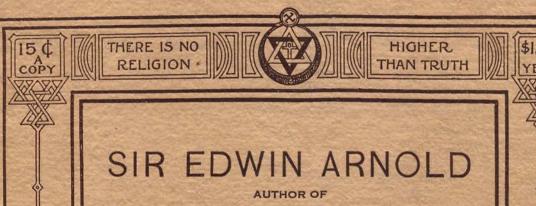
# THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

A Journal of Occultism



The Story of the Snake
A Poem Hitherto Unpublished

News From Lost Atlantis
Fannie F. Young

What the Crystal Revealed

Eleanor Maddock

A Symposium on The Coming Christ



# THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

(Founded by H. P. Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott.

Mrs. Annie Besant, President)

# AND HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF IT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1908. A Society of an absolutely unsectarian and non-political character, whose work should be amicably prosecuted by the learned of all races, in a spirit of unselfish devotion to the research of truth, and with the purpose of disseminating it impartially, seemed likely to do much to check materialism and strengthen the waning religious spirit. The simplest expression of the objects of the So-

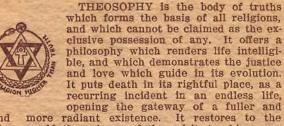
First—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color.

ciety is the following:

Second—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

No person's religious opinions are asked upon his joining, nor any interference with them permitted, but everyone is expected to show towards his fellow-members the same tolerance in this respect as he claims for himself.



more radiant existence. It restores to the world the science of the spirit, teaching man to know the spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eye of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavor to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high and work perseveringly for the realization of universal brotherhood is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

The International Headquarters, offices and managing staff are at Adyar, a suburb of Madras, India. The Headquarters of The American Section of The Theosophical Society are at Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

# HOW TO JOIN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

One of the twenty-three National Societies or Sections of The Theosophical Society exists in America, and is composed of lodges in various cities (of which a list is printed in this magazine) and, in addition, a scattered membership residing where there is no lodge. The head-quarters fee per year for members of lodges is \$2.00; for unattached members the fee is \$5.00 annually. New members pay pro rela for the first year and a diploma fee of 50c upon joining.

Information about Theosophy and the Theosophical Society is easy to obtain. In addition to the secretaries of lodges (whose names and addresses are to be found in the Lodge Directory, printed in the back of this magazine), full information may be obtained from the General Secretary of The American Section, address below. A descriptive booklet, a copy of the By-Laws of the Section, and an application blank for membership are gladly supplied free of all cost to any address in the world.

To enter the Society it is necessary to sign the form provided, which reads, in part, as follows:

I, the undersigned, being in sympathy with the objects of the Theosophical Society and acquainted with its rules, hereby make application for admission as a Fellow thereof.

I understand the objects of the Society to be as follows: 1st — To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. 2d.— To promote the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science. 3d.— To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in Man.

My application for Fellowship has never been rejected by this Society nor any of its branches.

Two sponsors, members of the Society, must also endorse the form at the bottom; if no sponsors are obtainable, notify the General Secretary. If the application is for lodge membership, the applicant must be accepted by the lodge and his application sent through the proper officer of such body. If the application is for membership-at-large, the signed and endorsed form should be sent either to a lodge officer to be forwarded to the General Secretary or sent directly to the latter. Information as to the specific amount to be sent to the General Secretary with the application will be supplied; it varies with the month of the year, but never exceeds \$5.50 in the case of a member-at-large and \$2.50 in the case of lodge members, except that in the latter case the dues of the local lodge, whatever they may be, must also be met.

For further direction, samples of literature, or information about any special phase of Theosophy, address the secretary of any lodge or

THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, KROTONA, HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.



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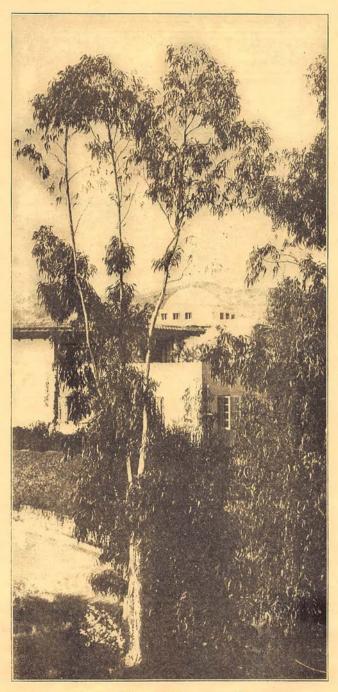
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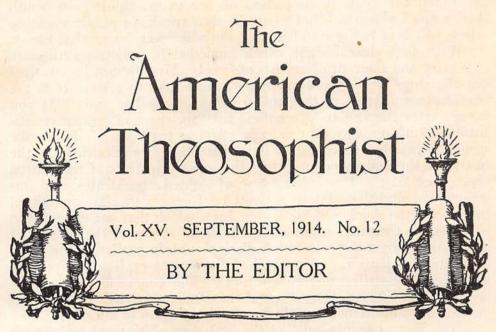
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A New View of Krotona Court



#### INDIA'S PLEA FOR JUSTICE



N HER recent lecture in London upon the above subject, Mrs. Besant so ably championed the cause of India, her adopted mother country, that the following appeared in the New Statesman:

Not for years has England heard so much plain good sense about our administration in India as Mrs. Besant put into her speech. This powerful indictment of the whole spirit and working of the British administration—reproduced as it will be in every nationalist newspaper—will create a sensation in India. No Indian editor would have dared to print it as an editorial. It remains to be seen whether the Indian Government, which will hardly venture to prevent its reproduction in the great Bombay and Calcutta newspapers, will put in force the Press law against the smaller ones. What the Indian Government ought to do is to make a reasoned reply, point by point, and justify the administration that it permits.

Of course no one is better fitted to speak of Indian conditions, Indian hopes and Indian aspirations than is Mrs. Besant, because of her long residence there and her intimate relations with all classes of Indian people. In her London lecture she pointed out the crux of the Indian situation and the many conditions which have caused the people of India to raise their voices in an appeal to the Government for a redress of grievances.

The national consciousness of India is just stirring in its slum-

ber; for the first time she is feeling her strength as a nation. She has raised her voice in protection of her exiled children in South Africa and has learned that when she thus speaks in public assembly others will have to listen to her; and she will never forget that lesson.

With that clear insight which immediately penetrates through hypocrisy and sham profferments of liberty, Mrs. Besant has pointed out the steps which the Government must take to restore to it the confidence and trust of the Indian people. She has said: "If you cannot trust the Indian, after these fifty-six years of patient constitutional working, why do you expect him to trust you?" Is it to be wondered at that a feeling of outraged liberty rankles deep in the hearts of the Indian people when the gross injustices of the courts. the misuse of the Press Act by short-sighted magistrates, and imprisonment and deportation without trial or evidence are permitted to go on in the shadow of the Union Jack, which they are expected to reverence as their safeguard and protection? Some of the indignities forced upon even the cultured Indians would do justice to the black reputation of Russia. Flogging has, in some cases, been the punishment for the smallest of misdemeanors, while a mere fine of twentyfive rupees is levied against an Anglo-Indian for killing a native, because he "only struck one blow and did not mean to kill."

Mrs. Besant points out that the first step which must be taken is the repeal of the Press Act, the Arms Act, and the provision by which it is possible to imprison and deport a native without trial or evidence produced. She shows that one pressing need is the separation of the administrative and judicial functions. This confusion has led to such complications that the Indian has ceased to look for justice

in the courts.

It is the color line which causes the greatest misery in India. A man with a fair skin may expect some sort of justice, but not so the Indian. He must submit to having all the high positions in the government of his own country occupied by men of an alien race; to having young and inexperienced teachers imported from England and placed above older native teachers in his schools and colleges; and if he wishes to occupy a responsible teaching position himself, he must first go to England to attend an English university before he can be declared eligible. But, on the other hand, only two Indians a year may be admitted in any Oxford college! So it is that Mrs. Besant has said:

What right have you to say they shall not serve in their own country unless they are educated here, and then to make their lives a misery to them when they come by your contempt? That is the question you have to face. You go to these people, who are as highly civilized as yourselves, as highly educated in the educated classes as yourselves, man for man every whit as good as you are, and you say: "We are going to monopolize all the best places; all the best posts are ours, all the most highly paid, and we will

open a little crack of a door by which one or two of you may creep in if you come over to England to get educated and try very hard; but we will make things so disagreeable for you when you come that you will wish you had not come and will want to go back." I ask how far these things

India is beginning to understand her own strength; she is beginning to realize that you cannot always keep her as a slave; for to tie a man to the soil on which he was born is to make him a serf, as he was in the Middle Ages, when no man might go outside his own parish lest he should become a rogue and a vagabond. You would make the nation dishonored that was civilized and mighty when your ancestors were wandering naked about your forests. These Indians that you scoff at and deride—they are civilized with a civilization that goes back for thousands upon thousands and thousands of years. When they were free they made the greatest literature that the world has ever known, and it is with the revival of the spirit of nationality that their intellectual greatness will once more show itself out in works of originality and of power. Even now they show their ability, and they are pleading with you for freedom. They are not demanding it roughly, as I am demanding it here; for I, a white, am speaking to you white men and women, and have the right to make you understand what you are doing to these our colored friends on the other side of the world. They do not speak as brutally as I am speaking to you, but they feel. Oh, they would love you if you would let them; they ask you to give them their freedom, to let them be free men in a free country.

This is India's plea for justice—the voice of an old and mighty nation calling for freedom and recognition from a younger and more virile race to which the great wheel of Karma, in its mysterious cycle, has caused the older to fall subject. It is not that England wilfully subordinates India—the British love of justice and fair play, the foundation of the Empire, is too strong for that—but that she is inadvertently neglecting the great responsibility she has assumed.



#### KROTONA OR CROTONA

HY WE spell Krotona with a K is a question that must have occurred to those of our readers who feel even a rudimentary interest in philology. The spelling with C is much more familiar in most manuals of history and geography. To those who will take the trouble to hunt up the

word in the best encyclopedias or classical dictionaries, the reason will become clear in an instant. Works of this class print the original Greek name whenever the derivation demands; and even one ignorant of that ancient tongue can perceive the identity of K in Greek and in English.

Unhappily, the Romans, in transliterating Hellenic terms, sub-

stituted C for K, so that many well-known Greeks—as Pericles, Socrates, Alcibiades—have had to endure this misspelling of their names ever since the Romans made pretensions to Hellenic culture. Indeed, every word of Greek origin where C is used for K is a monument to Latin misinterpretation, though the descendants of Romulus, if recalled from the spirit world, would doubtless defend themselves by saying that they always pronounced C like K and therefore never mispronounced the words they borrowed from their illustrious captives from across the Adriatic.

Among Hellenists of the present day it is the custom to revert to the original Greek spelling. Devotees of Browning will recall The Agamemnon of Aischulos with all the proper names spelled as the great Eleusinian would have spelled them had he been writing English. Browning is simply the best known example of the modern tendency to take Hellenic culture direct from the Greeks without Roman intermediation, and to show it in our spelling. Orthography may be thought a small thing, but straws show which way the wind blows, and the use of K for C in Hellenic derivations points to an accuracy in scholarship, a passion for truth at first hand, that must be dear to every Theosophist.

In reverting to the ancient Greek spelling of Krotona, we feel that we are a little closer to the Pythagorean community than if we employed the Roman spelling, which did not come into vogue until long after the pristine splendor of the Brotherhood had passed away. Besides, we are one step further removed from modern commercial associations with Croton oil and Croton water, and the distressing

memories of Croton bugs!



#### BARONESS VON SUTTNER

HE WORLD will greatly miss the personal influence of Baroness Bertha von Suttner, but she who so greatly espoused peace on earth has surely found it in higher realms. She was a practical idealist, and much is gained in considering such a life as hers. She was celebrated

the world over for her fierce and untiring warfare against arms, armaments, and the expense, waste and brutality of war among nations.

The Baroness became noted as editor of the magazine of the International Peace Bureau in Bern, and at one time she was secretary to Dr. Alfred B. Nobel, who established the Nobel Foundation. It is said that he received such inspiration from her book *The Brotherhood of Nations* that he was prompted to offer his peace prize. The

Baroness was a member of the Advisory Council of the Carnegie Peace Foundation and Honorary President of the International Peace Bureau at Bern, and remained active all her life in the cause of disarmament and arbitration; but as an actual influence in achieving the ends for which she was working, her book Lay Down Your Arms was probably more valuable than all the rest of her life work. Strange stories are told of the effect of this book upon the militant powers of the world. The influence of this lover of peace will long continue to help in moulding public opinion on the subject of war. The following is from a fine editorial in the New York Evening Post:

Bertha von Suttner was no genius; there was within her no innate, overwhelming desire to express herself and her views on what became to her the be-all and end-all of her life. It was rather her iron will and determination to stir the world which we must admire. Without means, or reputation as a writer, speaking without authority or personal experience, she yet found her way to people's hearts. It is all a wonderful example of what single-minded, unselfish devotion to a great cause can accomplish. If only a few thousand such as she would in similar way give themselves to the peace cause, we should surely measure a far more rapid progress. Naturally, the Baroness quickly lost interest in mere nationalism and came to realize internationalism as the true aim of an enlightened age.

She beautifully demonstrated the value of one-pointedness, and the achievements of her life should be an inspiration to those who have high ideals and who strive perseveringly towards their attainment.



#### RADIOGRAMS

Humor is the spice of life, but we protest against spice as a meat course, spice as an entreé or spice as a dessert. The mind responds readily to the bright keen wit of the journal of today when it is offered sparingly, as a relaxation. It recoils in disgust from the continuous performance which burlesques the sacred meaning of life and lowers its ideals. Nothing is sacred to some types of present-day humorists. Like all things humor has its beneficent uses but, like all things, when abused it becomes baneful. The stimulus of wit, like that of alcohol, exhilarates for a time, but reaction follows and the natural healthy tone of the mind is destroyed.

The revengeful person is always an unjust one. The very effort to retaliate, whether the injury be a real or a fancied one, is perverted energy. The instinct, whether prompted by a righteous indignation to the act of self-defense or born of a vulgar spite, is wholly inex-

Driveth the clouds whither it will, so I Hither and thither pass, by Kala blown. All that is Satwa, Rajas, Tamas, all That influences, that predominates, That operates in creatures, have for source The will of Kala. All this Universe Thrills to His will. All thoughts and acts and words. And what doth spring from them, are Kala's work. The water and the wind, sky, fire and earth, Surya, and Soma, Vishna, Devaraj, Vritra, Parjanya, all the streams and seas, Aditi and the Vasus, what exists, Or did exist or will, are Kala's work. Why, therefore, Serpent, dost thou blame me here? If fault attach to me, to thee as well Fault would attach.

#### The Snake

I do not blame thee, Death!

Nor call thee blameless. This alone I say,
That what I did I did of thee. If sin
Can lie on mighty Kala, or not lie,
How shall a serpent see? How can it know?
As I am innocent it, liketh me,
Death, too, is innocent. But, Fowler, thou
Hast heard the words of Mrityu; loose me, then!
It is not meet to vex a guiltless one,
Tying him with this cord.

#### The Fowler

Aye! I have heard
Thee and thy Mrityu, yet I deem thee not
Any more guiltless. Thou and Death wert cause;
And cruel Death, who brings the good to tears,
I cannot force to suffer. Thee I can;
And thee now will I slay for guiltiness.

# Mrityu

Thou wilt be sinful, Fowler! He and I Worked no will of our own; Kala is Lord, And all that's done is done by Kala's will. Neither the Snake nor I deserve from thee These bitter words!

But Bhishma said, "On this Lo, Kala entered, God of Gods, and took

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The revengeful person is always an unjust one. The very effort to retaliate, whether the injury be a real or a fancied one, is perverted energy. The instinct, whether prompted by a righteous indignation to the act of self-defense or born of a vulgar spite, is wholly inex-

cusably wrong. The nobility of the nature whence it springs may lend dignity to its impulsions, but it does not mitigate its evil. It is more revolting to the fine sensibilities when it takes the gross form of "tit for tat," merely "getting even" as the vulgar say. Under this survey it is merely a question of esthetics. As vulgarity in any form distresses, so its antithesis charms; and a very ugly trait may thus be veneered by culture to the point of visual effacement. It is there, however, beneath the guise of refined ethics. To be absolutely just and true at the core is the only standard and test of character. If our enemy wrongs us by suspicion, distrust or calumny, we descend not merely to his level when we mete out to him a similar wrong but we deface our own souls. We allow his evil thought to embed itself in the plastic mould of our consciousness and, as malignant thought has a certain vitality, it multiplies itself and more evil results. Not only is there disturbance within where light and peace should radiate but we send forth the same type of ugly, venomous thoughts whose admittance poisoned our own soul-centres. They find a fruitful soil in the nature which harbored them originally, so they return to the first offender doubly charged with destructive and malignant power. Thus his evil reacts and recoils upon his own life, while we suffer likewise; not through the spiteful thought which was directed to us but through our own fault in allowing it to enter within. We should turn it back with a thought of kindness and compassion, no matter how vicious its purpose. Thus we become just and true at the core.

The social worker who is not more than a mere student of human nature, who does not discern, analyze and read accurately the human mind, not only by the output of character but by the inner revealing light, is not realizing the utmost of his possibilities. If he does not trace instincts, utterances, acts, through their manifold combinations to their source, however hidden—in other words, if he does not possess discernment little short of psychical insight—he will doubtless meet with quite as much failure as success.

The demands and exactions of the idealist are merely his efforts to square life, as it touches him, with his inner and vital perception, his intuition. When he ceases to plead, to remonstrate, to criticize, even, his interest has flown; he feels his quest to be in vain, his effort fruitless. It is his perpetual doom and his infinite pain to seek and never find; to dream, yet never realize. The power, or the process, that made him an idealist exacts the penalty. Think you he would choose the sorrowful distinction which lays upon him the infinite pain of a lonely soul? Not so; it would be far easier to walk along life's highway with the crowd. He has no choice; his message is clear; his pathway is indicated and he must obey.



# THE STORY OF THE SNAKE

BEING THE DOCTRINE OF KARMA

# By Sir Edwin Arnold

[Editor's Note:—The manuscript of this striking poem was found amongst the finished and unfinished poems of the late Sir Edwin Arnold. It has been kindly lent by Mr. J. B. Lindon to *The American Theosophist* for publication, since its theme and modes of expression, appealing as they will to readers of all types and nationalities, must especially enlist the interest of Theosophists.

It will form part of the forthcoming edition of Sir Edwin's unpublished works to be issued in one volume entitled On Casual Strings. This posthumous collection is being edited by Mr. Lindon, who is also engaged in writing the biography of the

poet, to be included in the book.

Every endeavor has been made by Mr. Lindon and those most intimate with the writings of the poet to ascertain if the poem now published has previously appeared in print, and it is believed that it is now given publicity for the first time.]



HE following translation from the Sanskrit offers one of the most curious and striking passages of the many to be met with in that alternately wonderful and monstrous *Mahabharata*, the chief epic poem of India, out of the heart of which, like gold from a prodigious mountain, I have many a time carried away poetic spoil. The passage occurs in the begin-

ning of the Anushasana Parva, the thirteenth book of this vast epic, and treats upon the eternal problem opened by the case of "those eighteen upon whom the Tower of Siloam fell." Whence is it that we suffer? Why is it that we inflict upon each other, or upon ourselves, unnumbered woes, sometimes willingly, sometimes involuntarily? What is the origin, in short, of evil? An answer is given from the antique world to such questions in this remarkable section of the vast Hindu poem, which must be very ancient and may be far older than Christianity.

After commencing with the usual invocation to Narayan and Nara, and to the Goddess Saraswati, the book opens with a speech by the Prince Yudhisthira addressing the hero Bhishma, who is lying wounded to the death upon a bed of arrow-points, vanquished in war by Yudhisthira himself, the most virtuous and most valiant of the

Pandavas. The Prince, great in mind and good of heart, is grieved at the sight of his suffering enemy. He reproaches himself bitterly for having brought about the downfall of so renowned a warrior. In his distress and remorse, he wishes that he himself had rather fallen upon the field along with the vanquished. It is characteristic of this interminable Hindu poem that immensely long episodes are introduced at moments when modern poetic art would demand swift and continuous action or succession of events. Bhishma, dying on his hard battle-bed, has already discoursed upon various topics at enormous length. Yet when Prince Yudhisthira implores some spiritual comfort, so that his perturbed soul may recover itself from remorse and be cleansed from what the Prince thinks is sin, Bhishma proceeds to relate to him the apologue here transcribed, freely but faithfully, from the Sanskrit text:

#### Bhishma

Why, happy Prince! wilt thou thus deem thy soul Cause of its actions, seeing that thy soul Is instrument, not cause? That this stands true Sense cannot learn, being too deep a thing, Too imperceptible. Yet on such head Hear thou a bygone story of the talk Held between Mrityu and Gautami, And Kala, and the Fowler, and the Snake. Know, Kunti's son! the Lady Gautami Was of a governed and high tranquil mind. One day she saw her only son fall dead Bit by a serpent, which a fowler caught— By name Arjunako—and bound that worm With knotted string and brought to Gautami, Saving: "This cursed snake hath been the means Of thy son's death, thou noble lady! Speak; Say swiftly how the wretch should be destroyed. Were't better that I fling it in the flames, Or hack it into gobbets? Of a truth, This base destroyer of thy child must die."

#### Gautami

Arjunako! Thou understandest ill; Set free the serpent. Thee it hath not wronged, But only me. And who will dare contemn The unshunned law that measures harm for harm, Sinking their souls to darkness by sin's load? Look! like a ship that bravely breasts the wave, They that sail light, by casting sins away, Cross on the ocean of existence safe;
But they that take for cargo evil deeds
Go to the bottom, as its iron head
Drags down a spear in water. Killing this
Will not bring back my boy; letting it live
Doth thee and me no harm. Why should we earn
Death for ourselves, dooming the snake to death?

#### The Fowler

Great lady! I have seen high-minded ones Knowing all truths, like thee, thus tender-souled Unto the meanest things that grieve. Such words, Howbeit, suit best for those whose hearts are calm, Not for the angered. I must kill this snake. Let mild ones, if they may, write all debts down To Fate or Chance; but plain men right themselves By making foemen pay. What dream is this, That we miss Heaven by hurting such as hurt? See now, 'twill comfort thee if I stamp out The reptile's life.

#### Gautami

If thou wert of my mood,
'Twould move thee otherwise. A good man's thought
Meditates virtue always. This my child
Was, woe is me! predestined unto death;
Therefore I will not have thee slay the snake.
Anger is poison; poison kills. Good friend,
Forgive as I forgive. Let the wretch go!

#### The Fowler

Nay! nay! I say, by slaying him we earn Merit hereafter, great and measureless, Even as a man doth well and gaineth praise By sacrifices on the altar. Praise Is won, slaughtering a foe. Bid me kill, And that shall bring us both credit and peace.

#### Gautami

What comfort is there if we rack and slay An enemy? And what good were not lost By not releasing where we can release? Thou hast a goodly visage. Be thyself! Pardon this snake with me, and earn desert.

#### The Fowler

One snake bites many a man. Let us protect

The many from this one, preferring them. The righteous make the evil meet their doom, Now, therefore, bid me slay him.

#### Gautami

Killing him,

O Fowler! gives not life back to my son, Nor any other fruit save bitterness. Therefore, thou Man of Blood, let this beast go!

#### The Fowler

By killing Vritra, Devaraj made gain, And dread Mahadev won his sacrifice. Do thou, like them, straightway destroy this worm Without misgivings.

"None the more for this," Spake Bhishma, "did the high-souled lady bend Her spirit to the sinful deed. Thereon The Serpent, by the cord painfully bound, Hard-breathing and sore-striving to be calm, Uttered these words, as men and women talk, Slowly and sorrowful.

#### The Snake

Arjunako!

What fault is mine in this, thou foolish one?
No wit have I, nor of myself do act.
'Twas Mrityu sent me hither. By Death's word
I bit this child, and not from choice of mine;
So, Fowler, if sin be, the sin is Death's.

#### The Fowler

If thou hast done this evil, set thereto
By mandate of another, 'tis thy sin,
Being the instrument. The potter moulds
His pot of clay, but in that deed is helped
By wheel and stick, which also of that pot
Were causes. Thus art thou, Serpent, a cause.
Who slays must die. Thou slewest! 'Twas thy word!
So will I slay thee.

#### The Snake

But the potter's wheel And stick, and all his gear, made not that pot; Only obeyed in making; helpless means—

As I was helpless. Therefore, mighty Sir!
No fault is mine in this, as thou should'st own.
If otherwise thou deemest, then at worst
Those were but causes working under cause.
The greatest being the first. And, reckoned so,
How am I guilty in this deed of death?
Cause primary is guilty, if guilt be.
Let potter speak for wheel!

#### The Fowler

If not the head,
Thou wert the hand in this; thine the fell fang
That nipped this tender life. So thou shalt die!
What, Serpent! think'st thou when a wrong is done
The evil doer of the evil deed
Stands not to pay therein? Prepare to die!
Having no better plea.

#### The Snake

My plea is good;
Cause and effect own interholding links;
I was but agent. If thou wilt see just,
The sinfulness of this rests not on me
But on the one that sent me.

#### The Fowler

Wretched worm!

Not meet to live. Thou glozing chatterer! why
List I so long? Prepare to die. 'Twas vile,
Biting this little one.

#### The Snake

The priests, great Lord, Who offer sacrifices, do not win
The merit or demerit. So then I
Ought not to bear what was high Mrityu's deed.

"At this," said Bhishma, "being named by name, Appeared red Mrityu's self, with noose, and eyes Of terror, and in this wise did she speak."

# Mrityu

Serpent! thy words are true. I sent thee here, And thou art not the cause of this child's death, Nor I, who bade thee slay. Th' Omnipotent, He was the cause, God Kala. As the wind Driveth the clouds whither it will, so I Hither and thither pass, by Kala blown. All that is Satwa, Rajas, Tamas, all That influences, that predominates, That operates in creatures, have for source The will of Kala. All this Universe Thrills to His will. All thoughts and acts and words, And what doth spring from them, are Kala's work. The water and the wind, sky, fire and earth, Surya, and Soma, Vishna, Devaraj, Vritra, Parjanya, all the streams and seas, Aditi and the Vasus, what exists, Or did exist or will, are Kala's work. Why, therefore, Serpent, dost thou blame me here? If fault attach to me, to thee as well Fault would attach.

#### The Snake

I do not blame thee, Death!
Nor call thee blameless. This alone I say,
That what I did I did of thee. If sin
Can lie on mighty Kala, or not lie,
How shall a serpent see? How can it know?
As I am innocent it, liketh me,
Death, too, is innocent. But, Fowler, thou
Hast heard the words of Mrityu; loose me, then!
It is not meet to vex a guiltless one,
Tying him with this cord.

#### The Fowler

Aye! I have heard
Thee and thy Mrityu, yet I deem thee not
Any more guiltless. Thou and Death wert cause;
And cruel Death, who brings the good to tears,
I cannot force to suffer. Thee I can;
And thee now will I slay for guiltiness.

# Mrityu

Thou wilt be sinful, Fowler! He and I Worked no will of our own; Kala is Lord, And all that's done is done by Kala's will. Neither the Snake nor I deserve from thee These bitter words!

But Bhishma said, "On this Lo, Kala entered, God of Gods, and took

Speech as of man, and spoke to Mrityu, Arjunako the Fowler, and the Snake."

#### Kala

Not Death, nor this vile reptile, nor Myself Stand guilty anywhere, at any time, Of any creature's dying. They and I— Yea! even I—are all as go-betweens. Arjunako! thou Fowler, comprehend! The Karma of this child did kill this child; No other cause was there that brought its end; Of Karma he did die. That which he wrought In many lives ere this, led hereunto Implicitly. What he had wrought before Made this, and nothing else the outcoming Of what was wrought; nor otherwise the Snake Thereto was led by Karma, and by that Mrityu, ves, I Myself. For Will makes deeds, And deeds make Karma, and the Karma makes The outcoming. As when ye press the clay This way and that, and see it harden, so Men for themselves shape Fate. Shadow and Light Are not more surely tied each unto each Than Man to Karma, and to Karma Man; Therefore perceive and ponder! Therefore know Not I, nor Mrityu, nor the Snake, nor she, The Brahman Mother, brought this death about; The child did bring it; 'twas his doing, his, Fixed from the finished past, inevitable.

Then Bhishma finished, saying: "Thus the God And Mrityu and the Snake, loosed from its cord, And Gautami, consoled in heart and mind, Went, with Arjunako the Fowler, home. And thou, too, puissant King! hearing this tale, Forget all grief and reach to peace of mind; For Heaven and Hell and all things come to all By Karma. What has fall'n upon me here Is not thy doing, nor Duryodhana's; It was to be because of what hath been."





# WORKER AND WARRIOR

By W. L. Ducey



FLESH-EATING animal eats when prey is captured. The prey is wary and timid. There would seem to be periods of famine and periods of gorging, but not a regular feeding. The flesh-eater learns to endure; to be patient, persistent, courageous and cruel; to be efficient and cunning; to study the habits of other animals; to add strategy to strength and swiftness.

It seems obvious that monads entering the human kingdom by way of the flesh-eaters will reveal this animal heredity in human characteristics. Two distinguished features we may expect: First, an instinctive, almost ineradicable instinct to parasitism, *i.e.*, to live off others, to compel others to furnish their food; secondly, a deep unconscious cruelty which causes one to sacrifice another for personal

pleasure or profit without a qualm, without a thought.

What class among men has, in a resplendent manner, manifested patience, persistence, endurance, cunning, cruelty, courage, strategy, strength, swiftness? Is it not the fighting class? And has not the aristocracy, the ruling order, been almost wholly recruited from the fighting class? The typical aristocrat is strong, brave, alert and an instinctive hunter and captain. He is not at all of that quality we term intellectual. Yet he has a natural shrewd capacity which operates to more or less clearly reveal to him the strength and weakness of the possessors of desired things. He is preeminently practical and the most real of materialists, no matter though he sincerely prays and offers sacrifice. He has few or no illusions. Although he be punctilious in recognition and discharge of conventions, he sees behind the forms and doubts disinterestedness. He is polite, hospitable, generous. He is refined and gentle in his ways. When needs must he can drive hard, and he will not stay for tears or blood or death. He is not an idealist, but he does recognize conventions.

What the conventions of his class demand, what the rules of the game

permit will be recognized by him.

This assumption throws light on the world-wide love of "sport" and gaming among fighting men and the aristocracy. The flesh-eating animal gambles its strength and cunning against the defensive

characteristics of its prey, loves the game and profits by it.

The grass-eaters eat regularly, every day and at the same hours, and their feeding entails a habit that approaches work. They must industriously keep going in order to get enough. The males fight in the mating season, but aside from this all their fighting is defensive. They are often gregarious and maintain a kind of organization and social discipline.

This indicates intelligence. Yet it is of a different order from the intelligence of the flesh-eater. It may be the flesh-eater's intelligence

is keener, but not deeper.

The grass-eaters are preyed upon by the flesh-eaters. They develop timidity, fear, wariness; perhaps curiosity also. They may show a desperate furious courage at times, but it is apt to be despairing and unintelligent. It differs from the intelligent, ferocious, fighting courage of the flesh-eaters. The grass-eaters show the capacity of "surrender." Pursued by the flesh-eaters and caught, they "give up" and die quickly. The flesh-eaters never really "give up." They may be cowed and seek to escape, but, if escape be impossible, they fight to the last and die fighting. Perhaps we can see the foundation of human resignation in the grass-eaters, but hardly in the flesh-eaters.

A monad entering the human kingdom via the grass-eaters should manifest an instinct to supply its wants by some form of labor; also an instinct to join with fellows in communal action for common good. This implies a degree of self-surrender and self-subordination. Pirates and highwaymen have exhibited the capacity of submission to a common rule and discipline that has been severe, but this seems of a different nature. It is temporary and for the sole purpose of plunder. It will be abandoned when the plunder is obtained. There is

no thought of mutual helpfulness involved.

It would seem the fighting men would be more intelligent than the working men in the dawn of human evolution. Also, it seems their roving, adventurous life, their experience of violent emotions and extremes of sensation might continue their intellectual superiority. Nevertheless the working men must eventually overtake and surpass them, for labor is a spur to invention and use of tools. There is nothing so stimulative to development of ideal intelligence as manual labor with tools, when the creative achieving element is present. Clumsy, stupid, primitive man—whose instincts led him to adopt a particular locality as permanent home; to practice a rude agriculture

and animal breeding; to adapt and improve a hole in the rocks or the foliage of a tree as shelter; to lay up a store of food against a time of famine—was stimulating the development of intellectual power more

effectively than was his wandering, fighting brother.

He it is who laid the foundations of civilization. The Teachers from Venus enormously aided these by teaching the use of fire, of metals, of agriculture and animal breeding. The natural instincts and tendencies of the descendants of the grass-eaters lent themselves in a superior manner to the purposes and hopes of the Teachers.

From the very beginning, the working men commenced that career of development whose end seems Mastership. When they labored and practiced the arts of labor they commenced the acquirement of knowledge and power. The experience of struggling with, and slowly obtaining a mastery over, nature prepares and tends to promote a

mental growth increasingly capable of abstract conception.

Our modern concept of natural law is a purely abstract concept. That it is so widely held is evidence of our fifth-race expansion of consciousness. There is little reason to think the Atlanteans, or any fourth-race people, grasped the concept of natural law. Enormous possibilities of consciousness and power immediately await the mind capable of vigorous dealing in the world of abstract ideas. Modern civilization rests on modern science and this rests on concepts of abstractions, such as natural law. Incalculable possibilities are in the doorway of tomorrow, revealed by scientific dealing with a pure ab-

straction, e.g., the chemical atom.

Nothing is so potent to affect human conduct as philosophy. Every man is a philosopher to some extent, although many men would be surprised to learn the fact. We all interpret life. We assume it is this, or that, or other. The materialist who says: "We will be a long time dead"; the agnostic who says: "I don't know anything about a spiritual world, but I do know something about this physical world"; the religionist who believes in eternal life—all are philosophers to the extent of interpreting meaning or lack of meaning in life. Our deep belief is often different from our conscious belief, which has been taught us from outside. Many churchgoing people think they are idealists because they accept the teachings of religion. They are really materialists and manage to materialize religion. Similarly, many men profess themselves materialists or agnostics; nevertheless they idealize and serve ideals. Our real philosophy determines our actions.

The fifth root-race peoples increasingly multiply in numbers of egos habitually dealing with abstract conceptions. For this reason they increasingly reject ancient interpretations of religion. Because the ancients interpreted the spiritual in terms of Personality, the moderns drifted into materialism; they have discovered the universe of

Law, and deem the ancients wholly wrong because wrong in part. Our modern knowledge of realities (facts) grows increasingly deep and abstract. What a race gets to know subconsciously is shortly expressed by some man in technical philosophic form. Spencer interpreted the unformulated consciousness of evolutionary philosophy dwelling in the whole evolutionary school of his day. Bergson now formulates a "Creative Evolution" that expresses subconscious convictions of multitudes. Spencer, Bergson, Eucken—these noted men voice the forming philosophy of the fifth sub-race. They express racial consciousness. It is wide-spread. It deals with abstract realities. No living man can realize how this growing racial consciousness is modifying and will modify our world.

For the first time, our race has begun to form a philosophy of its own. The philosophers of pre-Buddhist India expressed a teaching. They doubtless understood what they taught, but they did not evolve it. Gautama, the great Greeks and Jesus brought gifts of philosophy, but these seem more individual achievements than expressions of racial consciousness. Consciousness stirred then in our race, but

is only now reaching the awareness and power of maturity.

None can certainly forecast the trend of modern philosophy, but it seems certain to abandon the purely materialistic bases. It grows impersonal and destructive of the ancient awe of personalities. There seems decreasing need for the Hero. Men begin to suspect it is the flow and juncture of events that make heroes possible. Their appearance and performance seem to rest on laws, as abstract and concrete as the laws of nature which make possible prize cattle and cabbages. Roosevelt is a concrete example. Enemies and friends agree that he has potently affected American political evolution. It is probable enemies and friends would largely agree that Roosevelt, born one generation earlier, would not noticeably have affected anything. This means that Roosevelt's importance lies in his power to interpret and express the spirit of the times. It is quite impossible to think that spirit would remain unexpressed had Roosevelt chosen to adopt some career other than politics.

Bergson indicates the birth of a new day in philosophy. To the mechanistic concept of Spencer, Bergson adds Life, self-based and indestructible. Life may uphold Persons. The Bergsonian may believe in a life beyond the grave and in mighty Beings, but these Persons are products, not primordial causes, of evolution. Philosophy tends to add to the Spencerian trinity of Matter-Force-Law another trinity, Life-Duration-Will. It allows the possibility of Gods, Angels and Demons, but ignores their consideration for the more important labor of studying abstract Realities; formless Causes. Yet not unintelli-

gent Causes.

The ancient philosophers seem more poets. They speak with fer-

vor, awe, reverence. They perceive divine Persons. They are moved

by devotion and exult to serve these.

The temper of the modern philosophers is cool and calm. Their stimulus to labor is found in a kind of hunger to know the facts of consciousness; to discover the true meanings, laws and relations of life. And they do not talk of Persons. There seems absence of fear, awe and homage in the modern. If a coming generation shall establish a scientific basis for continuous spiritual consciousness in man, and a spiritual order of life in the universe, these great achievements will be dealt with in the same spirit of serious candor manifested now when dealing with more material concepts. The modern spirit will find Divinity everywhere, if it is found at all. There will be no reason or opportunity to reverently distinguish between divine and profane things.

The moderns exhibit an insatiable hunger for facts, and a deep aversion to illusions and errors. The modern man of science takes pains to avoid error. He scrutinizes his results suspiciously. He tries and tests them in various fashions. Only when they withstand the assaults of hostile criticism and endure the wear and tear of long-continued application, does he begin talking of them as facts.

This manner of dealing is the polar opposite of the religionist and occultist. These begin with an assumption: "My church is the true Church," or "My teacher knows." They eagerly and reverently receive teaching. They ponder on this. They meditate on it. But they are never suspicious of it; never doubt it; and rarely do they "try it out." The defect of this system is obvious. Error is accepted as Truth. As time progresses, error accumulates in such profusion that the original usefulness of the teaching is destroyed:

The scientific method works just the other way. Constant assaults of criticism tend continuously to eliminate errors and misconceptions. Those ideas that withstand a century of wear and tear are

pretty apt to be useful and true.

It is interesting to speculate on the racial effect of this scientific temper and habit of mind in our fifth sub-race, after it shall have been continued a few more centuries. It amounts to a Yoga practice. Strange as it may sound, it is based on immense faith. Indeed, its faith is more whole-souled and vital than the faith of a disciple in his Master. The disciple refuses to put his teeth into the Master's teaching because of love and reverence; also, there may be unacknowledged fear that the teaching might be injured. Whereas the modern scientist has a supreme faith in facts; in Truth. He knows they cannot be destroyed. He wants to be rid of what can be destroyed; so he light-heartedly assaults everything.

Centuries of this deep faith and critical practice may develop a racial power to perceive Truth at sight. The power to distinguish

reality from seeming, truth from error, may become an innate faculty. These centuries amount to a racial "concentration" upon the "is-ness" of things; the why of things; the whence, whither and how of things. There should result a racial lucidity of mind. It will reveal basic laws and relations so clearly that they will cease to be theories only. They will become facts of consciousness, mental see-ing. The accumulation of knowledge will compel recognition of the subtler worlds beyond the confines of physical matter and force. Concentrated effort by lucid and powerful mentalities should discover their basic and working laws, relations and coherences with physical phenomena. The progress may be glacier-like in slowness but it will be sure, and the scientific habit of mind guarantees that no steps backward need be taken.

The consummation will amount to a racial illumination. The expansion of consciousness will be predominantly mental, and will reveal the subtle mental world first. The inevitable awareness of the astral world may be deferred. With lucidity of racial mind and developed faculty of discrimination, it will ultimately be accomplished with a minimum of danger.

It is not difficult to believe that something like this is now evolving. Should it come, tens of thousands of men and women will stand in three or four hundred years where a few occultists stand now. They will represent the fruition of a racial effort continuously combated by religionists and occultists alike. Time and experience are proving it wholesome, nevertheless.

Another interesting thought here arises. This racial lucidity should be accomplished by the time the sixth sub-race takes perceptible form. The work of this sub-race shall be to evolve Wisdom-consciousness and unite it to mentality. Behold, the racial mind is ready to receive, if the sixth sub-race can deliver, the Wisdom-consciousness.

But what about the unfolding of the men descended from the flesh-eaters? Of course, the two types have mutually affected each other by intermarriage and association. Probably it would be impossible to find a "Manas" with no incarnation of manual labor or no incarnation as warrior. Nevertheless, the types are distinctly present in the race and may so remain to the end.

But, for one thing, it would be difficult to see how the typical descendant of the flesh-eaters, the typical warrior, could ever achieve "liberation" at all. For their course in life seems calculated to confirm them in error, ignorance and bondage. They are parasitical. They are not often producers and do not get the mental stimulus of manual labor with tools. "Glorious war" is a delusion. Their presence it is which has made war inescapable by the race. Nevertheless, the Wisdom has made good use of war as it has made use of sin. Their very strength of will and courage of soul makes for deeper

slavery to sin, since these serve selfish gratification of desire. In every era it has been easier for Epictetus than Caligula to gain liberation or to make progress. Their practice makes for cruelty, and has shrouded them more deeply from the abstract and ideal.

In every era your typical warrior is the realist, which means the materialist, of his times. Not because of perverseness; nor because

of prejudice. He cannot grasp the abstract.

One thing has saved them. They have evolved the power to be madly loyal to a Person. Not that many have been thus madly devoted, but it has been a possibility for all and usually is achieved to a degree by all, and to the degree superlative by a few. This possibility of devotion has been the solvent of their primordial selfishness and cruelty. When effectively aroused, its pervasive fervor shortly modifies the whole nature. One whose past is that of destructive selfishness is seen to become a constructive power, frequently of marked capacity.

Always they interpret life in terms of Personality. In their state of original sin, as later, they stand for personal rule, personal government. Whether they be pirates sailing the sea at peril of their necks; or fighting men risking their lives for a local lordship over toiling peasants; or a landed aristocracy conducting government and officering the armies of a great empire; or manipulators of stocks, bonds, banks, railroads and great industrial corporations; or convinced followers of the Christ or chelas of a Master; always they stand for

the concrete—the Person—in civil and spiritual life.

It seems to me this is karmic. The foundation is seen in the flesheating animal experience of the monad. It is enormously difficult for these to really grasp an abstraction, even after they abandon war for service. Constantly we discover them personifying, even in those very worlds which hypothesis assumes as beyond personality. This is temperamental. It is not perverseness nor prejudice. Because of

this, these men are as right hands to monarchs.

The concrete represents the achieved. The past achievement of God and man is expressed in concrete forms of the physical world. The great Possible is in the formless Abstract. For this reason the idealist is always in advance of his generation. His consciousness deals with Causes. Because his consciousness is imperfect, and because the Lives are free, his vision is but generally, not accurately, real. The worker is coming to realize abstract realities. The proletariat becomes increasingly responsive to ideals. The idealists are the urgers of progress.

The man whose past is that of fighter has "concentrated" on the concrete. These are they who struggle to hold fast ancient forms. They are the conservators of society, the resisters of the progressives.

Occultism has been recruited from the ranks of fighting men al-

most exclusively. This because occultism has meant practical magic—power. It also has meant the manipulation and control of subtle forces, without a real mental grasp and understanding of their meaning or place in the general scheme of things. Fourth-race humans rarely could grasp abstractions. Fifth-race humans did not commence to deal with the Abstract until the era glorified by Gautama, the great Greeks and Jesus. These led a small vanguard only. It is not until the last four hundred years that numerous men commenced consciously to deal with abstractions.

The Venus adepts knew mankind must lose the psychic consciousness common to Atlantean humanity. The loss of psychic perception concentrates consciousness to physical things and favors the growth of intellect. When intellect becomes aware of abstract realities, consciousness rediscovers the astral world from the causal world within,

and consequently is superior to its deceptions and dangers.

Meantime it would be valuable service for a few men to preserve a knowledge of the occult worlds, that the multitude might yet believe through the inevitable day of materialism when they could not know. The men who would do this service must face perils, do labors and use powers whose nature they could not understand, for they penetrate the occult world from "without," or "below," and are open to attack.

The possibilities of good and evil to neophyte and race are enormous. Only men of indestructible courage, powerful will and unshakable loyalty can thus be safely guided through ignorance to Knowledge and Power. These qualities were developed in the order of fighting men, far beyond the stage common to working men. Therefore the fighting men furnished the candidates; as the fighting men were also the ruling men and the aristocracy, the aristocracy furnished the candidates.

The occultist of "the right-hand path" performed a racial service during the period of obscurity now rapidly passing. In the coming centuries men by the hundred thousand will become aware of the astral, from the vantage point of the ideal mental world. When a true racial waking has occurred, the ancient necessity that some shall tread "the path of Power" will have passed.

Readers may discover in themselves an inward sympathy with one of the orders only. And yet we can see they mutually complement each other. The opposer of change, the lover of the "glorious past"

may perform a racial service as really as the progressive.

The concrete present represents the result of all the struggles of all the ages past. What has been hardly bought should not be lightly periled. It would be as illuminating and chastening to present-day progressives if they should recover knowledge of the many ill-considered, danger-filled schemes of the past which conservatives pre-

young colonel walked slowly down the central space where the frail

boy Rajah rose to meet him.

"A proud day this for the old Marshall Sahib, were he alive. Did'st note the bearing of his son?" The one addressed was a man, old in years, whose dress bespoke the small nawab; he was leaning for-

wards and peering intently from the sides of his sedan-chair.

"Arre! that I noticed and much more besides. It was for this purpose that I made the long journey from my Kulu Hills to this place, where the noise disturbs my rest and the air is not fit to breathe. But, verily, I knew the old Colonel Sahib upon those same Kulu Hills. Ai! and another too; the son is very like . . . !" The other drew closer to the chair, but the old man motioned impatiently to his bearers that he wished to be moving and, sinking back into the depths of

his cushions, was swiftly borne away by the tall hillmen.

In the centre of the city stood the palace, overlooking the maidan, or plateau; here on the stretch of turf the people engaged in games and sports, but in the old days it was the scene of state executions. From the roofs of the palace were to be seen the figures of veiled women watching the durbar as the procession filed through the streets. An old woman, with a quantity of heavy jewelry on her arms, neck and bosom, stood a little apart from the others, speaking softly to herself behind her veil. She was a Kulu woman who in her youth had been the nurse of the little son of the old colonel. As usual, there was much gossip among the women and suddenly a lithe black-haired girl of low caste and impudent face came over and touched her on the shoulder.

"Tell us, Toru—thou should'st know—what is this talk about the

Colonel Sahib's mother?"

It so happened that the old woman's thoughts were busy on this very subject; she resented the interruption and showed her irritation as she turned upon the girl.

"And what of thy flesh-eating mother?"

Those who overheard laughed rudely as the girl turned angrily away; being a newcomer in their midst she had yet to learn not to

take liberties with old Toru.

Just off the main thoroughfare, leading towards the outskirts of the city, there was a short lane, bordered on either side by old mimosa trees, their twisted trunks and branches almost concealing the entrance. They were in full flower at this season of the year, their soft yellow petals falling in showers at every breath of wind. Strangers traveling along the dusty road invariably slackened pace, inhaling the perfume and vaguely wondering how these trees came to be growing at this spot, so far from their natural habitat. Colonel Marshall had come here for a stroll just before sunset and, as he swung along with the easy stride common to military men, clad in a white duck

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vented from execution as it would be for present-day conservatives to consider the enormous amount of suffering that could have been avoided, the positive achievements that could have been secured if

progressive ideas of value had earlier been adopted.

Power, glory, wealth have been the possession of the man of war up to the present time—and are today. But his day is rapidly passing. "Ideas rule the world" is a profoundly true saying. The productive worker, whether with brain and hand or hand and brain, penetrates ultimately to the world of ideas and ideals and so to the sources of power. The working classes are already entered in that world. Their "day" has already dawned. By the sheer force of power in Ideal, the working constructive order of men are become creators, maintainers and rulers of the modern world.

The fighting man has been, and in some regions yet is, ruler. His power passes. He never again will be dominant. He will continue to execute, but he will take orders from Demos. Never again will he rule. He will continue to serve, but not a Person. Willy-nilly, he

must recognize, acknowledge and obey Ideas and Ideals.

His dominion culminated in the day of Arjuna, the warrior-chela, beloved of Krishna. The beginning of his ending came with Gautama, but is accentuated by Jesus. It is not without significance that Gautama put off the trappings of royalty and power and became a mendicant. It is of enormous significance Jesus was born of manual laborers, himself labored with his hands for bread, and chose his disciples from the laboring class.

"He who is last shall be first."





### WHAT THE CRYSTAL REVEALED

By Eleanor Maddock

I

ORDERING the British territory of India, the state of Chamba stretches northward to the far peaks of the eternal Himalayas, holding within its grasp that spot of poetic enchantment—the valley of Kashmir.

At the time whereof this tale bears record—one that has its origin in actual happenings—this part of India was not easily accessible to Europeans but now,

since their advent, many of the old customs are disappearing—and one of these is the dreadful custom of the execution of criminals by an elephant trained for the purpose and which was known by the hereditary name of "Gunga Rao."

The city of Chamba, capital of the state, was gay with color and noisy with brass trumpets and native instruments, for not since the marriage of the boy Rajah had there been such a *durbar*. But it was only to the efforts of Colonel Robert Marshall that the Rajah owed his seat upon the imperial *guddhi* (throne), and also the fact that his

head still remained firmly upon his young shoulders.

There had been fierce unrest among the reigning princes in these parts and Marshall, despite the fact that he was barely thirty, had received his promotion as a result of some clever diplomacy in dealing with a serious outbreak which, due to his efforts, was settled without the shedding of blood—an unusual thing in those days. Moreover, he was popular with the haughty Rajput princes and, although the son of a British officer and given an English education, it was often remarked that had he been of their own blood he could not have understood them better. And now the Rajah and his courtiers were giving him a royal welcome on his return from a brief sojourn in England. They filled the space on either side of the great durbar hall like giant mosaics of glowing color—saffron, orange, blue and scarlet, and the gleam of gold and jewels was caught and flashed aloft from silken robes and shining tulwars to the shout of "Shabash! Shabash!" as the

young colonel walked slowly down the central space where the frail

boy Rajah rose to meet him.

"A proud day this for the old Marshall Sahib, were he alive. Did'st note the bearing of his son?" The one addressed was a man, old in years, whose dress bespoke the small nawab; he was leaning for-

wards and peering intently from the sides of his sedan-chair.

"Arre! that I noticed and much more besides. It was for this purpose that I made the long journey from my Kulu Hills to this place, where the noise disturbs my rest and the air is not fit to breathe. But, verily, I knew the old Colonel Sahib upon those same Kulu Hills. Ai! and another too; the son is very like . . .!" The other drew closer to the chair, but the old man motioned impatiently to his bearers that he wished to be moving and, sinking back into the depths of

his cushions, was swiftly borne away by the tall hillmen.

In the centre of the city stood the palace, overlooking the maidan, or plateau; here on the stretch of turf the people engaged in games and sports, but in the old days it was the scene of state executions. From the roofs of the palace were to be seen the figures of veiled women watching the durbar as the procession filed through the streets. An old woman, with a quantity of heavy jewelry on her arms, neck and bosom, stood a little apart from the others, speaking softly to herself behind her veil. She was a Kulu woman who in her youth had been the nurse of the little son of the old colonel. As usual, there was much gossip among the women and suddenly a lithe black-haired girl of low caste and impudent face came over and touched her on the shoulder.

"Tell us, Toru-thou should'st know-what is this talk about the

Colonel Sahib's mother?"

It so happened that the old woman's thoughts were busy on this very subject; she resented the interruption and showed her irritation as she turned upon the girl.

"And what of thy flesh-eating mother?"

Those who overheard laughed rudely as the girl turned angrily away; being a newcomer in their midst she had yet to learn not to

take liberties with old Toru.

Just off the main thoroughfare, leading towards the outskirts of the city, there was a short lane, bordered on either side by old mimosa trees, their twisted trunks and branches almost concealing the entrance. They were in full flower at this season of the year, their soft yellow petals falling in showers at every breath of wind. Strangers traveling along the dusty road invariably slackened pace, inhaling the perfume and vaguely wondering how these trees came to be growing at this spot, so far from their natural habitat. Colonel Marshall had come here for a stroll just before sunset and, as he swung along with the easy stride common to military men, clad in a white duck

suit and low canvas shoes, with solar topee pushed back from his fore-head, was enjoying the freedom after an irksome round of official duties and tedious audiences at the Rajah's court. But his eyes were sombre; the grey leaden skies of England had failed to dim, ever so slightly, the fire that glowed in their depths or to lighten the smooth olive tint overspreading the handsome features. Beneath the mimosa trees he paused and, leaning against a trunk, lit a cigar and fell to musing over what had recently passed.

He had not intended leaving England where he had so many friends; yet without hesitation he had accepted this post when it was offered. Surely he had no cause to wish for another long sojourn in India; the previous one had not been a bed of roses, to say the least, for the intimate relations with court intrigues carry with them an element of uncertain personal safety—these native princes were

proud and quick to take offence.

A lonely childhood, the circumstances of which he had never quite understood, was spent in the Kulu Hills where he had been born and watched over by the hillwoman, Toru. He saw his father only at rare intervals. An enlarged photograph of a fair-haired Englishwoman hung upon the wall of the large, bare living-room which overlooked the Himalayas and the rough hill road winding ever upwards to the mightiest peaks in all the world; this, Toru told the child, was of his mother, but he remembered seeing her only once—when she had accompanied his father on one of his rare visits. She was very delicate and had been brought there to gain strength from the bracing air of the hills. When the little fellow had crept into the darkened room where she was lying on a couch, and timidly touched her hand, she started violently and stared at him coldly.

"Oh," she said to the servant, "take the child away."

One day a trusted servant came, bearing upon his shoulders a box containing a dark blue sailor suit ornamented with beautiful brass

buttons and with cap to match.

"Thy mother is dead, little brother," said the man kindly, "and I am come to fetch thee to where the Colonel Sahib, thy father, waits at the great ship which shall bear thee far away across the 'black water."

The man had also talked in whispers with Toru, glancing at the child curiously meanwhile; then he had taken him in his arms and, with his thumb and finger, gently lifted his eyelids and examined the

little finger-tips.

On the morrow, almost before dawn, as the boy stood watching the preparations for starting with childlike interest, a litter approached up the steep path, the bearers spent and breathless. A veiled woman clad in rich garments parted the curtains and stepped forth; entering the house without ceremony, she waved Toru aside, who salaamed repeatedly. With a sob she clasped the child to her, while her veil

falling away revealed the face of a beautiful Kulu woman.

"Ai, mere beta! (Ah, my son!) they are taking thee at last. It is better so, but thou wilt return. Take this amulet; do not lose it, little one; Lakshmi will bestow her favors on thee because of thy Rajput blood." From her neck the woman unclasped a heavy chain of handwrought gold, from which hung a tiny carved ivory head of the goddess Lakshmi. Her fingers trembled as she fastened it round the neck of the wondering child and tucked it underneath the collar of his little sailor blouse, searching his face meanwhile with eyes of piteous longing. Then, with a sudden movement, she wrapped her veil about her head and was gone.

This incident, above all others connected with his childhood, had stood out distinctly in the memory of the young colonel. The gold chain had long ago gone to a sweetheart of the school-days in old England, but the Lakshmi amulet still hung from his watch-chain as he stood that afternoon under the mimosa trees near the ancient

hathi-ki-musjid (elephant temple).

With a sigh he turned to walk down the lane, pulling up sharply as he came before the temple entrance. Late afternoon shadows were playing upon the walls of the strange structure, giving to the barbaric carvings a weird semblance of life and movement. Here—though Marshall did not know it—was where the Rajahs and their families had worshiped for centuries. It stood in a strangely secluded spot, strangely secluded because its walls, though hidden from a distance, neverthless caught and threw back the echoes of voices and the constant tramp of many feet passing to and fro on the broad highway almost at its very door.

With head tilted back, his helmet fallen to the ground unheeded, the Colonel stood staring fixedly at a spot over the door, frowning and muttering to himself. Just why he should have shown so much annoyance because over the entrance to a Hindu temple (built seven hundred years before his birth and upon which, until this moment, he had never laid eyes) he failed to find a certain symbol, seemed

singular indeed.

"I gave no orders and yet they have dared to remove the *lingam*, yes, and the royal *ankh* too." He was still muttering to himself as, hastily kicking off his shoes, he flung open the massive grille door and stepped within, dazed for a moment as it closed behind him, shutting

out the sunlight.

The interior was dimly lighted by swinging chirargs (lamps), the atmosphere heavy with incense. From somewhere sounded the monotonous chant of priests, the tapping of a muffled drum and the weird droning of some musical instrument. What storehouse of memory was this, floating about and brushing his face with cobweb wings?

Ah, yes, the incense, of course! Marshall tried to pull himself together, for someone was speaking: "Not since the building of this temple has other than Hindu set foot within its sacred walls. Nay, do not go, thou hast removed the covering from off thy feet, so 'tis well. Have no fear, my brother, this place holds safety for such as thou, yea, and knowledge too. Come." For the bewildered Englishman had turned to go, as well he might after the rash act of intruding into a native temple. Where he was to be led by the white-robed priest with the caste mark on his brow he knew not, but the spell of the floating incense again swept over him and he followed mechanically, for something in the voice and movements of his guide seemed strangely familiar as they crossed the outer court, passed through a small curtained door at the far end and down a flight of stone steps worn smooth by the passage of countless feet. At the end of a narrow passage, in the dim light of a swinging lamp, the priest paused a moment reverently, then, lifting a heavy curtain, said, "This is the shrine: enter."

If the outer court of the temple had seemed oppressively silent, here, as the curtain dropped behind them, was such a stillness as one might feel on being suddenly thrown into space. Marshall felt a slight throbbing in his ears; the light, too, was peculiar—at first he wondered vaguely if the moon was not shining in somewhere. The walls and pillars were of teak, black with age and carved with a most bewildering variety of designs and symbols. The lavish use of ivory, mother-of-pearl, polished gold and jewels caused the figures to stand out with startling distinctness. But that which stood in the central space was what caught and held his attention.

An elephant, carved in ivory and standing upon a raised platform, held upon the tip of his outstretched trunk, as though he were offering his treasure to the gods, a marvelous crystal sphere, its surface glowing, scintillating and throwing back the reflection of the gold and jewels cast upon it from the walls and pillars, filling the sacred place with a soft radiating light that Marshall, upon entering,

had mistaken for moonlight.

Fascinated, and a little awed at finding himself in such surroundings, he had remained standing just in front of the curtained door by which they had entered, but now the whole aspect seemed to change suddenly in much the same way as when he had stood before the entrance of the temple and, except for his European dress, he might have been one of the proud Rajput kings of ancient days whose feet had often sought this hidden shrine where silence brooded, guarding the secrets of the crystal sphere.

As he stepped out boldly from the shadows of the curtain he saw that the priest—whom for the moment he had forgotten—was gazing

at him fixedly and pointing at the crystal.

"Look!" he said. Obeying the command, Marshall's eyes followed the direction of the priest's forefinger. Did a mist gather before his sight, or did milk-white clouds surge up from the depths of the crystal till it became as a mammoth pearl? . . . Ah! . . .

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Now it chanced that the king, who was fond of hunting and all warlike games, left the Ranee much alone with her women. She would sit in the trellised courtyard, fragrant with jasmine, idly watching the dancing-girls circle about the marble fountain filled with lotus blossoms, and often listening to Meerup Sing as he played upon the vina or chanted portions of the sacred Vedas in a low, musical voice. Then the maidens would gather round, their dark eyes flashing or glowing softly as he related tales of tragic love or romance, for this was the day of India's glory.

Thus time passed swiftly until among the Ranee's women were spoken half jesting words, for the Rajah's cousin came more often to the trellised bower than the king himself. When eventually an idle word reached the ear of Hira Sing his eyes grew hard and cold, but he spoke no word. One day Meerup Sing was reclining upon a cushion at the Ranee's feet, reading from a parchment scroll; so engrossed were they that neither heard the footfall of the king who, for a moment, stood looking down upon the pair, his face dark with passion. He had never liked his cousin and to find him thus caused dislike to turn to bitter hatred; he remembered, too, the idle word.

"Get thee hence!" was his command to the women. Instantly there was a scattering, with many sidelong glances, for it was not wise to tarry when the king was angry. The Ranee rose and went quickly to her husband's side, her long silken scarf trailing behind upon the marble floor. Meerup Sing sprang to his feet; in so doing his foot caught in the folds of the scarf, throwing him backward against the Ranee's couch almost into the midst of its cushions. This

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of his jeweled dagger as he confronted his cousin.

"Traitor!" he sneered, "seeker of women!" The Ranee's small hand gripped the king's that held the dagger. For a moment the trio stood thus—the only discordant note in this bower where so many halcyon days had passed. The hum of bees, busy among the trellised blossoms; the splash of the cool fountain, spraying scented waters; a peacock, accustomed to the sound of girlish laughter and caressing hands, walking jerkily up and down murmuring discontentedly, were the only sounds which broke the silence.

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Not long thereafter the Rajah held a secret council; one was tried

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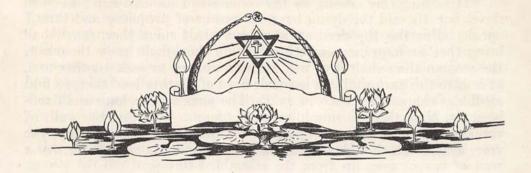
And so, on this cloudless day, the sunlit green of the maidan is the scene of a rare entertainment—new games and sports, followed by a state execution. The king is giving orders, mounted on his pure white Arab with jeweled saddle and bridle. He is robed in costly silk and in the centre of his turban glows the great pigeon-blood ruby. His manner shows suppressed excitement; the Arab feels his master's mood, for he plunges and rears under the nervous hand upon the bridle-rein as an attendant comes in haste, salaaming.

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The king is ill at ease as he enters her apartment and seems to heed but little the beauty of his queen. She is clad in a rose-pink sari, heavy with rich embroidery; strings of pearls are twisted in the coils of her dark hair; in the parting, and drooping over her brow, is a pear-shaped pearl; about her neck and arms such quantities of splendid jewels that the slender body seems to sway beneath their weight. And the Ranee's eyes—some say that in their slumbering depths is mirrored that heavenly night when Krishna played upon his magic flute; now they are full of trouble. "You sent for me?" he asks.

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A SYMPOSIUM\*



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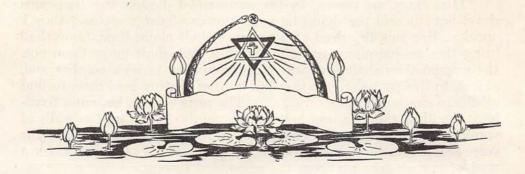
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"Hira Sing, my cousin, by thy command I die like any base-born slave, but 'tis said the dying have the power of prophecy and thus I speak: For this thy deed an alien race shall claim thee, fame shall bring thee no happiness, meeting thy kin thou shalt know them not, the woman thou shalt love will turn from thee to seek another and, at last, to this spot shall the invisible cord of destiny lead thee, to find all things changed except . . ." The prince gazes long and fixedly at the king, then, raising his arm, he points. "Within the walls of yonder temple shall we meet again." The arm drops heavily, the voice ceases but, though faint from weakness, it has carried far, for a wail of horror goes up from the assembled throng.

The king partly rises from his seat, his hand grasps the hilt of his tulwar and a flood of hot crimson sweeps his face, causing the perspiration to start in great drops some of which run down and stain his silken robe. Until this moment the resistless wave of jealous hate has carried him forward without check; too late he sees his error and the stern questioning in some of the eyes that are searching his. With an oath and a gesture he summons a guard, intending to have the prisoner led away and another substituted, but his ear catches the sound of suppressed weeping from the litter where the curtains tremble, being parted ever so slightly by a slender hand. His eyes harden

and he hesitates no longer.

"Let the prisoner advance, the executioner awaits."

Again a hush falls upon those assembled. The victim is taken to a central spot, laid upon his back with outstretched arms and securely staked. The elephant has been watching these preparations closely and is so trained that at the given signal his great foot lifts and then descends, shutting out forever from the upturned eyes the blue of heaven. There is much murmuring among those clustered about the royal stand; others are standing apart with bowed heads. The silken canopy, shading the brilliant throng, is fading slowly in the distance. Now the splendid rosewood litter with its guard of soldiers is but a speck. Over all there spreads a mist, a faint, subtle perfume.

The temple shrine, the crystal, all are there again. The man of alien race lifts his head and looks at the priest with the caste mark upon his brow. Those silent accusing eyes are those of a prince—and yet a priest. The voice speaks, the same which but a moment since has spoken on the *maidan* those solemn words of prophecy—the same, but with now no sign of weakness.

"Thou hast journeyed far, my cousin, for where fate leads all needs must follow. Thy work awaits thee, let there be peace be-

tween us."

Slowly and with bowed head, the man of alien race bassed from the temple shrine and the floating incense out into the world of things. her, but his body stiffened as he heard the faintly spoken words and a hot flame of jealous passion swept over him. When he spoke his

voice was hard with cruel meaning.

"So your love for him would lead you to die to save him? I had willed to show mercy, but now—. And more, you shall be present to witness how this would-be priest will meet his death." Turning, the king leaves the apartment, laying hold of the silken curtain covering the entrance with such violence as to rend it from its fastenings. Outside he pauses to give an order while the Ranee lies a rose-pink heap upon the whiteness of the marble floor, her jewels faintly tinkling as her shoulders rise and fall. Two women creep in softly and gently lift her to her feet.

The king rides forth to meet the regal procession, for messengers have been sent conveying invitations to all the neighboring rajahs and their followers. First come the musicians, followed closely by the Maharajah of Kashmir on an elephant whose huge body is all but concealed beneath crimson trappings and cloth of gold, its ivory tusks banded and tipped with gold and precious stones; the howdah, too, glitters with polished gold. Surrounding him are mounted men in armor, his courtiers following on elephants but little less gorgeously bedecked than that of their ruler. The Maharajah wears his jeweled belt, famous the length and breadth of India and worn since earliest days by the reigning prince of Kashmir. Then comes an old man, borne aloft in a gorgeous palanquin and fanned by four beautiful girls. He is the ruler of Ladakh and across his brow and over his high skullcap there passes a band of blazing jewels.

A company of soldiers halts in front of the Rajah's stand; in their midst is borne a rosewood litter, inlaid with ivory and pearl, its purple curtains closely drawn. At a low-spoken command from the Rajah it is carefully set upon the ground in the open space and surrounded

by a guard of soldiers.

The games and sports ended, there is a momentary hush followed by a tense indrawing of breath from slave and prince alike, for Gunga Rao, the executioner, is coming down the *maidan*. He differs in no way from other elephants of enormous size, yet many shudder as they watch the ponderous swaying of the great brute that is being slowly led around and fed sweet cakes by the assembled people who make salaams, hoping to propitiate, for none knows whose turn may come next.

From the direction of the palace now comes the clash of cymbals. The prisoner, closely guarded, is being led to the *maidan*. As is the custom, they halt a moment before the Rajah's stand, and there is a stir of amazed excitement. The old man, the ruler of Ladakh, leans forward and, with trembling hand, plucks at the Rajah's robe. Then there is silence, for he who faces death is speaking.

seemed to anger the king even more, for his hand gripped the hilt

of his jeweled dagger as he confronted his cousin.

"Traitor!" he sneered, "seeker of women!" The Ranee's small hand gripped the king's that held the dagger. For a moment the trio stood thus—the only discordant note in this bower where so many halcyon days had passed. The hum of bees, busy among the trellised blossoms; the splash of the cool fountain, spraying scented waters; a peacock, accustomed to the sound of girlish laughter and caressing hands, walking jerkily up and down murmuring discontentedly, were the only sounds which broke the silence.

With never a look toward the king, the eyes of Meerup Sing lingered for a moment on the upturned face of the Ranee with a look which none might fathom. Then, stooping to gather up his parchment scroll, he crossed the flagged courtyard past the latticed windows from behind which came sounds of subdued voices, and thence

out through the palace gate.

Not long thereafter the Rajah held a secret council; one was tried

for treason, and the sentence was-execution by Gunga Rao.

And so, on this cloudless day, the sunlit green of the maidan is the scene of a rare entertainment—new games and sports, followed by a state execution. The king is giving orders, mounted on his pure white Arab with jeweled saddle and bridle. He is robed in costly silk and in the centre of his turban glows the great pigeon-blood ruby. His manner shows suppressed excitement; the Arab feels his master's mood, for he plunges and rears under the nervous hand upon the bridle-rein as an attendant comes in haste, salaaming.

"The Ranee sends, your Highness; she would have speech with

you."

The king is ill at ease as he enters her apartment and seems to heed but little the beauty of his queen. She is clad in a rose-pink sari, heavy with rich embroidery; strings of pearls are twisted in the coils of her dark hair; in the parting, and drooping over her brow, is a pear-shaped pearl; about her neck and arms such quantities of splendid jewels that the slender body seems to sway beneath their weight. And the Ranee's eyes—some say that in their slumbering depths is mirrored that heavenly night when Krishna played upon his magic flute; now they are full of trouble. "You sent for me?" he asks.

"My women say there is a rumor that he who suffers death today by execution is none other than your cousin, Meerup Sing. Is this true, my lord? You are silent! Then 'tis true! Oh, my lord, the people love him and if you suffer this to be done they will hate and curse you. Spare him, my lord—there is yet time—or grant that another may perish in his place. Would that the other might be I!" The last words fell almost in a whisper as she dropped upon her knees, her forehead touching her husband's feet. The king bent to raise

tions in the civilization of the world to which they come. Theosophists, looking back over the world's religions, pointed out that each religion had such a great Teacher as its Founder; that no matter where you searched in the past, you found some magnificent figure at the commencement of a new era alike of religion and civilization; that you could trace a definite order; that you could recognize a quite intelligible sequence of world religions, rising one after another and appearing in the world when the previous civilization and religion was beginning to show signs of failing in its power, and of no longer being able to cope with the conditions surrounding it. That thus, looking back over the long history of the world, it was possible to see cycles, recurring cycles, each of which began with the coming of a World Teacher, that coming being followed by a step forward in the evolution of mankind, by the dawning of a new civilization, embodying some definite principle and helping it to evolve along a quite definite line; that looking thus at the world's history one perceived not only that each religion marked a step forward in civilization but, also, that it brought out some particular feature valuable to mankind on which less stress had been laid in the religion that preceded it.

There are signs going on in the world in our own time of the rising of a new continent in the Pacific Ocean. That is not a Theosophical statement, but a geological one. And even if you will look at your picture papers, you will have noticed during the last few years pictures from time to time appearing of a new island—one new island after another. These islands which have appeared during the last two or three years are coming up out of what is called the Fiery Ring

of the Pacific.

Now the beginning of the rising of such a continent, which takes hundreds of thousands of years in the building, is the first indication of another of these great departures of humanity—another root-race to be born to inhabit that continent when it is ready for habitation. But as soon as we see signs of such a continent arising, our minds turn naturally to the question: Well, but what about our fifth race? We have only as yet had five branches of that, and there must be another branch from it before you have the very material out of which the new root-race can gradually develop; so that the mind of the student looks over the earth as it is today, looks to see if there is any sign of a new branch of the great fifth root-race; asks whether anywhere there is a new sub-race which is distinguishable from that amid which it is taking its birth?

The answer to that comes from America. The American Bureau of Ethnology has lately received several reports from American ethnologists and we have there pointed out, definitely and clearly, that a new type of man, different from any now existing, is slowly rendering itself manifest in the United States of America. The measure-

ments of the head and the face are given; the type of the features described—a new sub-race as we call it, a sub-division, as different from the Teuton as the Teuton is different from the Kelt. So that we who are students of the past and who from the past are able to some extent, by analogy, to forecast the future, we say that these marks of the new type are showing themselves quite definitely on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, that the material out of which the great race of the future ages will be evolved is already in the making in America; that that sub-race will increase and multiply; that the type will become more and more dominant and that, when it has reached, after centuries of evolution, a thoroughly distinctive type and civilization, then there will be the beginning of the other larger growth, of a type to go on for tens of thousands of years before it

will be definitely established.

Looking just at these purely physical things, and trying to understand them as signs of the line along which mankind will be evolved, we remember that whenever a new sub-race has appeared a new great Teacher has come to start it on its way. There we find one of the strongest reasons for looking to the coming of the great Teacher within a comparatively short time; that there is in the making a new type, and that always in the past that has been accompanied by the manifestation of a World Teacher. Is it likely, we say, that what has happened over and over again—is it likely that, when looking back over our own great race, we see how the Teacher has come with each of these offshoots that we can trace in the past that, as we see the beginning of a new vista when another type is developing, then the sequence of Teachers will be broken and that one type for the first time will be left unguided, with none to shape its spiritual aspirations, with none to lay the foundation of the civilization that it will be its destiny to build? And we put that on one side as one of the proofs—a very important proof when you realize that it is dealing with physical things that every one of you can judge about for yourselves. By Annie Besant

#### From "When He Comes," by C. Jinarajadasa

HE MESSAGE we are proclaiming today that a Great Teacher will come to help mankind is but the re-utterance of old things. Every religion has taught and teaches that One shall come, in the power of whose word is salvation for all men. Hinduism prophesies that the next Avatara is Kalki, who shall come riding on a white horse; Buddhism foretells the coming of the "Teacher of Gods and men," the Bodhisattva Maitreya. The Zoroastrian is taught to look to the coming of the Saoshyant, "the Savior," the Jews to expect the Messiah, and the Christians, the Christ. Muhammadanism, too, speaks of the coming of another Prophet of God, and already by the

side of the Muhammad's grave at Medina is prepared an empty tomb where shall lie the body of the Lord after His death; in Persia and elsewhere the Shiahs know well of the Imam Mahdi who in 940 A. D. disappeared from the sight of men but now awaits, in the mysterious city of Jabulka, to come once again, when faith wanes, to lead men to God.

Well indeed for us if what the Great Teacher says will endorse our conclusions; but if it should not?

Here it is we must take care to guard ourselves from clinging too closely to the forms of things; inspiring though it is to act nobly because we have a noble philosophy, it is safer to act nobly because we have none. For then the philosophy the Great Teacher gives us we shall make our own at once, and we shall not expect Him to prove to us that He is right and we are wrong. So long as we are not firm and broadbased enough in right conduct so that we can let our convictions go, instinctively doing the right because right is right, so long we shall not be ready to receive with open hearts the outpouring of the Spirit He will give us. Verily they will recognize Him "when He comes" who recognize Him now and when He has not "come."

#### From "Every Little Helps," by G. S. Arundale

TRUE herald of the Star is a strong force wherever he is, however limited his sphere of activity, and if he be poor, occupied perhaps in some humble trade and known to but few people, his very poverty, his trade and the paucity of his acquaintance are his ways—the ways required of him—of showing that the Lord speaks to all and not to the few alone. So that the rich man in his palace, the great leader, the humble workman, the little insignificant toiler lost in the whirl of some great city are, each in his own sphere, symbols of the Lord's loving tenderness towards all. The beggar in the street who believes in the coming of the Great Teacher is, if he be nothing else, a messenger from the Lord to those as miserable and as unfortunate as himself. Because the belief is in him, therefore there is hope for all like himself.

#### From "An Opportunity," by C. W. Leadbeater

THE work in connection with the coming of the Lord groups itself into three classes: (1) Preparation for His coming; (2) Service and assistance to Him while He is on earth; (3) Continuation of His work after He has left us.

For the present we must all concentrate on the first of these three

classes, since that is not only the work of the moment but is also the best possible preparation for the others. And this divides itself into two sections: the preparation of ourselves, and the endeavor to do something towards preparing others to see the Light when it shines forth—the Light which lightenth every man that cometh into the world—the Light that once before shone forth in darkness and the

darkness comprehended it not.

Let us not be among the crowd whose ears are deafened by the tumult of the world, so that they cannot hear the voice of the herald of the coming day; let us not be blind to the light of that dawning, as were so many when He came in Palestine; whether our band be small or large, let us at least be ready to recognize when "the Dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace."

From "The Coming Christ, or The New Era," by D. S. M. Unger

It IS reasonable to expect that the religion which He shall establish will be a religion founded on Brotherhood in its highest, ideal sense, because there is such need of Brotherhood. And we have been told by one of the great teachers of this age, that when a World Teacher comes to found a religion among a new race, He always gives His teaching so that it shall be suited for centuries and centuries later. Thus it will be truly ideal, so that the infant race may grow to its beauty and perfection.

You ask, "How shall we know Him when He comes?" By His teaching. How else should you know Him? One must have an ear to hear. You will remember that He said once when He was here: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Evidently all had not ears to hear. He meant the inner perception. The hearing He referred to was not physical, but the hearing of the spirit that recognizes the truth always. One must have an ear to hear in order to understand, and one must have the inner eyes to see in order to recognize.

The Reverend Scott-Moncrieff, of the Church of England, has said: "In His last world visit He was not Jew enough for the Jews, not Roman enough for the Romans, not Greek enough for the Greeks. He was too big for them all. Shall we not find Him in His future advent not wholly satisfactory to the religions of the world? He will not be Protestant enough for the Protestants, not Catholic enough for the Catholics, not Broad Church enough for the liberal. He will be too big for them all."

And yet all men may know Him if they will, all men may claim Him if they will, by preparing themselves so that they have the inner hearing and the inner vision, and by building within themselves those qualities which the Lord will show forth. How shall we prepare thus to know Him? By living now and in the coming days and years those virtues which shall make in us the Christ life—the virtues of tolerance, of brotherliness, of co-operation, adaptability, reverence, magnanimity—all virtues which show forth brotherhood.

From "The Coming of the World Teacher and the Teaching of Christ," by an Anglican Priest

HE thought of a future heaven, another world utterly different from this one, has in the history of the Church gradually replaced the wider idea of the Kingdom of God. The Kingdom of God as conceived by Christ and the Hebrew prophets was not heaven, but heaven upon earth typified by St. John's vision of the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven—not another world, but this world made new—the life of the age to come. With this conception the return of Christ to earth is strictly in accord, but it is inconsistent with the popular conception of heaven as another world. So, before the Second Advent can be again a living belief, a truer conception of the kingdom of God must prevail. Meanwhile, it is well that all who believe that the dawn of the new age is at hand should join together for mutual help and sympathy. He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine, and the will of the Master is that when He comes we shall not be found sleeping. If, then, we are watchful, we shall be helped not only to prepare the way for His coming but also to know Him when He comes.

From "The Immediate Future," by Annie Besant

If IT be so amongst some of us, enough of us to influence the public opinion of our time, then when the Lord of Love comes again it shall not be a cross that will meet Him; then when He stands amongst us it shall not be hatred that shall be poured out against Him; not three brief years alone will He stay with us, but our love will not let Him go, for love fetters even the Lord of Love, and we who have tried to grow into His likeness, we who have longed for the glory of His presence, we with our eyes shall behold the King in His beauty and know the Supreme Teacher when again, ere very long, He treads the road of earth.



#### NEWS FROM LOST ATLANTIS

By Fannic F. Young

"Ine which appeared in an English paper some year or two back. The no-

tice under that heading told of an expedition about to start for the purpose of looting the sea-sunken cities of a lost continent which might prove to be the mysterious Atlantis of hoary tradition. The hopes of the expedition were based upon some very valuable objects of gold and silver, enobjects of gold and silver, en-



crusted with jewels, which had been found almost casually on the spot where the search was to take place. I have never heard the result of the expedition, so it may not have yet returned or it may been family on the expedition.

have been fruitless.

Atlantis is supposed to have been the home of the fourth root-race that appeared on the face of this globe; the fourth continent, and each continent in turn, when its race is run, perishes by either subterranean fires or by submergence. Atlantis was no exception to the rule and 800,000 years ago the first great deluge occurred which swept away an immense tract of land; then about 200,000 but the third, 80,000 years ago, was terribly destructive, leaving of the third, 80,000 years ago, was terribly destructive, leaving of Atlantis proper virtually nothing but the island of Poseidonis, mentioned by Plato and which was situated exactly in the centre of the Atlantic Ocean, between Spain and the United States. This remaining island was finally destroyed 9564 B. C. and with it perished the last piece of land which was solely Atlantean.

Atlantis 800,000 years ago was a huge continent, lying exactly where the Atlantic now rolls, and it contained the marvelous "City of the Golden Gates." In shape it was very much like North Ameri-

ca of the present day. It extended almost to Africa, took in the eastern side of the United States, Mexico and California, and included all Central America, the West Indies and a large portion of the north of South America. This will account for the marvelous cyclopean ruins that are found scattered all over Guatemala, Yuca-

tan and Mexico, all of which are of Atlantean origin.

The only important lengthy mention made of Atlantis by ancient writers was by Plato, though Homer alluded to the "Atlantes" and their island in the Odyssey. Plato lived about 400 B. C., and in his Critius he gives a detailed account of the history, art, manners and customs of the people as well as a minute account of the appearance of the city, its magnificent courts, enclosures and entrances. He placed the scene of its glories, however, in Poseidonis, but in reality the description applied to its grand original, the "City of the Golden Gates." Plato's knowledge was gained from his ancestor, Solon, who flourished about 600 B. C. and who left behind him a manuscript which attempted to give in verse a description of the wonderful land. Owing to Solon's age and the greatness of the task, the manuscript was left unfinished and it fell into Plato's hands, who made good use of it.

Solon's knowledge was obtained from the wise men or priests of Sais, a town near to Alexandria and close to Rosetta, where the famous stone was found which solved so many riddles. Solon left Athens for ten years, as Plutarch tells us, and he himself says that he dwelt "on the Canopean shore, by Nile's deep mouth." Egyptian priests seemed interested in Solon because he was an Athenian, and the priests knew what the Greeks did not-that their civilization was of vast antiquity, dating back to the Atlanteans. One of the priests, addressing Solon, said: "Oh, Solon, Solon, you Hellenes are but children in mind, you are all young; there is no old opinion handed down among you by ancient tradition, nor any science which is hoary with age; you forget the antiquity of your history and the history of your antiquity, and the reason is, there have been and will be again many destructions of mankind, arising out of many causes, and then you have to begin all over again as children, knowing nothing of what happened in ancient times, either among us or among yourselves."

The priest goes on to tell Solon that Athens originally was 1000 years older than Egypt, but that both countries possessed very much the same laws and customs and that each worshiped the same goddess, only under a different name; finally that, after Athens had shown herself the leader of the Hellenes in courage and military skill, there came a terrible day and night of rain, earthquakes and floods and all the warlike men sunk in a body, together with Atlantis

itself, beneath the sea.

Donnelly, to whose book Atlantis, the Antediluvian World I am much indebted, believes Plato's account of the island of Poseidonis to be no fable but a veritable history, and he maintains that it formed a part of the lost Atlantis in which man first rose from a state of barbarism to civilization. In the course of ages he believes this mighty nation overflowed to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River, the Amazon, the Mediterranean, the west coast of Europe and Africa, and finally reached the Black and Caspian Seas. This he says he can prove scientifically from the similarity of fauna and flora, customs, religion, etc., and the occultists know that such is the case. Donnelly calls Atlantis the true antediluvian world, the Garden of Eden, and he identifies the flood of the Bible with that which destroyed Atlantis.

What testimony has the Atlantic Ocean itself to give us concerning the lost continent? A great deal, owing to the splendid investigations of the United States ship Dolphin and the British ship These revealed the remains of an immense island Challenger. sunk beneath the sea, 1000 miles in width and 2000 or 3000 miles long, with a ridge continuing southwards to the coast of South America and reaching as far as Tristan d'Acunha. This ridge rises about 9000 feet above the Atlantic depths around it and in the Azores and Ascension Island it reaches the surface of the ocean. The evidence for this ridge having been once dry land is that the inequalities mountains and valleys—could not have been produced by any submarine agencies but they must have been carved by agencies acting above the water level. It does seem as if in these connecting ridges we have the back-bone of the ancient continent and the pathway which once extended between the New World and the Old, by means of which the plants and animals of one continent traveled to the other and black men found their way from Africa to America and red men from America to Africa. One of the Challenger staff gave it as his opinion that the great submarine plateau is the remains of the lost Atlantis.

Passing on to the evidence of fauna and flora, it is a generally accepted hypothesis that every species of animals or plants originates in one part of the globe and from that centre overruns the other portions. Now fossil remains of the camel are found in India, Africa, Kansas, and even Los Angeles, and how can they be accounted for without the existence of land communication in some remote age? Recent discoveries in the fossil beds of Nebraska seem to prove that the horse originated in America, for only there are fossil remains discovered showing all the intermediate forms through which the horse passed in his development from an animal not larger than a fox. So we have to account for the presence of the horse in Europe and Asia, where it existed in a wild state long before the stone age.

A writer in *The Westminister Review* forty years ago said: "When the animals and plants of the Old and New Worlds are compared, one cannot but be struck with their identity; all, or nearly all, belong to the same genera, while many even of the species are common to both continents; this indicates that they radiated from a common

centre after the glacial period."

Turning to the flora: In the fossil beds of Switzerland, where the flora of the Miocene Age in Europe is chiefly found, 800 different species of flower-bearing plants, besides mosses and ferns, have been recognized and the majority of these species have emigrated to America and now grow in the forests of Virginia, North and South Carolina. Without land communication it seems almost impossible that these trees and shrubs should have passed from Switzerland to America. Certain plants such as those not propagated by seed, like the banana or plantain, must have needed the assistance of man in their transmigration. The banana, though seedless now, originally resembled an elongated melon, with scarcely any pulp but full of seeds like a melon. Now Professor Kuntze tells us that "a cultivated plant which does not possess seeds must have been under culture for a very long period," possibly as far back as the diluvial period. It is found in tropical Asia and Africa, and Professor Kuntze asks how a plant which cannot stand a voyage through the temperate zone was carried to America. It has no easily transportable bulbs, like the potato, nor is it grown from cuttings. The answer seems to be that Atlantis possessed just the right climate for its cultivation and reached within 150 miles of Europe on the one side and almost touched the West Indies on the other.

Leaving fauna and flora and turning now to architecture, we find that identical mounds, temples, palaces and houses built on the same pattern exist in Egypt, Peru, Mexico, and Central America. One peculiarity, possessed in common by two countries as widely apart as Egypt and Peru, was that the walls of their buildings receded inwards and the doors were narrower at the top than the bottom. The obelisks of Egypt covered with hieroglyphics are paralleled by the round columns of Central America, and both are supposed to have originated in phallic worship. The mounds of Europe and Asia were made in the same way and for the same purpose as those of America—burial.

The paintings upon the walls of some of the temples in Central America reveal an art equal to that of Egypt, and so do the pottery and glass. The religion of the Atlanteans as described by Plato was very simple—no regular sacrifices save fruits and flowers, and their God was the Sun. In Peru only a single deity was worshiped and his physical representative was the Sun, and any sacrifices save of fruit and flowers were forbidden. Throughout Egypt temples to

the Sun—Ra—abounded, and the word seems to have been derived from Peru, for the festival of the Sun there was called Rami. Embalming was practised equally by the Egyptians, Peruvians, Central Americans and Aztecs, and also (curiously) by the Guanches of the Canary Isles, who were probably one of the sole remaining fragments of the Atlanteans; so here we see different races, separated now by immense distances of land and sea, uniting in the same beliefs and same customs. Infant baptism by water was found both in the old Babylonian religion and among the Mexicans, and also an offering of cakes—which is recorded by the prophet Jeremiah as part of the worship of the Babylonian goddess-mother, Queen of Heaven—was found in the Aztec ritual. Now all these and many other similarities cannot be accidental, and doubtless both the people of Europe and America drew their customs, ideas and knowledge from a common centre, namely, that of the once powerful, dominating Atlantis.



The phonetic alphabet, or a system of signs representing the sounds of human speech, can be traced back to the Phenicians, a nation of sailors, who established communication with every shore and literally monopolized the commerce of the world. For them a phonetic alphabet was a necessity, and it must have been evolved from hieroglyphics originally, the ideal signification of the symbols in time being disregarded and the picture being treated as mere signs for

sounds. The Egyptians, being isolated and little addicted to commercial enterprise, kept to their hieroglyphic manner of writing, calling it "the language of the gods"; but both Phenicians and Egyptians ascribed the invention of writing to Thoth, or Hermes, and referred to it as having taken place at a period older than their own separate political existence and so an older nation, from whom they received it in common.

There exist in Europe three different ages of human development, commonly called the stone, bronze, and iron ages, and ever has the bronze age been a puzzle for European scientists. Articles of bronze are found over nearly all Europe, articles which indicate great refinement in the people who made them. Now a bronze age (bronze being nine parts copper and one part tin, to harden the copper) must have been preceded by a copper age, an age when copper and tin were used separately; yet nowhere in Europe can we find traces of such an age while, if we turn to America, from Bolivia to Lake Superior we find everywhere traces of a copper age of great antiquity. Sir John Lubbock says: "The absence of implements made either of copper or tin alone seems to indicate that the art of making bronze was introduced into, not invented in, Europe." It seems reasonable to suppose, therefore, that the authors of the bronze age were the people described by Plato as Atlanteans, who were highly skilled workers in metal and who preceded all the nations now called ancient. Doubtless this people passed through an age of copper before they reached the bronze.

There seems very little doubt that the history of Atlantis is the key to Greek mythology. Lord Bacon, writing on the subject, said: "The mythology of the Greeks, which their oldest writers do not pretend to have invented, was no more than light air which had passed from a more ancient people into the flutes of the Greeks, which they modulated to such descants as best suited their fancies." The value placed upon gold and silver as metals seems traceable to Atlantis—not that those metals were intrinsically more valuable than the rest—for both were found in plenty in Atlantis, Peru and Mexico—but because, from their color, they were dedicated to the Sun and Moon respectively, and so considered sacred metals and very largely used on the decoration of the temples. The Peruvians spoke of gold as "tears wept by the Sun," and the mighty Temple of the Sun at Cuzco was literally a mine of gold—walls, cornices, statuary, even the very pipes and aqueducts being of that metal.

Many were the colonies planted by the Atlanteans ere their civilization became a mere memory, and in Egypt we have one of, if not the oldest of her Old and New World children. We know of no period when barbarism or ignorance prevailed in Egypt. As a writer in Blackwood said: "As soon as men settled on the banks of the Nile

they were already the cleverest men that ever lived, endowed with more knowledge and more power than their successors for centuries and centuries could attain to. How they came by their knowledge is matter for speculation, but that they possessed it is undeniable." Now that Egypt should suddenly burst upon us like "a flower in its highest perfection," with its handicrafts at such a stage of perfection that they could only have reached it after thousands of years of patient toil, seems incapable of explanation save on the theory of their being emigrants from some mighty nation which, owing to some catastrophe, had vanished from the memory of man save as faint legendary lore. Such a parent nation we find in Atlantis, where all the Egyptian magnificence and power were developed by slow stages,

through vast ages, from the rude beginnings of barbarism.

Now we will see what Scott-Elliot has to tell us in his book The Story of Atlantis concerning the civilization, the architecture and the people of Atlantis, as revealed by occult research. The "City of the Golden Gates" must have been one of the most remarkable and magnificent ever built and its conception undoubtedly of divine origin, for its shape is symbolical. Its water system was amazing, the supply being drawn from a great lake lying at a height of 2,600 feet in a range of mountains. The city itself was built on the slope of a hill some 500 feet high and stretched away to the sea. Looked at from above, the form of the city revealed a perfect cross, three circles and a square. On the summit of the hill lay the emperor's palace and gardens, in the centre of which welled up a never-failing stream of water which, after supplying first the royal needs, flowed in four different directions, forming an equal-armed cross, and fell in cascades into a moat which encompassed the palace and was shaped as a circle. Two more canals, built circle-wise, were at lower levels, with the same channels, carrying out the idea of a cross, conducting water to them; and finally one canal at the level of the plain whose shape was square; this served to receive the constantly flowing waters and to discharge them into the sea.

Thus the city was divided into three great belts, each enclosed by its canal. On the upper belt, just below the palace grounds, was a circular race-course and large public gardens, the houses of the court officials being situated in this belt and also a most curious institution called "The Strangers' Home," a palace where all strangers who might visit the city were entertained for as long as they might choose to stay. On the two lower belts were the houses of the citizens and various temples, those on the lowest belt being comparatively poor houses; those outside, extending to the sea, very meagre and crowded closely together.

In the days of its greatest glory the city comprised some 2,000,000 inhabitants. Air-ships were quite usual in Atlantis, though they were

never used by the common people, who had either to travel on their own feet or in rude carts with very rough wheels. These air-ships usually held two people, but some held six or eight and in later days, when war was a constant occurrence, they were constructed to hold as many as fifty and seemed entirely to supersede battle-ships. The material used in their construction was either very thin wood, to which the injection of some substance gave a leather-like toughness, or an alloy of one red and two white-colored metals producing a sort of aluminum which was spread over a rough frame-work and beaten into shape. They shone in the dark as if coated with luminous paint. In shape they were like a boat, decked over for safety.

But the all-absorbing question concerning them is: What was

the power by which they were propelled?

In the early days it seems to have been a personal vril, or force self-generated; in later days, whatever the force was, it operated through definite mechanical means. The following is an account of these means: A strong, heavy metal chest lay in the centre of the boat and was the generator. From this the force flowed through two large flexible tubes to either end of the vessel and also through eight smaller tubes fixed fore and aft to the bulwarks; these had double openings pointing vertically both up and down. When the journey was about to begin, the valves of the eight pointing downwards were opened and the current, rushing through these from the generator, struck the earth with such force as to drive the boat upwards. When the desired height was reached the valves were partially closed and the current reduced to just sufficient to maintain the elevation and the direction of the vessel's course, the motive propelling power being furnished by the flexible tube at the stern, through which the volume of the current was directed. This seemed to serve as a rudder also, for any change in its position caused an alteration in the vessel's course.

The highest rate of speed attained was one hundred miles an hour, and the course taken was never a straight line but wave-like, now approaching, now withdrawing from the earth. The elevation reached was never over a few hundred feet, and if mountains lay in the track a détour had to be made, the rarefied air evidently not supplying the necessary support. The vessel was stopped by means of the flexible tube in front which, on being opened, allowed the current to escape with great force, and that, striking on either land or air in front, met with resistance, which acted as a drag, and then the propelling force behind was gradually shut off by the closing of its valves. The eight tubes pointing upwards were seldom used save in time of war, when so tremendous was the force of the current directed by one air-ship against another that it was liable to turn the vessel upside down, in which case the eight upper openings would become the lower and by opening them instantly the boat would not be precipitated to the

ground. We must remember that all persons on an air-ship traveled within decks and therefore would not be thrown out by such a catastrophe, though their heads would momentarily occupy the place where their heels should be.

Of course the manners and customs of the Atlanteans differed very much at different epochs of their history but, as the Toltecs, the third sub-race, were far the most powerful of all the sub-races, what follows mainly applies to them. Up till the time of the Toltecs all the petty little independent kingdoms were ever at war with one another, but then they were united into one mighty federation with a recognized hereditary emperor at its head. Psychic faculties were developed, amongst the best born and most cultivated of the people, to just as great a height as intellect is developed in the present day among the best educated and most advanced, and in the early days of the emperors these occult powers were used for good purposes and the government was wise and just but gradually, after some 100,000 years, the Golden Age began to pass, occult powers were degraded to evil uses and degeneracy and decay set in.

The position of the women (though two wives were allowed) was quite equal to that of men and in some cases, where they showed a great aptitude for acquiring the *vril* power, they were considered as superior, and there was no separation of the sexes in school or college.

The system of land tenure was very different to our own and one which seems to have ensured everyone against poverty or want. All the land and its products, all the flocks and herds upon it, were regarded as belonging nominally to the emperor. He divided the kingdom into different provinces and put at the head of each a viceroy, who was responsible for the government and well-being of the inhabitants under his rule. Each viceroy surrounded himself with a council well versed in astrology and occult lore, and they told the people the right days for beginning every agricultural operation and it is said some of them had the power of producing rain at will. produce raised in each district was as a rule consumed in it, but occasionally an exchange of commodities was arranged for. A small share was put aside for the emperor and central government and the rest was divided amongst the inhabitants, the viceroy and his officers naturally receiving the most; but the meanest agricultural laborer got enough to secure him against want and keep him in comfort. Any increase in the productive capacity of the land or in the mineral wealth equally benefited all; therefore there was ever an inducement to work well. There is no doubt that the splendid system of land tenure prevailing in Peru under the Incas, about 14,000 years ago, owed its inception to the system devised by the Toltecs.

In the early days of the Atlanteans, their religion was very simple—a sort of Sun-worship—and the people would repair to the hilltops

and there build huge circles of upright monoliths, symbolical of the sun's yearly course. In the time of the Toltecs, however, sun- and fire-worship became a regular cult, and magnificent temples were raised through the length and breadth of the land, and retinues of priests were retained to celebrate the numerous services. In those early days no image of the Deity was permitted; the sun disc was considered the only appropriate emblem of the Godhead and, as such, was used in every temple. Later on, in Atlantis, the image of an archetypal man was placed in the temples and worshiped as the highest representative of Divinity.

But with the decay of the Toltecs came a decay of religion, and sorcery was practised to a terrible height amongst the Turanians who were decidedly an inferior race. They formed, by their misguided but powerful will-elementals, malignant creatures which they used for evil ends and finally worshiped as gods with the most horrible and gory sacrifices. The sacrifices of the Toltecs, on the contrary, were ever bloodless—offerings of fruit and flowers alone.

The recent most interesting discoveries which have been made concerning Atlantis seem to make it probable that this continent will no longer remain in the region of myth but will become an acknowledged fact, able to be proved beyond doubt.

The following statements are taken from The New York American for October 12, 1912, and also from The London Budget. Most of us have heard of Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, an eminent archeologist and the discoverer of the site of ancient Troy and of many other interesting "finds." One discovery, however, he kept to himself, realizing its immense importance and that following it up would involve far more labor than his waning years and failing strength were equal to. Therefore he deposited with an intimate friend, to be kept intact till his death, a sealed package which bore the following inscription: "This may be opened only by a member of my family who solemnly vows to devote his life to the researches outlined in it."

Just an hour before Dr. Schliemann's decease at Naples, in 1890, he asked for a piece of paper and pencil and with trembling hands wrote: "Confidential addition to the sealed envelope. Break the owl-headed vase; pay attention to the contents. It concerns Atlantis. Investigate east of the ruins of the Temple of Sais and the cemetery in Chacuna Valley. Important. It proves the system. Night approaches. Lebewohl." This message he enclosed in an envelope and directed his nurse to send it to the friend to whom he had entrusted the package, which was accordingly done.

For sixteen years no member of the Schliemann family was found who was either willing or able to devote his life to what would certainly prove an arduous and possibly a fruitless task, and meanwhile the package lay unopened in the Bank of France. But at the end of that time a grandson, Dr. Paul Schliemann, decided that what his famous grandfather had considered so important must be an object worthy of the devotion of a man's life; so he took the vow required and broke the seals.

Inside were a number of documents and photographs, and the following was the content of the first paper: "Whoever opens this must solemnly swear to carry out the work I have left unfinished. I have arrived at the conclusion that Atlantis was not merely a vast territory between America and the west coast of Africa and Europe but also the cradle of all our civilization. There has been much dispute among scientists on this matter. According to one group, the tradition of Atlantis is pure fiction, founded upon fragmentary accounts of a deluge some thousands of years before the Christian era; others declare the tradition to be historical but incapable of absolute proof. In the enclosed records, notes of explanations will be found giving the proofs that exist in my mind with regard to the matter. Whoever takes charge of this mission is solemnly adjured to continue my researches and to publish a definite record, using the matter I leave behind me and crediting me with my just dues in connection with this discovery. A special fund is deposited in the Bank of France to be paid to the bearer of the enclosed authorization, this fund being intended to recoup the expenses of the research. May the Almighty be with this great effort." (Signed) Heinrich Schliemann.



OWL-HEADED VASES, TROY AND PERU

Another paper related that among the ruins of Troy Dr. Schliemann found a peculiar bronze vase of great size, containing various pieces of pottery, small images and coins of peculiar metal, and objects of fossilized bones. The bronze vase and one or two of the objects were engraved in Phenician hieroglyphics and, when translated,

they read: "From King Chronos of Atlantis." Ten years later, pieces of pottery exactly the same shape and of the same material, brought from Central America, were discovered in the Louvre. They, however, had no Phenician characters inscribed on them.

Pieces of pottery from each collection, having been subjected to chemical analysis, were found to be manufactured from the same peculiar kind of clay, a clay not to be met with in either Phenicia or Central America. The metal objects also showed a combination of platinum, aluminum and copper, a combination never met with before in the remains of the ancients.

Dr. Schliemann also narrates that he found a papyrus in the Museum of St. Petersburg, written in the reign of a Pharaoh of the Second Dynasty, which contained an account of how this Pharaoh sent out an expedition west, in search of traces of the land of Atlantis "whence," says the papyrus, "3350 years ago the ancestors of the Egyptians arrived, bringing with them all the wisdom of their native lands." The expedition was fruitless, returning after five vears with no clues to the vanished land.

The grandson, Dr. Paul Schliemann, eventually broke the owl-headed inscribed vase and found at the bottom of it a square, white, silver-like



OWL-HEADED VASE, TROY

medal, inscribed with strange figures on the one side and on the other an inscription in ancient Phenician, which ran: "Issued in the Temple of Transparent Walls." Now in an old Buddhist temple at Lhassa, are found records giving an account of a great cataclysm which swallowed up seven cities with their Golden Gates and Transparent Walls, or Temples. One interesting thing about the owl-headed vase was, it had never been opened; the medal could not have been inserted into it after the making of the vase, for it was embedded in it, and yet the grandfather seemed to know of its existence

within and its great importance as a proof.

In Paris the grandson sought and found the owner of the Central American collection in the Louvre and discovered that he also possessed an unopened owl-headed vase. He persuaded the owner to break it, and out fell a medal of exactly the same size and material as that contained in his own owl-headed vase.

After six years of indefatigable work in Egypt, Central America, South America, and in all the archeological museums of the globe, Dr. Paul Schliemann states boldly: "I have discovered Atlantis and have verified the existence of that great continent, and the fact that from it sprang all the civilizations of historic times, without a doubt."

Dr. Schliemann tells us that when his book appears (which we sincerely hope will be at no distant date) some of the inscriptions will literally startle the world. Probably they will force scientists to reconsider their decision that man some 10,000 years ago was in a state of barbarism. He could not have been so when prehistoric remains

show such skill in the making.

Science is yet in its infancy with regard to reconstructing the past and revealing the marvelous peoples who lived in bygone ages. Surely there is no study which is capable of appealing more largely to the imagination nor of stimulating more the activity of the brain than this fascinating subject of the great drowned nation of the Atlanteans, the true antediluvians.



OWL-HEADED VASE, PERU

#### **PYTHAGORAS**

GREEK PHILOSOPHER; FOUNDER OF A BROTHERHOOD AT CROTONA; INITIATE TEACHER

By Isabel B. Holbrook

(Continued from page 666)



HE indocible and abstruct tradition of Myfleries and Symbols, is not to be investigated by
acuteness of human Wit, (which rather affects
us with a doubtfull fear, than an adherent firmnesse) it requires ample strength of thinking
and believing, and, above all things, faith and
taciturnity. Whence Pythagoras taught nothing (as b Apuleius saith) to his disciples before silence; it being the first rudiment of contem-

fore silence; it being the first rudiment of contemplative wisdom to learn to meditate, and to unlearn to talk. As if the Pythagorick sublimity were of greater worth, than to be comprehended by the talk of boyes. This kind of learning (as other things) Pithagoras brought into Greece from the Hebrewes; that the disciple, being to ask some sublime question, should hold his peace; and being questioned, should onely answer duto's equ, He said. Thus the Cabalists answer with the wife said; and Christians, wis evoy, Believe.

c Moreover, all the Pythagorick Philosophy (especially that which concerns divine things) is mysticall, expressed by £nigms and Symbols.

In the words of Iamblichus, Pythagoras "discovered many paths of erudition and delivered an appropriate portion of wisdom conformable to the proper nature and power of each. The mode, however, of teaching through symbols was considered by him as most necessary. This form of erudition was cultivated by nearly all the Greeks, as being most ancient, but it was transcendently honored by the Egyptians and adopted by them in the most diversified manner. Conformably to this, therefore, it will be found that great attention was paid to it by Pythagoras. If any one clearly unfolds the significance and arcane conceptions of the Pythagoric symbols, he thus de-

velops the great rectitude and truth they contain and liberates them from their enigmatic form."

Those who came from this school—especially the most ancient Pythagoreans, and also those young men who were the disciples of Pythagoras when he was an old man—adopted this mode of teaching in their discourses with each other and in their commentaries and annotations. Their writings also, and all the books which they published, most of which have been preserved even to our time, were not composed by them in a popular and vulgar diction and in a manner usual with all other writers, so as to be immediately understood, but in such a way as not to be easily apprehended by those that read them. They adopted that taciturnity, which was instituted by Pythagoras as a law, in concealing, after an arcane mode, divine mysteries from the unintiated and obscuring their writing and conferences with each other. Hence he who, selecting these symbols, does not unfold their meaning by an apposite exposition will cause those who may happen to meet with them to consider them as ridiculous and inane and full of nugacity and garrulity. When, however, they are unfolded in a way conformable to these symbols and become obvious and clear even to the multitude instead of being obscure and dark, then they will be found to be analogous to prophetic sayings and to the oracles of the Pythian Apollo. They will then also exhibit an admirable meaning, and will produce a divine afflatus in those who unite intellect with erudition.

In The Secret Doctrine (Vol. III., page 98), Madame Blavatsky says: "His symbols are very numerous, and to comprehend even the general gist of his abstruse doctrines from his symbology would necessitate years of study." We can do no more than note the various kinds which he employed and group them as described and classified by Stanley:

1. He used by short sentences to vaticinate an infinite multiplicious signification to his disciples, the same as Apollo by short answers exhibits many imperceptible sentences, and Nature herself, by small seeds, most difficult effects. Of this kind is: "Half is the Whole's beginning."

2. Or he wrapped up sparks of truth, for such as could enkindle them, in a short way of speech, treasuring up concealed a most copious produc-

tion of Theory, as in this: "To Number all have reference."

3. And again in single words—friendship; philosophy; and that celebrious word, tetractys—all these, and many more, did Pythagoras invent for the benefit and rectification of such as conversed with him.

4. Some things likewise he spoke in a mystical way, symbolically, most of which are collected by Aristotle, as when he calleth the sea a tear of Saturn; the Pleiades the lutes of the Muses; the planets the dogs of

Proserpina; the eyes the gates of the sun.

5. He had also another kind of symbol, as: "Go not over a balance" (that is, Shun avarice); "Wear not a Ring" (that is, Separate your soul from the chain which goeth round about it); "Abstain from beans," etc., etc. These are variously recited and interpreted by several authors. They are in general adhortative to Virtue, dehortative from Vice; every one of them in particular conduceth to some particular virtue, part of philosophy or learning.

It is stated that Pythagoras was sixty years old when he married, but a pure life had kept him in perfect health and vigor. His wife was Theano, a young woman of great beauty and one of his disciples, the daughter of a Crotonian named Brontinos. Theano entered thoroughly into the life and work of her husband and, after his death, became a centre for the Pythagorean Order and an authority on the doctrine of numbers.

Stanley, in his *History of Philosophy*, states that to this union there were born three sons and four daughters. Theano, after the death of Pythagoras, married Aristæus, who was thought worthy both to succeed to the position of teacher and to marry the wife and educate the children of his master. When Aristæus became advanced in years, two of the sons of Pythagoras—Mnesarchus and Telanges—governed the school and on the authority of Iamblicus and Laertius) became renowned teachers, counting as among their disciples the eminent Empedocles and Hippiborus.

With one of his daughters, Damo, Pythagoras left his writings at his death, "charging her not to communicate them to any that were not within the family. Whereupon she, though she might have had much money for the books, would not accept it, preferring poverty, with obedience to her father's command, before riches."

Accounts differ concerning the origin of the hostilities which arose against the Pythagoreans and also as to where Pythagoras was at

the time stratagems were used to destroy them.

One record states that "a crass certain aristocrat, named Cyclo, or Cylon, who, on account of his ignorance and ineptitude, could not gain admission to the inner Sodality, full of rage and anger, began to stir up the malcontents, to spread false rumors, to put in an evil light the ceremonies and secret action of the Society, keeping up the strife with that asperity and tenacity which came from offended pride. In this manner Cyclo, favored by his social position and by the democratic ideas then being diffused in Magna Græcia, was able to create in the Sovereign Council of the Thousand a strong opposition which made headway among the people, too easily deceived by outward appearances in which they saw nothing but mystery, and finally caused a revolt against the philosopher and his followers. that, if the movement was in effect led by the people against the rule of the aristocracy, the inspiration thereto came from the lower side of the aristocracy itself and the official priesthood. A decree of proscription banished Pythagoras who, after having in vain sought hospitality at Caulonia and Locris, was at length received in Metapontum, where he died not long afterwards. A fierce persecution was instituted against the Pythagoreans; some were killed, others were driven into banishment and became fugitives in neighboring lands."

A different rendering is thus: "There had been an uprising in

Sybaris, a neighboring city, and a number of those who had been defeated asked for protection from the Crotonians. Their plea was granted, and when the conquerors demanded that these people be turned over to them the Pythagoreans mercifully refused. Upon this, the Sybarites attacked the colony and overwhelmed the government. Some of the Crotonians joined forces with the invaders against Pythagoras. Pythagoras and his disciples took refuge one night in the house of Milo, which was then set on fire and the Crotonians perished in the flames, with the exception of Lysus and Archippus.

Stanley states that Pythagoras died in this manner: "As he sat in council together with his friends in the house of Milo, it happened that the house was set on fire by one who did it out of envy, because he was not admitted. Some affirm the Crotonians did it, out of fear of being reduced to a tyranny. Pythagoras, running away, was overtaken; coming to a place full of beans, he made a stop, saying: 'It is better to be taken than to tread, better to be killed than to speak.' So the pursuers slew him. In the same manner died most of his disciples, about forty in number; some few only escaped."

Another authority relates that "Pythagoras fled to the Temple of the Muses at Metapontum and died for want of food, having lived there forty days without eating." ("It was the custom of the Pythagoreans, when they became very old and not willing to live any longer,

to liberate themselves from the body as from a prison.")

Others relate that when the house was fired, "his friends threw themselves into the fire, to make a way for their Master, spreading their bodies like a bridge upon the first; and that Pythagoras, escaping out of the burning, destitute of all his friends, for grief ended his days."

Apollonius gives a somewhat different account of the insurrection. He narrates that "the Pythagoreans were envied from their very childhood. The people, as long as Pythagoras discoursed with all that came to him, loved him exceedingly, but when he applied himself only to his disciples they undervalued him. That he should admit strangers they well enough suffered, but that the natives of the country should attribute so much to him they took very ill and suspected their meetings to be contrivements against them. Besides, the young men being of the best rank and estate, it came to pass that after a while they were not only the chief persons in their own families but governed even the whole city. At length the concealed hatred broke forth, and the multitude began to quarrel with them. leaders of this dissension were those who were nearest allied to the Pythagoreans." Finally, in a public convention, calumnious accusations were made against the Pythagoreans; a few days later they were violently attacked while in the Temple of Apollo, and were at last banished from the country and their estates seized. After many years, the leaders of the opposing faction having died, the government called home what of the Pythagoreans were still alive. It is said that those returning were about threescore and that they grew again into great favor with the people.

Still another historian writes that Pythagoras was, at the time of the stratagem, at Delos whither he had gone to give assistance to his preceptor, Pherecydes the Syrian, who was dying and that, in his absence, those who had been rejected from his school and to whom monuments had been raised, as if they were dead, attacked his followers, stoned them to death or committed them to the flames. With this version it is said that Pythagoras lived yet a few years and that no one knows just when he did die.

He taught in his school for forty years, lacking one, and is said to have lived to be nearly a hundred. He had acquired such powers that he was looked upon as a demigod. No one of the Pythagoreans called him by his name; while he was alive, when they wished to denote him, they called him *divine*; after his death they denominated him "that Man." As Homer put it:

I, to pronounce his name, the absent, fear; So great is my respect and he so dear.

The life of the Crotona Sodality was thus extremely short. With its destruction perished much of the teachings and science of the Pythagoreans, for their true knowledge was not written down but handed on from mouth to mouth.

But disciples absent in foreign lands at the time of the destruction, fearing lest the name of philosophy should be entirely exterminated from mankind and that they should on this account incur the indignation of the gods by suffering so great a gift of theirs to perish, made an arrangement of certain commentaries and symbols, and likewise collected together the writings of the more ancient Pythagoreans and of such things as they remembered. These each left at his death to his son or daughter or wife, with a strict injunction not to give them to any one out of the family. This mandate, therefore, was for a long time observed and was transmitted in succession to their posterity.

Some of the authorities hold that Pythagoras himself left no writings. Of this opinion are Plutarch, Josephus, Lucian, Porphyrius. But Laertius affirms that this is not true, and says: "Pythagoras was skilful in history above all other men, selecting those writings made up of his own wisdom and variety of learning and art."

The teachings of Pythagoras were later found among the Essenes, a Jewish sect in Palestine in the time of Christ. Dr. Riggs, in his History of the Jewish People, says: "The striking similarity of Pythagorean ideals with those of the Essenes, and the long-continued presence of Greek influences in the land, make this explanation plausible. They share similarly those aspirations for bodily purity and

sanctity, the simple habits of life apart from all sensual enjoyments, a high estimate of celibacy, white garments, the repudiation of oaths, and especially the rejection of bloody sacrifices; also the invocations to the sun, the scrupulosity with which all that was unclean was hid-

den from it, and the dualistic view of the soul and body."

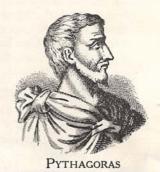
Diogenes says that in his time there were in existence three volumes written by Pythagoras; one on education, one on politics and one on natural philosophy, and that several other books had disappeared. The real mystical essence of the Pythagorean system comes down to us in the Golden Verses of Lysis, Commentary of Hierocles, Fragments of Philolaus and Timaeus of Plato, which latter contains The Cosmogony by Pythagoras.

The efficacy of his teachings has lasted through the centuries; its flame has never been extinguished but religiously preserved and transmitted from generation to generation by the elect, to whom has been confided by degrees the sacred deposit; the foundation of the esoteric doctrine has been maintained and in each succeeding generation more

or less made known.

The great cause he set in motion in former lives and the deva of love he built up through wons of time impelled, worked through, brooded over, and protected the one whom the world called Pythagoras and in such a way that, though ill-treated, persecuted, maligned, his works remain and his influence has permeated the whole of the civilized world. He stands an exponent of those immutable Laws that rule man's pilgrimage through the vicissitudes of life; of that Power which transmutes sorrow into blessing, darkness into light, death into immortality; of that Love which makes man superman—a Master of the Wisdom of the World.





From Taylor's "lamblicus' Life of Pythagoras"



#### MESSAGE FROM MERLIN



These messages will appear monthly hereafter from Merlin, the Senior Knight of the Round Table in America, and will deal with various topics of interest concerning the work and ideals of the Order. It is hoped that members of the Order will look for them regularly.

The flower for September is Lily-of-the-Valley; the quality is Purity.

#### THE ROUND TABLE REMEMBRANCE

A clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, a brotherliness for all, a constant eye to the service of the King. May we live in the light of these ideals. May we be true companions and may the blessing of the King be with us, every one.

THIS short sentiment, the act of remembrance of companions of the Round Table, covers all the qualities necessary for perfect knighthood. Let us look at it and see if we can find the read

meaning behind it.

"A clean life." The one who seeks for soul development, who is making the effort to co-operate with evolution in the perfection of his character, must have as a prime qualification—purity. Nature's secrets are revealed only to the pure; just as we do not entrust destructive or dangerous instruments to persons who are ignorant or immature, so is it also that the greater things which man may learn—the wisdom which gives him power—are not allowed to fall into the hands of those who are physically, mentally or spiritually impure. Purity is the prime virtue of the knight; you remember it was only Galahad, the pure knight, who was permitted to handle the Holy Grail—others caught glimpses of it, but he alone of all of them was pure enough to have it entrusted to his care. Now the Holy Grail is the symbol of final Illumination, and this can only come to the pure, those who maintain a clean life.

Purity means much and is not easy of attainment; there are so many ways in which impurity creeps in. It means turning always to the finest and noblest which we can see. It means shaking out all the heaviest and densest matter in our bodies and replacing it by the finer grades which respond more easily to rapid vibrations.

In the physical world it means physical cleanliness, keeping the

body clean and pure, feeding it upon pure food and drink only, and

maintaining clean and beautiful physical surroundings.

In the emotional, or desire world, it means the purifying and refining of the desires and emotions, building into the astral body only the finer kinds of matter. Here it is very difficult, because in this world impurity thrives most readily.

In the mental world it means thinking pure and helpful thoughts

only-never thoughts of unkindness, cruelty or jealousy.

"An open mind." When one has so purified himself as to be worthy, he becomes a channel through which forces flow to help the world. To make himself an efficient channel for the Great Ones to use, both ends of that channel must be kept open. Through the one end the force flows in and for this he must have an open mind, open to all the beautiful things which may come to him.

"A pure heart" is what keeps the other end of the channel open, so that all which comes to him flows out again to all those about him. A pure heart signifies the motives which he bears to the world and to his fellow men and, when in connection with the open mind, it makes the channel open and clear, so that the waters of love, wisdom and power can flow through it smoothly and without restriction.

"An eager intellect." Having become a channel for the force from the Great Ones, the man now begins to develop the three things which go to make up his "higher self," the part of him that is immortal. Each man is a trinity, just as God is spoken of as a Trinity, and the three parts of this great Divine Trinity of God are each reflected in the man. This is the reason we say that "man is created in the image of God." The lowest of these three is in man the intelligence, and the developing of an eager intellect is the next step.

"A brotherliness for all" is the next step, for it is the second part of the Divine Trinity in man. This is what has been called "the Christ spirit" and is that which makes the man feel that he is one with all in the world. It is also intuition in its deepest meaning, and in the East they call it buddhi. This is the particular task which lies before us now, because it will be the principal characteristic of the new race which is beginning to appear. To have this brotherhood spirit thoroughly grown means that all sense of separateness has disappeared and that one feels the joys and sorrows of all just as his own.

"A constant eye to the service of the King" is the highest thing of all. It is the first part of man's Divine Trinity. It is sometimes called Will—the will to serve. To have an ideal and to strive to serve it is the highest thing imaginable, and that is what this last phrase means. It is steadfastness and one-pointedness raised to its highest stage. In its simplest meaning it means to keep on the constant lookout for opportunities to serve, and to do all things in the name of the King, your Ideal. This is the highest expression of will and

power. He only is the ruler who is also the servant; those men are the rulers of Nature who are obedient to Her.

"May we live in the light of these ideals. May we be true companions and may the blessing of the King be with us, every one."



#### "GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS"

By Charles Hampton

#### A TRUE STORY

N A BRIGHT July day in the year nineteen hundred and seven, Saint Paul's School, in a certain city in Germany, was to have a half-holiday on account of a royal visit to the city and the Head master was just finishing the scripture lesson before closing the school for the day. He had taken as his theme that saying of the Master: "Greater love hath no man than this, that

a man lay down his life for his friend." The boys as a whole, however, had paid little attention to the discourse, being a little excited at the unlooked for holiday and evidently planning in their minds how they would spend it.

As the school dispersed, two boys—Fritz, aged fourteen, big and strong looking, and Carl, slender and somewhat delicate, who was perhaps a year younger—might have been seen standing near the school gates. They had decided to go to the cathedral that afternoon to view some fresco work in the dome. The art master had told them it could be seen at close quarters, because some repairs were being made in the big cathedral and scaffolding had been erected in such a position that one could very readily examine the painting closely. It was this description which had filled the boys with an enthusiastic desire to climb to the dome. The opportunity was a rare one and they decided to seize it.

So, later in the afternoon, Fritz and Carl climbed up ladder after ladder until they reached the highest scaffold and then started to walk up a plank which was slightly inclined, just in front of the painting they had come to view and enjoy. The plank looked just the same as all the others over which they had climbed and they started over it, Fritz going first and Carl holding to his friend's coat behind.

When they were a little more than half-way across they felt the plank suddenly slip and, before they had time to jump back to safety, it had fallen from under them! With a sharp cry, Fritz just managed to grasp the edge of a projecting piece of wood while Carl, thrown forward by the accident, blindly caught the first object that touched his hands, which happened to be his friend's ankles! There they were, hanging in mid-air, with nothing between them and the stone floor of the cathedral seventy feet below.

When the first shock of the accident was over, Fritz, strong and big as he was, tried to raise himself and his companion up into security. Had he been alone he could have done this without the least difficulty, but Carl's weight was too much for him. The situation was desperate; something must be done at once, so the boys began shouting. Their voices rang and echoed through the great dome but could not be heard above the noise of the workmen's hammers. They waited a moment, hoping and praying that a lull would come in the noise below, but none came; the din seemed to increase rather than diminish. The strain was beginning to tell on Fritz, who had the full weight of Carl's body to support, besides which, his hands were bleeding from the roughness of the wood.

"Carl," he said, "I can't hold on much longer, we must give an-

other shout, both together."

They called again, but in vain; they might as well have been alone in the building, for no answering cry came.

"Carl!" said Fritz suddenly, "You can climb up over my body and save yourself and then I can climb up alone; I can't hold on

much longer."

Carl immediately obeyed, slowly raising himself with much effort over his friend's hanging body. Fritz set his teeth and endured the strain without a murmur. Presently, however, his fingers now torn, bleeding and lacerated began to slip.

"Stop, Carl! wait a minute, I'm slipping," he cried.

Carl stopped, and quickly made up his mind. He was very white. "Good-bye," he said, "tell the Head I didn't forget the lesson this

morning."

And, before Fritz could stop him, he had released his hold and dropped to the stone floor of the church below. Relieved of the weight, Fritz managed to climb into safety only to faint from exhaustion.

The workmen found the body in which the hero had lived, crushed and mutilated beyond recognition, upon the cathedral floor. The citizens gave him a tomb in the great cathedral among the country's heroes, and inscribed upon it are the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."



#### AQUARIUS, THE BRAVE SISTER

Adapted from "Rents in the Veil of Time"

By Betelgueuse

LCYONE was born in the year 3059 B. C., and the family into which he came this time was poor though respectable. The family had once been a very rich one but had lost its wealth, and Alcyone's father always had visions of restoring the family fortune. There was one older brother in the family, Pollux, who was rather wild and was always doing things which he should not.

After one particularly wicked act he ran away from home.

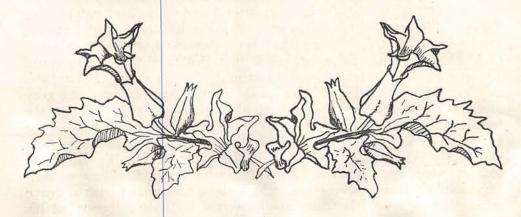
Now Alcyone's father was very proud and could not bear to have the world know that his eldest son, who was to inherit and carry on the traditions of the old house, had been so wicked, and so he insisted that Alcyone, who looked so much like Pollux that the two could scarcely be told apart, should pretend to be his elder brother and take the blame for the evil deed. Of course Alcyone was not very anxious to do this, but he obeyed his father nevertheless. So the family pretended that it was Alcyone who had run away and, in the meantime, everyone was surprised that the supposed Pollux—who was really Alcyone, of course—behaved himself so well! But soon Pollux came home again and took his own place and, of course, continued in his former evil ways. At last he committed such a grave crime that he would have been imprisoned had not Alcyone, at his

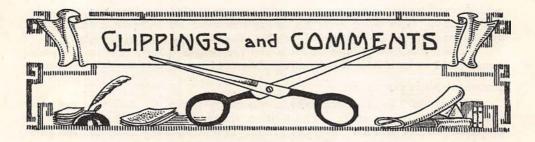
father's command, come forward and claimed that he himself had done the deed. After this, of course, poor Alcyone had to go to prison in place of Pollux and very miserable he was in that unclean place. But, according to the strange and unjust ideas of those days, everything and everyone had to be sacrificed to the eldest son who was to inherit the family traditions and fortunes. So it was that Alcyone was made to suffer for the evil deeds of his worthless brother.

There was one member of the family, however, who did not at all agree with this foolish and cruel plan, and that was Alcyone's younger sister, Aquarius. She was a tender-hearted girl and could not bear to see her dear and innocent brother suffer so cruelly. So one day she slipped from the house, without telling anyone where she was going, and went bravely to the king to tell him about the whole affair. The public disgrace which followed was so great that the father took his own life, while the wicked Pollux ran away and never returned. So Alcyone and Aquarius were left alone and the king, who admired Aquarius' bravery and her devotion to her innocent brother, made them a handsome present. So they would have been quite happy if they had only had a little more money.

In the city where they lived there was a priest who was known as a very wise and saintly man. Alcyone went to him and related all his difficulties, and the priest advised him to go to a certain shrine and pray earnestly that he might be helped. Alcyone spent several days at the shrine and at last was rewarded by a dream in which he was told to go to a certain place beneath his castle and to dig deep under the stones. He went home and did as he had been told and there, sure enough, were gold and silver and precious stones to restore the lost family fortune and to enable him and Aquarius to live in comfort for the rest of their lives. And, according to the custom of that time, in gratitude to the deity who had sent him the dream, he built a great

temple and organized many splendid religious processions.





#### APPRECIATION OF MRS. BESANT

The following is an extract from the cablegram from London in June, detailing Mrs. Besant's article under the heading England Warned Regarding India: "When Mr. Bernard Shaw lately, at the Fabian dinner to the retiring Secretary, referred to Mrs. Besant as 'the greatest orator in England, in Europe, perhaps in the world, perhaps the greatest woman in the world,' he voiced a thought spreading today widely and more widely wherever civilized men are living."

#### INDIA AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE

It is deeply gratifying to note the splendid hearing that Mrs. Besant has received for her plea in behalf of India. The press on both continents has shown unusual interest in her article India and the Empire. In The Literary Digest for May 9 and for June 6 there appeared reviews of articles on India which bore out what Mrs. Besant has said about it. Why India Will Not Accept Christ, written by an Indian in The American Journal of Theology, is of interest, as well as India's Smoldering Revolt, which latter is a general outline of the unrest in India, with extracts from the Bande Mataram (Geneva), edited by Madame Cama, a Parsi lady who is one of the leading spirits of the movement whose slogan is: "Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God."

In May, 1911, Mrs. Besant delivered an eloquent lecture in London on England and India. In her masterly appeal she said: "But if you hold her back too long, if you will not listen to her reasoning and cast scorn upon her longing to be free, then in the hour of your danger she will be your greatest enemy; and the nation that, rightly treated, would have been the bulwark of your future will become a mine full of gunpowder under the foundations of your Empire. And the choice is yours far more than India's, for in your hands is the power, and therefore the responsibility."

During Mrs. Besant's visit to England this summer, she sent a communication to the London Times which has received serious consideration at the hands of the Indian office. She declared that, by the very things which are taught Indian students at Oxford and Cambridge, the country has awakened into national self-consciousness and learned that her tie with Great Britain can only be preserved by her local freedom. "Free, she will be the buttress of the Empire; subject, she will be a perpetual menace to its stability." The following are some of the vital points to which Mrs. Besant called attention in this great problem:

"Now that there is talk of federating the Empire, this question of India becomes pressing. Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies are spoken of as federated countries; India is always left out. If she is shut out of the Empire as a self-governing country, will she be to blame if she refuses to remain in it as a dependency? If her sons are shut out of the colonies, will she be to blame if she shuts out all colonials? If the white man lords it over the Asiatic outside Asia, shall not the Asiatic be at least his own master within Asia? The educated Indian is a highly cultured, courteous,

noble-hearted, patriotic gentleman; is he always to be shut out from the best in his own country? Is he never to be free among free men? Is he never to be estimated by his character, his brain and his heart, but always by the color of his skin?"

We feel that this question of India and the British Empire is of such especial moment that we have devoted our leading editorial of this issue to its consideration.

#### THE UNENLIGHTENED HEATHEN

We note in *The Mountain Echo*, a missionary paper, the following sage and wise (or otherwise) remark: "The heathen religions have not done well for the people nor do they lead the people to do right. It is Christianity alone that has given

us our civilization and placed us so much in advance."

Of course the statement that the "heathen" religions have not done well for the people will be convincing at first sight! Of course the fact is not to be credited in the least that while our own forefathers were wandering naked in the wild forests of Europe, brandishing stone clubs and fighting over the remains of some dead animal, these "heathen" nations were enjoying a civilization which puts our criminal-killing,

corpse-eating, liquor-drinking age to shame!

Is it a well-proven fact that our advanced stage of civilization is entirely due to Christianity? Pass down a street of one of our far-famed big cities and see how many traces of Christianity can be found upon our marvels of civilization—our sky-scrapers, our canals, our railroads, our schools, our hospitals, our tremendous business activities. It is modern science which has moulded our civilization, an earnest search for the laws which govern nature and the phenomenal world, a seeking after truth and light upon things materialistic, something which the Church has not assiduously sought for, judging from the way Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno and others met their fate.

And we wonder how many people know that the seeds of modern science were planted ages back in these very same "heathen" nations which we now pity because they have receded from the high position they once occupied. The mariner's compass was brought from China; our modern numerical system was originated by the Hindus; and there is much archeological evidence to show that the ancients knew some things

which we have not yet even rediscovered.

We have adapted our Christianity from the original teachings to fit our modern conditions and would, quite likely, have thus adapted any other faith we happened to have. The backwardness of these "heathen" nations is not attributable to their religions but to the people, and if our missionary efforts were confined to them alone, it would be better. The Hindu or Chinese gentleman is quite as much one as the American gentleman—and generally far more so.

To the question: "Why did you not endeavor long ago to convert the heathen?" you answer cheerfully: "Because only recently have the doors to China, Japan, India and Africa been open to the white man." And still, after you labor to bring the gospel to these unenlightened (?) countries, you close the doors of your country

to these people and tell them to keep off the forbidden territory.

But if we read further in the article above quoted, we find the answer: "It is quite likely that in time there will be a great Church of China, a great Church of Japan and a great Church of India, including all the Christians in these countries. Surely we do not want to see these national churches so organized that we cannot recognize them as parts of the Holy Catholic Church. Unless we make our influence strongly felt in these lands, this unfortunate event is likely to occur. It is our duty then, as Churchmen, to use every endeavor to prevent what we believe would be a great calamity by presenting our views strongly and by gaining as many adherents as we can, so as to bring as much influence as possible to bear in the organization of these national churches."

So this is the object of missionary endeavor!

THE CASE OF THE KOMAGATA MARU

Canada has been wrestling with the ultimate problem of the white world, that of color prejudice. She tries to solve the difficulty by providing that the Hindus could not enter her territory unless they came direct from India—there being no direct steamship line to bring them. But a body of some three hundred sixty Sikhs tried to meet the issue by sailing directly from India to Vancouver in the Japanese steamer Komagata Maru, led by Gurdit Singh. They arrived May 23, but were forbidden to land and have spent long weeks on shipboard trying to effect a disembarkment. The leader selected Canada for the supreme test; all his men on board sailed from India prepared to fight to the finish. They came knowing full well the opposition that awaited them, and considered themselves a small sacrifice to be made in so large and far-reaching a cause. Their object was to force their way unconditionally into Canada as equal British subjects. They were refused admittance on the score of their being undesirable persons; but it was affirmed that every man on the Komagata Maru had been chosen because of his average worthiness. Their tactics have largely been similar to those of the suffragettes; the suffragette goes on a hunger strike because she knows that no modern civilized government dares let her die on their hands for a political cause in which she has many sympathizers.

For several nights a lookout was maintained on the water front to rouse the city of Vancouver to arms if a landing should be attempted. When the police endeavored to board the ship and enforce submission, the Sikhs used no firearms; their only weapons were coal and hardware. A Japanese boat brought them, while Japan has been looking on watching events in which she is very personally interested. In fact, the colored races of the whole world have been intimately concerned in the outcome of this case. They outnumber the whites by many millions. The colored man

has awakened to his subjugation, his oppression, his insisted inferiority.

The Los Angeles Daily Times contained an unbiased editorial on this serious difficulty which the British government has been called upon to face. It says, in part: "Upon the handling of the case of the Komagata Maru and the far-reaching outcome depend the stability and the continuance of the British Empire, an issue greatly outweighing in immensity such controversies as home rule for Ireland or votes for women. Justice is all on the side of the Hindu. In civilization, culture, ethics and possible attainment he is in no wise inferior to the white man; indeed, his strict code of living and his observance of his religious ideals are often superior. There is nothing but his oriental origin and his dark skin against him, yet to our white eyes that is all-sufficing. It is no argument, but our prejudice is so strong and deepseated, so adamant, that we are physically incapable of accepting him as an equal and living with him as a brother. . . . For the moment it is an exclusively British problem. Tomorrow it will be ours. Australia, South Africa, New Zealand have already felt the ominous rumblings. More than a decade ago Kaiser Wilhelm and contemporary writers foresaw this thing. The coming decade will see the crisis. The white man in his arrogance will be put to the proof. It will be a long and a bitter struggle between the man who considers himself unquestionably superior and who fears death, and the man who wants to know why and who is not afraid to die while he is finding out. The only alternative is to accept the Hindu, the Japanese, the Chinaman, the negro, as a man and a brother. But that is out of all range of possibility. We know that justice is on his side, but we cannot relent. We will forego our hopes of heaven sooner. A wonderful, powerful, awful prejudice!"

On July 23, just two months from the arrival of the Komagata Maru, she sailed for Shanghai. The Canadian government spent more than \$10,000 in provisioning the ship for the return voyage. The newspapers stated that the promoters of the expedition are pleased with the publicity the expedition received, for most of the Sikhs are said to be former soldiers in the British army and they anticipate that their

rejection will be made much of in the agitation for the overthrow of British rule in India.

#### MEASURING THE PSYCHIC EMANATIONS

From many sources and in many diverse ways attempts are being made to come to a closer realization of Plato's aphorism, "Know Thyself." Each month experiments are made to discover the mechanism of consciousness as it operates through man and his bodies,

"Before the Jackson County Eclectic Medical Society in Kansas City, Dr. F. M. Planck, of Kansas City, recently exhibited a machine to which he has given the name of psychophanometer and for which he claims that it not only shows positively the existence of psychic emanations from the body but that it measures them. The device is attached to the person upon whom the test is to be made; a second person stands from six to eight feet behind him and points his hand to certain parts of the cervical and dorsal regions. When this is done a small electric light on the device is lighted or extinguished. Individuals used in the tests described by Dr. Planck gave out varying degrees of this human energy and the light faithfully recorded the varying degrees. The effect of various colors, temperatures, emotions and nervous and psychic states upon the subject are registered by the lighting and extinguishment of the electric lamps. 'This,' says Dr. Planck, 'opens the field for research as to the effect of colors, of color harmonies, of the proper color of paints, wall paper, clothing, of music, discord and harmony of sound, and a thousand other things that have hitherto been problematical in psychoneurosis and psychotherapy. We especially emphasize the fact that this instrument does not record the amount of energy liberated by the operator, but that it does record the far more important fact—the effect of that transmitted energy upon the subject."

#### THE "DYNOMISTOGRAPH" AGAIN

In the July number of The American Theosophist mention was made of a recently invented machine, the "dynomistograph." It is reported that this machine has been used to conduct conversations with the dead, or the "man force" as it is called, and some of the statements made concerning superphysical conditions will be of interest to those who are aware of the Theosophical teachings on the subject. The communicating entity told: That after death man continues to exist in another form; that this form, the "man force," is subject to the law of gravitation; that the "man force" can influence the minds of those living; that this second form of life is temporary, the "man force" gradually disintegrating. The inventors of the dynomistograph explain that the "man force" is composed of a gaseous body on which the will acts mechanically, causing it to expand or contract.

#### POSSIBLE LIFE ON THE MOON

Professor W. H. Pickering, of Harvard, has just issued a bulletin calling attention to a peculiar phenomenon on the face of the moon which may indicate that life in some form exists observation is a certain crater, called Eimmart, the mountain wall of which shines with a singular brilliance in sunlight. In January, 1913, Professor Pickering noticed that the interior of become relatively dark and remained so through the rest of the year and also through January of this year. In lasted about a month, as these brilliant spots has

living beings are responsible. Occult investigators say that the moon has no regular human inhabitants, but still there may be something significant in the account above mentioned.

#### THE "COMTE DE GABALIS"

A mysterious old book, Le Comte de Gabalis, has just recently been translated from the French into English after two hundred years. It was written by the Abbé de Montfaucon de Villars, a critic of that day both renowned and keenly hated. The book deals with certain occult doctrines and it is known to have inspired the writings of several more modern writers, Browning, Gibbon and Southey being known to have had copies, Bulwer-Lytton using it in his Zanoni, and Pope acknowledging his debt to this book in the dedication of The Rape of the Lock.

The writer tells of meeting the mysterious "Comte de Gabalis"—supposed to be a slightly disguised portrait of a great mystic of the seventeenth century—and of how the "Comte" told him of occult teachings. The references in the Abbé's book to the "sun behind the sun" and the mystic theories of the solar force in the world are supposed to be the source of the famous verses on the sun in Browning's Bernard de Mandeville.

#### MORE ABOUT MARS

Mars has ever been of profound interest to the lay public as well as to astronomers. Professor Edmond Perrier, of the Natural History Museum in Paris, and Camille Flammarion, the distinguished astronomer, have collaborated on a book giving the results of their observations of human organisms found on the planet. Professor Perrier states that the temperature averages 42 degrees and that the year is twice as long as our own. The fauna and flora are highly developed, birds have luxuriant plumage and there are huge plants and ideal flowers. He declares that the Martians are acquainted with the noblest delights of intellect and with the most suave emotions of the soul.

#### THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY AND THE TITANIC

There is a report current in the newspapers that the famous Egyptian mummy which caused so much trouble at the British Museum was on the Titanic at the time of its sinking. This has not been thoroughly verified, but there has been some speculation as to whether the Titanic disaster was not to some extent attributable to the pernicious influence of this old relic. Those who know the history of this old mummy will remember how a curse seemed to be attached to it, and so many calamities happened in its presence that there would seem to be some foundation for the belief. It shows that a powerful elemental was created by the owner of the body to protect it, so powerful that its influence continues to be active to the present day. We believe both Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Leadbeater have written of this mummy.

#### SPAIN AND THE JEWS

It is most interesting to note how nations follow the law of Karma in the same manner as do individuals. Spain is a noteworthy example of this at the present time. What she is doing now for the Jews—her karmic creditors as it were—is of interest. The Spanish government is undertaking to develop a centre of Jewish knowledge in Madrid, in the hope that it may bring about the return to Spain of some of the Shepardic or Spaniole Jews living in the east of Europe. By this triumph of good one can imagine that the spirit of that remarkable book *The Scapegoat*, by Hall Caine, is appeased. It is a powerful plea for the African Jew.



A person of great psychic power has told me that I have inner powers along those lines. Will you help me develop those powers? How am I to go about it?

My advice to you would be, if you have any such nascent power, to refrain from forcing it into outer expression. It is far more important that you should develop as thoroughly as you possibly can a complete normality, a practical common sense in all matters of life and an entire unselfishness. When those conditions are stably established and your energies are fully devoted to the Master's service, with the determination to be as useful to Him as you possibly can be in His uplifting of humanity, then, if He deems your psychic powers of any use, He will help you to develop them normally.

The great achievement of man's evolution consists in the development of his intuition; in order to accomplish this, the less we complicate the effort by multiplying the channels of consciousness the safer and stabler will be the undertaking. We have to learn to depend upon our own inner discrimination; when we shall have gained that swift and clear judgment that springs up from within and enables us to decide and act wisely in all cases—and especially in emergencies—we shall have attained to a power that is far deeper in its origin and far surer in its certainty than all the surface manifestations, whether psychic or otherwise, that can be developed. Therefore I would paraphrase one of the grand directions of the Christ: Seek ye first the perfection of those attributes and powers with which you are now struggling, and all these things shall be added unto you.

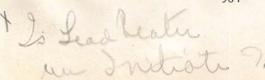
A. P. W.

In "The Secret Doctrine" Madame Blavatsky states that Mars and Mercury are the visible planets of chains separate from the earth chain; that Mars is in obscuration and Mercury just waking up; also that no planetary scheme has more than one physical planet. But the above is contradicted by the investigations of modern Theosophical teachers. Can you reconcile the apparent contradiction?

C. S. S.

H. P. B. made several puzzling statements; this is one of them. If we look at the surface meaning indicated by the words, they seem misleading and in this case there would clearly be a contradiction between what Mr. Leadbeater has given as the results of his own investigations and the statement on pp. 186-189, Vol. I., of *The Secret Doctrine*.

Mr. Leadbeater's words are clear and definite; he gives data with scientific exactness, and we are told that he never gives anything out as a fact until it has been corroborated by another fully qualified investigator. H. P. B. based her criticism of Esoteric Buddhism on letters received from her Teacher, which she admitted were intentionally vague and confusing because there are truths connected with the seven planets and their septenary division which can only be given to an Initiate. To me, it seems that she was trying to lead the student's mind away from the surface mean-



ing in order that he may seek and find the occult truth which the teacher is ready to verify only after the student has proved his right to knowledge by intuitively discerning it. It is possible that when we learn all about the septenary division of the planets and their correspondences both in the macrocosm and microcosm, we shall understand how both these seemingly contradictory statements were correct from the Teacher's viewpoint, though seemingly confusing to us.

O. F.

Will you please tell me why you think there is no real separation between us and the friends who have passed over? Do you know there is no real separation? A. H.

I know that death is not the end of life, but is only a step from one stage of life to another. The physical body serves the spirit as a means of contact with the physical world. When that body is laid aside, as we lay aside an overcoat, the man is clad in a spiritual body, or, as is termed in Theosophy, the astral body. He has become invisible to ordinary eyes; yet the man has always been invisible to you; that which you have been in the habit of seeing is only the body which he inhabits. He whom you think of as departed is in reality still near you. When you stand side by side—you in the physical, he in the "spiritual" vehicle—you are unconscious of his presence because you cannot see him; but when you leave your physical body in sleep you stand side by side with him in full and perfect consciousness, and your union with him is in every way as full as it used to be. So during sleep you are happy with him whom you love; it is only during waking hours that you feel the separation.

Death does not make a great change in the man. He does not suddenly become a saint or an angel, nor is he suddenly endowed with all the wisdom of the ages. He is just the same man the day after his death as he was the day before it, with the same emotions, the same disposition, the same intellectual development. The only difference is that he has lost the physical body.

In the rarefied matter of his astral body he

In the rarefied matter of his astral body he can move about as he will. He may visit at his pleasure all earth's fairest spots. Whatever has been his particular delight on earth he has now the fullest liberty to devote himself to, provided only that its enjoyment is that of the intellect or of the higher emotions, that its gratification does not necessitate the possession of a physical body. A rational man is infinitely happier after death than before it, for he has ample time not only for pleasure but for really satisfactory progress along the lines in which he is most interested.

There are many books and several of recent publication, such as Letters from a Living Dead Man, written down by Elsa Barker, and In the Next World, by A. P. Sinnett, which should be read by anyone who doubts the separation between the living and the so-called dead. The scientific investigation on this subject by the Psychical Research Society of France and other countries is most convincing that "there is no real separation between us and the friends who have passed over." Preeminently the most valuable information on this subject has been given to the world by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater. The following is a brief list of books which particularly treat of this subject: The Ancient Wisdom; Death and After, by Mrs. Besant; The Other Side of Death; The Astral Plane; The Devachanic Plane; The Inner Life (Vol. II.); and The Life After Death, by Mr. Leadbeater.

A. H. T.

Are not the "invisible playmate" stories mostly in books and about children one never sees?

I want to tell you about a little girl I know who was four years old when the experience took place. Her mother told me that the child had so much imagination that she was worried about her sometimes.

The little girl, Dorothy, had no playmates except those she would see when

calls were exchanged between her mother and friends. Dorothy did not like girls; preferred to play always with boys. One day, when she was playing out in the yard. her mother heard her talking as if she had company but, on looking, found her alone but having a most interesting time talking to different boys whom she called by name. The mother watched, but said nothing. This went on for a long time, the same boys coming every day and Dorothy talking to each one just as if he were there physically. She finally told her mother the names of all the boys, saying she liked them all but liked Billy best. This continued for months, when one day her mother noticed that Billy was not among the boys who came to play. When she asked Dorothy about it she said: "He's gone to California and won't be back for three weeks." This happened several months before she was four, and no child of that age can keep track of the passage of time. But in three weeks from that day she came running into the house looking very much pleased, and said: "Mamma, Billy got back this morning and his mamma let him come over here to play with me."

L. W. R.

Does Theosophy teach that there are souls that never advance, but continually retrograde until they reach a horrible place called "Avitchi" where they disintegrate and become, as individuals, extinct?"

W. R. S.

If by "soul" you mean the reincarnating ego, we would answer: No. According to The Secret Doctrine, soul means "a vehicle on a higher plane for the manifestation of spirit." (S. D., I., page 80.) Man's desire nature is sometimes called the animal soul; his reasoning principle, the human soul; his intuitional nature, the spiritual soul. The desire nature (or animal soul) strengthened by the lower mind may, by deliberately continuing in selfishness and evil, tear itself loose from the spiritual nature and become an independent entity. Its final fate is, as the question states, extinction by disintegration in Avitchi. Read Mr. Leadbeater's article Lost Souls in The Inner Life, vol. I., page 201.

(a) What is the cause of flashes of light that seem to proceed from my own eyes; in fact, I know they come from my own eyes. Going into a dark closet one night, feeling my way, suddenly the whole place was lit up by one of the flashes and

I saw everything distinctly.

The questioner seems to be at fault as to the origin of these flashes of light. They do not come from the eyes but from etheric light, and its nature is light itself. He sees by his etheric vision. It is true that for etheric vision the optic nerve is to some extent dependent upon the focus of the eye, as seeing a thing near or far requires a different focus. The trouble that the questioner has is to continue the etheric vision long enough to see and at the same time note the method of his seeing. It is not really a useful faculty although, as he is also developing astral vision, his attention might be fixed entirely on that to very good purpose.

(b) Another experience is that, at night after retiring and becoming perfectly passive and with my eyes closed, I see a procession of landscapes, flowers, faces, groups of people and hundreds of things too numerous to mention. Sometimes there are geometrical figures, but always they melt into one another like dissolving views. Sometimes there will be a page of perfectly legible writing or printing but if I try to hold it long enough to read it, the very effort seems to drive it away; if I try to

concentrate on any part, the whole thing disappears.

These experiences are astral and it is only a matter of careful analysis, memory and reasonableness in putting things together to make the questioner a first-class astral worker. It is the attention upon one picture that keeps it from dissolving into

the next, and yet it is the endeavor to concentrate when one uses the mind and faculties the wrong way that causes the whole thing to disappear; the disappearance is due to the return of the questioner in his consciousness to physical plane consciousness in order to use his brain for a record of the things seen. Here is the point of the whole development: The would-be clairvoyant must hold the vision and learn to use the mind without returning to physical plane vision, in connection with which he is so accustomed to use his mind. Eventually he will be able to use his mind for both analysis and observation, and be really at home in the realm of his true self, or ego. A study of the little book on The Astral Plane and of Mr. Leadbeater's books on Clairvoyance and Dreams would be of great use to the questioner. A. F. K.

Does the World-Teacher typify in His physical body the type of the race to which He comes?

As World-Teacher He does not come to a single race but to the whole world. The physical body through which He works will, of course, show the peculiarities of the race and family to which it belongs; but that does not mean that the Great One, the World-Teacher, comes to that race more than to other races. At His last coming, about two thousand years ago, He took a Jewish body, while the spiritual impulse He brought took form in the Christian religion which was accepted by only a few of the race to which His body belonged.

O. F.

What is the difference between the mistake of the ego and the mistake of the personality?

D. A. M.

It is well known that one can have a deep inner conviction and still be wrong. It is possible for the ego to make mistakes, but such mistakes would not be of a similar nature to those made down here. The mistake the ego sometimes makes is that he may put down into the brain consciousness an imperfect impression. Remember that when the ego does not know, he at least knows that he does not, whereas the worst mistakes of the personality often come from thinking he knows when he does not.

E.R.B.

What is intuition?

Experience gathered in the lower worlds comes through the senses. Sense impressions are facts, as far as they go, but they are very incomplete, as they never bring us in touch with the essence of things but only with their outer symbols or forms. Through the reasoning power of the mind knowledge is drawn from the accumulated experiences; thereby the higher bodies are organized and perfected. Intuition, on the other hand, is the focus of consciousness inward, where it comes in touch with the spiritual essence of things on the plane of unity, or Buddhi. Being a synthetic faculty, it obtains truth by direct perception and, when the vehicles are purified and harmonized so that a contact can be established, it floods with its light the consciousness on the lower planes. Intuition lends itself to the interpretation of the mind as sense observations do, but its source is on a plane that is not affected or added to by the accumulated experience of the individual.

O. F.

How is it that the soul, or ego, is unconscious during hypnosis, sound sleep or anesthesia and is conscious after death?

A. N.

The questioner is confusing himself by his own use of terms. Hypnosis is only a temporary death, due to a forcing of the ego out of the body. The body is therefore, for the time being, unconscious; the ego is conscious all the time, often protesting against the desecration of power by the hypnotist.

A. F. K.

Star, Theosophy and the Story of Hypatia, The (With Portrait) Story of the Snake, The Story of Tobias, The Superhuman Men in History and Religion	Annie Besant Sir Edwin Arnold Turner Lindsey Annie Besant	239 33 843 710 5
Symposium on the Coming Christ.		868
Taormina, A Letter from Tauromenion Hill, An Echo from Theology, The Sanctions of Theosophy, A Few Points on Theosophy and the Star Theosophical Society, The Meaning of	Annie Besant Rev. C. H. Rogers wrence BroadwellC. JinarajadasaAnnie Besant	803 802 637 332 239 540 493
Thus Spake Zarathustra	C. Jinarajadasa . Turner LindseyDarye Hope 52.	353 710 109 796
V VyasaA		
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What About Reincarnation Con What Is the Matter with Us What the Crystal Revealed Wisdom, The Words and Deeds Worker and Warrior	Max Wardall Eleanor MaddockW. L. DuceyCharles Lazenby	311 765 859 621 337 850
What About Reincarnation Con What Is the Matter with Us What the Crystal Revealed Wisdom, The Words and Deeds Worker and Warrior World-Teachers of the Aryan Race:  Gautama Buddha (Illustrated) Hermes Trismegistus Introduction from Writings of Annie Besant Jesus, the Christ A Orpheus A Shri Krishna (Illustrated)	Max Wardall Eleanor Maddock W. L. Ducey Charles Lazenby W. L. Ducey Mary T. Dunbar Dora Rosner delia H. Taffinder delia H. Taffinder Mary T. Dunbar	765 859 621 337 850 644 425 267 791 577 723
What About Reincarnation Con What Is the Matter with Us What the Crystal Revealed Wisdom, The Words and Deeds Worker and Warrior World-Teachers of the Aryan Race:  Gautama Buddha (Illustrated) Hermes Trismegistus Introduction from Writings of Annie Besant Jesus, the Christ A	Max Wardall Eleanor Maddock  W. L. Ducey Charles Lazenby W. L. Ducey  Mary T. Dunbar  Dora Rosner  delia H. Taffinder delia H. Taffinder Mary T. Dunbar	765 859 621 337 850 644 425 267 791 577

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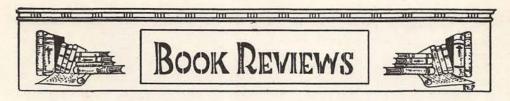
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A. F. K.



The books here reviewed can be ordered from The Theosophical Book Concern, Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Cal.

ASIA AT THE DOOR, by K. K. Kawakami. Publishers: Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto, London and Edinburgh. 1914. pp. 269. Price, \$1.50 net.

This is "A Study of the Japanese Question in Continental United States, Hawaii and Canada." There is a prologue by Doremus Scudder and an epilogue written by Hamilton W. Mabie.

It is a well-written but very one-sided plea for the acceptance by the American people of the Japanese at their own valuation; denying to the American the right to value himself in the bargain at the American valuation. The first few chapters on the introductory side of the relations between the two nations are very good, and help one to look at the subject without the slightest prejudice. One must of course learn to take up the oriental question on the basis that there are honest as well as honorable Japanese, honest as well as honorable Americans, and it is impossible to predicate of either nation undeviating business honor without granting it to the other. So we come to the true man-to-man point of view, taking each nation at its proper valuation, and then going over the whole field and putting up every aspect of the question in its place as evidence before we make any judgment.

Mr. Kawakami makes the plea that ethnologically the Japanese is Aryan. The late Mikado claimed blood relation between the Japanese and the Indian of Mexico; this makes the American blood kin with the Indian of Mexico. Mr. Kawakami points out that some Japanese have married American wives and have been very happy; we, also, know of some very disastrous results, ending in divorce; and almost anyone who has touched the border lands between the two nations will know of cases of marriages of Americans with Japanese women that have turned out very happily. Japanese womanhood cannot find a superior in the world for daintiness, deftness, clever housekeeping, sweet home-making; and a great deal can be learned by the world at large from the Japanese mother how to govern children with a sweet tender authority that does not have to resort to violence; but, even granting that as true, it does not mean that the "Japanese-American" is an improvement on either stock.

Mr. Kawakami's book makes a great plea for better social relationships. That is perfectly right; if the Japanese mix with an American community, they will find a certain place for themselves in the community. Why demand of the American that he make friends with the Japanese simply because he is a Japanese? For it is suspected that there is a fundamental lack of congeniality between the two races even where there is cordiality and respect; there seems to be an impassable barrier between the Japanese and the American when it comes to those subtleties of understanding that are the real essence of comradeship and congeniality.

The question of the rights of the Japanese to become American citizens is based on the question of assimilation. The American is not a finished product. The American has a very high ideal of what the nation is going to be. He does not want to make crosses between American civilization and Asiatic. He wants a dis-

tinctly American result. The American genius is working that out; as a nation, we are not half-way there. Can we borrow anything from the Japanese that will help that national genius? Can the Japanese blood add to that national genius to make a mixed type higher and more satisfactory? The question certainly should be open for discussion. It is true that America is assimilating large numbers of Europeans, but even those who are most distinctly different from the native born American in their own country are very much alike and think very much the same thought. The peasant of Spain, Italy and the Levant is psychologically very much the same man as the peasant of Germany, Scandinavia and Russia; and a gentleman from any one of those countries would not find himself very much at a loss in a group of gentlemen from any other of those countries. It would not take many days for him to become amalgamated in a compact group. After a few years, at most, all of these nationalities lose their identity in America; not so the Chinese or Japanese. It is a great rarity to find a Japanese who has anything but the essentially Japanese point of view, even when isolated from his own people. It seems almost impossible for them to amalgamate happily with Americans; even with those who have great good-will or friendship for them personally. But the question before the American people is that of blood relationship and the feasibility of blood mixture. With the negro problem threatening the deterioration of the nation, why should America take into her hands another great unproved experiment?

The chief fallacy in Asia at the Door lies in the assumption that the Japanese are of Arvan stock. A few scientists have intimated that probably the Japanese are related to the Aino; the Aino to the Siberian stock and, because of the light color of the Siberian-which is probably Akkad, or Semitic, in its affiliation-they have assumed that they must be Aryan in their descent, forgetting that there is more than one test of Aryan; a mere whiteness of skin is not the chief test, That line of identification is the thinnest and most difficult to follow. There are many much more obvious. The Japanese are more closely related socially and ethnologically to the Chinese. The Chinese stock has overrun a tremendous area. The A-chin of Java, the Ka-Chin of Burma, the Co-Chin of Cochin-China, the Siamese, are all of the Chin descent. The Assamese have left their mark upon the Hindus of eastern Bengal. The Buthanese and Goorkas of the western slope of the Himalayas are of Chinese stock. The mark of the Chinese and Mongol blood can be followed up straight across into Siberia, east over the Aleutian Islands into Alaska, and down the west coast of America to Chili. Ever since the Chinese cut off their queues it is almost impossible to tell them from the Japanese. In Southern California you can hardly tell the Japanese and the Chinese from the Mexican Indian, especially

the light colored Cholos of Central America.

Now if you go down to Chili, most of the Chili Indians are aborigines and are so like the Japanese that you cannot pick out the Japanese from them in a crowd. You might deal with one for ever so long, if he spoke a language that you could understand, and not know him from the aboriginal American. That shows that they belong to a type which is very distinct from the Aryan type. Why should Americans try to force through the acceptance of an idea, for the sake of the Japanese, that is entirely different from the idea of their own Mikado?

A few hundred Japanese scattering through America and intermarrying (which they seldom do) would of course soon be lost in the American race, but if there was unlimited immigration of Japanese into the west coast of America, it would be almost impossible to assimilate them without leaving a mark on the race. We are Americans; we are already a race distinct from our European forbears. Are we to begin now and try a new experiment of miscegenation by the introduction of a blood strain that is not on the same basis with such a tremendously progressive element as we are initiating?

The genius of Japan does not lend itself to American institutions. Japan, while very, very old, was very backward. She has come forward very rapidly in an imitative way within the last forty years. This imitative genius, the imitative stage, is a more primitive stage in the development of humanity, and when you think of each race as representing a stage in the evolution of humanity it becomes evident that the horror of the idea of mixed marriages is a natural instinct for self-preservation and something to be treated with respect.

The Theosophical theory gives still more weight to racial differences, giving each race its place to play in the universe and showing the need of carefully and scientifically keeping the race pure, just as scientific breeding along Mendelian lines would stamp the man as a fool who tried to improve draft-horses by breeding them with Shetland ponies or race-horses by cross-breeding with the zebra. Theosophy presents for the world's thought also the theory of soul-growth producing the distinct races of men. The life of the Germanic section of the European peoples is admitted to be due to the extra fine types produced by intermixture of separate factions of the same root stock, giving bodies for the advancing egos, so the bringing together of the scattered types of Aryans in America has produced the American type already recognized by ethnologists and identified by the authorities on anthropology.

Every nation has its part to play in the world's great history. Japan has hers—an honorable past, and an honorable and famous future, but her fame in the future will not depend on her distributing a mongrel population in California or in any part of the American continent.

Mr. Kawakami's plea for tolerance, for understanding, is very well worded. Let us be at peace. Let us enjoy an honorable and very delightful neighborliness with Japan. We have much to exchange in commerce; much to exchange in science, in education, in economics. But, for the sake of future generations, lest "the sins of the fathers be visited upon the children", let us, on both sides of the Pacific, put a social ban against intermarriage, for it has produced no good results that are not immensely overbalanced by the weight of the evil produced.

The science of the blood, its analysis, the fact that it reacts differently in the different nations, even in the same race, proves that there is a distinct use in evolution for each nation. Egos that choose the rare cases of mixed race are never typical of either and are, therefore, inharmonious with both. At the same time, the sacredness of individual liberty should compel both Japan and America to treat the contracting parties in mixed marriages with consideration and respect. There is a face value to every man, whatever his race, and, if he can make good, let him be accepted in spite of his color. Let not the Japanese take umbrage if they cannot please, satisfy or make good to the standard of the American. They have their place, we have ours; why make such an effort to bring about an amalgamation? Let us hope that the friends of Japan will see their way clear to maintain friendly relations without insisting on an equality that does not exist.

A. F. K.

IS THEOSOPHY ANTI-CHRISTIAN? by G. Herbert Whyte. Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London, W. 1914. pp. 49. Price, 25 cents; postage, 3 cents.

This booklet of sixty instructive pages is the sixth of *The Riddle of Life Series* which has become so popular since the initial number of the same name, by Mrs. Besant, was published not long ago. We wish similar success to this number, which deals so lucidly with certain teachings of Theosophy. The purpose mainly is to show that they are in no instance foreign to the spirit of the scriptures of Christianity.

There are seven chapters, namely: Is Theosophy Anti-Christian; The Nature of Man; Reincarnation as a Christian Doctrine; The Christ as God; The Christ as Man; Prayer, Forgiveness, Sacrament; Conclusion. The appendix consists of an interesting exchange of views concerning Christianity and Theosophy. The frontispiece is the favorite ideal of the Christ Head, by Schmiechen. An earnest spirit pervades this edition, and its available price should warrant it a large propaganda circulation.

A. H. T.

VADE-MECUM TO MAN: WHENCE, HOW AND WHITHER, by A. Schwarz. Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar. 1914. pp. 43. Price, 30 cents; postage, 2 cents.

Some years ago Mr. Schwartz rendered a valuable assistance to the students of The Pedigree of Man, by his arrangement of a series of tables and diagrams to be used with that book. The Vade-Mecum is a similarly presented summary of that unparalleled volume, Man: Whence, How and Whither; it also embodies information

from The Inner Life, Vol. II, by Mr. Leadbeater.

The whole summary is made up of verbatim abstracts presenting the main points of both books in a manner which should enable the student who may occasionally lose the thread to pick it up without difficulty at any desired point, thus serving a double purpose as an index both to Man and to The Inner Life. Marginal numbers refer to the pages of the books. A supplementary map with explanations shows the migration of the fifth, or Aryan, root race. Two excellent tables in the book represent (1) Classification of the Lunar Pitris and (2) Stages of Evolution in our Earth Scheme. The sweep of evolution from the mineral to Asekhaship is vast, yet the stages are well-defined in this tabular arrangement. A. H. T.

GHOSTS IN SOLID FORM, by Gambier Bolton. Publishers: William Rider

& Son, Limited. 1914. pp. 114. Price, 35 cents; postage, 5 cents.

The author in the preface announces his book as a text-book on the subject of the phenomena known to investigators as materializations; it is an effort on his part to help us solve "the question asked by each cradle, 'Whence?' and by each coffin, 'Whither?'" It contains the results of many experiments carried on during seven years by three research societies in London. The crux of the contents is the quotation from Ruskin: "A single grain of solid fact is worth ten tons of theory."

In attempting to prove his contention, he takes the standpoint, so often ignored by the unthinking majority, that it is probable that there are laws and realms of nature with which we are not yet acquainted. His evidence is supported by Sir. William Crookes, Professor Alfred Russell Wallace, Baron von Schrenck and Notzing of Munich, who all are agreed that only wilful and narrow-minded prejudice still insists that materializations are always fraudulent. His tests are scientific to a degree and cannot be bowled over by the ridicule of the ignorant—the enlightened would not think of doing so.

A SUFI MESSAGE OF SPIRITUAL LIBERTY, by Inayat Khan. Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London, W. 1914.

pp. 61. Price, 75 cents; postage, 5 cents.

The very interesting biography of the author is the chief charm of this Sufic message. He is a young man of unusual spiritual attainments which find expression in music and today he is hailed as the greatest musical genius in India, his native land. He is there called the "Morning Star of the Musical Revival," and is the

recipient of royal favor. In 1910 he made a tour of the western world, visiting America, where he lectured in several of the large cities on Sufism and music. He founded the first Order of Sufism in San Francisco.

This book treats, rather briefly, some two dozen subjects relative to the Sufic tenets, such as Allah, Nature, The Personal Being, Dual Aspect and Love. The author considers the volume, as its title states, but a message, an introduction to Sufism. The Sufis believe in Allah as the Absolute, the only Being, and that all creation is the manifestation of His Nature. Sufism is a religious philosophy of love, harmony and beauty which aims to expand the soul of man until the beauty of all creation enables him to become as nearly as possible the perfect expression of Divine Harmony. This "message" is attractively bound and contains an artistic frontispiece in the orange, gold and purple tones of a Sufi worshiper.

A. H. T.

THE MESSAGE OF NEW THOUGHT, by Abel Leighton Allen. Publishers: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1914. pp. 269. Price, \$1.25 net.

For the person seeking a clear exposition of the basic ideas of New Thought this book will fill a long-felt want. The author claims the cult to be a philosophy of life, and we agree with him; at the same time, it is quite plain that it is a portion of the great philosophy of the Orient given a western setting and application. It is evident

that the reading of the author has been wide and deep.

Evolution, the law of cause and effect, the immanence of God, the immortality of the soul, the indissoluble union between God and man, unselfish prayer, brother-hood, the unity of all life and the universality of mind are some of the fundamental ideas of this advanced teaching. It does not approve of such dogmas as the fall of man, the immaculate conception, vicarious atonement, the historical infallibility and accuracy of the Bible, belief in a particular creed as a prerequisite to eternal welfare, and it accounts for so-called miracles by positing that there may be laws of nature not yet universally known.

Two other points upon which Theosophy would agree with it are (1) that presumably man is not the highest being that can be evolved by the Deity and (2) that there were other Saviors than the Christian Master and, therefore, other scriptures;

it also recommends the study of those other scriptures.

It is a thoroughly readable book, but could have been considerably condensed.

D. R.

THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS, by Dorothy Field. Publishers: E. P.

Dutton & Company, New York. 1914. pp. 114. Price, 70 cents net.

This volume of The Wisdom of the East Series gives an account of an interesting people held together and built up into a nation on a religious basis, devotion to their religious teacher and his doctrines drawing the first adherents together as a nucleus. The religion is "a pure, lofty monotheism, which sprang out of an attempt to reform and to simplify Muhammadanism and Hinduism." Nanak, its founder, was a remarkable and interesting character, strongly opposed to the caste system, the priesthood and the Vedas of the Hindu religion. Sikh signifies disciple, but the Sikhs became a nation of soldiers, in the necessity of defending their religion from incessant persecutions and which they maintained with extraordinary pertinacity in the face of all opposition, even carving out for themselves principalities along the banks of the Sutley, some of which are preserved to this day. The religion was given by Gurus in verses embodying their principles. These Gurus succeeded each other, not only as religious teachers but as national leaders and even as warriors.

M. T. D.

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