revolve constantly. The end of the web which was attached to the spider's body, was firmly fastened to a bobbin and the machine gently set in motion. Naturally as the spider felt its web was disappearing it pulled away in an opposite direction; this kept the thread taut at the necessary tension, the spider not pulling with sufficient force to break the silk. Apparently he enjoyed the process. Several spiders were tested in like manner, and sufficient thread was eventually obtained to be woven into a fabric. It is far superior to any of the natural silk of the worm, having an elasticity and tenacity far exceeding it. It is not however, practicable, owing to the impossibility of producing it in large quantities.

Queen Cleopatra is reported to have had a gown of spider silk, but we are not told how or where it was obtained. R.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Frocks of the Fairies

ONCE upon a time there were no flowers, and men and women and children walked sadly through the flowerless fields, and the woods where no primrose ever grew. Now the gay, kind little fairies were sorry for this and gathered together to see how they might brighten the lives of men.

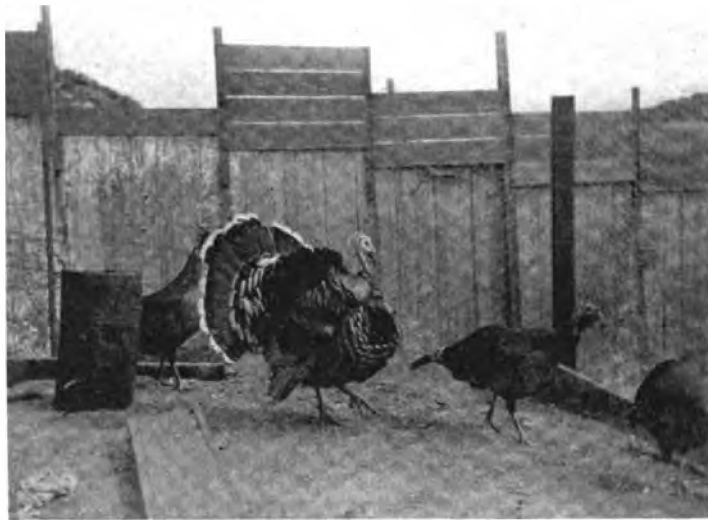
One pretty little sylph said "Oh, if only they could see us as we float and fly on the winds and dart to and fro in the waves of the sea. If only their dim eyes could see us as we flash out the fairy colors and dance in the sunbeams, surely they would be cheered. But they are so slow and heavy and dimsighted! What shall we do to bring them joy?"

Just then up spoke a radiant little elf, "I have it, I have it," she cried. "They cannot see us, 'tis true, and so we must weave frocks for ourselves of such stuff as they can see. Then we must all agree to stand still in one place for a little while every year and surely then the people of the earth will be cheered. We need not stay rooted in the ground for ever, but just a week or two in the springtime."

At this speech there was a chorus of the sweetest singing you can imagine from the silvery voices of the swarms of fairies, and they started off at once to weave their frocks as they had agreed. First they folded their wings and then they fixed their tiny toes firmly into the ground. Then they took dew and water from the soil, and vapor from the air and a little pinch of dust, and wove their beautiful dresses. Then they snatched the passing sunbeams and each fairy choosing a different rainbow color, they dyed their frocks with purple and gold and green and blue and red. Some painted spots and stripes and others left the color plain. Oh, the joy of the children of men, when after the winter snows had melted they found the hillsides and the meadows covered with flowers! They could not see the fairies any more than they could before, but they could see their pretty frocks fluttering in the wind, and glowing with all the rainbow colors in the sunshine, and when the frocks were worn out and withered, and had drooped and fallen to the ground the fairies left them there to mingle once again with the mould, but the fairies, laughing and dancing, leapt on the shoulders of the passing breezes and whirled away over the snow-capped mountains.

And every springtime ever since the fairies have come again and woven their frocks and stood still for us to see them.

So never cry about a withered flower; it is not dead. It is only a fairy's worn out garment. The little weaver whom we cannot see has just shaken off the old rags and is now having a happy holiday elsewhere until next spring comes round again.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

IN THE POULTRY-YARD

THE DAISY

THERE is a flower, a little flower
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Inwreathes the circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charm,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page—in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign;
The Daisy never dies!

James Montgomery (Selected)

NOTHING can bring you peace but yourself.
SELF-TRUST is the essence of heroism.—
Emerson

A Great Explorer's Dog

WHEN Sven Hedin, the Scandinavian explorer, went on his expedition into Tibet, he had an interesting experience with one of his dogs. It began at a time when the explorer, in order to pass through the country, had to disguise himself, so he was dressed like a herdsman and had his face painted a dark color. One day, with a new horse that had been bought, came this dog, something like a St. Bernard but very savage. Takkar was his name and he for some time was friends with no one but the horse he came with and the other dog in the camp.

One day, however, Takkar went up to the explorer, looked at him wisely with his head on one side and stroked Sven Hedin's arm with his paw. He seemed to be saying: "I know very

well that you are the master and I want to be friends with you. You can trust me. I will not tell anyone I know who you are. Come, let us play."

Sven Hedin understood the dog quite well and petted him and went out and untied Takkar who was fastened to the tent-pole and they had a grand romp. Everyone was surprised to see Sven Hedin playing with the dog that seemed so savage.

After that they were the best of friends and Takkar was the guard of the explorer's tent where all the precious instruments were kept. He was always faithful and traveled with the exploring party till they were leaving the land of Tibet. Then one day when they had passed out of the cold, wild, barren country and had come to a warmer country where flowers were in bloom, Takkar turned his head back to the mountains and, all alone, ran back towards Tibet.

He did not get lost. He went back a long way and found friends of Sven Hedin. He is still staying with them and sends messages to his old master in Europe, when they write letters to him.

F.

A Cautious Wren

IN Central America there is a wise little bird not any bigger than a canary, that makes a great effort to protect its nest from thieves. It builds in a tree which has branches very close together and sets the nest on a firm place made by fastening the branches together with sticks and strings. Then it builds a covered entrance to the nest along this woven pavement and all along this, as well as on the nest, it places thorns, so that it is just as if the place were guarded by tiny barbed wire fences. There is even a door to the nest, which is closed when the baby birds are left alone, and more thorns are put up at that time as if to make certain that no one shall be able to harm or steal the birdlings. This nest must look more like a fortress than a bird-home in a tree.

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Total number of hours sunshine recorded during APRIL, 242.
Possible sunshine, 390. Percentage, 62. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 8.08 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

MAY	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN		WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DAY	WET	FALL	DIR	VEL	
22	29.569	69	53	55	55	trace	S	3	
23	29.659	70	55	58	58	0.00	SE	3	
24	29.737	65	55	60	59	0.00	W	2	
25	29.702	66	55	56	55	0.00	SW	6	
26	29.714	65	51	60	59	0.00	NW	2	
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Truth Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

No. 32

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The Story of Job

AN archaeologist states that the story of Job is much older than even the first Babylonian dynasty, for he has discovered three cuneiform tablets dating back to the time of King Khammurabi, placed at about 2200 B. C., and telling the tale of a man who, though righteous, was plagued by a demon until he lay naked and covered with sores among the ashes; and having withstood the trial without losing his faith was restored to greater favor than before.

This grandly simple allegory is doubtless as old as man himself. Even if it should have been forgotten, it would surely have been composed again, for it portrays the history of every human Soul.

One of the most essential points — perhaps the essential point — is often overlooked. It was "Satan" to whom was entrusted the task of trying Job. It was the Deity who commissioned Satan to do so. The result of Satan's efforts was the perfection of Job's character and his attainment of bliss. Further, Satan is described as being one of the Sons of God. But let us epitomize the allegory as found in the Hebrew Bible.

There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil. . . . This man was the greatest of all the men of the east. . . .

Now there was a day when the Sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. (Chapter I)

Then Satan is commissioned to tempt Job, and he takes away all his prosperity and grievously bereaves and afflicts him. Evil counselors and false friends try to seduce Job in his misery and bid him curse God. But he remains true and is eventually restored to greater riches and honor than before.

Satan evidently typifies the human faculties, the deliberative mind, the senses and organs — all that power and liberty which descended into man when he passed from the early stage of innocent righteousness — the childhood of his career — to the state of responsibility. He was given power over nature (see *Genesis*). The liberty brings with it woe, but only so can wisdom be won. Man finally overcomes the tempter and wins bliss.

But it was by his own conviction and will that Job conquered. The story does not say that any intercessor came and took Job's sins upon his shoulders. This doctrine of Spiritual

self-help was afterwards taught by a Teacher whose teachings are also believed to be preserved in the Bible — the Jesus of the New Testament. He taught men that the Kingdom of God is within them and that a man is saved by the exertion of his own God-born Will and Intelligence. His own life, as described, was an example of his teachings, and he enjoined his hearers to follow in his footsteps.

After this Teacher had departed some of his disciples lost their trust and were disloyal.

They hearkened to the voice of temptation, which said: "Lo, ye are not Divine, but evil and wholly of the earth. Ye cannot save yourselves.

But God has given to certain of his servants a special power to save you. Listen therefore, to their words and your souls shall be saved. For if you listen, you shall go to a place of bliss after death; but if you do not, ye shall be burned in everlasting fire." And to back up their words, they took the Gospel of Mark and added to the end of it several verses including the passage about eternal punishment.

And the same thing has happened in other religions; the wise words of the Teachers have been forgotten, men have allowed themselves to be persuaded that they cannot *save themselves*, and have submitted to the representations of those merely *claiming* to speak with a special authority.

People are everywhere asking: "What is the matter with the churches?" And this is what is the matter. The churches have not yet gotten rid of this doctrine of original sin and

vicarious salvation and the people will no longer stand for it. Sunday automobiling, putting the poor people in the back seats, dry-rot in the pulpit, mildew in the pew, too much theology, too little theology — all these things have about as much to do with the complaint as the various symptoms of a deep-seated disorder.

If you want to join the real church, why not "join the choir invisible" of faithful Souls who cannot be made to defy their own impregnable Divinity? Why not take the secret vow to be true to your best Self and hallow each moment of life as if it were an Eternal Present? Thus one might find Wisdom and Peace.

Power is to him who can find the center of his own being, whence radiate the forces which now subjugate him, but which he then will control. But the man who goes seeking about for someone else to guide him and help him, who sits supine in expectation of a visitation of Divine grace, will have the reward of the weak and inefficient — a plentiful opportunity to gratify his love of waiting. One day, doubt-

The Taking of the Kingdom less, if his power of action has not altogether decayed, he will resolve, like Job, to take the matter into his own hands, and then Divine Power will cry, "At last!" and Satan will offer his ministrations to a man worthy to command them. Meanwhile poor Satan has a weary time tempting people who yield without a struggle and who are perhaps destined, like "Tomlinson" in Kipling's satire, to lodge in some intermediate region between heaven and hell because neither God nor Devil can find any use for them.

The story of Job teaches the duty of Self-respect — not respect of the mere personal I, but respect of the real Divine I — and it is possible for anyone so to adjust his attitude of mind towards life as to step immediately into a larger sphere.

STUDENT

Are there Periodic Elements in Earthquakes?

THAT there are periodic influences of various kinds, co-operating with others of uncertain period, connected with earthquakes, appears to be fairly probable. Periodic influences are, however, more traceable in microseismic movements, and in what are known as earth-pulsations, than in earthquakes of a destructive character. Needless to say, catalogs of destructive earthquakes, along with others less violent, have been chartered and compared with every known periodic influence, without the reaching of definite conclusions. Among periodic influences may be mentioned: the seasons; the equinoxes and solstices; the positions of Sun, Moon, Jupiter, etc.; day and night; and sunspot activity. Some investigators arrive at one conclusion, some another. Much depends on methods of classification, and moreover data are far from covering the whole globe for an extended time.

As severe earthquakes probably result more from complex internal, than from external conditions, it would be surprising if any periodic law were to emerge, in our present state of knowledge. Yet it is barely conceivable that if for a time the critical conditions at some place were such as to respond to but one class, or one particular direction of force, and if that force happened to be one of a periodic group, then periodic earthquakes might ensue until the local conditions altered.

Sunspot activity, viewed as a periodic predisposing cause, seems at first somewhat fanciful. For if capable of originating actual Earth-crust-stress in some direction, this must be due to forces whose nature has not been investigated. That the sunspot-cycle, eleven to twelve years on the average, is the visible aspect of an actual systole and diastole of the solar heart of our system, is asserted in *The Secret Doctrine* (i, 541), for good reasons. And we do know that magnetic storms coincide chronologically with sunspot maxima. The probability is, therefore, that there is an essential difference in the character of the electric and other radiations, in the first and second halves of each period; and the Earth as a whole being magnetic, there may be different kinetic couples of some order, in the two half-periods. That electric radiations impinging on a free magnetic body, produce a kinetic couple, is of course familiar. Unless

parallel with the equatorial plane, no couple could act on the Earth without either producing some change in axial direction, or some change in structure, or shape (as happens with the Moon and tides).

Considerations like these seem, at all events, to be inevitable if we are to connect sunspot activity intelligibly with earthquake phenomena.

Evidence of a succession of destructive earthquakes at intervals corresponding to the sunspot cycles, and all occurring at one place, is extremely sparse. But in one case, at Acapulco, in Mexico, there was something of the kind — the town having been repeatedly ruined by earthquakes in 1732, 1754, 1776, 1787, and 1820, which correspond fairly well with times of sunspot maxima. The next cycle of severe shocks there culminated in 1837, a year of spot maxima.

No less than a hundred separate shocks were counted between the 18th and 22nd October 1837, at Acapulco. That at midnight on the 19th was terrific. Then a peculiar thing happened. For six weeks continuously, heavy shocks were experienced daily at 10 a.m. and 10 p.m., at midnight and at dawn — perhaps the most notable instance of regular short-period heavy shocks on record.

STUDENT

Mathematical Accuracy

ON the subject of mathematical accuracy, Professor Sedgwick-Minot said in an address before the American Association:

We biologists cannot deplore too frequently or too emphatically the great mathematical delusion by which men often of very great, if limited, ability have been misled into becoming advocates of an erroneous conception of accuracy. The delusion is that no science is accurate until its results can be expressed mathematically.

He then goes on to say that the possibilities of mathematical expression are very limited in proportion to the requirements of science. A complicated anatomical structure can be expressed very well by a picture; but hardly by a mathematical formula. In this sense, then, biology may be said to be far more accurate than mathematics.

We are reminded of a satire in which an enterprising young Spirit living in eternity and infinite space decides to make a world. There is also an old cynical Spirit who jeers at his plans. When the young Spirit talks about the men he is going to have on his world, the old cynic asks him: How are these people of yours going to tell each other apart? The answer is that there will be huge notice boards stuck up everywhere, giving a minute description of the exact length of everybody's nose, etc., so that any two people meeting can draw each other up to the board and see who they are.

However, there is no reason for mathematicians to be offended, for the professor was not attacking mathematics itself, nor its higher exponents. His grievance was against the extremists and faddists; and if his expressions were perhaps too extreme, he had the license of a special pleader. And there *are* such faddists — people, however, who do not do much credit to the mathematics they champion. The professor refuses

to accept the mathematical [or is it quasi-mathematical?] delusion that the goal of biology is to express

its results in grammes, meters, and seconds. Measurements furnish us with so-called "exact" records, but the aim of science goes beyond the accumulation of exact records to the attainment of accurate knowledge, and the accuracy of our knowledge depends chiefly on what we see.

Allusion is doubtless made to such things as cataloging children by the color of their hair and the length of their bones, or by making them turn a handle, or answer "cat" when the scientist says "dog." We are all possessed of a faculty for reducing things to formulas, and a very useful and necessary faculty it is. But it can be over-developed. Apart from biology, apart from science, the problem of balancing our faculties confronts every student of the art of living. The desire to have things cut-and-dried is well known, as is also the irritation when we find we cannot have them so. It would be handy in some ways to be able to reduce our life to a formula; but we should not care to go the whole length; we should need to have our fling once in a while.

And what does Nature tell us about accuracy and inaccuracy? In that puzzling domain we find both qualities developed to a very high degree. No one who has studied a flower could accuse Nature of carelessness and want of system. Yet, when we try to define her system, where are we? It is a system of eternal variations, a law of exceptions, a harmony of contradictions. Could anything be more exact, and at the same time more inexact, than the ratio of the circumference to the diameter?

Let us develop in ourselves both exactitude and elasticity; and if we have a relative excess of one of these qualities, let us balance it by cultivating more of the other.

TRAVERS

A Geological Problem

EVERY schoolboy is presumed to know the usual geologic theory of mountain formation, according to which mountains are formed by lateral pressure due to the enforced compression of the crust of the earth when the interior shrinks through cooling. An experiment is cited, in which an inflated rubber ball was coated with a layer of beeswax and then allowed to shrink a little. The result was that the wax puckered itself like the skin of a rotten apple, thus imitating mountain formation. In these experiments on the small scale, however, one important fact seems to be insufficiently regarded; that is, that the rigidity of the material used in the model differs but slightly, if at all, from that of the earth; whereas the dimensions differ enormously. To carry out the analogy, the rigidity of the model would have to be as small in proportion to its size as is the case with the earth. When we take the size of the earth into consideration, we find that its rigidity considered relatively to that size, is extremely small; so much so that the earth might well be compared to a fluid. Considerations like this must surely affect all dynamical questions connected with the earth as a body.

What we really need to explain is, not how the earth shakes, but how it is *held still*; why it is *not* puckered all over, and into mountains a hundred miles high. Magnify your wax-coated rubber ball to the size of the earth, and magnify proportionally its movements, and you would get an earth shivering all over with forces that would sweep away the works of man and of nature.

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The "Superman" Fallacy

THE students of Nietzsche, apparently somewhat rapidly increasing in numbers, fail to realize that he does not represent a philosophy but a reaction — of feeling. At best it is *animalism* philosophizing for itself, and any philosophy which makes the universe really comprehensible provides a sufficient reply.

Philosophy must consider the actual cosmos as preceded by an Ideation, the ideal pattern of all that will be when evolution has completed its work, applying to the whole and to each one of the units of life. They evolving, individually and collectively realize it.

The appearance of these active units or monads is consequently the second stage. They begin together to take up their parts in the drama of life, each ensouled or oversouled, guided and inspired, by its special ray of the collective Ideation — which is thus the central force of evolution, the *élan vital* of Bergson.

For the life-cycle each ray is a distinct center of divine consciousness overwatching that life unit that will ultimately realize or become at one with it. In man we call it his soul. Self-realization means realization of the ideal, growth to the ideal. The primal Ideation cannot be satisfied in full till each unit has achieved its evolution in full. Nor can its separate rays be satisfied either with anything short of that. Their separation is only for the achievement of that. Their separate work always has the whole in view. The whole attains in parts, but to re-become the perfect whole. None of the life-units can achieve its destiny except through the help and co-operation of all the rest, by the stimulus of the light of each one of all the rest. It is to the interest of each to ensure the full evolution of the rest. Beethoven would never have been exactly what he was except for every musician, every artist, every poet, of all past times. Without the contribution to the sum of human feeling of any one of them he would have been less.

Thus to accept into our own lives the light of all others is our own path onward, or the chiefest help to it, absolutely necessary. If one other fails, by that much we too fail. To seek "self-realization" in the Nietzschean sense is to close the mind to the contributions of some others; done — as it must be — at the expense of their welfare, it is to hinder that evolution of theirs, that unveiling of their inner genius, by which alone they can make their unique and specific contributions to the sum total of human subjective wealth. The "superman" is a contradiction in terms. His own methods prevent himself. To put the thing crudely, it is to the interest of each that every other shall develop to the utmost the light of his inner genius. It is to the interest of each to work for and help the rest. The closer the bonds of sympathy he makes with them the more on the one hand does he help them, the more on the other does he open the windows of his mind to all the light from them all. Only thus does the mind become sensitive to all the lights that shine in the general field

of human consciousness, all the pulses of inspiration from everywhere and from all past time. But the "superman" policy of self-regard gradually ends by shutting up the mind from all this, from all enrichment and stimulation; and must finally end by its total darkening — as it did in the case of the prophet himself.

No; we have lived together since time began and shall do so until it dissolves into duration. Let us act and feel and think accordingly, incarnation after incarnation, finding evolution go quicker and quicker the more we help, the more we sympathize, the more we open soul to soul.

STUDENT

The Mind-Stuff

THE psychology teachers of our day do not in general like the theory of a mind-stuff. Some of them do not even mention it or give it any room in their systems. Others specifically argue against it. They are therefore unable to answer the question, What is that whose activity we are aware of when we watch (guiding or not) the flow of our own thoughts?

The theory includes something else for study — a self, knower and energizer and user of the mind-stuff, that whose light lends it consciousness, but who may be, and often is, swept along passively upon mind-currents that he himself started and made habitual.

The deepest secret of philosophy lies in knowing the relations between the two, the mind and the self. As below so above, here. If man altogether knows this he knows the universe. In him and in the universe, mind-stuff, energized by the creative energy of either his own or the universal Self, becomes a producer. Man may afterwards be misled by his own productions — that is, by additions of his own to what is furnished him. For he surrounds the objects he finds with products of his own mind-stuff, fringes of his own creation. The whole world is cosmic mind-stuff shot through with energy and therefore moving, producing and evolving.

You pass a garden and see a man watering a common little tree. To you it is that and no more. But to him it is infinitely more, the center and wonder and glory of his garden. This he has creatively added with his own mind. See with his eyes and mind and you would see it as he does and linger at the gate an hour in admiration.

By unwise use of this same power men wander in bewilderment, get "lost in matter." They create values around the utterly valueless and then lose all their years pursuing their own creations — for instance money for itself. Nature furnishes the metal. Man uses it as a medium of exchange — and then creates it into an idol and vampire.

Our task is to see things through the eyes of the great Self. Then we see all at its true value and meaning. For this the first step is to find our true position in life, standing back from mind, guiding it in its thinking, not carried by it in its thinking. Putting the matter

the other way about, mind must be forced to recognize the master, the man, the soul. For in this doubly-taken attitude of servant and master the man finds himself as a soul, a light. And then the new life begins for him. For he has created in his mind a right conception of the relation and held it till all resistance has broken down.

STUDENT

Between the Epochs

AN Italian cartoon represents the Time-Spirit — not the Spirit of the Time — standing over a workman saying *Leisure thou shalt not have till thou canst use it*. How many of us in our day can properly use it?

The new "efficiency" movement seems to mean two things: that the workman shall be taught to do what he has to with the fewest movements, so that with the same expenditure of force he shall accomplish much more; that with increase in their numbers the worker shall have a more and more restricted set of operations to go through. If, heretofore, one man spread the mortar and laid the brick, henceforth there shall be one for each operation. Each man shall be more of a machine, an automaton — and an automaton of strictly economized movement, nothing superfluous.

We are in truth between two epochs. When things were made singly and by hand there was opportunity for special talent or genius to be spent upon each. The worker's individuality could be in play and so far he worked as a man.

With the perfecting of machines the worker tends to be reduced to one himself — nay, to be but an item of one, putting the ready-made pin head on the ready-made pin shaft.

But with their still greater perfecting the worker's mind will be again called out and used. Nearly everything mechanical will be mechanically done, and with almost human machines at his service the worker can again think of the final product and make it represent himself. The old craftsmanship is reproduced but with infinite gain in speed and elaboration.

This epoch is yet to come. We are between the two. The workman is often compelled to be nearly a machine and the other machine is not yet human enough.

There will be more, and enough, leisure when we are prepared not to waste it, when we know what to do with it. We created the Spirit of the Time and we are now its slaves, from one end of society to the other. A few, for an incarnation, seem exempt from its whip, even to wield the whip. In another life the places change about. The Time-Spirit has to wait till we are sick of the drive, till the driven, given in another life the opportunity themselves to drive, would not use it. That means no armed revolution. It means simply the return of ideals and the birth of new ones and the uncovering of the instinct of brotherhood. The Time-Spirit will guide us as soon as we have dethroned the Spirit of the Time and broken his whip.

STUDENT

Archaeology

Palaeontology

Ethnology

Atlantis

ATLANTIS, according to the ancient myth or tradition, is the name of a vast island in the Atlantic Ocean, and was said to have been engulfed in consequence of an earthquake. Some have thought that the Canary Isles are the remains of this sunken island, and now we have a German explorer reporting that he has hit upon it in Nigeria. All the ancient Celts, it will be remembered, believed in the Land of the Dead being situated beyond the Western Sea, which they called Glasinnis, or Avalon. Of this they told wondrous tales, which reached the Greeks, and were adopted into their own mythology. The Greeks called the imaginary land in the ocean the Garden of the Hesperides, or Isles of the Blessed, and there is little doubt that Plato's Atlantis is another name for the same fancied land. It is remarkable that modern palaeontological researches have established the fact of there having really existed an Atlantis in Tertiary times, for Tertiary shells and vertebrate animals of the United States are identical with a series of fossils of the same beds in France.—*Dundee Advertiser*

What with the accumulated testimony of tradition, which we have now learned to respect better, and the evidence of geology, we have little excuse left for doubting that reality underlies the stories of Atlantis. But we must of course expect a great deal of unreality to be mixed up with it. Different theorists will become enthused over their respective theories, which they will run to death. What is needed is a liberal study of ancient records and all matters bearing on the subject, before resorting to speculation.

H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, has given information as to Atlantis, which the careful student will find to be sufficiently authenticated by the evidence she adduces and by its consistency with the other parts of the extensive teachings outlined in *The Secret Doctrine*. From this source we learn that Plato's Atlantis was not Atlantis itself, but the last disappearing isle of that vast continent. Atlantis was the continent pertaining to the Fourth Root-Race of humanity. Its gradual submergence was balanced by the appearance of some of the lands forming our present continental distribution. There are a few relics of the land yet left above the sea, and many races descended from various races of Atlantis. In Africa, for instance, we find many types whose wide divergence in character has not been reconciled even by the lapse of ages. They are not representatives of different stages in the evolution of man from savagery to civilization, as is often supposed; they are rather survivals than developments; and the stocks from which they severally sprang were widely different from each other. For the Atlanteans were not a mere nation, or even a mere race, but an entire humanity; they differed as much among themselves as do the representatives of our present Root-Race.

At various times in the past, higher stages of knowledge and culture have been attained than any which are now present on earth. This is in accordance with the law of cyclic evolution. In agreement with this law it is possible for a thing to be at once behind us and higher than us; so that, while we re-



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INDIAN FESTIVAL AT HAINES' MISSION, ALASKA

present a later stage of evolution, we may at the moment be at a lower point of our own cycle than certain past races had attained in theirs. This accounts for the existence among the Atlanteans of knowledge that has since been lost, though not irrecoverably; evidence of which we find in the colossal architecture, skilled art, and mysterious mathematical and symbolic lore, of which relics have come down to us. These considerations, by giving us a glimpse of what man has been, should give us a better idea of what he may become.

A theorist, once having adopted the idea of Atlantis, will be tempted to press into the service of his theory every fragment of ancient lore than can possibly be so used; and naturally he will utilize many things which do not belong at all. This is one thing we must be on the look-out for. Take the symbolical legends of Greek mythology, for instance, referred to in our extract. Do they, or do they not, refer to Atlantis? The answer cannot be given categorically; the source and subsequent history of ancient myths requires much careful study; and we shall find many skeins woven into the fabric. Some of the legends certainly refer to events connected with the history of Atlantis; that of the evil giants, for instance, who were worsted by the Sons of Light; an account found universally and not among the Greeks alone. These giants were the surviving sorcerers of Atlantis—those of the race who had "failed"; their conquerors were those pioneers of the oncoming Fifth Race who had received the Light transmitted to them by the faithful among the preceding Race. But we must forbear from further treatment of this interesting subject,

and refer the student to *The Secret Doctrine*.

It is doubtless inconvenient, for some people, to subscribe to the belief in Atlantis; for such an admission, together with many other admissions which it entails, might disturb comfortably settled opinions. Hence the idea is not very popular at present. But now that it is becoming more popular, there is need for caution. For the information given by H. P. Blavatsky on the subject has been utilized by some people for purposes other than what it was intended for; and they have reproduced it with additions of their own. Such lucubrations as these are useful only in so far as they repeat accurately what is said in *The Secret Doctrine*—and no further. The additional matter, when not given forth as mere speculation, claims to be derived from revelations with which its authors claim to have been favored; so we may please ourselves as to the amount of credit we will accord it on that account. It is against such travesties that Theosophists, in upholding the reasonable account, have to contend; but fanaticism runs a short course and defeats itself, while time always vindicates that which is grounded in fact. And so, Atlantis being a truth, persistent devotion to truth on the part of our scholars and men of science can but lead to the vindication of the teachings as to Atlantis in *The Secret Doctrine*. E.

The Illustration

HAINES' MISSION, the scene of this festival, is a town on the Lynn Canal, one of the most picturesque parts of south-eastern Alaska. Here started one of the first trails for the interior, the Dalton trail to the Yukon.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Mendelism in Human Life

TWO New York physicians, Doctors Rosanoff and Cannon, have been studying family histories and statistics to know whether Mendel's law of heredity applies to insanity.

A person with the "neuropathic basis" is a person with a tendency to insanity, a person in whom slight causes will develop that tendency. It appears to exist in two forms, "recessive" and manifest. A person in whom it is present but recessive will behave throughout life in every way as a normal person. The trait passes *through* him without affecting him, but may under certain circumstances become manifest—as the ready tendency to insanity—in his children. The usual cause of its latent presence in him is its *manifest* presence in one of his parents.

For the purposes of this study consider everyone as a compound of two threads or bases, one or both of which may be normal or neuropathic. Call the normal thread A, the neuropathic thread B. The two threads of a perfectly normal person will be AA, of a manifestly neuropathic person BB; and there will be others, with a *recessive* B thread whose formula will be AB. Mendel's law (which he worked out for certain plants) applies as follows:

Let an AA mate with a BB and have four children. All the four are likely to be normal, so far as they themselves are concerned; but each will have a "recessive" streak of B. The formulae of them all will be AB. In the doctors' Mendelian statement:

One parent being normal and of pure normal ancestry and the other parent being neuropathic, all children will be normal but capable of transmitting the neuropathic make-up to their progeny.

Let there be two such families (composed of ABs). Let a member of one mate with a member of the other, AB with AB. Four children, we will suppose, result. One will take after one *grandparent*, one after the other, and two after the *parents*. The formulae will therefore be AA, BB, AB, AB. Three of them will be normal, since B, where it occurs with A, is "recessive"—that is, only operative, and under certain circumstances, in the *next* generation. One, BB, will be manifestly neuropathic. (But, be it remembered, his operative neuropathic thread may only pass on to insanity under such stress as alcoholism or vice. Its "manifestation" may consist merely in its *readiness* to develop insanity). In the doctors' words:

Both parents being normal but each with the neuropathic taint from one grandparent, one-fourth of the children will be normal and not capable of transmitting the neuropathic make-up to their progeny; one-half will be normal but capable of transmitting the neuropathic make-up; and the remaining fourth will be neuropathic.

If both parents are normal, but one an AA and the other an AB, all the children will be normal; but half of them will be capable, half not capable, of transmitting the neuropathic taint.

But as we have said, it does not follow that the B thread *must* manifest (as insanity) even where it is prepared to do so—that is, where

the formula is BB. The chief exciting causes, alcoholism, vice, and the great disease begotten of vice, need not be permitted. And a wise education, one which evokes the soul in early life, may cover the rest of the ground. No one need grow up so dominated by his mind that he accepts for his own, and as valid, every idea which develops there. Judgment is the conscience of the mind and like the other conscience, the moral one, is a function capable of early evocation and unlimited development.

STUDENT

Lines on the Sun

THE discovery of lines on such of the heavenly bodies as are sufficiently accessible to us seems to be the order of the day in astronomy. Even the sun has not escaped. His surface is, it seems, marked out into irregular and changeable polygons. Their areas are brilliantly luminous, bordered by dark lines—whose darkness is however visible only to the spectroscope. In an address delivered by Professor Deslandres last year before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, translated from *Nature* in *The Scientific American*, that eminent French astronomer describes his discovery.

The light of an incandescent gas, passed through a prism, exhibits a spectrum of bright lines. But if there be a much intenser light behind it shining through it, generated by a body at higher temperature, the places in the band occupied by those bright lines are taken by dark ones. This reversal is the principle of Professor Deslandres' discovery. Since the places are different for different elements, the prism gives us a means of long-range chemical analysis. As eclipses show, the surface of the sun is covered by a brilliant *chromosphere* from whence arise flame-like variable prominences. The chromosphere is considered to consist of incandescent gases, the heavier ones nearest the surface, the lighter floating thereon and therefore furthest out from the sun. Among these lighter is of course hydrogen. Even further out is calcium, which thus (for special reason) breaks the law; for it is heavier than hydrogen. By study of the special spectra of hydrogen and calcium it is therefore possible to differentiate the outer layer of the chromosphere from the deeper ones; and by traveling over the surface of the sun to mark out the aforesaid lines.

As incandescent vapors are hurled from the surface outward into the chromosphere they expand and consequently fall in temperature. Drawn back again in the course of this constant circulation they are condensed and rise in temperature.

The polygons are assumed to indicate vortices. Into them, down through their centers, vapors are sucked and condensed—much as water pours down through a funnel. At the bottom they turn to come up and in coming up *constitute* the funnel itself. The rim of the funnel, the bending over line at the top (at the surface of the chromosphere) are Professor Deslandres' dark lines, lines of lowered temperature. But the map of these

lines is constantly changing—even from hour to hour. There is nothing fixed about the blazing chromosphere! He calls the lines *filaments* and concludes his paper with the remark:

The network of convectional currents and curious filaments discovered in the upper regions of the solar atmosphere may exist also on the earth, and it is thus that the study of the sun may teach us to understand better our own atmosphere.

Is it just possible that the lines on Mars—but no; on second thoughts we leave that suggestion to someone else. STUDENT

The Science of Early Rising

A WELL-KNOWN physician has been questioning the popular and proverbial belief that getting up early or with the sun is conducive to health. It produces, he admits, a sense of freshness and exhilaration. But this, according to him, is transient and of no real import; is indeed replaced by a more than equal reaction later on in the day.

His contention indicates that he has not put the matter to personal experiment. Accidentally, some few times perhaps, he has seen the rising sun and got the exhilaration. The reaction was due to the unaccustomedness. If he had given his body the discipline for a week or two he would have found the midday lassitude replaced by a new vigor and power of work.

The reason is obvious. The body is the product of ages of evolution in nature, was accustomed to be stirred by the first sun rays, to be bathed by the light through the hours to noon and from noon to sunset. To miss that first stimulant, as we do, is to leave some of its finest energies unawakened, to break as it were away from its natural history.

We must not quote the *birds* too exclusively. They get up at sunrise as we should; but they go to bed at sunset. The human body is not a bird alone. It is all animals and more. It is the lion who begins his work at sunset and the bat whose day is the night. It has every capacity. It is entitled to the stimulant of the rising and the setting sun, the freshness of morning and of evening. And because it is inwardly energized by a human soul it can healthfully maintain wakefulness through hours that the pure animal must spend in sleep.

There is a higher reason for early rising. Whoever tries it for a little while will find that for the first hour or so his consciousness is very clear, even if his *mind* will not do much work. *He himself* is on deck as it were before the little nagging sprites of memory and anxiety, the little friction-makers, awake. He can get things in order, adjust himself quietly to his ideals, before what people call the "day" begins. And he will feel the strength of that adjustment throughout all the coming hours. All this is very easy if the stomach has not been required to work at a superfluous meal so that the brain is choked with products of badly performed digestion.

The man who gets up just in time for breakfast is behind the procession and he cannot catch up with it. The color of his day has been settled for him, before *he* got there. C.

Nature

Studies

SWEET FERN

THE subtle power in perfume found
Nor priest nor sibyl vainly learned;
On Grecian shrine or Aztec mound
No censer idly burned.

And Nature holds, in wood and field,
Her thousand sunlit censers still;
To spells of flowers and shrub we yield
Against or with our will.

I climbed a hill path strange and new
With slow feet, pausing at each turn;
A sudden waft of west wind blew
The breath of the sweet fern.

That fragrance from my vision swept
The alien landscape; in its stead,
Up fairer hills of youth I stepped,
As light of heart as tread.

With me June's freshness, lapsing brook,
Murmurs of leaf and bee, the call
Of birds, and one in voice and look
In keeping with them all.

A fern beside the way we went
She plucked, and smiling, held it up,
While from her hand the wild, sweet scent
I drank as from a cup.

O potent witchery of smell!
The dust-dry leaves to life return,
And she who plucked them owns the spell
And lifts her ghostly fern.

Or sense or spirit? Who shall say
What touch the chord of memory thrills?
It passed, and left the August day
Ablaze on lonely hills.

Whittier

The Dweller and His Tabernacle

SAYS a recent writer on human anatomy:

It is good for all men to reflect upon this humbling fact: that by far the greater part of the body's machinery is controlled entirely and absolutely without conscious assistance, tissue is repaired, disease germs are combated, food is digested, bones are nourished, and the selfsame blood—created out of divers foods by the chemistry of the body—becomes hair, nail, bone, flesh, and cartilage, entirely without our conscious direction. The human consciousness is, in fact, not so much a tenant or householder in this miraculous organism, as a guest in some vast caravanserai of a complicated hotel, where everything is done for it by invisible servants.

Yes, it is good to reflect on this; and while these invisible servants are doing their faithful work, let the human consciousness see to it that its own rightful work is done with no less patience and fidelity. STUDENT

Origin of Life-Germs

YEARS ago the Island of Krakatoa in the Straits of Sunda was blown half away by a volcanic outburst, and the rest of the island buried under ash and lava. Every vestige of plant life was destroyed; yet three years later various species of plants were found flourishing there. Man had not visited the island; many of the new plants were such as had not grown there before. The history of



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A LOMALAND CANON

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the revegetation is described as follows: first a thin film of lowly organisms on the pumice; these prepared the stone for the reception of germs borne by the air and seeds brought by the birds. There seems to have been no suggestion of "evolution."

We are fond of imagining a beginning of life on the earth, and of trying to simplify our ideas by supposing that the higher forms of life developed from the lower. Whence came the lower? From the rock itself which constituted the primeval crust? or from another planet, borne by a meteorite? In any case we need a germ to start with, and this initial germ must surely be the most wonderful germ of all,

for it contains the potentiality of all that comes after. So it does not matter so much which end we start at after all; why not say the higher forms evolved the lower?

There must have been "spontaneous generation" at some time, think the theorists; and the ancient teachings say that there are epochs when new forms appear on earth, generated from the astral Monads—the germ behind the germ, so to say. At present we find the earth stocked with physical germs, many of them small enough to be carried any distance through the air, others borne by birds, beasts, and man. And the tree is not more wonderful than the microscopic germ. TRAVERS



From an Official Letter Written by Madame Blavatsky to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago in 1888

To WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and to yourself—the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

Strong Lives

Praise to the heroes
Whose lives were strong.—Chaucer

WELL-DISPOSED people are common enough. We have been coming back to earth so often in our search for fresh experience of life, that dimly we begin to see that selfish living must result in misery, and that the only way to happiness and peace of mind lies in conforming to the law of universal brotherhood. But people in the mass are only feebly good. Their thoughts may be pure and their intentions excellent; but they are so inadequately energized by will that they are almost powerless in the endless, eager conflict that is ever being waged between the forces of the darkness and the forces of the light.

Let us produce strong thoughts and vitalize the offspring of the mind with all the living energy at our command. Some will object to this advice and urge that as so many of their thoughts are trivial, it would not do to send them forth endowed with permanence and power. The answer to this objection is that if a thought is worth the thinking it should be made strong. If not worthy of being entertained, why admit it for a moment.

We are accustomed to claim our divine origin. We call ourselves incarnations of the Supreme, and then sit idly by and let the scum and filth that rises on the muddy waters of the public mind drift into the soul and thus pollute the fountain of the inner life. Why not begin the day on guard like "a strong man armed," standing alert within the portals of the mind to challenge every vagrant thought and feeling seeking entrance to the precincts of the shrine where burns the golden flame?

And so, whatever be our station in society,

we shall indeed be heroes with strong lives, torches of light, centers of spiritual force, fountains of living water for the healing of the nations.

STUDENT

A Country Preacher's Experience

A YOUNG country preacher, an educated and devoted man, not long ago, went to the president of a college and told this story:

"I wish to serve my fellow-men, but I must find some other way to do it than in the pulpit. I should like to become a member of your college 'extension' force, to teach the people.

"For four years I have had charge of two country churches. In each community there are three other starving churches and three other starved preachers. These people who thus 'maintain' these four churches in each community could all be served by one church, or at most by two churches; and they could maintain one preacher or two. But now both their financial and their spiritual strength is divided to starvation.

"I have no personal complaint to make. I am a bachelor, and my meager income is enough for me. But I can do little good. The conditions are artificial and abnormal. Religiously, a small community is divided into four

ALAS for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

Whittier

little groups, each too weak seriously to form any real fellowship; and these four camps of good people, if not openly hostile, are at least jealous of one another.

"And this is not the worst of it. My church by its financial system puts a duty on me that I am unwilling longer to perform. It unwittingly compels me to do what I regard as wrong. I must squeeze out of these poor people certain apportioned assessments for home missions, foreign missions, church government, the educational fund, etc. They haven't the money to give; but I find myself a sort of tax-collector without regard to their ability to pay. This is economically wrong, and, therefore spiritually wrong." — *The World's Work*, November, 1910

Morality, a Practice of the Duties of Life

MORALITY is popularly defined as the doctrine or practice of the duties of life. From this definition we deduce that all delinquencies in such practice are immoralities. Such a conclusion seems unavoidable.

Volumes upon volumes have been written upon the subject of morality, and humanity has also been drenched weekly with deluges of verbal dicta about this one theme. Yet confusion still reigns. And all this notwithstanding the several hundred established systems of moral teaching. This in itself would sufficiently indicate that something was wrong.

The practice of morality, or doing the duties of life, is the essence of practical wisdom. And

the first step is to view every little duty as an opportunity. For they are all that and much more. When the habit of thus grasping our chances has become a part of our character, "that Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" will grow brighter. Thus our duties will become our pleasure, and we shall see clearly what does, and what does not, constitute an opportunity or duty.

Since leaving undone the things that ought to be done is immoral and an injustice all round, we must infer that it is also one of the greatest foes to any real progress. No headway was ever made by ignoring opportunities to advance. Confusion and chagrin follow in the wake of lost opportunities. *Practice of the duties of life!* What a sublime and yet simple formula! What a panacea for bewilderment and chaos! Surely no great amount of the inner light is needed to see this. Its very simplicity has been its disguise.

Restlessness of the human mind, coupled with the general confusion and unrest of the time, is responsible for the darkening of the light within, and the loss of that inner harmony which alone can vanquish the outer discord. One of the far-reaching mistakes of the hour is the aspiration to great things rather than to the practice of the simple duties of life. No revelation of this error has come from the paid pundits of our modern ecclesiasticism. They might have been expected to rise to the occasion long ago, and by precept and example to point out the Way, the Truth, and the Light. They have, however, missed their opportunity, and people are beginning to discover for themselves that pilots of progress are not to be found in the pulpits.

STUDENT

If truth is violated by falsehood, it may be and is equally outraged by silence.—*Ammian*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Seeing the failure and fall of Greece and the degradation to which the people sank and in which they lay so long, is it desirable to revive or to attempt to revive their form of civilization, which, however beautiful, must have been corrupt or it would not have fallen?

Answer When we speak of establishing a "New Athens" we do not propose to re-establish the old Athens; the new is to be no mere copy of the past; that is not at all in accordance with the teachings of Theosophy, which lays such stress upon the law of cycles. This is not the law of dead recurrence and mere repetition, but just such a return of opportunities and of possibilities as we have in the cyclic recurrence of the seasons. A new summer is coming but we all know that the summer will give us crops in accordance with the use we have made of our past experience of former summers. We know that the seasons contain for us untold possibilities and that the events of one year do not repeat the happenings of the preceding years; yet the seasons come with a certain regularity and we are foolish to ignore them, and shall pay the price of our folly if we neglect them.

The seasons of the year resemble the cycles of the ages, and we may look back a little way in history and see how in Greece there was an attempt made to establish a beautiful and



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ONE VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS BUILDING, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

true civilization that has, in spite of its fall, served as a lamp of culture to succeeding ages. And we, seeing the return of a similar season with even greater possibilities, seek to establish on a surer basis a New Athens that shall be a light to all the world.

No longer may we count the days that are past as the best, nor the glory that was of old the greatest, for in the future shall arise a new age more wonderful than any that have gone before. The great days of Rome, of Greece, of Egypt, of India, of Aye and of America (just being unveiled) are but as the prelude to the cycle that is to come. The high civilizations of the past all bear record to a preceding Golden Age, whose date is beyond the belief of modern archaeologists, who are but slowly awakening to the utter insufficiency of their time-allowances made for those few past races of which they have any reliable record within their grasp; the records that actually survive and which are really reliable they have not yet ventured to treat seriously.

These same archaeologists, timidly exploring the remains of more recent tribes or nations, almost shrink from the deductions that the bolder minds among them are making in proof of still earlier and preceding races and of still older and more advanced civilizations, while the universal testimony to the tradition of a golden age they prefer to treat flippantly as mere fancy. But those who realize the vast scope of evolution and the enormous length of time necessary for the development of each new aspect of the human race as it opens out its involved spiritual powers, and who appreciate the logic of cyclic law in the universe, look for constant recurrence of past (long past, it may be,) phases of human development and also for an equally sure addition of new conditions and modification of recurrent old

ones, which makes the new age, that is the return of an older age, still unlike its predecessor and holding possibilities of progress that were undreamed of in past ages.

It is for this reason that the Theosophist in his recognition of a returning cycle looks for an entirely new kind of civilization to mark the return of the old one that cyclically recurs. When he speaks of a New Athens, it is not to attempt a mere copy of the old Greek city with all its greatness and its vices, with its limitations and its liberties, its beauty and its sensuality, its philosophy and its self-indulgence; he does not propose to restore the worship of the gods as it is represented in history nor as it possibly was practised by the people. A new age has dawned and the eternal spiritual principles in man that rule the universe have evolved men with higher possibilities than those of the past age, though in its ignorance of these hidden possibilities the great mass of humanity is now sunk in a swamp of sensuality that threatens to end in the degeneracy of the whole human family.

The danger of degeneracy is imminent and the need for action to avert the danger is urgent, because the opening of a new cycle marking the close of one just passing is a period of balance when but a small preponderance of good or evil (to speak crudely) may turn the scale and so stamp the next age, (or millenniums perhaps) with the mark of failure or of victory.

When we look upon the degraded savages of today and learn that not one of these races is without traditions of a divine origin and of noble ancestry, and with a recognition of the spiritual powers that rule the world, we are indeed witnessing the tragedy of a race, or a part of a race, that has failed at the critical time, and become degenerate, but which can

not die for long ages, until the Karma of failure and that which led to it is exhausted. Our range of vision is very limited, and it may be that in all these past failures there have been some races, or tribes, or families, that grasped the highest possibilities of the turn of the tide, and were borne on the wave of progress into states of being that are beyond the ken of the ordinary man, though not beyond contact with the more highly developed souls of the remainder of the race, who were not involved in the failure of the lowest part of their national group. These developed souls are the elder brothers of those who remain behind, and who are perhaps the beings superstitiously worshiped by degraded races. The Theosophist recognizes such advanced souls and looks to follow their example but does not dream of worship in any other sense than as the conscious effort to rise to their level, so to open out the spiritual nature that has become imprisoned in his egotism, which is indeed a prison for the soul, that he may be ready to take his part in helping the men of his day to rise to the possibilities of the new age.

R. MACHELL

The Theosophical Address at Isis Theater

LAST evening a most interesting and valuable paper was given at the meeting of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY at Isis Theater, by Miss Elizabeth Bonn, entitled "The Illuminated Path of Theosophy." One fine thought was:

"Taking Theosophy in its etymological meaning, as Divine Wisdom, the path of Theosophy is the path that every soul must sometime tread. It is the mystic path of which all the sages have told. It is the strait and narrow way, over which the Christos guides. All are consciously or unconsciously searching for this true path, and can never be satisfied until they have found it."—San Diego Union

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED AT NEW YORK CITY IN 1875 BY H. P. BLAVATSKY, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND OTHERS
REORGANIZED IN 1898 BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Central Office Point Loma California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West

Motives

WE have created our past, and we are creating our future. This is the old truth which Theosophy is bringing to light again and making a living force in the lives of men. There is no irresponsible outside power shaping our lives, in the grasp of which we are helpless puppets, but we ourselves have tied our *own* hands, have made our *own* obstructions.

The fires exist, of course, but we need not have run through them, to carry the scars for years. The great waters roll over the earth, but we need not rush into them to be drowned. Sickness falls with indiscriminating choice upon the bodies of men, but we need not have so lived as to be one of the chosen. Death visits one and all alike, but none need have created those clouds which render them blind to the true meaning and beneficent purpose of this inevitable change.

Sometime back in the misty past, the chain of causes which has led to every disaster has been forged consciously; though not with full knowledge of the consequences, yet with sufficient knowledge to have avoided them. All this concerns us now only as a guide to the future.

For rigid Justice rules the world. With mighty sweep of never-erring action, it brings to mortals lives of weal or woe, the Karmic progeny of all our former thoughts and deeds.

Within that silent realm into which we drop the seeds which yield our future harvests, it is the motive which determines their character, their life-term and their force. However deeply we may at present be involved, even though sunk in a mire of despondency and doubt, by attending patiently to these seeds shall we be able to change conditions, to rise out of the worst conditions, and to tread firmly on the path which leads to peace and power.

These seeds we cannot avoid dropping every moment that we live. It is a law of nature. The god within is evidenced in this fact, that we are (must be) creators. The larger part of men have forgotten they have this power, and this is one of the messages of Theosophy, that they do live it, that it is a living fact, and that they need only test it to prove it. If these seeds are dropped carelessly without thought or purpose, they yield a motley harvest of grotesque and of fair, and having no deep root, they soon wither and die. The one who plants such seeds meets what he has

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own. Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

sown, and finds himself surrounded by a motley growth, bringing him joy today and sorrow tomorrow. Thus he travels through life cursing his fate and yet perpetuating it.

The moment such a sower awakens to a purpose, be it selfish or altruistic, the seeds become endowed with a more permanent life; their roots strike deeper, and the harvester has conditions of greater force to meet. They may not sprout or grow at once, but awaiting the proper soil and nourishment, sometime — "with unerring action" — they will grow, though they lie dormant for thousands of years, "for rigid justice rules the world."

And he who planted them will meet their fruitage in the future. They belong to his life. They have a message for him, necessary to his growth. And if the branches are poisonous and he cuts them off, and repudiates them, then will the roots strike deeper still and the growth becomes yet more rank, until he, in pain, tears out the whole tree, root and branch.

The intensity of the motive determines the intensity of the growth. This has been created, and must live its allotted life. It may endure through man's span of years in one body, or it may live through the centuries. But with unerring justice nature recognizes what has been sown, and in the process of time yields up her secrets.

And so the vast army of souls continues its eternal journey, emerging from its self-created past while each moment fashioning its future history, into which it moves with fear or with hope as the misty veils recede. STUDENT

A New Magazine for the Spanish-Speaking World

IN response to the many demands from inquirers and others interested in Theosophy in Cuba, Mexico, South America, Spain, and other Spanish-speaking countries, a new Magazine in the Spanish language, entitled *EL SENDERO TEOSÓFICO*, will be published. It will appear monthly, on or about the first of every month, the first issue being ready July 1st.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Editor

To Our Readers

TO advance the work of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY in whose interests the CENTURY PATH is published, Katherine Tingley, Leader of the Theosophical Movement and Editor of the CENTURY PATH, has decided to enlarge this magazine, changing its form

and title. The last issue of the CENTURY PATH in its present form as a weekly will be that of June 11th. Commencing with July, it will appear as a monthly in regular magazine form under the title THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. Its regular date of issue will be on or about the fifteenth of each month.

By this change of title the attention of the general public will be called more directly to the general purposes of the magazine and to the fact that it is the official organ of the Theosophical Movement. In its new form it will also have many advantages over the old, among which will be the possibility of publishing more exhaustive and extended articles on many of the subjects that are of such vital interest to the welfare of Humanity.

The Magazine will appear in a most attractive and artistic form and will be fully illustrated. On the cover will be a reproduction in colors of the symbolic painting, *The Path*, by the well-known English artist, Mr. R. W. Machell. This reproduction is in itself a work of art, and the cover alone would be a valuable gift to make to a friend.

In making this announcement we ask your continued interest and support. The yearly subscription price of the magazine in its new form as THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will be two dollars (\$2.00); foreign, two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50); that is, only half of the present subscription price. Single copies twenty cents (20c.).

Faithfully yours,
NEW CENTURY CORPORATION,
C. THURSTON, Manager

MR. FERGUSON regards the analogies between the ruins of "Inca" civilization and the Cyclopean remains of the Pelasgians in Italy and Greece as a coincidence "the most remarkable in the history of architecture." "It is difficult to resist the conclusion that there may be some relation between them." The "relation" is simply explained by the derivation of the stocks, who devised these erections, from a common center in an Atlantic continent.—*The Secret Doctrine*, ii, 745

The White Peruvians

WHENCE came the "White God" whose face is preserved in the vases from Peruvian graves? asks Dr. Macmillan Brown in *The Lone Hand*, an Australian monthly, which is reviewed in *The Literary Digest*.

Prescott represents Montezuma as looking with superstitious fear on the visitations of plague, flood, and famine, as forerunners of the return of this white divinity; for the white predecessor, though conquered by the Aztec, had gone away with promises of return.

The white gods bore nothing like the sloping-browed thick-lipped faces that Montezuma saw about him; they had pale faces and beards

two characteristics that do not by nature belong to the indigenous races of America, but are extremely frequent in the representations of Gods both in Central America and Peru.

Even today:

One of the singular things about the people of the isthmus of Panama is that there is a large sprinkling of blonde-haired, blue-eyed European-like men and women in all the Indian tribes that live near these great stone ruins, right along the mountainous provinces that face the Pacific, in Guerrero, Oaxaca, Soconusco, Guatemala, and Honduras, and even in the more northerly Yucatan.

The ordinary theories will not explain this; for the Spanish friars were dark, the English buccaneers and German settlers too few and recent. Only a very ancient infiltration can explain it.

It is the same with the Pacific coast of South America. Most of the civilizations were initiated by bearded white strangers from the ocean, many of them, like Manco Capac, the founder of the Inca dynasty, and Viracocha, the oceanic deity of the Aymaras and of Tiahuanaco, being golden-haired. And among the faces of gods and kings and nobles represented on the vases found in the graves there is a considerable proportion highly European and only a very small proportion that are oblique-eyed.

The Europeanism, continues the writer, is confined to the coasts of the Pacific or the ranges near it, just where the vast stone monuments are. The civilization appears to have been Pacific. Seeking for an origin, and arguing that only great oceanic warriors with a blonde strain can have founded it, he infers that the origin was Polynesia. For the Polynesians:

Are acknowledged to be Caucasian, that is, European in origin. Their children have frequently bronzy hair, up till puberty; while many families have hair always red. Undoubtedly the first race in Polynesia was from Europe.

The coast of Peru being the center of this civilization of emigrants from Polynesia, there came a time when drought set in, owing to neglect of forestry; and the people immigrated northwards to Central America, where their presence is attested by similar ruins and similar representations of facial type.

So much for the writer's facts and views. In the above, which may serve as example of other similar writings, we observe that *facts* have conflicted with theories; for according to theories we ought not to find the races getting blonde and "Caucasian" as we go farther back; we ought to find them getting darker and coarser. However, the facts being indisputable and the theories dear, the only thing is to stretch the theories. Hence the conjecture that these ancient Polynesians and Peruvians came from Europe. The possibility that the Europeans came from Polynesia and

Peru, or that both lots came from some third locality, are of course logical possibilities; but they are not considered because they are too remote from current theories. As a matter of fact the racial problem is so complex, and its roots lie so remotely in the past, that no little hypothesis like the above can dispose adequately of it. It is noteworthy that these facts lend color to an idea, now beginning to prevail in some circles, that there may have been *degenerations*, as well as progressions, of mankind. Such a view is certainly warranted, when we consider the present aboriginal races, for these are evidently survivals, on the downward arc towards racial extinction—not new races in the making (though of course they may enter into the formation of new races).

May there not have been, in the prehistoric past, a generally diffused white humanity, with the features we call Caucasian, not specially European, but which has lasted longer in Europe than in other places? If so, we should escape the necessity of supposing that every man of this type, heard of anywhere, must have come from Europe.

It would seem as though races in their beginnings are light and finely featured, and that they become darker and coarser afterwards, especially when they have lost their cohesion and become sundered into wandering tribes or isolated remnants. This accords well with the architecture of Central America and Peru, so like that of ancient Egypt; and also with the Egyptian architecture itself, for the racial position of the ancient Egyptians has always been a puzzle. Anthropology, still in its infancy, is tending towards the views defined in *The Secret Doctrine*; but the acceptance of those views in their entirety involves an acceptance of many Theosophical teachings that are logically connected with them. The open mind is the gateway to knowledge.

That great genius of modern thought along one line, Charles Darwin, did a great deal, but could not do everything; and it remains for his successors to complete his work and thus remove the note of pessimism due to so much concentration of attention on the animal part of our nature and the biological evolution of our physical body. Whatever may be the biological history of the physical organism we inhabit, the history of the inner Man himself is different. We can trace out a history of human Spiritual descent without disputing any biological facts. We must be prepared to find ample instances of the process of degeneration, as well as the process of evolution. And it will be like the waking from a nightmare when we are able to see our way to postulating a nobler ancestry than that of the ape-like animal. Ancient races always speak of their divine, semi-divine, or heroic ancestors; and these facts about the white races may help us to understand what they meant.

We notice a good deal of crowing among the rationalists about their victories over the doctrines of original sin and final damnation; but it will be a very doubtful victory if they merely substitute a belief in the ape-ancestry and eventual annihilation of man. Dogmas are dogmas, whether theological or scientific; and we may add that "dogmas is pizen, wherever found." Anything that tends to the abrogation of our Divine birthright, and slanders us in our own ears, is of this kind of dogmatism; and the sooner we shake it off the better. We may

throw away ecclesiastical rubbish, but we do not have to throw away everything else too. We need to throw away the husk and keep the kernel. We need to resurrect what has been buried under the mould of theological tradition—the ancient truths about man's divinity.

STUDENT

Commemoration of the Daguerreotype

WITH our usual superstition we are celebrating centenaries without knowing why we do so; while with our usual inconsistency we often deride more ancient people who have celebrated similar rites with a definite reason. It is we who are superstitious, because we merely perpetuate the act, but have forgotten the reason. Why the births and deaths of great men should be celebrated at all; and why, if celebrated, the celebration should be at every hundredth tropical revolution of the earth, are two things needing explanation. The ancients would have said that something of the great man yet lived and was revived by the rites; but our theology has relegated him to regions between which and us a great gulf is fixed, while our science denies, or at least ignores, his existence altogether. So the best reason we can give, according to our lights, is that the celebration refreshes our own memory and encourages us to further deeds. And as for the century, it is a convenient division according to the universal decimal standard. Yet there must be times, not marked by such accurate divisions of solar years, which would be more appropriate for commemorative rites, did we know of them. Our own individual memories observe no such respect to times and seasons, but bring up their pictures in accordance with some law we do not understand.

The centenary of the birth of John W. Draper, who introduced the daguerreotype into the United States, is now announced. It is said by one writer on this subject that the daguerreotype has never been surpassed in its exquisite beauty, delicate minuteness, charm of color, and lasting powers. But it was costly and could not be multiplied by printing, nor did it lend itself to the art of the retoucher. Made with gold salts on a silver plate, it suggests the alchemical symbology of the Sun and Moon, whose metals are gold and silver respectively. Is not the Sun the active creator, and the Moon the passive; the father and mother aspects of life?

It would probably do the restless citizen of this hurried age some good to have to sit perfectly still for twenty minutes or half an hour, even with his head in a head-rest.

TRAVERS

What's in the Air?

THE composition of the air at the earth's surface, according to a writer in the *English Mechanic*, may be taken as follows:

Nitrogen . . .	78.06	Helium	0.0005
Oxygen . . .	20.90	Krypton	0.0001
Argon	0.937	Xenon	0.000005
Carbon dioxide	.029	Water	0 to 4
Hydrogen . . .	0.0033	Ozone	traces
Neon	0.0015		

And how much more is there in the atmosphere? A while ago we thought there was only nitrogen, oxygen, water, and carbon dioxide; the other things had been overlooked and classed as nitrogen. So a space may seem to

be packed quite full, and yet we not know what there is in it. It may be full of one thing, but that one thing may be full of many things. It may be "full of emptiness," but what is emptiness? It is possible to invert our usual way of regarding things and to consider "empty" space as being really the fullest. In electricity this seems so. The air is nearly impassable for it, and the more we exhaust the air, the greater difficulty has the electricity in getting across. The wire may be compared to a pipe bored through space, along which the current runs; and indeed it is stated that the electricity is always found on the surface of the wire and not inside.

We have been asking how light and other forces get across empty spaces; possibly the spaces are not so empty after all. If water is more mobile than earth, and the bird skims more rapidly through the untrammelled air, why should not that which is yet finer than air be a yet more rapid path of motion? The light and the electricity get along so quickly because there is no physical matter there to hinder them.

Even if we have sorted out all the chemical constituents of air, we have not analysed it. Fresh air drawn through a pipe, baked in a furnace, and blown all over a house, is not the same air as the birds breathe; what has it lost? And then think of the eternal distances between the whirling atoms; room enough there for electrons and all kinds of finer matter.

It is said in Occultism that the student has to learn the "fulness of the seeming void, the voidness of the seeming full"; and though the maxim applies chiefly to the mind, it also applies to objective nature. Perhaps the nitrogen and oxygen are the mere rubbish, as it were, that clogs the aethereal spaces in the neighborhood of our terrestrial clod. STUDENT

Scientific Oddments

AN aerial post has been tried in India, where two mail bags containing 2000 letters were carried across country by aeroplane to a central mailing point. A German geologist is about to explore the Libyan Desert in an airship: he expects to make the journey from the Mediterranean to the Nile in about thirty hours and to pass over a region almost unknown.

It is stated that the plumb-line does not always hang in a strictly vertical direction, its deviation being due to irregularities in the density of the crust of the earth; and that a remarkable instance of this was found in the island of Porto Rico, where the deviation was so great that, in making the new maps, the coast-line had to be considerably altered.

THE future of automobiles will probably see an extension of certain uses to which they have already been put; that is, as sources of power for farm or house work. It is easy to see that a form of automobile might be built specially designed for use as a stationary engine, when not being used for locomotion. There could be a number of graduated forms; at one end of the line a machine built mainly for locomotion, but capable of being used as a source of power for machinery; at the other end a machine built mainly as a stationary engine, but capable of locomotion. And thus the precise requirements of each user might be met.

SIR BENJAMIN BAKER, when the beauty of the celebrated Forth Bridge was called in question by a critic, is reported to have answered, with a dry wit that is quite Chinese:

The fact that a Corinthian column is an object of beauty when supporting the entablature of a classic temple, would not justify us in setting it up as a smokestack on an ocean liner.

If this fine story were in a book of Chinese philosophy, it might run thus:

Fan Shih said to Chuang Tsu: That is a very ugly bridge you have built. Chuang Tsu said: Go to! I fear your internal economy is seriously affected. A boiled carrot is an excellent thing in its proper place. But you cannot bolt a door with it.

It is stated, on the authority of the cashier of a savings bank, that a large proportion of bad coin finds its way into "babies' banks." These are little metal banks which many of the savings banks issue to their depositors, and which are used for the accumulation of a fund of odd pennies for small children. But the motive assigned for this practice is not that of revolting meanness. It is rather that the unfortunate possessor of a bad coin reasons thus: What shall I do with this bad coin? If I keep it or throw it away, I lose the value. If I try to pass it, I may get into trouble. I will put it into baby's bank, and there is a chance the cashier will overlook it, as he has so many banks to empty.

THE heat of a furnace can now be ascertained by the sense of hearing, by means of an acoustical pyrometer. This is a tube containing two organ pipes or whistles, one of which goes into the furnace while the other stays outside. The heated air alters the pitch of the whistle in the furnace, and the alteration can be determined by comparing its pitch with the pitch of the other whistle. Either the whistles can be so tuned that they will be in unison when the desired temperature has been reached, or else they can be tuned to unison at first and their subsequent difference of pitch noted. As pitch varies with the temperature of the air in accordance with a known law, the temperature can thus be calculated. The tester sticks his musical poker, of platinum or carbondum, into the fire, inserts the rubber into his ears, blows the bellows, and listens to the music. In another form of the invention there are whistles inside the furnace and outside, which are blowing all the time, so that anybody can hear how hot it is inside.

A CURIOUS feature of wireless telegraphy is the rapidity with which it is finding its way into remote and uncivilized quarters of the globe. Usually such regions become civilized slowly and progressively, first by roads, then by railroads, and perhaps eventually by the other appliances of modern culture. But the wireless telegraphy o'erleaps all barriers and plants itself at one bound, all ready formed, wherever there is a man to send and receive messages; the intervening distances, be they never so wild and impassable, counting for naught. Thus the last has become the first, and the newest arrival is the pioneer; he goes first, and the railroads, etc., come after.

The wireless gives us a lesson in the value of simplicity; for its strength is in its lack. It needs but little here below, for ten thousand miles of wirelessness can be stowed away

in a small grip. If we had a stomach that fed us properly, we should only need to eat once a week, and the more skilful our hands, the fewer tools we require. The richly stored mind is its own wireless encyclopaedia, and a good memory laughs at such foolishness as pencils and paper. But it needs the pithy elegance of a Horace or the sententious couplets of a Solomon to do this subject justice. In future I mean to introduce the wireless system into every possible department of my life.

BEAUTIFUL photographic pictures of coins, made by laying the coins on sensitive paper and directing an electric discharge upon them, have recently appeared in a scientific paper. It is asked whether the photographing is done by the electricity or by the light of the discharge. But the experiment has been tried before, not only with the static discharge, but with a current sent from the coin to a metal plate beneath the paper. In this latter case there is no light. One remembers to have read, over twenty years ago, that such reproductions can be made without any electrical apparatus at all, and by merely placing the coin in contact with ordinary paper and leaving it there for a long time; and everyone is familiar with the way in which book-plates and frontispieces print themselves off on the opposite blank page. Whether it is rays or particles whose transmission reproduces the design is a question that it is difficult to answer in view of the fact that the distinction between rays and projected particles tends to become obliterated. It is considered reasonable to suppose that all material bodies are continually exchanging particles, throwing off some and receiving others, as if these bodies were like waves in an ocean—their shape, but not their substance, being permanent. Such things help us to understand how every action and event in the universe may be recorded somewhere; and by extending the analogy from the physical to other planes, we may get hints as to a rational explanation of some problems in Karma.

THE BUSY BEE

The Fox and the Fleas

THE following narrative is given in *Nature*, the London scientific periodical, and signed "T. McKenny Hughes, Cambridge," a name recognizable as that of the able and genial Professor of Geology.

I have just been told a very interesting story by Mr. James Day of this town. Many years ago he and his father, both then engaged in agriculture, were sitting with their backs to the straw-covered hurdles which had been put to protect some sheep and lambs from the wind, when they noticed a fox come searching along the hedgerows. They kept perfectly still and watched, and when he got nearer, they saw that he was collecting the sheep's wool caught on the thorns and brambles. When he had gathered a large bunch, he went down to a pool at the junction of two streams, and, turning round, backed slowly, brush first, into the water, until he was all submerged except his nose and the bunch of wool, which he held in his mouth. He remained thus for a short time, and then let go of the wool, which floated away; then he came out, shook himself, and ran off.

Much astonished at this strange proceeding, they took a shepherd's crook, went down to the water's edge, and pulled the wool out. They found that it was full of fleas, which, to save themselves from drowning, had crept up and up the fox's brush and body and head, and into the wool, and that thus the wily fox had got rid of them.

H.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Musical Development in America

Musical training is a more potent influence than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace and making graceful the soul who is rightly educated. — Plato

THE outlook for the development of music in the United States is a very hopeful one; the number of persons engaged in its practice, professional and amateur, and the record of public performances in which good music is the leading feature, are increasing rapidly. If a definite form of national musical expression has not been evolved earlier than this in the history of a new country it is nothing to wonder at or to be anxious about. The blending of the races that is taking place in this great melting-pot is by no means complete; no one can foresee what will be the final result, or what strain will preponderate in the coming American stock. But it is perfectly clear that new forms of art will appear in due time, called forth by the new mental and physical conditions. Already we see foreshadowings of absolutely new possibilities of design in the allied art of architecture — "frozen music" as it has been called — through the use of the recent invention of reinforced concrete. In music new instruments are being invented, new orchestral effects are being produced, and the wide diffusion of that "general utility" instrument, the piano, is making possible a higher musical atmosphere in the homes of the people.

Music is not an exotic in the American Continent. Some tribes of American Indians have still preserved their ancient and scientific music. Miss Fletcher lately pointed out in a study of phonographic records of Indian music, that

It seems a bold statement to make, but it is one amply justified, that all melodic and harmonic resources to be found in our music, especially the most modern and advanced, are also to be found in this primitive music among a people who have no musical notation, no musical theories, no systematized scientific knowledge of it. . . . The Indian rhythms are frequently as complicated and difficult as any to be found in the works of Chopin or Schumann.

The simpler music of the Southern negroes is quaint and unique; it has even provided themes for great composers. But for the essentially characteristic national American music we shall have to wait for the natural development of a school which must arise in due time as simply as a flower blooms when the plant has attained sufficient maturity.

Though we have no one to focus the artistic expression of the people of this country in the way Grieg has immortalized that of Norway, for the reason that the conditions are not ripe,

yet in MacDowell many good critics see certain American characteristics uttered, especially in his nature scenes. But as the final word of American character is not and cannot be spoken for a long time, no American composer can represent more than a fleeting aspect of its development yet. Several alleged American operas have been produced in New York lately. While they have many good points, yet, as the *New York World* says:

Judging by experience of new essays in Opera it would seem that neither the American Indian and his music nor the early Spanish-American days of our history offer the necessary material from which a really American Opera, distinctive as such, may be constructed.



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

SLOTTSÖN IN GÖTA RIVER, SWEDEN

OPEN THE DOOR

OPEN the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world today;
If our door is wide it may come this way.
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for everyone;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems;
He may change our tears into diadems.
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin;
They shall grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin,
It will make the walls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door!

British Weekly

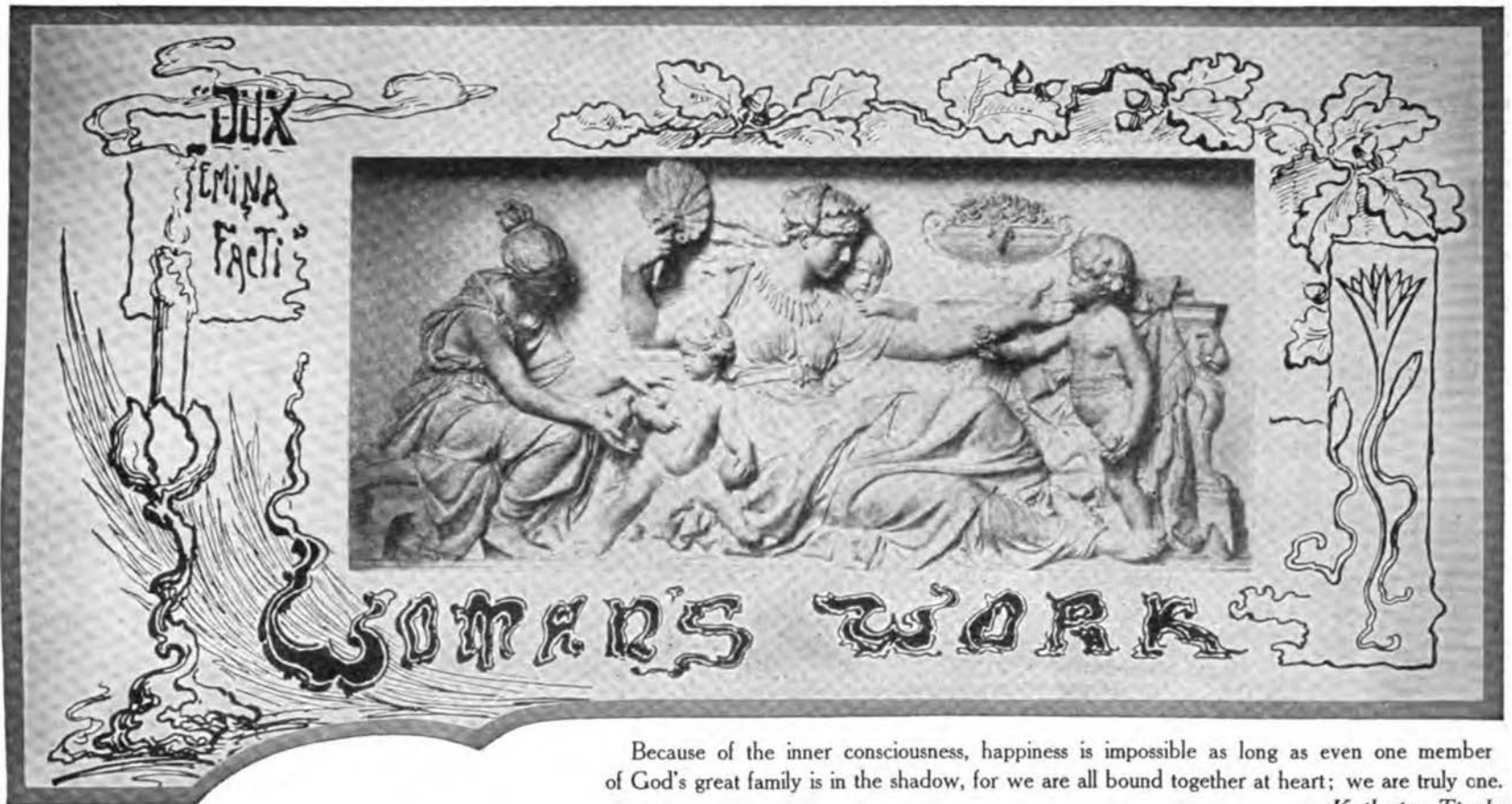
But there is another side. While we may have to wait for great composers, inspired with the coming American spirit, we can be satisfied that in the production of notable players and singers the United States is rapidly forging ahead. Not only are native musical artists of great executive ability appearing in increasing

numbers, but already many American singers and instrumentalists are well known and warmly received in Europe. For instance, Albert Spalding, the young Chicago violinist, has received the most enthusiastic appreciation from the critical European audiences; and young women virtuose, piano and violin, almost mount into the scores. Owing to the increase in musical understanding and in the number of available performers, professional and amateur, high-class symphony orchestras are rapidly being established throughout the United States, many of them in places where such a thing would have seemed impossible a few years ago. Singing festivals are also becoming more popular, though for these we are largely indebted to the Teutonic element in our nation.

Katherine Tingley, in the establishment of the Rāja Yoga system of education, has laid great stress upon the importance of good music in bringing out the higher nature. In all the Rāja Yoga Schools it is made a leading feature, and at the International Headquarters of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, all the older members who have any musical ability are given the opportunity of developing it. Orchestral playing and choral singing are studied by nearly all the Students at Point Loma.

The work of a chorus or an orchestra has an impersonal quality which helps greatly in the realization of the great principles of Universal Brotherhood which Theosophy is bringing forward; it is a powerful factor in the elimination of any traces of the personal, egotistic spirit, and in the development of the altruistic feelings. During the blending of the individual efforts of many performers into one harmonious unity a higher consciousness is aroused. As the human voice is in closer relationship to the real inner man than any wooden or metallic instrument can be, the beneficial effect of choral work upon the singers must be greater than that of any other form of musical expression. Speaking of the power of music for good, Ruskin very wisely and beautifully says:

You do not perhaps know that music was among the Greeks quite the first means of education; and that it was so connected with their system of ethics and of intellectual training, that the God of Music is with them also the God of Righteousness — the God who purges and avenges iniquity, and contends with their Satan under the form of Python, "the corrupter." And the Greeks were incontestably right in this. . . . And the action of the deceiving or devilish power is in *nothing* shown quite so distinctly among us at this day — not even in our commercial dishonesties, nor in our social cruelties — as in its having been able to take away music as an instrument of education, altogether; and to enlist it almost wholly in the service of superstition on the one hand, and of sensuality on the other. STUDENT



Because of the inner consciousness, happiness is impossible as long as even one member of God's great family is in the shadow, for we are all bound together at heart; we are truly one.

—Katherine Tingley

THERE is no established custom connected with church or religion in the celebration of midsummer in Sweden, as is the case with other holidays. And yet, in a respect, it might be said to be the greatest of them all. It seems to have come about spontaneously, which, perhaps, has something to do with the fact that it is the day of the young, who own the undisputed right to celebrate the day in their own way. And by youth is here meant not only those young in years but those who are youthful in mind, for it is the day when kindling enthusiasm and genuine patriotism is allowed to take whatever simple and natural expressions it may please, without any fear of being hurt by sneers and shrugs. At the midsummer solstice in Sweden, a people very shy of exhibiting its deeper feelings for once lays its heart open to all, and those who have eyes may there glimpse the sacred fount of juvenility and strength which has kept Sweden a free and forever unconquered nation as far back as history and traditions go. The nature touch pervades the whole day and serves better than ceremonies to sanctify the festival.

It is really the Festival of the Sun, and in seeing the young greet the sun in songs and dances and tributes of wild flowers, renewing their hearts' fires for the coming dark days, one is reminded of ancient Egypt, where midsummer was celebrated as the real New Year's Day, several days being set aside for sacred festivals in which all took part, all work for the time being laid aside. The sincerity, the joyousness, the simplicity in which Nature's gifts are woven into the festival — all this creates an atmosphere that is unique and suggests that

The Swedish Midsummer Festival

the link with those ancient times is not altogether broken in the North.

That some strong under-currents from the very heart-life of the nation are slowly forcing their way to the surface in Sweden is shown by many signs. One is that the young in the different provinces lately have revived the old custom of gathering at some historical place



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AT THE MIDSUMMER FESTIVAL, SLOTTSSÖN, SWEDEN

in their province during the midsummer days, for the purpose of trying to understand more fully the inheritance left by their forefathers in order to make a worthier use thereof. And the patriotism thus aroused is the higher patriotism for it takes in other nations also and what Sweden owes to them is there accentuated. The responsibility of such a history as the Swedish nation has, is deeply felt, and more or less consciously one might discern the longing for a new Viking period of a higher kind of warfare than in the old days, a war-

fare for the purpose of bringing loftier ideals and more light into life near and far. As yet these things are only signs, for here as everywhere one recognizes the lack of real leaders — of men and women who in the deeper sense understand what is stirring these young minds and who have the knowledge and the purity of life required to guide them in working it out in the right way. It makes the heart sad to see so much youthful force dammed up for want of proper channels, for stagnant water is easily corrupted.

It promises much for the young in the far North that, in spite of all, Midsummer Day retains its freshness and purity. In the near future the young hearts of Sweden will undoubtedly find a door opening for their persevering efforts, and they will realize how useful they can be in helping to build the nation, in making it what it is destined to be in the future Brotherhood of Nations.

Swedes living far from their native shores naturally cherish many of the old customs of their childhood and find an inspiration in observing such a festival as that of the midsummer time. National cos-

times, songs and dances serve to give the touch of the old home, and even in the tropics the strong and youthful enthusiasm that sweeps over the North in those days is felt and added to.

The cut on the next page was taken at the last midsummer outing of the Swedes in Lomaland, when pleasant hours were spent on the hillside at the Pacific and many of the old Swedish songs rang out over the water at sunset. We felt ourselves strangely linked with the long forgotten past. SWEDISH STUDENT

The Higher Contentment

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE once said, "We must be ready to say at any moment under whatever circumstances, whether expected or unexpected, 'It is just what I in fact desire.'"

To have reached this attitude of mind implies a view-point at one with the Higher Law. It is totally different from the Christian idea of resignation. The latter meets the events of life with eyes closed; the former, with eyes open. Those who adhere to modern orthodoxy (although such was not Christ's teaching) recognize everything as coming to them under the will of a Creator outside of themselves, as being His decrees, in fact. And although the divine decree is believed to be the expression of justice, tempered with mercy, still it is supposed to be a decision not to be inquired into but accepted with resignation.

Occasionally one is met who has attained to this state of mind, which may be accompanied with a kind of down-trodden humility, or with an exalted happiness; but it is degrading in either case, for it does not mean progress. It is the wrong kind of contentment. It closes the inner chambers of being by depriving one of a sense of responsibility and therefore of dignity. It discourages rather than encourages a seeking after truth. It really arrests one in his evolution.

Quite different from this is the higher contentment inculcated by Theosophy. It is impossible for one to reach it who does not recognize that he is a soul; that he is in essence divine and that he is not only a part of the great plan being worked out in nature, but that he is consciously working with it and for it. Being a part of it, it is his duty to inquire into the meaning of his life with every faculty; and to awaken latent faculties and search ever more and more earnestly that he may penetrate the mystery of his existence in order the more fully to co-operate with the Higher Law.

No joys should be turned away from that come under the Law, for they are a necessary part of life, and they will be more keenly enjoyed even to their finest essence by one who is consciously working with the Law than by any other, for they have been earned and come with unalloyed sweetness. But when the time comes for their removal, and the scene must change — for the progressive soul passes over every experience on its path to the heights — they should then be dropped without bitterness, for the soul is greater than these things.

Likewise, if misfortune, personal losses and disappointments are encountered, in the consciousness behind these all must, as they evolve, reach the point of being able to say, "It is just what I in fact desire." These things are

really opportunities for the soul. They are means to an end, an end so great and glorious that it can only be reached by the combined action and understanding of every possible experience.

For life is a school — *the* great school — in which every human being is a pupil. One who has reached the state of the higher contentment knows that he is himself responsible for all that comes to him, and that the events of life are not the decrees of an outside Creator, but are the results of his own thoughts and acts in the eternal past. Therefore he meets them with courage and with a determination to convert any discords he may have made into harmony. He soars *above* the events of life, so to speak, instead of being crushed *beneath* them. He gradually becomes the master of his destiny, instead of the slave.



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SWEDISH STUDENTS IN LOMALAND

At their Midsummer Festival on the shores of the Pacific
(They are dressed in national costume for the occasion)

How much greater, how much wiser, to adjust one's attitude to the circumstances of life, than forever to attempt the hopeless task of arresting that which has in it the momentum of the ages — Karma — and which can only be altered by taking it as it is and properly using its opportunities. Such is the work of the soul, the Divine Alchemist. STUDENT

Echoes of Today

THE present general movement towards a "sane Fourth" had its beginning only three or four years ago when the official record of Fourth of July casualties, as compiled by the American Medical Association, happened to cross a woman's path. She was so appalled that she investigated further. Then she investigated ways and means, and as a tentative beginning wrote to the governor of every state in the Union, asking each to consider the matter of state and municipal laws looking towards a less deadly method of "celebrating" Independence Day. With each letter she enclosed a convincing array of statistics and corollary facts. Twenty-three governors re-

sponded favorably at once, and it was not long before the press took up the agitation.

Perhaps the most startling feature of this energetic woman's argument was a tabulated comparison of the casualties in seven of the hardest fought battles of the Revolutionary War with the regularly recorded Fourth of July casualties for seven years. Here it is:

Battles.	Killed and Wounded	Celebration	Killed and Wounded
Lexington	83	July 4, 1903	4449
Bunker Hill	449	July 4, 1904	4169
Fort Moultrie	37	July 4, 1905	5176
White Plains	100	July 4, 1906	5466
Ft. Washington	149	July 4, 1907	4413
Monmouth	229	July 4, 1908	5623
Cowpens	72	July 4, 1909	5307
	1119		34,603

Last year several of our largest cities and many smaller ones prohibited the usual fireworks and their deadly concomitants — particularly the toy pistol, that prolific source of tetanus — and this year a very much larger number of towns and cities have done the same. School children everywhere are waxing enthusiastic over Fourth of July games and pageants, and are learning that patriotism does not mean fire-crackers in every yard and ambulances answering "hurry calls" on every street. The cause today is virtually won, and all from a simple, whole-souled, unselfish effort that was made at the right time.

A PROMINENT Western daily devotes a column to a report of a certain lecture by a well-known specialist in dietetics and domestic economy, the burden of which is that if people would eat cer-

tain two "neglected and forgotten vegetables," not only in the Spring but all the year round, in place of meats and sweets and heavy puddings, there would be an amazing decrease in sickness. The two vegetables referred to are — listen, Lomaland Students! — spinach and carrots.

These dietetic indispensables are far from being "neglected and forgotten" in Lomaland, for they have had an honored place in the general dietary ever since the Point Loma Headquarters was instituted — and the cornerstone of the School of Antiquity was laid in 1897, since which time the place has never been without its resident Students. It was not until 1901, however, that a regular dietetic régime could be established, with vegetables from our own gardens, which in this semi-tropical climate yield them fresh for the table twelve months in the year. Just how spinach and carrots could be furnished in most States at prices not prohibitory during a good many of the twelve months in the year, the lecturer did not state, but the prescription of them is by no means a new idea, although timely. H.

OUR YOUNG FOLK

The English Coronation

ON June the twenty-second the attention of the whole world will be turned towards England, when King George V and Queen Mary will be crowned in the historic Abbey of Westminster, which has been the crowning-place of the sovereigns of Britain for many hundreds of years.

The English love of pageantry and ancient ceremonial will be seen to its greatest advantage during the coming ceremony, for it will surpass all previous ones in magnificence. The splendor of the occasion will rest largely on the decorations of the city, for which work several prominent artists have offered their services. Another feature which will add to the dignity and picturesqueness of the scene will be the thousands of soldiers who will line the entire coronation route.

Representatives will be sent from every Royal Power in Europe and from the British Colonies and America, and the Indian Empire. Most of these will be in full dress uniform and thus add to the splendor of the scene. A striking feature of the pageant will be the oriental costumes of the Indian representatives.

The regalia of England was originally kept in an ancient chamber in the eastern cloister of Westminster Abbey. This is the Treasury of England, and its entrance is guarded by an ancient double door, which requires seven keys to unlock it, some of which are of great size. The day before the coronation all the regalia including the ampulla containing the sacred oil and the vestments used in the ceremony, are brought from the Tower of London, where they are now kept, and deposited in the Treasury.

The first act of the ceremony is the recognition of the king, his presentation to the people and their acclamation. This and the taking of the coronation oath or pledge, is a survival of the ancient Teutonic usage of popular election and of the pledge given by the newly elected sovereign to respect the rights of the people.

The crowning of a king is a sacred ceremony and for the origin of the symbolism connected with it we must turn to those olden days when the kings were wise initiates by reason of their spiritual superiority and wisdom, being in very fact the spiritual leaders of the people. Such a survival is the anointing of the head with sacred oil, an important part of the English ceremony. After the anointing the king is clothed in a long robe of white linen over which is placed a cape of cloth of gold. This is followed by the girding on of the great sword of state in token of the monarch's power and protection, and the touching of his heels with the golden spurs, a symbol of his chivalry and knighthood; these together with the putting on of the ring in token of authority are



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THE U. S. S. SCORPION AT BERMUDA

An old armored gunboat used for a target, by more modern warships for experimental purposes, and then beached as being in a sinking condition.

FRAGMENT

THE flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atit like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.

Lowell

survivals of old Teutonic rites. The king is next presented with a scepter with a cross and one with a dove, the rod of equity and peace. After this comes the actual putting on of the crown, the badge of royal authority. This is placed upon the king's head whilst he is seated in the ancient coronation chair, under which rests the "Stone of Destiny," a link with sacred Tara from whence it originally came. The queen is crowned after the king, the ceremony being somewhat simpler.

The honor of being the first to acclaim the king after the crowning is the privilege of the captain of Westminster School. When the King and Queen first enter the Abbey, the scholars of Westminster School, led by their captain will shout "Vivat Georgius Rex! Vivat Maria Regina!"

After the crowning, the captain of the school will rise and shout "God save the King," and the cry will be taken up by all the peers and peeresses and then by the people. Westminster School was established before the Abbey was founded, and its captain has enjoyed this privilege for many centuries.

On the Coronation Day, at ten o'clock, Greenwich time, the hour at which the ceremony will take place in the Abbey, bonfires will be lighted simultaneously throughout Great Britain, Ireland, the Indian Empire, and all the British Colonies, to commemorate the event. Thus the British Empire, will be united by a chain of fires.

BRITANNICA

Bardic Schools

LONG, long ago when Erin was in the full height of her glory, pupils were sent from all parts of the world to study literature and poetry in her great bardic schools, for Erin was the home of song and story.

Once every day the pupils were given a theme, after which they retired to their rooms, which contained only the most necessary furniture. Here they were left for several hours in the silence to meditate on the theme previously given them, the aim being to develop concentration, which is the essence of Rāja Yoga. After this period of silence lights were brought and the pupils wrote down the thoughts which they had gathered from the silence of their own hearts. Then came the evening meal at a common

table, and a social time in the great hall.

The Irish bards passed to and fro in Scotland and Wales singing their wonderful old songs to the accompaniment of their harps. They found the measure for these songs in the common occupations of the people, such as the rhythmic blows of the hammer on the anvil, the whirr of the spinning wheel, and the splash of the oars in the water.

Much has been done in recent years to preserve the ancient music of old Erin. Let us hope it will one day be heard in a new and greater bardic school in Tara's halls. D.

ONE of the most wonderful things about birds is the height at which they can live, and not only live, but fly. A man cannot go higher than twenty-two or twenty-three thousand feet, while moving about or exercising, because the air is so rare he cannot breathe. The highest a man was ever known to go and live, it is said, was less than thirty thousand feet, and that was in a balloon, where he did not move.

But birds go a good deal higher than this, and can fly — which is violent exercise — at that height. It is thought by some that the rarefied air may be the cause of the great speed with which birds fly in that region. But there is still much to be found out about this. — Olive Thorne Miller

I PREFER to believe that the men who torture dumb animals would torture the talking ones quite as readily, and quite as selfishly if they only had the chance, all their wish and aim being to gratify, at the expense of humanity, a morbid personal curiosity, while excusing their savagery under the cloak of humanity. — Robert Buchanan

If a man could hear with cold and callous heart the cry of the poor dog which was suffering tortures caused and continued by the experimenter, that man must become more hard and brutal in character. He is gaining his knowledge by the degradation of his moral character. — Dr. Moorhouse

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Some Summer Musicians

"O TELL me where did Katy live
And what did Katy do?"

"Under the harvest-apple tree she lives," I should have answered, had the poet asked me, "and she devotes her life to singing 'Katy! She did! Katy! She did!'" No wonder the American poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, repeats the question,

"Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor Katy do?"

for all through the month of August and September the same sweet song charms the stillness and quiet of the hours, and especially after the sun has set do we enjoy its quaintness.

But where did Katy come from? All winter long there was a nest of more than a hundred little oval eggs hidden under the bark of a twig, and on the edges of withered leaves—such tiny eggs and in such neat rows! When the springtime came with sun and shower, out of each egg came a queer-looking little creature, with a heavy body and long legs hardly able to carry it, and with no wings at all. Immediately they all began to grow and soon they shed their skins for new ones. Some had five new skins before the first of August, when they were full-grown katydids. Then commenced the chorus that caused Dr. Holmes to write:

I love to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentle folks—
Old gentle folks are they—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Come, let us find this katydid that sings so loudly under the harvest-apple tree. Look closely at this leaf. There with his head down and his wings pointing upward, is the little creature, with its dull gray-green wings ribbed with veins so that they look very much like leaves. No wonder we could hardly see him. His small eyes give his face a serious, stupid look, but see how alert he is with his delicately sensitive feelers, on the lookout for danger. He heard us coming and so stopped singing lest we should find him. "But he has no ears," you say. You are not looking in the right place. He keeps his ears, not on his head as we do, but on his front legs.

How does he make his music? Here on the under surface of his left front wing is a stiff ridge, on the right a turned-over edge. He draws these two wings across each other with quick jerky motions. This produces the magic notes. We can hear them from afar off, with their peculiar rasping sound.

Let us leave him alone now so that he will resume his singing, and we will take a walk in the lane. Be careful that you do not brush



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A TALENTED YOUNG ARTIST WHO HAS GAINED
THE GAELIC LEAGUE GOLD MEDAL, DUBLIN

CLOVER

LITTLE masters, hat in hand
Let me in your presence stand,
Till your silence solve for me
This your threefold mystery.

Tell me—for I long to know—
How, in darkness there below,
Was your fairy fabric spun,
Spread and fashioned, three in one.

Did your gossips gold and blue,
Sky and Sunshine choose for you,
Ere your triple forms were seen,
Suited liveries of green?

Can ye,—if ye dwell indeed
Captives of a prison seed,—
Like the Genie, once again
Get you back into the grain?

Little masters, may I stand
In your presence, hat in hand,
Waiting till you solve for me
This your threefold mystery?

John Banister Tabb (Selected)

the bushes or the tall grasses by the fence, for if you do, you will be pounced upon by a hundred little green or brown robed musicians whom you will have to throw off forcibly. Listen! Hardly a leaf stirs under the hot afternoon sun. Everything seems drowsy and asleep, even to the bees and birds. How

quiet Nature is, and yet—there is a deep incessant hum everywhere—a hum, a blur of sounds. It is the music of an orchestra, with its fiddlers, its pipers, and drummers; a band of merry grasshoppers giving us good cheer. What music they do make! How constant is its trilling, high and shrill yet pleasing. One poet calls them

Green little vaulters in the summer grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June.
Sole voice that's heard amid the lazy noon.

And another poet, John Keats, wrote:

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the
hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new mown
mead;
That is the grasshopper's. He takes the lead
In summer luxury.

There comes a lull in the music and then a new song this one and now that one is singing. Do you see that big black cloud overhead? It took away the sunshine for a few minutes and they thought twilight was falling; for these grasshoppers have a different song for night and day. But now comes the sun again and their livelier tune with it, with such rapidity, at least two hundred times a minute!

The little fiddler in my hand is of a pretty green color with rich cinnamon brown streaks on his head and neck. He waves his long sensitive feelers about continually and his large eyes are open wide. How comical he looks with his long cheeks and sharp pointed forehead, but his wings, how beautiful they are! Like his cousin, the katydid, he has his ears at the upper end of the long second joints of the front legs. They look like little brown spots. His musical instrument is similar also to the katydid's, but there are some grasshoppers who have a different kind of instrument and make a different sound from the high notes we heard this one sing. They use their hind legs to draw across the stiff ridges and make a clacking sound. James Whitcomb Riley says of them:

Where the dusty highway leads,
High above the wayside weeds
They sowed the air with butterflies, like blooming
flower seeds,
Till the dull grasshopper sprung
Half a man's height up and hung
Tranced in the heat with shirring wings and sung,
and sung and sung.

These grasshoppers have short horns and are much larger than their brothers, the meadow grasshoppers. They are called roadside grasshoppers and can only make their music when on the wing. We do not care to go out on the dusty road to find one though, for nothing could give us greater pleasure than to stay here in this grassy lane with our thousands of small companions making music all the day.

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Total number of hours sunshine recorded during May 276
Possible sunshine, 429. Percentage, 64. Average num-
ber of hours per day, 8.90 (decimal notation). Ob-
servations taken at 8 a. m., Pacific Time.

MAY JUNE	BARO- METER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
29	29.692	65	56	59	56	0.00	W	2
30	29.741	67	56	62	59	0.00	W	6
31	29.767	68	57	62	58	0.00	NW	3
1	29.722	67	56	60	59	0.00	W	1
2	29.651	67	58	62	60	0.00	NW	2
3	29.664	67	56	60	59	0.00	NW	4
4	29.689	67	57	58	58	0.00	NW	8

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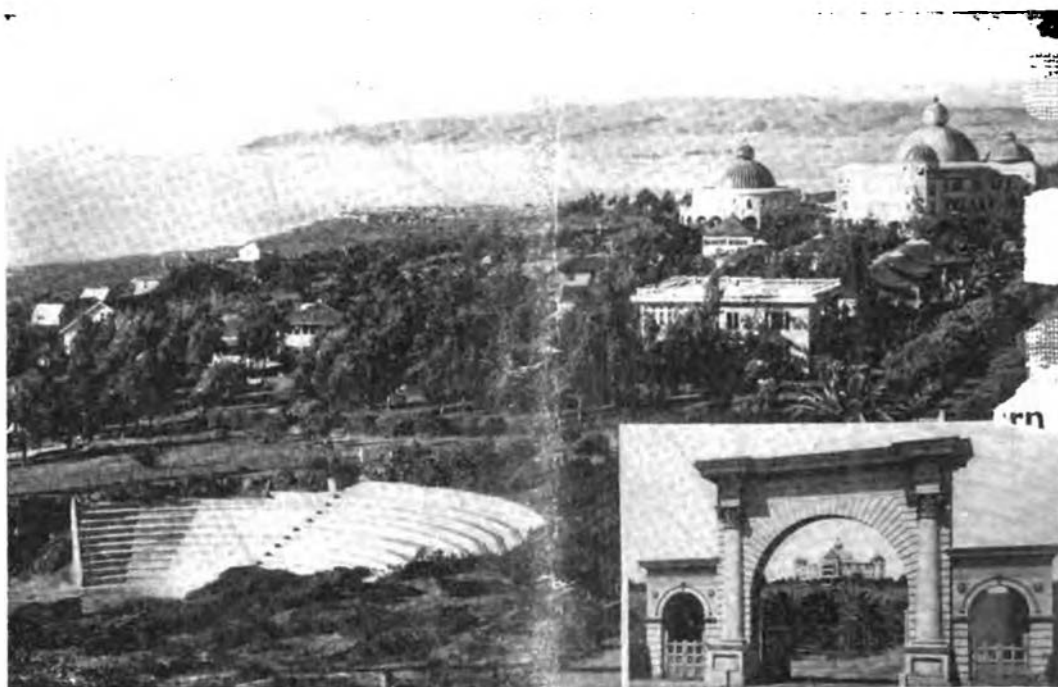
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