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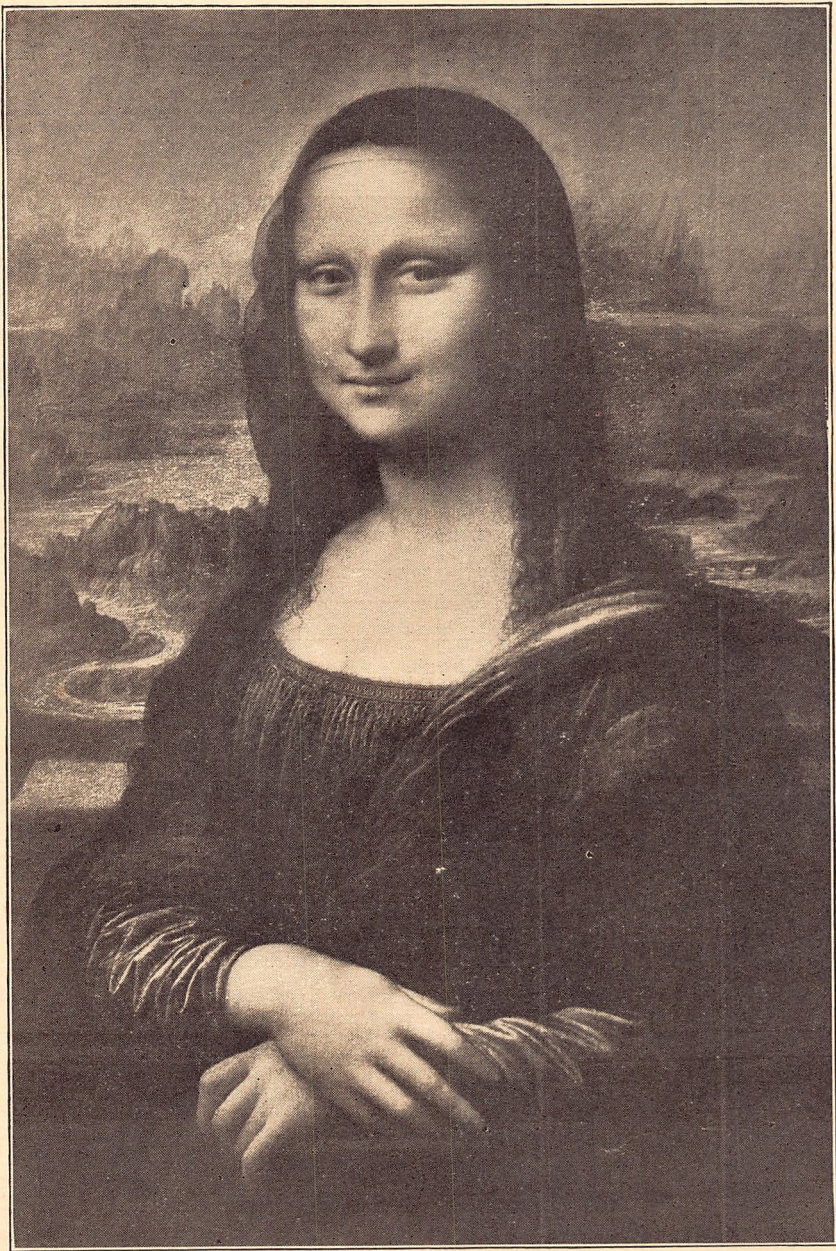
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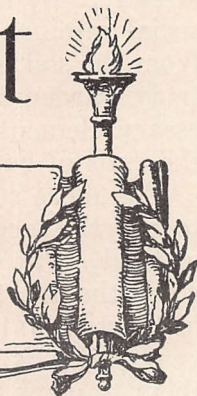
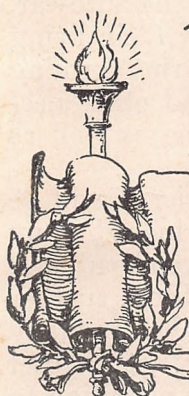
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MONA LISA: THE LADY OF THE SMILE
(See page 399)

The American Theosophist



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BY THE EDITOR

FORWARD TO THE LAND



QUOTE the following from *The Chicago Daily Tribune*, introducing a rather full article on the movement for the extension of opportunities to the city dweller to earn a livelihood from the soil:

A garden suburb just outside every great city in the country; hundreds of new farming communities, each grouped about a community house which shall serve as a centre of social life and recreation; a free agricultural information office in every city; every city back yard made to contribute to the support of the family; a great national Forward-to-the-Land League, which shall serve to give unity and direction to a thousand scattered movements and which shall command public confidence because its object is not to make money but to serve the people.

Certainly a movement of this kind would be a blessing to the people, were it nobly and efficiently conducted. Moreover, it lies directly in line with the normal course of evolution such as Theosophy has steadily indicated. The growth of a people demands a suitable environment, and surely no one would hold that the horrible condition of life in our larger cities—and especially in their under-world, or slum districts—is a favorable environment for the higher growth. It is time that the people of talent and power began to take an interest in the welfare of the race, and devoted some of their money and brains toward the upbuilding of wide-spread character. To this end the forward-to-the-land movement is a step in the right direction.

One unfortunate condition that has always militated against life

in the rural districts is its lonesomeness. This feature has made the country unpopular and has driven many a young man and woman to the cities, only at times to take up a life of sin and degradation sooner than live in a state of social stagnation. But this condition may easily be overcome in the plan of establishing groups of small farms for intensive cultivation, a plan which has succeeded in many places already. By this method, and the universal existence of the auto-car, social intercourse is assured between those thus making their living from the soil. Already we have learned of groups of farms forming truly garden-cities, with their public libraries, shops and other necessary elements, to satisfy the requirements of the home as well as the ends of culture and refinement.

The more such movements meet with success, the easier it will be to sow the seeds of Theosophy. Our modern cities are indeed stony ground. But times are changing; far, far better days are ahead, and when the great Teacher of men returns to give His children further instruction in the lessons of life, as we believe He will do before many years pass, is there anyone who can say that He may not counsel them to grow nearer to Nature and co-operate with her evolution to their own upliftment and growth?



IS THIS A HINT OF FUTURE GOVERNMENT?



IN AN address delivered to the Fauntleroy Club recently, Councilman Max Wardall, ex-Mayor of the city of Seattle, expressed his views of city governments. After outlining the progress of the commission form of government, Mr. Wardall stated:

My opinion is, however, that the commission form is still imperfect and poorly adapted to the needs of our city. The plan I favor is this: A council of five men, who shall have but one real duty—the selection of a city manager, a man of splendid ability and training, who will be paid well and who will run the city affairs on strictly business principles.

I realize that this appears to be a form of autocracy, but in reality it is not. It is business. The weakness of democratic institutions has always been in the administrative end. Governments noted for their stability, efficiency and accomplishment have been one-man governments. Moreover, as the years pass by in this great land of ours democracy will become increasingly popular, but the men who serve in an official capacity will be wise and enlightened men who have been trained from childhood as administrators. There will be no more haphazard selection of incompetents to manage the complicated machinery of our social affairs, but only those shall be eligible for office who have been trained; then our governmental problems will gradually disappear.

Certainly the above views seem prophetic of what in general is believed by some individual Theosophists to be the inevitable method of the future.



CLAIRVOYANCE



IN a recent number of one of the magazines of the day there was an article on the confessions of an assistant clairvoyant. This article purported to disclose some of the tricks practiced by fraudulent pretenders who, in the name of clairvoyance, succeed in drawing people of all classes into their net of deception and thereby reap a financial harvest from their credulous dupes.

It is possible that this claim may be true; but, supposing it to be so, or even worse, it would be a very superficial conclusion indeed for one to reach if he judge from such facts that there is no such thing as true clairvoyance. Those who have made a deep study of the subject have found indubitable evidence that man is not limited to the five senses. There are phenomena which cannot be satisfactorily explained except by premising the existence of an additional or sixth sense; just as certain mathematical conclusions demand for their true understanding the hypothetical existence of a fourth dimension.

In studying the development of life, it is well known that the senses unfold one after another, as the life demands and the conditions of environment afford increasing avenues of expression. Who can dogmatize and say that the absolute limit of such expression has been reached in the five senses? Is it not apparent that what is known as second sight, instinct, or better, intuition, represents the simple beginnings of a still higher sense which sees, knows and understands from a fuller and loftier level of consciousness than any of those previously developed?

There are those who have succeeded in unfolding this higher power of consciousness and who have so effectually proven to the writer that clairvoyance is a fact that, to him, this faculty is not alone a logical necessity in an intelligent scheme of evolution, but is already a demonstrated activity. He has seen some of its fruits in the field of the higher ethics and science and he appreciates their value, for they are produced with the object of the betterment of mankind, which is the only field in which this power may legitimately be used.

While it is quite plain that this faculty should be held sacred and used only for the helping of the Whole, yet, because of that strange law of nature whereby things everywhere seem to take on a polarized form, showing forth the pairs of opposites—light and darkness, good

and evil, etc.—we find alongside of what is deemed sacred a pretension of the same thing. If we understood this as a fact in nature, we would realize that when we are brought into contact with something fraudulent, we have only to search in some corresponding higher region in order to find the real of which it is an imitation.



“REVERSING THE APPLICATION OF A THEORY”



THE following interesting newspaper editorial scores another point for H. P. Blavatsky. Readers of Theosophy are well aware of how she flung *her* theory of evolution in the very face of science; few believed that she could be right, but in recent years the tendency to come around to her view is increasing.

A “scientist” has arrived in this country from England with the skulls of fifteen men, one of whom, he claims, lived some 500,000 years ago. His deduction is that man, instead of having descended from the anthropoid ape, or with the anthropoid ape, from a common progenitor, is himself the ancestor and the ape but an offshoot or “sport” from the human line. Wherefore one is tempted to liberally paraphrase a familiar saying and cry out, “Oh, science! What strange things are uttered in thy name!”

The new discovery is discouraging. It is even disheartening. The world, after a long hard protest, had only just begun to adjust itself to the theory of the scientist that mankind has, through untold ages, been uplifted and evolved from the unreasoning brute and stands permanently upright, never again to be the helplessly abject creature of circumstances and slave of environment. The humiliation of man’s remote past was beginning to wear off and he was getting comfortable. Some men were even claiming for themselves a better origin and a higher goal than physical science in its most gracious mood would concede, when this new and dispiriting theory settled down upon us from the classic shades of London.

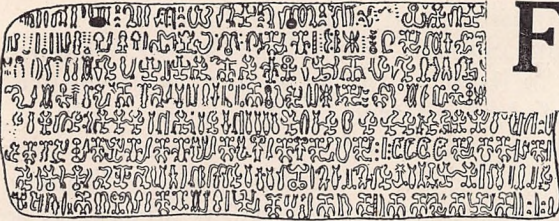
This new doctrine abandons man to the whim of circumstance. Men call themselves such today. They may be monkeys in the far removed tomorrow. Today they attend oratorios and intelligently plan and execute. In the long tomorrow they may be clinging to the limbs of trees wildly chattering an unintelligent discontent, or grimacing in brute garrulity. Such are the lamentable conceptions to which men are driven under the limitation and slavery of physical law. Such is the vain struggle of finite man to answer the question: “Whence and what are we, and whither are we going?”

In the opinion of the writer, the sex sins of an ignorant and undeveloped humanity are responsible for the supposed anthropoid ancestry of man and also are the cause of the modern popular oriental belief in reincarnation in animal forms. [See article in this issue entitled *Lemuria, the Cradle of Civilization* and in “Clippings and Comments” department under *Origin of the Anthropoids*.]

LEMURIA

THE CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION

By Fannie F. Young



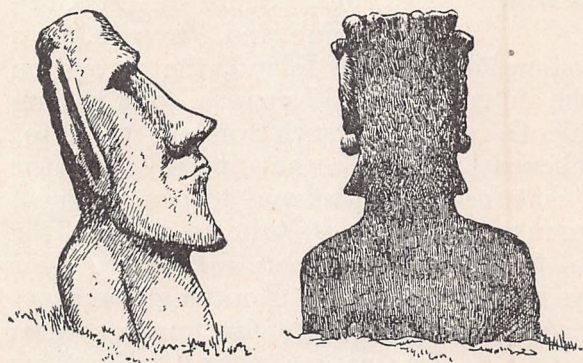
FEW people realized, on reading the account in an English newspaper of an expedition to be undertaken at the end of 1912, by a certain Mr. Scoresby Routledge and his wife, to a

wonderful island called Mystery, or Easter, Island, that attention was being called thereby to the old continent of Lemuria, sunk in long ages past beneath the Pacific Ocean. Yet such was the case, for Easter Island is strongly believed by many to have been one of the most important portions of that lost continent and to contain most interesting relics of those bygone days. The British Association, the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society all showed their interest in the expedition. As both Mr. and Mrs. Routledge have had considerable previous experience in exploring, having made several voyages of a like nature to East Africa, we may expect when their survey is over that much that is new and interesting will be given to the world, although a careful examination of the whole island was made by the American ship *Mohican* during the early months of 1887. Many of the following details are taken from the interesting record of that earlier survey as given in the *Smithsonian Report of the National Museum* for 1889 and the illustrations, with the exception of the map.

Easter Island is situated about two thousand miles from the coast of Chile; the language spoken there is mainly Polynesian and it is the farthest outpost of the Polynesian race. The island as it stands now contains forty-five square miles; the water supply is brackish and inadequate; the inhabitants, at the present time, total only about two hundred. Small as it is, however, and insignificant as it appears on the map, it has been rightly called one of the world's wonderlands and one of its deepest mysteries.

It has been said, erroneously, that Captain Cook discovered the island. I think that idea must have arisen from the fact that in 1773 the existence of a former great southern continent began to be a matter of renewed speculation and Cook was appointed, as being a dashing, daring sailor, to lead an exploratory expedition. He sailed for New Zealand, discovered Cook's Islands lying between the Friendly and Society Islands and, after wintering there, returned to England in 1774. If report says truly, Mystery Island was discovered by a Dutch captain, Jacob Roggeveen, fifty years previously and he gave it its present name of Easter Island, to commemorate the day on which it was sighted. After Roggeveen's discovery, the island was unvisited for about fifty years, when some Spanish sailors "rediscovered" it just about the date of Cook's voyage and very possibly, therefore, Captain Cook both visited and commented on it.

Easter Island has a pleasant climate, resembling that of Madeira, but it has little or no beauty in itself as far as scenery is concerned, for though there are relics of decayed tree trunks remaining on it, showing that at one time it was wooded, nothing flourishes there now



Side and Back Views of Easter Island Images

in the way of foliage save a few bushes. The soil, however, grows many sorts of tropical fruits, such as banana, sugar-cane and sweet potatoes, and a number of goats, sheep and fowl manage to find a living there. Within this limited area there are three craters of extinct volcanoes, one rising to a height in the centre of nearly two thousand feet.

But in what does the particular interest of Easter Island lie? Nothing so far mentioned presents anything of great mystery or wonder. It consists of the marvelous statues and the amazing archeological remains which literally cover it, and which arouse in the breasts of all beholders awe and intense curiosity.

Here are some of the questions which naturally arise and which call loudly for an answer: Who were the builders of these massive houses, mighty walls and immovable ramparts? Who carved these colossal statues? Who placed in position those Titanic stone heads that stand out in majestic solitude amid the barren wastes of this lonely little island? Whence came these artificers, whither did they

go? What tools did they use in the course of their vast labors? Surely something more than the little jade stone chisel found there some forty years back by the officers of an English gunboat, for the stone used for the statues was one of the hardest known—gray trachytic lava, drawn from quarries on the craters of extinct volcanoes.

Here is a description of the appearance that Easter Island presents today to anyone visiting it. Over five hundred statues, ranging from three to seventy feet in height and of proportionate bulk, literally cover the land, as if giants had been at work with Titanic zeal and had suddenly been arrested in their mighty work of creation. Facing the sea are massive walls scarcely less wonderful than the images themselves, for they are about twenty feet high and sometimes thirty feet broad, composed of huge stones weighing from four to five tons. These walls do not form a continuous rampart but are, roughly speaking, in sections of about five hundred feet in length, and originally the figures stood on them; now all save one are strewn on the ground in a recumbent position. These statues represent different stages of progress; some are barely commenced, others nearly completed, and some are finished and perfect.

Behind these main ramparts, on which the figures originally stood, are parallel walls, connected with the first by transverse ones. In places the space between the two parallel sections is roofed in and holds the remains of either human sacrifices or of those who died whilst engaged on the work.

Out of the entire five hundred statues, forty are standing right in the crater of one of the volcanoes and about the same number are outside, at the foot of the slope, being evidently placed there ready for removal to the different platforms. The workshops of the mighty image-builders extend in irregular terraces high on the southern side of the crater; the mode of working seems to have been to select a suitable rock and then sketch the image thereon. When entirely carved, the back was cut loose from the rock, and great care had to be exercised to prevent breaking off exposed portions. The work of lowering these huge images from the upper terraces to the bottom of the crater, and then over the wall and down into the plain, was of immense magnitude. How it was accomplished has given rise to much speculation; let him solve the riddle who can. The particular image which is given in the illustration stood amongst many others right at the foot of the slope of the crater and, as shown by the picture, is more or less buried in the earth.

One of the lesser statues has been removed from the island to the National Museum at Washington, D. C., and another to the British Museum, London.

Now all these statues clearly belong to one type of man, for the general characteristics, from the largest to the smallest, are identical;

the head is long and the eyes close under the heavy brows, the nose large and very broad at the nostrils, the ears are long and pendant, the upper lip short and the lips pouting. The head is nearly always tilted backwards and the lower part of the face is broad and heavy.



Images at the Base of the Outer Slope of Rana Roraka

The forms generally end at the shoulders or waist, the whole ingenuity and talent of the artist being concentrated on the face, the expression on which is fascinating and weird in the extreme. "Profoundly solemn are those faces, thin-lipped and disdainful of aspect, full of supercilious scorn." The head was in all cases cut flat on the top to accommodate huge red crowns, many of which were found lying by themselves in the crater.

Besides the images, there are remains of stone houses over one hundred feet in length, with walls six feet thick, formed of large flat stones about five feet thick and five feet high, placed together but not cemented. These houses resemble huge forts more than anything else, and in the interior chambers are upright slabs painted with geometrical figures and pictures of strange looking animals. There are also wooden tablets (one of which is shown) with carved hieroglyphics. So far, no one has been able really to decipher them, though it is recorded by the explorers of the *Mohican* that they found a very old man, Ure Vaeiko by name, who claimed that he understood the hieroglyphics, but dared not translate them for fear of the priests who had forbidden him to do so.

It is told that the old man remarked that, having only a short time to live, he would not ruin his chances of salvation by acting against their orders and so, to escape from temptation, he fled to the hills. But one very wet night he was tracked to his home and there induced to relate some of the ancient traditions. After a little while, photographs were shown him of the tablets and, never having seen a photograph, he was immensely struck by their fidelity to the originals and, feeling in some way that a photo was not a tablet, he finally related the legends supposed to be appropriate to each. But he did not decipher the hieroglyphics; for, in order to try him, one tablet was substituted for another without his discovering the difference.

These tablets are particularly interesting, not only as being specimens of prehistoric written language but because of their remarkable workmanship, the pictorial symbols being engraved in regular lines in depressed channels, to preserve them from injury. The mode of reading them is very peculiar; every alternate line the symbols are reversed and stand apparently on their heads, which necessitates the changing of the position of the tablet at the end of every line. The reading commences at the lower left corner of the bottom line on whichever side will bring those figures erect. On reaching the top, the reading is continued over the edge to the nearest line at the top of the other side.

Now these tablets undoubtedly do contain many of the legends of the country and would have been of inestimable value but, unfortunately, the missionaries ordered all they could find to be burned, as having a tendency to encourage heathenism in the people and prevent their conversion to Christianity. Those that escaped destruction were so highly prized by the natives that nothing would induce them to part with them and many were taken away with the three hundred islanders who emigrated to Tahiti. It is reported that many of these tablets, small images and other objects of interest were also hidden away in the natural caves which exist both on the coast and in the interior and have been finally lost through landslides.

Now one thing is quite certain—in viewing both the tablets and the massive works scattered everywhere—they were the work of skilled men and of a great number of men, far more than the little island could support with its present limited area. Therefore the idea is very strongly borne in upon one that originally it must have formed a portion of possibly a great archipelago; or have been a mountain top of some island continent approximating in area perhaps to Australia; or, again, that it even formed a land link between Asia and America.

One archeologist considers that there was undoubtedly at one time a connection between Easter Island and the mainland of South America and that the same people wrought the mighty works of like

nature found both in the former and in the latter, east of the Andes. He believes that the same master minds who designed and carried out the cyclopean works in Easter Island were also the founders of the vast empires of the Aztecs and Incas. He says that these people reached what answered to Easter Island from the Asian coast by



Central Section of the Great Platform of Tongariki

traveling from one island to another across the intervening ocean and finally found their way to the American continent over land that has since disappeared beneath the waters of the Pacific.

How that continent disappeared is obvious, for Easter Island literally teems with extinct volcanoes; in fact, all the material for the statues, the walls and the houses was taken from those volcanoes. That there have been immense eruptions since the days when the work was in progress is proved by the fact that some of the biggest statues are almost completely buried in ashes and scoria. One of the most ancient legends of India, preserved in the temples by oral and written tradition, relates that in bygone ages there existed in the Pacific Ocean an immense continent which was destroyed by upheaval and that the remains of it still exist in Madagascar, Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, Borneo and the principal isles of Polynesia.

Now the three summits of this conjectural continent, the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand and Easter Island, are far distant from one another and all navigators agree that the extreme and central groups could never have communicated, such distances being impassable in small boats without a compass. Yet the aborigines of the

Sandwich Islands, of New Zealand and of the central islands, who had never known each other, never heard of each other before the arrival of the Europeans, maintained one and all that their islands had in ages past formed a portion of an immense stretch of land which extended towards the west on the side of Asia. All were found to speak the same language, to have the same usages and customs, the same religious beliefs, and all when asked the question "Where is the cradle of your race?" responded only by extending the hand towards the setting sun. The Maoris of New Zealand have a sacred figure which they worship; it is of red volcanic stone, utterly unlike anything to be found in their own country, but is similar to the stone with which the statues of Easter Island were crowned.

Modern science is beginning very strongly to corroborate what Madam Blavatsky told us long ago in that stupendous work *The Secret Doctrine*, namely, the existence of two lost continents, Lemuria and Atlantis, the former of which sank under the Pacific and the latter under the Atlantic Ocean. But while scientists seem almost forced to admit now the demonstrable existence of submerged continents, they are not ready to admit that there were necessarily men living on them, not even in the savage state. Madame Blavatsky told us that on each globe there appear in succession seven root races and each of these races occupies a fresh continent, the surface of the earth changing its form in the course of time and ocean occupying what was formerly dry land (an instance of this is the Sahara Desert, which at one time was a vast sea).

Professor Schmidt writes as follows concerning the probability of Lemuria having existed: "A great series of animal and geographical facts is explicable only on the hypothesis of the former existence of a southern continent, of which the Australian mainland is a remnant." Then Alfred Russel Wallace writes in his *Malay Archipelago*: "The inference that we must draw from these facts is undoubtedly that the whole of the islands eastward beyond Java and Borneo do essentially form a part of a former Australian or Pacific continent, although some of them may never have been actually joined to it." Lastly, Haeckel says: "Probably southern Asia itself was not the earliest cradle of the human race, but Lemuria, a continent that lay to the south of Asia and sank later on beneath the surface of the Indian Ocean." He also says, subsequently, that the existence of Lemuria is an acknowledged fact.

Now Easter Island undoubtedly was a portion of this Lemuria and it sank beneath the ocean with the continent to which it belonged. Perhaps after ages of time an upheaval of the ocean floor raised this small relic of archaic ages and it emerged uninjured, with its statues, ramparts and houses of solid masonry untouched, so to speak, by the ocean. There it is, a standing witness to Lemuria.

It is interesting to note, in connection with this idea of a large continent south of Asia, what St. Hilaire said some fifty years ago concerning the island of Madagascar. He wrote that if he had to classify it exclusively on zoological considerations and without reference to its geographical situation, it could be shown to be neither Asiatic nor African, but quite different from either, almost a fourth continent. And this fourth continent could be further proved to be, as regards its fauna, much more unlike Africa, which lies so near to it, than India, which is so far away. Now this statement of the French naturalist first brought into full light the interesting problem of the possibility of a continent having existed at one time where now the sea rolls. Unless there had been a land connection at some period between Madagascar and India, fauna and flora could not have passed from one to the other in days when navigation as we now understand it was unknown.

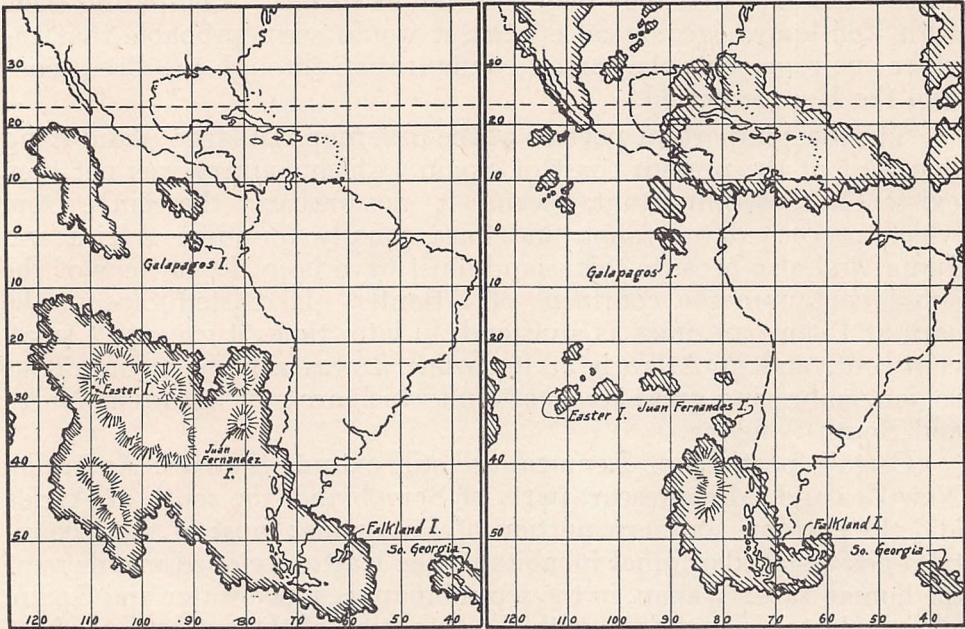
The problem having been propounded, a solution was suggested in the shape of a hypothesis based on scientific knowledge by Sclater, who promulgated the theory that a fourth continent had actually existed in the Pacific Ocean. He gave the continent the name of Lemuria, because on it monkey-like animals, or lemuroids, were probably evolved. He based his theory not only on the fauna and flora found in countries far apart, but upon a line of coral atolls and banks which extends from the neighborhood of the west coast of India to that of the Seychelles, Madagascar and Mauritius, indicating the existence of a submerged mountain range or ranges.

Another reason, for imagining that such a continent as Lemuria once existed where now the Pacific and Indian Oceans roll, is the immense number of archeological remains that are scattered all over the different islands on those oceans, ever, curiously enough, decreasing in interest as they advance eastward, with the famous exception of Easter Island. Temples, monuments and images are scattered everywhere, ending up on the far east with circles of uncut stones and walled enclosures in Hawaii.

How very few people have any idea that the number and beauty of the architectural remains in Java far surpass those of Central America and possibly even those of India; as, for example, the temple enclosures of Loro, Jongran and Chandi-Sewer, in the very centre of Java, each consisting of innumerable small temples, constructed of solid stone, decorated with carvings and bas-reliefs, adorned with numbers of statues, many of which are still intact and some of them colossal in size. At Chandi-Sewer in the centre of two hundred ninety-six temples there stands a large cruciform one, surrounded by forty flights of steps, richly ornamented with sculpture. Most wonderful of all is the huge sculptured hill temple of Borobods, with a central dome fifty feet in diameter and surrounded with seven ranges

of terraced wall and a triple circle of seventy-two towers. In the terraced walls are niches containing cross-legged figures, larger than life, to the number of about four hundred.

The Caroline Islands present some most interesting ruins of a huge enclosure built of basaltic prisms, with a splendid gateway of enormous basaltic columns. The Timian Islands also possess some



Maps showing Earlier and Later Land Areas

fine stone columns surmounted with large semi-globes believed to be sepulchral urns. The Friendly Isles contain the tombs of the Tui Tongas, or High Priests, and they take the form of nineteen truncated pyramids, measuring about one hundred feet square at the base and rising in three terraces to the height of twenty-five feet. Lastly, Rupa-Titi, an island in mid-Pacific, affords evidence of a numerous population at some period of its existence, for it contains remains of massive stone forts furnished with towers commanding all the principal valleys.

The following information with regard to Lemuria and its inhabitants is mainly taken from Mr. Scott-Elliot's book entitled *The Lost Lemuria*. I believe that he obtained it from occultists who to some extent had become masters of nature and her secrets and were, therefore, able to tap the memory of nature and gain access to archaic records which are not accessible save to the favored few.

These occultists gave out two maps of the world as it was in the time of Lemuria. The first was at the height of that continent's ex-

pansion; the second after a certain portion of it had disappeared but a very long time before its final destruction. These maps do not pretend to be correct to a single degree of latitude and longitude, for they were obtained under great difficulties from a broken terra-cotta model and a very badly preserved and crumpled map, all that remained of the archaic originals. In all important particulars, however, their transcriber says that they may be taken as correct. Comparing them with well-known geological epochs, it would seem probable that the older one represents the earth's configuration through the Cretaceous into the Eocene period.

The most important portion of the first map is a large island lying due west of the present coast of Spain (which country was not then existent); most important, because it was probably the centre from which proceeded the fauna and flora equally found in Africa and India, and also because this island must have been the nucleus of the subsequent immense continent of Atlantis. It existed thus in the earliest Lemurian times as an island; in later times it grew to a small continent, and in Atlantis at its prime it was a huge mountainous region, embracing great tracts of land which are now known as North and South America.

Certain portions of Lemuria are still extant; they are Australia, New Zealand, Madagascar, parts of Somaliland, the south of Africa and the extreme southern portion of Patagonia; most of these countries possess as aboriginal inhabitants the least developed members of the human race. Japan, in the second map, is above water and Spain, too; the latter is therefore, with the exception of the extreme north of Norway and Sweden, probably the oldest land in Europe.

Lemurian man lived in the age of reptiles and pine forests, amphibious monsters and gigantic tree-ferns. In the Mesolithic epoch, plesiosaurs and ichthyosaurs swarmed in the tepid marshes, but as these dried up, huge dinosauria, or monstrous land reptiles, gradually replaced them; these were followed by pterodactyls, serpents or saurians, with bat-like wings, that could either crawl on the earth or fly through the air at pleasure. The smallest of these latter were about the size of a sparrow, but the largest had a breadth of wing of more than sixteen feet, far larger than any bird of the present day. In olden days these dinosauria were spoken of as dragons and terrible beasts of prey; they were colossal reptiles that sometimes attained a length of from forty to fifty feet.

Here is a description given of them, taken from that marvelous old *Book of Dzyan* whose age no man can reckon:

Animals with bones, dragons of the deep and flying sarpas were added to the creeping things. They that creep on the ground got wings. They of the long neck in the water became the progenitors of the fowls of the air.

Modern science confirms these statements, for Haeckel writes, in his *History of Creation*: "This class of birds is so closely allied to reptiles in internal structure and by embryonal development that they undoubtedly originated out of a branch of this class. The derivation of birds from reptiles first took place in the Mesolithic period and probably continued during the Triassic."

In the southern part of the United States, in the Oolitic or Jurassic deposits, Professor Ray Lankester found the skull of a *brontosaurus* sixty-five feet long. Now, to us, the idea of living in a country teeming with such huge and hideous monsters and reptiles would seem terrifying in the extreme, but we must not think of the Lemurian man as in the least degree resembling ourselves, at least during the first five sub-races of the root race, for he was rather a man-animal than a human, as we understand the term. Even in the last two sub-races he was a shapeless, ungainly, mindless creature; up to that time he was not really a man at all, for the divine spark which differentiates man from the animal, which endows him with the mind and individuality that the animal lacks, had not yet been bestowed.

Perhaps the evolution of the Lemurian race, obscure and difficult as it is to follow, is one of the most interesting chapters of man's development, for during this period he not only attained to true humanity but his body underwent the greatest physical changes and the processes of reproduction were altered.

From the first, the bodies of the Lemurians were material—that is, composed of gases, liquids and solids; the gases and liquids so predominating, however, that their vertebrate structure was not solid bone, as ours is. They could not stand upright. Their bones were as pliable as an infant's and it was not till the fourth sub-race that man developed a solid bony structure. Their mode of seeing was of a very rudimentary character; two eyes in front ever fixed upon the ground, searching for food, a third eye at the back of the head, the atrophied remains of which we still possess in the pineal gland.

Professor Ray Lankester drew special attention, in one of his lectures, to the size of the parietal foramen in the skulls of *ichthyosauri*, which showed that the third, or pineal, eye with them must have been very large. Gradually the gigantic gelatinous creatures of the first three sub-races began slowly to solidify and, finally, they were able to stand upright, with one curious result, for they could walk backwards with almost as great ease as forwards. Here is a description of a man of the fifth sub-race, taken from Mr. Scott-Elliot's book:

His stature was gigantic, somewhere between twelve to fifteen feet. His skin was very dark, being of a yellowish-brown color. He had a long lower jaw, a strangely flattened face, eyes small but piercing, set far apart so that he could see sideways as well as in front, while the eye at the back of the head, where no hair grew, enabled him to see in that direction also. He had no forehead, but there seemed to be a roll of flesh where it

should have been. The head sloped backwards and upwards, and the arms and legs, especially the former, were longer in proportion than ours and could not be perfectly straightened either at elbows or knees; the hands and feet were enormous and the heels projected backwards in an ungainly manner.

The figure was draped in a loose robe of skin something like a rhinoceros hide, but more scaly; probably the skin of some animal of which we know nothing. Round his head of short hair was twisted another piece of skin, to which were attached tassels of bright red, blue and other colors. In his left hand he held a sharpened staff, which was doubtless used for attack or defense, and very alarming it must have looked, for it was as tall as himself, from twelve to fifteen feet. In his right hand was twisted the end of a long rope, made of some sort of creeping plant, by which he led a huge hideous reptile looking like a plesiosaurus. The Lemurians domesticated these animals and trained them to employ their strength in hunting other animals.

Certainly the above description does not make a pleasant picture, and I fancy we should all feel like giving the gentleman and his companion a wide berth on a dark night!

In the seventh sub-race the type had considerably improved; something like a forehead had developed and the queer projection at the heel had lessened. The shape of the head was still very curious, much resembling an egg with the small end uppermost. The stature by this time had greatly decreased, too, so that the man was more compact and less awkward, the hands and feet being more like those of the negroes at the present time. This seventh sub-race was far the most powerful and for thousands of years dominated all the other tribes, finally gaining a new lease of life by intermarrying with the first sub-race of the Atlanteans, who had now appeared upon the earth. This union produced the Lemuro-Atlanteans, to whom I have already alluded as being the probable builders and carvers of the houses and statues on Easter Island. The result of this union was to produce a race in appearance not unlike the American Indians save that their skin had a bluish tinge which has now disappeared.

But, astonishing as were the changes in size and appearance that the man's body underwent in the course of the seven sub-races, they were nothing as compared to the alterations that took place in the process of reproduction during that period. The first mode was very simple self-division, as in worms and imperfect organisms, where one cell or a small group of cells separates from those surrounding and this small isolated group gradually develops into an individual, which becomes like the parent and sooner or later breaks off. As the bodies hardened this mode of reproduction became impossible, and then small bodies were extruded from the parent body, figuratively called "drops of sweat" because they oozed out like sweat from the skin, and in course of time the heat of the sun would cause those lumps to break and a living being would issue from them. During the third sub-race the outer covering of the lump began to harden and take the form of

an egg, and then bi-sexual creatures were produced, absolutely perfect at birth, able to walk and run from the first like little chickens; they were called the "hermaphrodites." In the fourth sub-race the outside egg was still retained, but gradually hermaphroditism was left behind and one sex began to predominate over the other, and little by little the babes became more and more helpless at birth till the power of moving about easily when free of the protective envelope was lost. In the fifth sub-race the eggs began to be retained within the mother and, finally, the child was born feeble and helpless, as under modern conditions. In the sixth and seventh sub-races the present mode of reproduction was universal.

Here again is an account from the *Book of Dzyan*, describing the chaotic state of license that existed when the mindless men first began to give way to their passions: "During the third race the boneless animals grew and changed, they became animals with bones, their shadows became solid. The animals separated first, they began to breed. The twofold man separated also; he said, 'Let us as they; let us unite and make creatures.' They did, and those that had no spark (of mind) took huge she-animals unto them, they begat upon them dumb races. Dumb they were themselves, but their tongues untied, the tongues of their progeny remained still. Monsters they bred. A race of crooked red hair-covered monsters going on all fours. A dumb race to keep the shame untold." When the third separated and fell into sin by breeding men-animals, these animals became ferocious and men and they were mutually destructive. Till then there was no life taken. This seems to have been the beginning of aggressive relations between men and animals which, from them, spread to the races of men themselves.

The Secret Doctrine tells us that the descendants of these semi-human monsters dwindled in size during long centuries and culminated in a race of apes at the time of the Miocene period; from them are descended the primitive pithecooids of today. But with these apes of the Miocene age the Atlanteans, fully endowed with mind, again repeated the sin of the mindless, and the result of their crime was the species of apes known as the anthropoids. Until the present time all scientists have denied that apes were descended from man, but at last a scientist, Dr. J. Leon Williams, of London, has come forward stating that he has some fifteen skulls in his possession, dug up at Folkstone, England, which tend to confirm the belief that instead of man being a descendant of the anthropoid ape, the ape is an offshoot of primitive man. We are told that in the coming sixth root race these anthropoids will obtain human incarnation in bodies possibly of the lowest races then extant.

As we see from the *Book of Dzyan*, the men of that epoch were speechless; being astral and ethereal they had no need to produce

sounds in order to convey their thoughts, but when once man became physical, words were necessary. At first these sounds took the form entirely of vowels; slowly the consonant came into use, but never did the Lemurian language reach beyond the monosyllabic phase, and the Chinese language today seems the sole lineal descendant of the ancient Lemurian speech. Humboldt classifies Chinese as "isolating" as distinguished from the more highly evolved agglutinative, or combinatory, type of the Atlanteans and from the still higher development of the inflectional speech of our own Aryan race.

No sort of art existed among the Lemurians nor were the uses of fire discovered till about the fifth sub-race. Until then men crawled on the earth and ate such things as they could find on the surface of the ground. Then they began to live in huts; in the beginning, each in his own clearing but, wild beasts having now become antagonistic to man, it was thought better to draw together into communities for mutual protection. By degrees the huts, at first formed very roughly of trunks of trees, began to be built of boulders of stone, much more artistic in appearance.

Lemuria is, or should be, a subject of very great interest in the present day for, if we are to believe occultists, the great continent of the coming sixth root race is to occupy very much the same position in the Pacific Ocean as did that of the third race and possibly even some of the old continent is to be brought to the surface, as in the case of Easter Island. Nor are physical signs wanting to confirm this idea for, already, repeated eruptions and upheavals have occurred and land has suddenly appeared where ocean rolled before.

In the year 1883 an entirely new island showed itself in the Aleutian Group, called New Bogosloff in contradistinction to its brother, Old Bogosloff, of which, as a matter of fact, it is a part, for, though the connection is not visible at a distance, the two are joined by a narrow flat isthmus about a third of a mile in length which entirely disappears in stormy weather. A volcano on this new island was discharging very actively when discovered by Captain Anderson on September 27, 1883.

Coming nearer to the present time, the eruption of Mt. Katmai, a peak of seven thousand five hundred feet, near the eastern end of the Aleutian peninsula, which occurred June 6, 1912, was one of the most violent in modern times. It was heard seven hundred fifty miles away at Juneau, and dust and ashes fell in Kodiak, an island one hundred miles away, to the depth of twenty-five inches on many of the roofs. Katmai had been dormant so long that there were not even traditions of its volcanic properties; therefore the tremendous explosion of June 6 came as "a bolt from the blue," and these "bolts from the blue" will doubtless become ever more frequent as the years go by and finally the ocean will be delivered of a mighty new continent.

The supposed position of the future sixth continent is entirely in accord with the idea that is in the air—among occultists at least—that the new race will take birth in America, should that country prove worthy of the honor, or in Russia should America not keep the leadership. The position of the future continent is convenient for either country, but it now seems likely that America has realized her opportunity and is to be the nucleus of the race of the future.

Brotherhood is to be the distinguishing feature of this coming race. Where could brotherhood more fitly be learned and practised than in this "blessed land of room enough" which welcomes every type of nationality to its shores, this great melting-pot where every race will eventually blend into a new and greater type than any that has gone before—a type which shall add to keen nervous sensibility and quick brain the necessary leaven of unselfish, loving brotherhood? Did Van Dyke have any prescience of the spiritually great future outlined for his country when he wrote in that splendidly patriotic song of his, entitled *America for Me*:

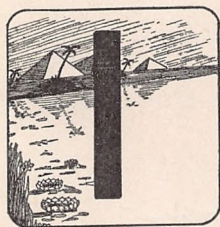
But the glory of the present is to make the future free;
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Whether he knew or not, let us hope, believe and pray that those lines may prove prophetic.



THE VALUE OF RESTRAINT

By Sarah K. Lang



IT is a debatable question which class retards a movement most, the laggards or the overzealous. The laggards do no active harm, so perhaps their fault, being on the side of negation, is more easily dealt with than the positive zeal. The overzealous, forgetting that "there is a time and place for all things," inclines to make his cause obnoxious, often repellent to those outside the pale. The cup that is "genteelly full" is the one most acceptable to the invalid. Taken captive by his zeal, many an earnest convert to a cause is led to a prodigality of time and strength where frugality of both would leave accomplished greater results.

Because of their zeal, Paul prayed that Israel might be saved; however, the text shows that he thought that their zeal lacked knowledge, for he says: "For I bear them record that they have zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." (Romans x: 2.) A little

classified knowledge, wisely taught, accomplishes far greater results than a hit-and-miss lot of wise-sounding phrases which confuse the hearer and leave him in worse plight than before. The successful propagandist tells far less than he knows and leaves some kernels of his discourse in the husk to be thrashed out by his listeners, that they may feel the thrill of discovery. The artist does not paint on one canvas all that his eye can take in of a landscape, but selects only such part as best suggests his message—for every true picture has a message. Professor William James said: "We belong in a most intimate sense wherever our ideals belong."

Poise, serenity and balance held as ideals, and the common daily duties dedicated to the service of these ideals, become transformed with power to lift humanity from depths of confusion to heights of peace and power. To learn to eliminate needless action is a duty. To eliminate from the duties of the day such things as have been imposed by custom and are not essential to the welfare of any one is a step in the right direction in the world of action.

To drop small worries from the mind not only adds to the serenity of the individual but adds to the serenity of the universe. That confusion and tumult are increased by numbers is easily seen; it is just as true that one serene and tranquil thought added to another serene and tranquil thought adds to the peace of the world. "No man liveth unto himself."

Restraint maintains order, fosters harmony and beauty, and eliminates much of the needless friction of life. "It was the happy privilege of the ancients never to pass beyond or stop short of the proper limit," said Lessing. In this present age of prodigality and strenuousness we still turn back to the ancient Greeks, characterized by restraint, for our criterion of strength and beauty.

For restraint in speech there can be no better guide than that given in *At the Feet of the Master*, by Alcyone, which bids us to be sure before speaking that what we are about to say is true and kind and helpful.



The soul, if immortal, existed before our birth.

What is incorruptible must be ungenerable.

*Metempsychosis is the only system of immortality that philosophy can
hearken to.*

Hume.

As Plotinus said, "Body is the true river of Lethe; for souls plunged into it forget all." The real soul life is so distinct from the material plane that we have difficulty in retaining many experiences of this life. Who recalls all his childhood? And has any one a memory of that most wonderful epoch—infancy? *E. D. Walker*

THE MEANING OF A SMILE

The Enigma of the "Mona Lisa" by Leonardo da Vinci

By Irving S. Cooper

PROLOGUE



SILENTLY the deft brush drew line and curve; here must be mass and shade, there tinted into mystic softness blending with the veil; such shall be the poise of figure; would the hands offer greater meaning placed thus? So the master worked, pondering the while with half-closed eyes on curve and line, poise and the mystery of it all; for mystery incarnate sat in that marble chair, a form harmonious with the vibrating silky gleam and incense of that vast Italian hall, illumined by distant sun-gold cast in figured shadow through marble-latticed windows. But the cunning hand of Leonardo sought in vain to image with brush and color that curious smile, that half-veiled glance of Lady Lisa, for she seemed to hint of something remote, nameless, like a breath from the abysses.

"Times many and oft have I caught the likeness," he muttered in his flowing beard as, with faltering brush, he leaned back in despair, "but never—'tis hopeless—have I found that subtle touch, that line of other dimension, that will interpret in my art the mystery of her soul."

Yet he took hope, as masters will, and tried again and many times again to gain in fixed line that elusive face and figure so fraught with the intangible, those weary eyelids, that curve of motionless lips, but ever flickered afar his goal of aspiration.

So the days played on, like flecked sunlight and shadow cast on drapery from wind-tossed leaves, he striving ever after the impossible. Such aloneness found he here that he was powerless to prefigure the pose, to invoke the mood, so necessary to interpret the aloofness of that calm face. For her face was not wholly human; in her eyes dwelt such knowledge of good and evil, on her lips rested such indifference to the cherished playthings of the world that strong men became confused and silent before her gaze and went away strangely humbled or vaguely resentful, they knew not why. It is always thus when we are forced to unwilling prevision of the long path before us.

Time passed. Yet once as he tried again to paint this Lady of

the Smile, as she sat in the ancient hall bathed in the clear cold light from polished marble, led by the whisper of the morning perhaps, he ordered music to sound.

The master's brush grew active as the wine of inspiration coursed through his veins, for the hour had come!

At the sound of the soft-toned music she turns to listen, she hears, and though the music swelled and throbbed with heart-passion and sorrow or sank to quick refrain, yet she sat there unimpassioned with the smile upon her lips, knowing that joys and sorrows are as eddies in the stream of life. Such is the knowledge born of ancient days, such the destined gift of many births and deaths.

And the master—for such are only revealed to masters—painted the *Mona Lisa* in the light of dawning knowledge, rendered immortal that glance from half-veiled eyes, that shadow of a subtle smile which tells men of an infinite hope and possibility, the hope of superhuman knowledge, the possibility of its attainment.

The theft* of the *Mona Lisa* from the Louvre, and its subsequent dramatic recovery and triumphant journey through Italy, adds but another touch to the atmosphere of mystery that has always invested this most famous of the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci. Four centuries have passed since he painted this portrait of the wife of the Neapolitan, Francesco del Giocondo, and the babble of voices seeking to interpret its meaning has not yet ceased.

The story goes that Leonardo tried at various times during four successive years to finish the portrait of La Gioconda, but was not successful until he made use, with characteristic invention, of the effect of music upon his fair sitter. Vasari has told us all there is to know—which is little—of the history of this picture of a woman smiling, and in his account occurs the following quaint legend:

"Madonna Lisa was very beautiful and, while Leonardo was painting her portrait, he kept constantly near her musicians, singers and jesters who might make her laugh, and so dispel the melancholy which is so easily imparted to painted portraits. In Leonardo's picture, therefore, there is a smile so sweet that, while looking at it, one thinks it rather divine than human work; and so it has ever been

*It was not in its place in the Salon Carre on the evening of August 21, 1911, but it was thought that it had been taken to be photographed. On the following day, when the galleries were opened, it was missed and within an hour or two the startling news went forth that the *Mona Lisa* had been stolen. Many theories as to the reason for the theft were advanced, but none encouraged the majority to think that "La Gioconda" would ever again appear in public. Then on December 12, 1913, a telegram from Rome reported that the Minister of Education had informed the Deputies that evening that he had received a telegram from Dr. Carrado Ricci, Director of Fine Arts, announcing the discovery in Florence of the stolen "Gioconda." Later news asserted that the man from whom the officials had taken it was an Italian, formerly domiciled in Paris, who, on arrest, had said that the motive for the theft was his desire to avenge the taking of Italian art treasures by the victorious French.

—From *The Illustrated London News*.

deemed a wonderful work since it is to all appearance alive."¹

So much for the legend of the worthy Vasari and, whether it be true or false, it at least emphasizes that which has made this portrait famous above all others—the subtle smile. "Before Leonardo, an artist had never tried (perhaps even had not dared) to portray a woman's smile,"² says Gronau. Yet in this first attempt, Art gave to the world an enigma not yet solved by the wisest of men. What is the meaning of that smile? What the expression of the eyes? Such questions have agitated critics and dreamers these last four hundred years and they have not yet been answered, nor are they likely fully to be, at least until we have reached to knowledge greater than human.

There is still another problem. Is this an actual portrait of Lady Lisa or is it in a profounder sense but the projection of a long-brooded-over image from the mind of Leonardo himself? Perhaps it is a mingling of both. At any rate, throughout the whole of his work, even in childhood, he is ever sketching women smiling, and "we see this image defining itself upon the fabric of his dreams," to use the beautiful phrasing of Walter Pater. The picture seems in a way but to be the embodiment of Leonardo's ideal, an almost super-human effort to portray the finished product of evolution. And it is an ideal that haunted him from early manhood, since traces of it may be found in many of his works though it reaches its fullest perfection in this immortal painting. Whether dream or portrait, there is another mystery which may not be solved.

Leonardo was capable of such dreams. A child of love, born out of wedlock, he was taken by his father, Ser Piero, into his own household at Florence, and there grew up to radiant boyhood. Sidney Colvin says: "To splendid beauty and activity of person he joined a winning charm of temper and manners, a tact for all societies, and an aptitude for all accomplishments."³

As a man he retained all the graces and pleasant manners of his youth, and we read of him buying and liberating caged birds on the streets of Florence, in order to watch them fly. At the same time he displayed a many-sided genius that set its stamp upon his age and moulded the thought of future generations: a great painter in oils and *tempera*; a sculptor of marble and terra cotta and a modeler of bronze; a musician who played with wonderful sweetness upon a silver lyre of his own making; an architect frequently consulted in the building of palaces and cathedrals; a mechanician inventing toys and strange devices that anticipated modern discoveries; a mathematician

¹Quoted in Georg Gronau's *Leonardo da Vinci*, p. 165.

²Ibid. p. 166.

³*Encyclopedia Britannica*, Vol. 16, p. 444.

of note; an engineer designing vast aqueducts and waterways and manufacturing cannon and other appliances of war; a naturalist with the keenness of vision and the interests of the modern scientist; a chemist, skilled particularly in the compounding of pigments; and, last of all, a philosopher. His intellectual energy was so great, his curiosity so far-reaching, his intuition so daring, that in thought he leaped from pinnacle to pinnacle, seldom stopping to complete, in the hot fire of discovery and invention, the physical expressions of his genius. Thus he started many things, but finished few. Thus also to his contemporaries he seemed a dabbler, a follower of whims and fancies, but the wiser vision of later times sees in him the travail of the ideals and achievements of an age that was not to become self-conscious until a century later. His influence upon art has been profound: he commenced a new era of portraiture; his *Last Supper* "became, from the first, and has ever since remained for all Christendom, the typical representation of the scene."⁴

The *Mona Lisa* is almost flawless in its treatment and setting, and in it Leonardo reveals his technical mastery as an artist. Our Lady of the Smile is represented as seated in a *loggia*, two pillars of which may be seen one on either side—or could be seen before the picture was cut from its frame at the time of the theft. As we glance past her over the parapet, we look out upon a fantastic landscape of jutting rocks and cliffs girded by running water, the whole bathed in that subdued light found so often in Leonardo's paintings. Her dress is simple, done in silvery and greenish greys, and the figure is exquisitely poised. The hands, which rest upon the arm of the chair, are considered the most perfectly modeled in the history of art.

It is the expressive features, however, that give distinction to the portrait. There is a fascination about the face, yet it is not one that attracts people at first. Understanding comes only after long and thoughtful study. It is instructive to stand in the Louvre and listen to the comments of the visitors as they pause before the *Mona Lisa* and find her smiling down upon them with that peculiar curve of the lips and that baffling expression of the eyes. Some stand there silently, awestruck, as in the presence of a superior being; others look disappointed and say, as they move away: "I don't see anything in that!" Still others, after a hasty glance, redden slightly and exclaim: "Oh, let's go on, I hate that foxy-looking creature." No doubt it is to be expected that many will not be able to understand the smile and glance of Lady Lisa, for ignorance cannot measure knowledge any more than youth can comprehend age—and many souls are still young in the experiences of life.

It is in this picture that Leonardo discloses his greatness as a philosopher, for only profound insight could make possible such a

⁴Ibid. p. 447.

marvelous, almost god-like, revelation of the possibilities of the human consciousness. For the *Mona Lisa* in its essence is not so much the portrait of a human face and form as it is the unveiling of a soul—a soul that is old in the knowledge of the world. John C. Van Dyke, some years ago, expressed very clearly and beautifully this feeling of soul-age that is in the picture.

"The fascination of it," he wrote, "lies in the eyes and upon the lips. The eternal womanly is here, but is there not also a delve into the psychological—an attempt at bringing the soul to the eyes and lips of a lovely woman? It would seem as though the painter had brooded over it for so many years not because of any technical problem but because there was something beneath the surface appearance he could not reveal with the brush. . . . Only supreme knowledge could create such supreme control. All the burnt-out passion and aspiration of the world lie in those smiling eyes. She is herself the embodiment of the impossible, the unattainable. She is of kin to the Sibyls and the Prophets, and she is older than Ishtar and Isis. You may see that same smile upon the face of the Sphinx in Egypt, or with the Gods of Chaldea in Mesopotamia, or with the seated Buddha of India. The mystery of things is known to them. All that has been or is to be is their knowledge. They do not quarrel with the inevitable. Their repose is not ruffled by life or death. Disappointment is common experience and they accept the world and the inevitable with—a smile. Yet, nevertheless, the old world-pain is to be seen in the weary eyes of this sister of the Fates. She smiles because she may not weep. Is this not the riddle of the universe?"

Is not the expression of the eyes that of supreme knowledge? Gather the choicest pearls of spiritual wisdom, bring the hideous Dead Sea fruit of evil—as we present them to her, do we see the slightest trace of incomprehension? She knows far more than we. As we tell her of our hopes and aspirations, of our little plans for the future, do not our words suddenly sound in our ears as if but the prattle of children? In her presence self-pity becomes foolish, conceit an empty sounding shell, pride the strutting of babes armed with tinsel weapons. Her gaze reveals every shallow and pierces every sham; she forces us to look upon ourselves as we are, without the gauds and trappings beneath which we hide. The one who can bear without flinching the searching probe of those eyes has indeed learned the lesson of utter sincerity.

And the meaning of the smile? Is it not supreme detachment, dispassion, the power to live in the world without for one instant giving a value to anything that is not of the Eternal? She has risen above all illusion, and she smiles as she sees us still clinging to our toys with such passionate determination. She is the personification of supreme knowledge *in repose*. That same knowledge softened by

compassion gives the Christ ideal. There is no love in the eyes of Lady Lisa, nor do we find there compassion, sympathy, friendliness; pure knowledge alone is seen, knowledge of all the attractions the world can offer. And from that knowledge has sprung true valuation, and from true valuation detachment from the things of sense. It is this absolute aloofness that repels people; they feel her indifference, they miss the warmth of sympathy and love, and shrink away like uncomprehending children. Add but a touch of compassion to the smile and gaze of the *Mona Lisa*, and lo! the Christ is seen.

Van Dyke said, in the passage just quoted, that she was "the embodiment of the impossible, the unattainable." To such a pass have we been led by our ignorance of Eastern lore! Nothing eventually is impossible to man, did he but know the reality. Walter Pater saw the truth more clearly when he wrote the beautiful rhapsody which follows, but even he could not bring himself to believe that truth. Of the *Mona Lisa* he said:

"The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come,' and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experiences of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age, with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern philosophy has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea."⁵

The *fancy* of a "perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand

⁵*The Renaissance*, pp. 124-6.

experiences," is indeed an ancient one and has been held by some of the greatest thinkers of all times. They have held, as we may hold, that character is the result of the actual experience of the consciousness and is not due to, though it may be colored by, the heredity of the body in which that consciousness dwells. If there are men, therefore, whose character is out of all proportion greater than could be evoked by the whole of their experience this life, then it is evident that these men have lived before in other human bodies. How could one brief life on earth yield the knowledge of a *Mona Lisa*? Whence came the power of Alexander, the wisdom of Plato, the genius of Leonardo, the splendor of Shakespeare? Called forth by a few years of worldly experience or the garnered treasure of many lives on earth?

If we conceive of the Soul as the Deathless Memory in man, we see how it is possible, in this world of ordinary men, for sages, philosophers, poets and mystics to be born and tread the ways of earth. They are the older brothers of the human family who have evolved to their high estate through lessons taught in other lives, and we realize that their highest glory is to teach us, the younger, to accomplish what they have achieved and to share with us something of their store of ancient wisdom.

Thus the *Mona Lisa*—the symbol of a Wisdom that is the fruit of a vast experience—not only voices an assurance of immortality but tells of a splendid goal, by revealing in all its transcendent power the majesty of an illumined Mind. And as we look deep into the eyes of our Lady of the Smile there come to our lips the words of the poet-sage, chanted long ago in India where God is All:

"Whatsoever is royal, good, beautiful and mighty, understand thou that to go forth from My splendor."

Evolution has remoulded the thought of Christendom, expanding our conception of physiology, astronomy and history. The more it is studied the more universal is found its application. It seems to be the secret of God's life. Now that we know the evolution of the body, it is time that we learned the evolution of the soul. The biologist shows that each of us physically before birth runs through all the phases of animal life—polyp, fish, reptile, dog, ape, and man—as a brief synopsis of how the ages have prepared our tenements. The preponderance of special animal traits in us is due, he says, to the emphasis of those particular stages of our physical growth. So in infancy does the soul move through an unconscious series of existences, recapitulating its long line of descent, until it is fastened in maturity. And why is it not true that our soul traits are the relics of former activities? Evolution proves that the physical part of man is the product of a long series of changes, in which each stage is both the effect of past influences and the cause of succeeding issues. Does not the immaterial part of man require a development equally vast? The fact of an intellectual and moral evolution proceeding hand in hand with the physical can only be explained under the economy of nature by a series of reincarnations.

E. D. Walker.



AN ENIGMA IN A MIRROR

By Vance Thompson



YOU may think of William Blake as a lean man, with a great white forehead above which flamed the red gold of his hair; the eyes were wide, fixed, occultly blue. Three generations, calling him a mystic, passed him by indifferently. (They did not know what mysticism was, but they had a vague idea that it was a sort of corridor, or tunnel, between idiocy and dementia.)

Then Swinburne divined and splendidly proclaimed the poet that was in Blake. A quarter of a century later, W. B. Yeats published the first adequate edition of Blake's poems. He came closer to the heart of Blake's secret—discerning in him the visionary. That is quite true. And yet it is also true that Yeats saw in him not so much the seer as the visionary-poet, the artist who tosses up shining symbols as a juggler plays with gilded balls. It will, however, be accounted to him for a sort of righteousness that he was the first to define Blake's theory of the spectre and the emanation and to make clear the geographic symbolism of the poet's occult and shadowy world.

De Berger, the French mystic, in a recent book has done much to unravel the infinitely complicated web of Blake's symbology. In fact, he has blazed a broad way through this penumbral forest of symbolic assimilations. He has—aided, it may be, by Grolleau and Rudolf Kassner—broken the seven seals of these mysterious books. He broke the seals and read. But he read, I think, as in a glass darkly—*per speculum in aenigmate*. The real meaning eluded him; it remained, in the words of St. Paul, an enigma in a mirror.

Now Blake's message was enormous and divine.

To the student of Theosophy it is neither dark nor confused. When Blake wrote *Urizen*, *The Secret Doctrine* had not yet been revealed to humanity; but in the light of this revelation Blake's mighty poem, which relates the sevenfold evolution of the monad in matter, becomes crystal clear. Theosophy has had its prophets and it has them now; in Blake it had its only poet. In great rhythmic, clangorous symbols he told the world story. He was, as Swinburne saw, a man beaten upon by the burning wings of poetic visions. He was that man; and he was something more formidable. He was one of those who dwell in the desert.

The ravens failed to bring him food and he ate of the roots of the burning bush.

I

His Adventures on the Astral Plane

And first one might make a little picture of the period in which he lived. He was born in 1757—a year foretold by Swedenborg as that in which God should manifest Himself in the human conscience. (The date was November 20—not November 28, as often given. The dyad ruled the year and the day; and the dyad, you will remember, is the first number that endured separation from the monad.)

He was born into what was called an "age of reason," the boundaries of which had been stepped off by Locke, Newton, Voltaire. Withal, humanity was ill at ease. It trembled, swung from point to point, as though the human compass were perturbed by the prodigious approach of some divine solution. It seemed to have a premonition that something was going to happen. Cagliostro veered darkly over Europe; Martinez-Pasquali lit the fires of the illuminati; St. Martin was no longer the "Unknown"; what came out of all this dark whispering you know. There came the French revolution; and the "age of reason" was cast to the eels and lampreys of anarchy. St. Germain's dream of unesoteric and universal love was drowned in the blood of princes. The dogs of the Terror gnawed the bones of kings.

It was the year 1793—

And William Blake—what did he see of it all? He was in his garden alone, writing. "There was a great stillness among the branches and flowers and more than common sweetness in the air," he relates, "and I heard a low and pleasant sound and knew not

whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move and, underneath, I saw a procession the size and color of green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral."

It was his notablest adventure that year.

Blake was entirely uninfluenced by his contemporaries. Kingdoms toppled and he did not look up from the fairies in the grass. Shelley and Goethe walked the world of his day and he knew them not. Alone he came into the world of time and space. For three-score years and ten he cried aloud in the desert. He spoke his message and went away. His quotidian life was one of sombre and shabby poverty. It is negligible. Our interest is on the side of his seership.

Visions of a kind were with him all his life.

They were not the self-created fantasies of Dante, plotting the curves of the *Inferno* and laying it out with a measuring-rod; they were not the artificial, opiate dreams of De Quincy, nor Poe's darker visions. They did not come to him, as they came to St. Theresa, in an ecstasy of prayer. When he was four years of age he looked out of the window one day and saw "God"—a grey, luminous figure pacing the road. It was always thus.

Walking in my cottage garden, suddenly, I beheld
The Virgin Ololon, and addressed her.

What he said was: "Virgin of Providence, fear not to enter my cottage"; and she entered. When his brother Robert died he saw his soul leave the body joyously, "clapping its hands."

Indeed, in his early life (later he was to attain another plane) he walked, like Swedenborg, among demons and spirits of the dead. For him, too, the veils of nature were diaphanous; he saw not only fairy funerals, but discerned the universal life in rocks and plants. Everything that appeared in the visible world was for him an expression of something profounder in the invisible universe. So there was nothing insignificant.

Art thou a worm, image of weakness? art thou but a worm?
I see thee like an infant wrapped in lily-leaf.
Ah, weep not, little voice!

And thence came his indignation against all the sufferings inflicted upon the animal world; and he could say bitterly:

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage. . . .
A horse misused upon the road

Calls to heaven for human blood. . . .
 A skylark wounded in the wing—
 A cherubim does cease to sing.

To plants, to animals, to all things his love went out; he was the first poet to understand the awful mystery of prostitution—that fierce and blinding karma of the weird women—and for them he wrote the apocalyptic prophecy:

The harlots' cry from street to street
 Shall weave old England's winding-sheet.

The earlier visions of Blake, as I have intimated, were akin to those of Swedenborg. Once, home-coming, he found a great "demon" waiting for him in his study. Another time an "angel" took him to hell, and they walked there and discussed it. Blake even took the time to make a collection of the proverbs of hell. One "demon" became his particular friend and they read the Bible together. They walked there on the astral plane as in the streets of London. His visits to "hell" were evidently experiences on the lowest sub-plane of the astral. Mr. Leadbeater has definitely described that black and fetid world, "full of darkness and cruel habitations." Blake saw it many a time and walked there with demons among black towers. There was darkness, and the darkness was filled with dragons and the ceremonials of hell. Ophidian forms and malefic larvæ swarmed upon him there. Foul purgatorial odors choked him; and once he found a vapor "clammy and cold as a spider's web." He investigated this fuliginous hell of the lowest sub-division of the astral world; and you may follow his ascent, plane after plane, until he reached that heavenly "summerland" of the Spiritualists and walked there among tall groves and shining temples. It was there he had word with self-proclaimed and mutable prophets. (You have but to study his drawings to see how wild a crowd of shades and elementals haunted him in those days.)

These psychic adventures, familiar to Theosophists, I shall not describe, but a word should be said of the prophets. They appeared as majestic shades, grey but luminous, and taller than common men. They told Blake they were the symbolic forms of prophets—of Moses, of Dante, of Milton. Reasonably enough, from his viewpoint, Voltaire asked the poet: "Do they speak to you in English?" and Blake answered: "They speak their own tongues, but the words enter my ears as English."

He could evoke (at this period of his astral wayfarings) the spirits of the mighty dead of all time. They were visible to him alone. Many of them he sketched for Varley, the astrologer. Now the portraits did not resemble the historic pictures of these historic dead

men; indeed, they looked different on different days. "That is the way they look to me," Blake said, "perhaps to other eyes they have other forms." Whence his ghostly visions came he did not know. He was wayfaring on a bewildered road. Powers of earth and air and fire took form and passed before him. The lords who preside over the works of nature drew near to him. There were whispering voices in the night. And then, in a memorable hour, everything was changed. . . .

Saul, you remember, was on his way to Damascus when there befell him the most extraordinary adventure that can befall a man. It was in a print-shop in what is now Leicester Square that Blake had his great adventure. There he met the Masters and cried out: "Eternals! I hear your call gladly." They dictated his poems. "They do not belong to me," he said, "word for word they are the work of these spirits." That is the great fact; his books and his visions were one. Like St. John on Patmos, he was told to write and he wrote. Those Masters whom he called, splendidly, the Eternals, left him nevermore.

They gave him a new name.
I do not know that name.

It was like the names promised to the faithful of Pergamos—*nomen novum, quod nemo scit, nisi qui accipit*. Only he that receiveth it knoweth the name written on the white stone. And it is a mysterious and formidable truth that until the white stone is given to him, no man knows his own name and no man knows his own face, because no one knows of what occult person—O, long ago eaten by scarabæus and by helminth!—he is the essential representative in this incarnation.

And so of Blake I know nothing; and I know nothing of his Masters. With Them he crossed the frontiers of the Great Secret. What They taught him he wrote down; and I shall try to state, in lucid prose, a little of what was revealed to him in great flaming, cosmic symbols.

II

Deus erat Verbum

Earth was not, nor globes of attraction;
The will of the Immortal expanded
Or contracted his all-flexible senses;
Death was not, but eternal life sprung.
Urizen.

The universe of Blake is out of time and formless. There is no definite centre whence all life is derived—no *primum mobile*—almost,

as his orthodox critics declared, no God. The universe, for him, is governed by a celestial hierarchy. They are the Eternals. The wine they drink is eternity. When Milton (in a poem with that title) offers to return into the world in order to teach humanity the mysteries of the invisible universe, he appears before the Eternal Men and asks their consent. And again it is the Eternals who welcome the regenerated man, "calling him brother, image of the Eternal Father."

The Eternal Father is not seen, though His footprints are found at all the crossroads of the Infinite; His image is reflected in each man's face and He is the Parabrahm; He is the One Beyond. The Eternals are many, but their lives are unified, so that they form an Eternal Family; they are conscious of perfect unity and compose an indivisible eternity. (In two passages Blake records the names of those Eternals who are the Seven Lamps of God.)

And man?

Always the essential and universal man existed. He was out of time and space, touched by no physical laws. Being all, he had no needs and no desires. There was no material world to check his expansion; no moral law halted him with its "Thou shalt not." He lived in self-contemplation. He was, as it were, a thought of God. I do not find that he was (as Sir Edwin Arnold said) like a drop in the ocean. I should say, rather, that he was like the myriad force which acts upon each drop, which traverses it in incessant torrents of life.

Were there myriads of men, of Eternals, or only one? There is no answer. Number is a thing of time and space. Blake was taught that through all circulated a sense of indivisible unity and They were One. That the thought might be clear to him he was told to think, by way of illustration, of the cells in the human body. All the cells of the body are participants in the total consciousness of our existence; but suppose that one of these cells should become conscious of itself and cry out: "Ho! I exist—independently of the body as a whole, I exist!" This thought, this assertion, would be the beginning of a separate creation, the formation of a personality, the first "fall" from unity. And it is thus that Blake relates what was told him of the first separation—of something detaching itself from the Divine All. One of the thoughts of God became distinct from Him. (This was revealed also to St. John.) And this thought became the Word. In the beginning the Word had been with God; it had been God—*Verbum erat Deus*—but now the *verbum* became *fiat* and the created universe was its emanation.

My exegesis, I trust, is quite clear, but I should like you to read the revelation in the mystic words dictated to our poet:

Lo! a shadow of horror is risen
 In eternity; unknown, unprolific,
 Self-closed, all-repelling; what demon
 Hath formed this abominable void,
 This soul-shuddering vacuum? Some said
 "It is Urizen," but unknown, abstracted,
 Brooding, secret, the dark power hid.

It is thus that separateness was born; it was dark; it revolved in silent activity; it was unknown and horrible, "a self-contemplating shadow," occupied in enormous labors. In Blake's symbology Urizen is the first conscious personality, always immaterial, but still the first ego distinct from the Great All. Until Urizen was born there was only eternity. Now there are two separate things—eternity and Urizen; and there is, as well, a definite moment in eternity, and time has begun. The separation of the first ego from the All marks the beginning of time. A separate will has been born; therefore, time is. To time Blake gives the name of Los—which is Sol read backwards—and it becomes the function of Los to complete the separation of the new-born will from the Eternal. He it is who is to bind Urizen in the chain of days and years.

And Los, round the dark globe of Urizen,
 Kept watch for Eternals to confine
 This obscure separation alone.
 And Los formed nets and gins,
 And through the nets round about
 He watched in shuddering fear
 The dark changes, and *bound every change*
With rivets of iron and brass.

For Urizen changed and each change, now, marked a period and was fixed in time. The recital of the Beraschit was not, of course, unknown to Blake; but he makes clearer the symbol of that first creation of day and night, when "the evening and the morning were the first day," for he sees in it an evident declaration that Urizen had torn himself away from the eternity and that time had begun. And the poet goes on to describe—in verse of metal and stone—the creation of the earth; and he describes it with an exactitude which only the occult geologists have attained. (What was really taking place was the progressive creation of Urizen in the invisible world.)

Look now and you will see the sombre globe of invisible flames—the flames of life—now spherical, because self-concentrated, and again heart-shaped, because life beats within it:

Like a black globe. . . .
 Like a human heart struggling and beating,
 The vast world of Urizen appeared.

It was a spirit and it was a world; it rolled and swung through time in a dreamless night; it was a shapeless mass of flesh and clay, until (by the power of Los) forms began to heave and move in it:

Restless turned the immortal, enchained,
Heaving dolorous, anguished, unbearable,
Till a roof, shaggy wild, enclosed
In an orb his fountain of thought.
In a horrible dream-like slumber,
Like the linked infernal chain,
A vast spine writhed in torment,
Upon the winds.

Shooting, pained
Ribs, like a bending cavern,
And bones of solidness froze
Over all his nerves of joy.
And a first age passed o'er
And a state of dismal woe.

(Blake's drawing for this page is meaningful; it depicts a globe of light in the midst of shadows; and within the globe is a monstrous skeleton, folded in on itself like an embryo in its envelope, the elbows touching the feet, the bony hands gripping the eyeless skull, in an attitude of immense despair.)

Thus the ages pass, forming flesh, bone, sinew; until at last Urizen rises and stretches his arms out toward the north and the south. The first creation has had as a consequence other creations. With time, space was born:

Sundering, darkening, thundering,
Rent away with a terrible crash,
Eternity rolled wide apart,
Mountainous all around,
Departing, departing, departing,
Leaving ruinous fragments of life,
Hanging, frowning cliffs and all between
An ocean of voidness.

Now it is the destiny of those who separate from others to suffer new separation in themselves. Los, in separating Urizen from eternity, became conscious of his individual existence. He, at once time and space, was separated forever from the All and shut up in the same region where he had confined Urizen. And soon his two elements—space and time—separated:

The abyss of Los stretched immense
And, now seen, now obscured, to the eyes
Of Eternals, the vision remote

Of the dark separation appeared.
 As glasses discover worlds
 In the endless abyss of space,
 So the expanding eyes of the Immortals
 Beheld the dark visions of Los
 And the globe of life-blood trembling.

This palpitant globe was Enitharmon, who separated herself from Los. In other words, she fell, like Los, into the sombre universe of created things, ready to become an attribute of matter and a necessity of the visible world. And Enitharmon was space. (And here it is well to recall Boehme's remarkable definition: "Creation is the introduction of time and space into the world of individual wills.")

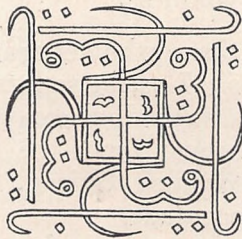
Urizen is Blake's mystic expression of the creation of the world—of the descent of the Word into matter; it is also the expression of the creation of man as a distinct being, when

The sea of Time and Space
 Beat round the rocks in mighty waves and, as a polypus
 That vegetates beneath the sea, the limbs of man vegetated
 In monstrous forms of death.

Like Urizen, the spirit of man separated himself from the spirit of the Eternals and was confined in time and space—to begin his long journey back to unity. Los, whose function it had been to separate him from the All, had never quite forgotten his first estate and he lives, in man, as a vague desire of reattaining the ancient unity. Through him comes all man may learn of the world now invisible—Los, the inspirer; Los, who remembers.

It was revealed to Blake that there were two great processes of creation—separation, which we have been studying, and emanation. In another article I shall try to make plain Blake's symbols of the emanations and the spectres; and then—when we shall have met the four Zoas—we shall indeed have broken the seven seals.

If you wish. . . .



ON PLANT-BREEDING

ITS FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES


By Luther Burbank

Annotations by Peter Van der Linden

[Editor's Note.—Luther Burbank's standing as the leading experimentalist in plant life, the magnitude and value of his studies and experiments, the benefits directly accruing to mankind from his labors are acknowledged world-wide. Theosophists follow his work with increased interest because of their fuller comprehension of cosmic law and form manifestation, their knowledge of the group-soul theory and the work of nature-spirits in building a plant, etc.

Mr. Burbank has kindly given us the following article for publication in *The American Theosophist* and allowed its annotation by Mr. Peter Van der Linden, an old student of Theosophy personally in touch with the spirit of Mr. Burbank's genius.]

*Some qualities Nature carefully fixes and transmits, but some, and those the finer, she exhales with the breath of the individual as too costly to perpetuate. But I notice also that they may become fixed and permanent in any stock, by painting and repainting them on every individual, until at last Nature adopts them and bakes them into her porcelain.**
Emerson.

 ONLY the most limited view of plant-breeding can be given in an ordinary thesis. It would be necessary to extend the subject through many volumes to give even a general view of what has already been demonstrated, and that which the clear light of science¹ has yet to bring forth from the depths is too extensive even for the imagination to grasp, except through a full knowledge of what practical field-work has already accomplished.

*Man, on account of his advanced stage in evolution as compared with the plant, and in accordance with his thoughts and aspirations, draws forth from the divine potencies asleep in the plant or tree the aroma of qualities not discernible in them before. This has been the work of Luther Burbank.

1. The extension of modern physical science into the domain of the (ordinarily) invisible worlds, or worlds of causes, which science is rapidly approaching, is the finger-post to a more rational understanding of the processes of Nature than heretofore acquired. Material science gives us a very partial view only of the evolution of form; the evolution of the deathless consciousness underlying all forms thus far eludes her observation.

The fundamental principles of plant-breeding are simple and may be stated in few words; the practical application of these principles demands the highest and most refined efforts of which the mind of man is capable, and no line of mental effort promises more for the elevation, advancement, prosperity and happiness of the whole human race.²

Every plant, animal and planet occupies its place in the order of Nature by the action of two forces—the inherent constitutional life-force with all its acquired habits, the sum of which is heredity; and the numerous complicated external forces or environment. To guide the interaction of these two forces, both of which are only different expressions of the one eternal force,³ is and must be the sole object of the breeder, whether of plants or animals.

When we look about us on the plants inhabiting the earth with ourselves, and watch any species day by day, we are unable to see any change in some of them. During a lifetime,⁴ and in some cases perhaps including the full breadth of human history, no remarkable change seems to have occurred. And yet there is not today one plant species which has not undergone great and, to a certain extent, constant change.

The life-force of the plant in endeavoring to harmonize and adapt the action of its acquired tendencies to its surroundings may, through many generations, slowly adapt itself to the necessities of existence, yet these same accrued forces may also produce sudden and, to one not acquainted with its past history, most surprising and unaccountable changes of character. The very existence of the higher orders

2. The Theosophist, though agreeing with this, would point out that these principles are equally applicable to the bodies we wear, and then become more directly valuable.

3. Every mineral, plant, animal, man and planet carries deep within itself the impulse of manifestation, according to the design, the plan of the Solar Logos, poured out in triple successive installments, namely, the formation of the materials by the First Logos (concerning atoms); the application of these to the building of forms, or the outpouring of the Second Logos, in whom resides the paradigm of all forms and with whom come forth the innumerable intelligences of different grades of development who, by their activities in the plan, continue their evolution from where they left off at the close of the previous life-cycle of the Solar Logos. The third outpouring deals with humanity.

From the outpouring of the Second Logos there follows the building of forms from those of the subtler worlds downwards to the material plane. The vast hosts of beings who have in charge the building of plants take the plan from those who stand at the head of their department. With these builders, Mr. Burbank, owing to his appropriate faculties, stands in close affinity. There are no blind forces in nature. The plan is carried out intelligently, though the process occupies millions of years.

4. Because we are limited to the threescore and ten. The attainment of liberation frees us from this limitation.

of plants which now inhabit the earth has been secured to them only by their power of adaptation to crossings for, through the variations produced by the combination of numerous tendencies, individuals are produced which are better endowed to meet the prevailing conditions of life.⁵ Thus to Nature's persistence in crossing do we owe all that earth now produces in man, animals or plants; and this magnificently stupendous fact may also be safely carried into the domain of chemistry as well, for what are common air and water but Nature's earlier efforts in that line, and our nourishing foods but the result of myriad complex chemical affinities of later date?

Natural and artificial crossing and hybridization are among the principal remote causes of nearly all otherwise perplexing or unaccountable sports and strange modifications, and also of many of the now well-established species.⁶ Variations, without immediate antecedent crossing, occur always and everywhere from a combination of past crossings and environments, for potential adaptations often exist through generations without becoming actual, and when we fully grasp these facts there is nothing mysterious in the sudden appearance of sports; but still further intelligent crossings produce more immediate results and of great value, not to the plant in its struggle with natural forces, but to man, by conserving and guiding its life-forces to supply him with food, clothing and innumerable other luxuries and necessities. Plant-life is so common that one rarely stops to think how utterly dependent we are upon the quiet but magnificently powerful work which it is constantly performing for us.

It was once thought that plants varied within the so-called species but very little, and that true species never varied. We have more lately discovered that no two plants are ever exactly alike, each one having its own individuality, and that new varieties having endowments of priceless value, and even distinct new species, can be produced by the plant-breeder with the same precision that machinery for locomotion and other useful purposes is produced by the mechanic.

5. The group-soul, into which the life returns with its harvest of experiences at the death of its form, splits up with the differentiation of the species, by whatever cause it comes about; hence the time required to establish the new type. The sudden changes of character are often due to an impulse given by the head of the department of agriculture, so to speak, who takes advantage of favorable opportunities and carries out whatever portion of the plan his part calls for.

6. Very often sports of one of the innumerable nature-spirits, entities whose densest bodies are composed of matter belonging to subtler states of matter than the physical and thereby escape the observation of the ordinarily constituted human being. Their sports usually follow the line of least resistance, unless instigated by the head of their department. Man is prone to think that he is the only intelligent being in the universe. Theosophy corrects this delusion. Evolution calls for a rising gradient from the lowest to the highest.

The evolution and all the variations of plants are simply the means which they employ in adjusting themselves to external conditions. Each plant strives to adapt itself to environment with as little demand upon its forces as possible and still keep up in the race. The best-endowed species and individuals win the prize, by variation as well as persistence. The constantly varying external forces to which all life is everywhere subjected demand that the inherent internal force shall always be ready to adapt itself or perish.⁷

The combination and interaction of these innumerable forces embraced in heredity and environment have given us all our bewildering species and varieties, none of which ever did or ever will remain constant, for the inherent life-force must be pliable or outside forces will sooner or later extinguish it.⁸ Thus adaptability, as well as perseverance, is one of the prime virtues in plant as in human life.

Plant-breeding is the intelligent application of the forces of the human mind in guiding the inherent life-forces into useful directions by crossing to make perturbations or variations and new combinations of these forces, and by radically changing environments, both of which produce somewhat similar results, thus giving a broader field for selection which, again, is simply the persistent application of mental force⁹ to guide and fix the perturbed life-forces in the desired channels.

Plant-breeding is in its earliest infancy. Its possibilities, and even its fundamental principles, are understood but by few; in the past it has been mostly dabbling with tremendous forces which have been only partially appreciated and it has yet to approach the precision that we expect in the handling of steam or electricity and, notwithstanding the occasional sneers of the ignorant, these silent forces embodied in plant-life have yet a part to play in the regeneration of the race which by comparison will dwarf into insignificance the services which steam and electricity have so far given. Even uncon-

7. When the life in the particular species has exhausted the experiences needed for its awakening, the evolutionary impulse, aided by the nature-spirits, carries it to ensoul more highly organized forms.

8. The interaction of life and form brings about the awakening of the life and the evolution of more complicated forms. The forms exist only for the awakening of the life and perish when their task is completed; that is, when the life has outgrown their possibilities. This is the reason of extinct species. Nature seems conservative in her forms; hence in the forms resides heredity.

9. After the life passes through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms the added mentality introduces new factors, enabling the life to accelerate its progress in spite of the heredity of the form; hence when this stage is reached we find that mental faculties are not transmitted—only the grooves, so to speak. See, for example, the phenomena of genius. A rudimentary mentality is found in all the kingdoms, growing richer at the approach of the human; this is why the presence of man gives stimulus to all the kingdoms below him.

scious or half-conscious plant-breeding has been one of the greatest forces in the elevation of the race. The chemist and the mechanic have, so to speak, domesticated some of the forces of Nature, but the plant-breeder is now learning to guide even the creative forces into new and useful channels. This knowledge is a most priceless legacy, making clear the way for some of the greatest benefits which man has ever received from any source by the study of Nature.¹⁰

A general knowledge of the relations and affinities of plants will not be a sufficient equipment for the successful plant-breeder. He must be a skillful botanist and biologist and, having a definite plan, must be able to correctly estimate the action of the two fundamental forces, inherent and external, which he would guide.

The main object in crossing genera, species or varieties is to combine various individual tendencies, thus producing a state of perturbation or partial antagonism by which these tendencies are, in later generations, dissociated and recombined in new proportions, which gives the breeder a wider field for selection; but this opens a much more difficult one—the selection and fixing of the desired new types from the mass of heterogeneous tendencies produced, for, by crossing, bad traits as well as good are always brought forth. The results now secured by the breeder will be in proportion to the accuracy and intensity of selection and the length of time they are applied. By these means the best of fruits, grains, nuts and flowers are capable of still further improvements in ways which to the thoughtless often seem unnecessary, irrelevant or impossible.

When we capture and domesticate the various plants, the life-forces are relieved from many of the hardships of an unprotected wild condition and have more leisure, so to speak, or, in other words, more surplus force to be guided by the hand of man under the new environments into all the useful and beautiful new forms which are constantly appearing under cultivation, crossing and selection.¹¹

10. Just so. That is the reason why we look forward to the recording by Mr. Burbank of the experiences and conjectures of which he is least inclined to speak, and on account of which he will have to face ridicule and contumely from contemporaries, who cannot follow him into what they will call vagaries.

11. As life is endless, possibilities are limitless. There is but one failure, namely, "ceasing to strive," says Mrs. Besant. The domestication of plants also brings about a tendency to rock into somnolence some of the virtues acquired in struggle; as, for instance, the cultivation of edible plants from poisonous ones and *vice versa*. A question in the writer's mind is whether certain seasons in the sidereal year (approximately 25,960 years), or in some of the minor cycles, do not bring about changes of character. We are told, for instance, in ancient literature that the application of opium to the forehead will bring about clairvoyance while, to the writer's knowledge, this is not the case now. We have also been told by modern science to regard as superstition the belief that the moon exercises an influence upon the growth of plants; yet there are numbers of people who aver that the

Some plants are very much more pliable than others, as the breeder soon learns. Plants having numerous representatives in various parts of the earth generally possess this adaptability in a much higher degree than the monotypic species for, having been subjected to great variations of soil, climate and other influences, their continued existence has been secured only by the inherent habits which adaptation demanded, while the monotypic species, not being able to fit themselves for their surroundings without a too radically expensive change, have continued to exist only under certain special conditions. Thus two important advantages are secured to the breeder who selects from the genera having numerous species—the advantage of natural pliability, and in the numerous species to work upon by combination for still further variations.

The plant-breeder before making combinations should select the individual plants which seem best adapted to his purpose with great care, as by this course many years of experiment and much needless expense will be avoided. The differences in the individuals which the plant-breeder has to work upon are sometimes extremely slight. The ordinary unpracticed person cannot by any possibility discover the exceedingly minute variations in form, size, color, fragrance, precocity and a thousand other characters which the practiced breeder perceives by a lightning-like glance. The work is not easy, requiring an exceedingly keen perception of minute differences, great practice and extreme care in treating the organisms operated upon and, even with all the naturally acquired variations added to those secured by scientific crossing and numerous other means, the careful accumulation of slight individual differences through many generations is imperative, after which several generations are often, but not always, necessary to thoroughly "fix" the desired type for all practical purposes.¹²

The above applies to annuals, or those plants generally reproduced by seed. The breeder of plants which can be reproduced by division has great advantage, for any valuable individual variation can be multiplied to any extent desired without the extreme care necessary in fixing by linear breeding the one which must be reproduced

phases of the moon influence the production of foliage or roots, as the case may be. Moreover, we learn from poison-mongers that they attribute greater virulence to their potions if the ingredients are gathered at certain phases of the moon. Lumbermen take good care to fell or ring trees at the right time in relation to the moon.

12. The exercise of the keen perception here spoken of is likely to give the ardent experimenter faculties as yet latent in man and which, when awakened and trained, will enable him to predetermine the results of his work. We have been told that Mr. Burbank, rapidly passing through his hands a large number of young trees, threw out a few, saying, "These will be good bearers," and the result proved his assertion.

by seed. But even in breeding perennials the first deviations from the original form are often almost unappreciable to the perception, but by accumulating the most minute differences through many generations the deviation from the original form is often astounding. Thus by careful and intelligent breeding any peculiarity may be made permanent; valid new species are at times produced by the art of the breeder, and there is no known limit to the improvement of plants by education, breeding and selection.

The plant-breeder is an explorer into the infinite. He will have "no time to make money," and his castle, the brain, must be clear and alert in throwing aside fossil ideas and rapidly replacing them with living, throbbing thought followed by action. Then, and not till then, shall he create marvels of beauty and value in new expressions of materialized force, for everything of value must be produced by the intelligent application of the forces of Nature which are always awaiting our commands.

The vast possibilities of plant-breeding can hardly be estimated. It would not be difficult for one man to breed a new rye, wheat, barley, oats or rice which would produce one grain more to each head, or a corn which would produce an extra kernel to each ear, another potato to each plant, or an apple, plum, orange or nut to each tree. What would be the result? In five staples only, in the United States alone, the inexhaustible forces of Nature would produce annually, without effort and without cost, 5,200,000 extra bushels of corn, 15,000,000 extra bushels of wheat, 20,000,000 extra bushels of oats, 1,500,000 extra bushels of barley, 21,000,000 extra bushels of potatoes.

But these vast possibilities are not alone for one year, or for our own time or race, but are beneficent legacies for every man, woman and child who shall ever inhabit the earth. And who can estimate the elevating and refining influences and moral value of flowers, with all their graceful forms and bewitching shades and combinations of colors and exquisitely varied perfumes? These silent influences are unconsciously felt even by those who do not appreciate them consciously, and thus with better and still better fruits, nuts, grains and flowers will the earth be transformed, man's thoughts turned from the base destructive forces into the nobler productive ones which will lift him to higher planes of action toward that happy day when man shall offer his brother man not bullets and bayonets but richer grains, better fruits and fairer flowers.

Cultivation and care may help plants to do better work temporarily but, by breeding, plants may be brought into existence which will do better work always in all places and for all time. Plants are to be produced which will perform their appointed work better, quicker and with the utmost precision.

Science sees better grains, nuts, fruits and vegetables, all in new forms, sizes, colors and flavors; with more nutrients and less waste; with every injurious and poisonous quality eliminated; with power to resist sun, wind, rain and frost, destructive fungus and insect pests; fruits without stones, seeds or spines; better fibre, coffee, tea, spice, rubber, oil, paper and timber trees, and sugar, starch, color and perfume plants. Every one of these, and ten thousand more, are within the reach of the most ordinary skill in plant-breeding.

With the plant-breeder now rests one of the next great world movements—the guidance of the creative forces. Man is slowly learning that he, too, may guide the same forces which have been through all the ages performing this beneficent work that he sees everywhere above, beneath and around him in the vast teeming animal and plant life of the world.



CONCERNING NATURE-SPIRITS

By C. W. Leadbeater

Extracts from *The Hidden Side of Things*



THE nature-spirits constitute an evolution apart, quite distinct at this stage from that of humanity. We are all familiar with the course taken by the Second Outpouring through the three elemental kingdoms down to the mineral and upward through the vegetable and animal to the attainment of individuality at the human level. We know that, after that individuality has been attained, the unfolding of humanity carries us gradually to the steps of the Path, and then onward and upward to Adeptship and to the glorious possibilities which lie beyond.

This is our line of development, but we must not make the mistake of thinking of it as the only line. Even in this world of ours the divine life is pressing upwards through several streams, of which ours is but one and numerically by no means the most important. It may help us to realize this if we remember that while humanity in its physical manifestation occupies only quite a small part of the surface of the earth, entities at a corresponding level on other lines of evolution not only crowd the earth far more thickly than man but at the

same time populate the enormous plains of the sea and the fields of the air.

The nature-spirits, for example, neither have been nor ever will be members of a humanity such as ours, yet the indwelling life of the nature-spirit comes from the same Solar Deity as our own, and will return to Him just as ours will.

The matter of their bodies is not, under ordinary conditions, visible to physical eyes, so that when they are seen one of two things must take place; either they must materialize themselves by drawing round them a veil of physical matter, or else the spectator must experience an increase of sensitiveness which enables him to respond to the wavelengths of the higher ethers, and to see what is not normally perceptible to him.

The little creatures that look after flowers may be divided into two great classes, though of course there are many varieties of each kind. The first class may properly be called elementals, for beautiful though they are, they are in reality only thought-forms, and therefore they are not really *living* creatures at all. Perhaps I should rather say that they are only temporarily living creatures, for though they are very active and busy during their little lives, they have no real evolving reincarnating life in them, and when they have done their work they just go to pieces and dissolve into the surrounding atmosphere, precisely as our own thought-forms do. They are the thought-forms of the Great Beings or angels who are in charge of the evolution of the vegetable kingdom.

When one of these Great Ones has a new idea connected with one of the kinds of plants or flowers which are under his charge, he often creates a thought-form for the special purpose of carrying out that idea. It usually takes the form either of an etheric model of the flower itself or of a little creature which hangs round the plant or the flower all through the time that the buds are forming and gradually builds them into the shape and color of which the angel has thought. But as soon as the plant has fully grown, or the flower has opened, its work is over and its power is exhausted and, as I have said, it just simply dissolves, because the will to do that piece of work was the only soul that it had.

But there is quite another kind of little creature which is very frequently seen playing about with flowers, and this time it is a real nature-spirit. There are many varieties of these also. One of the commonest forms is something very much like a tiny humming-bird, and it may often be seen buzzing round the flowers much in the same way as a humming-bird or a bee does. . . . Such play a large part in the production of their manifold variations—their playfulness being often utilized in specialization and in the helping of growth. . . . The life which is now animating them has come up through

grasses and cereals, such as wheat and oats, when it was in the vegetable kingdom, and afterwards through ants and bees when it was in the animal kingdom. Now it has reached the level of these tiny nature-spirits, and its next stage will be to ensoul some of the beautiful fairies with etheric bodies who live upon the surface of the earth. Later on they will become salamanders or fire-spirits, and later still they will become sylphs, or air-spirits, having only astral bodies instead of etheric. Later still they will pass through the different stages of the great kingdom of the angels.

It is on joining the angel kingdom that the nature-spirit receives the divine Spark of the Third Outpouring and thus attains individuality, just as the animal does when he passes into the human kingdom; and a further point of similarity is that just as the animal gains individualization only through contact with humanity, so the nature-spirit gains it through contact with the angel—through becoming attached to him and working in order to please him, until at last he learns how to do angel's work himself.

The more advanced nature-spirit is therefore not exactly an etheric or astral human being, for he is not yet an individual; yet he is much more than an etheric or astral animal, for his intellectual level is far higher than anything which we find in the animal kingdom, and is indeed quite equal along many lines to that of average humanity. On the other hand, some of the earlier varieties possess but a limited amount of intelligence and seem to be about on an equality with the humming-birds or bees or butterflies which they so closely resemble.

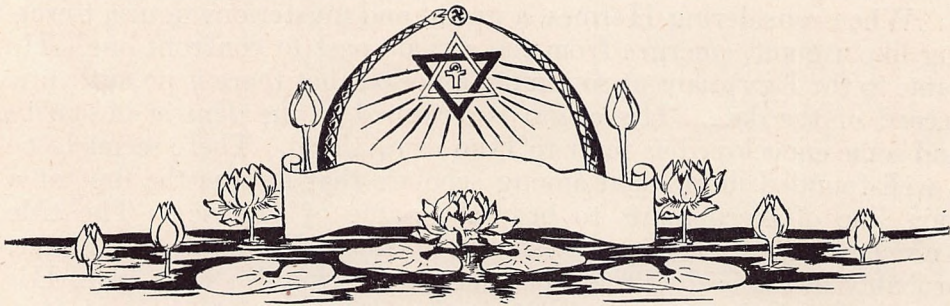
This one name of nature-spirit covers a large segment of the arc of evolution, including stages corresponding to the whole of the vegetable and animal kingdom, and to humanity up to almost the present level of our own race.

I WATCHED the little nature-spirits building a rose. One little grey creature, with a yellow dot for a head, prepared the materials which he was able to draw together from the elemental substance. Two little pale grey spirits spun a thread from the material prepared by the one, and another of a greyish white hue prepared, or cut, the pattern for the rose.

Then there came along a little muffled creature, all in pink, with a brush for a bill. It painted the thread. The pattern, with the thread, was then attached to a dark grey, bobbin-like creature who began to wind himself up in them very tightly. Inmeshed in the thread, he soon wove a bud and, as he plied his loom, the bud increased in size until his pattern was filled.

The bobbin-like spirit finally puffed up and burst open, leaving a perfect, full-blown pink rose.

—*By One Who Saw.*



WORLD TEACHERS OF THE ARYAN RACE

VYASA; HERMES;* ZARATHUSTRA;
ORPHEUS; GAUTAMA BUDDHA;
SHRI KRISHNA; JESUS, THE CHRIST.

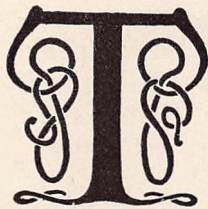
(Continued from page 342)

Then when He came to the second sub-race and taught in Egypt under a different name, the name of Thoth whom the Greeks called Hermes, where He took the light as symbol and first spoke those words familiar to you in the Egyptian fourth gospel that you find in your New Testament today; for He then proclaimed "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," the Light in the heart of man as well as the Light in the universe outside. And the King of Egypt was taught to "Look for the Light," because only the King who sees God in his subjects' hearts can be verily a King and evoke the divine side of the nature of his people. And you find that just as the King was taught to look for the Light, so the people were taught to "Follow the Light." And the doctrine of the Light within and the Light universal was the very centre of the Egyptian or Hermetic Mysteries.

Annie Besant.

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS

By Dora Rosner



THE previous article of this series gave an exposition of the first religion of the fifth root race and its founder, Vyasa. It showed that the sun was used as a symbol by Him in order to convey to the primitive Aryans something of the idea of a divine power. In His next incarnation, in teaching a race much further along in evolution, the same great Being used the *light* aspect of the sun as a symbol of Deity.

*The introduction to this series of sketches, compiled from writings of Mrs. Besant, appeared in the January number, and gave a bird's-eye view of the subject of World-Teachers. The first of these, Vyasa, was treated in the February issue; succeeding months will similarly deal in turn with each of those named above.

When considering Hermes, a grand and mysterious figure, towering like a giant, emerges from the archaic past to confront one. He came to the Egyptians at so remote a period that there is no authentic record of the date. His origin is wrapped in the densest obscurity and some encyclopedias refer to Him as mythical. There seems to be a well-founded impression among scholars that he was the first of a long line of hierophants to bear the name of Hermes. The title Trismegistus, or Thrice-greatest, was added to His name much later, probably in the early Ptolemaic times, to distinguish Him from His successors. It is also believed that the first five successors who assumed the title were really reincarnations of the original and Thrice-greatest Hermes.

After perusing the literature extant concerning Him and His teachings, the reader is impressed with the fact that He taught a form of wisdom never surpassed by any succeeding Teacher. There are many so-called Hermetic books extant, but they are not authentic, are not the writings of Thoth-Hermes, or Tarhuti, who is called Trismegistus on the Rosetta stone.

As is usually the case with all founders of religions, there is no proof that Hermes really wrote anything. As His teaching was largely a combination of an abstruse philosophy, a very spiritual theology and a magnificently developed science, it does not appear to have been intended for the simple mind. The inference to be drawn is that those whom He came to teach were already a very cultured people who would not be benefited by elementary teachings and, in support of this fact, there is evidence in some of the writings that before the destruction of Atlantis there was a mighty race of Egyptians (the race of the first Hermes) and that some dim traces of this by-gone wisdom-loving civilization were still to be seen.

The early Church Fathers in general accepted the then extant Trismegistic writings as exceedingly ancient and authoritative, and quoted literally and liberally from them. They believed Hermes to have been a contemporary of Moses. Later, when the sovereignty of Egypt passed into the hands of the Greeks, they adopted these writings and Hellenized them—gave them a Greek coloring, so to speak. *The Divine Pymander*, or Pomander, of our museums and libraries is an abridgement of one of the books of Thoth by a Platonist of Alexandria. At one time, not so very long ago, the greatest literary critics of Europe denied the authenticity of the *Book of Hermes*, or Thoth, until whole verses were discovered on Egyptian monuments and tombs of the earliest dynasties. Champollion, the famous Egyptologist, shows in his writings the greatest regard for the authenticity and truthfulness of such works as have come down to us, corroborated as they are by many of the oldest monuments, but careful computation places them many ages before the birth of Moses. The Egyptian

Book of the Dead is also ascribed to Hermes.

As gathered from various writings, this great Teacher acted as instructor in the Mysteries which were performed in the Great Pyramid. He was considered a divine personification, or Avatara, of Thoth and was, like our Avatara, the Christ, dual in His nature. In the course of ages, His name and attributes became so inextricably mixed with those of the Great One whose incarnation He was that quite often the names of Thoth and Hermes are used interchangeably for the same great Being in the same way as the Christ is often called, or considered to be, God, by some Christians.

He was the teacher of all ancient and hidden things, the writer of scripture and the scribe of the gods. As the ordainer of number, order and measure, temple building is ascribed to Him. He taught astronomy and was well acquainted with the signs of the zodiac. Laws and legislature, architecture, various modes of magic and the medical uses of plants were taught by Him. The following extract reveals His teaching on evolution: "Imperceptibly the plant glides into the animal, the animal into the man."

We are all familiar with the fact that the ancient Egyptians are reputed to have worshiped various animals, and we must either conclude that the whole matter was a vain superstition, entirely devoid of any basis of reality, or that there was a psychic science of animal natures and their relationship to man, which was in the possession of the priesthood of that time but which was lost, owing to the departure of His successors from amongst men; subsequently, as the religion deteriorated, only fragments of misunderstood tradition remained among the lesser folk of earth.

The beautiful idea of the Christ as the Good Shepherd is familiar to every Christian; it was one of the earliest efforts of Christian art, but the prototype was far earlier than Christianity. A statue of Hermes with a ram or lamb standing beside Him, or in His arms or on His shoulder, was one of the favorite subjects of the chisel of Greece and there are specimens dating to the archaic period of Greek art. In it we have the universal fact, apart from any dogma; the eternal truth of this ever-recurring fact and not the exaggeration of a single instance of it. For many reasons, which we cannot now explain, it has always been the custom to associate a Savior, or Divine Teacher, with the idea of some animal. The Christ is frequently spoken of as a lamb; the Teacher of archaic Iran, Oannes, as a fish; etc. Following out this mystical idea, Hermes Thrice-greatest was referred to as a snake. The primitive idea of the serpent was that of divine wisdom and perfection, and it has always stood for psychical regeneration and immortality. As an example of the allegory of that time, there is a myth that Hermes cut out the sinews of Typhon, the god of evil, and used them for lyre strings. Interpreted, it shows

that Hermes took the force termed by us "evil" and, by transmuting its power to "good," brought about harmony.

Hermes exhorted His followers to righteous living, bade them not to live entirely in the senses but to dwell on the beautiful, the good and the true, and continually spoke of the power of the mind—which should make His teachings of great interest to us moderns who are just becoming aware of the wonders of mind. In the *Book of Hermes*, the oldest and most spiritual of the Logoi appeared to Hermes in the shape of a fiery dragon and said: "The light am I . . . I am the God, and I am far older than the human principle shadow. . . . I am the germ of thought, the resplendent word, the Son of God. . . . All that thou seest and hearest . . . is the thought of that which is God, the Father!" He taught the illusory character of matter; that is, that anything we contact with the senses is only a reflection of something from a higher plane.

The sun was called by the Egyptians the "Eye of Osiris," and was to them the Logos, or God, or Light manifest to the world. It is only by the sevenfold ray of this Light that we can become cognizant of God, who, through His third aspect as Creator, created our solar system and everything pertaining to it. He is neither good nor bad, *per se*, but is the origin of both. Do we not see the sun and, in fact, all nature work both for good and evil? The strife between the two helps on evolution.

The teachings of Hermes, given many thousands of years before the Christ came, are almost identical with those of the latter. This would be extremely puzzling but for the fact that all divine teachings come from one great body, or group, known as the Great White Lodge; in its keeping is the spiritual evolution of humanity on this planet. Hermes gave to the Egyptians under His care that portion, or phase, of the ancient wisdom which was suitable to their well-being and the Christ did the same for that portion of humanity which is His special charge; the same is true of all divine Teachers. One could cite many instances of the similarity of the teachings of this great Master to those of the Christian Teacher, but a few must suffice. The saying of the Christ, "Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men," is found in this religion so similarly worded as to be startlingly like. When the Roman Church speaks of St. Peter having the keys of heaven and the power of binding and loosening, it is merely telling us two of the duties of Thoth in the Egyptian religion. Again, like the second person of the Trinity, He was believed to be the only begotten Son of God. He is also called the "Spoken Word," and He is supposed to judge the living and the dead. Like the Christ, He was looked upon as an intercessor between God and man. There was also a wonderful sermon on the mountain. In one of the treatises is a passage referring, as did the Christ, to the "kingdom of heaven,"

"faith as small as a grain of mustard seed," "wheat and tares," the "Father which is in heaven," the unity of all with the Deity and the immortality of the soul, salvation through piety and godliness, healing by the laying on of hands, and the laying up of treasures in heaven.

He tells us much about that order of beings called angels, of their nature and functions, and referred to them as "those who dwell in the neighborhood of the Immortals and from thence watch over human affairs." Other things that He taught were: the destiny of the soul, its fall and its redemption; the laws of karma and rebirth; he taught that man was made in the image or likeness of God; we read, too, of a divine Cup, or Holy Grail.

The more one studies the best of these mystical sermons, the *Pomanders*, casting aside all prejudice, the nearer one is conscious of approaching the threshold of what may be believed to have been the heart of the best in the mystery traditions of antiquity. Innumerable are the hints of the greatness and immensities lying beyond that threshold. Such greatness and such mysteries have a power and beauty which the most garbled tradition of the texts, caused by passage through unknowing hands, cannot wholly disguise, and they are still recognizable—by "those who have eyes to see and ears to hear"—even though thus clad in the rags of their once fair garments.

The ancient Trismegistic literature is preserved to us in a most chaotic fashion, yet the writings breathe a wonderfully spiritual atmosphere. Only the flotsam and jetsam of His magnificent exposition of things divine are left us; yet in these there are shallows in which a child may wade and depths in which a giant may swim. What these scriptures were in their entirety, and as given by Him during His stay, who shall say? They have been considered from every possible standpoint—materialistic, agnostic, philological, technical, theological, critical, scientific, historical, literary—and sufficient matter has been found in them to warrant the writing of many volumes from each point of view. The greatest philosophers known to us, Thales, Pythagoras, Plato and others, derived their knowledge from the wisdom of Hermes taught them in Egyptian temples.

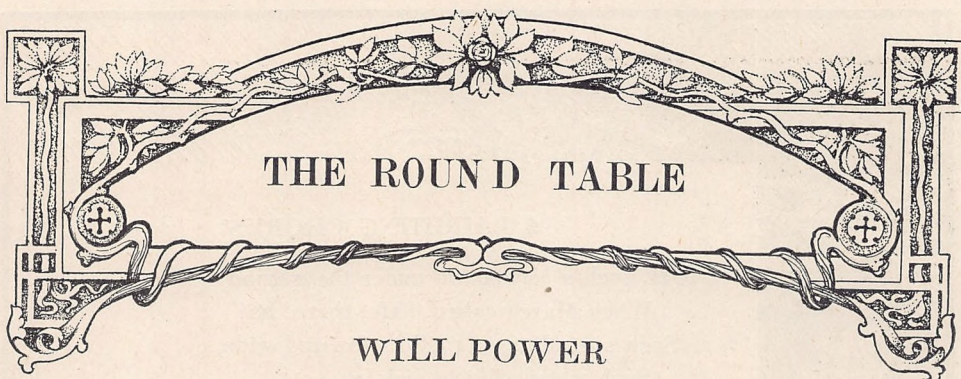
This shining "Light" of Egypt was indeed one of the divine beings who walked the earth with men. He synthesized religion, science and philosophy in a manner never yet surpassed, but harped continually on one string: "There is but one God and we are all His children." When the pendulum swings once more towards the side of synthesis, as it must do in the coming years—for we are but repeating today in greater detail what happened in the early centuries—then scholarship will once more recognize the unity of religion under the diversity of creeds and will listen to the echo of His voice across the ages bidding us once more remember.

[The Editor takes the liberty of adding to the foregoing article this page of paragraphs extracted from W. Marsham Adams' *The Book of the Master*.]

That the moon was the sacred and, at least in early times, the secret standard of Egyptian science, there seems little doubt. Thoth, the great Lord of Wisdom and of Measurement, the divine recorder before whom stood the balance of justice, wherein the light and darkness of man's moral life were weighed, was lord, not of the sun, but of the moon; and to that latter orb we are indebted for our fundamental standard of time. For if we consider the motion of the moon relatively to the sun, we shall find that the time that orb takes in covering a space equal to its own disc is just an hour; and thus we have a practical definition of that important unit.

Mystery is to God only what privacy is to man, our sense of which deepens with deepening intimacy. Though continuous wrangling over the secret truths which most profoundly affect the heart and mind have gone far to coarsen and deaden our spiritual sense, the soul still resents as the most unpardonable offence the profanation of a vulgar touch. For whether we acknowledge it or not, the springs of our entire existence are hidden. From the darkness of the womb to the darkness of the tomb, the source of our every action is veiled from us. Mystery is the beginning; mystery is the ending; mystery is the whole body of our life. We cannot breathe, nor sleep, nor eat, far less think or speak, without exercising powers which to us are inconceivable, by means of processes which to us are inscrutable. Who is so ignorant as not to know these things; who so learned as to make them clear?

Thus in the Theosophy of Egypt the divine relations of the invisible creation were made manifest by those of their visible counterpart. And the same relation of the material to the immaterial world will be found to underlie our own scientific conceptions, wherein the expressed form is ever the counterpart of the impressed force. For can any mathematician define the very nature of force otherwise than as that which sets matter in motion? But if force be that which sets matter in motion, it cannot itself be material, if the fundamental law of motion be true that matter at rest remains at rest. Unless, therefore, our whole conception of dynamical science is wrong from the beginning, the motions of the material universe must be the result of an immaterial force impressing itself upon the material world, the mind of the Creator giving form to His creation. And it is in the perception of that action that the supreme gift of the human mind, the imaginative faculty of genius, is most fully exercised; for genius is the power of giving expression to the unexhausted forms of creation potentially existing in the mind of the Creator.



THE ROUND TABLE

WILL POWER

By June I. Edwards

IT was a bright spring morning and Mother Earth was astir in her great throne-room issuing commands to the verdure and rain sprites. In our garden the iris, lily and rose were blossoming forth in sweet fragrance and beauty, as if in response to the caresses and tender care of the millions of tiny nature-spirits that constantly hovered round them. I lay basking in the sunshine, outstretched on the velvety grass and blissfully conscious of the peace and quietude which was broken only by the dull buzzing of the bees as they flew from flower to flower, or the soft chirp of a bird as she called to her mate.

But hark! what was this? I heard the rapid beating of horses' hoofs. I sprang to my feet, ran to the garden gate and looked up the road. To my horror, I saw, madly swinging and bounding down the road, a light farm wagon pulled by two runaway horses. Ahead of them was a broken bridge that spanned an adjacent stream. The bridge had been condemned and was now undergoing repairs. As the flooring had been torn out, the horses were rushing onward to a sure and certain doom.

The driver was shouting and desperately clutching the reins, but was unheeded by the maddened horses, while a terrified woman clung with might and main to the wagon seat. Suddenly, as the horses neared the bridge, they stopped, as if they had come in contact with a wall, and stood nervously pawing the ground.

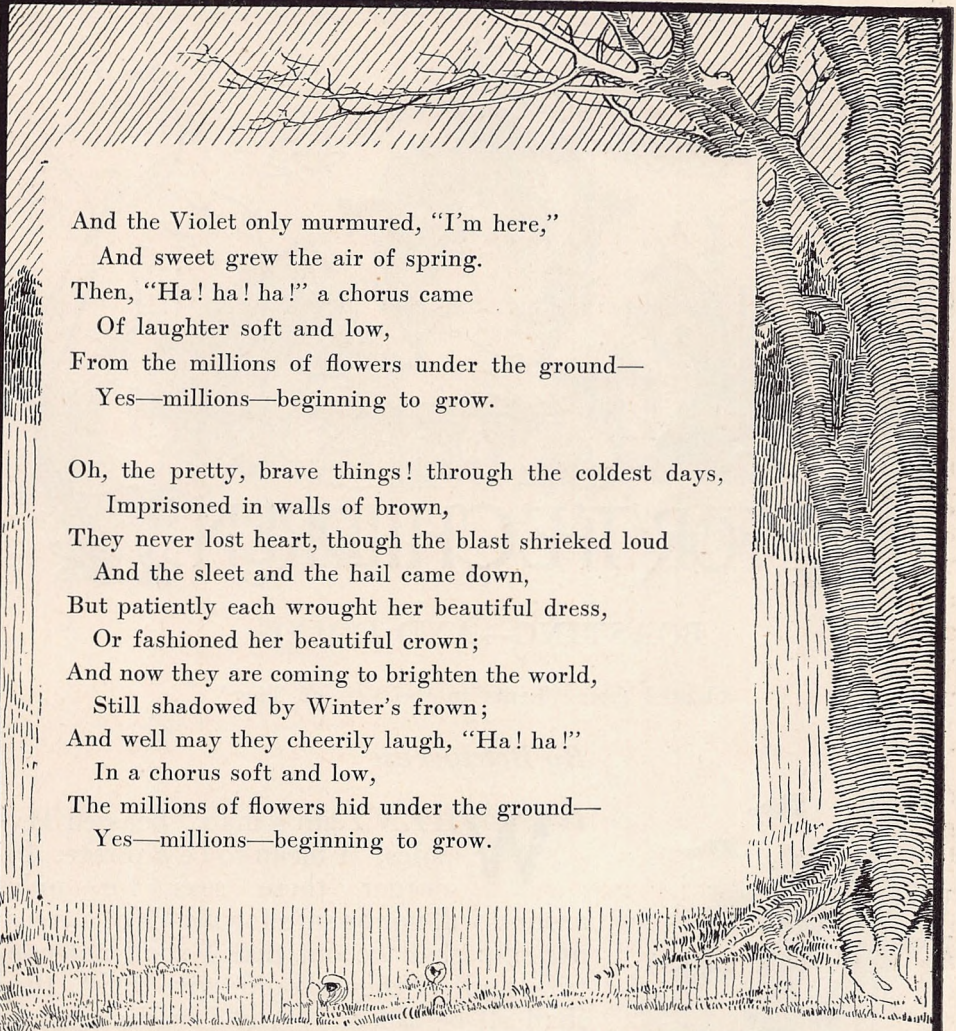
The peculiar way in which the horses stopped was explained to me later by a lady (a Theosophist) who had witnessed the event. This lady knew of the wonderful force of will power and how to apply it; as the horses neared the bridge, the thought flashed across her mind, "Can I stop them?" In the same instant she decided to make the effort at once centred all her strength and force of will into the command, "Those horses *must* stop." Was it her will that had built that impassable wall of invisible matter, yet of sufficient weight and substance, to force the horses to a standstill?



A LAUGHING CHORUS


OH, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro;
And, "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,
" 'Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

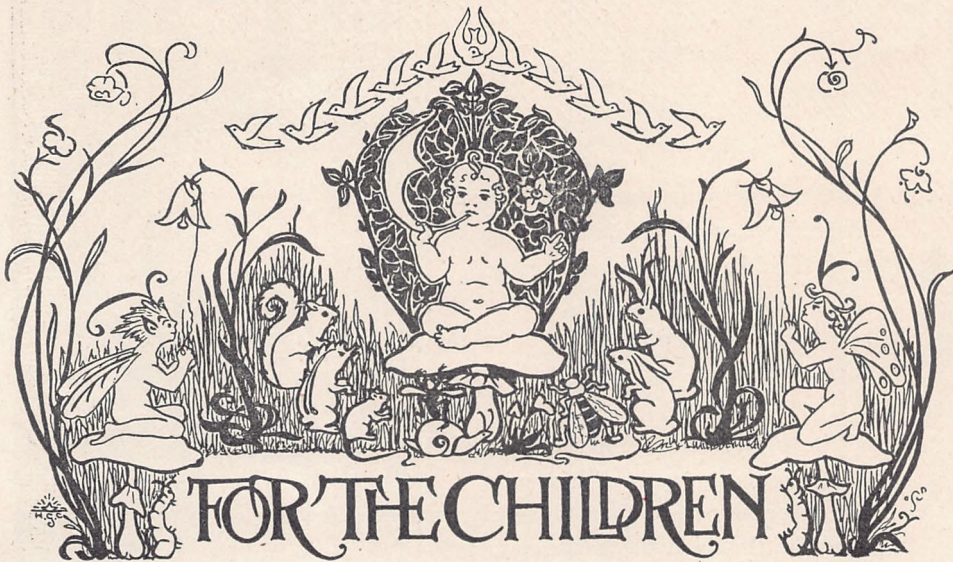
"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."
And straight thereafter, Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."



And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart, though the blast shrieked loud
And the sleet and the hail came down,
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
Still shadowed by Winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"
In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

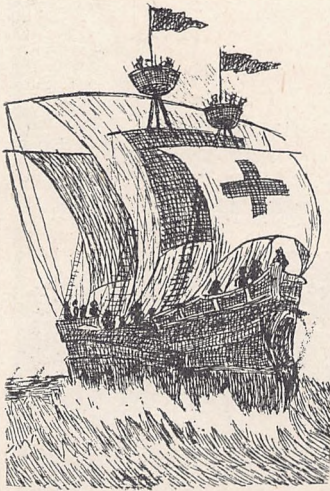




BOASTING—AND DOING

Adapted from "Rents in the Veil of Time"

By Betelgueuse



"**W**HEN *I* am a man," boasted Hyades, "I mean to be a pirate. I'll wager these seas for miles around will not be safe for *me*. Not a treasure-ship shall go out that I shall not capture and, if they should give fight, they shall all be killed." And Hyades glanced to where Phoea was sitting, to see if she was looking and listening. All the boys were trying to win Phoea's favor and Hyades hoped his bold remarks would gain her attention.

Phoea was listening and her eyes sparkled as she asked, "Shall you have jewels?"

"Truly," returned Hyades, "chests and chests of them, and," he added with a lordly air, "you may have all you care for."

The children were on the big pier where they loved to play. The boys were boasting of the wonderful and daring deeds which they

would perform when they were men grown. One of the boys made no boasts. He sat quietly listening to the stories and thinking of what his parents had told him, that the life at sea was not always as pleasant as the boys pictured it. This boy was none other than Alcyone. You remember the last time we read about him, he had been born as a girl. We, who know something about Theosophy, know that we are all born again and again, sometimes as boys, sometimes as girls, to learn all the lessons life has to teach. Alcyone in his many lives on earth, had learned that the plundering life of a pirate was not desirable, so he said:

"I am sure that to be a pirate is not honest—"

"Never mind him, Hyades," interrupted Phocea, rudely, "What does *he* know about bravery? He is only a priest."

Alcyone flushed and fell silent. It was true that he often thought he should like the studious life of the priest, but at the same time he



could not bear the thought of giving up the opportunities for adventure as described by the boys.

"Come with me, Phocea," cried Hyades, "I will show you how I will build my pirate ship. You shall have a cabin in it and sail with me." He ran nimbly out on one of the planks leading to a boat, but the motion of the waves lifted the vessel and he lost his footing, falling into the filthy water of the harbor.

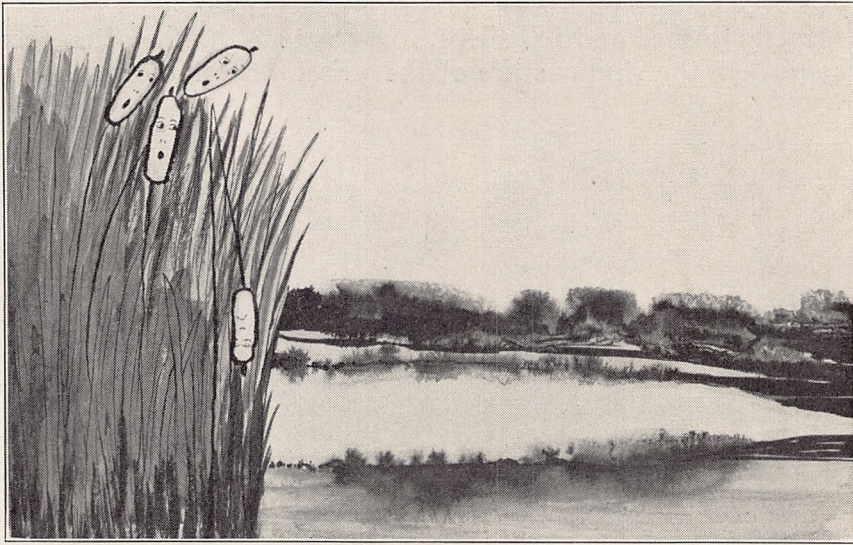
Phocea's scream made Alcyone spring to his feet. He ran to the edge of the wharf and jumped in after Hyades. Though he was a good swimmer, Hyades' struggles made it hard for him, but he succeeded at last in getting him to the steps, where two sailors attracted by Phocea's cry lifted the boys onto the pier.

Alcyone had not boasted, but he had acted bravely and well—which is far better. And when Phocea saw him a few days later, she

told him that he was the bravest of all the boys, after all, and that he would make a good pirate. But Alcyone said:

"I shall not be a pirate, but a priest, for I know now that it is better to lead a life of good than one of adventure. My dear grandfather is sending me on a voyage to foreign lands, where I shall learn much and have adventure of the right sort."

And so it befell. Alcyone had a wonderful voyage about which you may read when you are older. When he returned to his native land, he met his cousin, Sirius, whom he learned to love very dearly, just as he had done in that earlier life, when as a boy Sirius had crossed the river to visit him. And so they were married and "lived happily ever after."



THE CATTAIL'S PRIDE

FOUR cattails grew beside a pond,
A thing of which they are quite fond;
The tallest one was rather proud,
And seldom to the others bowed.

But one day when a strong wind blew,
He broke her neck. 'Tis sad, but true.
Then all her sister cattails cried:
"It must have been because of pride."

Said they: "Then let us modest be,
For now we really truly see
That pride, which holds the head too high,
May cause us pain, perhaps to die."



GRAFTING OCCIDENTAL IDEAS UPON THE ORIENTAL MIND

President Faunce of Brown University, who has made a close study of orientals, sounds a warning to Americans to desist from all proselyting efforts. He says that we inflict an injury upon the people of Asia when we impose upon them occidental ideas for which they are unprepared. He says they are not fit for the absorption and following of our western ideas, that the impact of American individualism on the crystallized society of the Orient forms one of the greatest problems the world has ever faced, and it will prove either the glory or the tragedy of the twentieth century.

Another plea along the same lines is made by a Japanese, who writes to *The Christian Work* as follows: "The missionaries try to impose their will upon others and when they get others to believe just like themselves they call it missionary success. . . . Not profound and not truly pious, Americans have never succeeded in the Orient. Orientals are meditative, while Americans are expressive; the former tender and the latter vigorous." He criticizes Americans for their worship of personal success as embodied in successful men. He says we are practical and worldly and cannot understand mystical religion.

These views are in direct line with Mrs. Besant's beautiful, broad minded policy: to build up people's own original religion, and build on the ideas which they already possess, rather than to try to impose upon them a new religion whose fundamental ideas are essentially different from their own mode of thought.

THE "RACE MOTHER" EXPRESSED

Theosophy teaches us that from every force in the region of subtlest mental matter there go forth rays in myriad directions and that those attuned to such currents readily catch their helpful influences. Thoughts concerning racial types seem to be caught by many possessing the highly artistic temperament. The latest are a poet, a musician, and an artist who seem to have caught the wireless message of inspiration in their distinctive interpretation of the "Race Mother."

Sharlot M. Hall, the sweet singer of the desert, brings out her poem *The Race Mother*:

At sunrise I saw her, the woman eternal, the Race Mother;
She stood upon a great gray cliff—and behind her the forest;
The dawn was on her face; over the world she looked, as one seeking, as
one whose eyes have watched long through the shadow
And are weary, still watching for one who comes not.

Charles Farwell Edson caught the poet's vision, but set the theme to orchestral music. His opening movement depicts the sunrise with cellos, violas, violins and brasses; then comes in the motif of the Race Mother, then the Cave man, then the Child, and ends with the wind blowing across the desert waste.

The third interpreter, Mrs. Antonia Melville, a Los Angeles artist, after reading the poem and listening to Mr. Edson's music, saw the goddess and woman as one

and under the spell of inspiration brought forth from the primeval mists onto canvas in six hours an ideal type of motherhood. Mrs. Melville said: "After I had started I simply could not stop until it was done. I shall not try to touch it up, for I know that I am not in the same mood now and that any work I might do would be inharmonious. The picture must stand or fall as it is."

DO YOU WATCH THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES?

The Baltimore News has a religious advertising department which has widely attracted the attention of ministers and laymen. It is proving that modern publicity methods, or *reason-why* advertising, as it is better known in the business world today, can be made an efficient working partner of religion. It bases its movement in this particular direction on these two fundamentals: 1. "Every honest advertising man in the world will tell you that to succeed in advertising it is necessary for that which is advertised to have *merit*." 2. "What individual or institution has as much, or *anything like as much*, to advertise as the Church?" The result so far in Baltimore is most encouraging. "This publicity has instilled in the minds of many whose attitude toward the Church was lukewarm, and to thousands who do not go to church at all, a big, new, progressive idea; that it is their duty to be active working members of the Church; that they need the Church and the Church needs them. *And such an idea is bound to bear fruit.*"

The Wesleyan Methodist Publishing Association (Syracuse, N. Y.) conspicuously notices eight books under a display caption THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST, with striking introductory sentences such as: "What Christian does not anticipate it?" "Those who believe in the premillennial coming of Christ will find these books wonderfully strengthening and illuminating," etc.

A church in which followers of every religion will be free to worship on terms of friendly equality has opened in New York. The dedicatory exercises were unique, for there were Hindu, Chinese, Turkish and American participants and parts were given from the services of all the great world religions.

The Modern Quest for a Religion, by Winston Churchill, in the *Christmas Century*, is a "sign of the times" showing in literature. But note! We receive this comment from one of our correspondents: "I was thrilled by every word of it in the beginning, but the ending is tame and unworthy the beautiful ideas of the first part. At first I thought the author must be a Theosophist, but saw afterwards that he could not be, and in the end was quite disappointed." We wish that his Theosophy had been broad enough and deep enough to last to the very end.

The National Poster Advertising Association has started a campaign for the uplift of humanity; its first step was the display of a beautiful lithographic poster, 20 ft. by 9 ft., depicting the Nativity. When business organizations decide to take up the question of humanity's welfare in connection with their usual activities, one feels hopeful of the future—the business field contains such powerful elements, trained, drilled and experienced in practical affairs and common sense knowledge.

The Lubin Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, "Special Scenario Department", comes out with a letter to the clergy of America appealing to them to avail themselves of the *motion picture* and thus better obey the Christ's command to carry His message to *all the world*. The argument is put that not many of the clergy, at the end of a lifetime of labor, have spoken probably to a total of a hundred thousand different individuals; and scarcely better adapted than the spoken is the written word, for religious books number their readers in indeed scanty thousands. The motion picture, on the other hand, by the most vivid and impressive of all methods of conveying thought—visualization—makes its appeal directly to the emotions that are universal, and *each* motion picture makes its impression "on the hearts, the minds, or the souls of *not less than ten millions of people*." We wonder

how the clergy will answer this question, with which the letter closes: "Surely, you will have one message for the ten millions who would receive it?"

The American Theosophist is anxious to co-operate with all the motion-picture companies in their efforts to raise the standard of the photoplay. The question which the Lubin Company is asking the clergy we wish to ask each one of our readers. Have you a message to give? Write that message to us. We will put it into the hands of a person who will convert it into the correct form for photoplay production. Here is an opportunity for you to share in this educational work. What has helped you most in your life? Why has it done so? What have been the results? Or, it may be, you can imagine an experience that would be of great help to another in certain circumstances. Direct your communications, suggested plots of stories, manuscripts, etc., to The Editor of *The American Theosophist*, marking the envelope "For photoplay."

A REMARKABLE MEDIUM

One of the most remarkable of the spiritualistic mediums of the day is Mr. Charles Bailey, of Melbourne. For the past eleven years he has been producing phenomena under the careful scientific supervision of Mr. Thomas W. Stanford, brother of the late founder and patron of Leland Stanford, Junior, University of California. The peculiar nature of Mr. Bailey's mediumship is that of producing apports, or the materialization of objects transported from a distance. Every precaution has been taken by Mr. Stanford, and others who have experimented with Mr. Bailey's powers, to eliminate the possibility of fraud or trickery.

It may be interesting to our readers to know the nature of some of the objects brought phenomenally into the medium's cage after he had been sealed inside: live birds, as many as six being brought at one sitting, from India, the Malay Peninsula and other eastern countries; birds' nests, containing eggs and sometimes unfledged young; several live fish enveloped in seaweed; large quantities of seaweed dripping with sea water and permeated with sand, a large starfish being found in one of the heaps, and dozens of the hopping insects frequently found on the sands; a leopard's skin; flying fish entangled in a piece of net and covered with seaweed; lumps of clay as big as a man's fist, with stone spear-heads embedded therein; a piece of Indian tapestry; a picture said to have been taken from the wall of a native hut in India; a fine specimen of a human skull, purporting to have been the head of an American soldier who fell in the Philippine war; a fur hat from Thibet; a live turtle, which lived for two or three weeks; a beautiful silken garment belonging to a nautch dancing girl; an Indian sash; a Tappa cloth from Samoa; the costume of a Chinese mandarin, with pigtail and hat complete; scores of antique tablets and cylinders; Greek, Egyptian, Babylonian and Roman manuscripts, mostly of papyrus; a hundred ancient coins; large quantities of sand, containing gold-dust and uncut rubies; scores of other objects, whilst a number of plants which have been grown from seed in the course of an evening have been transplanted from the pots in which they were produced, and are today flourishing in their owner's garden.

To add to the effectiveness of the tests, an apport is sometimes dematerialized and nothing further seen of it. This has occasionally been done at Mr. Stanford's request—particularly when a tiny unfledged bird has come to hand and which it would be quite impossible for him to rear. Now and again birds and other presents have been brought in the light and, consequently, in full view of all the sitters, but instances of this character are exceptional, as darkness is usually necessary for the production of the phenomena on account of the disintegrating influence of rays of light. At the present time interest is mainly centred in a collection of "cased" tablets, which are being especially brought for inspection by members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science on the occasion of their visit to Australia

in August of next year. They are given the name of "cased" tablets because of the tablets proper being "encased" in an outer clay covering to protect them from injury, and they are being very carefully preserved pending the arrival of the scientific experts referred to.

The above is taken from the November number of *The Harbinger of Light*, wherein a rather full account of the work of the medium and the anniversary service recently given by the investigating circle are fully set forth. Such things help to emphasize the reality of the unseen world, as well as the existence of unexplained laws of nature, and tend also to make the physical world seem as only a little, densified spot in a universe teeming with life and filled with matter in every conceivable state of tenuity as well as states yet inconceivable. The interesting question is: Are these material objects, brought from a distance and dropped into a closed cage, transported through the hypothetical fourth dimension, or are they dematerialized, transported in their finer aspect and then rematerialized, or both? If not, then what?

ORIGIN OF THE ANTHROPOIDS

The article on *Lemuria, the Cradle of Humanity*, in this issue quotes the following: "The animals separated first (into male and female); they began to breed. The twofold man separated also; he said, 'Let us as they; let us unite and make creatures.' They did, and those which had no spark [of mind] took huge she-animals unto them, they begat upon them dumb races. Dumb they were themselves, but their tongues untied, the tongues of their progeny remained still. Monsters they bred. A race of crooked, red-hair-covered monsters going on all fours. A dumb race, to keep the shame untold."

Bear in mind that men were different, even physiologically, from what they are now. We are not told what the "huge she-animals" were, but certainly they were as different from any we now know as the men were. This was the "first fall" of some of the then existing lower races. The "Sons of Wisdom" had spurned the *early* Third Race (that is the non-developed), and are shown incarnating in and thereby endowing with intellect the *later* Third. Thus the sin of the mindless, and therefore irresponsible races, fell upon those who failed to do by them their karmic duty.

" occultism, as well as science, gives a common ancestor to ape and man. But that ancestor was not the man we know. He was *mindless* and *soulless* at the time he begot, with a female animal monster, the forefather of a series of apes." From Hillard's *An Abridgement of The Secret Doctrine*, page 384, we have the following: "In the initial period of man's fourth cycle of evolution the human kingdom branched off in various directions. The outward shape of its first specimens was not uniform, for the vehicles (*the egg-like shells in which future man gestated*) were often tampered with, before they hardened, by huge animals, of species now unknown, produced by the tentative efforts of nature. The result was that intermediate races of monsters, half animals, half men, were produced. But as they were failures, they were not allowed to live and breathe long, though the intrinsically paramount power of psychic over physical nature being yet very weak and hardly established, the 'Egg-born' Sons had taken several of these females unto themselves as mates, and bred other human monsters. Later, animal species and human races becoming gradually equilibrated, the two types separated and mated no longer. Man created no more, he begot. But he begot animals as well as men in days of old. Therefore, the Sages spoke truthfully and wisely who spoke of males that had no more will-begotten offspring, but begat various animals along with giants on females of other species—animals being (*in a manner*) sons putative to them; and they (*the human males*) refusing in time to be regarded as (putative) fathers of dumb creatures. Upon seeing this (*state of things*) the Kings and Lords of the last races (*the Third*

and Fourth) placed the seal of prohibition upon the sinful intercourse. It interfered with karma; it developed new karma. They (*the divine Kings*) struck the culprits with sterility. They destroyed the Red and Blue Races.

"In another *Commentary* we find: 'There were blue and red-faced animal-men even in later times; not from actual intercourse (*between men and animals*) but by descent.' And again: 'Red-haired, swarthy men, going on all fours, who bend and unbend (*stand erect and drop on their hands again*), who speak as their forefathers and run on their hands as their giant foremothers.' But even the lowest Australian savages are not descended from the anthropoid apes, but from human fathers and semi-human mothers. The real anthropoids, Haeckel's *Catarrhini* and *Platyrrhini*, came far later in the closing times of Atlantis. The orang-outang, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, are the latest and purely physical evolutions from lower anthropoid mammalians. They have a spark of the purely human essence in them; man, on the other hand, has not one drop of pithecoïd blood in his veins. . . . there still existed a few years ago descendants of these half-animal tribes or races, both of Lemurian and Lemuro-Atlantean origin. The world knows them as Tasmanians (now extinct), a *portion* of the Australians and a mountain tribe in China, entirely covered with hair. They were the last descendants in a *direct* line of the semi-animal latter-day Lemurians referred to."

PSYCHISM

Henry Mills Alden, in an article of this title, published in *The New York Times*, says of Maurice Maeterlinck's *Our Eternity* that "it is the most significant treatise that has appeared concerning the claims and results of psychical research. . . . Every point and aspect involved in the speculative discussion of immortality, including the neo-Theosophical theory of reincarnation, are competently treated in this work." He says that the genesis of consciousness and its intuitional method is left to Bergson, the ground of continuity in the universe to Sir Oliver Lodge, who finds it in the ether, but the reasoning of Maeterlinck deals with consciousness as a detached thing. When the reader has followed him into a cold, interstellar space to trace the emergence of the ego after physical dissolution he finds no continuity of identity—merely a shadowy "something which assembles and controls the components of consciousness here, and which may have the same relation to a new consciousness hereafter." Maeterlinck would seem to take the negative side in presenting the subject of immortality, devoting himself to showing what it is not. Mr. Alden adds: "We do not ask an explanation of a life to come, and the time will soon come when immortality will cease to be a subject of discussion. . . . It will not be a question when the life of reason brings back into clear light the immediate sense of living reality which primitive man felt in the darkness. The ages between Instinct and Intuition have been those in which man's mind in its making has put itself questions that could not be answered, but which nevertheless the speculative imagination, prompted by hopes and fears, presumptively answered." The point chiefly brought out is that the psychology of the future will deal with the nature of the soul and its creative activities rather than with enquiries regarding its immortality.

IS MARS TRYING TO SIGNAL TO OUR EARTH?

In an article of this title a short time ago, the San Francisco *Sunday Examiner* asks, "When shall we communicate with Mars?" As some leading scientific views are given, quotations from the article may be interesting: "No subject connected with astronomy interests people more than this. Since the Italian Professor Schiaparelli first observed the wonderful canals of Mars with their seasonal changes and suggested

that they were the work of intelligent beings, the idea that we ought to get into communication with these cosmic fellow creatures has taken a constantly stronger hold on the imagination of all thinking people." The offer of a Frenchwoman, the paper states, to give \$20,000 to the Paris Academy of Science to be used in establishing communication with Mars "has led to an extensive discussion among scientists of the possibility" of such communication. "The general opinion is that it is theoretically possible to communicate with Mars, but that, owing to the cost and mechanical difficulties, it is practically impossible."

"Professor Miethe, of Berlin, a leading authority on optics and photography, is one scientist who has expressed his opinion. He says: 'Light and electric waves are the only agencies known to us by which such communication could be effected. A source of electricity several million times larger than any we now possess would be required, and this appears to put that method beyond practical consideration. If we try to use light, we must begin by remembering that the standard candle-power is a light which is just visible to the naked eye six miles at sea. It would require a light of four trillion candle-power to be equally visible from the earth to Mars.'"

The *Examiner* asks: "Is it not possible, however, that the Martians may be much better able to signal to us than we to them? If their canals are artificial works, then they possess constructive powers incomparably beyond ours, for these canals cover the whole planet and are thousands of miles in width."

"The possibility that the Martians possess a light different from any which we can manufacture has been put forward by Professor Percival Lowell, the Harvard astronomer, who has given his life to the study of Mars and established an observatory for that purpose at Flagstaff, Arizona. Professor Lowell is satisfied that Mars is the abode of a highly intelligent race of beings who constructed the canals for useful purposes."

C. W. Leadbeater has a most interesting chapter on *Mars and Its Inhabitants*, in Vol. II. of *The Inner Life*. He gives a lengthy description of the climate, the social life and polity of the people and their religion, or rather, their no-religion. He says that "the great system of canals which has been observed by terrestrial astronomers was constructed by the second order of moon-men when they last occupied the planet, and its general scheme is to take advantage of the annual melting of enormous masses of ice at the outer fringe of the polar snow-caps." "The actual canals themselves," he says, "are not visible to terrestrial telescopes; what is seen is the belt of verdure which appears in a tract of country on each side of the canal only at the time when the water pours in." And that "Electricity seems to be practically the sole motive power."

In regard to communication between Mars and the earth, Mr. Leadbeater says that some, at least, of the members of a secret society of advanced Martians have learned to cross without great difficulty the space which separates us from them and have therefore at various times tried to manifest themselves through mediums at spiritualistic séances, or have been able, by the methods which they have learned, to impress their ideas upon poets and novelists.

THEORY REVOLUTIONIZED

The *Los Angeles Daily Times* has printed an interesting account of the meteorological tests at Catalina Island by the Government Weather Bureau. All the former conceptions of scientists regarding altitude conditions have been revolutionized by these experiments. It is shown by the recording instruments used in the balloons sent up for the test that the temperature gradually becomes warmer instead of cooler, as has always been supposed, after a certain height has been reached. Thus science is again obliged to alter its conclusions upon farther research. Further results are awaited with interest.