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"Once I heard of a Soul crying 'Light, give me light; I perish in this darkness!' Of all the cries this is the most terrible a human heart can hear, for only two can answer it,—God, and the man himself. So we who heard it watched and waited, praying. Knowing not when the end could be, but knowing there would be an end. Watched and waited through the long, long days, the hours of which dropped like scalding tears into the lap of Time. Watched and waited through the long, long nights when, like those beside the dying, we sickened for the dawn, and when the dawn came, shuddered at its pallid face and craved the night again.

"At length one day God spoke, and we who knew that he had spoken, rose and went each one his way,—peace in his heart.

"But what God said only that Soul can tell."

CAVÉ.

COLONEL OLCOTT AT HOME.

The following bit of reminiscence, by the writer of "H. P. Blavatsky" printed in the April "Theosophical Forum" was originally printed in the Providence Sunday Journal in 1896. It portrays very vividly Col. Henry S. Olcott, Madame Blavatsky's great friend and co-worker, and paints a bright picture of his Indian suroundings.—Ed.

There are few more picturesque things in the world, and also few more horribly inconvenient, than landing in the harbor of Madras from one of the big steamers that touch there on their way from Ceylon to Calcutta. While you are still some distance from the land, all seems fair and easy; those white lines of foam on the sand under the green fringe of cocoanut palms, seem only a touch of beauty added to the sunlit scene, a shining margin of division between the bright blue sea and the thickly wooded land that stretches away back to the mountains, shimmering through the luminous air. But when you come nearer to the shore you begin to notice, with curiosity as yet unshadowed by dismay, that that white line of froth at the water's edge makes a thunderous murmur quite out of proportion to its seeming size, and that the high stemmed native boats near the land seem to careen and dance with a force that the round blue wavelets neither explain nor excuse. But these same innocent wavelets of smooth, oily blue take another look when one notices that they almost cover the high landing pier as they pass; then leave it a great bare pile of timbers, heavily laden with barnacles and sea weed, that seem to gasp for a moment at the sun before being plunged deep under the succeeding oily billow. So potent are these innocent-looking waves that our steamer, believing discretion to be valor's better part, heaves to some distance from the pier, and the anchor tumbles into the waves with a noise as of elephants trumpeting in the vast forests of Mysore.

Then as if suddenly created out of nothing, a whole fleet of those high-stemmed native boats, with rough-hewn timbers sewn together, appear all round our ship, and the boatmen, dark brown almost to blackness, make the air resonant with shrill cries. How one hardly realizes afterwards, but one finds oneself in a moment perilously

poised in the poop of one of these boats, amid a pile of hat boxes and portmanteaus, and the walnut shell craft is reeling and staggering across the corrugated blue towards that white line of surf on the beach. Talk of channel crossings, talk of that shocking bit of sea between Granton and Burntisland, on the Firth of Forth; talk of the wicked Categat and the wily Skaggerack. Talk of all these things, and then go and land at Madras, and you will talk of them no more. The only thing that prevents a huge physical revolution is the fact of one's wild dismay and alarm at the madness of the whole venture, so that the motor nerves are paralyzed and all vital function including those erratic ones provoked by channel crossings, completely arrested.

So one arrives, safe but shaken, on the beach, and the extortions of the native boatmen make room for similar service from the black, muslin-clad driver, whose great, rattling, ram shackle box on four wheels set askew is dragged along with an astonishing amount of motion in proportion to forward progress; while the Venetian blinds let into the sides of the conveyance—to call it a carriage would be flattery—clash and creak and clatter to admiration.

The road from the beach leads past old Fort St. George, the most ancient British stronghold in India; its venerable walls, loop-holed for antiquated cannon, are cracking and mouldering under the tropical sun and rain; and the moat is banked with green and resonant with music of innumberable toads. A turn from the fortress takes us through a street of native shops, fragile edifices a story high, —let us say nine feet or so—built, if it can be called building, of bamboo posts, interwoven with reeds, the roof of reeds stretching out over the little platform, where the worthy Madrasi shopkeeper sits crosslegged among his wares. Very beautiful things you will find in some of these shops; black broadcloth, embroidered with leaves of gold thread and yellow floss silk, or black crape with gold thread tracery, adorned with green and rainbow tinted beetle's wings; how they gleam and glitter in the sunlight, the shining wing covers of splendid Indian beetles, in every shade of iridescent beauty from purest gold to deepest emerald. With infinite taste, the leafy patterns of slender gold wind in and out among the glinting wing covers; the theme of the arabesque always the same, though carried out with unnumbered variations. This much one sees as the crazy

vehicle reels and totters past, and one's attention is momentarily drawn away by these lovely things from the problem whether the decrepit ponies are likely to die before the equipage comes to pieces or whether the sides will cave in and the wheels roll off, the ponies still surviving.

Gigantic banyan trees, with great gnarled roots and stems and big oval shiny leaves rise up along the roadside; from the high up elbows of the branches, themselves as big as trees, great ropelike twists of roots hang down their frayed ends into the air; when they reach the ground these roots will gradually thicken and, taking fast hold of the earth, become new stems to prop the heavy-laden branches overhead. Between the banyans great clumps of brown bamboos, towering up into feathery masses of rustling leaves; and behind these again tall palms, palmyras and cocoa nuts—a whole forest of giant ferns, lifted up by the gaunt, slender stems high up into the blue.

The road leads across a many-arched bridge over the Adyar river, towards the old home of Col. Olcott, where the Indian Theosophists meet in yearly gathering, when the Christmas season has cooled the Indian air to the moderate temperature of a hothouse instead of the wild heat of a furnace, as it is in May and June.

Col. Olcott stands on the veranda of his house to receive his guests; the red stucco pillars and moulded cornices of the long, rambling building standing out ruddy against the thick greenery of the park, while the blue Adyar river stretches broad behind the house, and the deep rumbling of the never-resting sea rises up from the shore, a mile further down the river. These are wonderful gatherings that yearly find their way from out-of-the-way corners of India to the headquarters of the Oriental Theosophists; but they are chiefly striking as the visible sign of Col. Olcott's life-work, which bears testimony to an unselfish enthusiasm that this hard, grasping century of ours could not easily equal. Where else could be found a man of singular administrative talent who in the prime of life had given up great prospects of wealth and success to engage in an extremely unpopular mission, designed, not to bring Western culture to the East, but rather, by endeavoring to arouse in the hearts of Orientals a sense of their own ancestral culture, to show that the East has everything to offer to the West, that conquered India is able

to lead captive her rude conquerors and reward them with something infinitely more valuable than the restless commercialism which is all we ourselves have to offer. Col. Olcott's enthusiastic mission for the revival of Indian culture has not, perhaps, brought forth all the good things that he hoped for; none the less, his record is a splendid testimony to the fact that under all the energies of American practical life there lies a deep well-spring of idealism which must one day break forth and build up a high and admirable culture as great in its way as the culture of Palestine or Greece, and yet new and original, embodying something that was unknown to either Greece or Palestine.

This sympathy for the mysticism and spiritual thought of the East, this ability to see life full of great fluid possibilities and splendid potencies hidden under the surface, which led Col. Olcott's enthusiasm to devote his life to a revival of India, is strongly characteristic of one side of America's genius, and that the side undoubtedly the highest and best. The affinity with the thought of the East has given its most characteristic color to the work of Emerson, to the transcendental dreams and hopes of Thoreau, to the highest songs of Walt Whitman, and to scores of writers more of equally mystic inspiration, though with lesser gifts of expression.

Meanwhile Col. Olcott's guests have been arriving; several Parsees have made the journey across the hot plains of the Deccan, from their homes in Bombay or Gujerat; Brahmans from Bengal and the northwest provinces are here also; a Buddhist priest or two from the island temples of Ceylon, and, sometimes, visitors from more distant Siam or Burmah or Japan. But these more noteworthy visitors are lost in the numbers who come from Madras city and its immediate surroundings, and these latter, with a few exceptions, are students from the Presidency College, whose knowledge of the ancient literature of India, the glories of which they have met here to celebrate, is slender and superficial to a degree.

Indeed the whole assembly is far more remarkable as an illustration of Colonel Olcott's enthusiasm and devotion than as a living representation of the wisdom of the mystic East. For the real truth is that the natives of India and Ceylon, and their friends, the important Parsis, are merely holders of great traditions of the past, and

hardly at all representatives of high philosophic culture in the present. If you talk with Colonel Olcott's visitors you find that most of them have heard of the splendid achievements of the past for the first time from Colonel Olcott himself, or his greater colleague, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and that those who are really familiar with their own sacred books are rare exceptions. The visitors have taken their places on rows of chairs in the marble-paved lecture hall, which is really an extension of the veranda, a flat roof up-borne on red stucco-covered pillars, between which hang screens of finely split bamboo to keep out the glare of the sun reflected from the red earth and parched grass of the park. Colonel Olcott, in robes of white muslin, with a round smoking cap of Kashmiri embroidery, stands venerable under a square canopy raised on four silver pillars, the loan of a friendly Indian prince. Colonel Olcott's white flowing locks and beard are in picturesque contrast to the ruddy bronze of his cmplexion, and his whole figure not very tall or commanding, has the sturdy solidity of a practical administrator rather than the striking power of an apostle or seer. And in truth, Colonel Olcott would claim to be neither; the ideals and inspiration of his work and much, almost all, of his insight into Eastern philosophy he received from Mme. Blavatsky, who, with all the impracticability of a woman of genius, needed just such a nature as his to supplement her larger and more potent character. Like Moses, she was the seer and lawgiver, while her colleague was the chief speaker and manager of practical details. While they were together, from 1879 to 1884, Colonel Olcott's eloquence and enthusiasm succeeded in creating a great movement for the revival of Eastern learning, having some 4,000 pledged adherents in India, almost wholly Brahmans, and about a thousand in Ceylon, all followers of the teachings of Buddha.

But after Mme. Blavatsky left India Col. Olcott's enthusiasm seems to have been checked and his apostolic energies greatly restricted; he turned his mind chiefly to more practical schemes, such as the collection of old manuscripts; the administration of schools of cookery for Indian servants; the editing of "The Theosophist," which Mme. Blavatsky's genius and literary power had created; the improvement of his home at Adyar, and other matters of like nature which gave scope for his striking administrative talent.

Outside the house, in front of the veranda, where his theosophists are gathered together, is one sign of his activities—a fine avenue of golden cocoanut palms, which he imported from Ceylon, and which are growing admirably in the damp, hot air of Madras. Further back is another proof of his practical genius, a grove of casuarina trees, dark green, like drooping cypress, the wood of which in a few years is to be worth a good many thousand rupees.

Col. Olcott's address is ended. In it are reflected many of the historical details which we have given, as well as the history of a scheme to bring about a dogmatic union of the Buddhists of the long separated northern and southern churches; the American apostle of Asiastic religious revival has drawn up a list of ten points of doctrine which has received the adherence of Buddhists in Ceylon, in Siam and Burmah, and in the flowery islands of Japan. On paper, at any rate, the unanimity of the Buddhists is complete as to the validity and importance of these ten cardinal points; and, in striking contrast to what we should expect to see in Christendom, the mention of points of union seems not to have brought to light and accentuated points of discord, so that Christians might well learn from Buddhists a lesson, in doctrinal toleration.

It is chiefly due to Col. Olcott's work, or at least to the joint work of which he was practical administrator, that the Eastern religions were elucidated by living representatives at the great Columbian Parliament of Religions. The Buddhist missionary from Ceylon and the Brahmanical orator from Allahabad are both his personal friends; the former, especially, has been a frequent visitor at Adyar in the past, where his great gentleness and sweetness, remarkably set forth, personified the Buddha's religion of renunciation and unworldliness.

Other speakers follow the venerable President Founder; a Parsi, in black, glazed tiara, tells the assembly about the religion of Zoroaster; his keen, Jewish face and sparkling eyes lighting up as he says that there are is not a beggar or a courtesan in the whole Parsi community. The Parsis, in fact, who are a better edition of the Jews, without the Jews' inevitable tendency to usury, are one of the most successful communities in India, or indeed, in the whole world. Numbering altogether only a few thousands, their practical influence

and their wealth are out of all proportion to their numbers. Indeed, the palace of the Parsi leader, Sir Dinshaw Manockji Petit, on Malabar Hill, and his huge cotton mills are one of the sights of Bombay. Curiously enough, he owes his prosperity almost wholly to America. When the war cut off England's cotton supplies, and almost ruined Manchester Sir Dinshaw Petit saw that Manchester's misfortune was India's opportunity.

These memories are suggested rather by the person of the Parsi speaker than by what he says of Zoroaster's religion, for he himself is an overseer in Sir Dinshaw Petit's mills. He is followed by a Brahman from Bengal, who says much about the former greatness of India, and says it with a certain eloquence or, rather, rhetorical skill which produces its effect upon his listeners. He speaks rather rapidly, with the peculiar, rather strident voice that characterizes all Bengalis, telling how great his country once was, and how low it has fallen in the hands of invaders who have no reverence for the ancient land and its more ancient faith. He calls on his fellow countrymen to rally round the standard, to fight for the common cause, to join heart and hand in the splendid effort to call back their mighty past.

He is a born rhetorician; if he were less a rhetorician we should expect him not to say these things, but things quite different from these. We should expect him to show a real, individual insight into the great spiritual intuition of India, and to show, in his own thought and character, how that intuition can penetrate life and transform it as potently to-day as in that far away dawn of time that shines to us with the light of the golden age.

The first day of the Convention is ended; the shadows are falling rapidly over the palms and the banyans. The never ceasing rumble of the ocean is clearer now, when the noises of day are hushed. A few of Colonel Olcott's friends are gathered on the terraced roof in the warm air of evening, and quite another side of the apostle's character comes into view. He is singing, somewhat to the astonishment of the Asiatics but to the unlimited admiration of his white friends, the song of the "Fine Old Irish Gentleman, one of the real—old—stock!"

NUMBER.

The utmost point of abstraction to which I can carry my thoughts does not seem to afford even a glimpse of data such as would enable me to put into words an explanation of that which we call Number. I can only say of it that to the cognizance of our perceptive faculties exercised within their ordinary scope, Number *per se* is a pure abstraction, though in assuming this point of view care must be taken not to lose sight of the essential distinction that exists between *Number* and *numbers* or *numerals;* very much the same sort of distinction which we recognise between God and the Gods.

Number is a *principle,* and it is that principle by which things become capable of being enumerated, and of which figures and the names of figures are but the expression. It is an all pervading principle like Jiva, and without its presence and assistance nothing can manifest or be manifested; for all manifestations on any plane whatsoever must at least be either singular or plural and as soon as we come to the idea of "No Number," we reach the point where all meditation or consideration of whatever degree ceases to be effective; that of the absolute.

How then shall be described that which is an actual Negation? We can speak of the relation to each other of Light, Color, Sound, etc., as determined by respective rates of vibration, and can measure and record the quantity of vibrations by which any of these may be produced or varied; but in NUMBER we have something which underlies even *vibration,* and of which vibration itself is but an aspect. Yet it may be asserted without much fear of contradiction that all the appearances and visible activities of the universe are connected with or produced by vibration, at least at some stage of their mnifestation.

Without NUMBER we could have neither Geometry nor Mathematics, neither form, size, nor relative position of bodies to each other, yet all the processes of material nature are expressed by the one or the other of these. All the arrangements of light and shade by which the eye of the painter is satisfied and his soul delighted; all the modulations and inflexions of sound by which in music our ear is charmed and the finest and highest of our emotions

stirred, till the animal within us is quelled, and the Higher Self almost revealed,—what are they but variations in the expression of NUMBER?

We can learn but little if anything about the essential and ultimate qualities of Number from anything that may have been published upon the subject, since even were such a knowledge comprehensible to our understanding, it must follow that there would not be found many minds sufficiently abstract to absorb such teaching.

Much however has been written and taught upon the subject of *numbers,* their significance, their relations to each other, and their affinity to all manifested forms. Upon this field our researches may be as unlimited as they are fascinating. And to realize the gravity of the study we have but to reflect that the nearest approach to the comprehension of the Absolute can be made only through numbers; or to speak more accurately, it is by the aid of a mathematical proposition that the relation existing between the finite and the infinite may be, in a measure, expressed. I refer to the formula of the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter or vice versa. The diameter of a circle is to its circumference as 1 is to 3.1415. Now in our childhood we all have been taught that it is not possible to reach a figure which would exactly define the measure of the circumference, at which a stop could be made, though the fraction of .1415 be carried to million millionths.

Here is a study in symbology before which one may stand in reverent awe. For in all cosmogonies, religious systems, and cosmological philosophies, wherever and whenever prevalent, the Unmanifest, Absolute Deity has been represented by a circle and the manifested universe, including Man, by its diameter.

In plain arithmetic, taught every day in our schools and necessary in the commonest of mechanical operations, we have an illustration of the fact that it is impossible to express the exact relation of the finite and the infinite, no matter how they are placed, or in other words, to each man's mind, here is adduced a plausible reason why he does not, and cannot comprehend God. The occult phraseology about the circle whose "center is everywhere and circumference nowhere" amongst other things alludes to the fact that each man is, so to speak, the maker of his Deity. As we ourselves contract or expand, pushing backward or forward the threshold of our consciousness, so, for each and all of us, contracts and expands the mysterious circle, which comprises our thought of infinite Absolute Deity.

THOUGHTS ABOUT ART.

II

I have adverted to three characteristics of artistic work as bearing upon the value of the artist's representations of nature and determining their effective power; truth of representation, relative elevation of subject and selective emphasis.

There is yet a fourth, perhaps the most important of all, yet difficult to define. It is a quality which, if the word were not in disrepute, I might term magical; concerned with the immediate address of the soul to the soul; carrying an influence subtle, illusive and intimate, little subject to intellectual definition, and yet so effective that it endows the great artist with a power like that of a magician's wand. Thus, putting forth the principle of beauty, in its quintessence and stripped of its accessories, he can awaken the human soul to the perception of beauty, so that one who has never before perceived it may ever after search for it. And not beauty alone, but the sweetness and love, the power and majesty of the soul. That the representation of nature should thus have a greater potency than nature itself, seems to challenge belief. It may be that this power is due to the possibility of undisturbed contemplation, apart from the distractions of natural life. It may be that the Oversoul comes closer to the man when speaking directly through a human channel than when seen through the veil of nature.

However explained, there seems to be no doubt that there are paintings and sculptures which exercise upon the beholder an extraordinary influence not to be traced to its causes by the intellect. If one demurs, let him make a pilgrimage to Milan and contemplate the virgin faces of the Sposalizio of Raphael; to Bologna, and bow before the chaste stern beauty of the warrior maiden of Phidias; or let him seek the Madonna of Bellini in St. Zaccaria at Venice, or the Coronation of Botticelli at Florence, or the majestic form of Theseus among the Elgin marbles, or the gentle, serene and stately figures which marked the tombs of the dead at Athens.

Convinced, then, that art has a genuine value apart from its comparatively unimportant, but its only widely recognized, function

of affording pleasure to the beholder, let us further enquire;—What are the conditions of high artistic achievement?

By this I mean the subjective conditions: those having to do with the external environment of the artist I shall not at present discuss.

In this, while the immediate subject considered is Art, it should be observed that the problem is the same, and the conclusions reached will be equally valid, in respect to genuine work of every kind in the whole field of human effort. Everything great in art, as in all other human work, comes from the spiritual world. Nothing accomplished by man can be understood unless the whole nature of man be regarded. He stands upon the earth, but he is not limited to it. He is a continuous luminous ray, whose source is in the Absolute, which passes through the spiritual and the psychic (emotional and mental) worlds to the physical. His real center of individuality is not in the psychic or physical, but in the spiritual, consciousness. This is the immortal man, that which puts forth as offshoots the long succession of earthly lives, and reaps and stores the fruits of the experiences which they gain. If a man can break through the psychic barriers which lie between him and the spiritual world, and unite his earthly with his spiritual consciousness, he becomes consciously immortal. All human evolution has the end of developing the spiritual self until it shall be able to put forth an earthly personality so strong and wise that it can break down the barriers. Sometime this will happen for every man; and then the man becomes "more than man"—a being conscious and potent at once in the three worlds.

The spiritual self is the source of all power, beauty and loveliness in human action. Conscious of its own mighty past, itself the storehouse of the experience of countless lives, it is the source of wisdom and strength; conscious of its identity with other selves, it is embued with love for all beings and is the source of unselfish love in the personal man; conscious of its immortality, it is fearless and the source of fearlessness and valor in human action; conscious of the immediate overshadowing of the Divine, it is the source of aspiration; and finally itself an immediate creation of the Infinite Creative Will, partaking of the nature of its source, its essence is creative energy.

The most characteristic manifestation of the spiritual self in the personal man is that of creative force. In acts of creation the personal and spiritual selves approach each other; the power of the spiritual self is drawn into and expands within the personal man, and thus the personal man gains stature most swiftly. The difference between so-called men of genius and other men, is only that through them the light of the spiritual self shines more clearly.

Great achievement in all life, and therefore in all art, depends upon the free play of the creative energy of the spiritual self. The writer can compose description and verse with the intellect; but the flash and gleam of inspiration which can transmute these into poetry, can only come from the spiritual self. The artist can form with his intellect and execute with his brush or chisel a concept of human form or feature; but he can breathe into it life and soul only as the intuition of the soul comes to him from the spiritual self.

It is a truism in ordinary life that a man cannot properly attend to more than one thing at a time. If he distributes himself among several avocations, in some or all he will fail. So, if he becomes engrossed in pleasure, his grip will loosen upon what the philosophers of the street term the "main chance." If he be wrapped up in the pursuit of wealth or power, his senses will become dulled for the refinements of life.

Just so and no otherwise is it in the relations of every man with his immortal self. If his attention is centered upon his personality and upon his personal relations with the material world, the faint voice within will not be heard; it will be effaced and lost in the play of the stronger impressions. It matters little what guise the attachment assumes. Selfishness in all its forms, sensuality, avarice, pride, fear, anxiety, and all the other distracting passions and emotions to which the human heart is subject, stifle the voice from above. Yet of all these, egotism, self-centeredness, grasping after personal ends, is the most engrossing and obstinate, as it is also the root of most of the others. Tear it out, and the vices die; but suppress the vices while this remains, and they will surely spring again.

The man who would exercise his true strength must free himself from these distractions. If he would give expression to the eternal,

he must fix his gaze upon the eternal; he must prize only those things which have eternal worth.

It follows that great art without greatness of character is impossible; the converse proposition, when rightly understood, involves a contradiction of terms. And it follows that it is just as impossible for a man to create great things in art who seeks wealth through his productions. The only legitimate motive for any workman, and therefore for any artist, the only one which can lead to great results, is love for his work and its perfection. The true artist will be in such close touch with the Ideal, his thoughts will be so intently fixed upon that, that the personal reward for his labor will be to him, in his work, as though it were not. By nobility of character and disinterestedness of aim the concept furnished by the intellect must be raised to the point where the spiritual light can permeate it. Love, purity, moral enthusiasm, "religious" feeling, in the pure and original meaning of that much abused word (the binding back of the soul to its source), are indispensable to great art.

A glance at the history of art affirms the validity of these conclusions. Art has reached approximate perfection but twice in the history of European civilization; among the Greeks in the fifth century B. C. and among the North Italians two thousand years later. In each case it has marked a culmination of national character; in each case, the rise, the zenith and the decline of the national character are more sharply and clearly marked in their artistic remains than by their historians. The greatest works of art which the world possesses are the Parthenon sculptures; and they are the work of the people which coincidently made the greatest display of moral force to which the western world has given birth, and which no doubt possessed, in the mysteries of Eleusis, its purest and profoundest religion. We know little of the individual history of Greek artists; but we know that the great period of Greek art coincided closely with the highest development of Greek character and manhood. Salamis was fought in 480 B. C. Phidias' period of activity was from about 470 to 438 B. C.

The early art of the Greeks is simple and strong, as were the manners of the race. The great age gained facility of expression, added beauty, loveliness, tenderness and grace. We hear much of

the beauty of Greek art, but so little of its other great qualities that we might readily suppose that it did not possess them. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Their work was supremely beautiful; but more characteristic even than its beauty were its expressions of tenderness and sweetness, repose, dignity and power. If we compare it with the Italian fifteenth century art—and there is no other in existence which can be compared with it for a moment—we find that it far surpasses the latter in the expression of dignity, power and vigor, while it quite equals, if it does not also surpass it, in the expression of beauty and the softer elements of character.

The principal sculptures of the Parthenon consisted of the frieze, which ran around the wall of the cella, or sanctuary proper, of the temple, within the columns; and the sculptures of the pediments, or triangular spaces beneath the gables, of the east and west fronts. The frieze was over five hundred feet in length, and represented the Panathenaic procession, which was celebrated every four years in honor of Pallas Athene. On the west end the sculptures, still in place, represent the knights equipping themselves and their horses for the procession. The remainder of the frieze for the most part is in the British museum. On the north and south sides the procession was shown advancing to the temple; on the east end it was received by the seated gods. On the pediments were fifty heroic statues of gods and demi-gods, of which the remains are chiefly in the British Museum.

In these sculptures the things most worthy of remark are the calm and restrained dignity, combined with the life and fire of nature, of the figures of the frieze; the majesty of the seated gods who receive the offerings; the wonderful beauty of the draperies of all these figures, and especially of the headless groups of the eastern pediment; the stately gods and heroes of both pediments; the noble lineaments of the DeLaborde head and the Bolognese Athene, which are certainly products of the same artistic inspiration and probably part of the same group of sculptures.

But of all the remains of Attic art, perhaps those which best illustrate the character of the age are the tombstone reliefs of the National Museum at Athens; slightly later in date than the Parthenon work, but preserving and reflecting its spirit. Most of these

represent the last farewell between the deceased and his family.

Thus in one a son clasps the hand of his mother while the father and sister stand behind. In another a mother bends over her son, seated before her, and caresses his face with her hand. In a third a husband tenderly clasps the hand of his wife, in the presence of the daughter. In another an old man of strong and noble features looks fondly and thoughtfully upon his son whom he has lost; but the youth, in the vigor of early manhood, strong and buoyant, his face without a shadow of sadness or apprehension, gazes boldly and confidently into the unknown.

None of these faces are distorted by grief. They are calm, composed, tender and beautiful, serene and confident as the deathless gods. They could only have been made by and for those who knew the reality of the soul.

From the position of preeminence which it occupied in the fifth century Greek art quickly began to descend, and in this kept accurate step with the decline of the national character. About the middle of the fourth century the refined and sensuous beauty of Praxiteles had succeeded to the stern and simple grandeur of the Parthenon sculptures. A little later Greek independence was swept away forever by the Macdonian conquest.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS.

VI.

Thus speaks the Ascetic in the Anugita: "Every one who is twice-born (initiated) knows that such is the teaching of the ancients. Space is the first entity. . . . . Now Space has one quality, and that is Sound only. And the qualities of Sound are" (the seven notes.)—S. D., vol. i, p. 583.

"With Sound, the Logos, at the upper end."—*ibid*, 588.

"The Logos knows not Parabrahman but only Mulaprakriti—*ibid*, 486.

Each and every one of our eighty-odd elementary substances owe their condition—whether solid, liquid, or gas—to their rate of vibration. We have reduced all gases to a liquid and nearly all to a solid form. Conversely, we have raised all solids to a liquid and nearly all to a gaseous condition. This has been done by reducing or raising the vibration of each within one octave—each one of the eighty odd having a special octave, a tone or half-tone different from any other. Normally, the solids, vibrating in the lower notes, gather together under Attraction; while the gases, vibrating in the higher notes, diffuse under Repulsion. Between them, created by the interchange of these two forces, is our "skin" of phenomena, or kinetics.

Broadly, the attraction of the universe comes from its vibration at certain centers in the three lower notes; the repulsion comes from its vibration everywhere else in the three higher notes. The central note, D of the scale, represents the battle ground between, the field of kinetics. This in simple illustration is water turning into gas.

This is the great battle ground, the only one worth considering in a general view. There are minor "critical stages" which the chemist studies, but for us, in this broad sketch of the universe, the important battle-ground is that between solid and liquid on one side representing gravity, and gas on the other, representing apergy.

All the solids and liquids of this earth of ours gather at the center, in a core, each of the elements (or their combinations) in this core vibrating in their three lower notes, producing the attraction, which is "in proportion to the mass" and which decreases from the surface of the core "as the square of the distance."

Around this central core gather all the elements vibrating in the

three higher notes of their octave as gases, producing repulsion, which increases by 1.6 for each doubled time. It is worth while making this clear. It has never before appeared in print.

Let the amount of apergy, or repulsion, or centrifugal force at the surface of the earth be represented by x. This is the result of motion at the rate of 1,000 miles per hour. Make this motion 2,000 miles per hour, and the apergy is increased 1.6. Four thousand miles above the surface of this earth the rotation is at the rate of 2,000. It is the globe of 48,000 miles in circumference revolving in 24 hours, and the speed is doubled. The apergy has increased by 1.6. As the apergy increases at this rate every time the speed is doubled, at a distance of 21,000 miles the speed is 7,000 miles per hour and the centrifugal force has been increased nearly four times what it was at the surface of the ocean. The attraction has been decreased to about one-thirtieth. At the surface it is equal to 120 x. At 4,000 miles to one-quarter, or 30 x; at 16,000 miles to one-sixteenth, or 7 x; and at 21,000 miles to 4 x.

If "equatorial gravity is about 120 times that of equatorial apergy," at the ocean level, then at the distance of 21,000 miles from it, in a revolving globe, the two forces would be equal; the "pull" of each being 4 x, and an anchor will weigh no more than a feather, for weight is the excess of gravity or apergy.

If the pyramids had been built of the heaviest known material on the gases 21,000 miles above us, and so that they should revolve in the same time, 7,000 miles per hour, they would remain there. All the attraction of the solid core of the earth that could be exerted on them at that distance would not be enough to pull them an inch nearer to it through our gaseous envelope. Their gaseous foundation there would be as firm as igneous rock here.

The force of repulsion created by the three higher notes of an octave means just as much as the attraction created by the three lower notes, whether it is in a chemical retort, within this earth, or within this universe. The two forces balance, and are exactly equal. They fight only within kinetic zones.

Given the vast manasic globe of differentiated matter, its atoms uniting in different numbers to form molecules as the bases of elementary substances, manasic substances, of course. The thrill of

vibration is sweeping through it from the spiritual plane above, and the elements (and their combinations) which answer in the lower notes gather and form a core, the Invisible Central Sun, with its attraction. The elements answering in the higher notes gather around it with their repulsion. So the two opposing forces were born, with a vast kinetic skin for a battle-ground between them.

The attraction of the invisible central sun manifests itself to us in prakriti as Light. The repulsion of its covering, or the higher static vibration of manasa, manifests itself to us as Darkness. The first creative act in or on matter was the creation of Light and its separation from the Darkness. The next creative act was the establishment of a kinetic skin or zone between them, a firmament in which the two forces of Light and Darkness could strive for mastery. "And God called the firmament Heaven." The third creative act was the gathering of the solids and liquids together, and the beginning of the kinetic work in the creation of forms and shapes, by the cross play of the two forces in their combinations of solid with gases.

All this had to happen before the manasa combined and dropped in vibration to prana--before the pranic globes were formed and the Light could be manifested to us through them. It may be well to read the first chapter of Genesis over and ask forgiveness for our ignorance, from the writer who records this creation of the pranic globes as the fourth act of creation, and the creation of the etheric sun and prakritic moon to follow that. That record is mutilated, fragmentary; but the writer of it *knew the facts.* If we had the full story, instead of a sentence here and there, taken from an older story not to tell of creation but to hide another tale for the priest, the writer of Genesis would laugh last.

But let us return to the kinetic skin of energy between the Light and the Darkness—the firmament which God calls Heaven—the battle ground for gravity and apergy, or attraction and repulsion, or good and evil, or the powers of light and darkness. This skin is like that of an onion, thickest at the equator and thinnest at the poles—not only on this earth but in the solar, alcyonic, and manasic globes. The equatorial belt, where phenomena are richest in the manasic globes, we call the Milky Way; in the solar globe we call

it the plane of the ecliptic; and on the earth, the tropics. Modern science has not yet found it in Alcyonic globe—because it has never thought of looking for it.

This division of the Light from the Darkness was all that was required for evolution on the manasic globe within the kinetic belt. This evolution was not confined to the making of a few alcyonic or pranic globes. It was (and is) a great and wonderful evolution beyond words and almost beyond imagination. It is the Heaven which mankind has longed to see and know. The writer of Genesis mixed it with the creation of this earth, using earthly metaphors. Before finding fault, we should better his language. We have not the words in physics to do it, and must wait for our metaphysics. But of one thing we may be sure, that the pranic-alcyonic globes here and there at the "sea level" of the manasic globe—in what God calls Heaven—amount to no more on that globe, or in Heaven, than so many balls of thistle-down blown across a meadow do on this earth of ours. Everything that can be created in thought must be there. It is in thought only, but in thought it is differentiated as sharply as anything in prakriti. The manasic world, the Heaven of the Bible, is as real as our own world can possibly be; in fact, more real, for when ours is resolved back into its final elements, it will be but "the dust of the ground" of the manasic world.

The pranic globes created in this manasic skin by Sound, or the Logos, or vibration, evolved in identically the same way—with a central static core and an outer static envelope, of low and high vibration in prana, creating attraction and repulsion, or gravity and apergy. The kinetic skin between, in which these forces play in the pranic world, makes a real, not an imaginary pranic world, though but a faint reflection of the manasic. When our father, the Hidden Invisible Sun, transfers his attraction to these alcyonic suns, the Light has something in which to manifest itself, and we "see" this manifesting core and call it Alcyone, and its manifestation Light; but light in its last material analysis is but the static mind or thought vibrating in the three lower notes of the octave.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)