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KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge, and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."

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VINE-COVERED PORCH OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. X

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NO. 1

THAT pure, great light, which is radiant; that great glory; that verily which the gods worship, by means of which the sun shines forth — that eternal divine being is perceived by devotees. His form has no parallel; no one sees him with the eye. Those who apprehend him by means of the understanding and also the mind and heart, become immortal.— *Sanat-sujâtîya*

LOGIC AND CHRISTIANITY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



A CERTAIN contemporary writer says that "logic untempered by a nicer sense leads to mankind's degradation"; a phrase which surely misrepresents the word "logic." This writer is inveighing against "that type of modern intellectuality which does not admit the existence of a heart," and against materialistic philosophy. But other critics have declared that logic is the very quality in which this type of intellectuality, the materialistic philosophy, is lacking. For instance, H. P. Blavatsky, in emphasizing this point, quotes Stallo, in his *Concepts of Modern Physics*, to the effect that —

The professed antagonism of science to metaphysics has led the majority of scientific specialists to assume that the methods and results of empirical research are wholly independent of the control of the laws of thought. They either silently ignore, or openly repudiate, the simplest canons of logic. . . .

And it will be found that H. P. Blavatsky, in criticising certain old-style scientific theories, makes the same point over and over again, and cites other authorities in support of her contention. This must be the right view to take of logic; for the other view means that speculation is right and logic is wrong. But this writer speaks as though he thought there were two distinct criterions of truth — logic and something else, the latter being roughly classed under the head of religion. For instance, we find him saying of Christianity that —

The spirit of these teachings is fundamentally unpractical, and is utterly opposed to materialism. Christianity preaches compassion, kindness, love and tenderness, in a world governed by the ruthless laws of nature; and it urges us to avoid the plain facts of life. . . . It declares the superiority of heart over brain; it is opposed to logical reason; it shuns the conclusions to which uninspired intellect would lead us.

Glad as we are to recognize this championship of the doctrine of the heart, we cannot but comment on the curious confusion of thought. The above extract contains alternate truths and untruths, succeeding each other with unbroken regularity. For example, let us take his propositions one by one and label them.

"The spirit of these teachings is fundamentally unpractical "
— wrong.

"Is utterly opposed to materialism"—right.

"Christianity preaches compassion. . ."—right.

"A world governed by the ruthless laws of Nature"—wrong.

"It urges us to avoid the plain facts of life"—wrong.

"It declares the superiority of heart over brain"—right.

"It is opposed to logical reason"—wrong.

"It shuns the conclusions to which uninspired intellect would lead us"—right.

The writer has stated his opinion that logic untempered by a nicer sense leads to mankind's degradation; and with the word "logic" he has associated the word "practical" and the phrase "the plain facts of life." All these things, then, are marshaled on the side of things which lead to destruction, while plain facts become synonymous with lies. On the other side, opposed to logic, the plain facts, and the practical, we find the teachings of the Christian Master, and Compassion, and the Heart. Here is confusion indeed. Such confusion often leads to self-abandonment and fanaticism. If we cannot be religious or cultivate the virtues of the heart without throwing over logic and plain common sense, then what choice have we between materialism and fanaticism?

If logic is accurate reasoning based on correct premisses, it must lead to true conclusions; and though these desirable conditions are seldom if ever met with, the name of logic must not be traduced on that account. It is a much abused name; and, instead of throwing over that which it stands for, we ought to try and understand it better. If a man finds that his reasoning is leading him astray, this is a sign

that his reasoning is illogical. The right thing to do is to find out what is fallacious in the reasoning; but there are people who seem to delude themselves with the idea that their reasoning is correct, but must be abandoned because it is leading them into error. A terrible position to take, surely! A sound sense of logic ought to *save* a man from his errors, not lead him into them. But perhaps this is what some people call having a "sense of humor."

It must surely be true that the fallacies with which we delude ourselves, when we seek to justify some perverse course or some wayward philosophy, *are* fallacies, and that they will not stand examination. Is it not a mark of such states of mind, that there is always some awkward fact that we are striving not to see? Are we candid with ourselves? Logic cannot be on the side of the bad.

And Christianity? Some people say that, if a whole nation suddenly adopted the teachings of Christ, the result would be catastrophic; and so indeed it would; but is that an argument against the teachings of Christ? The case imagined is an impossible one; and even if it were possible, the unpracticalness of the result would not be due to the remedy but to the colossal unwisdom of its application. As well condemn a healing balsam because a gallon of it administered with a funnel will not instantly turn a consumptive patient into a model of health. However ardently you may desire to exchange your evil ways for the purity proclaimed in the gospel, you cannot do it in a day; and is the gospel to be blamed for this?

As to the laws of Nature, they are right, but there is friction when two laws "clash" in human nature. Man is in a transition stage, fluctuating between his animal nature and his divine nature; and the false logic is the result of *trying* to make the intellect serve the lower nature. It is founded on the premiss that man is an elaborate animal and nothing more; and it leads to conclusions irreconcilable with the *facts* of human life. Of this the writer complains, and yet he says that the Christian gospel urges us to avoid the plain facts of life. A man who, with his intellect and divinely inspired nature, imitates a pig or a tiger, can justly be called ruthless; but why should we saddle Nature herself with the charge of ruthlessness? Jesus Christ is thought to have come to help men; he did not come for the purpose of teaching sulphuric acid not to attack carbonate of soda.

But again we say we are glad of the writer's recognition of the heart-doctrine; for there is danger that selfishness and materialism

may deprive man of this priceless jewel. But what a need is here for a wiser and more comprehensive philosophy than is usually to be found! When writers speak of the brain or the intellect, they mean the mind of man stimulated by his passions, and the brain of man inflamed by his animal functions. But there is part of the gospel which they seem to ignore. That is, that when a ray of light from the heart strikes on the intellect, new powers of vision are aroused, scales fall from the eyes, and the mists of false logic are dispersed in the glory of clear vision. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God," is in the gospel.

So-called "logic" is said to have reduced all human motives to some form of self-seeking, compassion to a form of self-indulgence, gratitude to the expectation of future benefits, and so forth. The worst errors of this kind of "logic" are errors of defect. A man is a "highly organized animal"; *but* he is something else besides. The sun is a "large sphere of incandescent matter"; *but* that is not all. The fact that *all* motives *can* be regarded as forms of egotism neutralizes the force of the whole argument. It is possible to regard gratitude as a primary feeling of the heart, irresistible and irresolvable. And what are the "facts of life," or how shall we distinguish them from the illusions of life? Clearly, if what the writer says is truth, we do need a logic that will not work for destruction; and since the "logic" that is founded on an over-estimation of the personal ego and on a worship of the minor forces in Nature is seen to lead us the wrong way, perhaps a logic founded on the teachings of the true Religion may lead us aright. The point is that logic and right cannot be on opposite sides. Possibly, if people have so abused their thinking powers that they cannot save themselves without throwing these powers temporarily overboard and starting again, they had better do so; but what a pity that logic and reason should be so traduced.



Have perseverance as one who doth for evermore endure. Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live for ever, that which in thee *knows*, for it is knowledge, is not of fleeting life: it is the man that was, that is, and that will be, for whom the hour shall never strike.—H. P. Blavatsky

THE RELATION OF THEOSOPHY TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HUMANE LIFE:

by Gertrude W. van Pelt, B.Sc., M.D. (Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma)



THEOSOPHY is in its philosophical aspect a true expression of the origin of life and the laws governing its growth; in its scientific aspect it is an unveiler of the working of nature; in its moral aspect it is the revealer of the true relation between man and man, and between man and the lower kingdoms; in its spiritual aspect it is the expounder of man's essential divinity; his link to the finer forces of spiritual life, and to the Absolute Deity; in its practical aspect it is the teacher of the art of living.

To its ocean of knowledge may turn the physicist, the naturalist, the archaeologist, the historian, the astronomer, the legislator, the humanitarian, and all others; each may find therein the guiding star to lead him out of the labyrinth of darkness to the light of day.

It is an embracer of all life from its most rudimentary to its most complex expression. It is the conductor of the mind in an unbroken journey from the stone to the starry aether, from the atom to the Absolute. It is the source of all knowledge which has ever come to man, the foundation of every true religion, under whatever name; it is the pure stream which, since the beginning of time, has periodically poured its inexhaustible treasures into human life, but which, among every race so far, has been gradually corrupted or lost to view in the muddy waters of ignorance. It is re-embodied in this age in a movement, founded in New York in 1875 by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, continued by her successor William Q. Judge, and now under the leadership of Katherine Tingley — a movement which is "established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures." It must, of necessity, as it becomes gradually known and recognized, become the leader in any movement for reform, the guide for all humane legislation and the restorer of natural *human* relations.

Being the harmonizer of all life on the basis of truth, through its teachings alone can every one and all of the infinite human interests work to a common end, each one supporting and none undermining the other. Under its guidance can the present races become true builders on eternal foundations.

It thus is a study vital to all, but especially appealing to those who are seeking to benefit their fellow-men; to those whose avowed objects are furthering of the means which will bring health and happiness to the citizens of the world.

Its force and power lie in the fact that it shows man conclusively his real position of dignity in nature. It makes apparent to him his responsibility for the past, present and future. And coincident with this vision it throws the rays of the Sun upon the unmistakable difference between *liberty* and *license*. The free man is he who lives within the law, the physical, the mental and spiritual, which are but different aspects of one and the same. It shows beyond the last suspicion of doubt that every reform must begin at home and within, and that with this alone can come the power and discrimination to guide others, to institute reform measures, to become an integral part of social life.

The weakness of much that has been done for centuries (during and since the dark ages, which well-nigh wiped out our knowledge of the past) has consisted in its being based upon imperfect theories. They have been formulated without a knowledge of the complex nature of man and his environment, and like all theories founded on partial or incorrect ideas, they have crumbled to nothing in the light of a larger experience. It is certainly a mistaken notion that philosophy is merely for dreamers and that our practical workers are concerned only with concrete ideas. Without the union of the abstract and the concrete, the unseen and the seen, coherent work is impossible. To attempt to work out details without a knowledge of, or without a reference to, the whole of which they are a part, is much like building a house upon the sand.

For instance, an educational system, really to educate, must be based on an understanding, first, of the human being's physical, mental, moral and spiritual nature, and their interrelationship; and second, on the duality of all life — its two poles, so to speak. For all these exist *in fact*, and to leave any of them out of account must result in a deformity. A healthy, well-developed body is essential to the highest attainment, but to stop here would not lead us beyond the animal. A well-balanced and trained mind is also essential, but if its powers are not used wisely and with beneficent purpose the education may result in but a menace to society and a wreck of the individual. As a rule, education has confined itself to these two aspects. It is being recognized that there must go hand in hand with the former a training of the moral nature. And this is something quite separate from a teaching of dogmas and creeds, which has been tried, and which in the first place is really directed toward the mental nature,

and in the second, has not freed the mind, but on the contrary has only imprisoned it in invisible splints, and weakened or deformed it. A genuine moral *training* must come into the education to make it complete, and finally the spiritual will must be aroused to enforce the moral training, which in its turn will guide the mind, which again will care for the body and its needs. Unless all of these principles in human nature are intelligently handled how can there be true education? All these principles *exist*, and the balance is lost if any are neglected.

In education, as in all else, we feel the need of a broader outlook, a deeper insight, a larger sympathy, a fuller knowledge. And all this — Theosophy can give us.

Just as in education we have suffered from imperfect theories, so have we in every effort toward humane reforms. Failing a true philosophy of life as a basis of ethics, it is impossible to act in accordance with the Higher Law, for too many related facts are either unknown or overlooked in an attempt to solve the problems. In the question of Capital Punishment, for instance, we may assume that the framers of the law had in mind the safeguarding of society. But the fuller knowledge of facts which Theosophy supplies shows clearly that, on the contrary, this law is a *menace* to society. The criminal cannot be destroyed in this manner. The evil principles are thereby only liberated to act more subtly, yet more surely, on the living, and all chance of transmuting his evil energies has been lost by removing him from the related sphere of action. Crime increases under this law, which must inevitably be the case. This is not the place to enter more fully into a discussion of this subject, but those interested are referred to the numerous articles in the Theosophical literature.

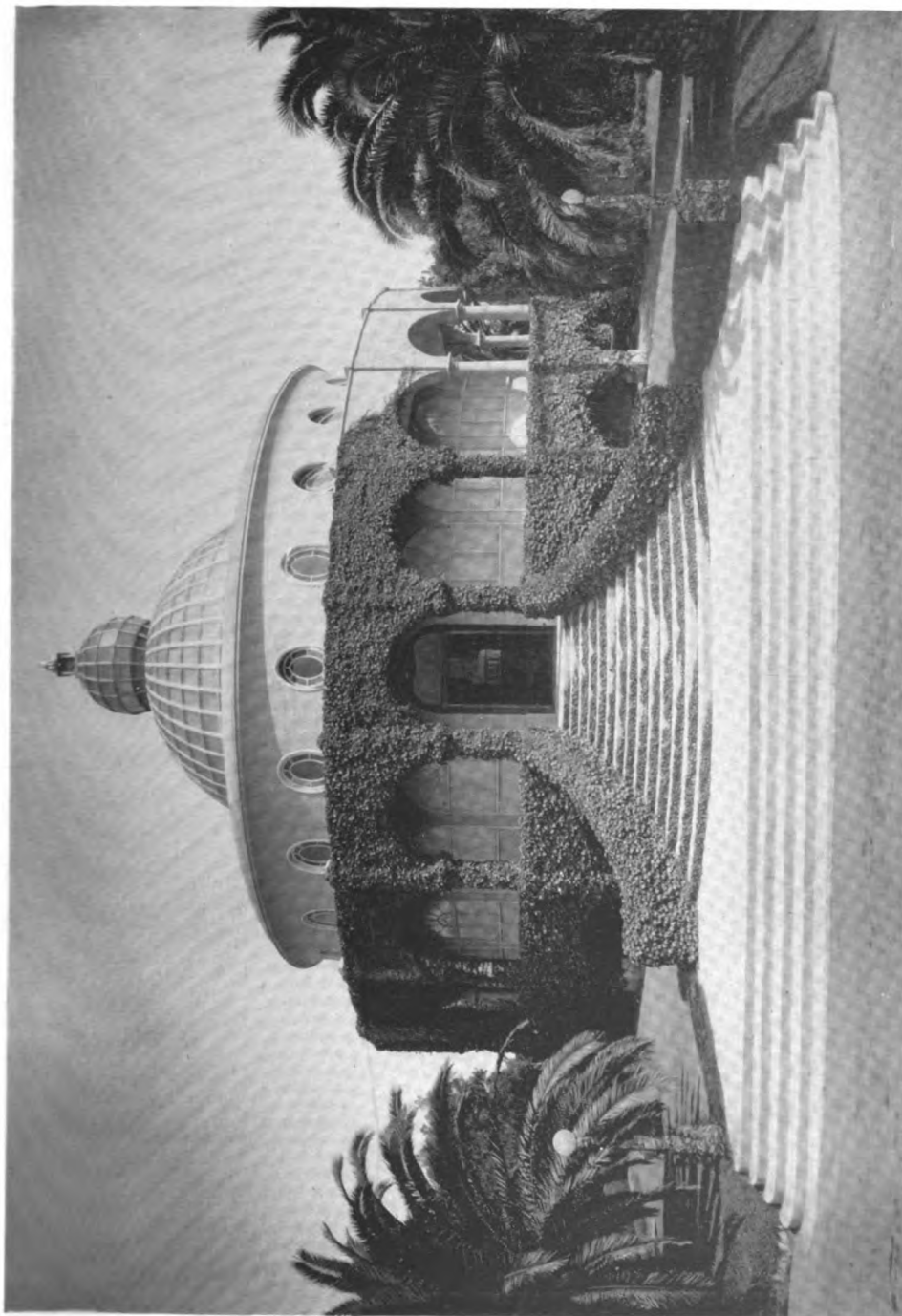
If the relation of man to man could be, even to a limited extent, grasped by the race as a whole, and gradually form a part of their outlook, the problems of capital and labor would disappear. We would not have to fight for just labor hours, for mutual consideration, for living wages, and so on. They would follow in the natural course of events. If the absolute unity of life were taught and explained; the common origin and common destiny; the interrelation and interdependence; the absolute community of interests; if there were a general effort to weave these ideas into the thought-life of the race, in a few generations we would certainly have quite a different world in which to live. They would become a part of the general consciousness and each man would regard his neighbor in a new light, and love

would by degrees supplant hate. And a like improvement would follow if man's true relation to the animal kingdom were realized. Vivisection and all cruelty would be seen as an offense against the laws of nature and an offense against man's own true interests.

Had the old teachings which Theosophy now brings again to light remained common property in the past, the pages of history would not be written in such heavy letters of blood. And if today this philosophy could be sown broadcast, it would be the most effective peace measure conceivable. *Theosophy is in itself the highest expression of the Peace Movement.* Although it may include the various related measures, such as courts of arbitration, peace conferences, international law, and the like, it goes deeper. It meets the disease at its source. Why should we expect that individuals who are at war within their own natures; who are the victims of jealousies, envies, selfish ambitions and pride; who are grasping each for the best, should, when massed together, produce a peaceful, considerate city or nation, one willing to recognize the rights of others and unwilling to take an unfair advantage? It is a simple sum in addition. We have got what we put together. We may argue the advantages and disadvantages of war until the last man has been destroyed, but until we have lighted the fire of truth which will burn out the passions of hate, we have not really touched the issue.

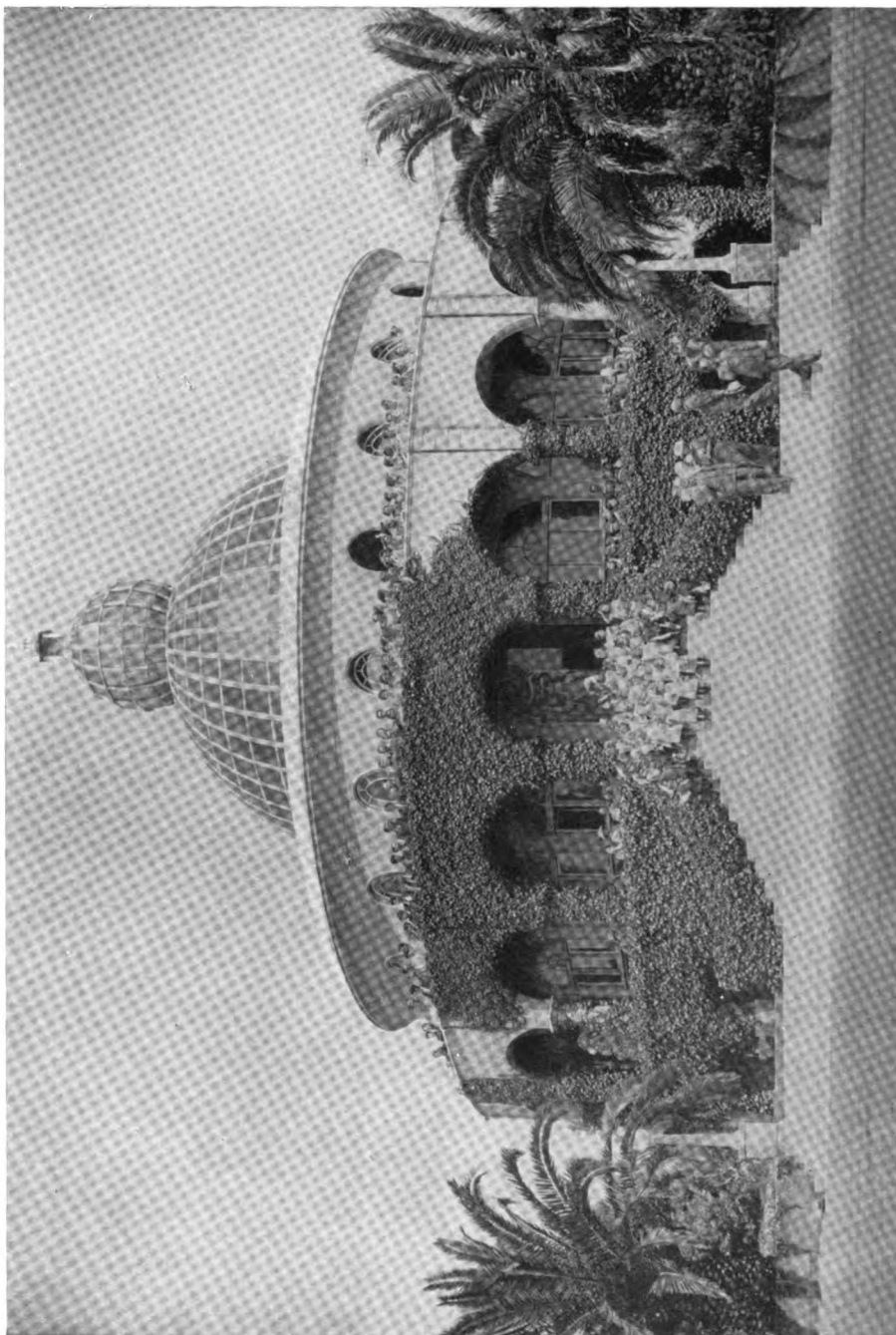
This is where Theosophy comes to the rescue. It makes the "Brotherhood of Man" a living, glowing reality. It sends its subtle flame into every nerve and atom; into the finer essence of the mind; into the inner chambers of the heart; and then from out of those windows of the soul — the eyes — the man looks upon a new world, peopled with brothers, having hopes and aspirations similar to his own, capable of the same keen suffering and joy, struggling, and often with despair, against obstacles similar to his own, and he looks into the eyes of him he would have killed, and finds them to be the eyes of a friend. What if he *had* killed that friend, his own brother, a part of himself, and as necessary to the eternal order of things as himself!

Theosophy is *not* a new cult, a new religion. It is a statement of Law. It interferes with no one's religion, for it is the embracer of all religions. It takes nothing real from any, but adds richness to every avocation. Applied, it clarifies the mind and purifies the life.



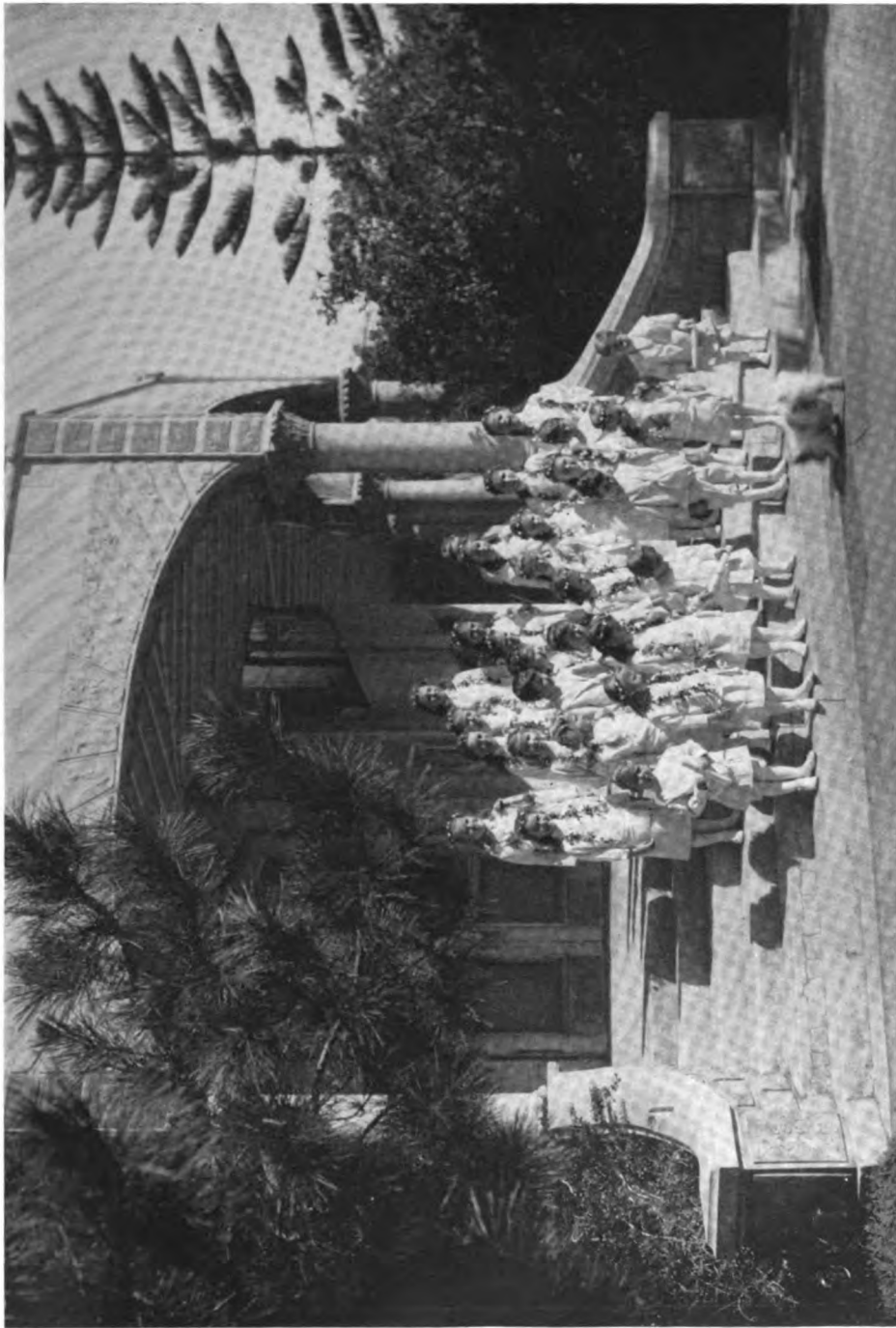
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE TEMPLE OF PEACE (FORMERLY THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE) INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GROUP OF CHILDREN OF THE RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL BELOW, AND A GROUP OF STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE
ABOVE, WELCOMING HONORED GUESTS



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“ THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS ” ; PUPILS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL .



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"THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS"; PUPILS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART TWO

CHAPTER III — THE FIRST EMPIRE



OF all the Great Powers of middle Chow times, T'sin in the northwest, the modern Shensi, was the least Chinese, the most barbarous. Her sovereigns, of old appointed keepers of the Western Marches, had lost their Chinesity through long barbarian intermarriage; her people were, by blood, almost wholly Turk or Tartar. In 361 B. C., about a century after the death of Confucius, she devoted herself, under enlightened guidance, to the task of learning civilization; and within one generation had accomplished a work parallel to that of Japan in the era of Meiji. She had practised herself in wars to the north and west, subduing her nomad neighbors; then, in the time of Chwangtse and Mencius, she embarked upon her great career of southern conquest. She put armies of a million men on the field, under generals as great as any the world has seen. Her empire shortly stretched out over Szechuen in the west, and included Yunnan in the far southwest. T'su, her great rival, was divided from her by China Proper, the Hoangho Valley, and took in all China south of the Yangtse and east of the gorges, and as far north as to the boundaries of the Chow domain. Under T'su's leadership all the coast provinces, old orthodox China, and T'si and Tsin, Chihli and Shansi, were arrayed against T'sin. Thus within two hundred years the whole of the Eighteen Provinces had been discovered, and had come within the region of practical politics; and was now divided into two camps, an eastern and a western, at war for supremacy.

What was to be done, to set right times so thoroughly out of joint? Chwangtse might offer his humorous mysticism; Mencius his Confucian code; between them they preserved the double tradition; but the state of events had to reach level ground, and be flowing serenely, before its waters could reflect the lights and shadows of the god world. Things were rushing towards culmination in a new China, the like of which had not been since the days of Yao, Shun and Yu — at least.

Then, in the second half of the third century, one of the world's great men of action appeared on the scene. T'sin had overcome the allies, and her ruler, T'sin Che Hwangti, First August Emperor, as-

cended the throne of a China no longer patriarchal, as under Yao, Shun and Yu, nor feudal, as under Shang and Chow, but united and imperial.

He was at heart more Tartar than Chinaman. His new imperial régime was not in accord with the ancient tradition; then he would destroy the ancient tradition; and gave orders that the literature of China should be burned. The literati, conservatives by nature, opposed him; he killed some, and sent the rest to carry hods and do bricklaying on the Great Wall. He would stamp out the whole Confucian Yao-Shun-and-Yu tradition, and begin afresh with T'sin Che Hwangti and a kind of fierce, adventurous Taoism for the whole of religion and philosophy: the kind of Taoism that drove him to send expeditions to a half legendary, undiscovered Japan in quest of the Elixir of Life. And yet, he performed wonders, too, for China, did this great rod-of-iron-wielding ruler. He drew back the string, and bent the bow to the double, which sped the arrow of Han to the stars: made inevitable a marvelous reaction towards pure culture, that carried the Blackhaired People to heights before undreamed. Also by building the Great Wall, a hedge against bleak blasts of raiders from Tartary, he created an atmosphere of calm in which growth could take place; for the Wall was effectual enough in its day, when disciplined armies garrisoned it. — Within a few years of his death, his dynasty, in the person of a miserable son, had been swept away, and an ultra-Chinese, national house, under the Prince of Han, took its place.

The tides of life had been rising for three centuries and more: riotously and without order in Chow times, then forced into a straight system under the strenuous régime of T'sin Che Hwangti. On those waters Laotse and Confucius, Mencius and Chwangtse, had cast their bread; now, with the incoming of the Hans, the great harvests began to appear. The surging forces reached the planes of intellectualism and art, and became glorious there. T'sin Che Hwangti — which is, being interpreted, Emperor Augustus I, of the House of T'sin; the founders of the Roman and Chinese Empires adopted the same style and title — T'sin Che Hwangti, when he ordered the destruction of the literature, dealt a master-stroke for civilization, if unintentionally; we know not where to find the like of it, unless in Mohammed's providing the Arabs with a Sacred Book. For, just as the necessities of Koranic exegesis in early Moslem times, gave an impetus to

culture that made Bagdad, within a century and a half of the Hejira, the great light-center of the Western World; so in China the effort to recover the lost books spurred up the Chinese mind to bright intensity, and brought in these glories of Han.

The lost texts might be recovered: there were many devoted scholars who, twenty years since, had learned whole volumes by heart between the publication of Che Hwangti's edict, and its carrying into effect; it was good to have such treasures in the mind, when one was at forced and unaccustomed labor, half starved and perished with the north wind on the Great Wall. Others again had hidden precious manuscripts in their roofs and house-walls, or in dry wells; fragments kept coming in from the provinces; and the work of reconstruction went forward. Rose the need for two new sciences; critical grammar and literary criticism, which forthwith came into being. At Singanfu in Shensi, the modern Sianfu, scholars gathered from far and near; and in the wake of the scholars, men of original genius. The early Han sovereigns were much given to Taoism: it was an age of keen speculation, wonderlit individualism in thought; T'sin Che Hwangti, fair play to him, had done his best to foster this. The Chinese imagination ran free, uncurbed and exuberant; it dreamed of the Paradise of Siwang-Mu in the west, and of Islands of the Blessed beyond the Yellow Sea. A great imperial library was collected, containing thousands of volumes on the classics, philosophy, poetry, tactics, mathematics and medicine. Thousands of volumes — and so soon after the old literature had been destroyed: it speaks wonders for the creative genius of the age. The impulse culminated in the latter part of the second century B. C., which was an era of intense national illumination: the first in Chinese history on which we can definitely lay hands. The Crest Wave of civilization, that passed from Greece with Alexander to distribute itself, apparently, between Ptolemaic Egypt and the India of Chandragupta and Asoka, now certainly was rearing itself high in China. Just as the sparks Mohammed struck were to smoulder more or less for a century and a half, and then burst forth into the grand Saracenic illumination of Bagdad; so the Chinese Teachers had set in motion forces which seemed in their own time to have lost themselves in space, but which now, after four centuries, found their fitting moment in an age of national revival, and flamed and bloomed forth and inspired the glories of Han. Taoism lit the racial imagination; Confucianism

sobered, ordered and directed it. The first made the Chinese individually great; the second welded them into a great nation. Laotse, looking from Elysium, might have beheld the brightest minds among his people, searching for the Tao, the Supreme Secret; Confucius might have seen his nation at last basing itself on the Principles of Music. The Chinese Soul had come to its own.

For this was essentially a nationalistic revival. Chow itself had been, by remote origin, semi-barbarian; T'sin was actually very much so. Han, on the contrary, was purely and intensely Chinese. And yet, strangely, its sources of inspiration were largely southern: from T'su and beyond the Yangtse; from the region where are the tombs of Shun and Yu; where Laotse was born: a land that had been, in Confucius' time, half unknown or wholly so, and quite beyond the pale of orthodox civilization.

Thus the first great outburst of Chinese poetry according to Fenollosa, had come with Ch'u Yüan (Kutsugen), at the end of the Chow dynasty. Before him was only the northern folk-poetry of the type collected by Confucius in the *Book of Odes*: in short-lined meters, simple in form, unimaginative, given to moralizing. Ch'u Yüan, southern and Taoist, invented new, swinging and long-lined meters, and poured into them the stuff of his gorgeous and mournful imagination: lamented magnificently over forgotten Gods and glories; ancient and splendid centers in the far south; deserted shrines covered with symbolic paintings of antique and marvelous things. It is as if he had been inspired by dim memories of prehistoric splendors, from an age when the Blackhaired People held the mystic South, as well as the stern northern regions on the Hoangho; an age ages beyond the narrow neck of the hourglass. . . . He set the pace for the poetry of Han: a romantic literature, splendidly imaginative; Swinburnian, so to say, in the rhythm and force of its music; mainly Taoist in philosophy. — The age that followed was as great in prose as in poetry, in art as in literature; and in it, too, for the first time in recorded history, Chinese armies went forth far afield, conquering and to conquer.

The high light of this period falls on the reign of Wu-ti — which sounds more human in Latin, as *Martialis Imperator*; so Wu Wang's name, the Founder of Chow, is no more than to say, *Martialis Rex*. This Wu-ti reigned gloriously from 140 to 86 B. C. We read how the Taoist Adept Li Sao-chün came to him. "I know," said Li, "how to

harden snow and change it into white silver; I know how cinnabar transforms its nature and passes into yellow gold. I can rein the flying Dragon and visit the extremities of the earth; I can bestride the hoary crane and soar above the nine degrees of heaven." Wu-ti thereupon made him his chosen counsellor.*

The fashion is, when we come on such incidents, to hold up the hands of superiority, and shake the head of contemptuous amusement. What superstition! Alas, what dark ages! The heathen in his blindness . . . ! — Good Podsnap, what if there were more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed in your well-starched philosophy? What if there were something here, as far above your comprehension, as trigonometry or aerostatics is above that of the baboon? If there were a symbolism that Wu-ti, wiser than we, could understand very well; but preferred spoken in those living, beautiful terms, than in the dry formulae of the brain-mind and the schools? They were not precisely a barbarian people, those stately, world-ruling, businesslike, artistic, intellectual Hans.

What poetry it is, at any rate — this claim of the Sennin Li Sao-chün! What if the transformation of snow and cinnabar should have meant, to sage and emperor, the passing of cold intellect into shining intuition; the transmutation of the red passions into the gold of the Higher Nature, the Heart-Life? If the reining of the flying Dragon should have been understood by them as meaning mastery of the ancient and secret Dragon of Wisdom? Podsnap, Podsnap, away with you; you are a very trifling and limited fellow! There be mysteries, and mysteries beyond; poetry reflects down the glories of spiritual realms into this world of our common understanding; it acts on the imagination, stealing a march and outflanking the brain-mind: to which its higher knowledge will often seem akin to childishness and superstition. "To the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks folly": bigotry and mere intellectualism will have none of this; it is no meat for them. And yet, how splendid it is, when one realizes its interpretable nature, and how that behind it are the immutable splendors, the only things that count! Drab, drab, drab we have made this common life of ours; you cannot change its nature with any alkahest of things personal: triumphs and delights, marryings and givings in marriage: the stuff of what we call romance;

* See *Taoism*, by R. K. Douglas; Religious Tract Society.

these are poor pigments applied, and gilding; they wear off; they have changed nothing. But behind; beyond these little horizons; within, and again within! There are the verities; there is the Soul, august, looking out with calm eyes into infinity — the fountain of poetry, the indomitable, the cause that beauty is; the seed and true quintessence of the true romance. Into this world of ours come, from time to time, those who, in coming, lose not their hold upon the other. How are we to know them, who can know nothing about the limits of our own being? They come, robed in a purple and gold that only seeing eyes can see; decked with the invisible insignia of a royalty beside which all our pomp is mere gauds, tinsel and baubles. Oh they are plain people enough, to the outward gaze, but if it comes to speaking of them, to recording their true deeds and status, what language or terms shall you use? It was for this that poetry was made! Record these things in the high symbolism of poetry; let us speak of Dragons that do soar through the empyrean, that play and sport among the constellations; how else shall we depict what fields and splendors of consciousness may be open to their flamey voyagings?

So when we read further of Wu-ti that he built a palace which should be a watchtower for the genii, that access to it was to be gained through a myriad doors, that in its gardens were ponds containing fishes and reptiles from the Islands of the Blessed; or that he dedicated Mount Tai to the worship of the Gods, raising a sacred mound at the foot of it; that he was present in person at the consecration of these places; that on the night after the ceremony "a bright, supernatural light rested on the mound that had been made holy"; that Siwang-Mu, the Queen of the Western Paradise, whom King Muh of Chow had visited centuries before, came to him, and that he was united with her — we may well let such stories be what they are: a symbolic record of the real life of the great emperor, showing him to have been one not as other men, but among the Great Ones, the Messengers and Emissaries of the Divine. After all, we should not be in a hurry to write such a man down a fool, and the inspiration of his reign, superstition. A great, victorious, beneficent monarch; it was a very stable, well-founded superstition that lay at the back of his successes. It was he who sent envoys to discover the line of migration of the White Huns, tracing them to Bactria, and opening the door of China to artistic and religious influences from Gandhara and the Greco-Buddhist kingdoms of Middle Asia;

it was his armies that crossed the Pamirs, opened intercourse with Mesopotamia, penetrated to the Persian Gulf, and started the trade with Rome.

A bright light shines upon his epoch; we must call it a Golden Thread time; and we must see in this Wu-ti of Han, so greatly directing and culminating so great an age, an agent of Those who are the culmination of humanity — who direct, as far as They may, its ends towards greatness. We must acknowledge this Han glory to have been founded upon the Wisdom-Religion; recognizing an esoteric school among the flowers of Laotse, capable of sending forth men who knew: such men for the empire and for humanity as Wu-ti's counsellor Li Sao-chün, who could rein the flying Dragon and visit the extremities of the earth; who could bestride the hoary crane, and soar above the nine degrees of heaven. Or (for fear you should still not understand, dear Podsnap), who could command states and centers of consciousness within himself, from and through which the grand illuminations are attainable.

And above all, we must beware of limiting our conceptions of the great historical Chinese mind by missionary ideas of its present-day manifestations and potentialities.

It was in the later days of these Western Hans, after Wu-ti, that Confucianism was adopted as a kind of state religion or constitution. It was acceptable to the emperors, as giving a divine sanction to their dynasty; and to the people, as putting them in the highest place in the national polity; conceding to them also the "Right of Rebellion" when occasion required. Chow had "exhausted the mandate of Heaven," and Heaven had raised up T'sin; T'sin had exhausted it, and Heaven had raised up Han. As, when Tai Tsing, the "Great Pure" Manchu dynasty, exhausted it the other day, Heaven raised up Yuan Shi Kai quietly, obligingly putting China back into Chinese hands with comparatively little fuss. *Vox populi* has always been considered *vox deorum* in Confucian China, though its pronouncements be not rendered quaterennially. The people, the Gods, the government: there you have the order of importance according to the Confucian, or rather Mencian-Confucian Code. As long as the dynasty rules for the people, this system provides for it a kind of substitute for descent from gods and heroes. But let the times call for a change: let the reigning house have grown nerveless and inefficient;

and your common schoolmaster, peasant, street-sweeper — who not? — may raise an army if he can; gain what victories he may; and, so he wins to it, none can gainsay his right to the Dragon Throne. Divine Right, too; his mandate is from Heaven, as his success proves; he is no politician Bolingbroke, perpetually the usurper, and to be rebelled against forever on that score, but the Son of Heaven forthwith, and surrounded with all the divinity that hedges kings. His descent is nothing against him; since in China it is always you that ennoble or degrade your ancestry, not they you. (There is one exception: that of the Dukes Confucius, who are dukes to this day by virtue of their descent from the Sage.) There would be none to call a Chinese Napoleon upstart or adventurer: his own genius and success would confer on him, for the time being, Sonship to Heaven. Such a constitution, with the pomp and circumstance of Confucian ritual — Chinese of the Chinese, and coming from the most antique and venerated ages — commended itself to the Han emperors; also to the commonalty, because it was, and is, the Magna Charta of their liberties. Let any mandarin or provincial governor exceed the limits in oppression, and you have but to rebel formally: raise a crowd about his yamen, vociferate a little, perhaps throw a few stones: Peking, be assured, will hear of it; and, conceding the Mencian Right of Rebellion, quietly remove the offender. The headman is responsible for the crimelessness of his village; the viceroy for his province; the Son of Heaven for his Empire: if anything goes wrong, it is for them to confess their fault, and even apply to the Board of Punishments for suitable correction. After all, there is a deal of common sense in it. One thinks of a highly successful British administrator who introduced, all unwitting of its origin, this Confucian system into Egypt; and found it the one plan infallible.

By the time the Crest Wave was rising in Rome, with the accession of Augustus, it was falling away in China. In A. D. 25 the Western Hans fell, and the Eastern Hans succeeded to them, with their new capital at Loyang or Honanfu. While Galba, Otho, Vitellius and the like were enjoying their little hours of brief authority, and Rome was in the trough of the waves, this dynasty was winning military glory under Mingti; and Panchow, the greatest of all Chinese generals, was camping and triumphing on the shores of the Caspian. In this reign also, Buddhism came into China; thenceforth to be the

third potent influence in molding the life of the nation. — The Eastern Hans lasted until 220 A. D., when such a débâcle came to its culmination, as was to befall in Rome some two centuries later. The Chinese Empire fell to pieces: civilization went utterly by the board. The structure founded by the T'sin Augustus lasted about four hundred and seventy years; that founded by his Roman namesake, a very few decades longer. Northern barbarians brought about the downfall of either. But in the case of China, those centuries of empire had welded together into one people a hundred different tribes, races and languages: had made a homogeneous whole of peoples as numerous and varied as those of the Roman world; and, except for a few Lolos and Miaotse in the southwest, essentially homogeneous they have remained ever since, despite long intervening periods of anarchy and political division. On the whole, the Han Empire was a greater factor in the history of humanity, than the Roman.

The Tartars and Mongols were the Goths of the Orient, in respect to the part they played in the destruction of civilization. They had been pouring down into China in ever-increasing numbers for perhaps a couple of centuries, enlisting in the Chinese armies until they held the whole of the military power. Realizing their strength at last, they tore away province after province from the empire; exactly as the Goths and Germans were already beginning to do in Europe. By 400 A. D. the whole of the North was in their hands, and Han culture was hardly so much as a memory anywhere. This was the heroic age of Chinese history, and furnished the material for a thousand battle-poets since in China and Japan. The War-God was incarnate: one of the chief champions of the time has been worshiped as such ever since. War was everywhere and always; art, literature and all the graces of life had ceased to be. For two centuries this confusion endured; then, in the year 420, the tide began to turn, and a new China rose phoenixlike in the South, with its capital near the modern Nankin.



LET a man stand fast in the supremacy of the nobler part of his constitution, and the inferior part will not be able to take it from him. It is simply this which makes the great man. — *Mencius*



Rondelet
*Chang Chih-ho's answer to
the Emperor on being requested
to resume Ministerial Office.*

Nay, I'll go seek Cloud-cuckoodom
And Sea-gull Town, and Mystery!
Since in the quiet privacy
Of this my vast empyreal home,
Whose roof-tree is the starry dome,
The bright Moon, friendlike,
dwells with me,
Here will I seek Cloud-cuckoodom
And Sea-gull Town, and Mystery!
What! quit my Mountain brothers? roam
Far from my bosom friend, the Sea?
In that dull world wherein ye be
Quench my etherial Self in gloom?
Nay! I'll go seek Cloud-cuckoodom,
And Sea-gull Town, and Mystery!

From the Chinese of Chang Chih-ho, a Taoist
philosopher and poet of the Eighth Century A. D.

THE GIFT OF ANTIQUITY TO ART: by Grace Knoche

The artist should have for his models ever the *Divine Logoi*, then only may his creations truly be called Art.—*Plotinos*



BEFORE taking up the subject assigned for this evening by Mme. Katherine Tingley — *The Gift of Antiquity to Art* — it is perhaps not out of place to express something of the pleasure that we feel in being here as Students of the School of Antiquity at Point Loma.

For when Mme. Tingley laid the cornerstone of this School or University, of which she is not only the Foundress-President but of course the sole head, and began regular work with her students in Archaeology and Art — now nearly twenty years ago — she forecast the time when they would meet with students of these subjects from the world and would clasp hands with them in the kinship of a common interest. Since her object was not only to revive the lost knowledge possessed by the ancients — the deeper knowledge — but to re-create, as it were, that which was most glorious and imperishable in the past, every possible advantage, from foreign travel to study under her personal instruction, has been afforded her students; for in respect to our Teacher, Mme. Tingley, we are all students together. So that now, in opening to the public the present course of lectures, Mme. Tingley's aim is not only to throw a new light on the study of Archaeology and Art, but also to encourage a desire for personal research and study among those who are attracted, and a desire to possess a deeper and more mystical knowledge of antiquity than that which sometimes goes by the name.

When we consider that an evening might be spent with profit upon a single nation of antiquity, a single period in that nation, or even upon a single statue, the topic assigned for this evening seems broad in scope. The best that can be done, therefore, is to take a running glance at some of the great monuments of antiquity and remind ourselves of our supreme indebtedness to it, indebtedness for form as well as content, for technic as well as motif. For modern art depends upon ancient art as one link hangs down from another in a chain.

Examine whatever special branch you will, there behind the modern effort stands the great art of the past, "as one in eternal waiting." And yet, although we copy and appropriate, there is always something that eludes us, and we have not gone beyond nor even reached the limits set ages upon ages ago.

In the designing of so simple a thing as a vase, we but follow the

contours that were ancient when Greece was unthought of and Egypt was young, contours that have come down to us from prehistoric civilizations of the highest culture and equally from the Palaeolithic cave. We have never attained Egyptian understanding nor Greek forbearance in the juxtaposition of plain and decorated spaces. We have nothing in ornamental detail that yet can make superfluous the lotus, the acanthus, or the honeysuckle motif. We have never devised anything in continuous pattern that can improve upon the simple egg and dart, the simple astragal, the *guilloche*, the bead and fillet, the rosette and spiral patterns from the Beni-Hassan tombs, and the meander or fret, which, as the name implies, meandered through various modifications until at last it found its apotheosis, so to speak, in that expression which is as lovely and unspoiled today as when the boy Sophocles sang at Salamis — the well-known “Greek key.”

In mural decoration we are only re-discovering what Egypt knew and knew well when Thebes and Luxor were a-building; in portrait art her painters had forgotten when they perished more than we moderns ever knew; while in sculpture we can but pause in humility before the glories of Greece and Egypt, the temples of Ancient America, India and all the older East; before the bas-reliefs of Edfu and Abydos, of Nineveh and the palace of the Persian Darius.

Take a single example, for instance, from the walls of this Persian palace, dating from the sixth century B. C. (illustration) a section of a frieze consisting of nine lions and made of richly enameled, gorgeously colored tiles. They are obviously symbolic and to an extent conventionalized, but what vigor, what power, what life, what splendid truthfulness and what superb technic! With all our study and with these to copy from, we have never surpassed this old work. So indestructible, too, were these tiles contrived, that when discovered our archaeologists were able to reconstruct the almost perfect frieze that now is in the Louvre. Note also the continuous pattern both above and below the lions, which we have appropriated without so much as a “thank you,” and without improving upon it in the least. And this is but one of almost numberless examples, for, truth to tell, there is not a corner in the entire field of modern art that antiquity does not already hold in fee simple, the while we calmly appropriate and fix over for our own use — often a very commercial use — what we seldom acknowledge and frequently misunderstand.

Every art gallery, every museum, every refined home, testifies to



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SECTION FROM THE FAMOUS "LION FRIEZE" FROM THE PALACE OF DARIUS
AT SUSAN, PERSIA. DATING FROM THE SIXTH CENTURY B. C.



BAS-RELIEF OF THE YOUNG RAMESES, FROM THE
TEMPLE OF SETI I, ABYDOS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
BAS-RELIEF OF THE YOUTH SETI I
OFFERING THE IMAGE OF TRUTH TO OSIRIS
FROM ABYDOS

our indebtedness to antiquity. Go into any art school of standing and you will find ancient sculptures, not modern ones, set before students who are learning to model or draw. The reason is a simple reason: no other method will bring results in knowledge, though teachers are hardly to be found who can tell you just why.

The question thus naturally arises: since it is so perfectly obvious — the gift of antiquity to art — why argue the matter at all? But this gift is not so obvious in the deeper sense, for the real gift of antiquity is a rejected gift. It is something more than material models, or weighable, measurable plans. Art and religion were one in the past, not two as is the case today, and the art of antiquity — barring, of course, those degenerate expressions which in this world of duality exist in every age — was a great sacrificial expression. The illumined artist of the past never worked to build him a reputation nor to make a sale, but to honor the God within and the God without, and it was for the temple, not the market-place, that his noblest works were designed. The real gift of antiquity is a spiritual gift; a gift of Divine, Creative Fire. Only that we, in our conceit and pride, fancy that it must be something else and brush the gift away.

Obviously, therefore, the School of Antiquity has a broader definition of art and the great arts than that which is common among artists and writers on the subject today, a fact to which every current criticism as well as every gallery of modern works bears witness. While agreeing with the general classification of the great arts as five: architecture, sculpture, painting, music and poetry, with the crafts of the potter, goldsmith and others classed subordinately, this School goes a step further, declaring an ideal which, though it may be new to many artists, has always been known to philosophers. It asks: Has this work or has it not the spiritually creative touch? Has it the Divine Fire shining through? Lacking this, whatever may be its technical perfection, it is not art. Thus, a sculptured group *may* be no more than a mechanical expression (examples of which may still be seen in most of our public parks) while a coin, an engraved gem, or a simple vase, technic assured, may be an example of the highest art. And why not? There should be soul as well as body for all things that ask leave to exist, and the great civilizations of antiquity demanded that its art possess both.

Let us begin then, for the sake of the argument, with something

not ordinarily thought of as art — the simple vase. The vase-contours of antiquity are found today in every shop and home, so dependent are we upon the past for design. Examples innumerable might be given, from the archaistic vases found in Mykenae and the Troad to the graceful Ptolemaic or Greco-Roman, from the pottery of Europe's kitchen-middens to the classic contours of Periklean Greece — the well-known *amphora*, the graceful, three-handled *hydria*, the beautiful *lekythos* of Greek tombs, the *krater*, *oenochoe*, *lebes*, *kylix*, and others; the last a prototype of our modern loving cup. What have we added to this heritage of beautiful forms? Nothing; while in the effort to be very original — having lost the true canons of proportion and knowledge of the old life and its laws — we have generated, in addition, a bedlam of bric-a-brac that posterity will only sweep away. The classic examples stand out as masterworks in the adaptation of contour to the higher aspects of beauty and of use.

Yet why should this not be the case? From time immemorial the potter's wheel has been the supreme symbol of the Divine Creative Touch. In the paintings and on the papyri of old Egypt we find it depicted, and it has been sung by poets and prophets from Judaea, Persia, and Greece, to our own America — re-read Isaiah, the *Keramos* of our school days, and the *Rubáiyát* of old Omar — as the perfect symbol of the molding power of the Higher Self.

Nor can we wonder. The whirr of the swiftly turning wheel, the extreme mobility of the clay as it sinks and swells, rises and falls to rise again, the apparent ease and magic of the whole process, "make this art beautiful beyond all others." Putting pigment upon canvas at the end of a fringed stick seems positively clumsy in comparison. And when we add to the simple contour the marvel of applied design and the living miracle of color, we begin to see rime and reason in the statement made by our Teacher in Archaeology and Art: that "the very presence of a well-conceived, well-executed vase builds character." Pots and pans and vases are humble things, no doubt, but when created in a spirit of pure devotion they have an imperishable and a strangely mystical side which no one who believes in the value of environment in education can afford to overlook.

This mystical side is curiously brought out in certain Oriental legends. One reads that not until the potter himself had leaped into the glowing caverns of the kiln could the fires give the vase that something which sufficed to render it a divine expression. Another, of

how one old artist so loved his work that he mingled the colors with his own blood, and of how at the consummation of the task he was found beside his masterwork prostrate, the life all flown out of him, while the vase itself pulsed and glowed with impalpable spiritual fires. The form of these legends may vary, but the meaning is always the same, for they give us in symbol the key to all that is imperishable in art — devotion.

The celebrated François Vase, an Attic piece, is an example of a large class of vases, the decorations on which have added so much to our all too scanty knowledge of Greek painting. Do we fully realize that we owe to the unconsidered art of the potter almost all we know of Greek painting? — all, indeed, if we except a very few examples not found in Greece itself: the sarcophagus of Corneto (Etruscan, found in 1869) and the portrait heads found in the Fayûm, Egypt, about twenty years ago. This vase, fine and generous in contour, was decorated, as the inscription shows, by one Klitias, and is a type of thousands of vases which, while they do not exemplify, as this does not, nor the portrait heads, what we know must have been Greek painting in its glory, still are gratefully prized by every student of classical archaeology.

Now let us consider for a moment certain examples of plastic work which we think of as valuable to the historian, the professed numismatist, the student of old inscriptions or of classical archaeology, but almost never as of service to the sculptor, the draftsman or the designer — ancient coins.

Coins are really sculpture on a small scale, and in former days great artists did not think it beneath their dignity to design them. That is why some of the examples that have come down to us are masterpieces of plastic art. The growth and decline of Greek art — to touch but a single nation — can be traced by means of ancient coins more satisfactorily than by any other class of monuments, for two reasons: (1) they are not copies, like the majority of sculptures, but are original works of art, and (2) while not so imperishable as pottery in one way — for metal corrodes or may be melted up, while time itself seems unable to affect fired clay unless violence comes to its aid — they reach us, when they reach us at all, practically unmutated and undisfigured. Some of the great statues of antiquity we should never have been able to identify except for the tiny plastic copies of them on coins — the Knidian Aphrodite, for example, by Praxiteles,

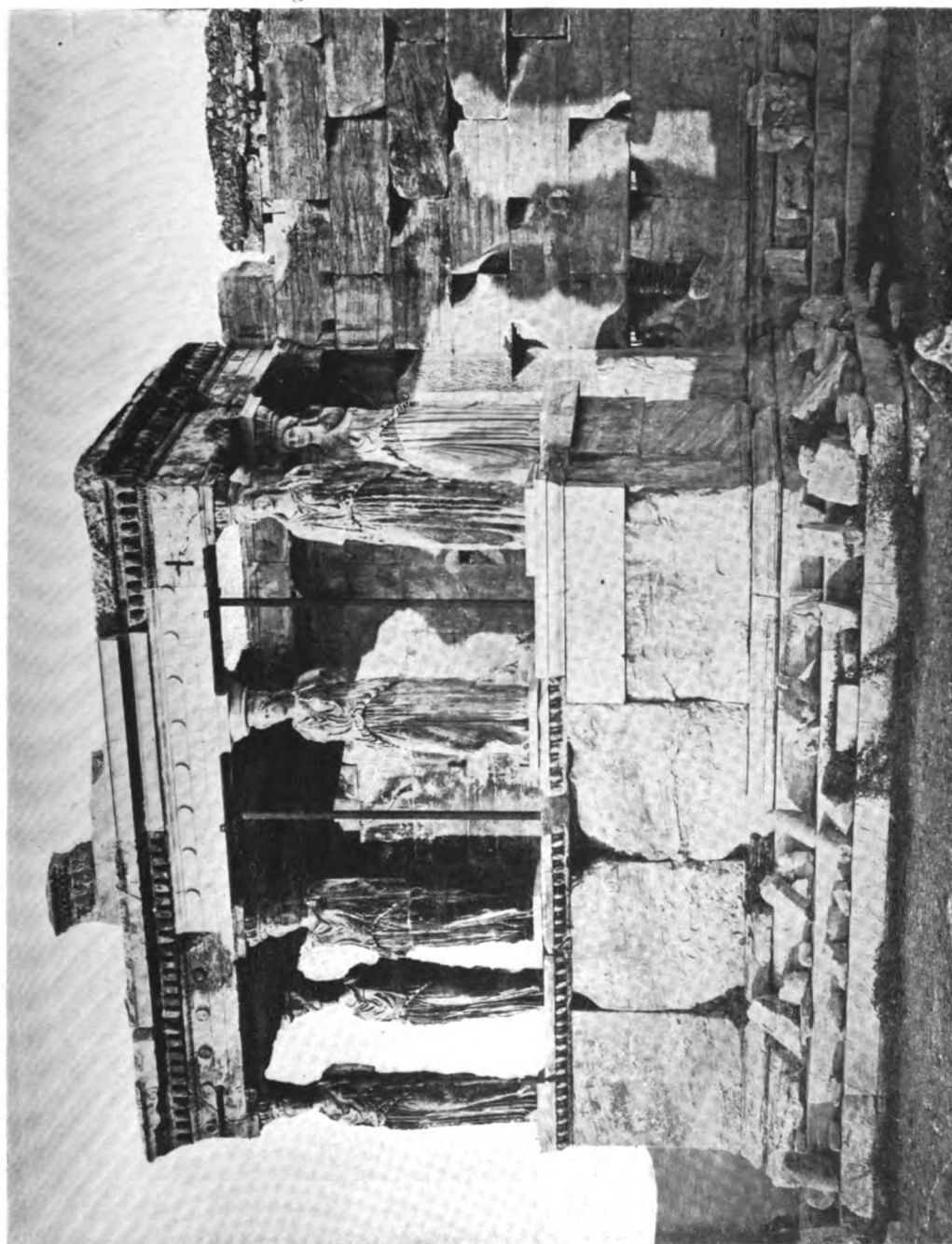
accounted in his era by many of his compatriots to be his masterpiece. Of others, such, for example, as the colossal Pheidian Zeus, which must have rivaled and may have surpassed the noblest of the Parthenon sculptures, to judge by contemporaneous accounts, we should have no idea of how they looked were it not for the coins struck in their honor. In the study of the classical portrait, no ancient monuments are so all-round and generous in the service they render as are coins.

These plastic records are not studied as they should be by the artists and designers of today. They can teach very much, especially in the handling of circumscribed spaces, where modern design is so often exceedingly weak. Every school of art that pretends to be comprehensive should possess and use with its students good enlarged photographs of the best types of antique coins; yet the plastic artist, unless actually commissioned to design a medal or a new dollar, rarely consults them at all. They are a rejected gift in a double sense.

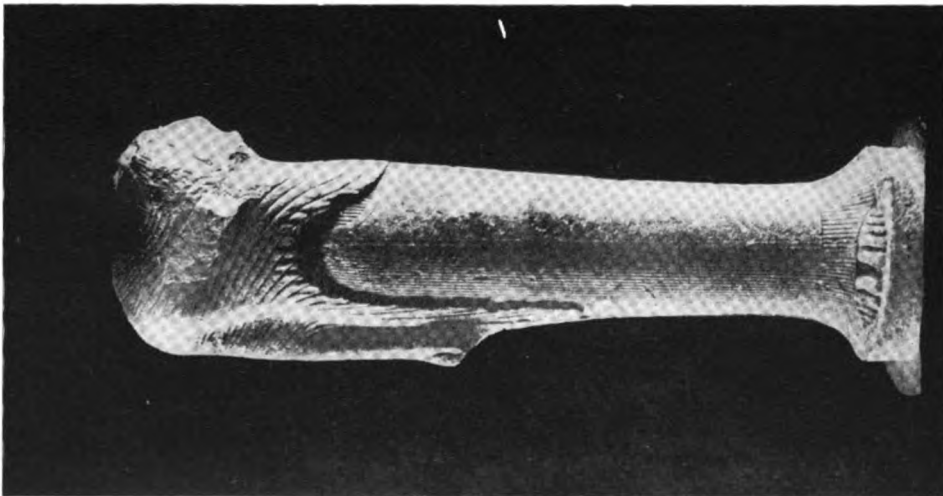
Closely allied to coins in their usefulness to modern art study are ancient engraved gems, examples of which have come down to us "from the mists of Babylonian antiquity to the decline of Roman civilization." Not only are they, like coins, really sculpture on a diminutive scale, but they possess the added loveliness of color. Jasper, lapis lazuli and jade, agate, rock-crystal and gorgeous hematite; chrysoprase, carnelian and sard; chrysolite, jacinth and beryl — all the precious and semi-precious stones we know have lent their fire and beauty to the religious or dedicatory purposes for which, like many of the earlier coins, ancient gems were usually engraved.

And how have they kept their faith! Over all the vicissitudes of war and greed and time, they have reached us unblemished and undefaced. From the scarabei of Egypt and Etruria and the curious seal cylinders of Western Asia, to the "Island gems" of Greece and the intaglio seals of Rome, they constitute a record of plastic design to which we cannot afford to be indifferent. Excellent enlarged photographs of the best should be readily accessible in our schools, not to encourage gem-engraving — for which we moderns have neither the genius nor the need — but to open new doors to the art culture of antiquity before our students of sculpture, design, and indeed *belles lettres*.

This brings us to the first of the classic five greater arts — architecture: a division of our subject so fraught with pathos, so



THE "PORCH OF THE MAIDENS," FROM THE ERECHTHEION ON THE AKROPOLIS, ATHENS



UNIDENTIFIED STATUE FOUND ON THE
SITE OF THE OLD HERAION AT SAMOS
BELIEVED TO REPRESENT THE GODDESS
HERA, PROBABLY SIXTH CENTURY B. C.



London Photo. & Engraving Dept.
ARCHAIC EUST, SIXTH CENTURY OR EARLIER



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A WOODEN PORTRAIT STATUE OF ONE RA-EN-KA
OF THE FOURTH DYNASTY



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE SYMBOLIC COW OF HATHOR — A STATUE OF THE REIGN OF
AMENHETEP II, XVIII DYNASTY

aglow with a "divine religious light," so aloof from our small-minded estimates and so utterly misunderstood that one hesitates to touch it at all — the great religious structures and votive sculptures of the past. Consider what we know as "Cyclopean architecture" alone, remains of which are to be found all over the world, marking great perished centers of prehistoric culture and art life — the temple-structures of Peru and Bolivia, of Middle America, of China, old India and ancient Egypt, of Java, Cambodia, Ceylon and Mykenaeen Greece. They are still our problem, our enigma, and assuredly will continue to be until we grow nearer to the ancient conception of man's diviner possibilities and become more willing to believe ourselves Children of Destiny than the progeny of a pithecoïd abstraction. The modern mind must re-create itself ere it can solve this riddle. No wonder we do not understand antiquity: we haven't the antique point of view.

Let us take a single example — the hypostyle hall of the now ruined Temple of Amon at Karnak, of which the picture thrown on the screen gives a restoration in color. From it, in spite of the inevitable limitation due to our modern smaller conceptions, one may gain something of an idea of how this temple may have looked when its mighty columns rose matchless and unmutilated, in all their lambent color, their grandeur of construction and their richness of design. The human figures at the base of the nearest column seem to have just entered this giant hall from Lilliput.

Breasted, the accomplished Professor of Egyptology in the Chicago University, states that a hundred men could find room to stand on the top of a single one of the lotus capitals that crown the giant columns. We can hardly say that we have rejected this gift: we have not yet measured it with our minds.

With regard to Egyptian plastic art — of which this bas-relief from the temple of Seti I at Abydos (illustration) is an example from which we might have learned all that we know of technic in this one line and more than we could ever have guessed — note the figures in particular. Modern critics occasionally clip these off as "enslaved to formalism," "too architectural," with no end of condescensions else. But pause a moment: Egypt did what we have never been able to do in art, in architecture, in science, in philosophy, and in spiritual living. Is it not possible that she knew what she was about in art? Is it not possible that she made these figures "architectural" with a reason?

Her portrait sculptures are proof that she never made figures "architectural" from ignorance of what the human figure meant in technical study, for portraiture is a supreme test of technical knowledge. Think of the portrait records she has left us — that splendid diorite statue of Khephren, the limestone statue of Ra-nofer, so strongly individualized and so royal in uprightness and pose; the hard-featured "Scribe of the Louvre"; the well-known portrait of Rameses II, from his mummy-case; and also the young Rameses, portrayed in one of the most beautiful of Egyptian bas-reliefs (illustration), showing the characteristic graphic eye of Egypt, over which artists and archaeologists both have wasted much good ink; the Tanisian sphinx-portrait of Amenemhat III, strong, enigmatic, calm; the portraits of Queen Hatshepsut, both in relief and in the round; those of Queen Nefert-y-Tain and the "heretic King," Khu-en-aten; the two bas-relief portraits of Seti I at Abydos, one showing him as a man, and one (illustration) as a youth, offering the image of Truth to Osiris. Was anything lovelier, purer, truer, ever conceived or done in simple portrait-studies in any age of art? The charm they yield has a touch of magic about it: particularly the younger portrait stands apart, almost as though belonging to some finer plane. One cannot leave it alone.

Note the marvelous feeling for characterization in the head of the "Sheykh el-Beled" (illustration), a portrait of one Ra-en-Ka, who was a supervisor of public works during the period when the Great Pyramid was a-building, and which owes the name by which it is best known to the Bedouin laborers who dug it out of Egyptian sands, and who, seeing in it a remarkable resemblance to the *sheykh* of their village, called out with one accord: "Sheykh el-Beled." In the essentially modern "feel" of this face is proof that we have taken the best in our modern realistic art from the best of the remote past. We might meet the technical double of this portrait in any large modern gallery, as we might meet the man himself on the street tomorrow. This portrait does not represent the highest type of man, true; and as a spiritual note it is in complete contrast, say, to the portrait of the youth Seti, but our concern with it is as a portrait. As such it is of the highest excellence. Had we nothing left of it but the simple contour of the skull, that would be sufficient to prove the unknown creator of it a master in the technic of his art. Moreover, we are sensible of a vital something that permeates and shines through the mere

outer form. We seem to see and sense the living, breathing *real man*. We have hardly once in an epoch approached the knowledge that Egypt possessed of the essentials of portrait art; her greatest works have never been surpassed.

To return to the bas-relief on the temple of Seti (illustration) — a true relief, by the way, and not the customary coelanaglyphic — note how true these figures are in all the large things, how perfect in proportion and construction, how impossible it is to imagine that the sculptor did not know the human figure when the greatest stumbling-blocks to its correct representation are so well surmounted. Consider the religious and dedicatory nature of the subject and its obvious symbolism. Recall how the sculptor's and the builder's art interblend in antiquity; recall the Atlas and Caryatid columns of Greece and those earlier sculptured figures of India, Egypt and other ancient lands, which are often almost integral with the wall, as if sharing its duty of protectiveness, or with the column, as if assuming for it the duty of support.

Consider, moreover, that to mystics the wall has ever been a symbol of the soul in its protective aspect, and the pillar or column a symbol of the soul in its supporting strength. Man is described as "a pillar in the temple of humanity" or "in the temple of his God" (the divine humanity) in more than one Sacred Script. Consider, too, that true art is supremely mystical, and that the Egyptians in their periods of glory were a supremely spiritual race; that they lived habitually in the protective, the soulful, the pillar-like, in what we may call the "structural" or "architectural" qualities of their nature. Is it beyond us to imagine, then, that the old artists were not half-informed craftsmen, but knew their art as they did their philosophy of life; that they knew what they were doing, and consciously intended, perhaps, by means of a *symbolic* interpretation of the human figure to touch the chords of soul-strength in the hearts of generations to come?

The front-view eye in the profile face, the front-view shoulders with profile thighs and legs, are "bones of contention" in a double sense between disagreeing interpreters of Egyptian graphic art. But the fact that these things, however anatomically impossible, convey in the reliefs not the slightest suggestion of deformity or strain, should make us willing to pause in our over-hasty judgments. Try the experiment of our usual foreshortened handling of these parts upon an

Egyptian relief; the result, strange as it may seem, is positively an affront to something intuitional within us. The heart-region of the body, note, is unobtrusively emphasized by this simple means, while the lower portion is by this very means subordinated. *Which of these centers dominated in the old Egyptian spiritual life—and which dominates our own life today?* “If this be madness, there is reason in it.” Question: Is it not possible that papyri or inscriptions will some day be discovered which will throw new light on methods in relation to this moot topic? The fountain of Egypt’s vast archaeological stream as yet has only been tapped. In the absence of fuller knowledge as to what these old artists *intended* as well as achieved, we will do wisely to suspend judgment and wait. Meanwhile, the internal evidence stands and will be interpreted according to the minds that read it. We merely suggest at this point a line of research that will repay a thousandfold the effort needed to follow it.

Continuing the subject of symbolism in Egyptian art as among the sublimest gifts to us of the remote past, no more beautiful example can be given than the now famous statue of the Hathor Cow, of Deir-el-Baharí (illustration), found only ten years ago, standing intact in a small vaulted structure of stone, near the ruins of the little temple of Amenhotep II at Thebes. No one looking upon even its camera presentment will deny that it is one of the most beautiful statues of all antiquity. The nostrils fairly palpitate, while the eyes seem to survey the future with all the tenderness of a great compassion and an almost godlike sense of power — an effect due in part (though not wholly) to the human eyebrow added by the artist, which cows in humble station do not possess, and yet which is entirely appropriate to this cow.

The cow was sacred to Hathor, the Egyptian Aphrodite, Goddess of Divine Love or Compassion, and often represented under the form of a cow as the generous giver of divine nourishment — a conception which has no part nor lot in the sensual conceptions of the Goddess of Love associated with later degenerate eras, and bestowed by some of them as a legacy upon our own. This religious belief, for such it was, accounts for the spirituality of the theme, but something more is needed to account for the sublimity, almost, of its interpretation — and that something was *in the life of the artist*. For the creation of a work of art in Egypt before the days of her decline, was a religious ceremony, and the whole life of the people, from Pharaoh to peasant,



HEADS FOUND IN THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF ATHENA ALEA, AT TEGEA
THE WORK OF SKOPAS. FOURTH CENTURY, B. C.



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"THE FATES," EAST PEDIMENT OF PARTHENON



THE DEMETER OF KNIDOS, AN UNIDENTIFIED
WORK FOUND IN THE PRECINCT OF THE "THREE
DIVINITIES OF THE UNDERWORLD," AT KNIDOS,
A GREEK COLONIAL CITY OF HIGH CULTURE
IN ASIA MINOR. FOURTH CENTURY B. C.



A CARYATID. ONE OF THE COLUMN-STATUES FROM
THE "PORCH OF THE MAIDENS" ON THE NOW
RUINED ERECHTHEUM. FIFTH CENTURY B. C.

was a devotional life — lived constantly in divine acknowledgment.

In evidence of this, note that in the statue, even Amenhotep himself, a King, found it quite in accord with his position to be represented as standing below the throat of this dignified, beautiful creature. He stands there, too, in all the "architectural" quiet and self-mastery that the artist might summon a descendant of Ra to possess. Even without the evidence of the cartouche and the royal uraeus he wears, we would know him to be king in symbol if not in fact.

Above the cow's head the buds and blossoms of the lotus form a sort of head-dress, the stems flowing downward on either side, giving a most decorative effect. On the front of this symbolic coiffure are the lunar disk and two feathers, old symbols of Truth. At the back are the royal cartouche and a scarab, the latter an immemorial symbol of the immortality of the soul.

We have animal themes galore in modern sculpture, from Barye at one pole to Cain at the other, and with stars of lesser magnitudes crowding the spaces between; and we know our comparative anatomy down to the last eyelash. But we have never done anything yet that could approach this statue either from a technical or an interpretive standpoint — a statue that somehow has a strangely modern look, too. Is it not time for us to pause in our mad rush after novelties in contour and color and the rest, and study antiquity a little now and then, to discover, it may be, what this mystery is that forever eludes our grasp?

Let us glance for a moment at another symbolic statue which is the despair of some of the most noted authorities on classical archaeology (illustration). This, nameless, headless and mutilated, was found on the site of the perished Heraeum at Samos, where it had been dedicated, so the inscription tells us, to the Goddess Hera by one Cheramyas.

Of all the art monuments of this place, which once rivaled Ephesus as a religious center and for the splendor of its sculptures, but this single example remains. In contour, conception and treatment it is simplicity itself. But let not that worry us. The Greeks held that truth was always simple, and in the periods of their noblest art anatomical knowledge never meant the tortured pose nor the nervous, humpbacked line. In contour above all they loved simplicity, and always reserved far more than they expressed, attaining by this means an accuracy to inner truth that far outweighs in imperishable quali-

ties any accuracy based on anatomical study alone. This statue, although far antedating the glory of Greek art, and with obvious limitations, yet shows tremendous reserve knowledge and a conscious use of exceedingly simple means. Most noticeable, of course, is the columnar or architectural character of the whole, and the sense of discipline and spiritual reserve that pervades it, borne out by the splendid sure modeling of the torso. One feels, in addition, a certain fresh loveliness, a something youthful and unspoiled, that even the most cruel mutilation has been powerless to efface.

Yet archaeology cannot decide what to do with this strange find. One authority,* for many years the able director of one of the great national Schools of Archaeology at Athens and author of books on Greek sculpture that are recognized textbooks in our colleges and art schools, describes it as a "peculiar example" and of a "very primitive type," classifying it, solely on the strength of resemblances in the treatment of the drapery, with two archaic statues found on the Akropolis, which are believed to date from the same period.

This (illustration) is the one to which it is stated that the Samian statue bears the "most striking analogy." It is surely eloquent of the need of a more sympathetic co-operation between workers in the now diverse fields of archaeology and practical art, and of the need that archaeologists have of the artist's special training and point of view. Note in the illustration the lack of balance, the abominably built head, the wasp-like waist, the disproportion of head to torso, the absence of all construction. For it is what an artist would call "construction"—which includes both balance and proportion and other things as well—that is the vital point in plastic or linear work. With it all lesser faults may be forgiven; without it, all the technical virtues in the world are powerless to save a work from mediocrity. It is the soul of technic.

In both figures, the drapery is arranged diagonally over the breast; but there the resemblance admittedly ceases. Is it not clear from this that the School of Antiquity has a great work before it in synthesizing archaeology and art? For it demands a cultural and also a spiritual criterion, and puts in the proper place the method of identifying and classifying statues by resemblances in the cut of the garment, the angle of the eyelid, the presence or absence of *puntelli*, or

*Ernest E. Gardner, M. A. (Cantab.), formerly Director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, and an authority on Greek art.

the slant of an ear. These things have their place, for they are necessary criteria, as necessary as grammar and spelling are to one who would judge a language. But they are only a part. The flower of that language, be it of a nation, a science or an art, can never blossom and give us leave to know its fragrance, until the portals of these outer things are left far in the rear.

To go back to the "Hera" statue for a moment: it is odd-looking to us, and could not hold the highest place beside Greek sculpture in its perfection. But Cheramyas lived long before that time, and yet, obviously, he knew the large things and knew them well. What does the statue mean? Consider: If you or I should desire to express in a work of art — a statue, say, to be dedicated to a Divine Ideal — pillar-like strength, spiritual proportion, soul-reserve, veiled higher silence, in a word, that "isolation of the soul" of which old Patañjali taught, how would we go about it? Is it not possible that the unknown Cheramyas could teach us something as to methods? What expresses better the essentials of soul power than the royally silent torso and the quiet, veiled arm? Headless though this statue is, some message it utters still.

There is in it too, one feels, a hint of the Mysteries. The fragment of band across the breast suggests regalia, and there is something in the lightly indicated half-apron that calls to mind the apron seen on certain Egyptian figures, always half white. To be sure, the "Hera" is a female figure and the Egyptian ones are not. But with no disposition to tread on forbidden ground, it may be remarked that in the days of remoter antiquity, at a time when certain mystic bodies that later flourished were taking their rise, woman was neophyte, priestess and teacher in great Centers where the Mysteries of Life were taught. And for aught we know to the contrary, this unknown Cheramyas might have been an initiate himself into some of this old knowledge, for the Mystery Schools were still flourishing and by no means inaccessible when he lived and worked — the same Mysteries that counted among their initiates Plato, Pythagoras and Aeschylus, the Church Fathers Origen and Synesius, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, the Apostle Paul, and many another great mind of earlier and later days.

However that may be — and the pick of the archaeologist may bring forth evidence for or against almost any day — this statue possesses qualities that will repay study, and it grows on one with ac-

quaintance. It is of special interest when studied in connexion with the more familiar column-statues of the "Porch of the Maidens" in the now ruined Erechtheion (illustration). Both, albeit so unlike, are eloquent of schools that had reached for their respective eras a point of maturity, and however symbolic they may be of other things, they are undeniably so of woman's true position as a pillar of supporting spiritual strength in the Temple of Humanity that is to be. We are too apt to forget that to the ancients, as Dr. Sirén brought out so plainly in his recent lecture, art was not a mere matter of aesthetic fancy but a "revelation of truth in symbolic form."

Just as the gentler and somewhat more conventional *Venus Genetrix* (illustration) is also symbolic of a womanly ideal, although a very different one. This statue, made some five centuries later, and in Rome, is however by a Greek artist, one Arkesilaos, who created it as his ideal of the patron-goddess of the city. There are those who believe it to be a copy of some long-lost Greek original, of a much earlier date, and it is true that it has some touch of the Roman heaviness and convention and that it lacks the lightsomeness and impersonal sincerity that distinguishes Greek statues and the Pheidian woman statues pre-eminently — that something which copies almost inevitably lack. Yet it is wonderfully restful, correct and beautiful, and in the treatment of drapery it has long been the study and the despair of art students.

These three statues, so wholly unlike in conception, may with profit be studied together as diverse symbolic expressions. In a sense, too, they epitomize the rise, maturity and decline of the plastic ideal in Greece.

Greece! That land which was once a vast museum of noble works, of which by far the larger part have disappeared and left no trace. All that time and war have left us are shattered remnants only, living things still, however, and pulsating with that unperishing life which is of the soul which they were created to clothe in form.

The wonder is that anything remains to us of the splendors of Greek art at its best. The most glorious sites were sacked by plundering armies again and again; temple and statue were ruthlessly demolished by religious fanatics — Moslem and Christian both; city after city was despoiled of its art treasures by greedy conquerors, to enrich Rome, Persia, Constantinople; priceless bronzes were melted up for the metal they would yield and, incredible as it seems,



THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES



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VENUS GENETRIX, BY ARKESILAOS

marble masterpieces and fragments of them were burnt for mortar;* and the mutilated remnants that war, fanaticism and greed deigned to leave in their wake are now treasured by us as the precious all-that-we-have of glories known, but now perished — a great gift left us by antiquity, but shamed and ravaged ere it reached our hand.

The fate of the Parthenon was a typical fate, that crest-jewel of Greek religious architecture and art: first, ravaged by Byzantine Christians, who demolished the central group of the western pediment to fix a doorway to suit them; again ravaged upon its conversion into a Mohammedan mosque; then thoughtfully utilized as a storage-place for gunpowder by the Turks at a time of siege and promptly blown up by the besieging Venetians, who selected the wonderful Propylaea and the beautiful little Temple of the Wingless Victory as special targets also, in the same siege.

What has not war in its passion been guilty of? You saw the Temple of Amon at Karnak earlier in the evening as it might have looked once: this is Karnak; this now is a section of that hypostyle as it looks today. The history of the Fayûm Labyrinth is written and re-written down the ages with but a change of place and name. Described by Herodotus as "larger than all the temples of Greece and more wonderful than the Pyramids," it was left, when the orders of the Roman government were carried out, a heap of ruins so hopeless of restoration that in the course of time all trace of it disappeared; men forgot even its location, and succeeding generations burrowed into its shattered remains as into a heap of refuse to lay out a city for their dead. It is an old, old story, repeated in age after age.

If the pictures of war's destruction of art monuments in even a single nation could be carried around the world, no words could plead more eloquently than they would plead, in the majesty and pathos of their silence, for international fraternity, for a creedless religion, for Universal Brotherhood and Universal Peace. "See!" they cry out in their mutilation, "See what you have done with your hatreds, your greed, your separation of man from man, your lust for possession and power, your hideous wars, your quarreling beliefs! Is there no better way?" The whole art of antiquity is a protest against war, a great impassioned plea for Peace.

* As mummies were shipped for manure during the reign of the Khedive Ismail — sacrifices to the modern God, Commercialism! (MacCoan, viii, 168)

Yet for what is left to us we cannot be thankful enough. These "Three Woman-figures of Mystery" (illustration)—often called the "Three Fates," although no one knows what they mean or whom they stand for—have more to give us, even in their mutilation, than grandeur of conception or points in scholarship and plastic technic. Dedicated to religion, with comparatively few exceptions, they are fragrant with the aroma of Divine Aspiration—the very heart of Peace. Tender and sweet and true, wrapped like far mountains in purple mist, in an atmosphere of ineffable devotion, they are messages from soul to soul. They bridge all gaps of time or experience or space.

There is time for but a brief glance at two other masterworks of the Great Period in Greece, to which we owe such a supreme debt. In the well-known *Hermes* of Praxiteles (illustration) we have another plea for peace from the heart of an outraged past, and in spite of mutilations one can note in it the transition from the classic, restrained dignity, and the largeness, so to speak, of Pheidian art, to a gentler and more lovable style. It is tenfold precious to us because not a copy, as so many of our great art monuments are, but an original, and it has reached us, barring the marks of violence and the missing parts, just as it left the master's hand.

Another pathetic witness is a Polykleitan statue of presumably the same period, believed to be also a *Hermes*, from the little broken wings still indicated on the mutilated head. Wonderfully gentle and beautiful it is. The modeling of the torso betrays the hand of a master of technic, and yet there is a certain physical stamp upon it, characteristic of the athlete statues of that school, which, were it not for the head, might make it pass muster for a rarely skilled work of our own time. The lovely head, however, forbids, for its beauty of contour proclaims it as belonging to quite another age. And aside from that it has that indefinable spiritual something which the modern, larger, heavier head lacks.

When we remember, in examining these great works which appeal so to the heart, that to the wonder of contour in Greek sculpture was added the wonder of color, we can realize better what time and war have lost for us.

During her first journey around the world in the interest of Universal Brotherhood and International Peace, Mme. Tingley was accorded while in Athens the unusual privilege of viewing some marble finds of priceless value, at the time uncatalogued and wholly unknown

to the public. Although badly disfigured, they still bore traces of the original color, and color so applied that, to quote her words, "it became as it were integral with the marble, almost as if the latter were pellucid and the color were light showing through." Recently, referring to the Greek method of applying color to marble, she said, "This is a lost art; but the secret of it will at the right time be recovered. *We are not ready for it yet.*"

The tragedy of war's desecration is expressed, almost as if foreseen, in the work of Scopas (illustration), one of the six great sculptors of the Golden Age of art in Greece, and contemporary with Pheidias, Polykleitos and Praxiteles. We know his work at first hand only by a few fragments remaining from the sculptures done by him for the Temple of Athena Alea, at Tegea in Arcadia.

The two heads earliest found, as the illustration shows, are as strangely modern as some of the Egyptian portraits, and make us loath indeed to claim originality in present-day plastic interpretation. Note how wonderfully they express the typical restlessness, the passionate intensity, the unappeased sense of longing and the fiery "push" so characteristic of the modern mind, and which so many of our younger sculptors are now striving to express. These glories, disfigured, ruined, battered, broken and soiled, are all that is left of the gift that antiquity, in that one little corner of Hellas, prepared to place in our hands for our instruction and delight — and we never saw the beneficent intent until too late.

One perceives the same unvoiced tragedy in the face of the Demeter of Knidos (illustration) one of the loveliest statues in the world, even with the marks of violence and neglect upon it, and one far too little known.

This statue was found at Knidos within the enclosure dedicated to the "Three Divinities of the Underworld," and is undoubtedly intended for Demeter, sorrowing for the lost Persephone (Kore). But there is far more in it than the expression of a personal sorrow, for if nothing else this statue is symbolic, and the deeper sorrow that is portrayed is that of a great Mother-Teacher who mourns for lost and wandering humanity — Kore, in truth. Rare mystical insight is in it, too, and there is prophecy. The face, sibylline in its disciplined reserve, is yet as warm and tender as a mother's face should be, while the beauty and largeness of the torso is sensitively symbolic of Spiritual Creative Life, the Divine Motherhood.

One wonders, viewing this statue, if the unknown artist who conceived it and carried it to a point of such consummate mysticism and beauty, may not have been himself initiated into the very Mysteries founded at Eleusis, on the edge of Athens, ages ago. The fact that there did exist at Eleusis an ancient center of spiritual instruction (its battered ruins our present evidence to mistaken "Christian" zeal) is enough to show that back of its foundation must have lived and worked some individual. "Blessed is the man who is given these rites to know," runs the old Homeric Hymn to Demeter — Demeter-Kore, Divine Mother and Maid in one, the Goddess of Law and Order, the nourisher of spiritual life, whose mystic Son is Iacchos, "the reborn," "only-begotten," *i. e.*, the Higher Self in man.

On plates of precious gold the followers of Orphism used to engrave fragments from the Orphic Mystery-teachings, placing these in the tomb for the guidance of the soul after death, while it was still confused and searching its way through the portals of the Underworld. One of these is significant in its reference to Demeter as the refuge, the abiding-place, the friend. (For what is the Underworld but itself symbolic of the soul's probation and experience when *in this life* it passes through the death of selfishness and is mystically reborn into the knowledge of its Divinity, as Iacchos, the Higher Self? So many avenues are compassed in all great art!) But to the citation:

Pure, and issued from what is pure, I come towards thee, O Queen of the Underworld, and towards you, Eucles, Euboleus, and towards you all, immortal gods, *for I boast of belonging to your race*. I have escaped the dread circle of profound grief, and with my swift feet have entered the desired realm, and *have descended into the bosom of the Queen of the Underworld*.

H. P. Blavatsky, who by her writings has thrown more light upon the long-lost wisdom of the ancients than any other writer or researcher of modern times, identifies Demeter with the Kabiri, "the mighty gods as well as mortals," and she adds:

They are truly "the great, beneficent and powerful Gods," as Cassius Hermone calls them. (See Macrobius, *Sat.*, I, iii, p. 376). At Thebes, *Kore and Demeter, the Kabirim*, had a sanctuary, and at Memphis the Kabiri had a temple so sacred that none, excepting the priests, were suffered to enter its holy precincts. (Pausanias, ix, 22). But we must not, at the same time, lose sight of the fact that the Kabiri, the mighty gods as well as mortals, *were of both sexes*, as also terrestrial, celestial and cosmic. . . . They were also, in the beginning of time, *the rulers of mankind*. When incarnated as Kings of the "divine Dynasties," they gave

the first impulse to civilizations, and directed the mind with which they had endued men, to the invention and perfection of all the arts and sciences. Thus the Kabiri are said to have appeared as the benefactors of men, and as such they have lived for ages in the memory of nations. . . . What Isis-Osiris, the once living Kabiria, has done in Egypt, that *Ceres (Demeter)* is said to have done in Sicily; they all belong to one class.—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 363-4 (*Italics added*)

In the light of this special research the Knidian statue justifies the emphasis given to it as a work that is both mystical and profoundly symbolic. It takes on a new and deeper meaning. The eyes look into the future through veil after veil, as if the Goddess foresaw the tragedies that were to come to orphaned humanity when the Mysteries should have perished. But there is in them something, also, that sees beyond these veils the Promise of a New Day.

It is the Spirit of Antiquity that we feel in this great work, in its most prophetic and chastened expression. Modern sculptors may copy the outer form, which experts have analysed to the limit in the belief that it holds the secret of that expression. But the secret is not there, nor will they ever succeed on the basis of the material. The secret is spiritual devotion, and it lies in the artist's own heart-life. Without it all the technic, all the brain-mind knowledge in the world, can never endue bronze or marble with the living light of soul.

This brings us to perhaps the most fundamental aspect of our subject, and one that would require a volume for anything like a satisfactory elucidation — the indebtedness of modern art to the mythologies and myth forms of the past. The student has but to glance down the aisles of any gallery of sculpture or the pages of any museum catalog to realize that one could hardly overstate the dignity and importance of this gift, for the old *mythoi* forged the models of mind-stuff on which the greater monuments of the past have been built.

The gods and goddesses, as already shown, were to the ancient mind no mere aesthetic fancies as they are to us, but ever-living, ever-loving, ever-present Divine Realities, to be served and summoned in pure devotion and to be immortalized in temple and painting and statue, on vase and coin and carved gem. Abstract from Greek art-subjects Olympian Zeus and Athena, Perseus and Theseus, Apollo, Artemis and the hero Herakles, Hermes and Dionysos and the Homeric heroes and queens and kings, and how much have we left? Athlete statues, and superb ones, to be sure, and portrait heads that will be our models for the impersonal touch in portraiture for cen-

turies to come, and that wonderful bronze cow that one time graced the loveliest spot in Athens, they tell us, and that carried the fame of Myron farther in his day than any other work by his hand; and — ?

Let us consider this point a moment, we who scoff at these old fairyland “fictions.” What molded Greek portraiture to the idealistic expression that it became? Obviously, the old traditional rendering and study of the heads of Divinities. What has rendered the athlete statues of Myron and Polykleitos imperishable, even before the apology of copies? Ask the wonderful gold and ivory statue of Hera done by Polykleitos for the Heraeum of Argos, lost of course now but famed in its day as equal to the great Pheidias Zeus. Consult contemporary accounts of the work of Myron and see the fame he won for his statues of gods and goddesses. The Polykleitan Hermes already shown, tells the story of an enfolding atmosphere of spiritual ideals which touched the most physical of motifs, making them open to the Eternal Light. As for the cow — the ancient artist, as shown by the Hathor Cow already mentioned, knew better than we know the place of animal life in evolution’s infinite scale, and to him all Nature spoke of the Divine and her every aspect was symbolic. So that when all is said and done, the *mythoi* of antiquity stand out as our primal heritage, and are the veil behind veil in any consideration of Greek art. The path blazed by Lessing may be followed far beyond his light, with the certainty of finding a much greater light.

If artists only realized the extent and greatness of what antiquity has to yield, they would be the most enthusiastic of archaeologists, instead of being, as is now the case with only rare exceptions, almost more indifferent to that branch of science than any other. On the other hand, if the archaeologist could add to his own marvelous equipment of knowledge the draftsman’s training, carried sufficiently far at least to give him the artist’s point of view, he would find new worlds at his feet and the power to conquer them. If both would work in wholehearted co-operation in this effort to uncover and re-interpret the past of the race, they would turn into the clogged channels of modern life the Pristine Waters. But they do not understand each other at present and so each does his work apart. No wonder modern art in so many of its aspects is drifting. No wonder that hysterias and manias keep breaking out in the art-world — post-impressionism, cubism, futurism, vorticism, and goodness knows what others. These things hold no promise; they can have but a false life;

they are but evidences of morbidity, gospels of self and separateness; they are keynotes of decay.

The uniting, binding, selfless, and synthetic note must be the keynote of the new period in art which Katherine Tingley declares is already opening out. H. P. Blavatsky, foreseeing the present crisis with its needs, wrote her masterwork, *The Secret Doctrine*, a synthesis of science and religion. To make this synthetic keynote ring true, the School of Antiquity was founded, a direct continuation of the earlier Teacher's work. The synthesis of art training and archaeological study in this School is but a single harmonic chord among many.

But only that School can give this needed training, which has the secret of unity. For study, in the Theosophic interpretation, is something more than the mere copying of a model or the examination of the treasures unearthed by pick and spade. It demands as a first condition a certain humility of spirit which renders the student able to get below form to the laws surrounding it and the spirit which endues it. It results in that enlightened perception which, knowing those laws, can discriminate unfailingly between what is excellent and what is poor, between what has a message to the spiritual and that which speaks only to sensation. In a word, it demands, quite in addition to required application to books or clay or pencil, that brooding, meditative spirit of research in which the mind can no more resist the inflow of a divine stream of knowledge than the pebbles of a brook can help being cleansed by the flowing over them of the waters.

The noble monuments of antiquity should be to us as spiritual scripts, to be studied in this spirit of aspiration and by the lamp of an inner peace. They are life's wordless Bibles, its Upanishads in color and in stone. Something happens to the student who loves them in this light, something greater and far more wonderful than any legacy of mere technical knowledge, although such study, rightly directed, includes that too. For antiquity's gift to art is something more than her monuments, however precious these may be. These are but steps to stand upon to reach the ultimate gift, which is the spirit of devotion behind them and the philosophy of life which kept that devotion pure.

We have no gallery of Greek sculpture at our doors as yet — though when the time comes we shall have; but we have the spirit of antiquity with us, none the less. Some day, when at peace with yourself, spend an hour quietly and alone with the mysteriously beau-

tiful Mayan stelae in the California Building at our Exposition. Other things will pass and be forgotten, but these great sculptured shafts, breathing the spiritual life of remote antiquity and the art-symbolism of a mighty yet vanished race, permeating as they do the very environment with an atmosphere of devotion — these will remain with you always, for they are eternal. If the builders of our Exposition had done no more than make it possible to bring to our gates the "Leaning Stela" alone, they would have done enough to warrant every effort.

A TREE THAT HAS LIVED FOR AGES

AMONG the antiquities of America must certainly be reckoned the sequoia trees, if an age of 3200 years is to be considered old.

Moreover, they are modern as well as ancient, for they are not yet dead. The Sequoia National Park in California contains 1,166,000 of them, of which the following are the largest: the General Sherman, height 280 feet, diameter 36.5; Abraham Lincoln, 270 feet and 31; William McKinley, 291 feet and 28. From one of these giants 3000 fence posts and 650,000 shingles were cut, leaving hundreds of cords of firewood unused. The age is estimated by counting the growth-rings, and Ellsworth Huntington counted the rings in seventy-nine that were over 2000 years, three that were over 3000, and one that was 3150. We have only to recount the events of history to realize with awe that this tree was a sapling in 1200 B. C., and was standing through all we know of ancient Grecian and Roman history. These growth-rings afford a fine illustration of the way in which time records itself; on some of them may be seen the records of ancient forest fires, and who knows what other events might also be deciphered if earnest attention were given to the subject? It becomes easier to understand how time may be an eternal present, rolled up somewhere in the immensities of space, and ready to be unrolled and read by the properly equipped historian. E.



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ONE OF THE AVENUES OF ROYAL PALMS NEAR HAVANA



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A CUBAN COUNTRY HOME

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL: by E. A. Neresheimer



THE solution of the problems of human life is to be sought for in *Spiritual Causes*.

To know these causes implies a knowledge of what human life is, and — who knows what this life really is?

One need not hasten to the conclusion that so vast a knowledge cannot exist in any human being, for we do not know the depths of human knowledge or consciousness.

On re-reading, for the purposes of closer study, some volumes of the former weekly Theosophical publication, the *Century Path*, comprising the issues of the years 1906-1911, I find them to be a veritable compendium of a perfect science of life. I find that premiss, argument and conclusion are very different from the prevailing, but unripe groping notions of current literature professedly contributory to such a science of life, or even from the specializing pleas and theories whether sociological, religious or scientific, which are little better; none of the latter in their deepest reflections being invested with the consideration of a spiritual basis of cosmos and man.

The object of all knowledge being *man*, the efforts of these Theosophic publications are directed towards affirming the “universal correspondence between all parts of nature” on which depends the understanding of man’s true position and relation to everything else. As much as one succeeds in knowing of *himself*, that much will he know of the rest of the universe, for the whole universe is reflected in man (from below and from above) by reason of his immemorial evolution and his potential divinity; but only that quality of knowledge becomes realizable to him that he has made himself responsive to — the rest remaining latent, till evolved. This literature touches, therefore, sometimes with graphic emphasis, on many entirely new and profounder aspects of life, many of which are solemnly recondite to be sure, and others which should be quite obvious are still so unfamiliar that — though facts — they pass us by unobserved. The serious student should be much encouraged by such a consistent presentation of new phases of plain facts and sound principle, gleaned from the wisdom of the ages, and, indeed, no more conscientious diligence and pure devotion was ever dedicated to the service of a sacred trust than is evidenced in the transmission of these lofty but immensely practical teachings of Theosophy.

These writings are permeated by a luminous optimism, founded as they are on a philosophic concept of the *Universality* of the *Divine*

Presence throughout life and nature; on the potential perfectibility of all things, from atom up to and including man; and especially on the affirmation of an ideally superior *Ethical Principle* identical with spiritual causes, towards which all "creation" tends, and that therefore all rule of action pertaining to human life — if man is to fulfil his destiny — must *eventually* conform to this basic eternal decree of life and nature.

H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, gave once more during the last century, a spiritual and mental impulse, and also the significant keynote to this science of sciences in her monumental works, *Isis Unveiled*, *The Secret Doctrine*, *The Key to Theosophy*, and in numerous other didactic writings, containing a most comprehensive structure of fundamental doctrines which underlie the wondrous facts of the spiritual Origin, Constitution and Destiny of Cosmos, Nature and Man; supporting this by a wealth of corroborative proofs assembled from ancient records of symbology, mythos, traditions, philosophies and religions, as well as copious evidences confirming many of these unusual tenets educed from the store of learned investigators of modern times. Unspeakable gratitude, therefore, is due to this illustrious Teacher from all the students who as a result of her life-work have found a scientific anchorage for their innate and intuitive aspirations; especially from those who are now fortunate as being instrumental in lighting the dark paths of others, by conscientiously throwing that rich heritage of Light on so many vital and absorbing questions. The joy of life is *to give!* These disciples of Theosophy compose the literary craftsmen under the guidance of the present Leader of this most serious of ethical World-Movements, a Teacher whose genius is ever to give — to give the bread of life to the hungry seekers after truth!

Many years of unremitting, unrecorded sacrifices on the part of the legitimate three Theosophic Leaders have been witness to the strenuous task of unseating gross errors and false conceptions in a world of moral obtuseness, as also to the upbuilding of a rational, consistent, scientific basis for ethics, showing evolutionary purpose and a *true justification for existence*. And now, owing to the fortunate succession of these *Master Builders*, there have been congregated, by degrees, for voluntary work in a beneficent cause, an increasing number of scholars, artists, poets, tutors and scientists of great ability and of every specialty of learning: all of whom are, by

their own choice, consecrating their lives and service to this greatest of all causes — the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity.

The stability and permanency of the Theosophical Movement, though assured of success by its singular inherent force from its very inception, have, since the year 1896, through the opening of many practical avenues, and precisely consonant with the spirit of the Esoteric Doctrine of the Ages, evolved into the perfected organization conducted by the present Leader, Katherine Tingley. The successful Râja-Yoga system of education for children and young people; the training of numerous students in arts, crafts, sciences and philosophy; the opportunity for leading an ethical life of continuous service in humanity's collective interest without worldly remuneration: all these efforts are set in surroundings unequaled on the face of the earth for climate, appointments and most unique architecture, at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California. From here emanates a wholly new and joyous message competent to direct the successive and inevitable unfoldment of man's royal possibilities. The chief object of modern Theosophy is to demonstrate the essential unity of all life, in short, a philosophy of the progress and evolution of humanity which is much beyond the relatively ephemeral and merely economic aspect of development.

The optimism which shines so clearly in the teachings contained in the volumes of *The Century Path* referred to, consists in the inner attitude toward the Divine, in an unequivocal insistence on the universality of the Law of Compassion, and in man's potentiality of perfection. The following pregnant sentences are quoted from some of the articles: "All growth is from within outward. There are no unconnected events in human life. Evolution means widening of consciousness, an eternal cycle of becoming. Perfection is our human Destiny. Nature will not tolerate evil. Privileges cannot be separated from duties. Within oneself lies the key to all knowledge. Egos are the earth-garmented rays of the One-Self. Life is eternal uncreated energy. True liberty is living up to the Law. Conditions and environments are only incidental to the growth of the soul. Gifts of charity to the deserving are as contributions unto the Gods. The proof of truth is its universal application." — Hence the cardinal doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma are constantly referred to and elaborated with helpful explanations, objections are met, and the logical force of these teachings is emphasized and made living.

A substantial moral guiding thread pervades the whole of Theosophic literature — a literature having for a standard the vast scope of the archaic facts and truths of the Wisdom-Religion, *Theosophy*, so liberally unveiled in the constructive philosophic teachings contained in the two volumes entitled *The Secret Doctrine*, published by the chief Founder, H. P. Blavatsky. In the mass of subjects treated of in *The Secret Doctrine*, there are many hints of recondite truths which it will take decades, perhaps centuries, to become generally understood and accepted as actual facts. Some of these are tactfully brought forward by the present Teacher and Leader of the Movement as the exigencies of the times warrant. It may be justly averred that the authorized literature emanating from the Theosophic center at Point Loma is in fact a continuous commentary on that extraordinary work. Hardly a single number of the many publications issued from Headquarters fails to contain some fresh and unexpected sidelight on abstruse topics found in the original teachings and of vital interest to every sincere student, inasmuch as the range of thought is sometimes so vast that it would be wholly unsolvable from a less comprehensive standpoint. The manner of treatment is not exclusively intellectual, but appeals to the use of faculties and certain ethical laws not yet universally recognized. Consequently, if the Leader and staff were not attuned to the ethic precepts inculcated in Theosophy as a *sine qua non*, all the learning and good intent could not accomplish such consistent agreement between the fundamental structure of doctrine and its successful application to every conceivable issue of science, ethics, newly discovered facts and events of practical life, without falling short at some point; nor could the most refined intellect, *minus* a true moral basis, attain to that profound insight into the many complex problems which arise, and for which a solution can only be sought in their relation to spiritual causes.

Those students who have followed with any degree of attention these priceless Theosophic publications emanating from the International Center during the last twenty years, cannot have failed to note an unusual penetration and introspective power in the suggestions and ideas brought forward. They should have been, thereby, much aided in formulating for themselves a real perspective, and in solving their own problems; perchance, too, in helping others who still stand in perplexity before a blank wall of negation.

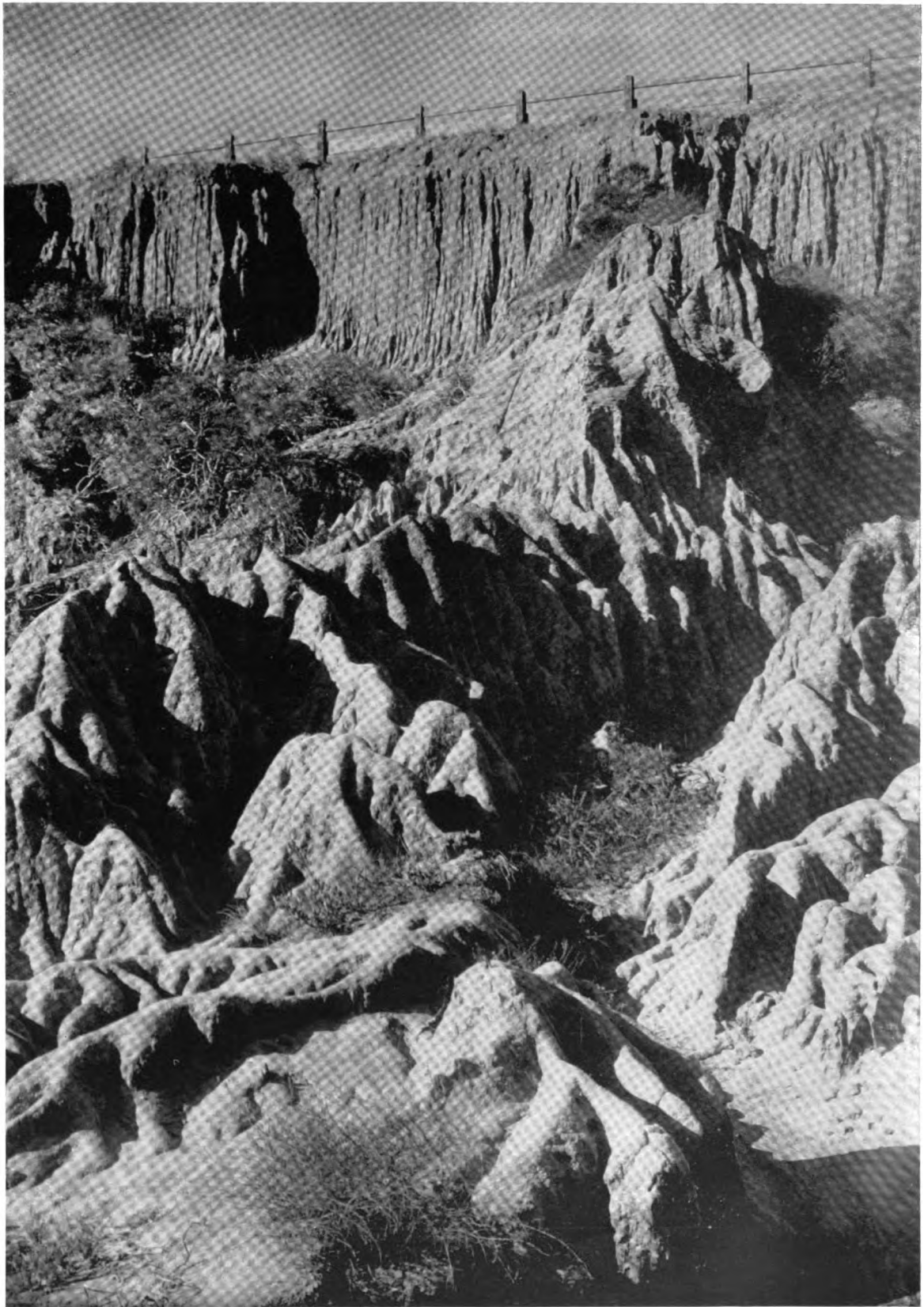
Wisdom is bound up with Right Conduct.



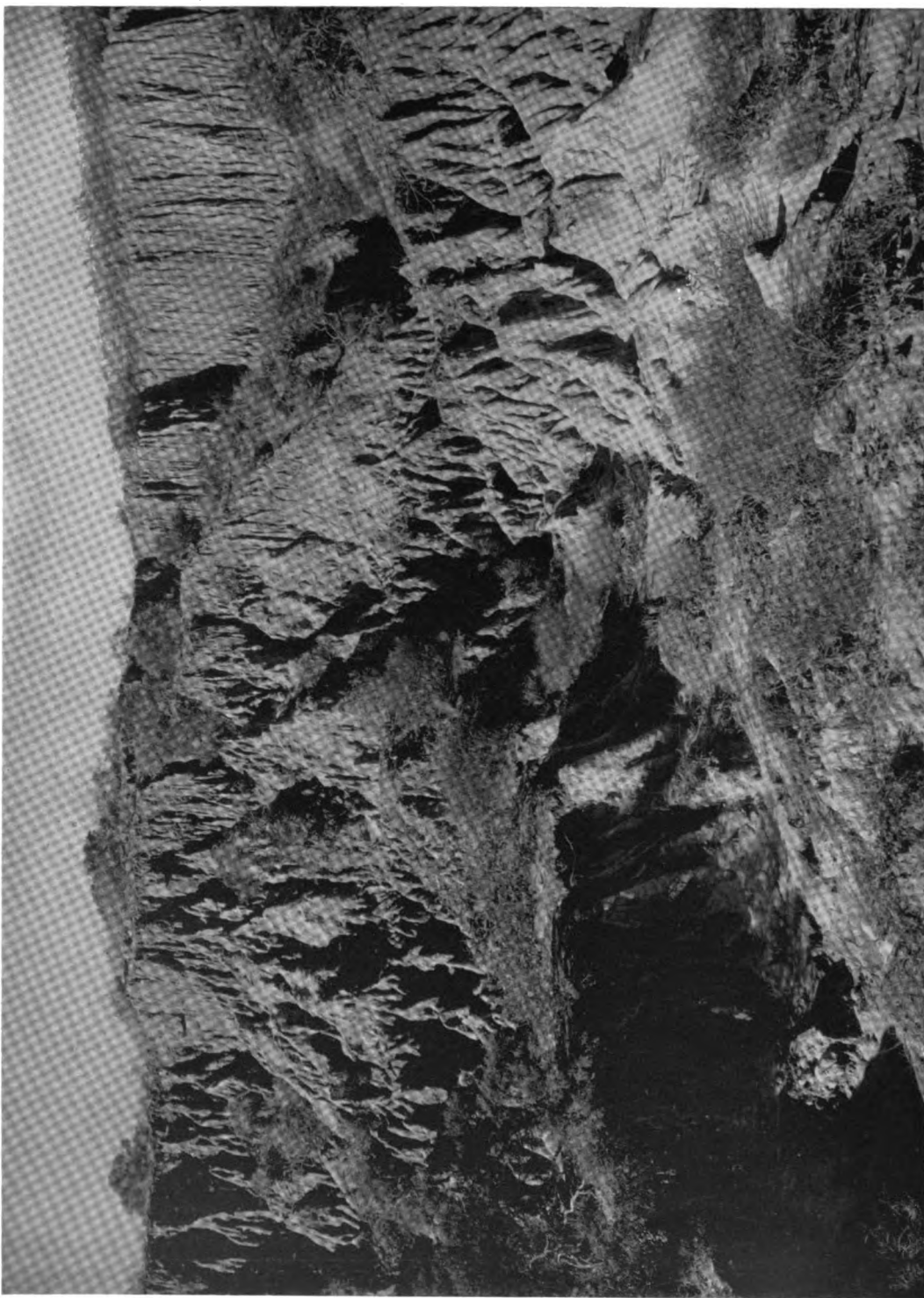
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THIS AND THE FOLLOWING THREE ILLUSTRATIONS ARE FROM PHOTOS OF INTERESTING WEATHER EFFECTS THROUGH
LONG AGES ON POINT LOMA SOIL

Some of these ravines are very interesting to both geologist and artist.







A SWEDISH THEOSOPHIST: by H. Coryn, M. R. C. S.; M. D.



THEOSOPHY makes itself felt, as it were, inductively as well as directly. It is in the air, and everywhere stimulating the thought of truth-searchers. In every country there thinkers working out systems of thought.

One of these thinkers, dying some years ago, was a Swede, Gustav Björklund, whose chief book has been translated under the title *Death and Resurrection*. He has tried to re-think the universe, with man physical and mental as his guide. We get the argument from design in an original and convincing form.

He has first to establish life as a force *sui generis*, not as one of the physical forces of science but as their intelligent employer. In modern physiology it is not even one of them; it is a mere name which is given to their organic interplay.

But its action is entirely distinct and opposed. *They* tend to static equilibrium; the body which is hotter gives to that which is cooler; the universe tends to come to a uniform temperature and all interactions to cease. The chemical compounds will settle down to their stablest and stay there; the universe will be dead.

Against this, life effectively protests. It, on the contrary, is ever producing *unstable*, elaborated, highly complex compounds. As fast as they settle back to stability, to death, it upbuilds new ones. The universe has had an infinity of time to settle back to death; but as far as we know it is as alive, as unstably complex, as un-uniform as ever. There is an absolute gap between the two processes, what may be called the natural one and the vital. We may artificially assemble in the laboratory all the elements and forces of nature—using the word “nature” in this restricted sense—all that go to make up living beings. But unless we have a microscopic living being to help, we shall not get life. The tendency downward, inertia, will not long be stayed.

From this we draw the extremely important conclusion that all organic matter is a *product of art*, that is, a product which the forces of nature cannot spontaneously produce. . . . No effect, whatever its nature, can exist without cause; and further, every effect must have sufficient cause. If therefore we have established that natural forces can no more produce organisms than steam engines, we have also proved that these things would never have come into existence if the inorganic forces had been left to themselves. Neither organisms nor steam engines would exist because they have no cause in the material world.

Life, acting thus so differently from “nature,” Björklund iden-

tifies with conscious *will*. Its working in the chain of cause and effect is different from nature's. In nature the cause of any mechanical occurrence is the sum of mechanical occurrences that went before and led up to it. But with will and art the *final result* is the cause of the occurrences that led up to it. The completed painting, or the artist's desire for it and anticipation of it, is the cause of the chemical compounds he makes on his palette and of the electro-chemical changes in his brain and muscles which he causes to serve him. All these, mechanically speaking, led up to it; but in another sense it came before them. His will was a foreign injection into natural processes.

Each cell in the body is then the result of the intrusion of an element or monad of conscious will, in among the physical forces guiding them to an end which alone they would not have attained, causing them to build something unstable instead of sinking back to equilibrium and stability. The forces, if they are conscious in their own way — Björklund does not suggest this — know little of the much richer consciousness of the complex cell-life which they serve or manifest. Similarly the cells live a relatively rich and purposeful life of their own quite apart from and inferior to that of the indwelling human soul which they serve. They know little of his life and he little of theirs. Their co-operation enables him to do things of which they can form no conception. They co-operate as the eye and the ear, not knowing why; but *he* thereupon sees and hears and understands the world! On the other hand, he, controlling the body, arranging for its due food, sunlight, cleanliness and health, serves them. The touch which at this place Björklund does not give is that they gain enormously in their evolution, in the growth of their consciousness, by their association with man. They do assimilate, within their capacities, something from his consciousness; and in the acts and states of mind which he permits himself, he is fulfilling or neglecting his duty to them. *This* interaction Björklund refers to later. Of the more obvious one he says:

But however natural this interaction is, it is nevertheless a wonder above all wonders. The world that exists to the soul does not exist to the cells and *vice-versa*. They have an entirely different conception of the world in which they live. They have different apprehensions, feelings and wants, and perform accordingly different functions. But in spite of this, they are, as we have seen, within certain limits so intimately connected that these different comprehensions and labors are interlinked with each other, regulating one another as accurately as the wheels in a clock.

At this point Björklund appears to desert one of his own principles. He says:

From the relationship existing between the soul and the cells it appears that the former cannot live independent of the latter. The soul receives its entire individuality, all its qualities, forces and faculties through the organism built by the cells, which therefore must exist before the soul can exist as the real unity in the organism.

But, having properly refused to allow the life of the cell to be a *product* of the coming together of the physical forces and elements (being the *cause* of that coming together), he cannot allow the life of the soul to be a product of the coming together of the separate lives of the cells. The analogy holds: the will of the soul is the cause of the aggregation of unit cell-lives into ever more perfect unity. Those who know nature as science does not, say that the cause of organization is *the will to manifest* of some ideal higher form of life.

The desertion was only apparent, for he goes on:

This does not mean that the soul is an empty form void of independent existence. Even before the cells have combined into an organic unit the soul is potentially present in them in the form of the wants that force them to upbuild the organism, and this organism is that of the soul, not that of the cells, of which each possesses its individual organism.

The lack of a Theosophical touch now makes itself felt. Björklund thinks that the soul (of the man) is "inseparably united" with those of the cells. When death occurs they accompany him and form a new and higher organism with which he lives in the same relation with a spiritual environment as here with a physical.

According to Theosophy the souls of the cells of his body scatter into nature at his death, become associated with and into other life organisms, have their energies refreshed and are gradually made ready to meet him on his return to earth, at his reincarnation. Vital-ly speaking, his body is the same, or nearly so, as before. He is the permanent regent of that thronging world of little lives. There are many curious bearings of physical Karma hidden here. Even the physical thread of continuity is not really broken.

Björklund now presses the analogy of man and cell in a remarkable manner. God is for him that existence which is to man as man to the cells of his body.

To God he (man) is what the cell is to man, a living part in His organism. . . Although limited to that life (of its own) the cell may literally be said to be man's

image—but an image of a very singular kind. The cell does not reproduce man's traits as does a photograph or a statue, but within its lower realm it mirrors the fundamental qualities of the original on a very reduced scale. . . . Experience shows that the cell may live in a veritable natural state, but it is also, because of the presence of the (human) soul in its innermost being, capable of a high culture, for the development of which it receives constant impulses and stimulations from the soul. . . . In the same sense man may be said to be the image of God. (Even in the natural state) he feels the spirit of God present in him because he is an original part of God's own organism. In his conscience and his religious feeling man not only comprehends distinctly the presence of God in his inner being but constantly receives also impulses, incitements and aspirations to develop that perfect life and heavenly kingdom of which he is called by his high origin and divine birth to become a citizen. . . . In this light, in this perfectness, man is a part of the divine entity. This life in God's eternal consciousness is man's primary and original existence. Only in a secondary meaning is he a self-existent personality and is then no more identical with God than the cell is with man.

Björklund has not pressed his analogy quite far enough. For as the soul is an *evolving* life, gaining steps in its evolution through its association with cell-life, through embodied life and experience: so "God" must also be an evolving life, evolving through experience in humanity. In other words, Björklund's "God" is the manifested *Logos*, not the absolute divine.

But how near has this original thinker come to the primeval philosophy, to Theosophy itself!

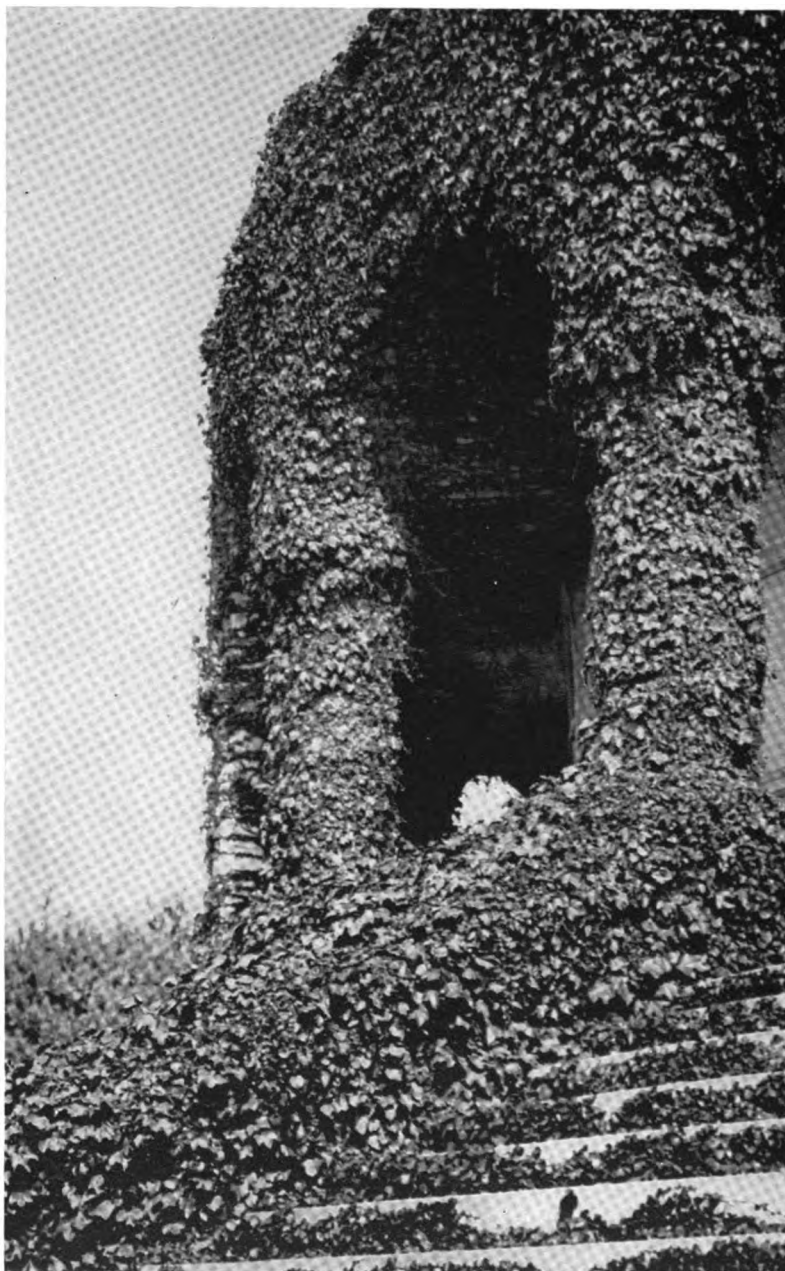


The Greek poets and mythologists took the idea of the Caduceus from the Egyptians. The Caduceus is found as two serpents twisted round a rod, on Egyptian monuments built before Osiris. The Greeks altered this. We find it again in the hands of Aesculapius assuming a different form to the wand of Mercurius or Hermes. It is a cosmic, sidereal or astronomical, as well as a spiritual and even physiological symbol, its significance changing with its application. Metaphysically, the Caduceus represents the fall of primeval and primordial matter into gross terrestrial matter, the one Reality becoming Illusion. (See *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 550.) Astronomically, the head and tail represent the points of the ecliptic where the planets and even the sun and moon meet in close embrace. Physiologically, it is the symbol of the restoration of the equilibrium lost between Life, as a unit, and the currents of life performing various functions in the human body.—*H. P. Blavatsky*.



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THE NORTH SIDE OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VINE-COVERED STEPS OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE, AT THE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS,
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

ALCOHOLISM AND OTHER HABITS: by H. Travers, M. A.



WE hear it said that occidental races, long addicted to the use of alcohol, have by that usage acquired an immunity against the ill effects of the drug; and that these races are thereby superior, in this respect, to uncivilized races, who are powerfully affected and rapidly killed by alcoholic indulgence. This circumstance is often spoken of as though it were a great advantage to the civilized races; and from it and others like it are drawn general conclusions in support of a philosophy of immunization by indulgence. But before general rules are drawn, the subjects adduced in support thereof should be carefully gone into and looked at from all sides; for this may save us many mistakes.

The fact that a man may have a constitution that enables him to indulge in alcoholic liquors all his life without much apparent loss of ability to work and enjoy himself, without incurring any noticeable disease, and seemingly without shortening his life, does not imply that he is not injuring himself. On the contrary, it is arguable that the mere fact of his *not* succumbing to the drug, and that he is consequently able to continue his indulgence for a very long period, may be fraught with more harm than if speedy disability or death were to cut short the period of his indulgence. Of course, if we are going to take the view that that particular man's single life-period is all that matters in the case, then we shall have to modify our views on the temperance question accordingly; for in that case all that is needed is that the man shall pass his life as comfortably as possible consistently with reasonable longevity. But such a philosophy will not do for people who regard human questions on a larger scale. The interests of the race will, in their view, supersede those of the individual. The man's ancestry and posterity enter into the question; he becomes but a link in a chain. Then, too, anyone who holds a logical view as to the immortality of the Soul, must, in considering these questions, have regard to the man's mental, psychic, and spiritual heredity, both retrospective and prospective; for the period of a single life on earth cannot in that case be held as constituting more than an inconsiderable part of the whole destiny of the real Man.

The continued indulgence in alcohol causes the man to live in a kind of perpetual hot bath, whereby certain functions of his body are continually reinforced at the expense of certain other functions which are correspondingly enervated. The familiar phrase that he is "drawing checks on the bank of life" describes part of the process

very aptly, but only part of it; for in addition to weakening the stamina of the body, the man is strengthening those predatory forces which maintain their own strength by depleting the stamina of the body. He is not only drawing checks, but he is increasing the number and insistency of the people who draw the checks — those people being the various organs which draw their sustenance, by means of stimulation, from the pith and marrow of the body. The man is eating himself up; and as that which is eaten grows less, so that which eats waxes ever lustier.

Taking now the case of a man who has indulged liberally, or even to excess, all his life, and, thanks to a good constitution, has presented to the coroner's officer a surprisingly creditable autopsy; let us consider the sequel. First, leaving the question of reincarnation of the individual Ego aside, let us consider the ordinary question of heredity. It is well known that the tendency which the indulgence has set up in the man's body will influence his progeny. Observation reveals the fact that the daughters of hard drinkers, though abstinent themselves, may transmit neurosis, predisposing to further alcoholism, engendering insanity, or causing life-long infirmity, to their own children. In general, alcoholism is now recognized to make for the debilitation of the race. What, then, in view of this wider aspect of the matter, becomes of our boasted immunity? It is now seen to resemble very much the immunity of a man who is "given rope" with which to hang himself, or of a child who escapes timely punishment in order to reap a far greater retribution at the hands of outraged nature for a habit deeply rooted in a too tolerant soil.

Now add the fact of reincarnation, and we arrive at the result that the alcoholic is not merely sowing a bad harvest for posterity but also for himself. Many of us are born with constitutions such as alcoholism engenders — neurotic, over-hot, too sensitive, lacking in balance and stamina. Our physical ancestry may explain the facts of the case; its justice is explained by Karma and Reincarnation. We reap what we have sown; powerful attractions draw the Ego back to familiar surroundings, there to pay off debts, expiate wrongs, and finish and round off whatever was begun and left unfinished. So perhaps after all the savage, who straightway died under the poison, was better off than the man who passed the successful autopsy; perhaps his constitution, not strong enough for further indulgence, was yet strong enough to kill him; perhaps it was he who had the greater strength.

What has been said about alcoholism applies also to many other kinds of stimulation. There are other drugs which, in varying degree, have the effect of exciting some of the organs and thereby causing these organs to feed themselves at the expense of the general stamina. It is known that the stores of strength rendered immediately available by certain coal-tar drugs are drawn from the heart or from the sources that maintain the heart, and weakness of the heart is a result of this form of indulgence. Even such mild things as tea and coffee act as stimulants whose ultimate effect is depressant; indeed, it is pertinent to ask why these things are taken, if not for the sake of the said stimulating action. But apart from drugs and drinks at all, is it not possible to stimulate the more superficial vital functions by other means? Over-eating may do it, or over-excitement — “living on the nerves”; and possibly even this does not exhaust the list of injurious possibilities open to a depraved and neurotic constitution.

Mild stimulation may result merely in a depletion of the lesser reserves of the constitution, and consequently its results may not be far-reaching. But it is possible to carry the mischief to further stages and to tap more recondite resources of strength. *It is possible to draw upon reserves of strength that should naturally be available, not in the present life at all, but in the next incarnation.* This gives a hint of the scientific rationale of the action of Karma transmitted from one life to the next. The old Arabic legend that there is in the human body a certain bone that cannot be destroyed — the bone *Luz*, or resurrection bone — if not literally true, may be true in a less literal sense. For it is surely not unscientific in these days to suggest that there may be more than one kind of material substance in the body, and hence that there may be something left over after death, even though that something be not the ordinary destructible physical material. Perhaps there is some part of the brain, or some cerebral organ, that serves as a storehouse of energy and is used up by narcotization and other forms of self-abuse. In this case, grave and far-reaching may be the mischief wrought on themselves by those people whose boasted immunity is in reality their greatest weakness. The reason why they can indulge *now* with impunity is because they have tapped a deeper store of power.

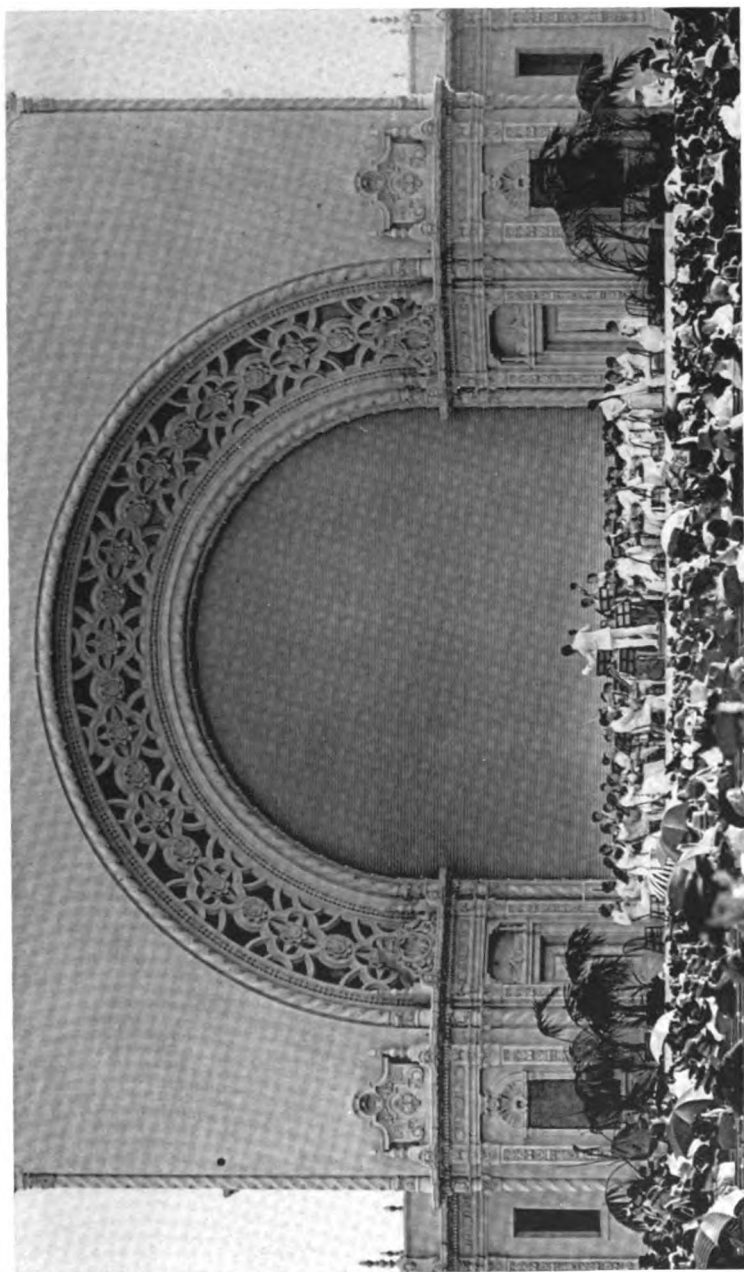
It is to be feared, and indeed some physicians have satisfied themselves, that certain psychic practices are of this nature: that is, the temporary gain they secure is won at the expense of a future break-

down. When it is added that the break-down may be postponed till another life, and that the longer it is postponed the worse it is likely to be, the question becomes still more serious. In fact, we have herein a warning against all psychic practices; for these invariably consist in some sort of stimulation of the more external vital organs — those concerned with physical enjoyment and the feeling of bodily or mental “well-being.” The consequence must eventually be that these functions are strengthened at the expense of those deeper functions whence their strength is derived, and which should control them. In other words, a part of our nature is caused to become predatory and we thereby lose self-control.

One may recall Bulwer-Lytton’s tale of Margrave, the sorcerer who broke the thread that united him to his immortal Soul. The consequence was that the animal soul, thus released from control, flamed up and gave him an abounding and glorious animal vitality at the expense of his whole higher nature. This case must be illustrative of possibilities that man can incur; but the inevitable sequel is the final consumption of all resources and the final and utter destruction of the individual.

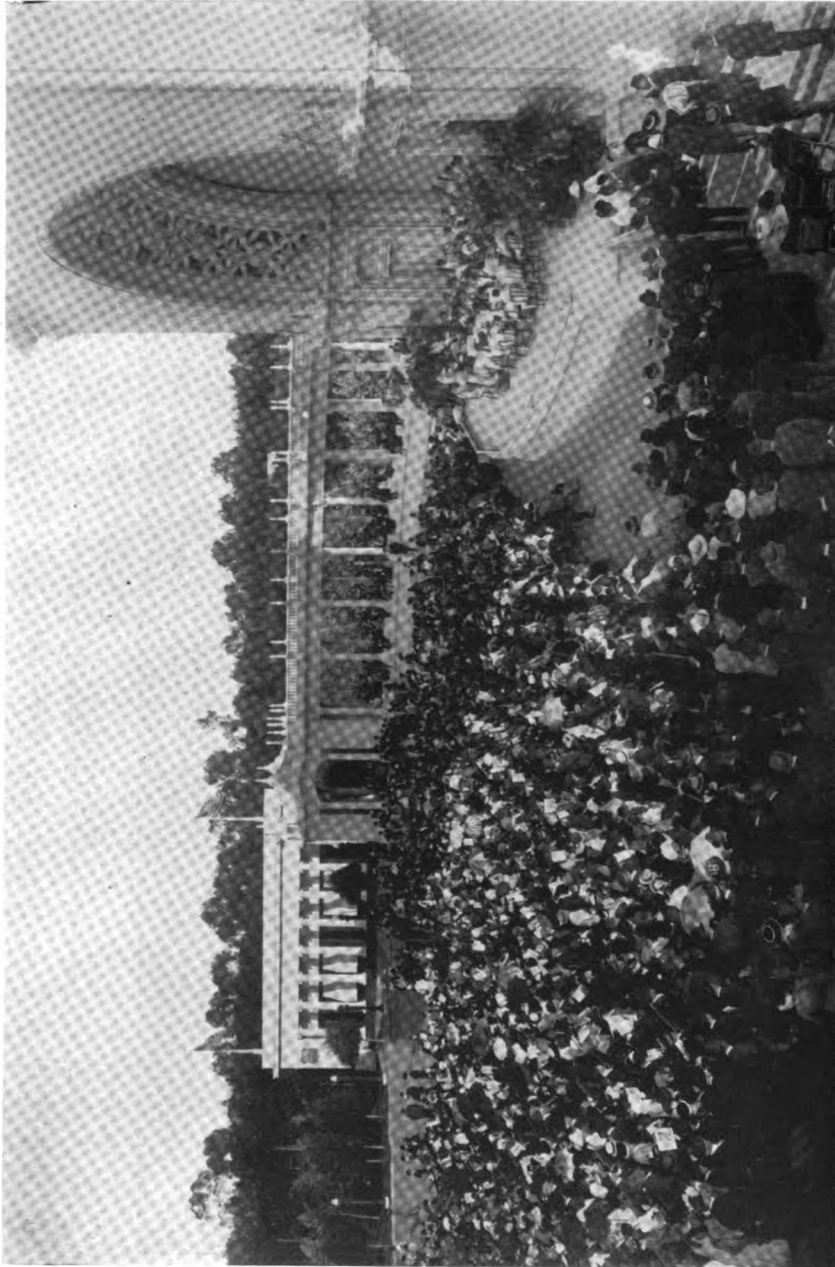
The case as regards alcohol may perhaps be made clearer by reference to other narcotics which do the same thing but in a stronger degree — opium, cocaine, and the like. The terrible nature of these things is all too apparent and admits of no division of opinion as to their merits and demerits. In our drug evil we have a literal translation into modern terms of the old Arabian Nights stories about genii which opened up realms of enchantment to their evokers, but who exacted a pretty price for these favors. Is not opium the genius that unlocks the hidden mysteries of life and doles out to the victim enchanting but selfish joys until the genius has gotten the victim into his awful and ruthless power? And mark — this “beneficent genius” is like a fraudulent trustee, who, concealing from the heir the knowledge of the inheritance, appropriates it and wins gratitude by the payment of a petty interest on the capital. But the illustrations that one might use are almost endless.

The desire for stimulants arises from our living too much in our nerve-ends. Unless our nerves are tingling, we think we are not alive. If you have a habit which you cannot break, you will probably find that it is closely connected with some habit of thought or emotion; and the discovery may help you to break both habits.



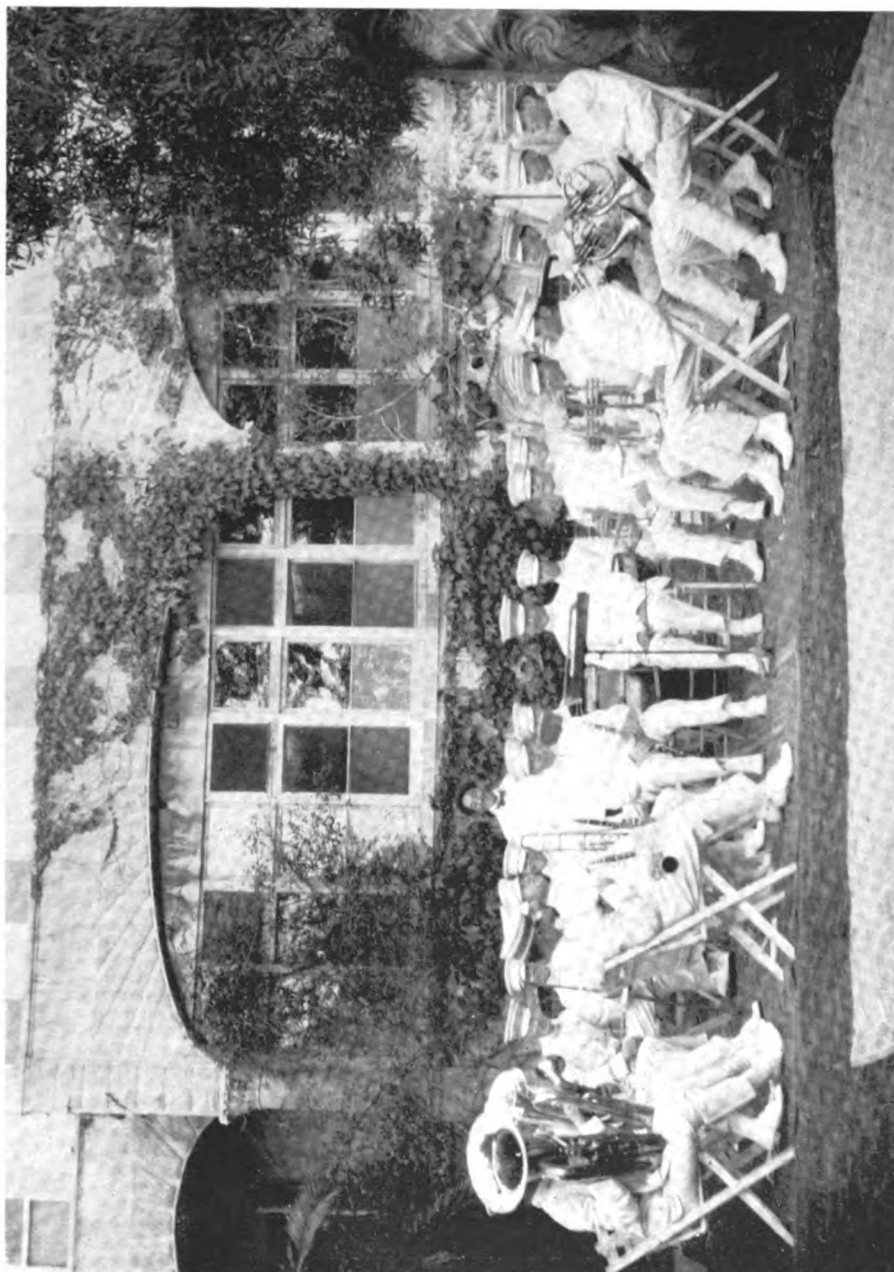
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RĀJA-YOGA INTERNATIONAL ORQUESTRA PLAYING AT THE EXPOSITION — SAN DIEGO DAY
NOVEMBER 17TH, 1915



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THREE THOUSAND LISTENING TO THE RÁJA-YOGA INTERNATIONAL ORCHESTRA PLAYING AT THE
PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION — SAN DIEGO DAY



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE BAND, IN THE GARDENS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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RÂJA-YOGA INTERNATIONAL ORCHESTRA — SAN DIEGO DAY AT THE EXPOSITION

**“TRUE MUSIC IS THE HIGHEST EXPRESSION OF
A PURE AND HARMONIOUS LIFE”: by a Teacher in
the Râja-Yoga College**

THE ANCIENT ATHENIAN IDEAL



THE sphere of music in our day has been too much narrowed, and from it have been excluded certain essential elements. To this fact is due the limited success achieved; and if the sphere of music were duly widened, much greater things might be accomplished. In the ancient Athenian education, the word “music” included much more than it does today. The curriculum was divided into three chief parts, one of which, the musical art, or that branch of learning presided over by the Muses, embraced what might be called the education of the soul; while the other two branches, the grammatic and the gymnastic, provided for the needs of the mind and the body respectively. Music included lyric poetry set to music; choric dancing; the ability to recite with grace and propriety, and in fact the harmonious development of the whole nature; in all of which it was ably supplemented by the other two branches of education.

Hence its accomplishments were grace, harmony, propriety, soulfulness, rhythm, order, balance, proportion, and whatever contributes to a rich and beautiful nature. In our modern musical education we do not find these things attended to. In our rather mechanical way of thinking, we have regarded music as a thing apart, and have directed our efforts too exclusively towards the exact aim. It seems evident that the Athenians regarded music as a part of the art of life, and its pursuit as being auxiliary to a larger aim. With our present-day resources we could surely achieve great results if we abandoned our haphazard methods in favor of something more like this ancient ideal.

It is not too much to say that the many problems that confront composers, performers, and musical teachers may find their complete solution in this one idea — that true music is an essential part of the art of life — and its corollary — that the student should attend to his own nature with a view to rendering it harmonious.

MUSIC AS AN IDEAL IN LIFE

The ultimate ideal of life is vast; and though the eye of the Soul constantly views it, we must rest content with various lesser ideals, all of which, however, are contributory to the general purpose. The

achievement of harmony, the realization of true music, may be regarded as such an ideal. To entertain such a view may come as a relief to people who are tired of regarding the problem of life from other angles. Harmony is often defined as the reconciliation of contraries or the balancing of opposites. There is a contrariety between personal and social interests, and this is harmonized by the music of the true life. If music is the art of combining many diverse and even contrary elements into a sublime harmony, then its lesson when applied to life is that we may reconcile the clashing elements in our character and in our destiny by analogous means. It takes rare moments of inspiration to enable us to see that what appears so discordant in the narrower view, in the wider view is in reality a sublime harmony; but such moments may become more frequent if invited, until perchance we may learn to live permanently on those heights.

Anyone cultivating the art of music in the above spirit, regarding his art as contributory to a larger purpose — the great art of right-living — will find success and joy in his pursuit. And how much more will this be the case if many people, acting together, cherish the same ideal and act from the same motive!

VOCAL MUSIC

One can scarcely imagine anything which brings out the personal quality of the artist more than singing. What technique can make up for the want of a pure and refined nature in the singer? Technique, in such a case, even serves to accentuate the deficiency. The passage from the unself-consciousness, freshness, and spontaneity of childhood to the troubled self-consciousness of a maturer age comes out in the singing voice; as do those defects in the health which ensue on the loss of the child's wonderful balance and purity of constitution. Could the advantages be preserved instead of lost, what results would be achieved! The ripening powers would then build upon a stable foundation. This example alone is enough to show that the general upbringing of the child is an indispensable part of a true musical education.

INSPIRATION AND TECHNIQUE

Form and freedom are a pair of opposites. But harmony is defined as the equilibrium of contraries, and it ought to be able to reconcile the conflicting claims of form and freedom, of inspiration and

technique. The trouble is that, in our mechanical way, we first imagine that the two things are separate, and then try to add them together so as to make a compound; whereas the truth is that they were never separate, but have only become apparently so because we have failed to discern the unity of which they are parts. A true musical education would endow the student or pupil with the spontaneity and power of inspiration and also with the consummate technical ability. The two endowments would be phases of one thing.

UNITED EFFORT

Under present arrangements, no man may touch the work of another, so the work has to be left as it is. Yet, unless the composer was a rare genius, it is bound to contain defects which another man could remedy. A house is not built all by one craftsman. Why the same rule of collaboration should not be applied to musical composition is a question, especially in view of the fact that the principle is recognized in performance. Only one man is allowed to compose the piece, yet it takes a score or two to perform it. Of course the explanation is — personality. The remedy, then, is the elimination of personality as a restrictive factor in creative art — a remedy that could be usefully applied to literature and many other things. There is a large class of people who possess little or no originating power, but great ability to work up materials supplied them. There are others with more originality than adaptive power. Obviously collaboration is indicated. Thus true music is the work of many, not of one; and a genius is really a man who stands on the shoulders of his generation and absorbs everything about him, so that his work is to that extent the work of many. Theft cannot exist where property is held in common, and similarly plagiarism would vanish if nobody cared. If the object were to produce the masterpiece, rather than that *I* shall be the one to achieve it, these questions of proprietorship and plagiarism would not creep in to mar achievement.

MUSIC IN LOMALAND

Doubtless the indefinable charm in the singing and playing of the younger students in Lomaland, as recognized by the visitors to the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, is due to the fact that here music is made part of the whole mode of life. The mode of life and all the education are con-

ducive to harmony, and the musical studies are conducted with a view to the same end. The result, as evinced in the influence exercised on the auditors, is undoubted, but the means by which the effect is produced are not so easy to analyse. Yet we can see the happy healthy faces and easy graceful movements, and can understand how greatly this harmonious condition must facilitate the performance, if only by the absence of the usual obstacles. Then there are unseen channels of influence by which the harmonious lives of these little performers can speak to the inner sense of the auditors. And if the auditors are responsive, they will carry away with them this message in their hearts, and interpret it to themselves afterwards. If they are not thus responsive, perhaps only their outer sense will be gratified and they will fail of the deeper message. Surely the real meaning of artistic impressionability is that the inspiration received should result in noble action and not stop short at a mere exhilaration of the senses. Only thus can the true ideal be attained; otherwise it forever eludes our grasp. To realize music, we must make it in our lives.

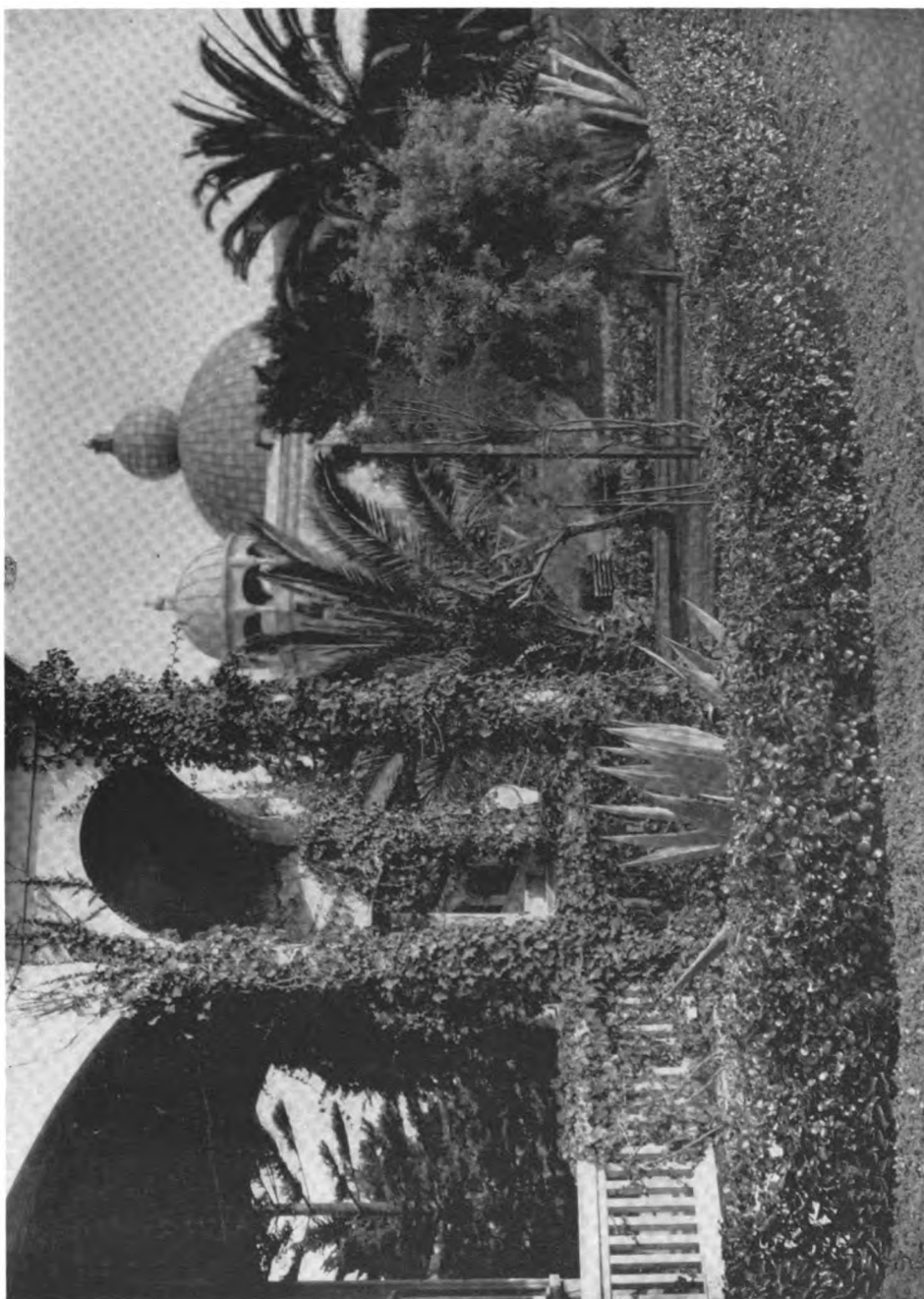
PURPOSES OF THE PURSUIT OF MUSIC

We can pursue an art in satisfaction of our innate aspiration to accomplish beautiful creative work. That is one side of the question. But, though we may not desire auditors, there may be auditors who are not creative geniuses and are therefore dependent on what they hear. So the other side of the question concerns the effects we can produce on those who hear us. Music is a teacher; but, as just said, its appeal should go deeper than the outer senses. It should be capable of inspiring to noble action; it should be able to make people better for the hearing of it. Probably few people go away from music inspired with the desire to live up to what they have heard and felt. But we have seen that music consists of more than mere audible sounds, and that its wider meaning includes a harmony and nobility of life. Hence its influence is felt through other channels than the ear, and appeals to the eye of the spectator who witnesses the results attainable by education on right lines. May we not sum up the purpose of music by describing it as being the realization of harmony in one's own life, in order that one may inspire harmony in the lives of others?



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THE GUEST HOUSE, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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A GLIMPSE OF THE RÁJA-YOGA ACADEMY; ON THE LEFT IS A CORNER OF THE
VERANDA OF A LOMALAND RESIDENCE

PERSONALITY: by Walter J. Baylis, M. A.



WHAT a contrast there is between our own vast consciousness and the definite lines of personality which we present to others! Human beings are like extensive empires which touch only on their frontiers; like countries, they often present their most angular points to their neighbors, thus causing what we may call border difficulties and conflicts. We may think what a peculiar, cantankerous character is A., and wish he were different. But what you see is not A. It is only the aspect or side which A. presents to you; and the view of him which you get depends as much upon yourself as upon A. What you see or know of A. is but the smallest possible part of his totality. Behind the aspect turned towards you there lies a vast continent of emotions, aspirations, and thoughts; and underneath that again deep layers of semi-conscious feelings, mostly unknown perhaps to A. himself.

We are reminded of a famous passage in Shakespeare's *Henry VI*. The Countess of Auvergne has managed to seize the person of Talbot, the mighty British champion in the French wars, but he tells her she has secured but the shadow of himself:

You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity;
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Realizing this, we should be less impatient when our efforts to impress and modify our fellow beings fail. We are endeavoring to influence not some slight organism, but a being of unknown dimensions and hidden powers. Even ourselves we do not know thoroughly, nor can we make ourselves exactly as we would like to be. How then can we expect to make others as we would wish them to be?

In man, as in the universe, there is something infinite; that is his share of the divine nature. Full harmony among human beings can only be attained in the depths or in the uplands of consciousness; disagreements arise through superficial contacts. Not, of course, that these contacts are always disagreeable; they may be quite pleasant and may lead to deeper and truer relationships. Our various relations with different people supply another proof of our infinite variety. Different points or areas of our personality find themselves in harmony with different people. Each new friendship develops a side of

our being which otherwise might have remained dormant. With one friend we may discuss politics or religion, with another literature or science, while with a third we may be so intimate that our most secret thoughts and emotions are mutually confided. Every friend is a means of cultivating a patch of our mind or a corner of our heart. Our interest in a subject often decays if we can find no one with whom to share it. The life of activity is at our borders or surface; but another life is ours in the depths of consciousness, where, as in a City of God, we have a safe retreat if things go wrong on the frontiers. "The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone for a season, that it may exalt its conversation or society."

It is by contact or collision with other minds that our own nature becomes clearer to us. The philosophers tell us that thought joins itself to matter in order to divide itself, and so make itself distinct and clear; just as the ocean only takes form as it approaches the land, and owes its shape to the indentations, nooks, and crannies of the shores which it washes. So with our personality: it finds itself and discovers its own nature by intercourse with others.

Personality and comradeship are the two poles of our being; it is as necessary to develop the one as to cultivate the other. The one reacts upon the other, not in the way of mutual destruction, but of mutual strengthening. That is to say, a person of strong individuality of character has usually also strong social instincts. The need for comradeship is not felt least acutely by him who possesses the most powerful personality, and who feels the greatest necessity for freedom in his individual development. Walt Whitman, for example, presents a notable example of a temperament in which a strong love of independence and a determination to develop along his own peculiar lines was combined with a profound capacity for friendship and a passionate love of his chosen comrades. His cravings for comradeship were so intense that he pitied even "a live oak growing in Louisiana," and "wondered how it could utter joyous leaves, standing there without its friend near." And Thomas Carlyle recognizes the importance of both elements, personality and friendship, in the following passage: "A man, be the Heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men united in Love capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in."

PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY shall be an Institution where the laws of universal nature and equity governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education will be taught on the broadest lines. Through this teaching the material and intellectual life of the age will be spiritualized and raised to its true dignity; thought will be liberated from the slavery of the senses; the waning energy in every heart will be reanimated in the search for truth; and the fast dying hope in the promise of life will be renewed to all peoples. —*From the School of Antiquity Constitution, New York, 1897.*

THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO ART IN ANTIQUITY AND THE MIDDLE AGES: *

by Osvald Sirén, (Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm)



IN the art of the last century, especially of the latter part of it, there is evident an extraordinary attention to the problems of style and technic, which at times comes almost into competition with science in the analysis of light and color. There is a restless striving after new forms and new methods of expression, and yet an almost complete lack of any spontaneous development of form for the expression of new concepts of spiritual realities. What development there has been, has been in technic, and appears somewhat capricious in comparison with the art of former times. Within little more than a century European art has tried classicism, romanticism, preraphaelitism, historical naturalism, realism, impressionism, and other schools of a more or less distinctly temporary or local character. Each had its day and its supporters, but none held its ground for more than a generation. They have evidently not succeeded in satisfying the deeper, more general and enduring demand that art shall be the expression of man's spiritual life.

It is generally admitted that every new seeker for artistic distinction must be, as far as possible, unlike other artists of his own or previous times, in regard to style, mode of expression, technic, and choice of subject. He must stand out as an innovator, a reformer, and must offer some novelty of his own so striking that all may notice it. Such

* The second lecture of a University Extension Course lately arranged by Mme. Katherine Tingley to be given at Isis Theater, San Diego, under the auspices of the School of Antiquity, Point Loma, of which she is the Foundress-President. These lectures are being given by professors of the School of Antiquity, and others, and many of them are illustrated by lantern slides especially prepared from original and other material in the collections of the School of Antiquity and elsewhere. Other lectures will be published in due course.

efforts are largely responsible for the modern art movements of the futurist or anarchist order. Their weakness lies not so much in the desire for novelty, nor in the striving for originality, as in the shallow and superficial conception of art they reveal. It may please our eyes and give enjoyment to our senses, but it fails to awaken in us any appreciation of spiritual values, it makes no appeal to the creative side of our imagination. Thus there is danger that art may be overshadowed by mere technical skill and virtuosity. In the dazzling brilliance of its technical evolution art may thus lose its significance as a spiritual or religious expression.

It is immaterial whether the art be concerned with matters profane or ecclesiastical, for even the loftiest subject cannot give spiritual value to an art that is merely descriptive, and that dazzles by its skill and by the richness and variety of its form. The only difference that seems to exist between profane and religious art is that the latter has generally embodied less of spiritual significance; being occupied in the task of descriptive or illustrative expression; it has been less direct and sincere in its appeal than that which had no religious pretensions.

The somewhat restless individualism of the last century was evidently not adapted to the evolution of artistic values that could truly be called classic.

In former times such values were developed as a result of the work in a certain direction of generations of artists occupied in great measure with the same motives and problems. Those artists did not seek personal prominence, most of them even remaining anonymous. I need only recall the Greeks' statues of their gods, the cathedral figures and altar-pieces of the middle ages, or the Dutch portraiture. In these and other similar classes there reigns a dominating unity of concept and point of view, with a consequent continuity of certain fundamental principles inherent in the problem itself, which thus gradually established certain permanent classical values. Tradition took form in a style, allowing of individual variation, but in which continuity was never broken and fundamental values were not overshadowed by technical innovations. This artistic tradition became a part of the nation's spiritual being, it permeated the spiritual organism of the creative artists, it was interwoven with the national and religious conceptions that formed the foundation of their life. The limitations it imposed were no hindrance, but rather an impulse to a more firm and purposeful method. The highest art is not the servant

of either national or religious ideas; strictly speaking it owes allegiance to no other power than that of the artist's creative imagination, yet it is the expression of the same inspiring forces that manifest themselves through religious or national life. Art and Religion are twin sisters, branches of the same tree, for they draw their nourishment, not from the outer world, but from an inner emotional reality. They both reveal something beyond the outer appearances, something we might call the soul of things.

This may appear a little strange in our day, but it was not always so, for in former times Art and Religion evolved side by side, as parallel lines of expression for man's soul-life, as in the classic period in Greece. Then Art was in the true sense religious, and religion artistic, plastic, not bound by dogmas, but responsive to the needs of the spiritual development of the people.

There was the wisdom of the Mysteries for those who had the will and the power to devote themselves to the deeper religious life, the mythological stories and symbols for those who found satisfaction in the husks. Socrates, when condemned to death for infidelity to the gods of the state, denied the accusation, saying that he merely gave to the traditional cult a different interpretation from that generally accepted.

Religious ideas and concepts were not so strictly formulated as to hinder constant renewal and modification even by the agency of art. Successive generations of artists set the stamp of plastic form upon conceptions of divinity; the greatest not only carved images of the gods, but actually embodied the gods in forms that endured in the imagination of the people. Art herein revealed herself not as the servant of religion but as a sister and co-worker. Every motive that received artistic treatment was stamped with the imprint of religion. Portrait statues were made as votive offerings for the temples, or for the tombs of the departed. The statues of athletes were placed in the sacred precincts of Olympia or in other holy places. Mythological and religious legends offered constantly recurring motives for decorative compositions. In the great classic period the chief endeavor was not to make a direct reproduction, a realistic historical representation, or an illustration of the subject. Art presented man in heroic or God-like form. Whether the subject was historic or mythological, only its quintessence was embodied in a severe and conventionalized style. In the older Greek art the boundary that separates man from the gods

was very faint, sometimes indeed invisible, so that statues of athletes might be mistaken for Apollos, and female figures be confounded with those of Artemis or Athena: and even after characterization became more definite, portrait figures retained the heroic stamp, the suggestion of an identity in essence of god and man.

The ideal Greek statues of the Gods were not primarily illustrations of mythological stories, not church images or idols, but revelations of the Gods themselves. We know how the Zeus of Phidias was regarded as such a marvelous religious revelation, "so much light and godhood had the artist wrought into Zeus that at sight of the statue even the most miserable of mortals forgot his sufferings" (Dio Chrysostom). If we may trust the testimony of the ancients themselves, the great Greek artists had such power that they could invest a statue of a God with that which should make a mortal beholder feel himself in presence of divinity. The image was not the god, but godhood dwelt in it.

These ideas do not seem so strange when we remember that the Greeks regarded the phenomena of nature as ensouled by beings more or less individualized. Their ideas of divinity were clothed in nature symbols, and the chief of these was the harmoniously perfected human figure. The form of man was charged, for the Greeks, with the highest of ideal attributes; through the work of the great artists it became in the widest sense a religious symbol, an instrument of the soul, that was perfected in proportion to the deepening of the artist's perceptions.

"Wonders are many, and none more wonderful than man"—a verse from the *Antigone* of Sophocles that might well be set up as superscription over the whole art of Greece during the Golden Age.

Considered from a philosophical point of view, the classic art of Greece may be said to have attained an ethico-religious value from the fact that it embodied the same fundamental principles that were considered essential to virtue. The basis of expression for both Beauty and Goodness was thought to be measure or harmonious balance. Most Greek authors of the classic period who discuss these questions return to this fundamental concept. Democritus is the first to strike the key-note. He declares Beauty to be perfect measure, free from deficiency or excess: the ethical ideal is thus embodied in an esthetic formula. It is also worthy of note that Democritus, the materialist of antiquity, expressly declares that bodily beauty is brutish

if there is no soul in it. For Plato, as we know, beauty and moral good were most closely allied, and the essential principle in both was a certain measure, perfect harmony of proportion. Thus he writes in the *Philebus* (155, a):

That in every mixture, whatever it be, and whatever the quantity, if measure pervades it not, and if thence it obtains not symmetry and proportion, all the ingredients must of necessity be spoiled, besides the spoiling of the whole composition. . . .

The power then of the good has fled from us to the nature of the beautiful. For surely everywhere moderation and symmetry appear to be virtue and beauty.

Elsewhere also he explains the character of virtue and goodness by the application of this esthetic principle. In the *Timaeus* he says:

Thus everything which is good is beautiful, and the beautiful is not without measure, therefore we must suppose that every being which is so constituted as to be considered beautiful must possess measure. But in measure and harmonious proportions we perceive and comprehend the lesser and do not observe the greater and more important. For with regard to health and disease, virtue and vice, no disproportion is of greater consequence than that between soul and body.

When Plato speaks of the lesser as opposed to the greater measure, which consists in the right reciprocal relation of soul and body, he must have had in mind the system of proportion formulated by Polycletus and other artists as the standard for representation of the human figure. As music is governed by the mathematical relationship of certain units, so in architecture and the plastic arts an effort was made to establish definite proportions for beauty on the foundation of measures whose unit was evolved from the work of art itself. The parts should be in certain relations to one another and to the whole, and this relationship should be mathematically determined. How this was applied in practice it is not here in place to recount, it is only necessary to demonstrate the principle they sought to establish.

This principle was supreme in architectural construction; but in the plastic arts it encountered more elusive subjective elements, and therefore was only revived during periods of extreme activity in theoretical speculations. It had meanwhile a decisive influence on a great part of the art of classic Greece, and constituted, as has already been suggested, a fundamental ethico-religious factor.

It becomes the more evident when we find that Plato applies the fundamental principle of harmonious proportion and measure even to the building of the world. In the *Republic* (530, a) he says:

Will he not think that Heaven and the things in Heaven are framed by the Creator in the most beautiful manner?

And in the *Timaeus* (31, e) he tells how the world's constituent elements are compounded according to certain proportions:

The most beautiful bond is that which most completely binds itself and the component parts into a unit, and this is best accomplished by proportion.

Plato attaches great importance to this basic principle of measure and proportion, therein definitely following in the footsteps of the Pythagoreans, and in it he finds the foundation of the ethical significance of beauty and art. The principle of measure itself involves an esthetic conception, whether it be applied to the building of the universe, to human life, or to the creations of art. For the Greek virtue was perfect measure in the whole being of man, and art the highest expression of this ideal virtue. Aristotle demonstrates this with particular distinctness; in the *Ethics*, speaking of the basic principle of virtue, he says:

Every art then performs its functions well, if it regards the mean, and refers the works which it produces to the mean. This is the reason why it is usually said of successful works that it is impossible to take anything from them or to add anything to them; which implies that excess or deficiency is fatal to excellence, but that the mean ensures it.

And he applies this thought in the following manner:

Again there are many ways of going wrong; for evil is in its nature, infinite, to use the Pythagorean figure, but good is finite. There is only one possible way of doing right. Accordingly, the former is easy and the latter difficult. It is easy to miss the mark but difficult to hit it. This again is a reason why excess and deficiency are characteristics of vice, and the mean or middle state a characteristic of virtue.

Here the principle for art and virtue is called the mean, and not measure or proportion, but the difference is non-essential, for the mean implies perfect measure or proportion. In the esthetic system of Aristotle law-governed relationship or proportion occupies the central position, as it does with Plato. He defines Beauty as the harmonious unity arising from measure in the component parts.

The Greek apprehension of the essence of Art and Beauty is stamped principally with a greater objectivity than that of later times. Beauty was not a matter of taste but a truth: Art was not a product of fancy and skill, but a revelation in symbolic form of spiritual

realities. The religion of ancient Greece consisted of exoteric myths for the masses of the people, and the wisdom of the Mysteries for the initiated; thus by its outward perfection Greek art gave expression to an inner reality, which the artist had attained to by intuition or by inherited knowledge (as also in the ancient religious art of China).

We are accustomed to look for the religious or spiritual import of a work of art either in its representation of a subject or in an allusion to something which is not actually contained in the work itself. The scholastic conceptions of the Middle Ages still have great influence, hence the demand that religious art be narrative or illustrative. Be it pictorial, sculptural, or architectural, we desire some impression that may open a perspective stretching beyond the bounds of material reality. But we assuredly misunderstand the aims of the ancients, if we seek in their art any religious or ethical purpose that does not permeate the form and fashion of the entire work. It is the harmony and relative perfection of form which is the expression of its spiritual import. No more remote allusion need be looked for in Greek art of the classic period.

II

How Christian art gradually evolved, is a question of history that cannot be further discussed in this connexion. We must confine ourselves to bringing forward some characteristic features, which place the art of Christendom in contrast with that of antiquity. In the earliest Christian times this contrast did not exist. Christian artists made rather free use of traditional forms. It was much easier and more convenient to imitate the old (with certain modifications) than to create something new and original, corresponding to the spirit and aspirations of the Christian religion.

A certain hesitation made itself felt in the evolution of new artistic formulas for the concepts of Christianity, for the reason that the new religion originated in Judaism, which absolutely forbade the making of any image of god or man.

Julius Lange holds that Judaism's stiff-necked antipathy to the representation of the human form came from a conscious opposition to the conception of life and Art in vogue amongst their neighbors and particularly the Greeks, who during the Hellenistic period pressed heavily upon the Jews. This explanation cannot however be accepted as entirely satisfactory, seeing that the Jewish opposition to pictorial

representations is as old as the idealizing art of the Greeks. It is deeply rooted in their religion, it is to be found in the Talmud, where representation not only of men but also of animals and plants is forbidden. The remarkable thing is that the main stress of this prohibition falls not upon the representation itself but upon the method employed; thus engraved or sunken images were tolerated, but raised, rounded figures such as protrude from the background, whether painted or carved, were forbidden. In other words, negative representations were tolerated but positive ones were absolutely rejected. Such a prohibition naturally struck sculpture first and hardest as the most naturalistic of all the plastic arts, while there was relative safety for primitive painting, which depended on line without light and shade, or any modeling of the figure. Christian painting achieved a position of independence long before sculpture came to maturity. In Byzantium we find it already fully developed in the sixth century, while the sculpture of that time was limited to ornamentation, and was, especially when it ventured upon the human figure, a weak imitation of classic models. A specifically Christian sculpture did not make its appearance in the West until the coming of Gothic art.

Had this Jewish-tinted Christianity been the only new form of religion which during the first centuries of our era displaced the old gods, then this negative influence would have made itself more plainly felt in Art than was actually the case. It was to a great degree counterbalanced by other forms of religion such as Mithraism, Orphism, and the worship of Isis and Serapis, which in religious art approach more nearly to the classic tradition. In Cumont's great work, which contains hundreds of reproductions of monuments dedicated to Mithras, Serapis and Sol Sanctissimus, from the second and third centuries A. D., one can easily see that these religions favored art in a way that early Christianity could not. But these cults of decadent Rome inspired no new departures in art. They served but to keep life in a gradually dying craftsmanship for a few decades, providing inducements for religious figure presentations at a time when the ancient ideals were already extinct.

By the time that Christianity had become the state religion sculpture had sunk to mere elementary symbolism, a didactic formal representation in which the method of expression was so crude that one can hardly call it art. Never did sculpture in western Europe reach a lower level than it did during the fifth and sixth centuries of our era.

If we are to regard art and religion as branches of the same tree, it will be evident that we must not look for the religious significance of art in its illustrative or descriptive qualities, nor in the opportunities it provides for theological symbolism; but rather in its power to instil into the soul of the artist a spiritual ferment which finds expression in the creation of significant form. That Christianity introduced new subjects in art is of less importance than that it gradually permeated the emotional life and prepared the way for a new artistic evolution. This occurred first in the East where the esthetic soil had been more thoroughly loosened and the new seed not so often trampled upon. Here was evolved the abstract formula, which in truth contained the solution of the new problem — an art that broke with the objective naturalism of antiquity, and in its place sought the expression of subjective emotional values in decorative symbols born of the imagination.

Deep in the heart of Christianity lay the impulse to seek the highest significance of life beyond the bounds of material existence, and to fix the gaze upon the infinite. The art that was capable of such an ideal would naturally not content itself with the mere representation of material facts or phenomena, it must on the contrary endeavor to resolve and sublimate them by presentations of a more directly spiritual kind. This aim coincided fairly well with the Judaistic prohibition of positive, and its toleration of negative, images, that is to say, of those which did not stand out in bodily relief; for the spiritual import must be as far as possible unfettered in its expression by the material or bodily form.

In other words the problems of art became in the highest degree abstract: the solution had to come from within rather than from without. Should the objection be made that this has always been the case in the relation of art to religion, it may be answered that in Greek art it was the harmony of form, the perfect measure, that expressed the ethico-religious import; while in Christian art, the material form, if not regarded as actually evil, was at any rate something that must not be allowed to attract too much attention. In the first case the idea is incorporated in the symbol, while in the second it is but suggested by it, in much the same way as it may be expressed by a musical motif.

As soon as art acquires religious value, it becomes symbolic; but the symbol may be direct or indirect, abstract or concrete. The former works chiefly with line, rhythm, and movement, that have a di-

rect emotional significance; the latter expresses itself by means of the perfection of bodily form. From the highest point of view both may have an equal artistic value, though we, under the pressure of a dominating naturalism in art, are accustomed to give precedence to the latter.

If we study impartially the Byzantine mosaics of the sixth century, of which distinctive examples may be seen at Ravenna, in the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, San Vitale, San Apollinare Nuovo, San Apollinare in Classe, we must admit that in regard to beauty these decorative compositions may bear comparison with any work of art.

The shimmer of the golden background and the deep-toned jewels of these mosaics suffuses the severely stylistic figures with an atmosphere of dreamy devotion intensifying their own suggestion of ecstatic vision and rapt wonder in a way that no other art than the Byzantine has been able to approach.

The inherited esthetic refinement and love of ceremonious representation peculiar to the Byzantines provided them with a basis for the creation of new emotional symbols. Their imagination was therefore more easily able to deal with abstract ideas than was that of the western nations. Though even in the East important classic traditions survived — from which the Byzantines drew the elements of form — these influences were counteracted by the eastern tendency to dwell in dreams beyond the reach of the material world. Imagination sublimated form. The high art-culture that in the sixth century and in the beginning of the seventh century blossomed in Byzantium, was somewhat violently broken off by the inroads of the iconoclasts under Emperor Leo the Isaurian in the eighth century. The antipathy to all kinds of images inherited from Judaism for a time then got the upper hand; and when at length the strife was over, tradition had suffered a rupture for which there was no remedy.

Especially in the field of monumental art was it hard for the Byzantines again to reach the height they had attained before the attack of the iconoclasts. In miniature painting the rupture was less marked, but here also the esthetic culmination had been reached already in the first period of blossoming in the sixth century (as may be seen by a comparison of pictures from the Vienna Genesis with illustrations from the so-called Chludoff Psalter).

In the West there existed hardly any independent art of consequence until the passing of the days of iconoclasm. The best work that

appeared in Italy before that time was produced by the Byzantine masters, or under the influence of Byzantine principles of style. How these principles were gradually modified by the western conception of form is a very involved and much debated story; but every time we find traces of a tendency to independent art creation in the West it was stimulated by renewed contact with that of ancient Rome; as for instance in the Carolingian Renaissance, about 800 A. D., and in the Proto-renaissance of sculpture and painting that preceded Giotto's appearance in Italy in the thirteenth century. Many other factors contributed to these periodical revivals of western art — not the least of which was the great influx of new nations invading the classic arena — but the most important is the tendency towards that kind of objective naturalism in the reproduction of the human figure preserved in the fragmentary remains of antique art. This is most apparent in sculpture, which had the richest stock of ancient models to select from, and which moreover is compelled by its very nature to strive for the mastery of plastic form; but even in decorative painting the trend of evolution is away from the abstract and in the direction of complete material expression.

The artists of the West had an altogether different feeling for objective reality from that of the Byzantines. Their imagination could not create pure emotional symbols and decorative forms with no other foundation than subjective ideas. Their feeling for form was not reconciled to the suggestive linear style, the thin stilted figures, which the Byzantines evolved under the influence of the Talmudic restriction on the making of raised images. They were in general too much interested in narration and representation to become absorbed in anything like Eastern lyricism. As Byzantine in relation to Hellenistic art signified a dematerializing process, so now again in the West art sought to regain control of materialistic expression. The outer support for this was found in the antique, but the inner cause lay naturally in the whole life and culture of the West. The spiritual ferment of Christianity did not work here in the same manner as in the East. Religion had become a state function depending upon the military organization of the power of Rome; and so it gradually became a pretext for the evolution of a new world-power in the name of the papacy. Many attempts were made to call forth a purer and deeper religious spirit, especially by the founders of new orders such as St. Benedict and St. Francis, personalities of great emotional power,

who for a time infused new life into Art, but no general and enduring religious renaissance could take place within the church so long as temporal power was the dominating ideal. It offered no spiritual nourishment to stimulate the imagination to the creation of a new art. It took art into its service as an illustrative and didactic agency, without special inquiry as to whether it was imbued with Christian or heathen sympathies, requiring only a certain submission to dogma.

Under such conditions, especially in Italy, the inspiration for art that lay nearest to hand was Nature and the Antique. This movement can be followed in Italy step by step during the later Middle Ages. It leads us by way of the great Pisan sculptors and Giotto to Masaccio and the Renaissance.

Italy does not seem to have offered the right soil for the blossoming of an art of a purely abstract nature. The ground was perhaps too much saturated with memories and remains of classic culture, and the Italian genius was too fond of action and form, to devote itself to the artistic expression of lyrical and contemplative moods. The best and most independent art in Italy has always sprung from the feeling for plastic form and dramatic expression; only under an overwhelming influence from some foreign source has this impulse yielded to that of a more abstract ideal. That happened while Byzantism was the preponderating influence in Italian art, and later, in a modified form, under the influence of the French Gothic. Characteristically enough the Gothic never took firm root in Italy; its most valuable and most typical expression is to be found in France.

It was in the nature of things that this art should appear and should attain its highest development in Northern and Central France, for there the Christian culture of the Middle Ages bore its richest harvest. There the Gothic seems like a blossom of Art upon a great tree of Culture, whose branches stretch far out over the world of that day. In France were to be found the greatest and richest monastic foundations; from France the Crusades received the most momentous impulse; there chivalry was stamped with its most noble form; there poetry and theological learning blossomed earlier than in other lands. The University of Paris became the most important center of the culture of the time. Thither came in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries not alone from northern lands, but also from Italy, those who wished to acquire distinguished manners and new impulses in learning and in life. Dante as well as Petrarch spent some years in France.

In France the spirit of the Middle Ages was stimulated to a more vigorous vitality and a more diverse manifestation than in other lands, and there also it took artistic form. As we have said, the form was Gothic and not Byzantine. Why? Because the Christian spirit seeking expression there was unlike that which reigned in old Byzantium. It was not bound up in courtly ceremonies, it stood in closer contact with reality and life, it was supported by the western love of action and movement. This Christian culture was for the most part fashioned by the new peoples who had replaced the classic nations. Their art also exhibits an inblending of both Christian and classic elements. The emotional inspiration was Christian but the fashion of its expression did not escape the influence of the antique.

Especially during the archaic period of the Gothic does the influence of antique types preponderate. This may be seen in the earliest Chartres sculptures, which partly recall the archaic Greek figures: the principles on which the statues are modeled are similar. Naturally the Gothic sculptors had to seek plastic rotundity in forms composed by planes of light and shade, and although line is strongly accentuated in the treatment of drapery and so on, yet the general tendency is not towards an abstract formula, but in the direction of a convincing material reality. The fascinating realism of these early Gothic sculptures is the more apparent, thanks to their often strikingly individual facial characteristics. New living types were produced. Art revelled in reality, none the less because the figures try to huddle together, and their long drawn lines and languishing movements alike bear witness to a lyrical inspiration, a yearning towards a higher world; yet they are obviously more nearly linked to earthly life; their beauty is not abstract but earthly.

In Gothic painting the bodily element usually is of less importance, and figures may be found represented in a freer rhythmic style, but they are not direct emotional symbols, abstract formulas for expression of inner moods, to the same degree as in Byzantine art. For that, Gothic art, as a rule, is too illustrative. The further it develops the more it loses the seriousness and spiritual import found in its earlier work. It is gradually transformed into a mere play of lissome form and flowing line, wherein virtuosity does duty for that creative power which is absolutely necessary for production of spiritual values.





F. J. Dick, Editor

**The Fortieth
Anniversary of
the Theosophical
Society**

On November 17th, 1875, the Theosophical Society (now the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society) was finally constituted in proper form by a few enterprising persons of whom probably not more than one fully knew the great significance and importance of the occasion. This took place in New York City. Several informal meetings had been held before the date mentioned, the first being on September 7th, 1875, when the idea of such a philanthropic and philosophical society was brought forward upon the suggestion of Madame H. P. Blavatsky.

The brilliantly successful concert lately given by the Râja-Yoga Orchestra and Chorus from the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Point Loma, before an enthusiastic audience of five or six thousand persons at the Panama-California Exposition on November 17, 1915, the fortieth anniversary of the above event, is good evidence of the advance that has been made. It was the earnest wish of Madame Blavatsky to establish schools wherein young people "should be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity and . . . to think and reason for themselves" (*The Key to Theosophy*, by H. P. Blavatsky). She passed away before anything much could be done in this direction, but Katherine Tingley has succeeded in placing the Râja-Yoga System of Education, which is based upon the fundamental principles of Theosophy, upon a permanent basis, and the thousands of tourists and other inquirers who have had the opportunity of seeing the demonstrations of some of the branches of the curriculum that have been given by the pupils in the open-air Greek Theater at Point Loma or in the Isis Theater, San Diego, have been deeply impressed by the significance of the work.

During the forty years of its existence the Theosophical Society has passed through many interesting developments. After a few years of preparatory work in America, during which Madame Blavatsky wrote her famous work *Isis Unveiled*, the activities were extended to many foreign countries. Madame Blavatsky visited India and Europe, where many of the most advanced minds were attracted by the teachings. She established hundreds of Theosophical centers, and a large literature was produced, including her *The Secret Doctrine*, *The Key to Theosophy*, and other books and magazines in many languages. The whole civilized world soon became aware that the Theosophical Movement was, in the words of the great French Orientalist Burnouf, "one of the most serious movements of the age." The effect of the ideas brought forward by the Theo-

sophical Society soon became apparent, and the trend of modern thought has been strongly influenced by them. Reincarnation is now accepted by thousands who have come to see that it is the only logical explanation of the problems of life. the future of its beneficent activities has never been so promising.— OBSERVER

Basic Teachings of Theosophy Explained

For more than an hour last night Mme. Katherine Tingley addressed an audience that filled Isis Theater. Her address was made up chiefly of answers to many questions that had been at times asked her, some by the critical and unfriendly, and others by those in trouble and seeking for some key to enable them to help others, or to undo their own past mistakes.

"Reincarnation and the law of Karma, that sowing must be followed by reaping, are the teachings upon which Theosophy is founded, and are also the basic laws and keys to human life," Mme. Tingley said. "Once Reincarnation is touched seriously, all living after that is different. One seeing himself as an epitome of humanity, a part of the scheme of eternity, is forced to see his life in a different way. He must keep moving and ever growing — shutting the door on the past of doubting and half living. Let one even dare to challenge Reincarnation, and it will force him to grow."

DIVINITY OF NAZARENE DEFINED

Taking up a question where someone had objected that she denied the special divinity of the Nazarene, the speaker paid a tribute to that teacher as one of the great divine Teachers of humanity who have lived age after age to help and conquer and show the way to men. She quoted his own words as proof of his belief in the divinity of all men, with himself, "Greater things than these shall ye do."

"Such as he and the other great Teachers are living men, in any age, who have by striving and conquest reached as a constant and balanced possession to that higher state of consciousness whence comes all high inspiration," Mme. Tingley said. "That there are these higher states of consciousness is beyond all question. You all reach up to them at times, but you do not stay in them long enough to realize and know what you are. The higher states of consciousness are the heritage of all men. The great Teachers, such as the Nazarene and the others of the ages, had reached them as a balanced, living possession.

"Their reward has even been to be persecuted by those who lived so wholly in the objective and self-thinking plane that they did not even know the meaning of the higher. And of these teachers there have been also differences in degree — the higher, the less, and yet less, as each has gained the strength; and each in turn has had to leave his best unsaid because humanity has been unready.

GREATER LAWS THE GOAL

"These things are our possibilities, and yet we must struggle toward them, just because of the greater laws which make it necessary that we meet and face those issues we have ourselves laid down in the past. And the worst of it today is

that as men and nation we are losing reverence — for truth, for life, for laws, for justice — in the confusion and hypnotized thought of the day.”

— *San Diego Union*, Nov. 22, 1915

Vindication from Japan

Writing from Japan, Edward S. Stephenson, who is at Dzushi, near Yokohama, has sent to the *Union* a letter protesting against attacks made on Mme. Katherine Tingley and the Theosophical work carried on at Point Loma. He refers to charges made in connexion with the Spalding will case as “baseless” and “an appeal to gross prejudice.” The letter also says:

“I think that the citizens of San Diego must be sufficiently well acquainted with the beneficent work carried on at Point Loma to be uninfluenced by such scurrilous methods. For they know that, morally and in every other way, Point Loma is one of the greatest assets not only of San Diego, but of California. I can assure you that this is realized by many people in Japan, and by thousands of people in all parts of the world, whose attention was called to San Diego by the fact that Theosophical work of a world-wide scope is carried on from that center.

“AS A RECENT LOCAL INSTANCE OF THIS APPRECIATION I MAY MENTION THAT THE LEADING AUTHORITY ON EDUCATIONAL MATTERS HERE, WHO LATELY RETURNED FROM A TOUR OF INSPECTION OF SCHOOLS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, DELEGATED BY THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT, GIVES FIRST PLACE AMONG THE THOUSANDS OF SCHOOLS BOTH PUBLIC AND PRIVATE VISITED TO THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY AT POINT LOMA. AND IN HIS REPORT PUBLISHED IN THE MAGAZINE OF THE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY HERE, THE GREATEST PART OF IT DEALS WITH THE METHODS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA EDUCATION AND THE SPLENDID RESULTS SHOWN IN THE CHARACTER, BEARING AND GENERAL ATTAINMENTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS. THIS REPORT COMING FROM THE GREATEST SPECIALIST IN PEDAGOGICS IN JAPAN HAS AROUSED MUCH INTEREST HERE, AND IS A GLOWING TRIBUTE TO THE WISE AND EFFECTIVE EDUCATIONAL WORK OF MRS. KATHERINE TINGLEY.

“From visitors and tourists passing through Japan I have frequently heard those who have visited San Diego speak with enthusiasm about the unique beauty of Point Loma, and of the splendid results produced there. It is hardly necessary to say that in practical ways all of this is of great advantage to your city; for all who are interested in Point Loma are interested in the development of San Diego. I might mention as an instance of this, if I may be pardoned for bringing in a personal matter, that in connexion with your Exposition, the writer, acting under the appointment of Winfield Hogaboom, Director of Publicity, gave his services gratuitously for publicity work here. I visited all the tourist offices and leading hotels, distributed the advertising matter sent me, and also wrote articles for the press in Japan about the Exposition, and did all that I could think of to be of service. I merely mention this to show that there are warm friends of San Diego in other parts of the world, and we look to the citizens of San Diego to protect the good name of Mme. Tingley and her workers from defamation, and the Society at Point Loma from malicious attacks and slanders. I believe that the chivalry and the natural sense of honor and justice of San Diego’s citizens may be trusted to do so.”—*San Diego Union*, Dec. 10, 1915

A Newspaper Retracts

In its issue of October 16, 1915, *Town Talk-The Pacific Weekly*, San Francisco, published an article in which certain unjust, false and derogatory statements were made regarding Mme. Katherine Tingley and the members and residents at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California.

The matter was immediately taken up by Mme. Tingley and the members and residents aforesaid through their attorneys, Messrs. Sweet, Stearns and Forward, San Diego, and a letter was sent to the Pacific Publishing Company, publishers of *Town Talk*, concluding with the following:

The people against whom your charges and insinuations were made do not of course covet litigation, but unless you are willing to right the wrong which you have done them there would seem to be no other course open to them but to resort to the courts to obtain redress.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) SWEET, STEARNS & FORWARD

In answer to the above demand for a retraction the following article, under "The Spectator" heading, was published in *Town Talk*, Nov. 27, 1915:

My attention has been called to the fact that certain derogatory statements in these columns in the issue of October 16 with reference to Mme. Tingley and the International Theosophical Society of Point Loma were grounded in misinformation. I have been able to satisfy myself that I was misinformed, and I am therefore eager to set the matter right. I have no quarrel with the philosophy of life as taught by the Theosophists. My comments were apropos the contest of the will of the late Albert G. Spalding. By reason of that contest the Theosophical Society is brought to public notice. In seeking to throw light on the Society I relied on information that seemed authoritative, with the result that I find myself guilty of injustice and this I sincerely regret and hasten to proclaim. It has always been the policy of TOWN TALK, cheerfully adhered to through the years, to correct its own errors, which happily have been few and far between.

Obituary

We regret to announce the passing away on December 4th of our respected Comrade

CARL RAMBERG

of Gothenburg, Sweden. Mr. Ramberg was attached to one of the leading Swedish daily papers, *Göteborgs Handels- och Sjöfarts-Tidning*, as travelling correspondent and sub-editor. He visited, in 1908, the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California, where he found his interest in the Theosophical Movement so real, that he applied for membership in it. He rendered valuable service during the International Theosophical Peace Congress, called by Katherine Tingley to assemble at Visingsö, Sweden, in 1913, as corresponding secretary for Europe and as one of the principal speakers and interpreters. During the past summer, while visiting the two California Expositions as a journalist, he attended the sessions of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California, as one of the Swedish delegates. A brilliant journalist and writer, his warm heart and profound sympathy were revealed in all his writings. Our sympathy goes out to his family and to his many friends near and far.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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

MEMBERSHIP

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

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

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

**International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California**

VOL. X NO. 2

FEBRUARY 1916

The Theosophical Path



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

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KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge, and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. X

FEBRUARY, 1916

NO. 2

Do every act as an intent and loving service of the Divine Self of the World, putting your best into it.—*Katherine Tingley*

STAND unfailingly on guard, the sentinel of your own inner chamber, vigilant against the entry there of the least of the lurking foes about the doorway of the Sanctum. Through that doorway goes and returns the Soul, and it is your task to see that it is unimpeded in its freedom to act and to help.—*Katherine Tingley*

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE PRESENT SITUATION THEOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED: by Joseph H. Fussell



“SURELY there is a logic in life, and a law that makes existence possible.”

It is many years since I first read those words — soon after I had begun to study Theosophy, and again and again have they recurred in memory with a fresh insistence on their truth as one or another perplexing problem has presented itself for solution.

There is a logic in life, the universe is governed by law; declares Theosophy. And if this be true regarding the universe as a whole, it must be equally true regarding man as a part of the universe. It is this postulation of the working of law in all the operations of life that alone makes existence possible. We may not always be able to trace its working; it may sometimes appear as if chance held sway; we may fail to see the sequence of events; yet there can be no compromise between law and chance. If law governs in one domain of our life, or in one realm of the universe, it must govern in all domains and all realms.

Now, the governance by law in the material world is not a question with us; we accept it as a fact. All our science is built upon this postulate. The only question that confronts us in this connexion is as to the correct formulation of the law or laws that operate in the material world. Of some of these laws, as for instance, astronomical, physical,

chemical, there seems to be good evidence that we have fairly accurate knowledge so far as our investigations go; although, looking back through the years, we continually see old theories being disregarded for new, as new facts have been discovered. But it must be granted that a considerable amount of certain knowledge has been achieved along the lines mentioned.

When, however, we come to biology, anthropology, and particularly psychology, and consider the mental and moral life of humanity, its history and development, our knowledge of the laws governing those realms is very small. Of theories regarding them there are many, but of certain knowledge very little. This is not, however, evidence of the absence of such laws, but only of our ignorance of them. For is there not a law governing human conduct and human development? Could we but read human history aright, might we not find therein the constant working of law? And if we study history and the record of our own lives, is it not plain that Paul uttered a scientific truth when he said: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and that this is one of the laws governing human progress, not alone of the individual, but of the nation and the race?

If then we wish to understand any situation or event or any series of events in the life of humanity, we shall be on safe ground only so long as we acknowledge the reign of law; however little we may see or understand its actual working.

Let us see then what light we may gain upon the present world crisis, by considering it along these lines, using what knowledge we have in regard to the operations of nature in some of her realms to enable us to understand her working in other realms. And as it is our purpose to approach the subject from the standpoint of Theosophy, it will be helpful to note what Madame H. P. Blavatsky, the foundress of the present Theosophical Movement, wrote in regard to some of the countries of Europe, and Europe as a whole — it may be, with reference to the present time.

Turning to her great work, the *Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 644, we read:

Knowledge of Karma¹ gives the conviction that if —

"... virtue in distress, and vice in triumph
Make atheists of mankind,"

1. Karma, the law of cause and effect, ethical causation, "the unerring law of retribution," that whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap.

it is only because that mankind has ever shut its eyes to the great truth that man is himself his own savior as his own destroyer. That he need not accuse Heaven and the gods, Fates and Providence, of the apparent injustice that reigns in the midst of humanity. But let him rather remember and repeat this bit of Grecian wisdom, which warns man to forbear accusing *That* which —

.
 "Just though mysterious, leads us on unerring
 Through ways unmark'd from guilt to punishment . . ."

— which are now the ways and the high road on which move onward the great European nations. The Western Aryans had, every nation and tribe, like their Eastern brethren of the Fifth Race, their Golden and their Iron ages, their period of comparative irresponsibility, or the Satya age of purity, while now, several of them have reached their Iron Age, the *Kali-Yuga*, an age BLACK WITH HORRORS.

And a little further on, on page 646, she says:

It is simply knowledge and mathematically correct computations which enable the WISE MEN OF THE EAST to foretell, for instance, that England is on the eve of such or another catastrophe; France, nearing such a point in her cycle, and Europe in general threatened with, or rather, on the eve of, a cataclysm, which her own cycle of racial *Karma* has led her to.

Do not the above statements made by Madame Blavatsky and published twenty-seven years ago in 1888, throw an entirely new light upon history in general? Putting aside, for the moment, the specific references to Europe, England and France, if we accept the principle embodied in them, viz., that the life of humanity is governed by cyclic law, we must acknowledge that there are times and seasons affecting human progress, which no planning, no diplomacy, can avert; no more than man can avert the oncoming and succession of the seasons, or of day and night.

In the present relation existing between the earth and the sun, day and night, spring, summer, autumn and winter are inevitable. Yet this does not do away with man's responsibility; neither does the probability, belief, or even knowledge — should he possess it — that a terrible disaster will overtake his nation, race or continent, in any way lessen his responsibility for his present thought and action. In either case, man can prepare for whatever eventuality may be in store for him; at least he can prepare *himself* to meet it.

In regard to the seasons, however favorable they may be, if he has not prepared the ground, kept down the weeds, tended the growing plants — if he has failed in any one of these — the harvest will

be a poor one or fail him altogether; for if he has not prepared his house to withstand the destructive storms of winter, he runs the danger of disaster and perhaps of finding himself shelterless. And if, for a time, the seasons should be uniformly unfavorable, yet by his industry — such is man's power — he can provide against utter ruin, and meet adversity with the knowledge of other better seasons yet to come. And even if these fail him, if through some overwhelming disaster or cataclysm of nature, he is brought face to face with ruin and death, still above these he can rise, indomitable, triumphant even over death — so Theosophy teaches.

What prudent man is there who, though he have a succession of good seasons, will squander the whole of the product of his harvests and not retain seed enough for a future year, or wherewithal to tide him over a bad season? What ship's captain will set sail with his ship not properly provisioned, or will disregard the seasons of the year in respect to storms?

So simple are these considerations, so self-evident their common sense and so in line with common experience, that to assert that they can have application to the complex problems of the present situation in Europe and the world at large may perhaps be treated by some with contempt or as far-fetched. But will not further examination lead to another conclusion?

What is it that makes these propositions appear so simple, so self-evident? Is it not man's knowledge of some of nature's laws, and of some of the methods of her working? And if we had a deeper knowledge of the cosmic laws that govern human life and destiny, the life and destiny of nations and races, might not many of the problems of history be seen to be simple likewise? Or, if not simple, understandable, in part at least?

If, however, instead of regarding the whole round of seasons and their succession, year after year, man had, say, in the winter time, no knowledge or recollection of the autumn just past, or of the preceding summer and spring, and no knowledge that the winter would run its course and in due time give place to spring, would he not find it equally difficult to explain the conditions of winter; and would not the problem of the future be equally perplexing and disheartening?

But if, on the other hand, he can accept as a fact that the same principle underlies both, viz., the working of nature in the succession of the seasons, and the working of the same or other laws in the

events of daily life — even in those terrible events that are threatening destruction to the civilization of half the world — must he not acknowledge that the latter equally with the former are understandable, even though as yet he may not have the full key to their solution? And is it not possible that he might discover that not only the same principle underlies both, but that the laws governing both are the same? And not blind, unintelligent laws, inanimate forces, but living, conscious, intelligent powers?

What is this principle? Is it not the principle of law? And if man does not recognize in his ignorance the governance of law in the events, not only of his individual life, but of the national and racial life and throughout the whole of history, recorded and unrecorded, far back in the night of time since the very beginning of human life on this planet, equally as in the succession of the seasons, what certain ground has he to stand on? There is, in fact, no middle ground for him to take: either the events of life are in accordance with the working of law, or they are fortuitous, haphazard; they cannot be partly one and partly the other.

“But,” some may say, “what about Deity or ‘Providence’? Have they no place in the universe and in human life? Does not God’s Providence overrule all things for good? Or do you make natural law your God?”

No, law is not God, but the method, I would say, by which God works. I do not attempt here to define what I mean by God; I am content to let the word stand unexplained, save to say that for me it includes supreme wisdom and absolute justice. Nor is mercy absent, for absolute justice is the only true mercy, in its last analysis — otherwise, if we attempt to picture Deity in the image of human frailty with its necessary incomplete judgments, we do injustice to the immortal divine part of our natures which we as yet only dimly sense, and to our deepest religious intuitions — in fact, in the last analysis we belittle man.

Let it be said that a full discussion of the subject involves the Theosophic teaching of Reincarnation, which however will not be taken up here; for while this teaching coupled with that of Karma answers all possible objections, the principle can be demonstrated without it. For, if it be that the action of Deity or “Providence” in any particular, at any time, can contravene or overrule the operation of law and order, is not man logically and inevitably driven to accept the al-

ternative put forward by the Roman philosopher, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, viz., that there is "a confusion without a purpose and without a director," and that therefore the events of life are fortuitous and haphazard? He says: "Either there is an unavoidable necessity and an invincible order, or a kind providence, or a confusion without a purpose and without a director." And in another place he makes it clear that for him the idea of "Providence" is alone contained in the first of these alternatives, for he declares: "Either it is a well-arranged universe or a chaos huddled together," and he further asks: "Can a certain order subsist in thee, and disorder in the All?" and declares that the divine Law "assigns to every man what is fit."

All of which is in exact accord with the teachings of Theosophy, which declare that this is a well-ordered universe and not a chaos.

What is meant by "fit"? What else save that which is a man's due, his heritage, that which he has earned? Man plants wheat or corn or barley, and the harvest is respectively wheat or corn or barley. But if one man tends his fields and another does not; then, other things being equal, the harvest of the first will be good and of the second, bad. And if the storms and floods destroy both good and bad harvests alike; yet the one who worked industriously will have gained in strength of character, whereas the other by his idleness will have lost; the one by faithful performance of duty will have prepared himself to meet disaster triumphantly, the other will find himself overwhelmed; and still to every man is accorded that which is his due.

It is man himself who determines his destiny.

I know of no clearer exposition of the law of Karma, and of man's responsibility, individually and collectively, for the conditions in which he finds himself, than is given by H. P. Blavatsky in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*. The whole of Chapter xvi (vol. I, p. 634), entitled "Cyclic Law and Karma," is worthy of most careful study. Space forbids quoting from it *in extenso*, and reference can be made to only a few points that bear particularly upon the present subject.

Karma is there defined as "the unerring law of retribution."

"The cycles are also subservient to the effects produced by this activity"; i.e., by the activity or operation of Karmic law.

H. P. Blavatsky quotes from Professor Winchell, who says in his *World Life*:

There is a method in the succession of events, . . . Events germinate and unfold. They have a past which is connected with their present, and we feel a

well-justified confidence that a future is appointed which will be similarly connected with the present and the past. This continuity and unity of history repeat themselves before our eyes in all conceivable stages of progress. . . .

Regarding the next quotation it is impossible to mistake its meaning and significance. Madame Blavatsky says:

Those who believe in *Karma* have to believe in *destiny*, which, from birth to death, every man is weaving thread by thread around himself, as a spider does his cobweb; . . . and from the very beginning of the invisible affray [between the higher and lower natures of which man is compounded] the stern and implacable *law of compensation* steps in and takes its course, faithfully following the fluctuations. When the last strand is woven, and man is seemingly enwrapped in the net-work of his own doing, then he finds himself completely under the empire of this *self-made* destiny. It then either fixes him like the inert shell against the immovable rock, or carries him away like a feather in a whirlwind raised by his own actions, and this is — KARMA.

There is no return from the paths which Karma cycles over, continues H. P. Blavatsky, "yet those paths are of our own making, for it is we, collectively or individually, who prepare them."

For the only decree of Karma — an eternal and immutable decree — is absolute Harmony in the world of matter as it is in the world of Spirit. It is not, therefore, Karma that rewards or punishes, but it is we, who reward or punish ourselves according to whether we work with, through and along with nature, abiding by the laws on which that Harmony depends, or — break them.

Nor would the ways of Karma be inscrutable were men to work in union and harmony, instead of disunion and strife. . . . Were no man to hurt his brother, Karma would have neither cause to work for, nor weapons to act through. It is the constant presence in our midst of every element of strife and opposition, and the division of races, nations, tribes, societies and individuals into Cains and Abels, wolves and lambs, that is the chief cause of the "ways of Providence." We cut these numerous windings in our destinies daily with our own hands, while we imagine that we are pursuing a track on the royal high road of respectability and duty, and then complain of those ways being so intricate and so dark. We stand bewildered before the mystery of our own making, and the riddles of life that *we will not* solve, and then accuse the great Sphinx of devouring us. But verily there is not an accident in our lives, not a misshapen day or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our own doings in this or another life. If one breaks the laws of Harmony, or as a Theosophical writer expresses it, "the laws of life," one must be prepared to fall into the chaos one has oneself produced.

The full significance of these teachings cannot be understood apart from the other Theosophical teaching of Reincarnation, which, as said above, throughout the present article is taken as a fact, since

space forbids discussion in regard thereto. With this, however, in mind, do we not have in the above quoted extracts one of the keys to the present situation, a key to the perplexing problems that confront all humanity today? What alternative have we to that presented by the law of Karma, that is, of human responsibility? Either man, individually and collectively, is responsible for the present situation and for present international relations and world-conditions (save as these are modified by cyclic law) or he is not. Either he reaps what he sows, or he does not; and this is equally true of a nation or a race. There is no halfway position tenable.

And if man is responsible, if human solidarity and human interdependence or, in other words, Universal Brotherhood, be a fact, not depending on sentiment or an enlightened reason, but inherent in the very nature of the universe of which humanity forms a part; then no nation, no race, and no individual can stand aside and say that it or he has not contributed to, or is not in part responsible for the present situation. Consequently, as Katherine Tingley declared, at the outset of the war, we have no right to censure any *one* of the warring nations.

To assert that man is responsible — does it not imply that he has power, capability to rise superior to present or any conditions and to make new ones? He may not be able to do this immediately, but he can do it to a degree, he can begin to do it.

To assert that man is responsible, does it not in the last analysis imply that he is in essence divine?

And if he is responsible, it must be clear that that responsibility refers not only to the past but also to the present. If man is responsible for the present because of deeds done in the past, is he not equally responsible for his acts now, and therefore for that future which he is making? And this in spite of the fact that now, as H. P. Blavatsky expresses it, he finds himself enmeshed in the web of his self-made destiny, or carried away like a feather in the whirlwind raised by his own actions — as the great human family today is enmeshed in its self-made destiny, carried away in the whirlwind raised by past actions.

And what of the other alternative? What if man is not responsible? What else could this mean, save that he is a weakling, a puppet, a devil, or fate, before whom he must fawn and tremble?

Which of these alternatives most comports with the dignity of

true manhood, with man's inborn religious yearnings; which of these is worthy of the highest conception of Deity, that man is made in the likeness of God, and is in essence divine? Let man but hold to the former, be true to himself — which is true responsibility — and not Deity, nor all the powers in heaven, nor in hell, nor on earth, shall prevail against him; nay, he shall find Deity on his side. And whatever is true of man as an individual is true of man collectively, as a nation or a race; and true of humanity.

We have spoken above of cyclic law, as modifying, not causing, present conditions, and yet this is such an important factor that it must not be overlooked if we are to understand the present situation as far as may be possible for us to do so. Man's responsibility is for the sowing of the seed and for the kind of seed sown; and whatever the seed he sows and according to the manner of the sowing, such will be the nature of the harvest. If the seed be of evil, of whatever nature, it shall come back to him; and if of good, he shall reap good. How clearly the Nazarene taught this: "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" he asked.

But man is a part of nature, and the productiveness of his harvests is dependent, to a great degree, on the seasons. These play a great part in his struggle for existence, and react upon all forms of human activity. The succession and recurrence of the seasons have already been referred to as an example of the action of cyclic law, but we are not dealing only with man as a farmer, or considering the seedtime and harvest merely with reference to his physical sustenance. We have referred to these simply as types, and to illustrate the principle and operation of law that governs all life. The farmer's harvest may fail him utterly in spite of his best endeavors; yet even such failure, could we see far enough, is still due to the Karmic law of exact retribution, for the harvest of man's life and thoughts shall be reaped to the last iota though he wait many years or even lifetimes for the full fruitage.

Man, we have said, is a part of nature, an integral part of the great Cosmos; he lives not only his individual life, but shares in the life of humanity and the life of this planet, the earth, which further is a part of our solar universe. In the greater and still greater life of all these he has his share — not only physically, of which science has learned something, but in those inner realms of spiritual consciousness of which modern science knows nothing. Yet the ancient sages

knew, and recorded their knowledge; and it is part of the mission of Theosophy today to bring back that knowledge to humanity, or rather to point to the way by which that knowledge may be regained through man's own efforts.

My purpose in speaking of the cycles of the seasons which play so great a part in our lives is, by analogy, to seek to understand something of those vaster seasons which, according to the teachings of Theosophy, govern the life of nations, and races, and of humanity as a whole. It is from a consideration of these that a new light is thrown upon human history and the appalling problems of our present civilization.

To discuss fully the subject of cycles would require not one but many articles — a whole volume — and it is therefore my intention to refer, and but briefly, to only one group of cycles, and to one of these in particular, which has a particular significance for us today. For the most complete teaching in regard to cycles available at the present time, the reader is referred to the writings of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, in particular to *The Secret Doctrine* (H. P. Blavatsky) from which we have already quoted, and to the Theosophical Manual No. 8, *The Doctrine of Cycles*.

Among all the great races and nations of antiquity, we find mention made of four great ages, or cycles, generally spoken of as the Golden, Silver, Bronze and Iron ages, corresponding, in a sense, to our seasons of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. These ages are said to extend over enormous periods of time, the Golden ages being the longest, and the Iron (fortunately, indeed) the shortest.

Now, Theosophy teaches that these ages are not necessarily, nor in fact, the same for all peoples or parts of the earth at the same time. One people may be in one, while another may be in a different age. The terms golden, silver, etc., are also to be taken as symbolic. It is said, also, that most of the Aryan peoples are now in the Iron age.

The Iron age is called the Black age by the Hindûs, and regarding it, W. Q. Judge wrote that this age "is black as hell, hard as iron. It is iron, . . . Yet by its very nature, and terrible swift momentum, it permits one to do more with his energies in a shorter time than in any other Yuga." Is this description of the present age overdrawn, if we regard the present situation? Yet there is hope in it; one can do more now than at any other time, if one will.

What is the nature of the winter time? — to hark back to our ana-

logy. But we must not push analogy too far, although we can go thus far, viz.: Is not the winter time, in a sense, the time of final reckoning of the achievements of the past year? Is it not the time, neither of seed-sowing, nor of blossoming, nor of harvest, but the time when the final results of all these are balanced? What the harvest shall be depends, we know, primarily upon the seed-time and the blossoming; and what man's life shall be in the winter time depends upon the harvest he has stored. How shall he meet the storms and the darkness of winter, if his storehouse be empty? How shall he meet the later years of his life when his physical and mental energies wane, if he have not faithfully striven to fulfil his duty? Will not his Karma fall heavily upon him?

Now all this is an allegory. For the present age is, as said, the Iron Age, the Black Age, the winter time of European life and civilization — perhaps, in a degree, a winter time also in America, though as Katherine Tingley says, we may not now realize it. And while saying this does not of itself explain the present situation — we must turn to Karma mainly for that — it supplies one of the factors for such explanation. And if we can accept the Theosophical teachings which I have endeavored herein to set forth, it shows conclusively, as has been said many times by our present Teacher, Katherine Tingley, that the causes of the present situation are to be looked for far back in the early history of those peoples who are now in the fearful deadlock of war. Whatever may have been the immediate events that precipitated the conflict; whatever ideas or policies may have been fostered in this or that nation engaged therein, of which ideas, it is claimed by some, the war is the outcome; they are the culmination of causes set into motion far ages ago, and today the nations of Europe are meeting their Karma, as indeed the United States is meeting and will have to meet its Karma, whatever it may be, both of good and ill, as Katherine Tingley has many times said.

To this great river of causes that had its rise in the far past, innumerable streams have added their power, until, in spite of all human efforts to stem the tide, or at least confine the rising flood between the banks of civilization and human progress, it has swept aside all restraint, it has burst its bounds, it has spread over the fairest lands of all Europe and threatens to engulf her civilization in the abyss of ruin.

In an article written for *The Theosophist* magazine, November, 1883, apparently by H. P. Blavatsky, there is a remarkable prophecy.

My reason for quoting it is that it bears on the subject of Cycles, and to ask: is it finding, in part, its fulfilment, and perhaps, in part, beginning to do so today? Perhaps! The writer says:

We are at the end of a cycle — geological and other — and at the beginning of another. Cataclysm is to follow cataclysm. The pent up forces are bursting out in many quarters; and not only will men be swallowed up and slain by thousands, "new" land appear and "old" subside, volcanic eruptions and tidal waves appal; but secrets of an unsuspected past will be discovered to the dismay of Western theorists and the humiliation of an imperious science, . . . We are not emulous of the prophet's honors: but still, let this stand as a prophecy.

Now it is not my purpose to conclude these reflections with a pessimistic note. Theosophy is far from pessimistic; it is pre-eminently optimistic; for it teaches, to quote the words of Shakespeare, that "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

Truly, as William Q. Judge said, this age is black as hell, hard as iron; yet he struck a note of hope; and equally true is it that when the night is darkest, dawn is nearest.

Whatever be the seeds that have been sown in the past; whatever be the Karma of the present; the future is not wholly determined, not even the next moment. We can, this moment, sow seeds of peace, the harvest of which shall, in the long run, prevail against the harvest of those other seeds sown in the past, and which by some are being sown today, seeds of unbrotherliness, of war and strife. I say *we*, for I refer not only to the European nations engaged in conflict, but to the United States of America and to all other neutral nations. For either we are part of and share in the life of Humanity, as do those European nations, and are in part responsible even as they for the conflict, and for the continuance of it, or our philosophy, our religion, our humanity, our professions of the Universal Brotherhood of all mankind, and the interdependence of all men, are a pretence, a fiction, a sham.

And we, the people of the United States of America, are more than in part responsible for present conditions, we are actually participating in the slaughter. Let me quote from a recent lecture given by Katherine Tingley in the Isis Theater, San Diego, January 24, 1915:

And what are we now doing in connexion with the European War? Are we not, in a very true sense, active factors in this great struggle? Are we not permitting the exportation of millions of dollars' worth of war equipments and ammunition to the warring nations every week? What for? To bring about peace?

To help mankind? To establish peace on earth and good will to men? Nay, I say. But we, the American people, for the sake of gain and through our love of the almighty dollar, are aiding in the warfare of those European countries, and are indirectly active factors in the daily slaughter. Instead of insisting that our government shall prohibit the exportation of war material to any country, we are working contrary to all the principles of justice, peace and true brotherhood, by our passivity, and we are increasing that separateness in the human family which all true-hearted men deplore.

LET US REMEMBER THAT EVERY BULLET THAT IS MADE IN AMERICA UNDER OUR FLAG, AND IS SENT OVER TO EUROPE, MAY MEAN DEATH TO SOME HUMAN BEING, AND THAT THE WORD "DEATH" IS WRITTEN ON EVERY RIFLE AND ON EVERY GUN AND IN EVERY BIT OF POWDER THAT IS EXPORTED.

To him who views this word-picture of mine from one angle only, it may not seem so appalling, but let us look at it from all sides, and then we cannot conscientiously sit still and wait longer without protesting. We cannot really pride ourselves on being liberty-loving people, can we? Oh, the shame of it! This insanity of the age! That such a travesty on justice and brotherhood should exist!

Can we indeed escape from the acknowledgment of our responsibility? Are we not already beginning to learn that "if one member (of the human family) suffer, all suffer (in degree) with it." Is not the realization of this being forced upon us?

And is not our responsibility at the present time far greater than that of the nations at war? We, as a people, have not yet irrevocably committed ourselves to the placing of brute force above reason; but does it not behoove us to guard still more sacredly this god-given faculty and to see to it that we do not lose that impress of divinity which the great Law of the universe has conferred upon us?

Ever since the outbreak of the war, Katherine Tingley has been appealing to the higher, diviner side of human nature. She has been appealing to the people of the United States to realize that they have a responsibility towards their warring brothers in Europe; and she has been calling to them to exert that moral power, which she declares does exist in the people of the United States, to call for a halt in the war. It was she who was the first to urge upon the President of the United States to call upon all the neutral powers to unite with this country in an effort for peace, and to voice the moral power of this great people in calling for a halt in the war, in order that calmer counsels might prevail.

For Katherine Tingley declares that there is in man a power higher than brute force, higher than brain intellect, a moral power,

belonging to the immortal side of his being; and that it can be evoked, that it does but await recognition to make it possible to bring about a cessation of strife and bind all men and nations in a sacred permanent peace; and that this power is even now awaiting expression through the hearts and minds of men.

It is the knowledge of this power that alone makes possible the declaration that

"There is a logic in life, and a law that makes existence possible."

A MOTHER'S VOICE: by R. Macbell



MOTHER of Men!

Your children perish by each other's hands; and you sit silent, witnessing the massacre.

Is your love impotent? or have you ceased to love?

Is destiny more powerful than love? Is Hate omnipotent? Why are you silent? O Universal Mother! Are you not called Most Merciful? Has Man's ingratitude exhausted utterly the fountain of divine Compassion? Is there a limit to a Mother's love? Maternity endures; but pity perishes. Death is more merciful. Mankind is pitiless.

O Mother of Men!

Your children have repudiated Brotherhood; and now they slaughter one another, while they chant invocations to a God of Love, your offspring, their own Elder Brother, whom they have robbed of his humanity, to make of him a deity endowed with attributes incomprehensible, and whom they now invoke in hymns identical to aid their mutual carnage. Poor God! made in Man's image variously.

O Man! Thou manifold creator of false Gods. Look up!

The heavens lighten overhead with promise of the Dawn.

The torches that ye lighted in the darkness have burned out.

Look up! A new light breaks upon the world: a new ray from the Universal Sun has pierced the cloud that Man's imagination spread between his brain-mind and his Soul. Look up! And in the darkness of your agony behold the Mother's eyes: and in the discord of your senseless warfare listen a moment: you may hear a Mother's voice, that in the silence of your soul will whisper "Brotherhood."

THE HISTORIAN AND THE ARTIST IN FERRARA: by Professor Giuseppe Agnelli, of the Biblioteca Comunale, Ferrara.

Ecco Ferrara l'epica — G. Carducci



HE who arrives in Ferrara when, as Dante wrote, *l'aura di maggio movesi ed olezza* (the winds of May are wafted, perfume-laden), enjoys a delightful sensation of verdure and fragrance as he passes along the great avenue of lindens towards the heart of the city. In the distance he perceives the towers of the Castello, which carry him back in thought to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when, under the rule of the house of Este, Ferrara, the rival of Florence, proclaimed aloud to all Europe her splendor in art, in culture, and in every form of civic life. This imposing monument, built on the plans of Bartolino Ploti da Novara in the year 1385, is still surrounded by water and keeps intact its appearance, as regards exterior lines. Typical are the ravelins or salients of the western and southern sides, which remind us of what the Castle was primarily: a fortress. In 1554, after a fire which destroyed part of the edifice, Ercole the Second raised on the eastern side a hanging garden with the exquisite loggetta, while under the rule of Duke Alfonso II, the towers lost their haughty appearance along with the battlements frowning down upon the enemy, through the substitution of balustrades for the parapets and the erection of *sopracorpi* designed by Alberto Schiatti. Passing over the drawbridge on the side of the salient erected under the dominion of the Papal See, we enter the court. Here are two thirteenth-century wells, between which, as has been widely published and as one still hears repeated, occurred the beheading of Ugo and Parisina. This is not true; the two victims of this tragedy of love, sung by Byron, were executed in the horrible dungeons at the foot of the Torre dei Leoni, which the visitor enters with a feeling of horror. Let us rather admire with real pleasure of eye and mind the magnificent halls which the Castle contains, with frescoes by Dosso Dossi and his pupils, representing Greek and Roman sports. From the master's hand we have the Sala dell'aurora, where he depicted the hours of the day in four great mythological compositions. The Bacchanals, attributed to Titian, are notable, while the Chapel, called by the name of Renée of France, is also worthy of observation.

After a glance at the graceful Chiesetta di S. Giuliano (of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries) we pass from the Castle through the Piazza Torquato Tasso, to the Piazzetta Savonarola (the monu-

ment being by Galletti, a sculptor of Cento), whence we arrive, after a short walk, at the Cathedral.

Its façade is imposing: of Roman architecture up to the first gallery, over which were placed the vestibule and the three gables of Gothic-Lombardic style. Consecrated in 1135, it was not completed in its present form until the middle of the fourteenth century. The main entrance is flanked by lions, with Caryatids and columns upon which rests a small marble shrine adorned with numerous figures, representing the resurrection of the dead who are called to paradise or hurled to hell, the scenes being connected with the words of the Prophets sculptured on the splay of the door, the scene of the Annunciation, and with the episodes in the life of Jesus figured on the architrave.

The interior of the church does not correspond with the front, since in the first quarter of the eighteenth century the beautiful basilican architecture of five naves was destroyed and there was substituted, for statical reasons, according to historians, the present grand and solemn style; the decorative paintings on the arches and pillars were however only done at the end of the nineteenth century, after designs by the local artist Mantovani, the well-known restorer of the Raphaelian loggias of the Vatican.

The church preserves valuable works of art; we will enumerate a few. In the right-hand nave, altar no. 3, a *Madonna* with two saints, a masterpiece by Bastianino; altar no. 1, at the next intersection, *The Martyrdom of San Lorenzo*, by Guercino; *The Apostles and the Redeemer*, in terra-cotta, by Lombardi; five superb statues in bronze (fifteenth century) by Nicolò and Giovanni Baroncelli and Domenico Paris.

In the left-hand nave, leaving the intersection, altar no. 1, *The Coronation*, by Francia; altar no. 2, wooden crucifix (fourteenth century) by Antonio da Ferrara; altar no. 4, *Virgin and Saints*, by Garofalo; altar no. 6, baptismal font (sixth century).

In the choir, a basin with the *Final Judgment*, by Bastianino; stalls and pulpit with carvings and inlaid work (sixteenth century); an *Annunciation* and a *St. George*, charming works (1469) by Cosimo Tura, a famous master of the school of Ferrara.

In the sacristy, pictures by Panetti, Ortolano, Garofalo, Seb. Filippi, Scarsellino; early remains of the first pulpit and a fragment of the mosaic destroyed at the time of the reconstruction mentioned

above; a very rich collection of choral books (twenty-three) with numerous miniatures and noteworthy bindings; eight pieces of tapestry woven in Ferrara (sixteenth century) after designs by C. Filippi and Garofalo, representing the most remarkable incidents in the lives of Saints George and Maurelius, the protectors of the city; also very valuable sacred vestments and reliquaries.

On leaving the church, the visitor to Ferrara should note the great arch of the present Palazzo del Comune and imagine, on top of the columns that flank it, the bronze statues of Nicolò III and Borso, of the House of Este, the work of Baroncelli, which were hurled to the ground in October, 1797, by command of General Yann.

Through this vault, called the Vault of the Horse, from the equestrian statue of Nicolò, the traveler enters the enclosure of the Ducal Court, and ascends to the Palazzo Municipale, formerly the dwelling of the Este family, up the staircase with the rising arches, constructed by Benvenuti in the fifteenth century; there he may admire two beautifully carved marble fireplaces, and the Camerino delle Duchesse, with mirrors and golden cornices, and a few still bright paintings of the best school of Dosso.

Leaving the Piazza delle Erbe, with the remains of the Chiesa di S. Romano on the right (the little cloister dates back to the year 900), and on the left the imposing campanile of the Cathedral, passing along the Via Mazzini and noticing the thirteenth-century house, lately restored to its original form, we arrive at the Palazzo dell'Università, where the Biblioteca Comunale is located. Since 1801 there have been preserved here the bones of Ludovico Ariosto, autograph cantos of the *Orlando Furioso*, and manuscripts of Torquato Tasso, Vincenzo Monti, and other names illustrious in literature and science; also beautiful codices with miniatures, a noteworthy collection of editions of the fifteenth century (1474 volumes) and a copious number of works relating to Savonarola. In the Court of the Palazzo a number of marble fragments, discovered in the neighboring boroughs of Voghera and Voghenza, bear witness to a Roman civilization in these regions as far back as the first century after Christ.

From the University we proceed along the Via delle Scienze, the Via del Saraceno, the Via del Cammello (where we note the archivolt of the house No. 20, the Church and the Campanile di S. Gregorio) and then continuing along the Via Carmelino and the lower part of the Borgo (noting the door of house No. 58) we arrive at the Chiesa

di S. M. in Vado, the first baptistry in the city, made dear to the faithful by the Chapel of the Miraculous Blood.

Close to it is the Palazzo di Schifanoja, erected by the Marquis Alberto d'Este, in 1391. Borso and Ercole I adorned it with the sumptuous doorway and the entablature, while the great hall of the edifice preserves distinct traces of a great series of pictorial decorations, divided into twelve compartments, after the months, and which extolled the life of Borso. Each of these compartments was divided into three parts: mythological, astronomical and human, with figures and symbols corresponding. The months of March, April and May, on the eastern wall, (the work of Francesco del Cossa) are of superior beauty, and are the best preserved; the months of June, July, August and September, whose painters have not yet been ascertained, while they cannot stand comparison with the first, nevertheless serve to give an idea of what the appearance of the entire pictorial poem must have been.

All around the walls of the great room, underneath the paintings, are arranged the large collection — more than thirty — of choral books, obtained by the City from the convents of the Certosini and the Olivetani, and the fine art work of the miniatures serves as a comment on the mural paintings.

In the neighboring rooms the carved and gilded ceilings (1469) bear the arms and seals of the House of Este; in this museum the first prize is taken by the collection of local coins with dies from the mint of the House, and the series of medals struck by the most illustrious artificers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

From the Palazzo di Schifanoja, through the Via Madama we arrive in the Via Savonarola; in front of the Palazzo Pareschi, formerly called Estense, with the vast colonnaded court, stands the Casa de' Romei, a marvelous type, in which the mystic sigh of the cloister and the worldly luxury of the empurpled Estenses are interwoven with the lordly habit of the city.

Following along the Via Savonarola we reach S. Francesco, a church of vast proportions, attributed by historians to the local architect Biago Rossetti. The interior is in Ionic style, with three naves and a Latin cross. The frescoes of the main nave are by Carpi; in the right-hand one, on the wall, at the side of a Christ in stucco, Garofalo depicted two *flagellatori*; at the next intersection we find the sixteenth century monument to Ghiron Villa, a Venetian general, the

hero of Candia. In the other nave, the first chapel on entering, is the *Arrest of Christ*, a stupendous fresco by Garofalo, who, reproducing fourteenth-century style, painted at the sides of the altar two persons of the Arienti family, the patrons of the work.

Passing thence through the Via Terranova and the Corso della Giovecca and continuing up the Via Palestro, we arrive at the Piazza Ariostea, so called since 1833, when upon the column which first supported the statue of Pope Alexander VII, then one of the Republic, and finally that of Napoleon I, the likeness of the immortal poet was raised.

From this Piazza we go to the Church and Convent of the Certosini, which at the beginning of the nineteenth century became the municipal cemetery. The church, which was restored in the sixteenth century, is beautiful on account of its architectural lines and the sculptures on the bases of the pillars; the cemetery contains not a few valuable monuments.

Returning on the long road which joins Porta Mare and Porta Po in an almost straight line, we turn to the right and proceed towards the Palazzo dei Diamanti. This marble edifice (fifteenth and sixteenth century) is a strange one; the corner with the graceful balcony is magnificent. Here is located the Pinacoteca Comunale, containing frescoes, tables and tapestry by Galasso, Tura, Panetti, Ercole Grandi, Costa, Ortolano, Dosso Dossi and Garofalo — in short, the best and greatest who are the glory of that school of Ferrara which the British Museum judged worthy of a special room.

In the street again, we see the Palazzo Prosperi, formerly the Palazzo Sacratì, which forms one angle of the well-known crossroads, with the doorway made famous by the verse of Giosuè Carducci, and now attributed with certainty to the Lombardo family.

He who follows the Corso Porta Po, arrives at the end of a pious pilgrimage at the old Via di Mirasole and the little house which Ariosto built for himself, in which he passed his last years perfecting his *Orlando Furioso*, and where he died. He was buried in the neighboring Church of S. Benedetto, near to the immense cloister, one of the most beautiful monuments that the art of the Renaissance has given to this city. It would not be right to leave without examining the harmony of bricks and marble in the palace of Lodovico il Moro (one can take the street-car which runs from the railway station to the

suburb Borgo S. Giorgio), or admiring these fanciful arches which Garofalo and his pupils covered with frescoes.

It is not far to the Borgo just referred to; within its church is the rich and elegant tomb of Bishop Roverella, sculptured by Ambrogio da Milano fifteenth century); outside is the bell-tower raised by our Rossetti (1485), showing plain indications and characteristics of local architecture.

Thus in a rapid tour we can visit Ferrara; Ferrara of the long and broad streets upon which the sun shines magnificently down; Ferrara, the city of story, of art, of poetry, of dreams for him who can penetrate into its many-sided ancient soul.

IN LIMINE

By M. G. GOWSELL

O MUSE! why kindly as the desert dew
That drench the long still reaches ere the dawn,
And then, again, for moons and moons, refuse
Whole-hearted yearnings to be nearer drawn?

The dawn winds rise to greet the twilight gray,
And far snow mountains blush from crown to throne;
While waning moons to seaward pale away,
To leave me go the desert wilds alone.

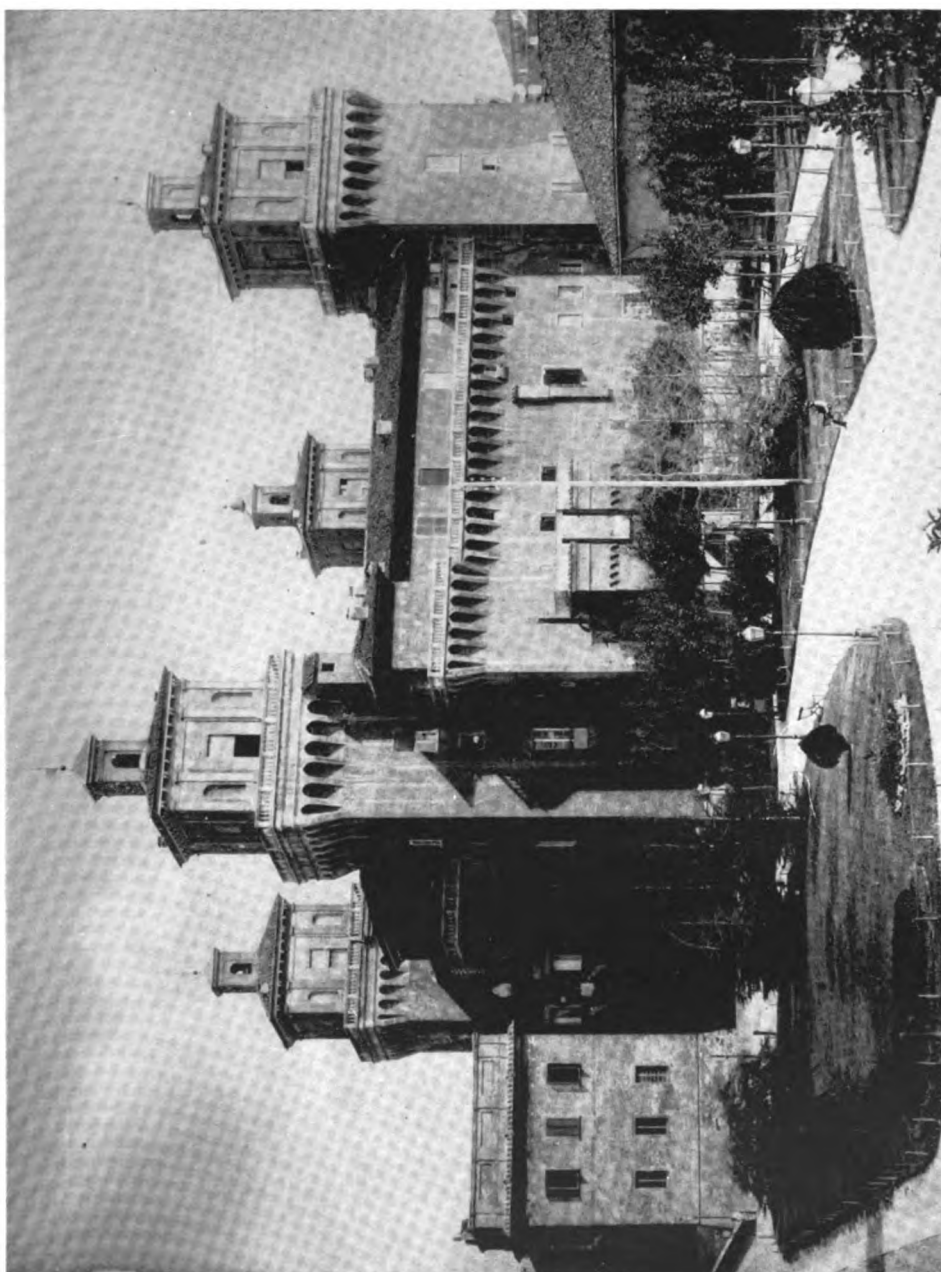
Down through the Morning's Gate, again flung wide,
Heaven's tides of glory spill their floods of gold;
Yet, there beneath the noonday blaze I bide,
A museless dreamer, and the day grows old.

Soft-footed Night may weave her purple web,
And constellations woo their Milky Way;
And yet some dribbling of the day's last ebb
May move my Muse to croon what runes she may.

Or, peradventure, while the stars afar
Strew kindly dew upon the moonlit plain,
She'll lead me where those priceless beauties are,
Beholden to the sun and wind and rain.

Croon o'er your runes, O Muse, from strand to strand:
So long as sun and moon rise o'er the wild;
Till eyes may see, and hearts may understand
And hearken with the hearing of a child.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California.*



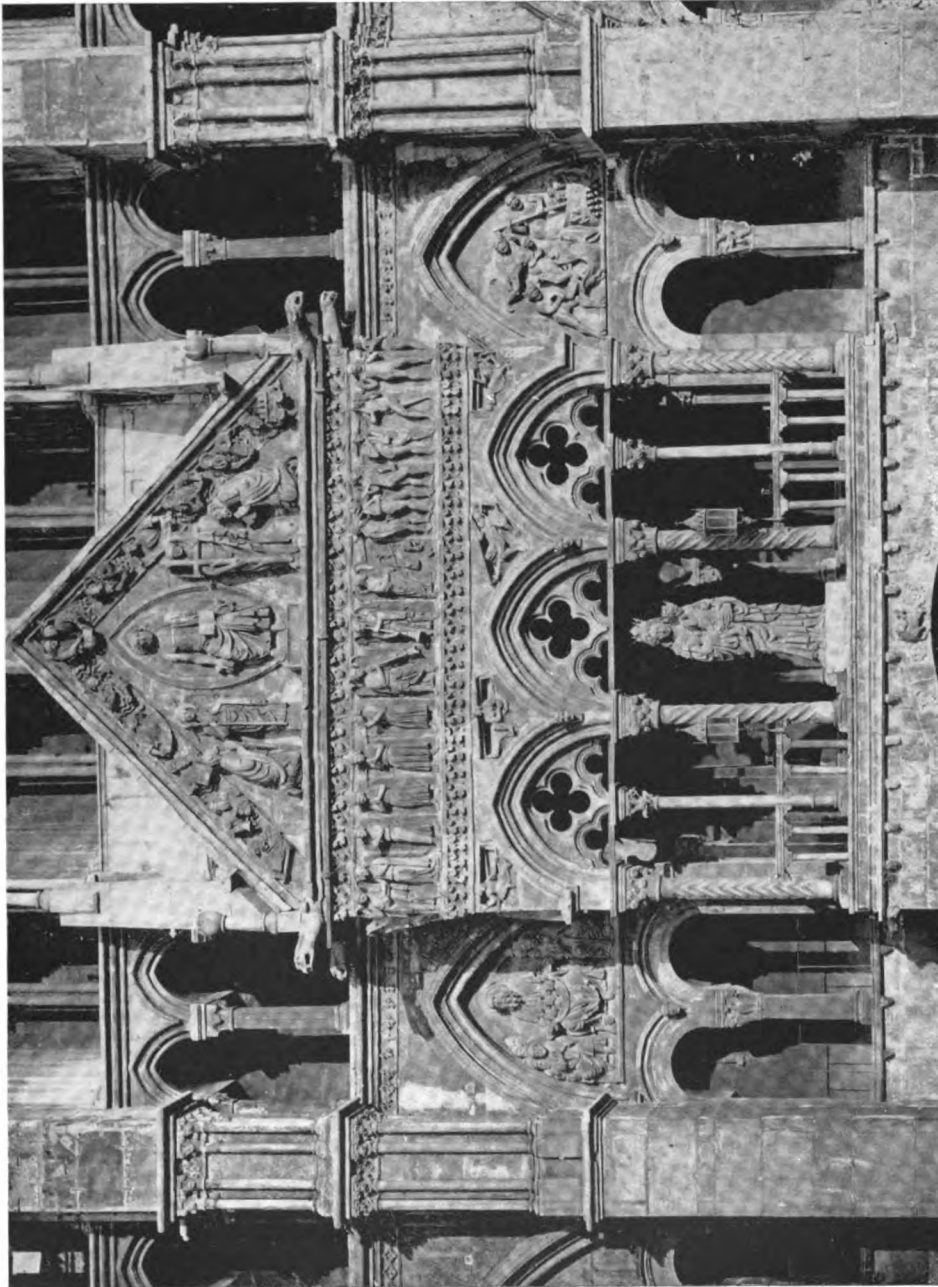
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THE CASTELLO D'ESTE; BEGUN IN THE YEAR 1385. FERRARA, ITALY



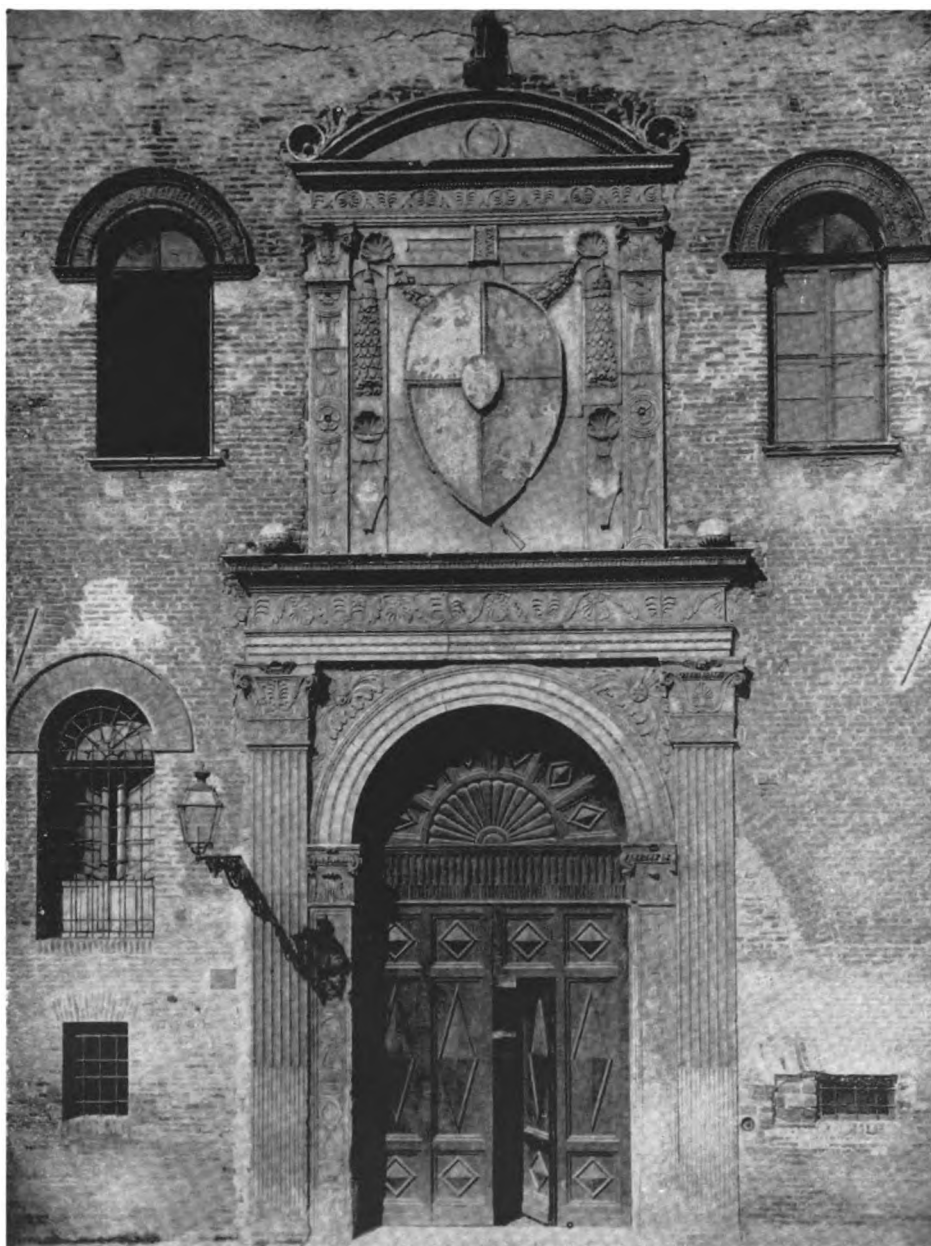
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THE CATHEDRAL, TWELFTH-FOURTEENTH CENTURIES: FERRARA



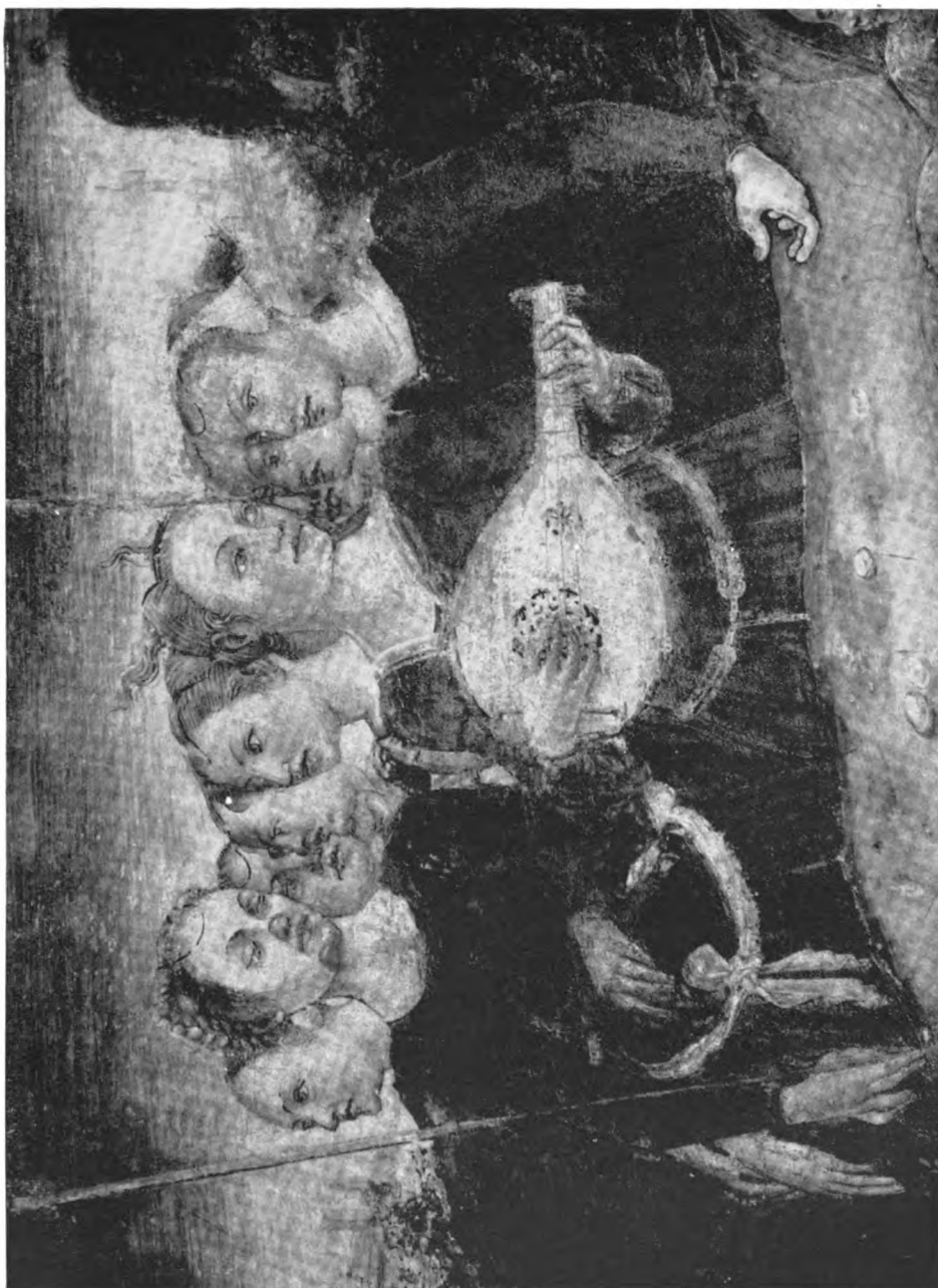
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PRONAOS OF THE CATHEDRAL (FOURTEENTH CENTURY) : FERRARA



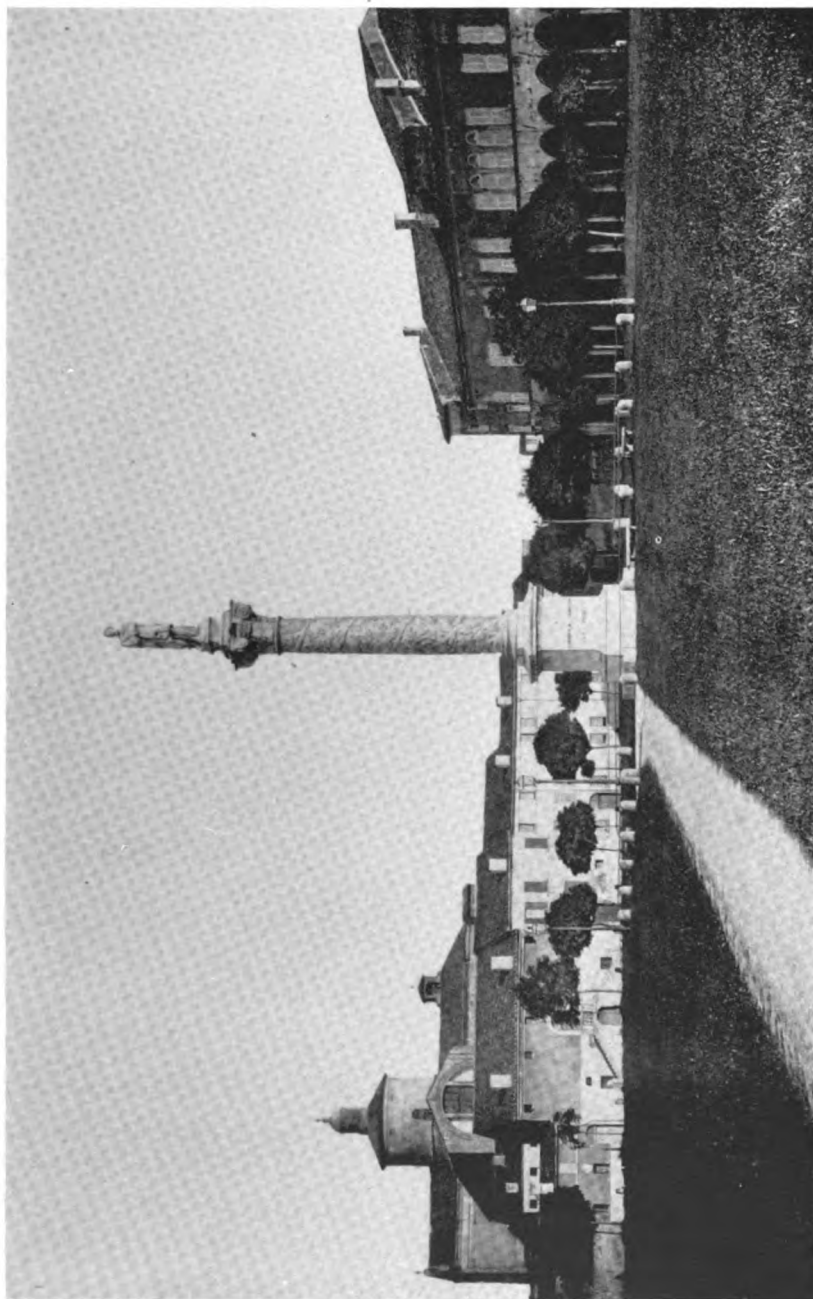
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ENTRANCE TO THE PALAZZO SCHIFANOJA (FIFTEENTH CENTURY) : FERRARA



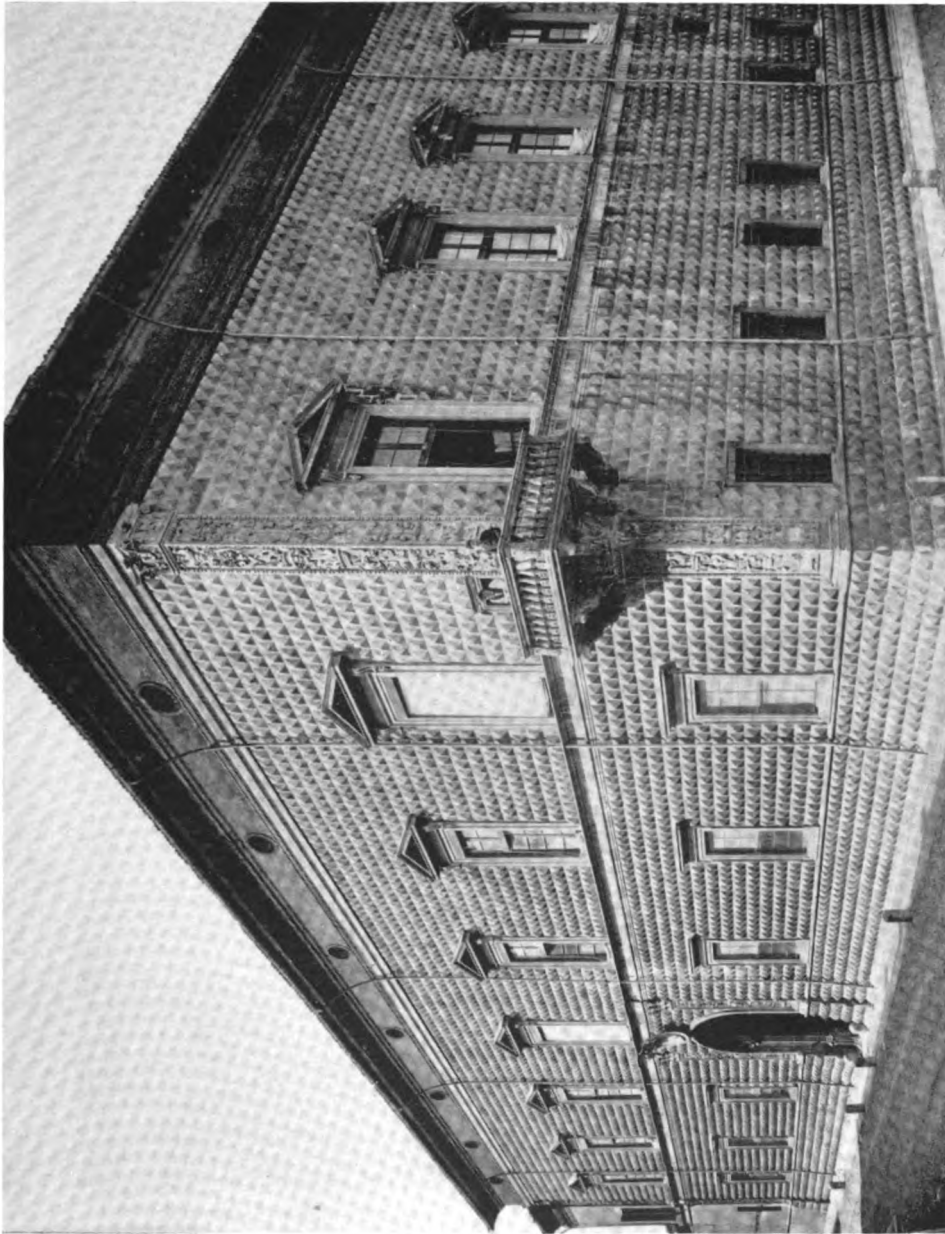
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EPISODE IN THE "TRIUMPH OF VENUS," MURAL PAINTING OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY,
PALAZZO SCHIFANOJA, FERRARA



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PIAZZA ARIOSTEA (STATUE BY VIDONI BROTHERS, 1833) ; FERRARA



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THE PALACE OF DIAMONDS (EARLY PART OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY) : FERRARA



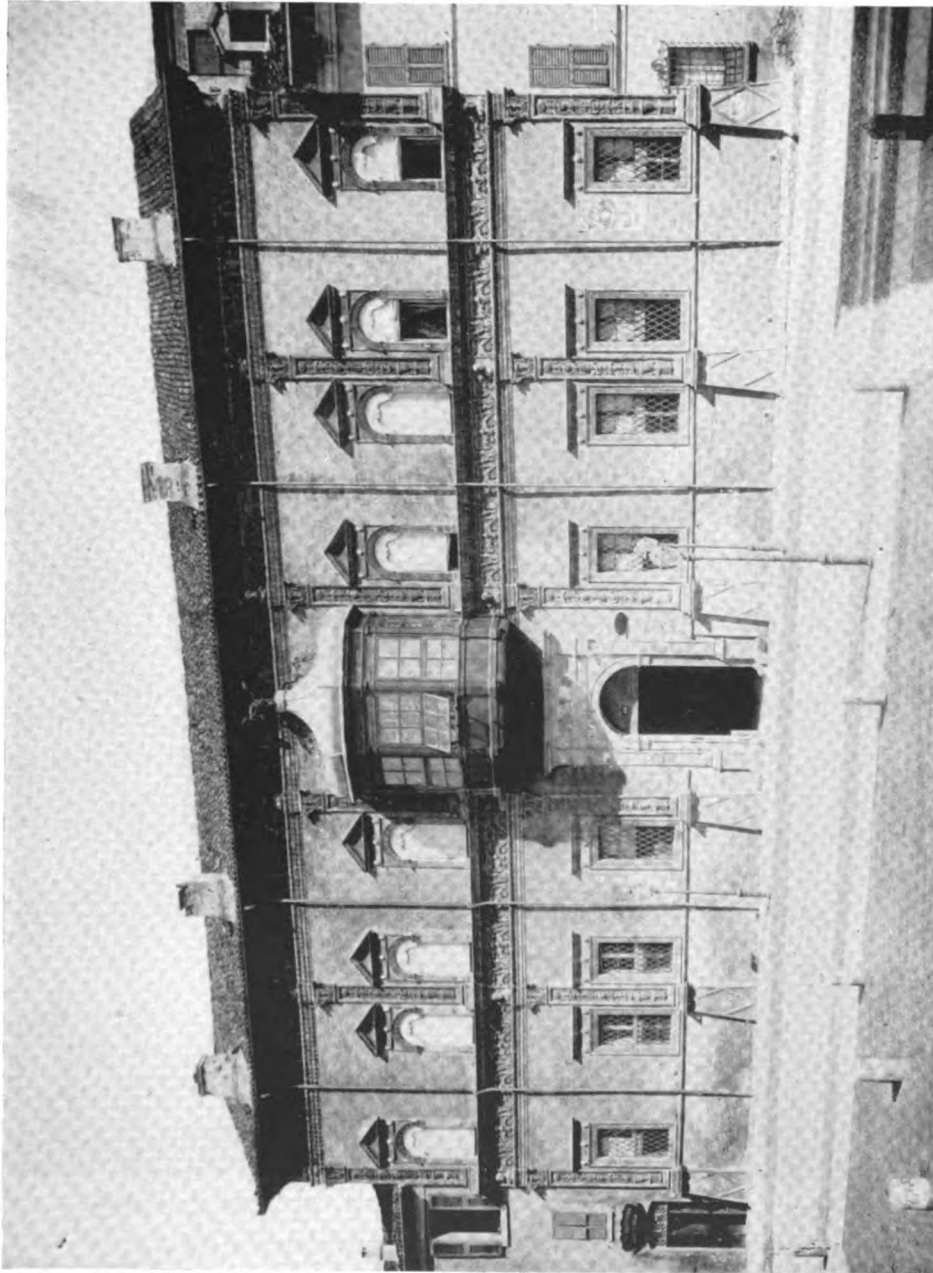
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ENTRANCE TO THE PALAZZO SACRATI (NOW KNOWN AS PROSPERI)
(SIXTEENTH CENTURY): FERRARA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LODOVICO ARIOSTO'S HOUSE, (SIXTEENTH CENTURY): FERRARA



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PALAZZO ROVERELLA (EARLY PART OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY) : FERRARA

NOTES ON EVOLUTION: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

I — INTRODUCTORY



WHAT is meant by Evolution, what by Darwinism, what are the teachings of Theosophy and the statements of H. P. Blavatsky on the matter? These are questions that must be asked and clearly answered if we are to avoid confusion.

The theory of Evolution attempts to account for the unity of ground-plan underlying the infinite diversity in the universe by supposing that all the different forms have been derived from a single common type or primordial element, or at any rate from a comparatively few such rudiments.

The theory of organic Evolution restricts the speculation to certain domains of nature commonly regarded as alive — the vegetable and animal kingdoms, to which is added (or in which is included) the human kingdom.

But the term Evolution in its widest sense embraces the whole universe and applies not merely to individuals but to groups and even to abstractions. Thus we may speak of social evolution, the evolution of language, etc.

The term Lamarckism has sometimes been applied to organic Evolution.

Darwinism proper restricts the meaning of the term Evolution still further by supposing that "natural selection" is the principal means by which the alleged evolution has been effected.

We may accept the theory of Evolution without committing ourselves to any hypothesis as to the means whereby this alleged process is carried out. We may be evolutionists without being Darwinists.

We may speak of the evolution of an individual or a race. The growth of an organism from the germ or seed is a process of individual evolution.

Evolution is a grand idea, a vast and mighty subject. It was indeed a victory when modern thought began to strike that line and free itself from old formulas. But of course the early attempts were like the first steps of a child learning to walk. In this century we have had time to review some of our earlier opinions, and to correct some of the mistakes — but not all by any means. Some of the arguments of H. P. Blavatsky are conceded, but many more yet remain to be conceded. Her controversial attitude was necessary on account of the scientific dogmatism she had to combat; for Theosophy is opposed

to all dogmatism. Like her, we grant to modern science all that it has of truth and fairness, but withstand any dogmatism that may be present in its utterances. Especially is this the case when we find narrow and cramping views of human nature asserted on a foundation of mere speculation. It is possible to imagine the existence of a scientific dogmatism as oppressive as some theological dogmatisms have been; and it is only doing a service to science and to men of science, if we help them to get rid of these dogmatic tendencies.

II — EVOLUTION IS A MANIFESTING OF THAT WHICH HAS PRE-EXISTED IN LATENCY

Does the term Evolution imply that the total potentiality of the subsequent manifestation exists in the germ? Some writers on the philosophy of Evolution say that the modern sense of the word does not necessarily imply this: that Evolution in the modern scientific sense means progress and includes all theories which hold that the course of the world is a gradual transition from the simpler to the more complex; that the etymological meaning of the word must not be pressed; that these theories do not assume that the subsequent manifestation was contained potentially in the germ; and that the *combination of diverse elements* may be regarded as introducing a new feature. If growth follows upon the combination or interaction of two elements, in which of them did the potentiality lurk? Neither of them could evolve unaided. If oxygen and hydrogen combine to form water, would it be right to say that the water must have existed as a germ in the oxygen, or in the hydrogen, or in both, or partly in one and partly in the other, or somewhere else altogether?

Here we seem to arrive at an issue between the usual view and the Theosophical. Researchers seem to think that that which is produced by growth, whether from a single germ or from the interaction of two elements, is something entirely new. The universe, in proceeding from simple to complex, is aiming at a non-existent mark, searching out into the void, producing things entirely novel, unexpected, and undreamt of before. Theosophy holds that this view is unphilosophical; that that which is produced in manifested form must have pre-existed in unmanifested condition; that the creative powers in the universe are fulfilling a plan, and the plan pre-existed its fulfilment; in short, that the entire universe, including all that has yet been manifested and all that will be, has pre-existed *in toto*, and that

Evolution is the unfolding of that which was wrapped up, the manifesting of that which was latent. The analogy of the potter and his clay, or that of the sculptor and the statue he makes, is used; the idea of that which is formed must have existed beforehand in the mind of the craftsman. This would seem obvious enough; and the opposite view would seem therefore to be untenable. But is it not chiefly with the obscurity of language, vague thinking and general logical confusion that the fault lies? Fallacious theories are confuted by the mere attempt to express them accurately, and those who support them deal in vague statements.

But let us apply our principle a little more closely. The water could not be produced from the oxygen and the hydrogen unless water had pre-existed in some form other than that of its physical manifestation. That is what the Theosophical (and logical) proposition amounts to. The union of the two elements furnishes the facility or occasion for the physical manifestation of a certain product which in its physical manifestation is called "water," and which, before its physicalization, existed in a non-physical state. This merely illustrates a principle of general applicability. The act of generation in physical animals or plants furnishes the opportunity for the physical manifestation of a "Monad" (it is essential to introduce the term here). No organism could be produced unless its essence had previously existed in a non-physical state.

There *can be no objective* form on earth (nor in the Universe either), without its astral prototype being first formed in Space.—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 660.

(The word "objective" refers to physical objectivity, and the word "astral" has the meaning which H. P. Blavatsky assigns to it, and not any of the meanings attached to it by people who have perverted and embroidered upon it.)

This section of our subject suggests the old question, "Which first, the egg or the chick?" The words "both" and "neither" occur as equally plausible solutions of this much vexed problem. There cannot be a chick without an egg. Quite so, but neither can there be an egg without a chick. In this alternation of egg and chick, chick and egg, we may find a useful analogy. If the manifold powers of mind and soul have all emanated from the primordial germ, into that primordial germ those powers must first have gone, say we. If we see a man coming out of a hole — or a rat either — it is pretty certain that the crea-

ture first went into the hole. All of which may be regarded as sophistry or mere quibbling, though it serves to illustrate the point at issue — namely, that the primordial germ contained in itself everything that has been, or can be, produced out of it. Thinkers choose to endow the atom with powers greater than are possessed by man himself, which is inevitable, seeing that the atom produced the man. Hence the Atom is the Primordial Germ of Theosophical teaching.

All things had their origin in spirit — evolution having originally begun from above and proceeded downwards, instead of the reverse as taught by the Darwinian theory. In other words, there has been a gradual materialization of forms until a fixed ultimate of debasement is reached. This point is that at which the doctrine of modern evolution enters into the arena of speculative hypothesis. *Op. cit.*, II, 290, quoted from *Isis Unveiled*.

Modern thought, then, is hampered by its neglect to distinguish between the organism and its tenant, and by its failure to apply the principle that every product is the outcome of a preceding plan. But in this century we are better provided with the machinery for explaining the matter on scientific lines. For the existence of what might be called finer grades of matter is now recognized; so that it becomes easier to understand that the conscious entity within the animal might still be embodied even though not physically embodied.

The animal has a soul, though it has not a “conscious surviving Ego-soul”—the principle which survives after a man and reincarnates in a like physical body.

III — NATURAL SELECTION AND ENVIRONMENT

This is admitted by Theosophy to be an important factor in Evolution, but only one factor out of many, and not the most important. Also it is shown by H. P. Blavatsky, as it has been shown by other writers, that natural selection is not the name of an agent but the name of a result. It is one of the results of the interaction between the growing forces in the organism and the environment. It is right to say that the operation of certain forces has resulted in a natural selection; but we cannot say that natural selection produced the variations, except as a figure of speech. Environment is often spoken of as though it could be a cause of changes in the form of creatures. This is a philosophical error. If an organism is inert, it cannot respond to environment. A stone approximates to this condition. Even a stone, however, responds to environment to some small extent; but

not in the same degree as the plant or the animal. What makes the difference? It is the properties of the creature itself — stone, plant or animal. In fact, change of form is produced by the *internal* forces (whatever they may be) that cause growth. Environment merely conditions the growth, facilitating, retarding or modifying it.

In considering Evolution we are bound to consider what is the nature of the force causing growth and enabling the creature to respond to its environment, giving rise to the sifting process called natural selection. Whatever Darwinism may say regarding its methods and procedure in studying Evolution, we find that it has not been able to ignore the question of causes, and that it has confused itself by speaking of natural selection, environment and other things, as though they were causative agents. Apart from this, the only resort seems to be to load everything upon the unfortunate atom. For the atom is what we get down to at last — when we do not go further and get to the electron or the ether. And these rudiments thus become tantamount to the hand of the almighty or to the synthesis of universal Mind and Will. Dr. Temple, Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, is quoted in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 645, as holding that *matter*, after receiving its primal impress, is the unaided evolver of all cosmic phenomena. Thus he differs from Haeckel only in retaining his theological Deity, who, however, stands aloof from the interplay of forces. Clearly Bishop Temple had created a secondary Deity, his first being the Absolute, and his second Deity, which he calls “Matter,” being the creative Logos. Perhaps, however, this is not what he had in mind; he may have had the idea that the Cosmos is a machine, wound up (by the primal impress) to go. We can only say that such a theory seems to us to show lack of imagination and of mental power to work out the details.

The creature itself is evidently one of the causes of the growth and evolution of its organism. But an intermediate cause; for the creature in its turn is acted upon by other agencies higher in the scale of intelligence, as will be seen later.

Science regards only the plane of physical objectivity; but, as this is not by any means the only plane, research is necessarily restricted in its vision. This explains why science has failed to find confirmation for so many of its theories in evolution. The main difficulty has always been to catch evolution “on the hop,” so to say; to watch one type turning into another. There is a lack of continuity, there are

missing links in the chain. Moreover, there is the well-known difficulty of explaining how the existence of such missing links could be accounted for on the theory of survival of the fittest; the supposed half-way stages between known forms of life being, as has so often been pointed out, often eminently unqualified for survival. It is not necessary here to go at any length into a description of these difficulties, which can readily be found in books; we devote our space to considering their cause and cure. It is found that some organic forms remain the same for very long periods, while others vary. To quote *The Secret Doctrine* and Huxley:

The types of life are innumerable; and the progress of evolution, moreover, does not go on at the same rate in every kind of species. . . . Nor do we find that which ought to be found, if the now orthodox theory of Evolution were *quite* correct, namely, a constant ever-flowing progress in every species of being. Instead of that, what does one see? While the intermediate groups of animal being all tend toward a higher type, and while specializations, now of one type and now of another, develop through the geological ages, change forms, assume new shapes, appear and disappear with a kaleidoscopic rapidity in the description of the palaeontologists from one period to another, the two solitary exceptions to the general rule are those at the two opposite poles of life and type, namely — **MAN and the lower genera of being!**

Certain well-marked forms of living beings have existed through enormous epochs, surviving not only the changes of physical conditions, *but persisting comparatively unaltered*, while other forms of life have appeared and disappeared. Such forms may be termed "persistent types" of life; and examples of them are abundant enough in both the animal and the vegetable worlds.— HUXLEY, *Proc. of Royal Inst.*, vol. iii, p. 151.

IV — MAMMALS LATER THAN MAN

It is several times stated in *The Secret Doctrine* that, in this Round, the mammals are more recent than man — appeared on the earth later than man appeared. The qualification, "in this Round," refers to the chronology of the evolutionary system expounded in *The Secret Doctrine*; a Round being a very large period, whose exact figures are not given, but which may be considered large in proportion to the periods dealt with by evolutionists. The fact of this qualification being inserted indicates that without it the statement would not be true; in the upward arc of evolution, the life-wave passes through the less highly organized forms first; but in this particular Round, man arrived before the other mammals. The whole process of evolution during all the Rounds is rather complex and difficult to grasp, and it is enough to say here that the above was the result so far as

the present Round is concerned. The statement certainly sounds revolutionary according to ordinary ideas; it is diametrically opposed to the attempt to derive man from the mammals during this Round.

V — MAN AND THE APE

With regard to Man and the Ape, we find today those who think man descended from an ape, those who hold that both man and ape came from a common ancestor, and a few already who favor the Theosophical teaching that the anthropoid is a degenerate by-product, although higher than the other creatures below man.

The evolution of the ape is the inverse order to that of man; he grows more bestial as he grows older. This fact, according to biological rules, indicates that he is a descending product; otherwise it ought to be found that the aged ape is more intelligent than the young one. The theory that the anthropoid is a decayed side-line of human genealogy, an abortive attempt to evolve man, is better. But it is incumbent on the theorists to show why the one line succeeded while the other failed. Again, if the ape, or any other animal, was able to evolve man, he must have been a veritable God. There are, of course, innumerable other difficulties in the way of these ape theories, which we can hardly go into here; they are fully discussed in *The Secret Doctrine*. The facts support the Theosophical teaching that the anthropoid ape is a by-product in the *early* history of human races.

The popular imagination skips too lightly over mere details, and has never really looked into the psychological question. There is something in man's self-conscious mind that is entirely *sui generis* and fundamentally different from the merely conscious (but not self-conscious) mind of the animals. The spark which gives self-consciousness is either there or not there. An animal, however intelligent, is always an animal. It is impossible to conceive self-consciousness as evolving out of the unreflective animal consciousness, but it is very easy to talk loosely about it and to assume that it has.

The teaching then is that natural evolution reached its culmination in the production of a perfected animal organism, ready to receive the light of intelligence; and that this could only be communicated by Beings who were already endowed with it. These Beings were men — perfected men from a previous Round of evolution. They are generally spoken of in religious symbologies as "Gods," "Angels," etc.

When Man appeared in this Round, he found an already fairly

perfected organism awaiting him from the evolution of previous Rounds. This statement does not bear the stamp of a theory made to order; and the spirit in which it is made precludes it from being a dogma. It is an ancient teaching, received by H. P. Blavatsky from her teachers, and by her handed on in fulfilment of a duty and a wish, to be submitted to the critical judgment of competent minds. It will be found to meet the facts of the case, as discovery advances.

PICTURES FROM DEVONSHIRE, ENGLAND: by Carolus



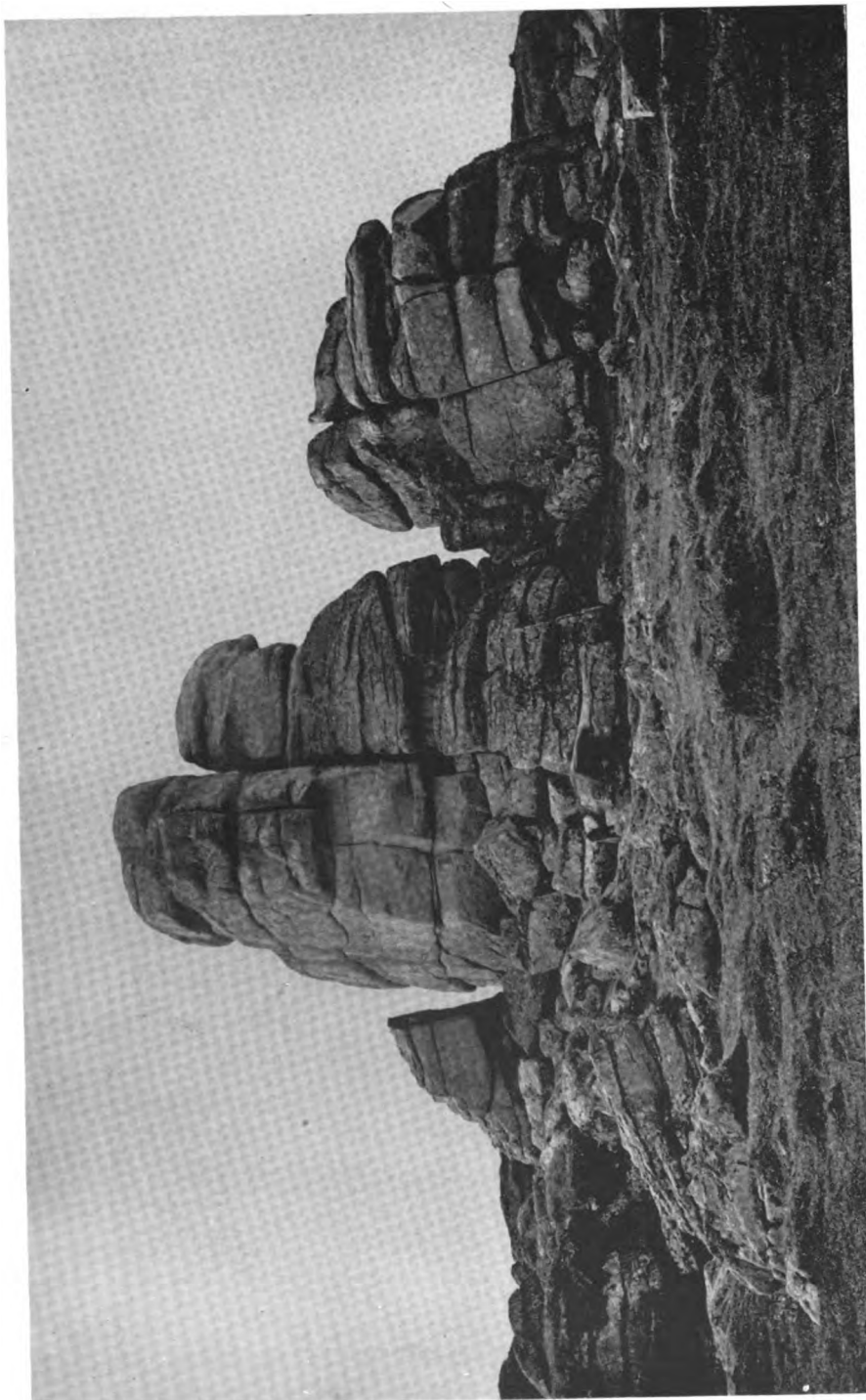
THE County of Devon, in the southwest of England, with its beautiful scenery, mild and agreeable climate, and interesting historical associations, has many attractions for a permanent residence or for a transient visit. The entire county is beautiful and much of it is romantically picturesque, being diversified by rugged hills, richly-wooded valleys and lowlands with streams and brooks everywhere. The climate is so mild, for England, that many half-hardy plants, such as the myrtle, the heliotrope, the hydrangea, and the geranium, grow freely out of doors in sheltered places. Even along the more bracing northern coast the arbutus thrives and makes a shrub of many feet in height. In the Tertiary period, the giant Sequoia, now only found in California, flourished in Devonshire; its fossils are found in profusion near the eastern escarpment of Dartmoor. Even now there are certain plants found in Devonshire and Cornwall which are quite unknown in the rest of England. As an offset to the numerous advantages and beauties of the county is the curious fact that the nightingale is never heard within its borders. That exquisite singer is confined to the more easterly parts of England — a mystery, the reason for which has not yet been solved.

The most striking topographical feature of Devonshire is Dartmoor, a high, breezy plateau covering a large area of its central portion. Dartmoor is the eastern part of the granitic chain which extends irregularly as far as the Scilly Islands, southwest of the Land's End. Its center has been a royal forest for more than a thousand years. The Tors are steep craggy heights, crested with broken masses of granite which rise like towers out of the main plateau. The highest is Yestor, 2050 feet above sea level. Vixen Tor is another conspicuous crag, three and a half miles east of Tavistock; it is



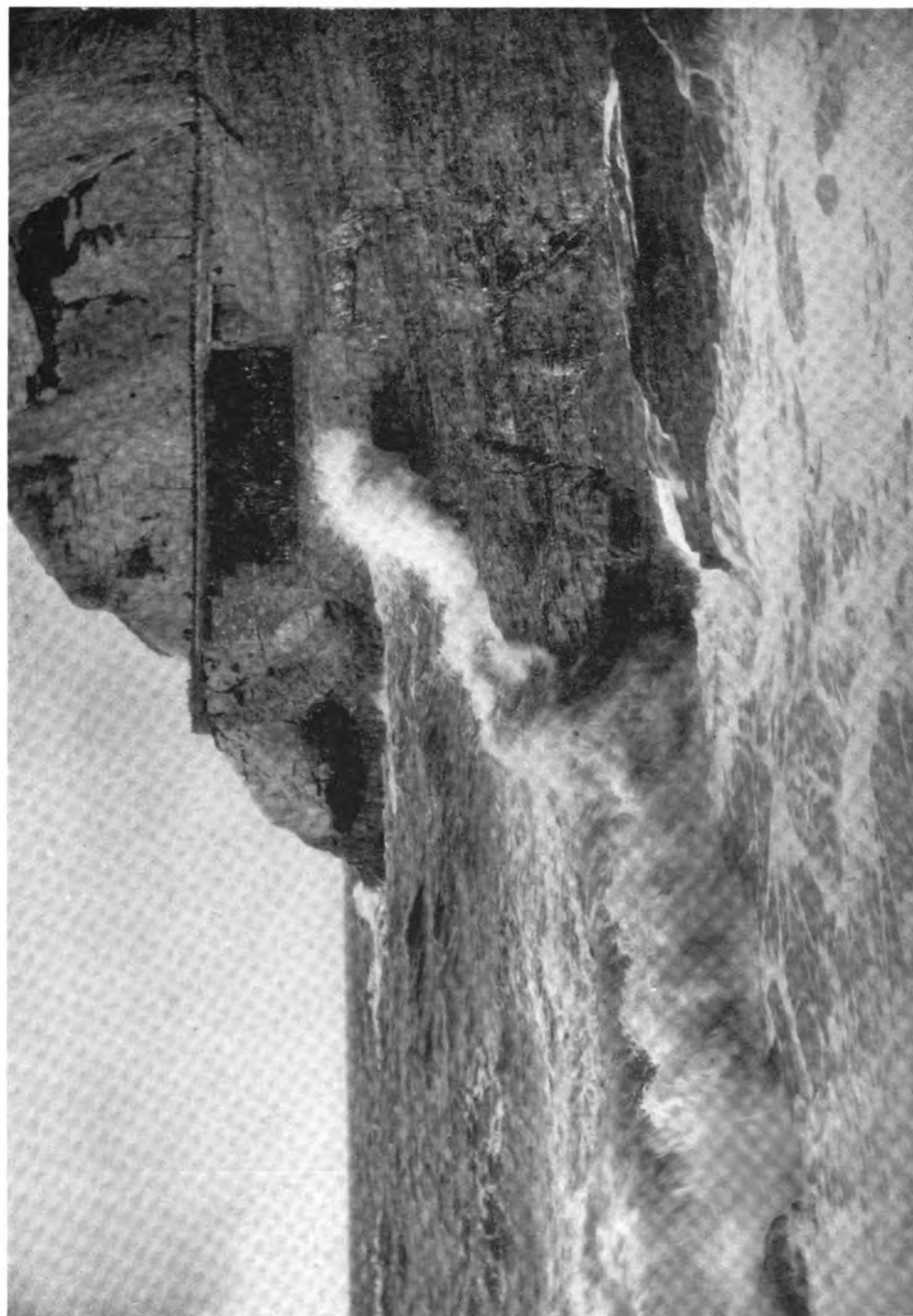
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STEPPING STONES, SHAUGH BRIDGE, NEAR DARTMOOR, DEVONSHIRE, ENGLAND



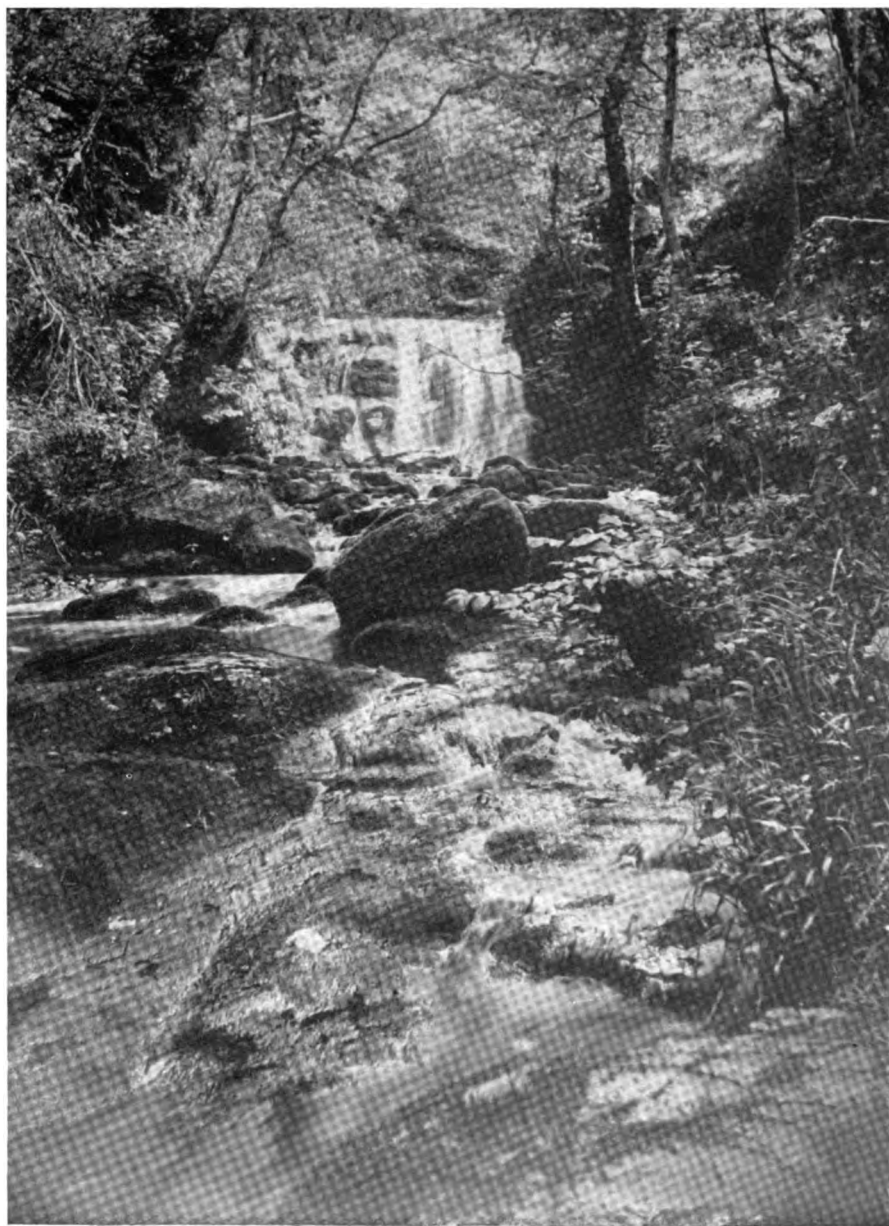
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VIXEN TOR, DARTMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE



Lomland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BREAKING WAVES, WILDERSMOUTH, ILFRACOMBE, NORTH DEVON



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A DEVONSHIRE WATERFALL AND RIVULET



A VIEW OF PLYMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

COCKINGTON VILLAGE, TORQUAY, DEVONSHIRE



THE BREAKWATER AND LIGHTHOUSE, PLYMOUTH



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THE GUILDHALL AND MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, PLYMOUTH

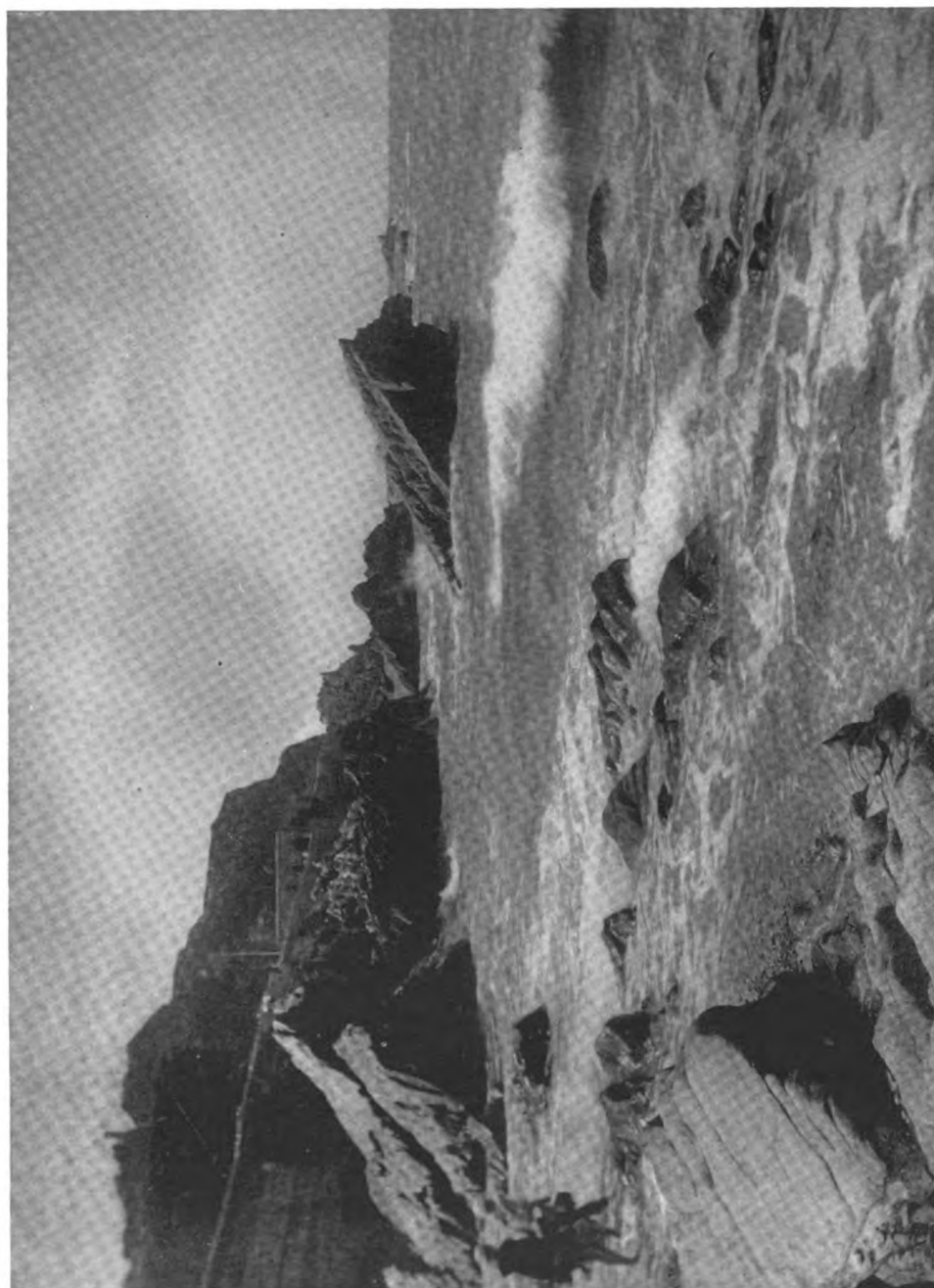


AN ENGLISH COTTAGE NEAR BRAUNTON, DEVONSHIRE



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THE WEIR, DREWSTEIGTON, DEVONSHIRE



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ROCKY COAST AT WILDERSMOUTH, ILFRACOMBE, NORTH DEVON

composed of three separate masses of rock, about fifty feet high, each of which has a rock-basin at the summit. Dartmoor is bare and wild, and largely covered with heather; its open moorland scenery and rugged cliffs contrast strongly with the wooded and richly-cultivated regions surrounding it. Remains of prehistoric man found on Dartmoor consist of long rows of parallel stones, stone circles, tall upright single stones, stone huts, great dolmens, and the rock basins found on the summits of the tors.

Devonshire has two coast lines, both of them very picturesque and favorite places for artists. The bold, rocky cliffs of the northern coast overlooking the Bristol Channel, which rise to nearly two thousand feet in the neighborhood of Ilfracombe, are grand. The southern shore line is more gentle in contour; parts of it are famous for the almost incredibly red cliffs of the New Red Sandstone formation. The color red, in cattle and cliffs, is characteristic of Devon, and contrasts finely with the vivid green of the grass and foliage, frequently moistened by the southwest rains and mists. Amongst the many pleasant health-resorts and fashionable watering-places on the southern coast, Torquay is pre-eminent. Near Torquay is Kent's Cavern, one of the first of the geological treasure houses of fossils of extinct animals and primitive man to be scientifically explored.

The Golden Age of Devonshire, historically speaking, was in "Good Queen Bess' glorious days," when it gave the doughty heroes, Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, the Gilberts, and many others, to the service of their country for the "singeing of the King of Spain's beard," in the Spanish Main and nearer home. It was in Plymouth Sound that 120 sails were collected to make the first dash upon the Spanish Armada when it sailed proudly up the British Channel in 1588 for the undoing of the nation. A century later, Devonshire witnessed another famous event when William of Orange, on November 5, 1688, landed at Brixham for the preservation of the British realm from a danger similar in its motive to that which had threatened it in the time of Elizabeth.

Plymouth is best known of the large towns of Devonshire to American visitors, as it is a port of call for ocean liners. It is one of the most important naval stations of England, and is a well-built, modern-looking town, beautifully situated on Plymouth Sound, and the center of an important local trade. Its history has been closely connected with many of the most stirring events in English history,

and it has returned members to Parliament for seven hundred years. There are not many remains of antiquity, except an occasional house and the parish church. The new Guildhall, Law Courts, and Municipal Buildings were opened in 1874. The large hall contains a fine organ, and the stained-glass windows represent events in local history and commemorate various prominent citizens. In the Mayor's parlor is a contemporary portrait of Sir Francis Drake. The famous Eddystone Lighthouse is fourteen miles off Plymouth. The original lighthouse was built in 1698, only to be destroyed five years later. Another one, mainly composed of wood, lasted till 1755, and then Smeaton's famous stone lighthouse was put up; the rock becoming undermined it was taken down about thirty years ago and re-erected on the shore at Plymouth.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL RAJA-YOGA AND ARCHAEOLOGY

A paper by H. B., a student of the Râja-Yoga College, read at one of the weekly meetings of the William Quan Judge Club.



S Theosophy, the universal Wisdom-Religion, synthesizes and co-ordinates with itself all branches of knowledge, so Râja-Yoga — which is Theosophy in practice — accentuates the spiritual and moral elements in the arts and sciences, and seeks to make them *living factors* in human life. In the light of Theosophy and Râja-Yoga, therefore, the supreme object of the pursuit of any particular branch of knowledge is its practical application to the upliftment and higher development of humanity; hence the arts and sciences are rated according to their spiritual and ethical value.

The study of archaeology, in the immensity of the field covered by it, offers — when approached in the right way — hidden stores of untold wealth, of which but little has as yet been gleaned.

Archaeology opens to us the gates of the past and reveals a world of beauty, grandeur and magnificence — ages filled with artistic and intellectual triumphs and mighty works — which excite our wonder and admiration, and become greater and grander the further we go back through time. But behind these outward manifestations there is the soul which informed them, and searching deeper we shall find

a mighty inner life-force, an underlying spiritual potency, so grand, so sublime in its beauty and powerful dignity as to transcend all analysis and defeat explanation. Herein we have the key to the moral and spiritual value of archaeological study. It is this — the Spirit of Antiquity — radiating from all the mighty civilizations of the past, which is the supreme goal of archaeology, wherein lie hidden the real treasures.

Looking through the ages of Egyptian civilization, what do we find? A moral and spiritual power that sustained Egypt through sixty centuries and more of national life; art and architecture unsurpassed in dignity and grandeur, and undegraded from sacred purposes; religious and scientific wisdom before which the intellectual Greeks acknowledged themselves but as children; in all the varied aspects of old Egyptian life are forcefully evidenced the virtues of unity, industry, frugality, simplicity, refinement, love of nature — a note of harmony and balance pervades all. Passing thence to ancient China, India, Central Asia, Mesopotamia, Central and South America, as far as our knowledge extends, we find but variations in expression of the same spiritual life.

And the root and origin of all this grandeur — the inner Soul-life which lay behind it, this Spirit of Antiquity — is that which we in our studies and researches must ever seek to recognize and comprehend if we would carry archaeology to its highest possibilities.

To what extent and in what way can the modern world benefit by the revivification of the ancient spirit?

As long as our national and individual lives are marked by discord and unrest we can learn from the pure, exalted dignity of ancient life; so long as selfish and sordid aims prevail we shall hear a rebuke in antiquity's impersonal ideals; so long as false motives and self-seeking shut out the radiance of the Soul-life we may find inspiration and encouragement in the beauties of the archaic ages. Humanity is so engrossed in the exploitation of the material civilization which it has made, that it cannot recognize what it has lost. Through bitter experiences men shall come to recognize in the records of the far past the lost chord in human progress — waiting hidden and unrevealed through the dark ages, only to promise greater light to the future of mankind. Man contains within himself the fruits of all past experience and attainment, and the seeds of unlimited future progress.

As Theosophy teaches the immortality and essential divinity of

the inner life of man, so Râja-Yoga urges us to seek in our nature for our divine potentialities — to dig deep into the archaic records of our inner being and find again the hidden glories, which, as we have realized in the Past, we shall realize more fully in the Future.

REINCARNATION*

Look Nature through; 'tis revolution all,
All change, no death. Day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise,
Earth takes the example. All to re-flourish fades
As in a wheel; all sinks to reascend;
Emblems of man who passes, not expires.— *Edward Young*



THE doctrine of Reincarnation teaches that Man, the Soul, lives many lives on earth, always in the human form and always working and progressing toward perfection.

The purpose of Reincarnation is that a perfect Man may be produced. In a question asking for scientific proof of Reincarnation THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH says:

There is no scientific proof for any doctrine concerning the destiny of the soul and the state of man after death. The proof of such mysteries must be sought in a cultivation of our inner faculties; and until our eyes are opened to the truth, we have to rest content with an intellectual acceptance of the most reasonable belief — which is undoubtedly that of Reincarnation as taught by H. P. Blavatsky. Theosophists cannot be held responsible for the state of ignorance in which present-day humanity finds itself with regard to the mysteries of life and death, nor for the inadequacy of science to furnish anything which it regards as proof relating to these mysteries. On the contrary, Theosophists should be commended for their endeavor to give a satisfactory explanation of the problems of life and to relieve that ignorance; and we owe a great debt of gratitude to H. P. Blavatsky for bringing us the teaching of Reincarnation and for striving so hard to set our feet on the path of knowledge.

Some of us are apt to think that the personality, Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, comes again and again to the earth; then we wonder why it is that we cannot remember our former lives on this globe. Our personality is an illusion or dream and we often mistake it for the real self, of which it is only the extreme outer show. The Manual

* Studied from Manual No. 4 on "Reincarnation," *The Key to Theosophy*, and articles in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH; a paper by N. L., a Danish-American student of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California, read at the regular meeting of the William Quan Judge Club, October 9, 1915.

says: "Our personality is a bundle of changing moods, ideas and sentiment, and is not permanent."

In THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, Professor Edge says:

The personality of a man is the sense of self which he *develops* during each period of earth-life, and it is made up of the experiences and impressions of that period. In it there is just a spark of the true Selfhood; and the state of affairs may be compared to a transparent picture illuminated by a hidden light. The picture is the personality and the light is a ray from the true Self. When the man dies, the picture disappears, but the light remains. This illustration is intended to indicate that, though the identity of man is preserved beyond death, the form in which it persists is not that of the familiar personality.

What we call *ourselves*, our likes and dislikes, tendencies and moods, and ordinary memories, all disappear at death, and it is well that they do. The real Self is that which reincarnates. The real Self, the Soul, that part of us which cannot show itself until our character has been cleansed and purified of all wrong. With this thick blanket of petty whims and moods that we are bound up in, no wonder we do not know our real Self at all times. We must work diligently, doing our duty by everybody, and we should turn a strong and constant searchlight on this personality until it is clarified and the Soul shines through, as it does at times of inspiration, like the sun shining through breaks in the clouds on a stormy day. As Milton said and did — "Live laborious days and shun delights." The soul is permanent, but the personality is fleeting; therefore what we call "ourselves" disappears at death, and

So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.—E. ARNOLD, *The Song Celestial*.

In considering the vanity of human nature we are not surprised to find ordinary and perhaps inferior people claiming to have been Hypatia, Cleopatra, Caesar, Marie Antoinette or Napoleon. Somehow they never claim to have been fishermen along the coast of Ireland, or farmers, or cobblers in some obscure little town. We must beware of vanity, for it is one of our greatest foes. Perhaps if we could see our former lives on earth we would not be able to recognize a single one of the thousands of instances of that past, and we would think it the life of an entirely different Ego. But it is not true that

we have no memory at all of our past lives. In the words of the Manual —

We retain no detailed or pictorial memory of the events of our past lives, it is true; but nevertheless we possess memory of another kind. This other kind of memory exists in the form of innate ideas, instinct, proclivities, intuitions, and the like; and every man comes into the world plentifully endowed with his own peculiar combination of these. These are the memories of past births, treasured in the back of the mind, deeply ingrained in the nature, though not presenting themselves to the pictorial memory as the result of definite events. And little is it to be wondered that we do not remember the details of our past lives; but the fault is surely our own and not of any one else. For what attention have we ever given to the cultivation of memory? Do we not allow our minds to remain in a state of loose control, the ideas and impressions coming and going much as they please? Memory is a faculty which needs cultivation; those who have tried it know that the faculty can be cultivated to the most extraordinary degree and in fact without limit. But as it is, we do not even remember the things that happened in this life. How shall we then remember the things that happened centuries ago, and that in another body with another brain, and separated from our present life by a chasm of bodily death?

For a good instance of memory we can look to the ancient Incas, who considered it very impolite if one could not quote at length and accurately from the debate in the council chamber of a morning. They were able at times to quote whole speeches verbatim. There are not many of us who can remember much that happened in the morning of our present life, and we haven't a very clear picture of many important things that occurred even a few years ago. To gain memory we must gain knowledge and mastery over our faculties that no ordinary man can boast of. We need to control our ever fidgeting and restless mind, and to gain freedom from all the delusions which selfishness and desire engender in the mind, so that at will we may direct its operations. Here is where Râja-Yoga comes to our assistance.

There is a difference between memory and recollection. We may have the entire history of our previous life on earth stored away in our memory, but be unable to bring it back by recollection.

In the words of the Manual,

We are like actors so engrossed in our parts that we have temporarily lost sight of our real off-stage identity.

As Shakespeare said in "As You Like It,"

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely actors.

In "Macbeth" he says:

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more; it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.—*Macbeth*, Act V, Scene 5.

Rime and reason alone will never teach or convince us fully of the truth of the doctrine of Reincarnation. We must *want* to see the truth in it, and in the silence absorb the reality of it. And yet, Reincarnation does not concern us so much as incarnation; to get into this world with a clean body and mind, to live a clean youth and manhood and prove a benefit to humanity rather than a burden. We must make the best of our lives in serving the only true cause, and in that way bring "Truth, Light and Liberation to Discouraged Humanity." As sleep is not the important time of our day, but only the preparation for the next day, so our life is the important part to consider. It is then that we are of use to our fellows.

The Christian teaching of hell-fire and brimstone must have had in its teaching very little to help humanity, but very much to discourage it and make it reckless. We all realize what a depressing influence the idea of eternal damnation must have had on numberless believers.

The Manual says:

H. P. Blavatsky speaks in strong condemnation of the terrible doctrines professed by some who call themselves followers of Christ, according to which the pains of this life are succeeded by even worse sufferings for endless time, or at best by a wholly inadequate and little coveted reward in "heaven."

H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Key to Theosophy*:

We believe in an immutable law of absolute Love, Justice and Mercy. And believing in it, we say: Whatever was the sin and whatever were the dire results of the original karmic transgression of the now incarnated Egos, no man—or the *outer material and periodical form of the spiritual Entity*—can be held, with any degree of justice, responsible for the consequences of his birth. He does not ask to be born, nor can he choose the parents who will give him life. In every respect he is a victim of his environment, the child of circumstances over which he has no control; and if each of his transgressions were impartially in-

vestigated, it would be found that in nine out of every ten cases he was the one sinned against, rather than the sinner. Life is at best a heartless play, a stormy sea to cross, and a heavy burden often too difficult to bear. The greatest philosophers have tried in vain to fathom and find out its *raison-d'être*, and — except those who had the key to it, namely the Eastern sages — have all failed. Life is, as Shakespeare describes it :

but a walking shadow — a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing,

nothing in its separate parts, yet of the greatest importance in its collectivity or series of lives.

H. P. Blavatsky further states in *The Key to Theosophy*:

The only state the Spiritual Self knows of hereafter is that of unalloyed bliss. . . . We believe in no hell or paradise as localities; in no objective hell-fires and worms that never die, nor in any Jerusalems with streets paved with sapphires and diamonds. . . . As to the ordinary mortal, his bliss in Devachan is complete. It is an absolute oblivion of all that gave it pain or sorrow in the past incarnation, and even oblivion of the fact that such things as pain and sorrow exist at all. The Devachani lives its intermediate cycle between two incarnations surrounded by everything it has aspired to in vain, and in the companionship of everyone it loved on earth. It has reached the fulfilment of all its soul-yearnings. And thus it lives throughout long centuries an existence of unalloyed happiness, which is the reward for its sufferings in earth-life. In short, it bathes in a sea of uninterrupted felicity spanned only by events of still greater felicity in degree.

We have heard some people remark that the doctrine of Reincarnation is cruel because it brings us poor mortals back to this sphere of pain and trouble. In their pain they think that one life on this earth is a great plenty; but while enjoying life in different ways they don't look forward with any joy to "shuffling off this mortal coil." "They suffer from a little knowledge — a very little; always a dangerous thing. And they base their philosophy of life on a kind of sentimental basis; what is most comfortable must be most true." Mr. Kenneth Morris says: "You might call it a Doctrine of Featherbeds." And further:

That in us which thinks this world so bleak, and life so burdened with toil and care, need not fear; it never will awaken to life again; Earth has finished with it when it dies. Aye, but there is something above and within, a starry and fearless something, that shall not consider its responsibilities over, or its work in the world accomplished. The personality does not reincarnate; that which we think we are will, I have no doubt, go to heaven in due course. And we shall

have a pleasant time there, and a comfortable; we shall have our thousand years of Sabbath; we shall rest, and no fear nor grief shall take us; there shall be no burden of toil nor care, and as the good washerwoman has inscribed on her tombstone,

“ Weep not for me now, weep not for me never;
I’m going to do nothing for ever and ever.”

But do you think she was a true prophet? For ever and ever, you see — it is such an eternally long time. Even the delights of doing nothing might pall after, say, a million centuries or so. . . .

No; long before that forever and forever is exhausted we shall find something in us, longing for a land that is not always afternoon — and Sunday afternoon at that. We shall remember that at one time there was the sweet fervor of effort; a tingling in the limbs and blood at the rising of those wholesome things, difficulties.

But no; these are not the ways of the Law, which has devised mercy for us, truly, which passeth all understanding. After life’s fitful fever we are to sleep well; and it is not to be, mark you, eight hours of sleep to the sixteen of so-called activity; it is not to be six or eight weeks of summer holidays to the thirteen or so of term; it is to be a thousand years, fifteen hundred years, a great, indefinite period — it is to be *‘olam*, as the Hebrew Scripture says, *a long time* — which our English versions mistranslate *eternity*. As long, in fact, as shall be needed for the healing of every wound.

When you were a child, you were not oppressed with the memory and scars of old lives; you did not dread the years that were to come; you were not, as they say, “born tired.” And yet, according to this teaching, you have been incarnating during many millions of years. But when you were a child there was for you a sweet familiarity about this dear old home of ours, the Earth; the growing things had an exquisite and well-known fragrance; there was a music, for which we should be homesick in any heaven, with the wind in the pine tops or among the reeds, with the sound of the flood waters in the valley. Ah, could we know those things again, the magical nights and days! . . .

Well, we shall know them again; we shall have the lessons of childhood to learn, and that sweet, airy class-room to work and play in, until we know the dear Earth as she is, and coming of age will not rob us of the magical vision. Then we shall look out on things and events with eyes grown sensible; we shall see into the heart of them; we shall not be deceived by appearances. We shall think then that this Earth and all her bright companions in the vast space are but drops of joy solidified, and the intense wonder and beauty of God’s dream. We shall tackle life with laughter, and consider that day wasted which has offered us no heroic adventure or difficulty, or sorrow, or obstacle to overcome.

SHADOWS AND REALITIES

By a Rāja-Yoga Student



“MATTER,” says Carlyle, “were it never so despicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit: were it never so honorable, can it be more? The thing Visible, nay the thing Imagined, the thing in any way conceived as Visible, what is it but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher, celestial Invisible, ‘Unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright’?” Most true: but, as he furthermore asserts, “Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.” Unfortunately not only from the foolish, but from many more — the ignorant and untaught — untaught in the deeper science of life, which enables one to distinguish between the garment or manifestation, and the Spirit living behind and through it.

Life seems so real, so substantial, and the occupations and interests of the world so vital and absorbing that humanity easily forgets that “all sensual phenomena are but unsubstantial shadows of the eternal and divine realities, towards which true education should direct the spiritual vision,” as Plato taught. Having lost sight of the realities, our time and energy is taken up with effects, not causes, and the complexities of life, which the brain-mind has created, have woven around us a delusive and blinding veil, in which, to quote from the first-mentioned author once more, “we sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto; boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof; sounds and many-colored visions flit around our sense; but Him, the Un-slumbering, whose works both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then in that strange dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake.”

One of the deceptive visions that oppress us in this death-like sleep of the spirit is a mistaken idea of real energy. In the present century, a time of nervous haste to save time and acquire wealth and enjoy life to the fullest, people who apparently work the most and release the most force through their actions, viewed from another standpoint, are but tools in the power of forces greater than they can control, which find expression through superficial agitations. On the other hand, a great dead weight of mental and spiritual inertia has

settled like a pall over the inner life of man, stifling growth, chilling aspirations, belittling our purposes — and in that condition “how common it is for us to judge by appearances, and live on the outer fringe of life; to be buffeted about, lost in the froth and driftwood — we hesitate and doubt, we grow strong in our weaknesses, and lose sight of our path of service to humanity,” as Katherine Tingley points out.

The only great men are those who live in the inner life, who are channels for the Spiritual Life to flow through, and because they live in harmony with the inner moving forces of things, they are very calm, and are undisturbed by shifting, external circumstances. Their life is at the still center of the wheel of existence, and their energy flows naturally through all the spokes, without hindrance, without upheavals, and irresistibly. A silent power fashions and directs their course, controlling and guiding their energies into acts of mighty consequence, which make history and change the course of centuries.

It is only such souls, such “God-men” as these, who can stem the current of prevailing thoughts and ideas, and turn it into more sane channels. Messengers of the Gods they are, who come at the crucial periods of history, and light fires that waken the dormant and timid, as well as restraining ungoverned, feverish forces, that eat away and destroy man, body and soul.

Such a one was H. P. Blavatsky, the Iconoclast of the Nineteenth Century. Into the prison of materialism which the world’s mind had built for its soul, she entered, fearlessly and alone, overturning the false gods men worshiped and opening its narrow roof to the sunlight of the Eternal. And, as with all great reformers, her thanks were obloquy and persecution, except among the very few. Well she knew how, in the words of Walter Pater, “man’s organism is played upon not only by the physical conditions about it, but by remote laws of inheritance, the vibration of long-past acts reaching him in the midst of the new order of things in which he lives.” And only the Lion-Hearted could attempt the colossal task of setting in motion a new vibration, that would pulsate through the waves of the ocean of life with electrifying power, and carry down through the years, to coming generations, a heredity that helps, not hinders.

Those who had the courage to follow Madame Blavatsky, and to take the time as they found it, not waiting for more favorable opportunities, have been blessed by seeing their faith and convictions

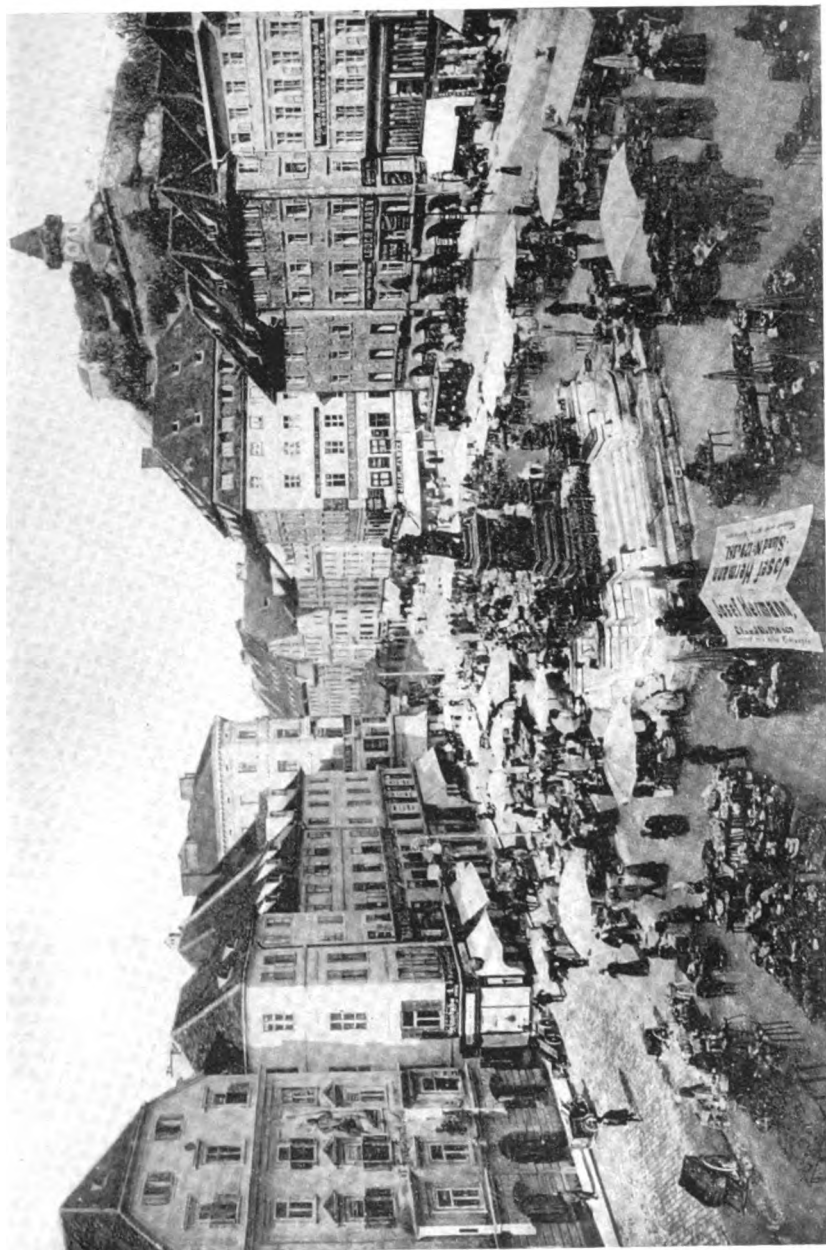
changed into living facts. Uncertainties, doubts and discouragements have been less powerful in their lives than the urge to grow and to serve. Thus the very obstacles that confronted them have been the means of revealing hidden strength and possibilities in their own natures. The Theosophic life has enabled them to realize "what a need there is for getting into a fuller, deeper meaning of life — into a more hopeful and courageous condition of mind — for duty is ever at hand calling us to finer action," declares Katherine Tingley.

The possession of a strong noble character alone is lasting and permanent. The most solid things of material existence, nay, the earth itself, are but transient in the great scheme of universal evolution, and happy those who are wise enough to lay them aside voluntarily, not as if making a sacrifice, but with the gladness of a bondman casting aside his fetters — though they may seem to be golden chains that bind us to the unworthy occupations of a pleasure-loving existence.

A life of ease is impossible to one who *really* lives. Though the outward life may be tranquil, inwardly battles are fought, the quarries of the deeper natures are made to yield their treasures, and discoveries and investigations go on that in time enrich the world with records of thought and action that never lose the power to inspire. A steady purpose, absorbing one's finer thought and enthusiasm, leaves no energy to be wasted in idle dreaming and contemplation of the things we ought, and would *like* to do. An excess of idealizing means a deficit in the power of acting, and the charms of fancy are poor substitutes for the realities that come from ardent work.

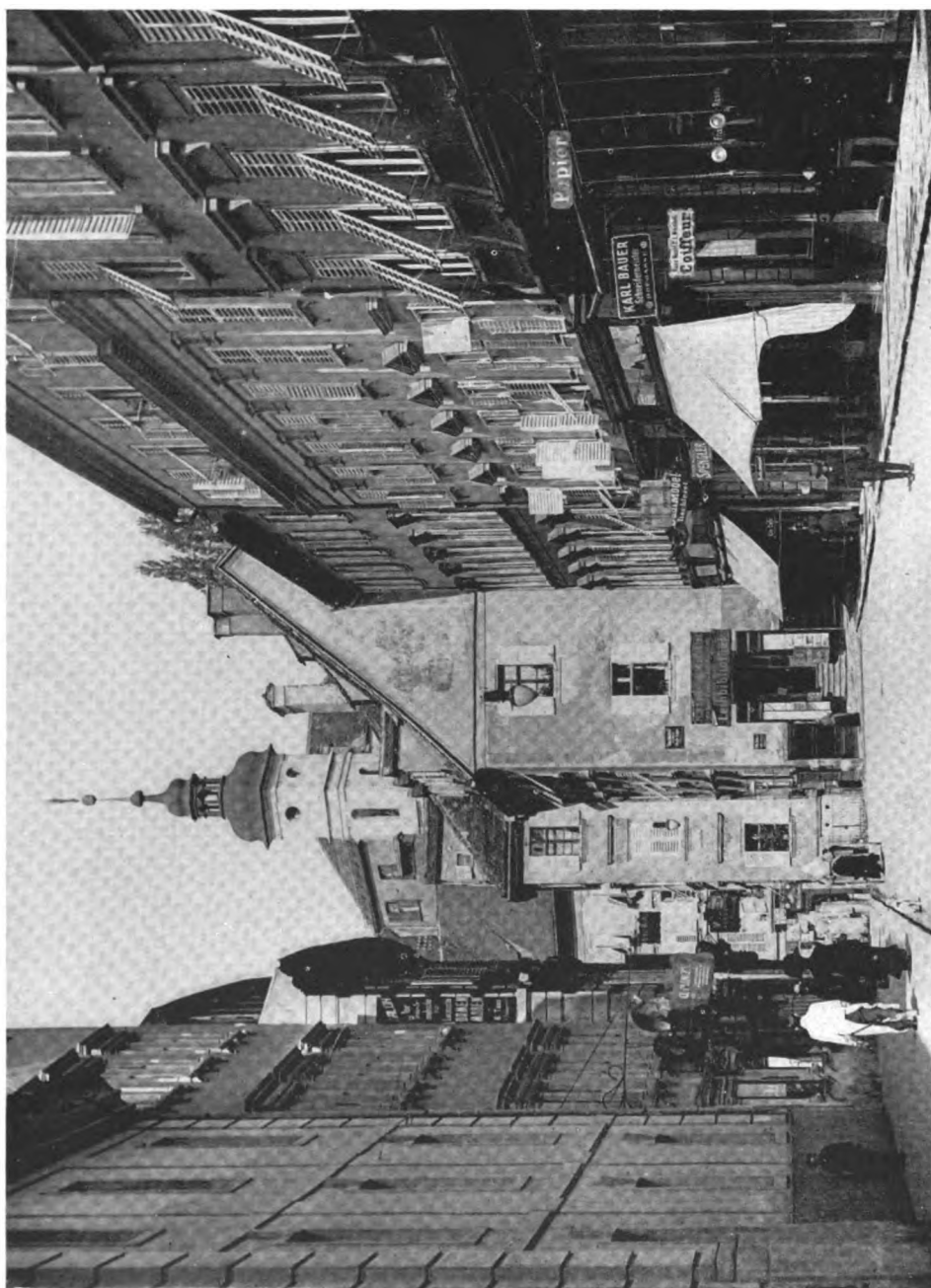
What may seem an arduous life of toil and self-sacrifice to a weak nature, is one of noble emotions and elevating service to another, in whom the love of sensation and self-gratification has been replaced by refined pleasures and a joy that belongs only to the heart-life. The Kingdom of Heaven must be taken by storm; in the words of Kenneth Morris, "Only the strong man can force its surrender." But it *is* possible to every soul, and at no time is he so strong as *now*, if we will but do as Goethe bids us in the following words:

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it;
Only engage and then the work grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed.



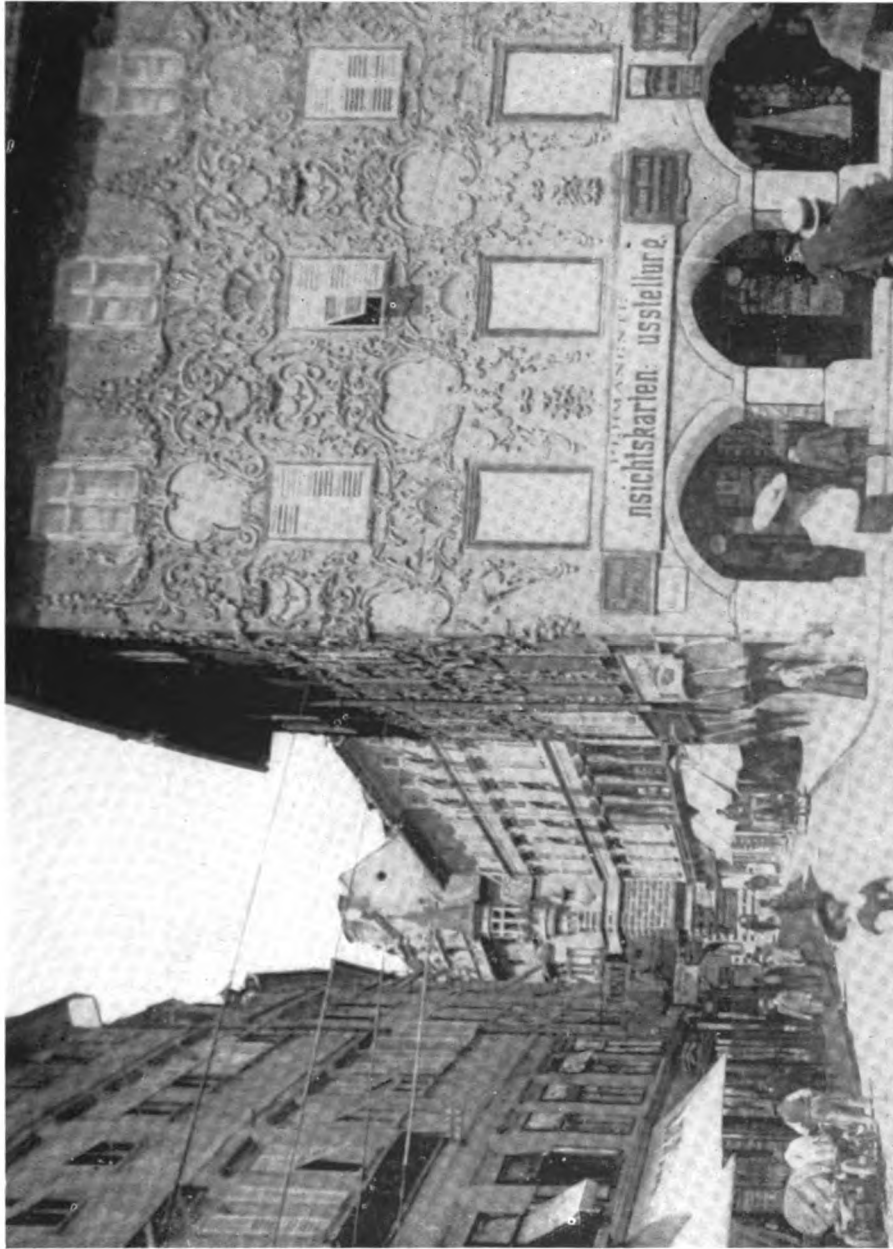
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THE CENTRAL SQUARE, GRAZ, AUSTRIA



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A STREET IN GRAZ, AUSTRIA



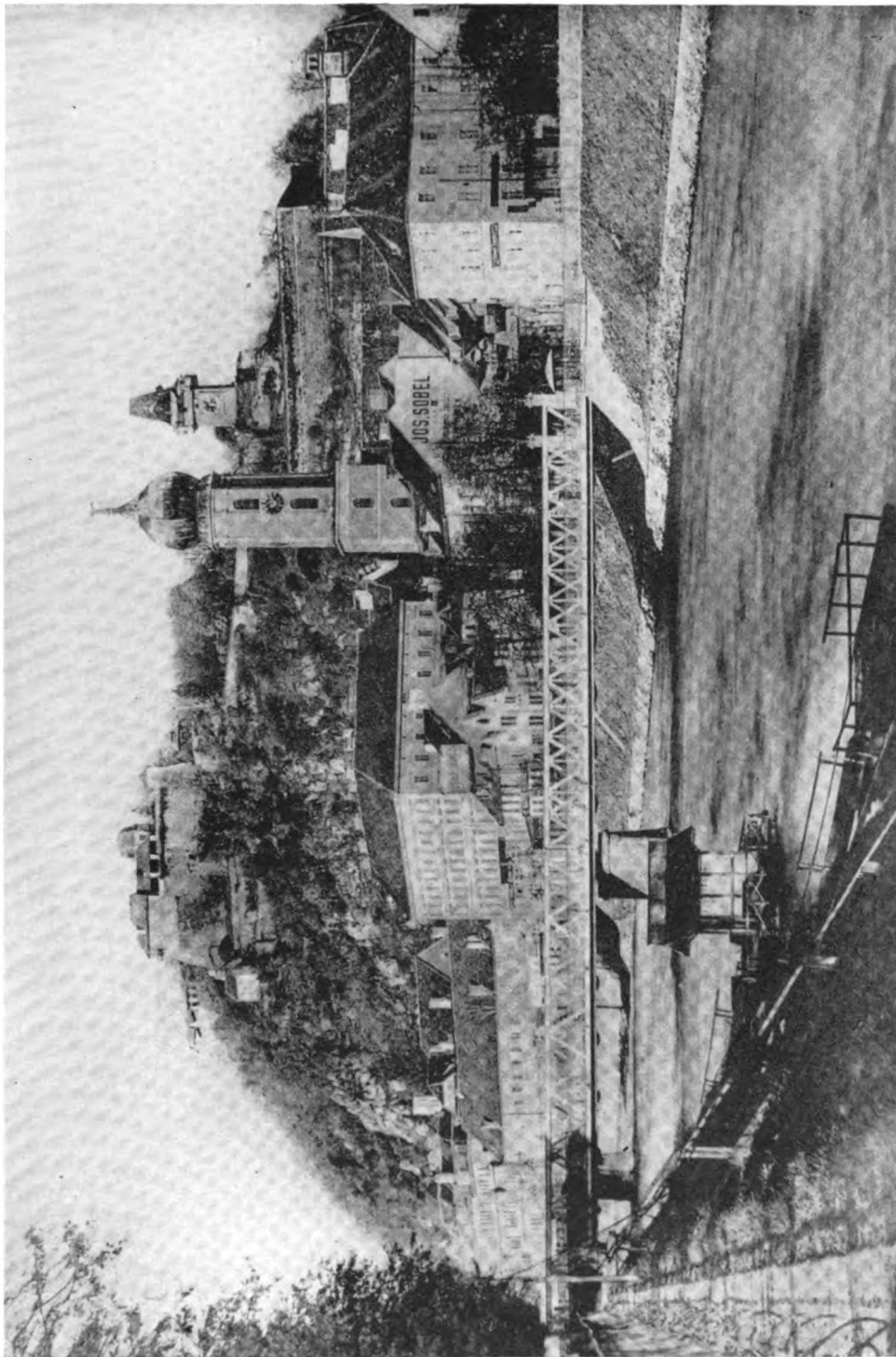
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THE LUEG, A PICTURESQUE OLD BUILDING IN THE BAROQUE STYLE, ON THE
MAIN SQUARE OF GRAZ, AUSTRIA



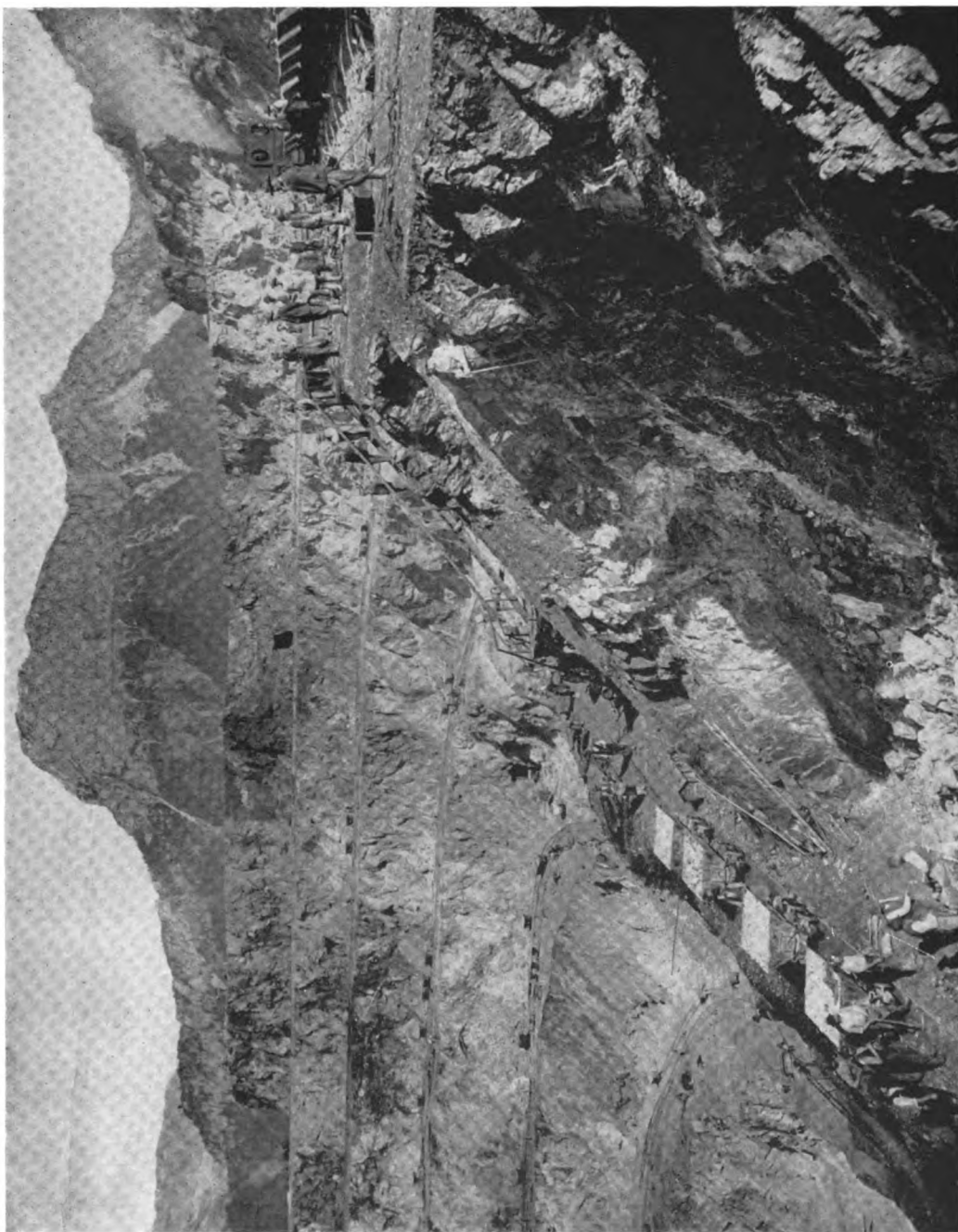
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THE "LANDHAUS," GRAZ



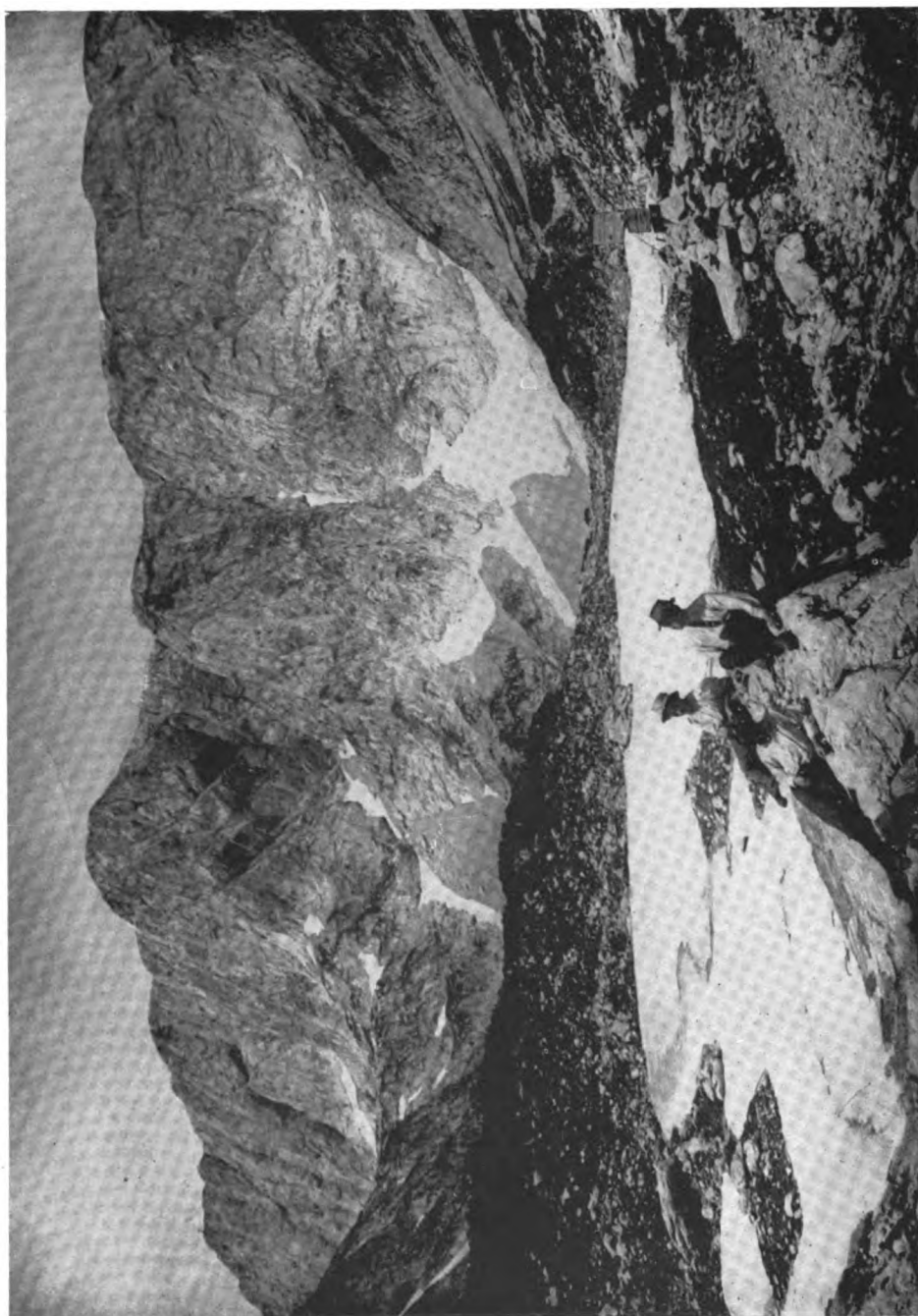
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VIEW OF GRAZ, AUSTRIA, SHOWING THE SCHLOSSBERG



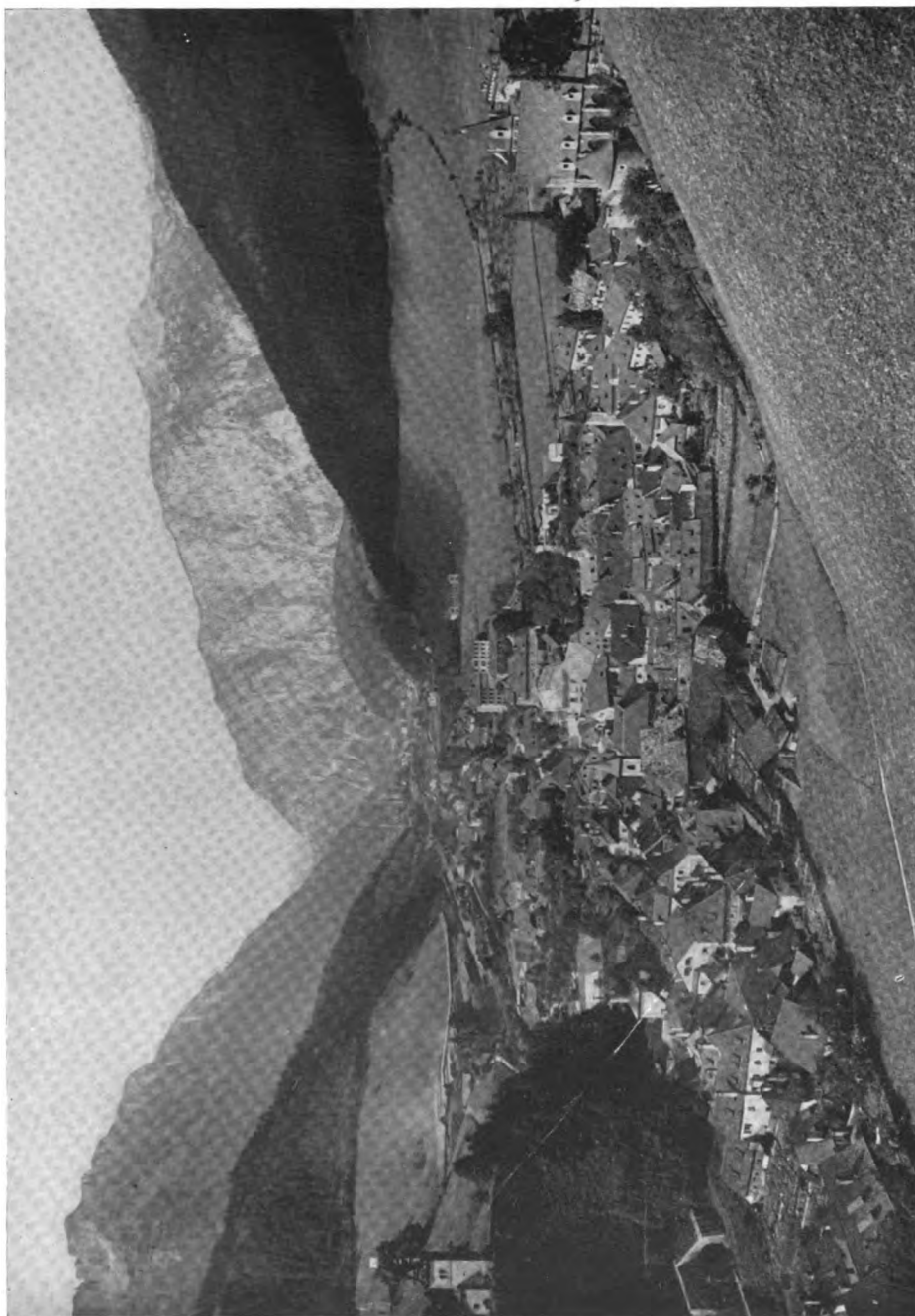
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THE HOCHSCHNAB, STYRIAN ALPS, AUSTRIA



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VIEW IN THE STYRIAN ALPS, AUSTRIA



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EISENERZ, AT THE FOOT OF THE ERZBERG, IN THE STYRIAN ALPS

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART TWO

CHAPTER IV — THE SOUTHERN DYNASTIES AND THE REBIRTH OF CIVILIZATION



THE three preceding chapters are mainly by way of preface to the real business of this essay, which is to sketch the Great Age of Asia: the period, lasting about eight centuries, during which culture and hegemony were not with the Aryans of Europe, but with the Moslems in western, and the Chinese and Japanese in eastern Asia. We have said that Chinese history may be divided into pre- and post-Confucius: from the national or internal standpoint, the division is good; but from the universal, there is a better. Leave the ancient period where it stands, closing it with the coming of Confucius; in those days the Crest Wave may have risen many times in China; who can say? Then, after a twilight, came the Age of the First Empire; when, although China was greater than Rome in all that belongs to creative culture, there was still light in Europe; and one could not have prophesied safely whether it or Asia should nourish the Coming Race. Another twilight, that ended in 420 or thereabouts, gave place to the early morning of the Asian Age: then Europe became, and remained for eight centuries, an utterly negligible factor, and Asia was everything.

The New China reincarnated in the South, we said; which does not mean, however, the coast region of Canton and Hongkong, but the Yangtse Valley from the gorges to the sea. It was called the South, because such in respect to the old Chow domains on the Hoangho, and to Singanfu and Loyang, the Han capitals: in which regions all life had centered in historic times. Briefly then, this *South* is middle and inland China; and we are to look on the Yangtse for the time being, and not the Hoangho, as the Nile of the Blackhaired People.

This is the land of romance and natural beauty. In the Yangtse Valley mysticism had risen with Laotse of old, who was born in Hupeh; also, with Ch'u Yüan, the first breaths of imaginative poetry in later Chow times. It is a region of lakes, forests and mountains: quite unlike the North of loess and severe landscapes which had been the birthplace of Confucius and the home of Chow ritualism. Reincarnating in these regions: finding itself in a land so drenched with

wonder and nature-magic, the Chinese genius took on new hues, a splendor all unknown before; and soared.

Since the fall of Han in A. D. 220, the country had been divided in three: the period is known as that of the Three Kingdoms. These were Wei in the north, Shu (Szechuen) in the west, and Chin from the Yangtse Valley southward. The last-named only was purely Chinese, Wei and Shu being under Tartar dynasties and influence. In 419 one Liu Yü, an energetic Chin general, drove back Wei almost to the Yellow River; and in the following year the Chin emperor abdicated in his favor. Liu Yü thereupon became the emperor Wu-ti of the Liu Sung dynasty, establishing his capital at Nankin; and a new stability was imparted to the southern empire. A few years later, peace was made with Wei; and civilization was given time to grow and reassert itself in the Yangtse Valley.

The story of that peace is worth relating. Tai Wu-ti was emperor of Wei; in 424 he called to court the Sennin K'ou Ch'ien-chih, then pope of the Taoists; by whose wise counsels the peace was made. In gratitude, we read, Tai Wu-ti became a Taoist; and we have an account of his initiation by the sennin. By benevolence, love, rest of the senses, and self-rectification, we read, he first acquired for himself longevity, became a genie, attained oneness with Tao, the Higher Self. A talisman was given to him: a pure white book, inscribed with the names of the officers of Heaven and incantations for mastering the demons. Before receiving it he underwent a fast; on the day of the initiation, he appeared bearing an offering and a golden ring for the initiator, who cut the ring in half, gave back one piece to the candidate, and retained the other as a pledge of the vows taken.* Soon afterwards K'ou Ch'ien-chih died — attained immortality — and Tai Wu-ti, alas, presently relapsed into none too regenerate courses; but we may say that the Leaders of the Light had made their *coup*: struck into history and given the new China in the South the opportunity it needed above all things. Of this K'ou Ch'ien-chih we are told that his body emitted a heavenly radiance. His reputation as a Sennin, or Adept, was not entirely an empty one. There was within the Taoism of those days an inspiring force: an esoteric school in touch with the great centers of light. Their candidates for initiation were pledged to the higher life.

We may talk as loudly as we please about superstition: here are

* R. K. Douglas, *Taoism*; published by the Religious Tract Society.

the facts. A Golden Thread period was about to begin: oriental civilization, which had been destroyed as completely as Roman civilization was to be, was struggling towards rebirth. To give it time and peace in which to be born, K'ou Ch'ien-chih the Adept went to the court of its strongest enemy, and *captured* him. Of all the great Peaces that ever were made, perhaps none had more gigantic results than this one: the whole succeeding greatness of China, Japan and Corea ensued. The brightest cycle in recorded history — for so, on the whole, I am inclined to think these eight centuries of Asian greatness — grew up from that little seed; or rather, the peace was not the seed, but the young plant's protection. A result vast enough to be respected, one would think; even if a deal of talk about the Elixir and the Philosopher's Stone was in the air. It would seem that there always is, when the Chinese mind and imagination are bestirring themselves for world-conquests. There is such a thing as symbolism; a matter we are apt to forget.

Meanwhile for twenty years or so things had been moving in the South. Commercial relations had been opened by sea with India, Sassanian Persia, and even with the Arabs. The capital was growing great and populous as a result, and life beginning to hum. The trading ships from Hindustan brought with them more than merchandise: Bhikshus and scholars came: saints and philosophers of the Order of the Yellow Robe of the Buddha. In 399, Fa-hian, a monk of Shensi in Wei, had started on the overland route for India; on pilgrimage, and to bring back to his distracted country sacred books and truths from the motherland of Buddhism. He returned by sea to Nankin in 414, laden with booty; and found his way thence to the North blocked by the wars of Chin and Wei. In the southern Capital he remained, co-operating with his friend Buddhahadra, the first teacher of Zen to come from India, in teaching and the translation of his books. In those days, too, Hui Yuan founded the White Lotus Club, with a membership of eighteen of the foremost scholars of the age: "thinkers and mountain-climbers," as Fenollosa calls them. Hui Yuan had been a Taoist; from Buddhahadra he learned Buddhism, and took orders. As a matter of fact there was no great breach between the three religions at that time, nor throughout the period of the southern dynasties. In the sixth century Chuen Hih, known as Chuen the Great, is said to have worn a Confucian hat, a Buddhist robe, and Taoist shoes. Taoism especially, with its love of the marvelous and

perpetual spur to the imagination, and the beauty of the Yangtse Valley region, were preparing the ground for the reception of high truths; so that the Indian and Chinese Teachers found a people awaiting them, intensely alive and awake: minds moving in an atmosphere all aromatic with mysticism and wonder; a nation to whom natural beauty had been revealed almost suddenly, and which was all agog with the lovely discovery. Everywhere monasteries arose: among the pines on the slopes of the mountains, in high places overlooking the lakes and the river, in Nankin itself; and every one of them became a center of art and learning. Scholars flocked to the teachers, eager to learn; a vast literature was translated from the Sanskrit and Pali: sacred texts that became the Chinese Buddhist Canon. Paper and ink were introduced, and took the place of the old silk and bamboo strips; the change gave an impetus to culture like that given in Europe by the invention of printing: a wonderful new spirit was invited by an easy means to find expression in literature and art. It was not long before the dominant form of thought was "a working union between Taoism and Buddhism"—that valiant Northern Buddhism which "regarded the devotee as a kind of spiritual hero, able to conquer all regions of spirit and matter." *

The result of this alliance was indeed a grand Renaissance of Wonder: of wonder spiritualized, and directed to the purification of life; as if the missions of Wordsworth and Wesley had been rolled into one, and glorified. The people as a whole "experienced a serious call," as we say—to the mountains, to mountain magic, to brooding on the secret channels between that and the magic of divinity in the heart of man. Tao Yuen-ming, the "Poet of the Chrysanthemums," Wordsworth to his age, became protosinger of a new delight and spiritual-natural ecstasy—of a Theosophy of the mountains: mountain freedom and mountain-worship.

I wish one could give some faint idea of the glory and import of this; and show how much richer, potentially, we human beings the world over are because of it. The literary movement that came in a century ago in England with Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge and Keats, and that blossomed as the greatness of Victorian poetry, was the result of a far fainter, less lofty, less clear-visioned and general inspiration, than this that arose in South China in the fifth century A. D. In England, a few bright minds had intuitions of the

* Fenollosa: *Epochs in Chinese and Japanese Art*.

truth; in China a whole people saw it blazing in the noon-sky, and went wrapt with joy and love of it. What was dimly divined by the English poets, was the assured belief of the Chinese gentleman; of the member of Hui Yuan's White Lotus Club, for example; whose habit and wisdom it was "to go into the mountains to pray." *Pray* — what a word to use, for such a reality!

We cannot but realize the importance and vitality of Taoism, that had been nursing mother, before Zen Buddhism took it and caught it aloft to heights of spirituality, of this acute sympathy with the daedal, wizard consciousness that we call Nature. The Taoists had the sense to see that things are alive. Of course there were genii everywhere: who was to know what underlay the seeming of your fellow sojourners at the lonely inn, or the pedlar you came up with in the mountain pass? Fascinating fairy-tales sprang up; belabor them, you, with your beloved epithet *superstition*; — what a godsend it is to have the imagination alive! Nowadays we give it the status of Chwangtse's sacred tortoise: we will have it strictly dead, stuffed, and worshiped in the Hall of Ancestors; ah, that it might go free — not, like the tortoise, to "wag its tail in the mud," but to transform itself, with a little Taoist wizardry, into phoenix or dragon, and take the burning empyrean of dawn! The hostess of the mountain inn sang to Chao Shih-hsiung till he had learned the inmost secrets of poetry; when he awoke in the morning, there was no inn; and she that sung was a white bird in the plum branches above his head. Anything might transform itself at any time; and fairyland was everywhere under the sun. Whether it is better to feed the imagination on wonder and mystery and the secret-springing consciousness that crowds the moments and sunbeams and shadows, the mountains and pines and the almond-boughs laden with blossom, and be "superstitious" after that high old Chinese fashion; or to coffin and crib it in, in a materialistic, uninspiring, untrue scheme of things; and for its diversion — which it will have — to let it go nosing and rooting in the abominations of desolation? Ah that now we might feel westward of us the gardens of Siwang-Mu, and Fortunate Islands in our Eastern Seas! Dear knows it is not as if there were none there! . . .

Eighty years passed, and two or three little dynasties reigned in turn at Nankin, before this great Southern artistic movement came to its culmination in the reign of Wu-ti of the Liang dynasty. That was in the first half of the sixth century: an epoch of splendid paint-

ing. A delicate, vital and loftily poetic imagination marked creative genius; its elemental virility was largely due to Taoism, its spirituality to the old Buddhist impulse of Buddhahadra and Fa-hian. But a new Messenger and impulse arrived then, to blow its glory into flame.

In 520 the great Initiate Bodhidharma came by sea to Canton, bringing with him the sacred bowl of the Patriarchate; henceforward the headquarters of the Mahayana was to be in China, not in India. He was received with honor by the governor, and began teaching esoteric Theosophy in the South; a little later Wu-ti, a devout Buddhist himself, invited him to court; but conditions at Nankin, it appears, were not such as the Dzian or Zen Master could use. His business was to sow the seeds of esotericism, and found a school for the benefit of future ages; in Liang the cycle had reached its height, and was on the brink of a temporary decline. The effect of his teaching upon the art of the age, wonderful as it was, was only a promise of what great things should be done under the inspiration of his successors: as H. P. Blavatsky's teaching profoundly influenced thought and literature within her own lifetime, but the grand days of Theosophic culture are to come; we may prophesy them with infinite security, but nothing more. Bodhidharma retired, after his interview with the emperor, to Loyang in Honan; where a cave-temple was provided for him, and he taught — those who had the will to insist on his teaching them.

Thus it is related that when Chi Kuang came to him as a candidate for discipleship, Bodhidharma would not permit him so much as to enter the temple; but kept him standing in the courtyard, knee-deep in snow, for seven days and nights; whereafter Chi, to prove his earnestness, sliced off his left arm with a knife; then the Master received him, and appointed him at last his successor. A story that we may safely call symbolic; but it shows that Bodhidharma's mission was not to that age, but to the few then, and to the future. Bodhidharma's coming must be called the most important event in inner Chinese history since the days of Confucius and Laotse. There had been teachers since, but none of this standing. Buddhism had been introduced, and monks and books had been imported; but Bodhidharma was the twenty-eighth spiritual successor to the Buddha himself; and the line had not degenerated. Among his predecessors had been Nagarjuna and Vasubhandu, great Masters; the inner doctrine,

and something more — an inner royalty and power had been transmitted. It was no case of popes elected by human conclave; but the appointment by one after another of the Enlightened, of men equally enlightened, spiritual geniuses, to succeed them. So henceforward, while that line might last, China was to hold supreme importance spiritually: the outward sign and effect of which was her supreme position in civilization. The death of the last Patriarch, the sixth of China, coincided somewhat with the end of Chinese dominating material power; the T'angs were never so strong after the end of the seventh century, and the Sung never attained the military glory of the T'angs. But the sunset-glow from this bright presence endured until the fall of the Sung.

Five Patriarchs, four after Bodhidharma, handed down the esoteric doctrine in the neighborhood of Loyang. The fifth, Hung Jen, died in 675, and was succeeded in the north by Shen Hsiu, and in the south, at Canton, by Lu Hui-neng. Shen Hsiu it was who originated these words, that have so familiar a ring for some of us:

Man's body is the Bodhi tree;
His mind is like a mirror,
And should be constantly cleaned
Lest dust adhere to it.

— His body is the Bodhi tree: it was under the Bodhi tree that the Buddha was born, attained enlightenment, and died: that is to say, it is while dwelling in this actual body that enlightenment must be sought, not in future states or lives. The story is that Lu Hui-neng capped Shen's verse with this other:

There is no Bodhi tree,
Nor is there a mirror stand;
Nothing exists; there is no real existence,
How then can dust adhere?

— and that Hung Jen, considering this the deeper doctrine, gave Lu Hui-neng the Bowl of the Patriarchate, and sent him away by night to the south, for fear of the jealousy of Shen Hsiu's adherents. Which is as much as to say that a northern and a southern school arose, with some divergence of views or policy; and that such tales, *ben trovati*, were found indispensable as explanation of the divergence. Neither Shen Hsiu nor Lu Hui-neng, so far as is known, appointed a successor; the line of the Patriarchate died with them,

The southern illumination, which culminated at Nankin under Wu-ti of Liang, came to an end with his abdication in the middle of the century. Things had been declining for a decade or two: the great artists were passing; Wu-ti's heart was in religion, and wearying of affairs of state. Besides, the northern powers grew menacing; and there were unlucky wars. One wonders if Wu-ti missed a grand inner opportunity when Bodhidharma came to his court, and found nothing to keep him there. The emperor, it is said, failed to understand the doctrine of the Blue-eyed Brahmin; perhaps was shocked by the hauteur of a royalty more lasting than his own. "The elephant will not keep company with rabbits," says a Japanese writer, describing this interview. Bodhidharma crossed the Yangtse, on a reed, according to tradition; and the splendor of Liang flared up, and then began to wane. Wu-ti became a monk, lost the confidence of his people, and in 550, abdicated; his long and formerly brilliant reign ending amid clouds and disaster. Noble, generous, of lofty hopes and aspirations, he lacked some quality, or missed some opportunity, that should have assured success. In 556 his dynasty fell.

Followed a kind of interregnum, from the standpoint of the growth of civilization: a time of confusion, in which creative genius burned dim, and culture stood aside while a new order of ages was being born. Confusion; but fusion also; for by the opening of the next, the seventh century, there were no longer North and South, but a united China again. Zen, meanwhile was maintaining its integrity under its Patriarchs; unable, as yet, to seize upon the age. It was waiting until the cycles should have brought round a China in exalted inward mood to receive it, a China whose needs it should meet, and for whose splendid imperiled soul it might battle. Such a China came to be in Sung times, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; then Zen took the field openly. The latter half of the sixth century, after the fall of Liang, was too disturbed; and the great T'ang epoch too vigorous outwardly, too warlike: for these a modification of the Zen teaching was needed.

It was at hand. In 575 Chih-i, an esotericist initiated in the school of Bodhidharma, founded a monastery in the Tientai Mountains in Chehkiang, and put forward a presentation of Theosophy suited to the coming time. It was but an aspect of Zen, in no wise opposed to the original doctrine; you shall find the presentation of both in *The Voice of the Silence*.^{*} Chih-i's teaching was that of Bodhidharma

enforced in the personal and daily life, and as a method of world-salvation: the doctrine of the Warrior Soul as the guide of thought and action. The school that sent Bodhidharma to Liang, sent Chih-i to Tientai, and H. P. Blavatsky, in our own time, to Europe and America: in the writings of the modern Teacher, the old Chinese doctrine is unfolded. Until her coming, no more splendid revelation of the supreme Theosophy of the ages is recorded as having been given to man, than was given by Bodhidharma and his successors at Loyang, and by Chih-i at Tientai.

We can trace fairly easily, I think, the steps by which this Theosophy obtained its hold on the Chinese people, and made them the greatest in the world. Zen, taking the word as including Tientai — for Chih-i's doctrine came to be known as the *Tientai*, in Japanese *Tendai* — came upon Taoism as an armipotent ally of its esoteric side, breathing into that a new and intense force; while laboring to correct, spiritualize and discipline its exotericism. It revealed, beyond the nature spirits of the Taoists, grand, compassionate Presences, Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, the Masters, the Gods of the world, who are the "Guardian Wall" about humanity, and without whom we should be overwhelmed beneath the consequences of our sins. For an immortality corporeal, the constant talk of the exoteric Taoists, it promised mastery over worlds internal: an Elixir of the Spirit; and not that you should avoid death, but that death and life should be equal to you, and death no break in the conscious career of your lives. About all Zen teaching — the Zen of the Patriarchs — there is a lofty, sweet serenity: it carries life out into the infinite: soaks the universe in an atmosphere of compassion, removes the boundaries between man's heart and the World Heart. Tientai, that was to be the inspiration of the grand fighting T'angs, sounded a trumpet call to the Soul to be up and afield: armed it *cap-à-pie* for victories beyond victories over self; the original Zen, you may say, rather presupposes all warfare finished. They are in truth but the two halves of a whole. Here is a text from *The Voice of the Silence* that breathes Zen, as they knew it in the days of the Sung:

Know, Conqueror of thy Sins, once that a Sowani hath crossed the seventh Path, all Nature thrills with joyous awe and feels subdued. The silver star now twinkles out the news to the night-blossoms, the streamlet to the pebbles

*A devotional work translated by Madame Blavatsky, consisting of passages from *The Book of the Golden Precepts*, a textbook still in use in the Transhimalayan Esoteric Schools,

ripples out the tale; dark ocean waves will roar it to the rocks surf-bound, scent-laden breezes sing it to the vales, and stately pines mysteriously whisper: "A Master has arisen, a Master of the Day."

I think we must get rid of the idea that we are dealing with "Oriental Imagery" here, or with any fiction of the fancy, done for the sake of effect. These texts constitute a scientific text-book of devotion: narrate plain facts concerning the Path plainly. Undoubtedly the Zen teaching drew much color from Taoism: receiving as well as giving. From these Chinese sources, perhaps, comes that atmosphere of natural magic so characteristic of it; a quality that overflows in Altaic art, that runs through the *Kalevala* of the Finns (another Atlantean people), and that gleams in Celtic legend, derived there, maybe, from the Ibero-Atlantean maternal ancestry of the Celts. We do not find it so markedly present among the Aryans or Semites. Note in the text above quoted the mysterious sympathy shown as existing between Man and Nature: he being to her as is to the sea that inland pool in Wales, which rises and falls according to the ebb and flow of the far off tides. For the Zen artist, the waters of the world were pregnant with mysterious beauty, the solid mountains tremulant and quivering with magic; there were spiritual elements in common between the soul of man and a spray of plum blossom. Divest yourself, through self-purification, of all grossness; let the body follow the mind towards purity and freedom, and you should become a fit companion for the rivers and lakes and mountains; you should inherit consciousness at once elemental and spiritual, and understand the voices of the river-waves, the meditations of the mists of morning and evening. What a place man holds in the natural scheme; or may hold, will he be devotee, and claim his eternal heritage! He has allies in the storm and in the precipice; the sun shining is friendly to him; the wide skies and the stars and the flowers have all something at stake on his success.

And here, I think, is the Tientai note, from the same book:

If thou hast tried and failed, O dauntless fighter, yet lose not courage: fight on, and to the charge return again and yet again. The fearless warrior, his precious life-blood oozing from his wide and gaping wounds, will still attack the foe, drive him from out his stronghold, vanquish him, ere he himself expires. Act then, all ye who fail and suffer, act like him; and from the stronghold of your Soul chase all your foes away — ambition, anger, hatred, e'en to the shadow of desire — when even you have failed,

Remember thou that fightest for man's liberation, each failure is success, and each sincere attempt wins its reward in time.

So much, then, for the inception time of the last Great Age of Asia. We might have left Zen and Tientai to deal with in the chapters on Sung and T'ang; since it was in those epochs, respectively, that their influence was most felt. But they came in during this southern period, and gave it its whole spiritual significance as the age of inception. As the new material culture was born then, so, with these two, was the new spiritual glory.

Thenceforward for six centuries the onus of civilization was altogether the Yellow and the Brown Man's burden; not the White Man's at all. Europe was asleep, barbarous and inactive; China was agog with progress, creative to her finger-tips, splendidly imaginative, splendidly alive; and what is true of China, is equally true of Japan.

And one sees cause and effect at work here, more easily, I think, than elsewhere: rain falling from cloudy skies, light shining from the sun: material greatness crystalizing from a spiritual greatness induced first; the Gods at work to further the evolution of man. One traces the stream of beautiful culture back to its source on the high mountainside; and that so that no fool or knave can pretend it had no fountain at all, or rose in the pit. There is no civilization in China: the Hans have fallen and left nothing behind them but anarchy, through which we fight and riot for two hundred strenuous, miserable years. Then, Theosophical intervention: K'ou Ch'ien-chih's Peace; Fa-hian, Buddhabhadra, and the White Lotus Club; presently the coming of Bodhidharma; and at last, the founding of Tientai. And out of all this slowly rises the richest and fairest cycle of six consecutive centuries, I think, that history remembers at all.

For you must judge civilization by spiritual standards; the material and intellectual break down. If one exalts this great age of the Altaic peoples, it is because one finds in it, more clearly than elsewhere, a spiritual current running. Our later European culture has all been tainted with militarism; has become latterly a perfect riot of industrial greed. Though we have made grand contributions to art and literature, have not our hearts, on the whole, been mainly in fighting and in trade? Have we not bowed the knee deepest to them that had the fattest markets and the biggest guns? Our art, too, has for the most part seen Truth but through a glass darkly; its splendid triumphs have been by sheer interference of the unrecognized Divinity

in man, in despite of brain-minds under this or that deterring influence. The supernal ideas have brushed our genius lightly with their wings: are reflected in our masterpieces as on rippling water. We can find them by seeking, but they are not patent. They guide our mightiest pens; but in how many poems or pictures do they wholly incarnate, and cry aloud *I am here?* God in Man and God in Nature: two simple propositions, very easy to state; yet all art, all true aspirations, march towards the expression of them. And since there is a God in man, let but genius be present — a possibility in the brain-mind to become quiescent, and to hand over the reins to the hidden Soul — and that God will get something of its augustness painted or spoken or sung. But see what it has had to contend with in Christendom! Dante and Cervantes; Raphael and Michelangelo and Leonardo; Shakespeare and Goethe and Milton; Voltaire and Carlyle and so many more: they had all to pierce through the clouds of a stult general ignorance, a crass orthodoxy, religious and secular, in direct opposition, commonly, to the grand Truth, before ever they might breathe a word of that which they came to proclaim. But Wu Tao-tseu and Li Long-mien and their successors, the Leonardos and Michelangelos of the East, learned in their school days the divinity of the Soul, the godhood running quicksilverlike through all the veins of creation; and they painted for a public also instructed in these things; and so gave T'ang its marvelous legacy of art breathing the grandeur of the human soul; and Sung its copious treasure of pictures instinct with the wizardry of God in Nature; and we have not come up with them yet, I think; we have by no means come up with them yet. All the paraphernalia of our civilization, the material forces we know how to use, are but neutral and colorless: good or evil as we choose to make them; it is the perception of basic Truths alone that can make men free or great or truly civilized. I know our achievement has been splendid, in spite of our sins. But it has not been altogether a beautiful episode, this Age of Europe: you could not heartily approve of it, or call it altogether beautiful.

That of China and Japan, on the other hand, was; one need make very little bones about saying so. Splendidly beautiful it was, with the rich depths of the iris and the peony; chastely beautiful, with the severe grace of a branch of cherry blossom, or of the peak of Fuji-san afar, shining in its snows against the mysterious blue. For eight centuries from 420 A. D., with seasonal fluctuation: centering

now in China, now in Japan, once even in Corea: the vanguard of the Host of Souls held the Far East for the most part; and feasted, from time to time, upon dreams of beauty more proper to the heaven-world and the sleep between death and rebirth, than to life on this earth, such as we have made it. There were stains; there were tragedies: impure life at court, too often — reflecting, doubtless, impure life elsewhere; there were wars and periods of anarchy: man was not different in kind, but only under the influence of conditions more refined than our own. For the true philosophy of life was, during long portions of that age, preached and held openly. You might no doubt cleave to what superstitious anthropomorphisms you would; you might pronounce this or that dear shibboleth for your salvation; but orthodoxy, generally speaking, was Zen or Tientai *Truth*. It was your own fault — heresy, an “obstinate choice” — if you stultified your soul with fatuous, enervating or demoralizing doctrine: comfortably lumping your sins on a mediator; or making of the Divine Self of the Universe a fellow with parts and passions like ourselves, and less to be said for him in extenuation. The teaching generally held, and which you too were brought up believing in, was such as should hardly fail to make poet and spiritual warrior of whomsoever might take it to heart at all; and the effect of it is writ large on the art history of the period, and on the beauty, nobility and refinement of its life.



THE Tibetan Tassissudun (literally, “the holy city of the doctrine”) is inhabited, nevertheless, by more Dugpas than Saints. It is the resident capital in Bhutan of the ecclesiastical Head of the Bhons — the Dharma-Râjâ. The latter, though professedly a Northern Buddhist, is simply a worshiper of the old demon-gods of the aborigines, the nature-spirits or elementals, worshiped in the land before the introduction of Buddhism. All strangers are prevented from penetrating into Eastern or Great Tibet, and the few scholars who venture on their travels into those forbidden regions, are permitted to penetrate no further than the border-lands of the land of Bod. They journey about Bhutan, Sikkim, and elsewhere on the frontiers of the country, but can learn or know nothing of true Tibet; hence, nothing of the true Northern Buddhism or Lamaism of Tsong-kha-pa. And yet, while describing no more than the rites and beliefs of the Bhons and the traveling Shamans, they assure the world they are giving it the pure Northern Buddhism, and comment on its great fall from its pristine purity! — *H. P. Blavatsky*

PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY shall be an Institution where the laws of universal nature and equity governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education will be taught on the broadest lines. Through this teaching the material and intellectual life of the age will be spiritualized and raised to its true dignity; thought will be liberated from the slavery of the senses; the waning energy in every heart will be reanimated in the search for truth; and the fast dying hope in the promise of life will be renewed to all peoples. — *From the School of Antiquity Constitution, New York, 1897.*

MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY:* by Dr. Lydia Ross



THOUGH this digest of medical psychology is not given with the stereopticon, there is no lack of living pictures related to the subject, which only need to be indexed for immediate use.

Therefore, in a brief attempt to classify a miscellaneous list of pictured conditions, if I can make the text intelligible, every point touched upon may be illustrated readily out of your personal knowledge and experience.

As we proceed together, it is not unlikely that your mental notebooks will develop many familiar features. You may recognize living portraits of friends and enemies, of the self and of society, and even the less finished form of the family skeleton may find a name and place.

Medical Psychology today, as a special function in the body politic, operates entirely in keeping with the general trend of life as a whole. In both its positive and negative phases, it consistently reflects the characteristic aims, the methods and the ethical standards of modern civilization. Comparative analysis of the methods of this professional specialty, and of the conditions of the social constitution, reveals the same strenuous mental and material activity; the same problems of a developing consciousness; the same complicated methods of involved analysis, without an evolving synthesis; and the same verbal brilliancy and psychic juggling which obscures a degenerate lack of Idealism.

*The seventh lecture of a University Extension course lately arranged by Mme. Katherine Tingley to be given at Isis Theater, San Diego, under the auspices of the School of Antiquity, Point Loma, of which she is the Foundress-President. These lectures are being given by professors of the School of Antiquity, and others, and many of them are illustrated by lantern slides especially prepared from original and other material in the collections of the School of Antiquity and elsewhere. Other lectures will be published in due course.

The medical psychologists, called upon to consider the science of mind and soul, as related to the body, can best correlate the objective and subjective conditions, and find the clue between the inner and the outer man by studying the *quality* of life in him and around him. The many rapid changes which mark the progress of the past half-century support the opposing claims that the world is growing better, and also that it is worse, than it used to be. Evidently human consciousness has attained a larger knowledge of good and evil, as it has swept around the broader curve of a larger cycle, coming in touch with greater heights and depths, and with multiplied interrelations. H. P. Blavatsky, whose public teaching began in the early years of this active era, anticipated the present state of affairs. In reviving the ancient knowledge of man's inner nature, she presented the logical basis of a higher and a lower psychology, both of which, she stated, would be emphasized by the dawn of the twentieth century. She predicted that the struggle between the dual forces of man's make-up would become more clearly defined, as his awakening spiritual and physical natures struggled for supremacy upon the middle-ground of mind. That his animal nature is well entrenched on this neutral territory, and that it is using the natural mental resources for its own ends, is evident in the dominating materialism and the worship of the lower or mechanical intellect, which make common cause against the recognition and native rights of the spiritual nature.

The hope that intellectual education alone would free the mind from error has proven futile. Educators frankly admit that the systems in vogue have failed to round out the characters of the young. Wide experience in schools and colleges proves that knowledge, of itself, does not protect against the psychology of selfish and immoral impulses.

Some of the most serious dangers of this age are the subtle and insidious movements which offer plausible half-truths to an educated but self-seeking public. Many bizarre, illogical and dangerous faith and mind-cures and quasi-philosophic cults have sprung up in prevailing sordid conditions, like mushroom growths in unwholesome soil. Alert and ambitious men and women, often without special culture or impersonal motives, but with a dominating egoism, or the unhealthy attraction of neurotic personality, readily find followers who are seeking short cuts to ease and power.

Aside from the domestic type of leaders, there are Oriental impor-

tations from the introspective, philosophic East. These latter teach mainly the degenerate dregs of ancient truth. Such are the Hatha Yoga systems of self-culture, by means of physical postures, breathings, auto-hypnosis and other methods of liberating the forces of the *lower* nature. As the desires and demands of the average body already take precedence of the best good of the whole nature, the moral danger of thus augmenting them is apparent. Since disturbance of the moral balance is a characteristic of insanity, the abnormal trend of these practices, favoring one-sided development, is toward unsoundness. The whole system counterfeits true Râja-Yoga training, which evolves a royal union of the physical, mental and moral powers.

The meditative Oriental, with a long line of disciplined ancestors, has the physique and the knowledge calculated to offset much of the injurious psychic reaction which falls upon personalities whose ignorance and selfish motives leave them at the mercy of the strange forces they invoke. The venturesome Westerner, confident that only material things count, and unconcerned about metaphysics, is all unaware of unseen dangers. Naturally attracted by these methods that offer him added pleasure and power, he follows the bent of unrestrained impulses and restless ambition, and too often arrives at some obscure disease or mental or nervous disorder. Thus not a few movements of ostensible physical benefit, of ethical value and moral uplift are, in reality, merely novel phases of sublimated selfishness and degenerate cults of self-indulgence.

Meantime, in viewing these cases, the medical psychologist is often so psychologized with the novel mechanistic systems of diagnosis and treatment, he is unable to understand the inner wrong suffered by the spiritual will, which reacts upon the health and sanity of the unbalanced system. The profession generally underestimates the power and the danger of what it relegates to the unclassified list of fad treatments. If the developing psychic senses in the civilized, and the increasing disorders incident to evolving consciousness, were understood and provided for, countless cases would not drift into the hands of so-called healers and teachers. As it is, the latter, knowingly or unwittingly, exploit these seekers, whose natures long for some broader interpretation than a narrow theology or materialistic medicine affords.

At first glance, there is a strange contradiction in two striking features of the times—especially marked in America. The first is a

thorough-going materialism, finding strenuous, practical, hard-headed, literal expression; the second is a varied and wide-spread *metaphysical movement*, seeking outlet in vague and ambitious cults and cures and fads and isms. Not rarely the same person is found in both classes, a consistent and able exponent of the gospel of getting much and giving little. There is no conflict, however, between the frank materialism and the gist of popular metaphysics, for they are as closely related as are the mind and the body, which, in fact they represent in their basic motives of self-seeking.

A saving minority only have the real spirit of mysticism, which seeks to know and to keep the law of true being, that thus may be revealed the reality behind the forms of art and science and religion. Though man is essentially divine, the evidence of his spiritual nature, in our civilization, is largely of a *negative character*. The unhappy proof of the soul's existence is most marked where *its lack of expression leaves life unbalanced, distorted, diseased and despairing*. The very impetus of body and brain, in this overbusy era, demands the outlet of worthy expression. In the ever-increasing pace of a materialistic round of externals, the unbalanced centrifugal forces become so disintegrating that the individual literally goes to pieces, because he does not advance naturally, poised between the surface and the center of his being.

Many of the medical psychologists accept the materialistic teaching that thought and feeling are the *results* of physical functions, rather than the primal cause of activity. There is much to show that the contrary is true, and that the evident enlarging consciousness is the initiating factor in changing conditions. Man is not more alive and alert because he is more active; but he is changing conditions more actively because he is more conscious.

Doubtless the adult's strenuous life does quicken the currents of influence which flow from the body to the mind, and from the mind to the body. But this does not account for the evident fact that the average infant is being born more conscious than were his parents; nor for the many youthful prodigies of all kinds; nor for the general precocity of the young, who, in all classes, are the unhappy pride and the unsolved problem of parents and educators. This increase of potential force in the young generation promises to make a world of conditions which will be still better than the present, or worse, or both.

It is interesting to note that while the material progress of sani-

tation has lessened contagions — the diseases of environment — the disorders of consciousness have steadily increased. The gain in external conditions has not been equaled in the inner life. The most ardent advocate of the mechanistic basis of life must admit that the machinery of mere things has been evolved more perfectly than has their creator — man himself.

Abnormal mental and nervous conditions have become more common and less curable; suicide is increasing; the malefic influence of new types of insanity and of degenerate vice and crime infect all levels of society. The most searching inquiry has revealed no *external* cause of internal malignant and degenerative conditions, which develop insidiously and undermine the constitution. The most brilliant careers are cut short by degenerations of the blood vessels — the very channels of the life current. Cancer is increasing among civilized nations, and the less evolved races who contact and copy their ways of living.

Cancer is especially common in the digestive and pelvic organs — the physiological centers of the nutritive and creative consciousness. Surgery, the science of removing effects, has been overactive in reaching a climax of its possibilities without touching causes. Doubtless the shock of the operation, the loss of blood, plus the relaxing effect of the anaesthetic, sometimes modifies the inner tension of abnormal combinations of man and his body. Then, if the consciousness takes a more normal attitude, as convalescence restores the vital forces of the body, their currents may flow in more benign channels. This possibility is seen in the occasional spontaneous arrest and cure of malignant conditions.

From any point of view these abnormal conditions of the individual and social life are uncontrolled. They have out-distanced the power of the law, the preaching of the gospel, the resources of medicine, the teaching of eugenics and the composite efforts of humanitarians. The supreme opportunity of the hour awaits the practical mysticism of a true medical psychology.

The students in the School of Antiquity at Point Loma, California, find a valuable clue in the law of Analogy when specializing any obscure subject. H. P. Blavatsky constantly refers to the law of analogy as the unifying clue to the complex conditions of the physical, mental and spiritual life of man. Her works, written in the latter part of the nineteenth century, were marked not only by a timely philosophy

of analysis, but they are unique in a synthetic quality which struck the true keynote for twentieth-century progress. Her revival of the ancient truth that the real man is a soul, incarnating in an animal body and endowed with mind, gave a logical basis for the puzzling paradox of human existence. Her writings display a unity of the Practical and Mystical which is still far in advance of the times. The test of the larger truth she presented is the ease with which she defined the work of the various specialists beyond their own power of analysis and then synthesized the fragments into a mosaic pattern of the philosophy of life.

From this comprehensive view-point it would be natural to find the single cell reflecting the whole man, who, in his turn, as a social unit, would mirror, in degree, the current national and racial history.

There must be some relation between physical disease and disorders of the body politic. The synthetic relation is not clear because the current methods of thought are analytic views focused on specialties at the expense of a general perspective of life. Medicine, art, science, literature, sociology, religion, are viewed as insular facts in the scheme of things. This separateness is obscured by the systematic way in which everything is organized — industries, professions and what-not.

This unusual display of organization is not real unity, but a gigantic system of specialization, which lacks the cohesive, vital quality of all-round life. Each department of affairs aims at attainment through reducing everything to its own terms; each discounts the other, and all alike are operated regardless of the synthetic purpose of life.

The supreme expression of organized effort in the over-specialized modern world is not educational, or scientific, or artistic, or humanitarian, but military organization, which is disintegrating European civilization. The powers of earth and air and sea are enlisted in a scientific campaign of destruction. This union of the forces of brain and body, unbalanced by the higher nature, inevitably gravitates into degeneracy and destruction.

The fever of war has brought out the latent strength and weakness of the great national bodies. Patriotism has rallied to the colors, and each nation has sacrificed freely upon the altar of what to it is a just cause. But no less marked is the smothered note of internal conflict of class opinions. Surely if the higher functions of

humanity, in governments and in peoples, had been normally cultivated, sound reason would harmonize internal and international differences, and healthy relations would make impossible the insane and disintegrating disorder.

A straw which shows the drift of unbalanced forces in the New World is an item of examinations for the U. S. Navy, reported from Boston. Out of 600 applicants only 30 were accepted, the remainder being rejected as physically below the normal, or mentally or morally unfitted. A rear-admiral remarked that "we must make our rapidly degenerating citizenry into men before we can make sailors or soldiers." The war-demon's epicurean taste in matters of pure food for the cannon goes without saying. It will bear repetition, however, that war and degeneracy in civilization are phases of cause and effect acting in a vicious circle.

If the many international organizations of art and science, of religion and education, of travel and recreation were ensouled by the true spirit of healthy organic unity, they might neutralize the psychology of the military organization. But the latter has assumed the proportions of a huge abnormal growth, speaking medically, of malignant character. The units which compose it are like other normal units of the body politic. But they have no constructive function. They produce nothing that contributes to the healthy growth of their country. They are a constant drain upon the national resources, appropriating the life-blood of the country in a useless, organic mass in times of peace. Armies are abnormal social growths maintained at the expense of the other national organic interests, which are crowded aside and impoverished. In the end the disintegrating quality of this military cancer in the body politic taints the whole social life with its malign influence.

Before considering further the conditions of the lower psychology or the reasons why these conditions are not better understood and more successfully treated by professional psychologists, it is well to touch upon the question of Consciousness. Upon this point the scientific stand is quite consistent with the prevailing tone of brilliant materialism, before noted. Endless quotations could be offered showing that, by methods of painstaking and involved analysis, man is defined as the product of his organs. A recent medical journal abstracts a lengthy article by an expert on "The Kinetic Drive." The learned author concludes that man is a mechanism, an automaton whose

primary work is the transformation of energy. By means of a system of organs especially adapted to this end, energy is stored in these organs during sleep, which during consciousness, in response to environmental contacts, is transformed into muscular action, into heat, or into the representatives of muscular action, such as emotion, thought or reasoning processes—the doctor concludes, and the majority of scientists agree with him.

In the same journal is another article from a professor teaching psychology to several hundred students. Talking of injurious habits he says: “Habit is surely a universal process in matter, in all material mechanisms, whether non-living, or self-repairing, i. e., living. But observe that in organisms its basis is in the *matter, not in the mind*, so far as we can see. *It is at present unbelievable that habit in an organism is a mental process. It is matter, protoplasm, that has the habit.* The mind doubtless exists in some mode separate from the body, but if so, we know nothing of it as yet and therefore habit appears to me to be a matter of mechanism, and not of the soul at all. [Italics added]

“Physiologically we may think of a motor habit (and probably of all habits) as a set of kinesthetic impulses or strains passing from the parts most concerned into the great cortex. If these strains continue relatively long enough without much variation, in some way as yet wholly indefinable, they impress the central nervous system, probably the extremely sensitive and delicate neurons of the cortex, in particular, and tend *pro tanto* to dominate behavior.”

To the students in the School of Antiquity it is quite believable that “Habit is sometimes a mental process.” Moreover, they find sound basis for believing that the original impulses arise in the consciousness seeking expression, however automatically the body instrument may reflect them back again. No lesser truth than that of the divinity and immortality of man can synthesize all the phases of his consciousness. That the dominant impulses and general character of the permanent man survive from life to life in an earthly school of experience is wholly in keeping with the history of the cell units of his body.

True medical psychology holds the key of practical mysticism, which alone can find the ultimate cause of physical disease and mental disorders.

In reviewing the life history of the body, we find it beginning as

a single cell, with a central nucleus — a replica of the physical man with its inner consciousness. Division of the cell begins with changes at its central nucleus, which divides into two. The two nuclei are equal, just as one candle lit by another is equally as bright as the first. As if guided by the conscious nuclei, the protoplasmic cell matter arranges itself into two surrounding groups, which finally separate from each other, and there are two cells. The two become four, and so on until the multiplied number forms masses, which are arranged into three germ-layers. From these differentiated layers of cells are developed the four kinds of tissue; first the epithelial or lining tissues, like mucous membranes; second the supporting tissues like bone, cartilage and tendon; third the muscular tissues; and fourth the nervous tissues. Thus from the first, before the differentiated cells separate into different organs, the activity of the germ-layers is directed by a conscious purpose of future function. No mere chemical or mechanical action can account for the conscious quality, which finds its way through an undifferentiated mass of changing matter, and groups the new-born cells into the various organs of future physical function and special sense.

When the organic groups of cells develop into a finished organism, the child is born. This organic mass of body matter is informed, in turn, by the central nucleus of Soul, which has differentiated itself from the divine consciousness. The function of the Soul is to find itself — to gain a larger sense of true being in transmuting animal impulses and material forces into finer phases of existence. As the purpose of the primary cell in dividing is to work toward organic unity, so the spiritual urge is toward perfected individual types, that the souls may evolve in natural unity on still higher planes. The child is the cellular unit in the social organisms which make up the body of humanity. Like the normal cell, his body repeats the natural history of larger worlds, which are created, preserved during a cycle of active purpose, and then destroyed. The cell, the child and the world are creative centers, through which the dual forces play with the natural balance of health, or with the disease and disturbance of unbalance.

The normal cell lives by selecting nourishment from the blood. It performs its functional duty for the good of the whole, and renews itself by division when worn out. When cells are dividing, they perform no function, so that multiplying cells contribute nothing to

the general welfare. Sometimes an intensive growth begins in the cells of an organ, perhaps the stomach. The cells multiply until a local mass is formed of purposeless, functionless growth, which draws upon the common life blood for nourishment. This mass of new cells adds nothing to digestive power. They eat but they will not work. In time the pressure of this standing army of idle units curtails the blood supply, and weakens the functional value of the whole organ.

There must be some wrong in the subconscious *quality* of a normal cell which, in becoming anti-social and criminal in character, works havoc in the whole system. Cancer statistics show an increase both in its relation to the general mortality and to the population. The medical profession regards malignant growths as surgical problems — not psychological studies. Despite endless research their cause and cure are still unknown. All the details of environment have been under suspicion as contributing causes: yesterday it was the habit of eating too much; today the theoretic cause is too much drinking, or something in the soil, or climate, and so on. These analytic methods do not put two and two together, and sum up the *quality* of dual consciousness which, capable of advancing, falls back upon the levels of personal ambition and physical appetites, or naturally gravitates to a disturbing or depressing environment.

There is some fundamental wrong when current conditions of health, sanity and morality are marked with the reaction of degeneration. In Ribot's *Diseases of the Will*, he defines degeneration as a descent from the highest points attained in evolution; so that the finest and latest gains are the first things to be lost. He quotes, for example, the paralytic cases which often recover consciousness and their muscular ability for large movements, like walking or reaching with the arms. What is lost are the finer movements, the muscular poise and skill, which have been acquired by adult training and experience, and the mental niceties of judgment and moral refinements of thought and conduct. Similar to these paralytic symptoms of the blood clot on the brain is the abnormal pressure of materialistic conditions upon the higher senses. The reaction of degeneration is apparent in the higher phases of our civilization — the realms of mental and moral attainment — and in the most highly organized physical tissues.

The marked symptoms of social degeneration are reflected also in the growing prevalence of degenerative diseases. A man is said

to be "as old as his arteries," because the hardened and brittle blood-vessels common to old age are liable to rupture. These sclerosed arteries have lost their flexibility and strength because the mineral salts, soluble in healthy blood, have been deposited in their walls. This deposit typifies an unbalanced relation in the solids and fluids, which leaves the physical instrument less flexible, less responsive to the conscious will, and less enduring under the demands of activity. The humanized mineral matter in the body inclines to leave its living relation, and return to an inert place in the mineral world. Thus a literal process of "dust to dust" goes on in the very channels of the life-blood. This death-in-life process repeats physically what the average round of experiences amounts to, so far as the highest functions of the nature are concerned.

Conditions in the cells, in the individual and in the race, alike point to the consciousness as the key to the prevailing pathology. That modern medical psychology has failed to find the key may depend upon its methods of seeking. In the modern specializing process, psychology was divorced from philosophy. Its new alliance with biology is more in keeping with the times than with its natural relations.

The conscious quality in the cell is the unit of a body of consciousness which completely duplicates the physical form, cell for cell. This model body, of a refined type of matter — the astral — is not tangible to the ordinary physical senses. It is the basis of belief in materialized spirits, as astral matter can become cognized under certain conditions, and especially by mediumistic sensitives, who are often negative in relation to ordinary life. The astral world of consciousness interpenetrates the ordinary world of matter, and holds the pictured history not only of all material forms, but of every thought and deed. It is literally the screen of time, upon which is pictured the record of the race. Its lower strata are the domain of disembodied desire, the animal instincts separated from the intuition — the conscience. The astral body survives the death of the physical form for a time. It is especially persistent after sudden death by accident or violence, not having lost its stability in the natural disintegrating process of disease or old age.

The astral world is the storehouse of memories of past experience and of other lives; and it is the means by which the stamp of heredi-

tary traits are transmitted. But for this conscious inner vehicle, there would be no way for the instincts, functions and habits to bridge the gap between the ever-disintegrating old cells and their new-born successors. If the physical body had no prototype upon which, and by which, its cells were formed and informed, there would be no orderly succession of instincts in different species, and dire confusion would prevail in nature's world.

The old Greek idea that man stood still in a flowing stream of matter is literally true. The cellular units of the body are in a constant state of flux, as new elements of nutrition help to fill out their forms and to fulfil their functions and flow out again as waste or in final disintegration. The human body, entirely renewed every seven years, has changed its soft parts even more often. Thus at three score years and ten the stable consciousness which survives in the streams of matter, has had not only ten bodies, but has practically outlived the overlapping process of many incarnations. Not a vestige remains of the original body, which is but distantly related to the senile tissues of age. Yet the conscious man who is the stable fact in the midst of unstable matter often forgets his present body, and wanders in the thought and feeling of second childhood, through past experiences which are lasting realities, to him.

It is easy to conceive that a lifetime spent in invoking the higher psychology of thought and feeling would round out the ripened years with the exalted senses of seer and prophet. Old age would not be the unlovely process of decline and decay which it is too often. The higher consciousness would be all the clearer as the physical became less dominant, and the cultivated sense of permanent being would leave no sense of loss in the physical fading away. Man would know himself more fully. And having outlived a series of bodies under one name, naturally a wider scope of experience would easily survive and bridge the gap between a succession of earth lives. Untold treasures of truth would unfold to those who, in the changing bodies, lived in the knowledge of immortality. The knowledge of Theosophy is the key.

The solution of the problems of the day belongs, in peculiar degree, to the province of medical psychology. The social pathology must find healing for its suffering and disorders; and the physician who understands the true purpose of the body and the mind will prove a healer in the highest sense. With a Theosophic knowledge of man's

inner nature he would have the basic facts of many disputed questions — like capital punishment, vivisection, hypnotism, double personality, insanity, serum therapy, war, etc. Society is sorely in need of protection from dangers of which it little dreams. It is a peculiar time in racial history, a period of transition in human growth. The external development of things has an inner counterpart. The wireless telegraphy shows the logic of telepathy, without visible lines for carrying messages.

The psychic senses are developing so that the majority are more susceptible to surrounding thought and feeling. A multitude of neurasthenic cases everywhere are restless, nervously unstable, and easily exhausted without adequate disease to account for it. As a rule they have evolved more of a sensitized quality than the average. Even when of naturally strong character they have a certain negative air, a colorless quality similar to their complexion of psychic pallor, which is not ordinary anaemia. Their restless exhaustion hints at the incessant struggle between the inner and outer life. They neither live up to their ideals, nor frankly accept the materialistic standards. *With no knowledge of human duality, they have no clue to the contradictory impulses which sway them.*

Many of the worst types of degeneracy, disease and disorder found in individual and social life began in the great list of "Borderland Cases." In childhood they were no worse than other children, who matured into the average apology for life which passes for normal expression. They drifted into wrong currents of psychology from seemingly harmless points of departure. They were not foredoomed failures, unable to escape crime, malignancy or insanity. Inevitably each child must meet his own Karma and the present generations have brought some serious problems with them for solution. Nevertheless not a little personal heredity of evil tendencies may be neutralized by wise discipline and a training of the spiritual will which consciously evokes the forces of the higher nature.

There is something inspiring, especially in a child, where the real self bravely opposes the pull of evil impulses. Even though the make-up is faulty and the personality not pleasing, the *quality of the effort* emanates a force of distinct helpfulness. In the contradictions of many a perverted child nature, the handicapped soul struggling for expression works with the parent or educator whose methods are

truly liberating. Upon the other hand, the uncontrolled animal nature instinctively knows when discipline evades an issue, and it has an open or concealed contempt for failure to use a superior power.

The best parental discipline, without a knowledge of the paradox of human Duality, will certainly fail, both in detecting the subtle tendencies of the lower nature, and in wisely evoking the higher possibilities. The child is a copyist, expert in living character sketches; and he reads the motives of his elders more clearly than they do themselves. His whole drama is a play of being grown up; and to him the meaning of life is never a farce, and every psychological factor looms large on his stage. For instance, his conception of the merry side of grown-up life may be permanently colored by the grotesque crudities of the pictorial supplement. If the parents see no harm in this section of the newspaper, the child naturally infers that distorted antics of the animal nature are part of the human program. No less legitimate seem the tricks played on dumb creatures. Wit and humor and a merry disposition are healthy antidotes for the depressing and tragic features in the usual experience. But a child's taste for fun on a low level, and for teasing, prepares the way for the vulgar jokes and smutty anecdotes which cheapen everything and blunt the moral sensibilities. The thoughtless tricks played on others may easily grade into indifference to suffering and a cruelty that readily allies itself to any passion.

The psychology of childhood has an importance out of relation to the attention it receives. It is significant that in the much specialized medical literature the subject of adolescence is almost untouched. The vices of childhood are slurred over, although these perverted habits affect the whole *morale* and are the devitalizing factor underlying many serious mental disorders and physical diseases. At the best, perversions that are overcome finally, leave a certain blighting effect upon the inner growth, not well understood. Not rarely the habits give way to some compromise of self-indulgence, so that the adult keynote of character is unchanged. The worst cases are often seen in the criminal courts, guilty of inhuman crimes and themselves degenerate victims of obsessing evil.

It is a sad commentary on the social intelligence that we should have so much knowledge and so little wisdom in directing human nature. But for the inherent vitality of the soul, the race would succumb to its heritage of accumulated sorrow and disease. As it

is, the new-born babe rarely fails to bring from the unseen world an inspiring sense of freshness and purity.

One of the vital but neglected opportunities of uplift is the antenatal period — a point not recognized in medical circles. Motherhood is a mystic rite. The mothers have the key of creative power to change the whole world of conditions if they would assert themselves on lines of intuition. Their inherent racial rights to mold character transcend anything to be gained from the fathers or the franchise.

Not by votes or by violence will woman attain to the satisfying power of an enlarged and liberated consciousness—the misinterpreted urge of much seeking. Though she lacks the physical strength which dominates in the field of material forces, her fine-grained endurance can sustain more trying tests. “Her sympathetic and ganglionic system is relatively to the cerebro-spinal more dominant.” The harmonious relation of this organ of the vegetative and subconscious life stands to the conscious brain and spinal cord as the intuition is related to the intellect. By nature her most effective work is keyed to the tone of the inner life, just as the nucleus within the cell initiates the changes in the history of its sphere.

Professional women in touch with knowledge of the higher psychology could meet the needs of the hour in peculiar degree. As it is, they have duplicated men’s achievements in the laboratory, in diagnosis, in therapeutics and in surgery. They have been proven qualified for the existing professional standard of work; but they have not contributed that essentially humanistic element of healing which is the natural expression of intuitive wholeness. An occasional article in the flood of materialistic medical literature repudiates the wholesale animalizing, mechanistic and incomplete methods in vogue, and emphasizes the need of natural, sane, clean, human treatment. But the intuitive author as often proves to be the exceptional man as a woman in the profession.

The contagious diseases which have not decreased are the so-called “social diseases”—a fact entirely consistent with a more prevalent sensuality. The havoc being wrought physically, aroused physicians and other public-spirited citizens to organize a campaign of eugenic education. Their motives are most laudable, and as a result, many are protected with knowledge of dangers hitherto unsuspected. But the campaign has more the negative value of inhibiting wrong-doing than the positive power of an aroused higher nature,

controlling the currents of thought and action. A salvation that is based on fear, whether of diseases here or hell hereafter, appeals more to moral cowardice than to conscious courage.

Life is consciousness; and the animating purpose of activity in all kingdoms of nature is to unfold and expand it in the fruitage of fulfilment. The distinctive quality of human life is *self*-consciousness, and the whole trend of evolutionary impetus back of man urges him on toward a perfected type of his three-fold nature. When, however, his civilized career is halted in its higher expression, and he wills to key his life to lower levels, his unbalanced growth vainly seeks fulfilment in the acme of physical sensations and the supplementing glamor of the brain-mind. Immorality and selfishness are pathological symptoms of retarded evolution. Even knowledge of the penalty of disease gives way too often to dominating personal impulses, plus the current social psychology. The most effective protection against the insistent lesser self is a realizing sense that the man is not his body, but a soul outlasting all conditioned existence.

To an impartial view, there is no question but that the influence of the lower psychology affects the whole status of modern life. The materialism which discards ideals, even in its most brilliant intellectual attainment, cannot see the whole truth. All analysis must go still deeper than Freud's subconscious realm — beyond the animal and astral strata of human nature to the foundation facts of permanent existence. All the psychic juggling with the symptoms of defective development is simply putting off the evil day. The very physical and mental integrity of the race is endangered by the broken laws of sane, sound, worthy living. Health and wholeness can only come, at this stage of human evolution, by harmonizing the action of the heart and mind and co-ordinating material power with the higher possibilities. Nature herself is calling a halt in the denial of that lasting reality which plays upon her stage, the "man that was, and is, and shall be, and for whom the hour shall never strike."

A part of the foregoing lecture as given, is here omitted for lack of space. The lecture will be printed in full in the separate series of "PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY."



THE SCREEN OF TIME

F. J. Dick, Editor

Against Hypnotism

"Hypnotism is a vast and dangerous factor in human life," Mme. Tingley said during her lecture on "Theosophy and Vital Problems of the Day" at Isis Theater last night. "I would, were I a man, make a law to punish every practitioner of this science as much as I would punish one who steals large sums, for the money can be returned, while the will subjugated and taken away never can be regained.

"Another law I would make would be one providing for every city a school for parents, to which they should be compelled to go, even as we force our children, there to be taught, unsectarianly, the basic knowledge of what man is in his inner, deeper life. They would become so imbued with the sacredness and dignity of life that we would have fewer and better marriages, nobler children — and the houses would be in order.

"There are many phases of hypnotism — first the conscious acts of the individual actor, using his subject, more truly named his victim, to subjugate this victim's will — for what? — that he may accomplish whatever he (the actor) wishes.

"Every form of depriving man of courage within himself to do, of weakening his will, or dominating it, of subjecting his will to yours, is a crime. It is the ever-present message of Theosophy to arouse the positive strength that lies within, to give hope and self-courage, to kill fear of every kind, including, above all, the fear of death and what is beyond.

"How dare we blame the young boys, the girls who slip all unconscious into conditions which cause society to condemn and put yet more stumbling-blocks of discouragement in their way?" — *San Diego Union*, October 13, 1915

United Voice of America would bring Peace

At Isis Theater last night Mme. Katherine Tingley gave an address on the subject of American preparedness for war.

"I have no criticism," she said, "of government officials who but carry on their work reflecting the thought of the people. But humanity is made of great and wonderful qualities that have never yet been touched and evoked, but which are there in such strength that if the voice of the American people could be heard along that line, we could say 'There shall be no war.'

"Shame on the American people, that they so distrust themselves, their own possibilities, as to fear; as to have to prepare for war! Do you believing Christians dare claim that if the Nazarene were here today he would speak for war?

"I believe that if Oscar of Sweden were still alive, he would have spoken before this, and he would have stopped the war months ago. On one occasion that I met him, soon after the separation of Norway, he said to me: 'Ah, madame, the Norwegians were also my children a short time ago, just as the Swedes are today, and I cannot slaughter them.' And he stopped the war fever that was then growing. Change those words just a little, and put them in the mouth of our President, with the real voice of America, as I know it exists in the inner nature of our people; and believe me when I tell you — he has the power.

"The voice of the American people! The united force, united love, united energy so expressed for those who still are our brothers today, not our enemies at war, would open the door. Nothing prevents it, nothing save only the lack of trust in ourselves, and the lack of knowledge of the higher powers that are within us, and which give me this trust in the American people, as in all men — if they would only speak."— *San Diego Union*, November 27, 1915

Râja-Yoga Pupils at Isis Theater

At Isis Theater last evening the program was in the form of a symposium by the elder pupils, the graduate class of the Râja-Yoga College, now a junior class in the School of Antiquity. The meeting was presided over by Hubert Dunn, and an extended list of questions were answered by the young people. The aptness of many of the answers evoked frequent applause.

At the outset the chairman said that not until the pupils had reached a period of choice, and so choose understandingly, is there any set teaching of the Theosophical philosophy. Following are some of the points given in a few of the answers:

"Reincarnation alone explains many otherwise unexplainable mysteries of life. If man were a special creation at the birth of each, how could men have special gifts? We do not remember past lives because our present memory instrument, the brain, is only an instrument, born and later destroyed with the body; it is part of the new body only. And if we could, how many of us could stand the burden, yet? One life is not enough to work out man's possibilities. This is shown by the very existence in the world from time to time of great Teachers. If man has but one life of seventy years, he is the only creature nature has deigned to cheat by giving possibilities beyond his opportunities of greatest use.

"Râja-Yoga pupils do get the power to meet the difficulties of later life, because that power is the result of self-conquest. The power to conquer weaknesses comes from the higher part of the nature, not the lower, and Râja-Yoga teaches one to recognize and rely on that higher part, and so gives the chance

to conquer inside. Then the rest follows; out of the heart are the issues of life. Râja-Yoga is a good physician, for if there are weaknesses (and who has them not?) it gives the power to see them in oneself, and the courage to face them. Râja-Yoga challenges the nature, and when that happens the failings show up, but with them the knowledge."—*San Diego Union*, December 27, 1915

At Isis Theater last night the older pupils of the Râja-Yoga College conducted the meeting in continuation of the symposium of answers to questions that had been handed in from the audience before the opening hour, as was begun at the Christmas meeting. An extended list of questions was read by the chairman and answered by different speakers. Nearly every speaker emphasized the idea that the soul is behind everything and that both the optimism of Theosophy and the success of Râja-Yoga lie in their recognition of that fact.

This keynote came out notably in the answer given to a question directed to the secret of the special quality in the music of the Point Loma choruses and other performers. The speaker first said that all the pupils of the school were surrounded by classical music of the highest quality from their earliest years; then that the essential keynote of Râja-Yoga education was character building, and that to produce the truest music those who rendered it must not only be good performers, but they must live music. In other words, they must live beautifully, and the soul of that life would then be heard in the music that was either sung or played.

Of the drama another speaker said it teaches the science of life, and so, when rightly studied and used, it teaches how to live.

After this part of the program the Râja-Yoga Quartet played one selection, followed by "The Death of Melisande," by the full orchestra, and then the singing by the Râja-Yoga International Chorus of the "Ode to Peace," conducted by the composer, Rex Dunn. At the close of this rendition, Comte Eugène d'Harcourt, a composer and conductor of Paris, was introduced on the stage by Daniel de Lange. Comte d'Harcourt commended the rendition of all the musical numbers. He also congratulated the International Theosophical Headquarters in having as one of its musical directors the distinguished maestro, Professor de Lange, who was so well known throughout Europe.

—*San Diego Union*, January 3, 1916

THE third symposium of answers to questions asked by inquirers on Theosophical teachings and the Râja-Yoga education in its relation to the problems of life, was conducted last evening at Isis Theater by the older graduate pupils of the Râja-Yoga College.

Among the many questions was one asking how the Râja-Yoga system enforces discipline without punishment. To this the first speaker responded that to teach one that he is a soul, and then weaken him by punishment, would be a contradiction in terms.

Discipline, again, according to Râja-Yoga, is an aid to the removal of obstructions to growth, which to be true must be spontaneous; discipline and punishment are opposite terms, for the greatest of all secrets is self-discipline.

A question as to what reason Theosophy can give to the selfish man why his interests would be better served by being unselfish and altruistic, brought forth many answers, the burden of which was that the plane of constant thought for self and the gratification of one's desires is the very home of all pain and suffering, only to be gotten away from by going into the other plane of thought and action.

Many questions had again to remain unanswered owing to the hour.

—*San Diego Union*, January 10, 1916

**Hamlet —
a Triumph**

The rare treat of a rendering of *Hamlet* by one of the greatest living exponents of Shakespearean drama of our times brings home to the favored auditor the sublime potency and the inner significance of the great playwright's immortal creations.

To witness the agonies of the young Prince of Denmark as portrayed by the master-genius of such an actor as Forbes-Robertson as he shows us Hamlet pursuing the dread ways of an awful destiny, is to behold the travail of an immortal soul. It is a study of a soul gathering experience along the road of life — gleanings in the fields of former sowings. Here is witnessed the garnering of fearful harvests sown in the furrows of a far past time. Here in the anguish of the fate-driven Dane is the fructifying and consummation of Karma — Karma so terrible and full of woe that before its awful proclamation the stricken soul reels, and cries out:

O all you hosts of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you my sinews grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up,

but cries not so in impotent dismay; nay, rather turns from horror to fulfil the spectral mandate; from the depths of the soul-life sublimely swears:

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain.

No ghastly visitant this ghost — specter though he be; rather the grand remembrance of a great life — the ensouled aroma of a noble past, a past that must, and *shall* be vindicated. This is the Karma of Hamlet, to be the instrument that shall sweep off the clinging cerements of tarnished fame that drape the soul's purpose, be it a father's robe of flesh or a mother's garb of love. "The time is out of joint," and Hamlet, drawn by invisible but inevitable strands, of Karmic weaving to the fields of his own past sowing, is destined here and now to "set it right." Though there is that in him that may cry out on a "cursed spite" that lays this task upon him, 'tis but the Lesser Man that wails: within HE that is Hamlet *knows* — and wills it so.

For the *liberation* of this soul the pilgrim must wend his way through sorrow's myriad courtyards up to the vestibule of the Palace of Living Light. It is even the Great Fight wherein friend and enemy must alike be smitten down. First the lovely Ophelia — spotless love-flower of a youthful life, must be resigned, mocked with an affected madness that tears the very vitals of a mortal heart in twain — thereby to liberate still grander potencies within for the great task. Mother must stand revealed — must be defamed, but *not* cut off, she being the weaker, more unknowing sinner. Therefore comes the mandate:

. . . . let not thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

Uncle that was, father that is — Here, at this moment of choice for Hamlet, the opportunity is given to cancel great Karma, the accumulated ill of many lives has been called up for combat and destruction by the Pilgrim. The Neophyte has passed through many gates and now a new one waits for entry; but ere that entry made, a huge and hindering Karmic load must be removed. So Shakespeare gives us Claudius — the willing, conscious miscreant, the rampant lower self, Passion, that must be slain. And to this slaying the drama weltering moves. Here, as the sword of destiny descends it shall shatter some trivial harmless life — Polonius falls; here a beloved and honored friend must be removed — Laertes falls to the fatal stroke; here one less knowingly evil than the great miscreant, but yet tainted with a conscious sin, is permitted no longer to stand between this battler and his victim — and inevitably, *consciously* Gertrude quaffs the poisoned goblet. Now the path to utter consummation is left free, and Karma's angel stands before his cardinal foe, meets him in open fight, and with the keenness of a dexterous thrust cuts off the crowning curse that on him lies.

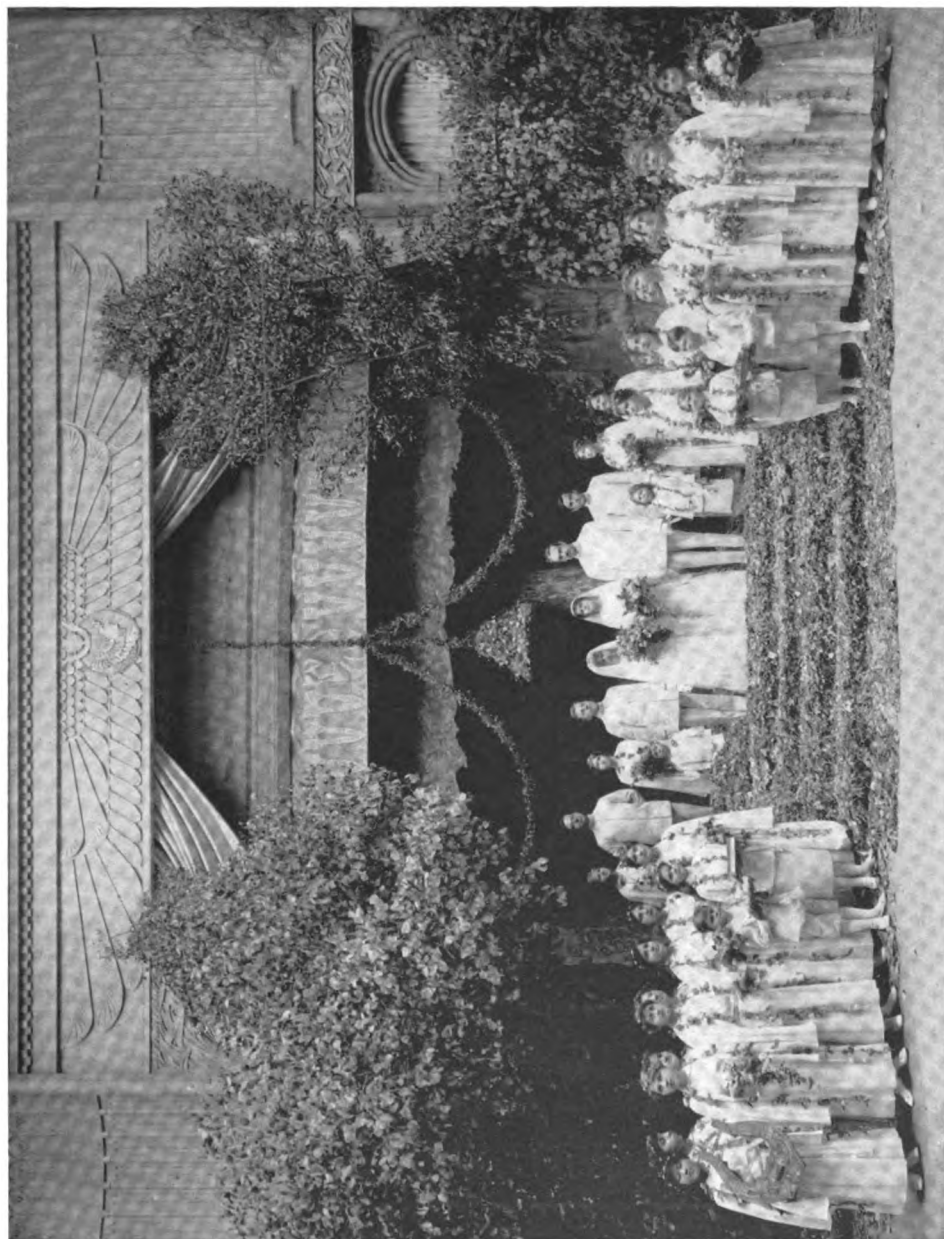
And Hamlet, the Pilgrim Soul, does he not fall in death — is *he* not likewise vanquished? Not so. Look on that still and marble form upon the throne — *Hamlet*: behold the luster raying from those cold, cold hands — the *Crown of Denmark*, symbol merely of a higher and more glorious diadem, the emblem of Attainment; make obeisance before that single living form that kneels before the "sleeping prince, Horatio — the Greater Self of Hamlet, not dead, *alive* — the resurrected Soul *whose quest is won!* Call you this "tragedy"? Never! *Triumph?* Verily!

STUDENT

**Double Wedding
at Theosophical
Headquarters**

Two weddings were solemnized on January 1st at Point Loma, the officiating clergyman being Rev. Howard B. Bard; that of Miss Cora Lee Hanson to Mr. Montague A. Machell, and that of Miss Stella Henrietta Young to Dr. Lorin F. Wood Jr.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Montague Machell have been students in the Râja-Yoga School and College since childhood, and are well known locally for their musical

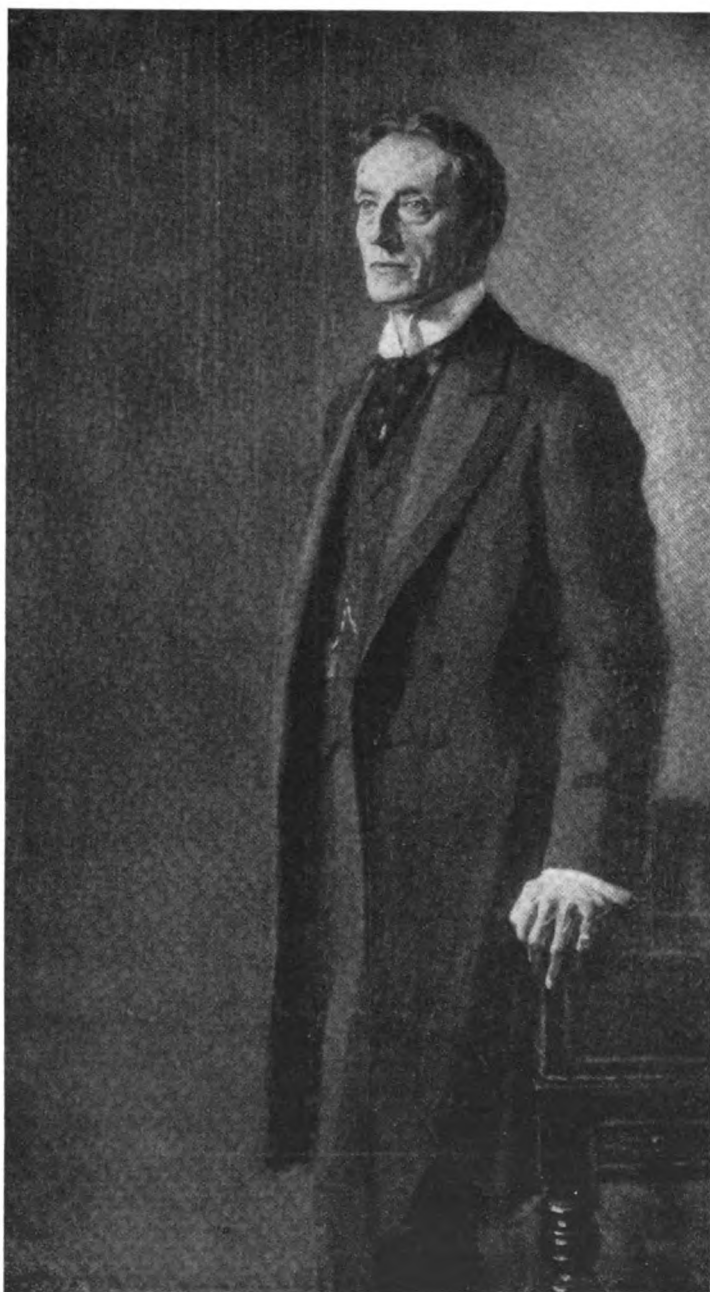


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SNAP-SHOT TAKEN IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY, ON THE OCCASION
OF THE WEDDING OF FOUR GRADUATES OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

From left to right (center) are Mr. Montague A. Machell and Mrs. Machell (*née* Miss Cora Lee Hanson) ;
Mrs. Wood, Jr. (*née* Miss Henrietta Young), and Lorin F. Wood, M. D., Jr. These four are the first

Râja-Yoga students to marry at the International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SIR JOHNSTONE FORBES-ROBERTSON
THE NOTED INTERPRETER OF SHAKESPEARE

and dramatic work. Mr. Machell in particular is known both in America and Europe for his forceful public speaking and unusual literary gifts.

Mrs. Machell was one of the original group of five children which formed the nucleus of the parent Râja-Yoga School established in 1900 at Point Loma by Katherine Tingley. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Hanson and the granddaughter of the late Major J. F. Hanson of Macon, Ga., and of Mrs. Cora Lee Hanson, formerly of Virginia. Mr. Walter T. Hanson was until his death a member of the Cabinet of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and Mrs. Estelle Hanson, the mother of Mrs. Machell, resides at Point Loma.

Mr. Machell is the son of Mr. Reginald Willoughby Machell, the well-known English artist, who resides at the International Theosophical Headquarters, where he came, in 1901, from London, to aid Mme. Katherine Tingley. He belongs to a family that has been distinguished in British annals since the time of the Norman Conquest, the Machells of Crackenthorpe.

Mrs. Lorin F. Wood, Jr. is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Young of Point Loma, formerly of Victoria, B. C., where Mr. Young was a prominent citizen. She is a graduate of the Râja-Yoga Academy. Young Dr. Wood is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Lorin F. Wood, formerly of Westerly, R. I., but for fifteen years active workers at the International Theosophical Headquarters. Dr. Wood, Sr. is dean of the Lomaland medical staff, and Mrs. Wood, who is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is head teacher in the Home Arts department of the Râja-Yoga Academy.

The marriage of these four young students will add much to the social side of Lomaland life, and their fellow students in both the College and Academy look upon it with especial interest, as they intend to reside at the International Theosophical Headquarters.

**Great Composer
Lauds Râja-Yoga
Musicians**

George W. Chadwick, American composer, who last summer conducted performances of his "Melpomene" and "Euterpe" overtures at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, has given some of his impressions of musical progress on the Coast in an interview in the New Eng-

land Conservatory Magazine Review.

"The potentialities of the California voice," he says, "were revealed to me strikingly near San Diego. Here I heard vocal music for which no special preparation had been made, which sounded almost as free and spontaneous as the singing of the birds. The young people at Point Loma, not trained musicians in our sense of the word, did one of Elgar's pieces in a fashion that would have done credit to any organization I have ever heard. Their phrasing and intonation were admirable. The analogy of the birds singing was constantly before me."

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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

MEMBERSHIP

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

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

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions; science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

VOL. X NO. 3

MARCH 1916

The Theosophical Path



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

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KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge, and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

"*Bhante Nāgasena,*" said the king, "what is it that is born into the next existence?"

"*Your majesty,*" said the elder, "it is name and form that is born into the next existence."

"*Is it this same name and form that is born into the next existence?*"

"*Your majesty,* it is not this same name and form that is born into the next existence; but with this name and form, your majesty, one does a deed—it may be good, or it may be wicked—and by reason of this deed another name and form is born into the next existence."

"*Bhante,* if it is not this same name and form that is born into the next existence, is one not freed from one's evil deeds?"

"*If one were not born into another existence,*" said the elder, "one would be freed from one's evil deeds; but, your majesty, inasmuch as one is born into another existence, therefore is one not freed from one's evil deeds."

"*Give an illustration.*"

"*Your majesty,* it is as if a man were to take away another man's mangoes, and the owner of the mangoes were to seize him, and show him to the king, and say, 'Sire, this man hath taken away my mangoes'; and the other were to say, 'Sire, I did not take away this man's mangoes. The mangoes which this man planted were different mangoes from those I took away. I am not liable to punishment.' Pray, your majesty, would the man be liable to punishment?"

"*Assuredly, bhante,* would he be liable to punishment."

"*For what reason?*"

"*Because, in spite of what he might say, he would be liable to punishment for the reason that the last mangoes derived from the first mangoes.*"

"*In exactly the same way, your majesty, with this name and form one does a deed—it may be good, or it may be wicked—and by reason of this deed another name and form is born into the next existence. Therefore is one not freed from one's evil deeds.*"—Translated from the *MILINDAPANHA*, 46

(a Buddhist work), by Henry Clarke Warren

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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A GROVE OF LOMALAND EUCALYPTUS

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. X

MARCH, 1916

NO. 3

THE very true beginning of Wisdom is the desire of discipline; and the care of discipline is love.—*Wisdom of Solomon*, vi, 17.

DISCIPLINE: by H. Travers, M. A.



THOSE who can look back for, say, forty years to their childhood, and who are competent to reflect profitably on the drama of their own life, may very likely have arrived at the conclusion that they owe a great deal to wholesome discipline accorded them in their tender years. This discipline was both strict and detailed; not sketchy and theoretical, but practical and concerned with minute points. Through its benign and persistent application they learned to accomplish instinctively many things which they never would have learned to do by their own free will, and to which they owe much of their present happiness and efficiency. In all probability such a retrospective glance over one's early life will reveal influences of a very mixed and complex character; but among them all, two kinds of influence will be seen to stand out in marked contrast with one another — those influences which tended towards discipline and self-control, and those which tended towards laxity and self-indulgence. In many cases the life of boyhood has been divided, as it were, into alternating biological strata, representing periods spent at school and periods spent at home; the former characterized by health and general well-being, and the latter by lassitude and ennui. Perhaps again there was a strict father and a weak mother, or perhaps the variations between strictness and weakness were represented by successive nurses or teachers. And another thought that occurs is that our lives seem to have been largely molded by a series of women; for the women had the priority over the men in the time at which their influence was brought to bear, and also their kind of discipline applies much more

fully to those all-important matters of detail — even, as some might say, vulgar detail.

And nowadays we hear of people proposing to leave children to themselves, to let the teachers be guided by the children, and to make the children's caprices the lodestar to pilot them through adolescence. No particular system is referred to here; it is not necessary to do so, for there are many such systems; it is a regular fad. But what, in view of the results gleaned from our retrospect over our own life, can we expect from the application of such a system? What effect would it have produced on us? We may thank our stars that there were still a few people when we were young, who, whether on account of their religion or their inherited views, did believe that children needed firm discipline and constant watchfulness.

Possibly the long continuance of an age of material prosperity and security has instilled into people's minds too soft and rose-colored a view of life, and caused them to forget that life contains many things that call for sterling qualities of character in order to meet them. This of course will not be interpreted as an argument for war. Humanity must be in a bad way if such a calamity as war is needed in order to set them straight. Nevertheless, as the war has come, it may be used as an opportunity; and even an attack of fever may serve its purpose in causing a man to attend to his health.

Of course the root of all the trouble about lack of discipline is *self-indulgence on the part of the parent*. One may as well come straight to the point without mincing matters, nor would it be consistent in us to "spare the rod" on the present occasion. It does require real honest love and self-sacrifice to care for one's child in the way that its real interests, and our duties, demand that we should. And we flinch from this effort; and if we are not honest enough to avow our own weakness even to ourselves, we delude ourselves with sophistries. Perhaps we may even go the length of inventing new theories of education to justify our action, or of welcoming such theories when offered to our acceptance by other people. And it is not necessary to impute deliberate hypocrisy, for the heart of man is very subtle and able to deceive itself; so that a man may be, as it were, honestly self-deceived until he comes to look himself right in the face.

Issues have been so confused that discipline is often supposed to be synonymous with unkindness; and those who argue thus can support their case by referring to instances of unwise and undue severity.

But the sort of discipline advocated here is that which is kind, wise and beneficent. But kindness does not consist in yielding to whims and desires. One hardly knows just what philosophy of life is supposed to rule mankind today, and can therefore scarcely be prepared to state what this philosophy teaches on the subject of desires and passions. But certain philosophies that are as old as the world have taught that desire and passion are the eternal bane to human happiness. Are we then to let these weeds grow up in the natures of our children, or shall we show the children how to exterminate them.

Even the strait old-fashioned religious views which insisted so strongly that every child had a soul that was more important than its body, were better, despite their narrowness, than some ideas that prevail today; for it is to be doubted whether we nowadays accept the soul at all. We are fond of being called scientific and practical, but it would be better still if we *were* actually so, as then we might know something about that most scientific and practical of all facts — the *duality of human nature*. What is certain is that we shall never be able to bring up our children until we do recognize it and act on it.

The object of discipline is to protect the child against its own weaknesses. This is our duty as parents, guardians, teachers. That is why we are here in those capacities; and if we fail in them, we would be better elsewhere. A parent is privileged to be the guardian of a Soul during a most critical period of its age-long career. The parent is supposed to be endowed with love to inspire him with the ardor for his duty, and with a modicum of intelligence to help him in discharging that duty. But very often he seems to think that the things will come right of themselves, or that "Nature" will attend to matters. It might be proper to ask whether he expects to bring up his child like a human being or like a bird in a nest. So soon as we build a house and sleep in a bed and eat cooked food, we depart from Nature and make unto ourselves another and perhaps higher law; so that logic demands that we should make up to the child for that whereof we have deprived it. We cannot have it both ways; we cannot defy Nature and yet leave all to Nature. We must make up our mind whether we are savages or civilized people; because in the latter case we are supposed to have special powers to use. In short, the matter sums itself up thus: the nature of an animal or a savage may be a sufficient guide; but in man the natural instincts have been so much modified and perverted by long generations of sophisticated

living that the instincts are as likely as not to lead astray, *unless guided by that great prerogative which man has — his intelligence and his conscience.*

It is concluded, then, that it will not do to saddle Dame Nature* with those duties which we would like to shirk. But there is really no need to put the matter on argumentative grounds, for it is settled easily enough by matters of fact. All we have to do is to see what comes of letting things slide. But then, again, perhaps we may happen to be blind; and this brings up another important point.

Looking back once more on our own childhood, we may perhaps find that there was a great lack of sympathy and mutual understanding between our youthful self and those grown-ups. At all events this often happens. In some cases it is probably not too much to say that there is no task harder than that of trying to tell a parent something which he does not wish to know. Children have committed suicide in default of an aid which was not forthcoming; and it is indeed hard to say how much some children would suffer sooner than attempt to seek consolation by confiding their troubles to a parent. All this means that the child leads a double life, the more important half of which is quite unknown to the parent; and that the parent acquiesces in this (convenient) state of affairs. What does this imply as regards the possibility of child-study? It means that *the real trouble with education is deficiency on the part of parents.* As to the unfortunate and hard-worked teachers, there is no need to blame them, because the parents will do that.

Probably the first thing which parents need is *earnestness*. They need plenty of wisdom too, but that cannot come unless they are in earnest. Upon what motive shall we seek to ground this earnestness? Suppose we say, Love — love for the child. What more enthralling study could we name than that of love? It is the name of impulses that range all the way from the infinite Compassion and

*The word "Nature" is often used very vaguely, and as though it were the name of a second deity. In a book on chemistry we find that "Nature" has most beneficently ordained that ice shall be lighter than water; an idea which seems to us to imply that Dame Nature has stepped in to correct the mistakes of the other deity, who would otherwise have frozen up all Nature's fishes like almonds in taffy. The truth is that man, whatever theories he may worship, has to recognize facts; and "Nature" is the name he has given to the cosmic intelligence that rules the lower animate kingdoms. But there is a higher Nature — that which acts through the higher part of man himself; and unless man is to degenerate into an irresponsible savage, he must rule his life and bring up his children in the light of this higher Nature.

the Divine Harmony down to the various forms of self-love. Man is engaged in learning how to refine the pure gold of Love from its dross. He seeks the ideal in many forms, mistaking the shadow for the substance, and falling in love with his idol; but each time he grasps the form, hoping thereby to seize the god within, the divinity escapes and leaves him clutching the dead form. And then the pilgrim has to begin his search anew. Most of us give up the search when we reach middle age; which is one of the illusions due to our materialistic philosophy of life; for we ought to be strong enough to disregard the ageing of the body and to rest our hopes and endeavors in the Soul's eternal existence.

But let us suppose that a parent has resolved to try and realize the meaning of parental love. The first step would be to separate it from all tinge of self-love; to desire only the welfare of the child, irrespective of the parent's personal desires. Some idea must be formed as to what the child is to do in life; and here is a matter that calls for much reflection. The best thing you can give your child is *character*; and character is not developed by candy — whether sugar candy or moral candy. Character means discipline, and discipline means self-discipline. The choice between an arbitrary and unwise rule and no rule at all is an evil alternative, and the source of law and order is a common recognition by parent and child of the eternal laws that regulate human life. It is a grievous mistake, however, to think that the child can obey those laws unaided; for he is thrown on the protection of his parents in things moral just as he is in things physical. No more than we can abandon him to the winds of heaven, can we leave him unguided and unprotected amid the weaknesses and temptations of the flesh into which the Soul has incarnated. Forces both selfish and unselfish are innate in the child, whose nature is dual. If a parent is so ignorant and unwise that his control is worse than useless, this is a very regrettable state of affairs, and must be amended not by withdrawing all control but by substituting a better control.

Discipline is another name for order and harmony, hence for happiness and well-being; and the only true discipline is self-discipline. It is the sacred duty of parents to point the way to self-discipline, that the child may be protected by its own higher nature against those tendencies which the parents themselves have been instrumental in transmitting. There are forces in human nature which are growing so rapidly that they threaten the permanence of our civilization, re-

sulting in a continuous increase in wasting diseases, as the statistics prove; and these forces we know no way to stem. What are we to do? We shall be driven by necessity to listen to the words of wisdom and hearken to those who can show us how to set our feet once more on the old path of discipline and self-mastery. The lack of discipline means slavery — to our faults; self-discipline means freedom, like an auto with a good brake. "Solomon," as seen in the quotation at the head of this article, connects together Wisdom, Love and Discipline; and all his writings are in praise of discipline and in scorn of laxity, which he identifies with folly.

THE KEYS TO SYMBOLISM: by T. H.



CORRESPONDENT who is interested in symbolism regrets that (as he states) the keys thereto should be hidden away in inaccessible books and manuscripts. But we take leave to question whether the unraveling of symbolism is really a matter of ransacking libraries or cajoling the guardians of mysterious Oriental shrines. It may be a question of deeper study of an introspective and contemplative kind. What if those keys are hidden, not in some cave with a perpetual lamp burning in it, but in the recesses of our own undeveloped mentality, whence they can be brought forth only by deeper digging in those recesses? For aught we know, our own mind may be such a mystic cave, with lamp and genii all complete, and awaiting only the man with the "Open sesame." Writing is symbolism; and when a doctor writes a prescription on paper, one man will take it to the drug-store, and another man will roll it up into a pill and swallow it. If I write you out a fine thought from Marcus Aurelius, you can either wear it around your neck on a ribbon, or you can read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it. It depends on your ability. That engineer would be considered a simpleton who should wear an algebraic formula on his bosom instead of reading it and applying it in the construction of the bridge; and an algebraic formula is a symbol. Musical scores can doubtless be admired as pictures (by lunatics), but they are better used when changed into the harmony of sweet sounds.

Why, then, in view of all this, should I wear a svastika or a cross around my neck? It may be efficacious thus used, but the thing is a

wild shot, and as a rule I do it on the off-chance. In any case, would it not be better if I could use the symbol as the doctor uses the medical hieroglyphics, the musician his crabbed score, or the engineer his *x*'s and *y*'s? And suppose I decide to try and do this, how am I to learn? Shall I go to Tibet and seek a complacent Lama, or to some famous library and unearth a mouldering manuscript? That would be one way, but the manuscript could only give me words — more words; and the Lama, if he too would give me more than words, would require from me a discipline and much arduous practical study.

The ancient symbolism, as one is told and believes, constitutes a sort of algebraic compression of knowledge about the secrets of nature and life; the knowledge which it enshrines is precisely that kind of knowledge which cannot be imparted by books and mere oral teaching. For real knowledge is not the opinions of others conveyed to us by words and accepted on faith. We do well to accept such aid from those whom we have found competent to help us thus, but we can never really know anything until we have verified it out of our own inner consciousness. And so I may glean any amount of learned information as to the meaning and origin of a cross or a Solomon's Seal or the numerical value of the Sacred Name in Hebrew, and yet feel sure there is much more, very much more, to be learned by an intimate study of life and human nature. The Cross represents four elements balanced around a stable center; to know what these four elements are, and how to balance them, I must study my own nature. I know from Solomon's Seal that there are two "triangles" somewhere in my make-up; and at that point of knowledge (or ignorance) I shall likely stick unless I decide to find out by practical experience what those triangles are.



ACCORDING to Theosophy, the Sanskrit word *Antaskarana* (or *Antahkarana*) means the *path* or bridge between the Higher and Lower Manas — between the divine *Ego*, and the *personal* Soul of man. It serves as a medium of communication between the two, and conveys from the Lower to the Higher Ego all those personal impressions and thoughts of men which can, by their nature, be assimilated and stored by the undying Entity, and be thus made immortal with it, these being the only elements of the evanescent *Personality* that survive death and time.

It thus stands to reason that only that which is noble, spiritual and divine in man can testify in Eternity to his having lived.— *H. P. Blavatsky*

MALAGA: by C. J. Ryan



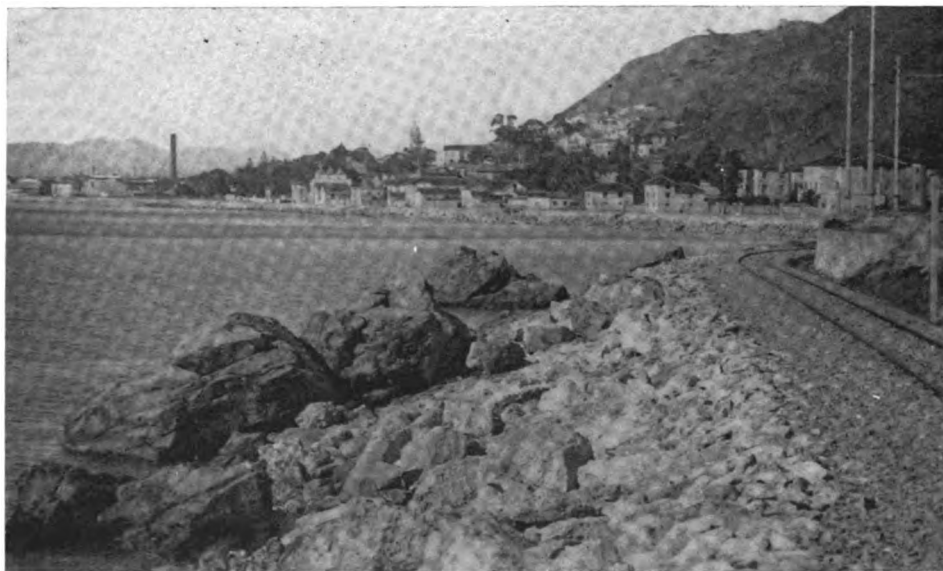
MALAGA is the second most important port in Spain, ranking next to Barcelona. It contains 132,000 persons. It is beautifully situated in the southern province of Andalusia, on the coast of the Mediterranean. Its bay has been compared to that of Naples, but the climate is superior, being one of the mildest and most equable in Europe. The rainfall is but sixteen inches, and is spread over an average of only thirty-nine days. The sky is generally cloudless, and, on the whole, the climate resembles that of Southern California. From the sea, the panorama of city, hills and mountains is impressive. De Amicis says:

On the right is a rocky mountain, upon whose summit and down one of whose sides are the blackened ruins of the Castle of Gibralfaro, famous for the desperate resistance offered by the Moors to the army of Ferdinand and Isabella; and on the slopes of the mountain is the cathedral, which rises majestically above all the surrounding buildings. . . . Between the castle and the church, and in front and on the sides of the mountain, there is a multitude, or to express myself à la Victor Hugo, a canaille of smoky houses, placed one above the other, at random, as if they had been thrown down like rocks from a height. On the left of the cathedral, along the shore, is a row of houses, ash, violet and yellowish in color, with a white line around the windows and doors, which remind one of the villages on the Ligurian Riviera. Beyond lies a garland of green and reddish hills, that enclose the city like the walls of an amphitheater; on the right and left, along the sea-shore, are other mountains, hills and rocks, as far as the eye can see.

The newer part of the city is built upon land reclaimed from the sea, and has broad streets with ordinary houses; the rest of the city is a confusion of tortuous streets with no particular distinction. Few Moorish houses remain, but there is a fine horseshoe arch, once the entrance gate to the city; and here and there a large square with gardens or fountains is to be found. A mountain torrent runs through the city during the rainy season, but for the greater part of the year it is dry. The dry bed is converted into a market-place, and occasionally, when an unexpected freshet comes down from the hills, it carries everything with it to the sea. The vegetation of the environs resembles that of Southern California. Pines and palm-trees grow side by side with the graceful pepper-tree and the tropical banana; oranges, lemons and grape-vines are fenced round with gigantic cacti; geraniums and honeysuckles flourish luxuriantly. The grapes are chiefly dried in the sun for raisins, for which Malaga is, of course, famous.

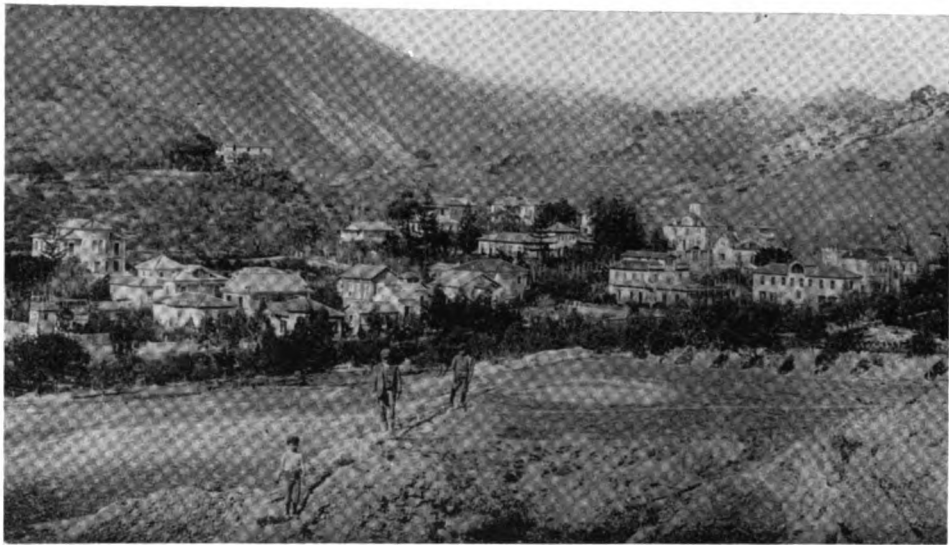


THE PLAZA DE TORRIJOS, MALAGA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BY THE SEASHORE, MALAGA

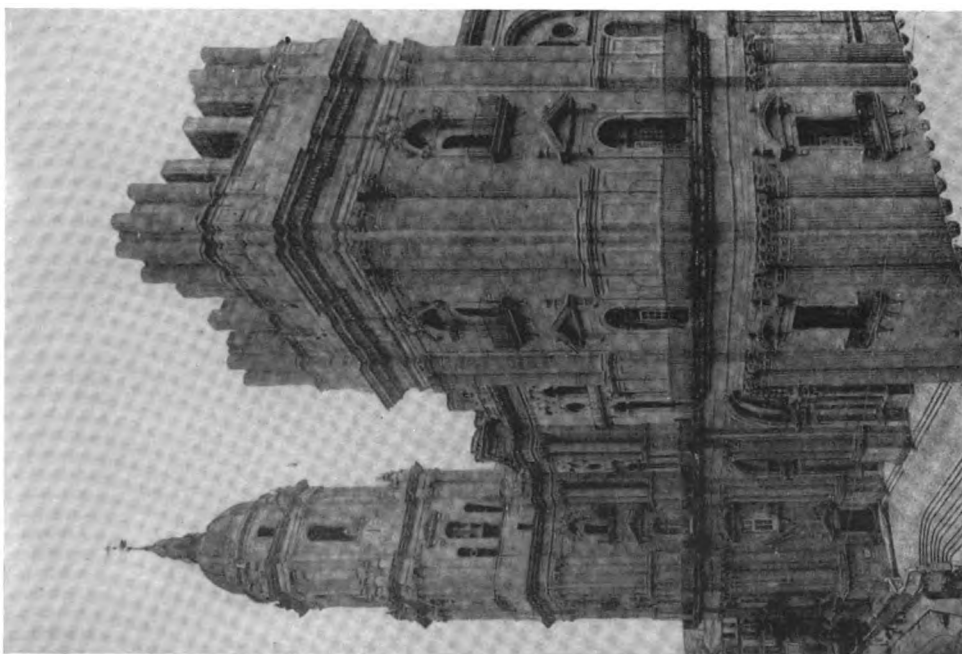


"EL LIMONAR" (LIME-TREE GROVE), MALAGA

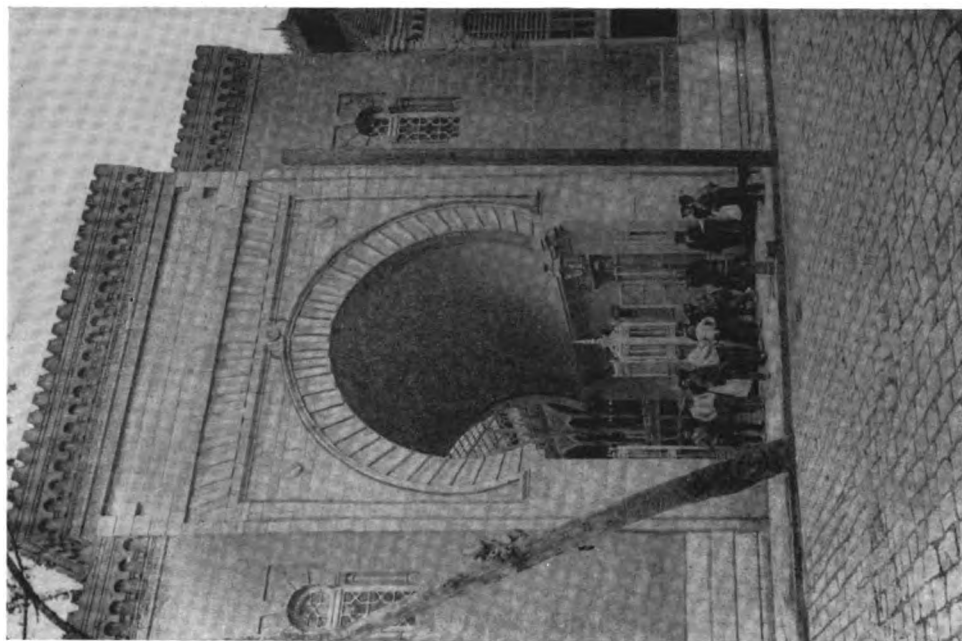


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RAILWAY BRIDGE AND TUNNEL NEAR MALAGA



THE CATHEDRAL, MALAGA



Londond Photo. & Engraving Dept.
THE MOZARABIC GATE TO THE GREAT MARKET, MALAGA



FISHING SMACK, MALAGA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

GYPSY PEDDLERS, MALAGA

The cathedral of Malaga is a prominent landmark, bold and picturesque in outline, but not attractive in detail, except the carving of the choir, which is interesting. It was begun in 1528 and is rather an example of the decadence of Spanish Renaissance than a credit to it, though the lofty bell-tower is well proportioned. The columns are of the unsatisfactory Composite Order, and one tower has been left unfinished in a strange way. The thirteenth-century Castle of Gibralfaro, with its romantic memories of the great siege, is in fair preservation. Malaga was one of the first Gothic cities to fall under the dominion of the Moors after the invasion of Spain in 710 A. D., and, for a while, it was the capital of a small independent kingdom; later it became part of Granada, and it played an important part in the last hopeless stand of the Moors before they were finally expelled from Spain. In 1487 it was taken by Ferdinand, after a long siege, under the pretense of reducing it for his Moorish ally, the younger Abû-'Abdullâh Zâkir, called Boabdil by the Christians, the would-be king of Granada, who had acknowledged Ferdinand as his overlord, but who afterwards resisted him in Granada until the Moorish cause was entirely lost.

PEACE: by R. Machell



ALL this talk of peace seems to me ridiculous. What chance is there of establishing peace in a world where the people that are loudest in their denunciation of war are the most quarrelsome of all? It seems to me men are born fighters and they only talk peace when they think they are going to get the worst of the fight. And then this cry for disarmament: why it is just the old story of the wolves persuading the sheep to get rid of the sheep-dogs and then devouring the flock."

Some of the rest of the party added arguments in favor of war. One said it brought out all the best qualities in men, made them strong, active, intelligent and brave, besides teaching them to stand by one another, and to work together, and so on; in fact, it was a small anti-peace meeting, which, as it grew more unanimous also became more pugnacious, until it seemed that it would take some courage for a man to stand up in that group and say a word for peace. But there was one man, who seemed thoughtful and not much inclined to

join the general chorus in their contempt for the peace idea; he said nothing until his silence became the strongest voice in the noisy group, if one may say so.

Anyway, his silence attracted attention, and he was called on to join the debate, as they called it. When he did speak they all thought he was fooling, and began to protest; but he was one of those slow men that are not easily moved, and he just looked round and made a sort of half-conscious movement, that somehow seemed to have a soothing influence on the noisy ones, for he was as strong as he was slow and quiet.

"Fourth of July used to be a noisy time," he said, and looked round at the rest. "I've heard thousands of people each making all the noise he could; there were bands too, each playing its own music and trying to drown the sound of the others, and then there were a lot of people killed and injured one way and another, and all to celebrate the glory of the nation. But of late the people have begun to think that a foolish game, and you know all the papers were full of talk of a 'safe and quiet Fourth of July': and now we are getting it. Everybody seemed to see that the time for the old noisy business was past. Well, boys, it looks to me as if it was about the same way with war. There's a lot of good sense in what you say, but then it seems the time for war is past and we may as well try to see what the next move is to be."

"Oh! Peace, holy Peace!" said one, mockingly.

The slow man began again.

"I remember when I was younger some of the boys wanted to get up a brass band, and we got enough instruments to go round, and distributed them. Each one went home and set to work to learn to play his instrument, and before long we all got together and started in; and if you had been there, you would have thought the old Fourth of July was as peaceful as a spring morning on a mountain side in comparison with the noise we made. Each one played his own part in his own way and tried to drown the rest. Some got mad because the others made so much noise they could not hear their own instrument, and then they stopped playing and abused one another; there were a few fights, and the rehearsal ended in everyone talking at once to explain what was wrong and how to put it right."

Here the speaker stopped, and seemed inclined to settle down to his usual dreamy silence; but the rest had begun to take interest.

“Well, after a lot of talk one of the band said: ‘We want a leader,’ and that set them on a new tack. They all agreed at once that a leader was what they wanted, and they all agreed as to who the leader ought to be. That is, they all thought they knew the right man to lead; and of course when it came to a vote, each man got one vote, and that was his own. They were so much of one mind that there was no agreement possible. Then one of us suggested asking Dan Matthews the old bandmaster to take the job; and that was the beginning of the band.”

“What has all that got to do with peace and war? of course a band must have a leader, everyone knows that, but when you have peace you can do without leaders.”

“Just so! That’s what we thought when we got our instruments, but we soon learned that without a leader there was no way of keeping the players in time; and when each went his own way there was discord, confusion, noise, but no music. Now it seems to me peace is like music. It needs all the musicians to play together, and each one has to attend to his own part, and to his own instrument, and to leave the management of the whole band to the bandmaster. And I think some of the people that talk so much about all the world being at peace, and who think that all the different nations have got to be mixed up into one, might learn something from playing in a band. Because you see if all the players played the same instrument there would be no harmony. The more instruments there are, the richer the tone. And each instrument has to be played in its own particular way, and to have music written for it, that is no good for most of the others. And that’s just like the different nations with their different manners and customs and languages. You see they are just doing what we lads did when we tried to start our band. It takes a man a lot of study to understand all the instruments, and to be able to arrange the different parts for each to play, so as to get music out of the whole bunch when they come together. Men like old Dan are needed to teach a lot of untrained beginners how to play together so as to make music: and I think that there is likely to be very little peace in the world till the nations learn that lesson. But they are beginning to see that so long as each is playing his part to suit his own taste there can be no music. They are tired of discord, and want to hear a little music. That is something; the rest will come later.”

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY:

by Kenneth Morris

PART TWO

CHAPTER V — THE GOLDEN AGE OF T'ANG



A GAP of some seventy years, during which Chinese genius was lying somewhat fallow, intervened between the close of the dawn-cycle of Southern illumination, and the opening of the great noon-cycle of Chinese history, the Golden Age of the T'ang Dynasty. How those seventy years were filled with splendors elsewhere: how the Crest Wave of Evolution, sunk for the time being in China, had risen in Corea and Japan, we shall see in a future chapter. In the twenties of the seventh century it had risen in China once more.

We have seen how, after the fall of the Hans in 220 A. D., a Tartar wave flowed south as far as the Yangtse, and brought in universal confusion for two hundred years. Then in 420 the tide began to turn, and civilization was restored in the south. During the next two centuries, Chinese influences were percolating into the northern Wei Empire; so that when the Duke of Suy, a Wei man, conquered the South and reunited China in 590, it was really a Chinese, not a Tartar empire that was created. His dynasty was short-lived, though vigorous; there were Tartar elements in it that did not make for culture; and the pure Chinese element throughout the empire was too strong to allow it to continue. Early in the seventh century, one of the greatest men in all history emerged as the champion of Chinese China: Li Shih-min, Prince of Chin. He overthrew the Suys, and in 618 put his father on the throne as Kao Tsu, first emperor of the T'ang dynasty. In 627, on the death of Kao Tsu, he came to the throne himself, as T'ai Tsong—T'ai Tsong the Great—and the Golden Age began. The new China was born, the like of which had not been since the great age of the Hans.

It was no longer a question of an artistic Chinese South versus an austere semi-Tartar North; Tartarism had been wholly absorbed, and remained only as a new warlike vigor instilled in the Chinese blood, to manifest itself in the conquering march of Chinese armies, and in the titanic virility of Chinese art. The years of dissension and division had taught the people the value of unity, and a splendid nationalism sprang up. Men found themselves no longer Northern or Southern, Confucian or Taoist or Buddhist; but Chinese, glorying in the glory of the empire and the race. Again: at last there was peace

within the Middle Kingdom. To bring about quiet at home, T'ai-Tsong rolled the tide of war far beyond the frontiers. He created a standing army of nine hundred thousand, and therewith settled the Tartar question by conquering and annexing Tartary — to its great advantage. Attacked by the Tibetans, he conquered them, and gave them back their independence, Chinese civilization, and to their king, his daughter to wife. He sent his armies conquering over the Roof of the World as far as to the Caspian; always with splendid results both for the conquered and for the Chinese, as we shall see. Meanwhile peace and stable government brought a vast extension of commerce: ships went and came from India, Persia, Arabia and the Islands, and such wealth as she had never known before rolled into the lap of China. Life took on new and gorgeous hues; the glories of Han were revived and quickly surpassed a hundred times. The great cities were rebuilt on a nobler scale: Ch'ang-an (Singanfu) and afterwards Lo-yang, counted their inhabitants in millions. They were splendid of architecture, rich in vast public parks, in temples and colleges and museums, in many-storied palaces and floating pavilions; a hundred other cities, little less in size, rose in beauty and richness incredible, hummed with intellectual, artistic and commercial life. Silk was the common wear, and silk of the richest and most exquisite colors. There were great gardens everywhere, gardens public and private; adorned with superb vases in lovely cream-glazed pottery, or in pottery glowing with deep purples and shining yellows; and with trees, plum and pine, trained into dragon shapes so naturally, so artistically, that you would have said Nature had done it, and called it no fantastic work of man.

The mingling of all schools of thought, of all racial temperaments, in a common patriotism, fired further by quickening elements from abroad, produced a steadily increasing outblaze of genius. In every department of life, China stood far in advance of the rest of the world. T'ai-Tsong gave her peace to be herself, and she rose to the occasion royally.

It was in the second or third year of the reign of the great emperor, that you should have seen two men ride out from the capital, Ch'ang-an in Shensi, by the western gate, one evening; and the beginning of a journey among the most momentous recorded. The one of them is a priest from Tsin-chao who has been studying in the college Temples of Ch'ang-an; he is now returning home, and concerns neither

us nor history further. The other — ah, this is no common wanderer, no mere blazer of material trails, opener of markets, or explorer; every step of him forward is spiritual as well as physical; he is to tempt the vast unknown, the demon-haunted desert, the undiscovered “Western World,” “in search of the Law.”

Behold him: “a tall, handsome man with beautiful eyes and a good complexion; with a serious but benevolent expression, and a sedate, rather stately manner.” He is now twenty-six years old, and from his first childhood has been winning the love and admiration of all by his grave, sweet nature, his inflexible resolution, his quickness to learn; and soon, by his profound learning. There has been one great preoccupation in his years: the spiritual need of his countrymen; the imperative need, in this new and wonderful China, for inward quickening by the Truth itself; else what shall all outward splendor avail? That Truth had been revealed to mankind, twelve centuries before, by the Lord Buddha; tidings of it had come into the Middle Kingdom, and many sacred books had been brought in and translated. But somehow, discrepancies had arisen in these: there were passages unclear and passages contradictory; a new light and impulse were needed. Did he know nothing of the Esoteric Schools of Tao Hsin, the third, and reigning, Zen Patriarch; of Chih-i on the Tientai Mountain? One cannot say; he was sent forth by the Gods on a mission that should have its prime effect on art, on culture *per se*, and to add to the store of human knowledge certain important details in history and archaeology that we now have to thank him for, since without him they would have been lost. But it was the sacred impulse, and dreams and enlightening visions, that moved him; and so now he has gone forth in quest of Truth to the far West where of old it was revealed; on pilgrimage to those countries made sacred long since by the presence of the Lord of Mercy. He will seek the Law in India, that had been the native land of the Lion of the Law.

It is forbidden. T'ai-Tsong, with an eye to future activities of his own and of his armies in that fountain of troubles, the western desert, has ordered that none of his subjects, pilgrim or merchant, shall wander thither; so now our Hiuen Tsang, called the Master of the Law, must first traverse half Shensi and all Kansuh before ever his pilgrimage may begin. It is wonderful to note the way he does it. He makes no secret of his intentions; where one magistrate stops him, he placidly makes a tangent, and passes through the district of an-

other; sometimes he gets through unnoticed, sometimes he converts the prefect, who then gives him godspeed and perhaps an escort, and will dare answer for it himself to T'ai-Tsong, if the need arises, for dear Religion's sake. At all events, one way or another, the Master of the Law gets through.

Behold him, then, arrived at the frontier itself, and setting out thence alone, on his lean old red nag, to cross the loneliness of Central Asia, skirt Tibet, and come down through Afghanistan and certain Persian provinces into that Western World which his Master made sacred. Watch him pushing on through desert, his path marked only by the bones of old-time travelers; his parched waterless days under the vast skies, amidst the limitless landscapes whereon no shadow falls, save from the wings of some

vultur on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,

that

. flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams,
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With wind and sail their cany waggons light —

no Chineses were driving their wagons there in Hiuen Tsang's days, that is certain; it was still an undiscovered country; and the Master of the Law went forward alone, sometimes lying down, exhausted, to die of thirst; all very complacently, since he was still upon the Path, and had not turned aside. Whether in this or the next earth-life, what matters it? — the Sacred Land shall be reached. See him braving by day supernatural hosts "clad in felt and fur," with camels and horses innumerable, and glittering standards and lances; and plodding on through nights when the "demons and goblins raised firelights as many as the stars." — At last he comes to habitable regions again: Central Asian kingdoms long since buried beneath the sands: there, his fame as a Teacher having somehow preceded him across the desert, the kings do him great honor. One of them forbids him to proceed, eager to keep him there as Teacher for himself and his people; whereupon Hiuen Tsang refuses food and drink until the king gives in, and sends him on his way with an escort. Altogether indomitable, kindly, human and saintly, not without a sense of humor which he

displays at times, he pushes on against all obstacles, reaches his goal at last, and treads in the very footsteps of the Buddha, physically as he has all along striven to do spiritually. He visits the holy places, gathers a great collection of sacred texts, goes about teaching and preaching — for this tall, grave, lordly Chinaman is recognized as a saint even in India; his self-abnegation, holy life and valor unshakable have won him many disciples even among native scholars and priests. Indian princes make much of him; robbers, setting upon him in the wilds, depart, richer by no material silver or gold, having craved and obtained his blessing. So at last he sets forth with his collections for China; where he is received in all honor, lodged in a temple by T'ai Tsong himself, and given a great staff of scholars to help him in the work of translating and arranging his texts.

What is it that he has accomplished, to give him so high a place in history? This, so far as we are concerned: given us all the knowledge we possess of the India of his day: the India in which Buddhism was receding before the Brahminical reaction, and destined soon to be driven out altogether. So far as concerns his own time and land, he brought in the first breath of a new inspiration, not only, or perhaps chiefly, in religion, but in Art as well. For he visited all the lands where of old the Hellenic beauty-instinct, traveling in the wake of Alexander's armies, met and fused itself with Buddhist devotion, and produced the Greco-Buddhistic Art of Gandhara and the Oxus region. The art-treasures of the Central Asian kingdoms, even then beginning to be imperiled by the gradual drying up of the atmosphere which has since made the sites of them a solitary waste, began to flow into China, and spurred up potently the growth of Chinese art; one main contributory cause of the marvelous flowering of the latter during the first half of the next century. Also he had opened a road for Buddhist saints and philosophers from India, whereby they might come to a promised land under the great and liberal T'angs, a refuge from the rising tide of Brahmin persecution that was now more and more driving them from the native land of their faith. T'ai Tsong and his hosts, following soon for a great way in the footsteps of Hiuen Tsang, made the desert safe for travel; and China, that had become once more a national entity with the accession of his dynasty, now took to herself, and grew still more great upon, a thousand international influences brought in, directly or indirectly, by the Master of the Law. The tide of national life runs high, and then come in the quickening

international influences: and that is invariably the secret of the Grand Epochs, the Golden Ages of history. Write the name of Hiuen Tsang among those of the Messengers of the Gods who, impelled by the Theosophic urge, intervene to create or save their nations.

T'ai Tsong died in 649; the rest of the century was filled with the vigorous reigns of his son Kao Tsong, and of the Empress Wu Hou: a beneficent rule, even the latter's, in spite of certain eccentricities and even crimes of her own. We are to note that in this period, in 675, Shen Hsiu, he who said that the mind was like a mirror, became Patriarch of the North; and that Wu Hou, whose personal history and character were so strangely like those of the late Dowager Empress, admired him greatly, and perhaps profited by his influence — to a certain extent. — It was not, however, until she had been forced to abdicate, and the prince Li Lung-chi came to the throne as the Emperor Hsüan Tsung or Ming Huang, that the Golden Age of T'ang, in art and letters, culminated. The culmination endured from about the year 710 to 750.

The two Zen Patriarchs, the Northern and the Southern, had died; having appointed, at least openly, no successors. The Light of the world had passed, perhaps, into the inner core of their Movement; at least that Movement was not to be, patently, the inspiration of the greatness of an age, until Sung times, three hundred years later. The spiritual center of China was now the Tientai Monastery in the mountains of Cheh-kiang, where Chih-i, in the last quarter of the sixth century, had established his esoteric school. One hundred and thirty years after the Tientai Monastery was founded, the teachings of Chih-i manifested themselves as having taken hold upon the vanguard of the race; they became the inspiration and inner glory of the age, which was certainly one of the most brilliant in all the history of art. It was crowded with great poets, great painters; palpitating with splendor of life and artistic achievement; and through all the splendor of it we behold the Tientai Theosophy run like a golden thread, a current of divine life.

This Tientai-ism was, as we have said, a pure and glorious Theosophy; with trumpet-calls against the foes that lurk within. It imposed pledges of self-mastery on its neophytes: made them a kind of spiritual knight-errants, armed to aid the world. Theirs was to be no life of abstraction far from the madding crowd: salvation was to be achieved for humanity; self was to be renounced; self-salvation

was to be renounced; the perfect service of mankind was the goal. A doctrine of salvation by renunciation of salvation, Fenollosa calls it. It made intensely real and vivid the belief in Invisible Helpers: the Captains and great Generals in the Army of Light. It presented to the inner eye the actuality, the vibrant nearness of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, vested in brightness beyond the noonday sun's. To Tientai flocked peasants from the rice-fields, students from the universities, sons of the nobility from the capital — Loyang since about 680 — there to make their vows, devote themselves and their lives wholly, passionately, to the cause of humanity, and prepare to go forth to work for human liberation. This had been going on since the days of Chih-i the first Teacher; now, after a hundred and thirty years of it, it bore fruit, carrying Chinese art to the greatest height it, or perhaps any art, ever attained. And when the greatness of the cycle culminated, Tientai battled superhumanly to perpetuate it, and effect the enduring salvation of the race.

For there was, there always is, need for such battling. There were elements in Chinese life that worked for a downfall; find the land and time when such evil elements have not existed. Empires attain to greatness, and fall; the causes of their fall are invariably the same, and to be looked for in the life of the people. Within the reign, within the personal life of the Emperor Hsüan Tsung we may read the whole story of achievement, decline, ruin. Benevolent and well-intentioned; for thirty years an excellent ruler; an intense lover of art and poetry, and himself a poet of no mean order: he had qualities which enabled him to lend full imperial encouragement to the divine illumination of his age; to give free vent and scope to its vast artistic impulses, so that the advance guard of human souls, seeking experience in incarnation, might reap for the time being wonderful harvests in the fields of Chinese life. But — he was weak morally, and that divine illumination could not touch him to save him. Tientai influences, powerful, fell short of omnipotence. Poets became winebibbers; Hsüan Tsung wasted his soul with Li Po and the "Immortals of the Wine Cup," with Yang Kuei-fei, the beautiful, the Helen of China; and the glory of T'ang departed.

But what a glory it was, during those wonderful thirty years of its culmination! Mr. Laurence Binyon has very justly compared Greek ideals in Art, as shown in popular legend, with the ideals expressed in the legends that come down to us from these spacious T'ang

days — very much to the advantage of the latter. We all know the tales of Zeuxis and Parrhasius and their painted grapes and curtains: an apotheosis, after all, of mere realism and imitative skill. Against these set parallel Chinese stories, and what a difference is in them! The dragon painted on the temple wall stops not at deceiving this one or that; the brush that gave him semblance, by heaven, it can give him life also! One last touch of it, and behold, away with him crashing through the roof, and soaring, after the fashion of his kind, into the blue empyrean. Here, art is magic: deals with the arcana and secret fountains of life. You are something different from the thing you were, after merely reading about that painted dragon — at least it is to be hoped so. And that was the understanding of Art among the common people, at all times the makers of legends. Wu Tao-tseu, greatest of the T'ang artists, painted a vast landscape for the emperor; and, when the time came for unveiling his masterpiece, walked up to the picture, and into the picture, and was seen walking away, growing smaller and smaller in the distance, the farther he went through the lovely landscape; ascending the painted hill in the background; coming at last to the painted temple that crowned it, and — vanishing within the temple portals, never to be seen on earth again. Ah, by heaven, they *knew*, did those wonderful Chinese people — that nation of artists inspired by Tientai Theosophy!

The story is symbolic, too; for this same Wu Tao-tseu stood to his age as its Teacher, the ambassador of the Gods to men. He preached, that is, painted, in public; was adored and understood by the multitude; thousands watched him as he covered the walls of temples and palaces with his vast pictures. Titanic pictures they were, in size and significance. Heaven and hell at war in space; battles of Dragons and demons; panoramas of the inner worlds; gracious, queenly Kwannon, the divine Lady of Compassion, descending on the foam of falling waters, to the protection of children that play on clouds in the midst of space, and are menaced in their play by some suggestion of unknown dark terror; Buddhas and spiritual potentates, only to look at which, ennoble and purifies you, so that, as Fenollosa puts it, "all that is small in one actually shrivels, and the picture grips you with a direct spiritual power." His work was symbolic; and his genius so elemental in its sweep, like the mountain storm; so clear and sunny in its vision, that the symbols he painted were vibrant with unsilenceable truth: revealing the dual nature of

man, the warfare of good and evil, the everlasting presence and governance of the Law. He may be called the Pencil of Tientai: it was the Tientai Theosophy, insisting upon the august nature of the human soul, its sublimity and valor, which made the full fruition of his genius possible. Nowhere shall you find the Grand Manner in art or literature, save where there is some inkling or reminiscence of the divinity of the soul; with the T'ang artists it was no guess or far memory, but the full, blazing sweep of knowledge. For Wu Tao-tseu was one of many: the greatest, because the most representative of a tribe whose name was legion, in which were to be found many hardly less than himself. They had such vision as the sculptors had in Egypt of old, who carved the mighty God-Kings, not as courtiers, for the glory of this Pharaoh or that; but as artist-Theosophists, for the glory of the human soul. Phidias saw this vision too: something of it: something of it — his predecessors had seen more. And Michelangelo and Leonardo saw it — dare one write, as through a glass darkly? Well, well, the more transcendent their genius; the greater glory to the souls of them, that they *did* see, and *would* speak, in spite of everything! What the great Greek saw, you may say, he saw through the veils of a certain growing externalism in the age, a tendency to see beauty only with the physical eye, that cannot see more than the outward parts of it; and what the great Florentines saw, they saw in spite of an age divided between sensuous irreligion and an orthodoxy that schemed and grasped; but the great Chinamen saw with soul vision that had been clarified, instructed and confirmed — not hindered or obscured — by the teachings they had received.

Well, the glory was to pass; Hsüan Tsung himself was to outlive it, and to die broken and ashamed. Wu Tao-tseu had walked away into the lovely distances of his own picture; there was no room left for him in an actual world whose old T'ang splendor was going down into a riot of luxury. In the terraced gardens of Teng-hiang-ting Hsuan Tsung drank and capped verses with his poets; affairs of state were nothing to him; in the green bloom by the fountain, a butterfly lights on the blossom in the hair of Yang Kuei-fei the beautiful; let all China wait while the emperor and the Immortals of the Wine Cup indite poems on that! Meanwhile there were intrigues and plottings at court; ambitious beneficiaries eager to subvert the Throne that had raised them, and stern patriotic T'ang generals mourning over the decay they saw and foresaw. Revolt broke out: Hsüan Tsung

fled with his mistress; his own followers rose against him, and compelled him to decree and witness her death; then himself to abdicate. That was in 755.

Down came the curtain then, upon the glories of T'ang. The rest of its history, as much thereof as must be told, is told soon. The spirit, the vigor, had gone, and left behind but their shadow and obverse side: those evil sub-surface forces which set in always, it would appear, when a period of ardent national striving gives place to one of brilliant national success. Genius produces splendor; under whose wing the cuckoo corruption is hatched. The Gods send their emissaries, hoping (against hope, one would imagine) that not a company of souls merely, but the whole of a civilization, may be lifted up and go forward. So Hiuen Tsang, Shen Hsui, the Tientai Masters, Wu Tao-tseu and his compeers, came to T'ang and labored. But the hour struck when the outward efforts of such as these had to cease; and China, for all her glorious attainment, was not prepared to go forward. After Hsüan Tsung, events took this course: the Confucianists rose as the censors and purifiers of morals, which by that time sadly needed purification. But they had no spiritual remedy, no pabulum of the soul to offer; only commendations to virtue, and the old ritual and codes of manners and behavior. With the narrowness of extreme Puritans, they ranged themselves not only against vice, but against Taoism and imagination, Buddhism and spiritual-artistic effort;—art, liberal thought, and progress as well. They succeeded, as such efforts always do, not in lifting the standard of life, not in sending a fire of purification through the Chinese heart; but in helping corruption towards the end of sterilizing, for the time being, Chinese genius. The T'angs held the throne until the beginning of the tenth century: the mere wraith of their former greatness. In the Tientai Mountains, in Chih-i's monastery — which is still there, and still considered one of the sacred places of China, by the way — the Light was yet shining; elsewhere, too, the seeds sown by the last Patriarchs of Zen were lying in the soil, waiting for the springtime of genius to return. But for upwards of two hundred years after the fall of Hsüan Tsung, so far as creation is concerned, China was more or less under Pralaya.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS: by The Busy Bee

WASTEFUL ILLUMINANTS



THE quality of light produced by illuminants is so small compared with what it ought to be, as to justify applying to it the name of by-product. This conclusion is arrived at after some tests carried out by a scientific man, who based his estimate of the efficiency of various illuminants on a comparison between the energy used in producing the light and the energy actually given out as light. He drew up a table showing the proportion of the output to the input, in the form of a percentage. This gives the kerosene lamp and the open-flame gas burner as having an efficiency of less than one-twentieth of one per cent! This seems almost incredible; and at the head of the list were the yellow-flame open arc and the quartz tube, with efficiencies of 7.2 and 6.8 per cent respectively. At this rate an approach to a perpetual lamp is conceivable, since a light which would waste no energy would burn more than 2000 times as long as a kerosene lamp. There is evidently much to be learned yet in the matter of illuminants. We have been throwing away \$19.99 in every \$20, which can hardly be called economy; and we are just learning how to reduce our loss to only ninety-three cents in the dollar.

Speaking of light, we see mention of the fact that flashes of light are produced when loaf sugar is broken, and can be seen in the dark. Loaf sugar is no longer broken in these days, but the effect can be obtained by crushing large sugar crystals in a nutcracker. It is a pleasant fancy to think that the flash represents the escape of the crystal-line life at the death of the crystal; but we do not doubt there are other explanations, though alternative explanations do not necessarily exclude each other.

NEW BACTERIAL FERTILIZER

From an English paper we learn some particulars of the wonderful new plant fertilizer to which has been given the name "humogen." The writer begins by recalling that bacteria are the most important elements of fertility, and that sterilized soil is dead, and will grow nothing, however rich it may be in mineral foods. Certain bacteria are "nitrogen fixers," having the power to take nitrogen from the air and add it to the soil; and certain plants, such as the sweet pea,

act as hosts to these bacteria, holding them in the nodules on their roots. Preparations of these nodules were made, but the results obtained from the use of these preparations were disappointing; and attention was turned to certain other bacteria, called "azotobacters." In seeking a medium for the cultivation of these, peat was selected; but the original peat, though rich in plant foods, has them not in available form. Therefore the peat had to be treated first, so as to make its foods available. This was done by inoculating the peat with some soil-bacteria which have the power of turning its humic acid into soluble humates. These bacteria were then killed off with steam, and thus treated, the peat was then inoculated with the azotobacters. The finished product is the humogen.

Chinese primulas, watered twice in six weeks with a solution of humogen in the proportion of 2 oz. to four gallons, presented an extraordinary contrast in size, foliage and flowers with untreated plants. A market gardener found that he could, by means of a top-dressing of a spoonful of peat, raise a plant in two months which would otherwise have required six. A thimble-potful of humogen was sprinkled on the surface of some 10-inch pots of arum lilies, and the weight of the plants doubled in a month. Seventy-two cucumbers were cut from twenty treated plants after a few weeks' growth.

Humogen has sixty times the nutrient value of an equal weight of the best two-year-old farmyard manure; but the results obtained cannot be accounted for wholly by the increased quantity of nutriment. It is thought the new factor is similar to what are known in animal physiology as "vitamines." Without vitamins no young creatures can grow, no mature ones remain in health, though the food teem ever so richly with the scientifically correct nutrients. They are present in milk, green vegetables, and fruit, and are effective in minute quantities.

The important point here is that no mineral substances will work without the bacteria, and that even the best foods feed not where living organisms do not abound. It has been truly said that the atomic theory of the universe is giving place to the bug theory. Are the instructions about food values, proteins, carbohydrates, etc., wrong after all? Have we been feeding invalids with so much coal and dead fuel, when one bacterium on a lump of sugar three times a day was all they needed?

It is still said in the chemistry books that oxygen and hydrogen

will combine directly to form water; but weightier authorities now assures us that this is a — prevarication. If the gases are perfectly pure, they will not combine — no, not even if heated. The presence of a trace of water, however, will enable them to combine. And there always has been a trace of water; that is, the gases have never been pure. In other words, the experiment has, until recently, *never been tried at all*. And the teachings of our text-books are based on imaginary experiments. No one knew what pure hydrogen and oxygen would do to each other, because no one had ever tried; they had always used wet hydrogen and oxygen — that is, dirty hydrogen and oxygen — in short, not hydrogen and oxygen at all, but these gases *plus* water. The gases will produce water, provided water is already present; otherwise they will not. And is this what our precious theory has come to at last? The scientific idea, doubtless derived from a misapplication of pure mathematics (the science of number and quantity), that two and two always make exactly four, breaks down in practice, when other things than mere number and quantity are considered. (See E. A. Poe, in the “Purloined Letter.”) Ammonia gas and hydrogen chloride are in the same fix; they will not combine directly; the presence of water is needed. Incandescent gas mantles will not glow if they should happen to be made of thoria; what is needed is impure thoria; in other words, not thoria at all, but something else. The impurity is a small percentage of ceria, but a greater proportion of the ceria does not produce the effect. Hence it is not the ceria but the impurity which produces the result. Luminous paints made from the sulphides of calcium, barium and strontium are absolute frauds, since they decline to luminesce unless certain impurities are present. They insist upon breaking the text-book law.

To revert to the soil — we see the same thing here; nothing comes off of itself, but needs to be touched off. The aforesaid application of mathematics in a limited sense (perhaps we say arithmetic or book-keeping) has yielded the view that, if we mix up certain elements, certain compounds will result, and that the compounds will be equivalent to the original elements. This method has been applied to the study of evolution — evolution of everything, from the amoeba to man, and from umbrellas to religions. Houses were evolved gradually and synthetically. A savage one day put one brick on the top of another. Then another savage added a third brick. Thus a pillar was made, and then two pillars were joined into a wall; and eventually a roof

was added, until at last the palace of today was evolved. On this principle we have been feeding the plants with mixtures of things, with the idea that two good things will be twice as good as one. But the plant does not seem to mind what kind of soil it is buried in; all it wants is the living organism. All this illustrates the ancient teaching that life and lives are at the root of every process in nature, and that a molecule of ammonium tartrate can never become a Shakespeare unless it is ensouled (a good many times, too) from outside.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY WHEAT

In the spring of 1908 the *Liverpool Weekly Mercury* published the following:

The accompanying sketch is a correct representation of the produce of one grain of Egyptian wheat obtained from a mummy. The seed was brought into this country from Thebes by the family of Sir W. Symonds, of Hampshire; and by them presented to Chamberlayne Chamberlayne, Esq., of Maughersbury House, Gloucestershire, and grown by Mr. R. Enock, of Stow-on-the-Wold. What



is most remarkable is the length of time that has elapsed since the corn from which the plant was produced grew; for, at the most reasonable computation, no less a time than 571 years B. C., or 2400 years have passed away since any record can be obtained of entombing mummies within the pits of Thebes. There were, at a very moderate computation, upwards of 1600 grains of corn in the fifteen stems produced.

The publication of this in the *New Century Path* at that time brought forth the following communication from a correspondent in Australia:

In relation to the question touched upon in a recent number of the *New Century Path*, as to whether Egyptian mummy wheat will germinate, my mother has often told us of some being given to her father which grew and matured. Grandfather had two ears of the wheat which he planted in the garden, and from

the seed next year planted more, and had finally five or six three-bushel bags of it. Giving up wheat sowing, the wheat was sold to a farmer in the vicinity. This happened forty years ago. Last year when my mother tried to get some for me which I wanted to send to Point Loma, it was discovered that there was none of it left at the old homestead. Mother has often described the wheat to us, saying it was not like our wheat but more like barley, with long whiskers between the grains, and that the grains were very closely packed in the ears, more so than in our usual wheat. The wheat was grown in the Western District of New South Wales at a well-known cattle station homestead.—*E. I. W.* Sydney, Australia.

SCIENTIFIC ABSTRACTIONS

Speaking of the difficulty of seeing how any material germ can be the hereditary transmitter of so many and so complicated faculties from parent to offspring, some biologists have suggested that the faculties are carried over, not by a material substance, but by some *arrangement* of cells, particles or molecules. But what, we would like to ask, is an arrangement? To our mind it is an abstraction. Can an arrangement be said to exist apart from a material substance? The same fallacy is met with in connexion with the repair of the physical body. A mole on the skin is reproduced from birth to death, although the particles of the body are continually changing, the cells dying and being renewed. The biologists would tell us that, though the materials perish and change, the *arrangement* persists and is transmitted and perpetuated. Now this *arrangement*, thus relatively immortal, is either an abstraction or else it is the inner plastic and invisible body upon which the physical atoms are molded. The kernel of the matter is that biologists are trying to evade the necessity of admitting the existence of such an inner body by elevating abstractions into realities. We remember one who said that the new cells in the brain "usurp the identity" of the old ones they replace; an expression which surely takes the palm. Should we describe a house as composed of bricks plus an arrangement? An arrangement implies the prior existence of a thinking mind; but to the scientific mind it often seems as though arrangements could be altogether "fortuitous" — another word involving a fallacy. It is supposed that, because certain properties in a molecule are accompanied by a certain arrangement of the atoms within that molecule, therefore the arrangement is the one and only cause of the properties; but it is equally logical (or illogical) to suppose that the arrangement is the *effect* of the qualities. The refusal to accept ultra-physical entities results in the

substitution therefor of abstractions. As Professor Bateson, in his address to the British Association, 1914, puts it, in speaking of the transmission of qualities:

What these elements, or factors as we call them, are we do not know. . . . It seems to me unlikely that they are in any simple or literal sense material particles. I suspect rather that their properties depend on some phenomenon of arrangement.

The language is vague: the qualification, "in any simple or literal sense," allows ample latitude; and instead of saying: "They are not material particles, but they *are* some phenomenon of arrangement," he says: "They are not material particles, but *their properties depend on* some phenomenon of arrangement." But the idea in his mind is clear. It is this: if the transmitted elements are not material particles, what are they? Searching his mind for something which is not material, and which yet can be transmitted, he gives us this expression, "some phenomenon of arrangement." This, we say, is a pure abstraction; but if anyone objects to the statement, they are welcome to the alternative — namely, that it is *not* an abstraction. Only, in that case, they should answer the question, "What is it? What is a phenomenon of arrangement?"

Cases like the above — and they are numerous — justify the remark that some of our modern science is highly metaphysical; but, as it is so by inadvertence and not by design, its metaphysics are very bad metaphysics. We are faced by the alternatives of defining a "phenomenon of arrangement" as a quality of some entity, or else as being an entity itself. One way out of the difficulty is to suggest that there are other kinds of matter besides physical matter; that things may be substantial without being spatially extended, or objective without being physically objective. We can say provisionally that the elements transmitted are "organic units," having form, substance and motion, but not coming within the ken of the bodily senses and the instruments employed to aid these. But it will be better to go further than this and to admit at once that the animal's body is not the animal, and that the animal himself evolves, while the body adapts itself to this evolution. The One Life manifests itself dually, throughout all nature, as force and form, or spirit and matter; and we must be prepared to admit other kinds of matter than the physical, and other modes of transmission besides reproduction.

PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY shall be an Institution where the laws of universal nature and equity governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education will be taught on the broadest lines. Through this teaching the material and intellectual life of the age will be spiritualized and raised to its true dignity; thought will be liberated from the slavery of the senses; the waning energy in every heart will be reanimated in the search for truth; and the fast dying hope in the promise of life will be renewed to all peoples. —*From the School of Antiquity Constitution, New York, 1897.*

EARLY CHINESE PAINTING:* by Professor William E. Gates, (School of Antiquity)



IN approaching any subject lying close to the heart of a race far removed from us in history, conventions and philosophy, and yet deeply conscious and creative within itself, all of which is more true of China than any other people we can name, we undertake to encounter and then to enter into fundamental differences of technique and purpose. These differences of externals and of methods are so very marked that we shall surely fail unless we begin with all the sympathetic and catholic spirit we can command; we must set out to look first for the *likenesses*, and not permit our attention or vision to be distracted by the curiosity of the differences.

Of no human subject is all this more true than of Art, that subject of a myriad definitions, all true from some point of view, none complete — that most intimate work of man whereby he ever seeks to create and translate his inner spiritual vision, at its highest formless and soundless, and almost timeless, into some visible material and speaking picture on earth.

From a dozen points of view, Art becomes an equilibrium of contending dualities. And in this subject above all we must seek the point of unity. However various the aspects of its expression, there is ever a something constant in human thought that keeps it one with itself in all climes. Nature, Art, Civilization are, each one, a unity always. Under many vestments, imposed by historic periods or by

* The sixth lecture of a University Extension course lately arranged by Mme. Katherine Tingley to be given at Isis Theater, San Diego, under the auspices of the School of Antiquity, Point Loma, of which she is the Foundress-President. These lectures are being given by professors of the School of Antiquity, and others, and many of them are illustrated by lantern slides especially prepared from original and other material in the collections of the School of Antiquity and elsewhere. Other lectures will be published in due course.

different civilizations, the heart of man, the intimate home of his spirit, ever works out the same issues; the differences are all but accidents. Arts, civilizations, languages, natures, grow old; forms change, are outgrown, re-created, and re-born; but Nature, Civilization, Language, Art, are dowered with eternal youth, as they externalize and eternalize themselves in this equilibrium of contending or blending and co-operating dualities. When Art holds its true course and purpose, it awakes in the soul those higher emotions which neither time nor culture has ever greatly transformed.

The essence of Chinese art and technique is above all to be found in its early landscape paintings; there did the Chinese philosophers and artists, who have through all her periods of greatness been the real teachers and leaders of the people, put their understanding of the great Nature in whose heart and company they lived and kept their inspiration. And it is directly here that all the differences of externals and of methods, by the side of ours, are most marked. But their cause lies so much in the deeper differences of purpose and of inner vision, that they cannot be appreciated, much less judged, apart from an understanding of these latter.

It is natural that very marked differences of technique will exist as a result of the use of different materials and tools: the ground, whether stone, wood, plaster, paper, linen, canvas, or silk; the colors, mineral, vegetable, oil, fresco, pastel, water-color, ink and monochrome; the Western or the Oriental brush, the pencil, the pen. These and many others will inevitably develop great variance of handling and method, and will even, by their special adaptability to this or that, stimulate or subordinate entire schools of artistic expression. To enter into a study of Chinese painting by taking up these technical elements through which it is brought into being, would go far beyond an evening's talk; it would require whole volumes to do the matter any fair justice. The slightest possible reference to these subjects can therefore be permitted us; we must only remember that their influence is ever-present; they control the syntax of the expression. That they certainly do; but at the same time they do not hamper the expression itself, or restrict the thought and ideas behind, in the very least. Good English grammar is not good Greek; but the Greek sentence and the English are each the vehicle of the master's thought.

Two differences of technique must however be studied and *understood* before we can even begin to look with true appreciation at

Chinese painting. One is the much mentioned and little understood matter of the perspective, and the other that of the composition. These two points are closely interwoven, both find the origin and explanation partly in historical questions of the utensils and tools, the origins of art (so far as our present data go back), and also in the position in society of the philosopher-artist-statesman (rearrange those in any order), as well as very much indeed in the philosophy of nature and the relation in which men saw and thought of themselves, in and to the great whole. One very important and influential element in the development both of the perspective and the composition was the final *shape* of the painting, done on a roll of silk or strip of paper, and so giving rise to two forms in this regard — the hanging strip, called by the Japanese *kakemono*, and the unrolling scroll, the *makimono*. But we should make a great mistake here again if we should regard these two standard shapes as either a restriction to the artist, or a merely blindly conventional habit. Together and separately they had a conscious and intentional relation to the fundamental purposes of the art and the underlying philosophy and concepts of nature. Philosophy, the technique of perspective and of composition, and these two unrolling shapes were definitely interblended. Paintings in the West tend to a nearly square rectangle, in either direction; but this form would have been wholly inadequate to develop what had to be expressed in Chinese art and, in somewhat less degree, in Japanese. We shall see this clearly later.

But into the matter of perspective technique we must go definitely and critically; it is at the heart of the whole question. The common judgment, only just these past few years beginning to be counter-vailed, is that Chinese and Japanese painters, even the masters, were ignorant of any such thing as perspective. That is wholly false; we are not here dealing with an absence of perspective in paintings, but with two distinct and well-developed systems of perspective, the Western and the Eastern. And the Eastern is immeasurably the deeper, fuller, more developed and expressive. To see this we must analyse the growth of Western perspective, historically and philosophically — for it comes of both; and then study the rise of the Eastern in like fashion.

The purpose of painting is to represent or suggest something seen or conceived as being in space — in three dimensions, on a flat sur-

face, or in two dimensions. That requires a convention, of some sort; and however much we may forget the fact, it requires the appeal to both the imagination and sentiment, to fill out the picture and receive the message, even be it the simplest. Even a photograph does not show the thing as it is; it shows just one face of the object, as seen by a single eye placed at a single point; the imagination supplies the unseen rest of the shape. Feeling and sentiment are evoked, and modified by a changed position; yet in very limited degree, for the attention is primarily focused and arrested on the physical form and its reconstruction to the "mind's eye."

Perspective is a pictorial representation of distance, and the Western method of accomplishing this includes the reproduction to the eye of two incidental effects produced upon the eye by an object or objects at receding distances: the incident of increasing apparent smallness, and of the shadows that mark the sides of an object played upon by light falling from a single point. The distant object is not really smaller; the side of the object away from the light is not really darker; those are the sense impressions on the eye adopted as our conventional indications of "distance" and the "round." While the East, having other ideas and purposes in its art, has also other methods as we shall see.

Two elements entered historically into the growth of Western perspective methods, and each has grown on and continued to bind it, down to our present time. European perspective became definitely established in the fifteenth century on the revived basis of Greek geometrical science, and at the same time under the parallel influence of Greek sculpture, with its laws of harmonic form, and its supreme devotion to the human form, as such, as the paragon of beauty and proportion. All this has philosophy, the position of Man in nature, and even religion intimately interwoven. And its self-set goal is the physical world of form and sensuous perception.

From the renascent physical science of the day, and since, came and stayed on the tendency to photographic external accuracy; the eye and thought was tied to the physical form and constitution, and its details in every sense. In the effort to develop the representation along these lines, painting drew from sculpture its concepts of the "round" and the use of shadows to that end, *only*. From geometrical science Europe derived its "monocular" perspective, of a physical

object portrayed on a flat surface as seen by a single eye from a single point in space.

And then further, as art in Europe developed, the vigorous physical realism, and perhaps we might say — daily democracy, of the North, united with the Renaissance in the South, into an effort which we have glorified and justified, to ourselves, by calling it “seeing life as it is.” Some paragraphs by a recent English writer, one of the very few so far that have justly entered into appreciation of the inspiration that underlies Chinese and Far Eastern art in general, are so aptly critical of this as to be worth our quoting. The sympathetic literature of this subject in the West is still in its earliest years, which only increases our obligation to the few who have led it: Rafaël Petrucci, Laurence Binyon and Ernest Fenollosa.

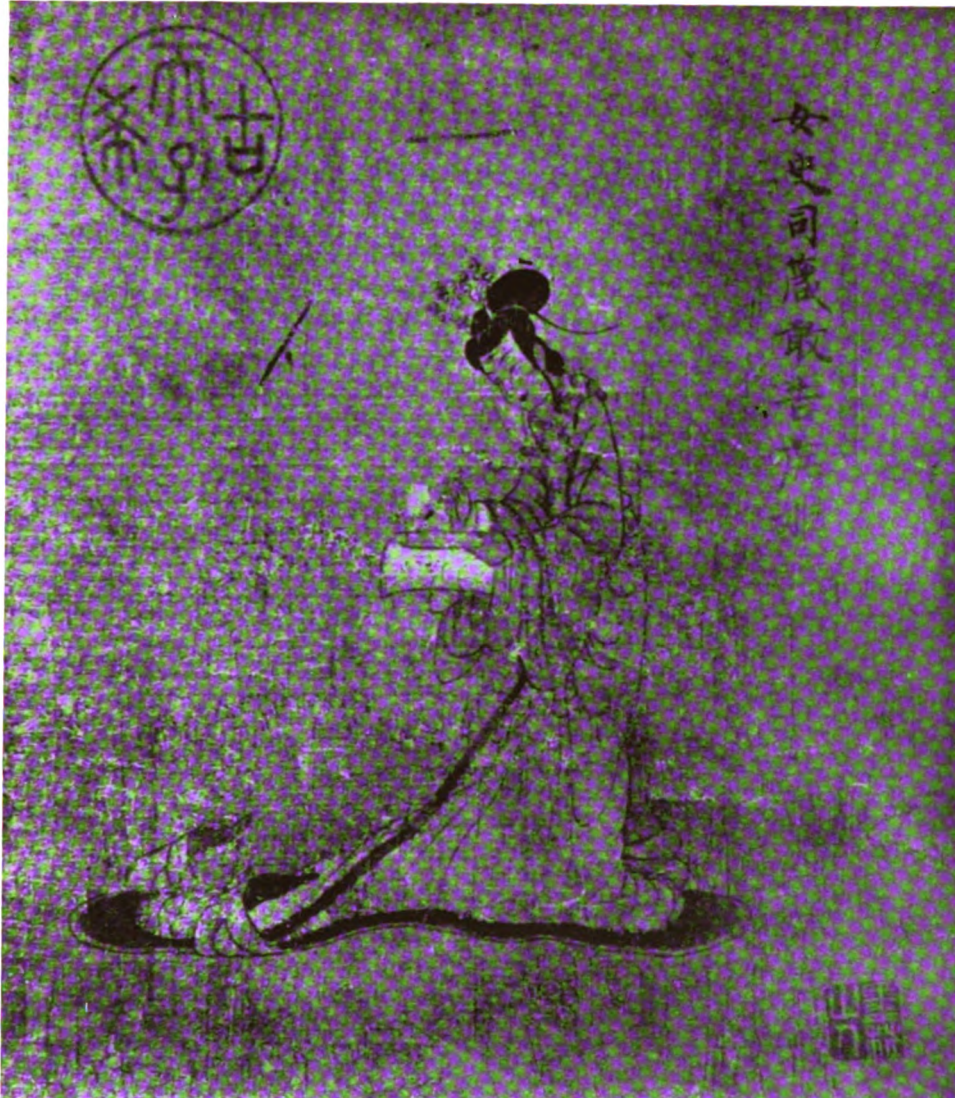
Realism in the North; in the South, scientific curiosity. In painters like Paolo Ucello we find the struggle to master perspective overshadowing the purely artistic quest for beauty, just as in our own time an intense interest in scientific discoveries about the nature of light has led a whole school of landscape to sacrifice fundamental qualities of design in a passionate endeavor to realize on canvas the vibration of sunlight.

It is the besetting vice of our Western life as a whole, so complex and entangled in materials, that we do not see things clearly; we are always mixing issues and confounding ends with means. We are so immersed in getting the means for enjoying life that we quite forget how to enjoy it, and what is called success is, oftener than not, defeat. So too, in current criticism of painting, we find it commonly assumed that an advance in science is of itself an advance in art; as if correct anatomy, a thorough knowledge of perspective, or a stringent application of optical laws were of the slightest value to art except as aids to the effective realization of an imaginative idea.

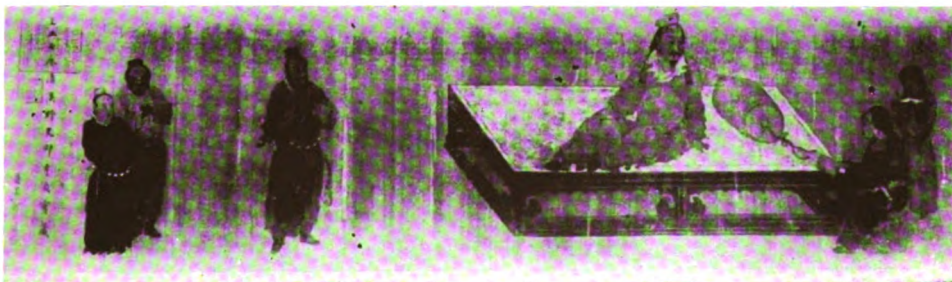
The painting of Asia limits itself severely. It leaves to sculpture and to architecture the effects proper to those arts. But it has not remained merely decorative; it is fully as mature as art, as is our own.

The very ease with which relief can be represented by shadows, as with us, has taken away from our painters the necessity for this concentration, and weakened their sense for expressive line.

Now we shall not understand any art if we do not constantly remember that it has to work always by and through conventions, methods and technique. This is equally true of West and of East. And just as we have already declared Art to be the equilibrium of contending dualities, whether those of human nature, of effort and environment, of sentiment and intelligence — so also has every master had to find the line of balance (the master finds the balance, where the



THE INSTRUCTRESS OF THE PALACE — FOURTH CENTURY, PART OF
THE KU K'AI-CHIH ROLL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE EMPEROR MING HUANG INSTRUCTING HIS SON — PAINTED BY THE
THE EMPEROR HUEI TSUNG, ELEVENTH CENTURY



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

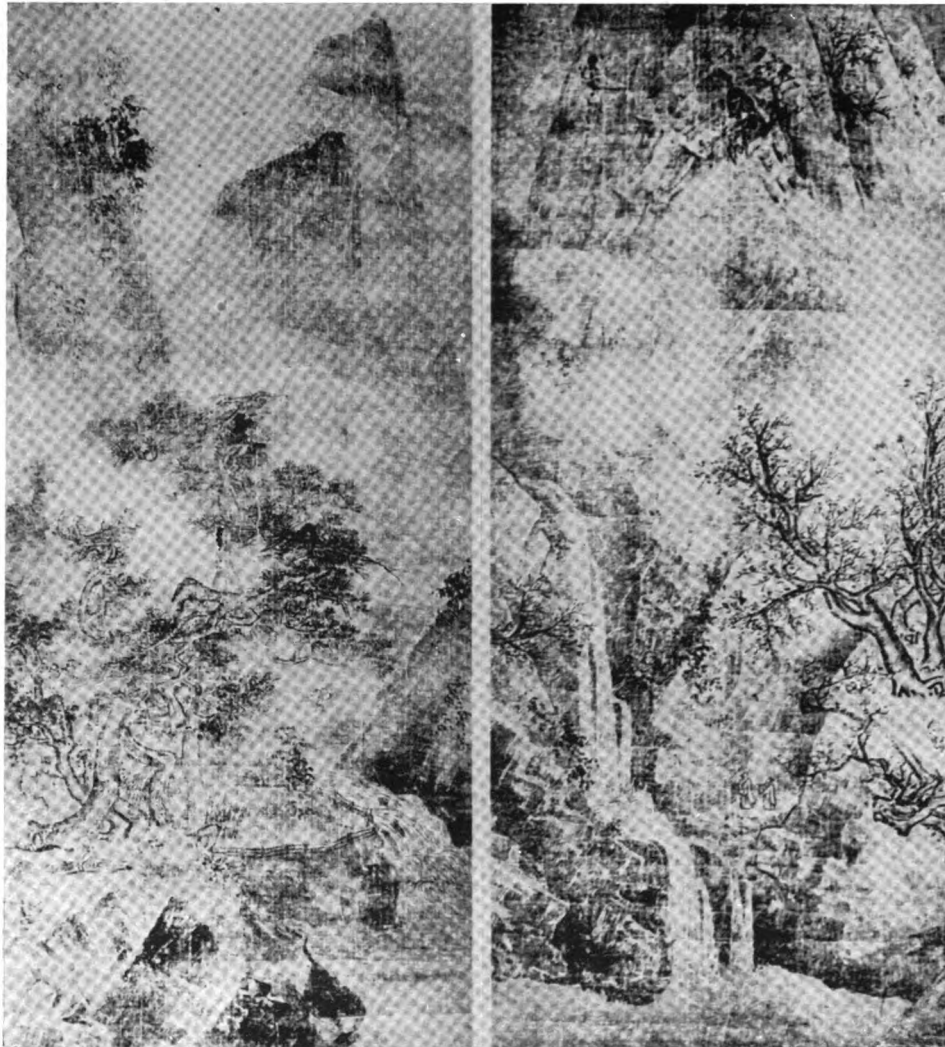
TWO SECTIONS OF A LANDSCAPE ROLL BY CHAO MENG-FU — THIRTEENTH CENTURY



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LU TONG-PIN
BY T'ENG CH'ANG-YEU
NINTH CENTURY

LU TONG-PIN
BY AN ANONYMOUS PAINTER OF ABOUT
THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY



SPRING LANDSCAPE
BY WU TAO-TSEU

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SUMMER LANDSCAPE
BY WU TAO-TSEU

unskilled only can compromise) between the concept and the form, between the dominating essence, the message, and the limiting technique. Photography in art is not Art; and by sheer force the western painters were driven out of strict physical perspective toward a "perspective of idea or of sentiment." No object is seen truly from one single point in space; each man has to use his two eyes to judge mere distances alone. And so while Western art is based on the monocular theory of directed vision, it is the distinguishing mark of the true master that he more or less imperceptibly modifies his work to something like binocular viewing. And there is even a painting by Rubens in which the shadows are cast from two distinct directions. But the limitations on free action here are very great; our canons are those of scientific physical accuracy, and anything more than a very subtle adjustment becomes an impossible falsity.

We all know how strong has been the urge in later years towards breaking away from this tendency to live in the external in Art, to follow a triumphant Science and ask of a picture first of all perfection in correct portrayal. The difficulties were enormous; but much of the work of the best Impressionist school, frankly rejecting the sculptural and geometrical traditions, and seeking to suggest the service and the experience lying within the subject, was a distinct gain to Western life. The latest schools of Futurism, Vorticism and the like, as well as some much heralded sculpture, seem also to represent a reaction against the monocular limitations, offering a phantasmagoria of broken points of view; they fail because they are wholly materialist.

Perspective and composition grew in China from different historical origins. At its birth, so far as our records yet show us, there was still in use on the bas-reliefs the method of superposition of registers to give different planes of action. These bas-reliefs were also panoramic in their story; we see them in the Han sculptures of the Fourth century in China, and also their parallels, in a measure, both in Chaldaea and Egypt. It is the supreme guerdon of Chinese painting that out of this non-artistic structure it developed the exquisite technique of combined composition and perspective afforded us by the canons of the *kakemono* and *makimono* art. In both directions the different sections of the panorama, upwards or sideways, were blended into one perfect unity; reaching from Heaven to Earth and Man, with one life shining through and binding all together into a harmonic relation that is the very essence of religion — as above, so below; or

else unrolling the action of Nature herself before our eyes in a succession of experiences to the soul.

But the differences we are dealing with are far more than historical and external; they are differences of method and purpose, conscious and intentional. We have not just to do with brushes and surfaces, but with a complete and whole philosophy of life and nature.

Ch'uen asked of Ch'eng-tseu, Can one obtain the Tao, to have it for oneself?

Your own body is not yours, how then can be the Tao?

If my body is not mine, whose is it?

It is the image reflected from above. Your life is not your own possession, it is the harmony delegated by above. Your individuality is not your own possession, it is the adaptability delegated from above. You move, but know not how. You dwell, but know not why. You taste the savor, but know not the cause. These are the operations of the laws of Heaven. How then can one possess Tao for himself? . . . The Present is the Infinite on the march, the sphere of what is relative. Relativity implies adjustment, and that adjustment is Art.

We began the subject by an emphasis upon the eternal unity of the human heart in every age and race; the essential unity too of Art and all its varied technique as the expressive means, bridging the inner and outer worlds, the thought and form. Were it not for this unity we might stand with unseeing eyes before this art of the Far East, for its point of view and ours are hemispheres apart. When the man of the East looks out upon things, he always looks at and for the problem of existence — mountain, earth, water, cloud and sky, plant, animal or insect, and himself; all are to him but a part of that problem. But in the West we do not even know whether there be any such thing as the problem of existence—the very words only suggest the bread-and-butter question to us. To the West, God is either separate quite from nature, or non-existent; the East sees Nature as the garment woven by the divine for itself, and man a conscious and immortal part of that, if he will. The philosophy of the East is impersonal, and Nature is man's friend. That of the West is individualistic and personal, and finds its last word in a cosmic theory of the "survival of the fittest"—in self-assertion and war. No wonder that we find the human form, and even the naked form the highest effort of Western art, and called "the form divine"; and Greek sculpture, in the round, the historical antetype of all that has been attempted since; while the supreme end of Chinese painting is the intimate study and contempla-

tion of Nature, and the interpretation of her inner flow and message.

The impress and interweaving of this philosophy with the whole of our subject is so full that we must let it develop out of the description and study of the pictures we must now come to viewing. But there is first another paragraph, written by Laurence Binyon whom we quoted once before, in relation to architecture in the East, which is so apt to our present point that I wish to read it here as an introduction to the real business of the evening — the reproductions of typical masterpieces in China, from the Fourth century and on. He says:

so far as I understand the architecture of Japan, for instance, I would say that it was conceived in a different spirit from our own; that a building was regarded less in itself than as a fusion of man's handiwork into Nature, the whole surroundings of the scene taking part, and perhaps the chief part, of the architect's conception.

This difference is rooted in philosophy of life, in mental habit and character. An opposition between man and Nature has been ingrained in Western thought . . . only very slowly and unwillingly has the man of the West taken trouble to consider the non-human life around him, and to consider it as a life lived for its own sake: for centuries he has heeded it only in so far as it has opposed his will or ministered to his needs and appetites. But in China and Japan, as in India, we find no barrier set up between the life of man and the life of the rest of God's creatures. The continuity of the universe, the perpetual stream of change through its matter, are accepted as things of Nature, felt in the heart and not merely learned as the conclusions of delving science. In the East, not the glory of the naked human form; not the proud and conscious assertion of human personality; but, instead of all these, all thoughts that lead us out from ourselves into the universal life, hints of the infinite, whispers from secret sources — mountains, waters, mists, flowering trees, whatever tells of powers and presences mightier than ourselves.

We are about to enter an art lasting with full vigor for more than a millennium, at least from Ku K'ai-chih in the Fourth century to Mu Hsi in the Sixteenth. But it is also the flower of a civilization whose unity and course we can trace with historical precision for another twelve hundred years before Ku K'ai-chih, and then with substantial clearness and meaning for another fourteen hundred years back of that, before we reach the more or less legendary age. The Chinese have always been great annalists, and the rights of almost unlimited independent thought, free speech and criticism even of the government have always (with rare interruptions) been re-

cognized prerogatives of the literati; the books are full of stories of philosophers like Chang Chih-ho, refusing to take office under a government they disapproved, and retiring to the mountains. The result has been a definiteness and certainty in their history which is far beyond that of any Western nation. The reliability of Chinese records two and a half millenniums ago has come to be now accepted by all the best Western students; and it may help us to appreciate this if we recall that though Confucius was born 551 B. C., his lineal descendant in the direct line still enjoys the one hereditary dukedom in China, granted only to the line of the sage.

Let us therefore here point a few dates as landmarks for our study. We can fix the line between the "marvelous" (which certainly means history written in parable and symbol), with the beginning of the Hsia dynasty and the emperors Yao, Shun and Yu, beginning about 2200 B. C., a millennium and a half before the reputed first Greek Olympiad, and the story of Romulus and Remus. The great Chao dynasty, the Confucian model whose principles are still a vital thread in China, began about 1150 B. C.; specific dates are recognized as being approximately close, by a substantial correlation of annals, and eclipse and other astronomical records, down to 842 B. C., after which a complete agreement exists, and (to quote Bushell) "Chinese dates can be accepted with entire confidence."

About this time also begins our extant and definite art tradition, as distinct from the philosophical and national principles whose controlling influence we will trace. But with the magnificent archaic ceremonial bronzes from the Chao period we find ourselves on solid artistic ground of a very high order, in both the form and decoration. In 604 Lao-tseu, the founder of Taoism, was born; in 551 Confucius — fifty years before Perikles. The Chao dynasty ended in 246; Ts'in Che Huang-ti attempted in 221 to destroy all books which served as supports of the critical literati, and ordained that his descendants should reign until the ten-thousandth generation; his son, succeeding in 209, was killed by a eunuch of the palace in 207, and his infant grandson in 206 was replaced by the great Han dynasty, from which the Chinese have ever since called themselves the "sons of Han."

Under this dynasty trade routes were opened to the West, to Persia and Rome, to Khotan and Turkestan, to India and Cochin China. The interplay of the oldest Chinese philosophy of nature, of its vivified spiritual Taoism, and practical harmonizing Confucian-

ism, we will see later in our study of the paintings themselves. And meanwhile into this realm of thought and feeling and aspiration there was added Buddhism, in 67 A. D. But this too, as we shall see, came not to destroy but to strengthen and fill out. The year 67 is the official date of its introduction, at the invitation of the emperor Ming-ti; but it was not until after the return of Hiuen Tsang from his great pilgrimage that it came to its full influence. The Han dynasty closed in 220, after which followed about four centuries of readjustment and inner ferment, politically; but that the nation was alive in the keenest sense is seen from the fact that the great artist Ku K'ai-chih belongs to the Fourth century, and in the Fifth we find fully established the six great canons of Hsieh Ho. Of actual paintings remaining from these centuries we have almost none; but canons never come into being until after a long and active period of vital growth, and the whole philosophy of Chinese art is summed up in these Six Canons; the ideals they then crystallized must have inspired whole generations of artists before them.

With the great T'ang era, 618 to 905, the influence of Buddhism had reached its full, and the three centuries are marked by extreme vigor, and by the definite development of the so-called Northern and Southern Schools. To give this period some illustration to aid our apprehension of its place, we might compare it to the Chaucerian period of English; and then we can think of the equally great Sung period, from 960 to 1280, as comparable in terms to an Elizabethan era, save that in each case we must measure the sustained strength of the periods not by one life or reign, but by the full life of the dynasty, three hundred years.

The Sungs were succeeded by the Mongols, the Yüan dynasty; its meaning for art being a sort of accentuation of the Northern School, plus a meticulous refinement corresponding to a withdrawal from the grander side of nature, to greater luxury of living. This latter element became still more pronounced with the return of the ultra-Chinese Ming dynasty, in 1368, after barely eighty-eight years of Mongol rule. The Ming dynasty lasted until the coming of the Manchus in 1644; but we will close our subject for the evening with the Fifteenth century, the first hundred years of the Mings. Many good paintings were produced even after this time; but as a whole the vigor and purity of the style we have followed for 1200 years from Ku K'ai-chih ceases with this time. Yet not without great

masters to close the term; we will see some of Mu Hsi's pictures for ourselves, and his contemporary Lu Fu is referred to by M. Raffaël Petrucci as "equal to the greatest masters of Sung."

There are no known paintings extant earlier than the few we have of Ku K'ai-chih's; prior to that we must rely on literary evidences, on some bronzes and sculptures. According to the native historians, painting and calligraphy began 2700 B. C. Portraiture is definitely mentioned in the Fourteenth century B. C., references to it multiply and it must have been greatly cultivated. In early Han days other kinds of painting are known to have been common, and in the Third century of our era we have the name of one Wei Hsieh, as painter of "Taoist and Buddhist subjects."

In the Third century a certain Chang Hua wrote a treatise of "Admonitions of the Instructress of the Palace." This Ku K'ai-chih illustrated in a roll now in the British Museum. The beginning is lost, and the silk has been cared for and repaired with the utmost care. It bears many seals, including that of the great artist-emperor Huei Tsong in the Eleventh century, and the emperor Ch'ien Lung in 1746, with a note by the latter's own hands, proclaiming it the best of the painter's remaining "four works." It has the seal of the imperial collection in the Eleventh century; and in the published catalog of that collection we find it listed, under the above title, the same as the roll itself now bears on its outside.

It is hardly believable, though only the fact, that we know more of Ku K'ai-chih's personality, sayings, paintings and life than of many painters of our own past century. We could spend our whole evening as we go through our pictures, either with the most interesting even though technical study of the various "points" of style and execution, or with delightful *causerie* about the painters and their times and subject. But all such we must forgo, save for just enough of this to follow the course of our subject. And since we can only look at the pictures themselves in photographic and mostly monochrome reproductions, I will prefer occasionally to allow others who have described them from direct viewing of the originals, pass on to us the inspiration received, in their own words. And so first of Ku K'ai-chih Mr. Laurence Binyon says that he

breathed an atmosphere of an age of civilized grace, of leisured thought, of refined culture. He deals in critical ideas. There is a modern tone in his comments on art. . . . There is an undercurrent of humor and playfulness per-

ceptible in the work, revealing something of the painter's personality. It was said of him that he was supreme in poetry, supreme in painting, and supreme in foolishness. We may conceive of him as an original nature, careless of the world's opinion, going his own way and rather enjoying the bewilderment of ordinary people at his behavior. He was noted for his way of eating sugar-cane: he began at the wrong end, and entered, as he expressed it, gradually into Paradise. He is said to have been a believer in magic.

He was especially famed for the spirituality and expressiveness of his portraits. Expression, not merely likeness, was what he aimed at. He remarked himself on the difficulty in portraiture of imparting to his subjects the air that each should have—in short, of revealing personality. The bloom and soft modeling of a young girl's face appealed to him less than features showing character and experience. "Painting a pretty girl is like carving in silver," he said; "it is no use trying to get a likeness here by elaboration; one must trust to a touch here and a stroke there to suggest the essence of her beauty." When he painted a certain noble character, he set him in a background of "lofty peaks and deep ravines," to harmonize with the lofty, great nature of the man.

Although written of Ku K'ai-chih, we can take the foregoing as equally indicative of every painter and every painting of the master schools throughout the whole period of Chinese art. Take these personal sentences, put with them the Six Canons of Hsieh Ho in the following century, understand them both, sympathetically; and with a few specific notations here and there, on points of line or stroke, contrast and tonality of ink or color, we are prepared to follow with that appreciative comprehension which will at least bring us in touch with the inspiration of that message which these Masters have sought to transmit.

These Six Canons, model for all who followed, are:

Rhythmic vitality—the life-movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things.

Organic structure—the creative spirit incarnating itself in a pictorial conception.

Conformity with nature. (We must understand these words in the Chinese sense: Nature is the ever-flowing, ever-producing, ever-manifesting life about and in us; really more the inner world than the mere external world of forms. And Conformity means—conformity, not just photographic accuracy, as we would be apt at first to interpret it according to Western objects in art.)

Appropriate coloring. (Here a similar note as before: the coloring must of course not be false, it must be real, true; but also it is the appropriate which is the true; the type and essence must be grasped from within, as a matter of the mind and not merely of the eye. We can see that coloring might be ex-

ternally accurate, and yet be really false; to see and give this is the mission of the art.)

Arrangement — which again means not merely sensuously beautiful arrangement, but one that recognizes the ever-living mission of painting to tell that Nature provides the experiences of the soul, and that the Superior World, the Inner Divine Meaning, is the inspiration and the Model of the other.

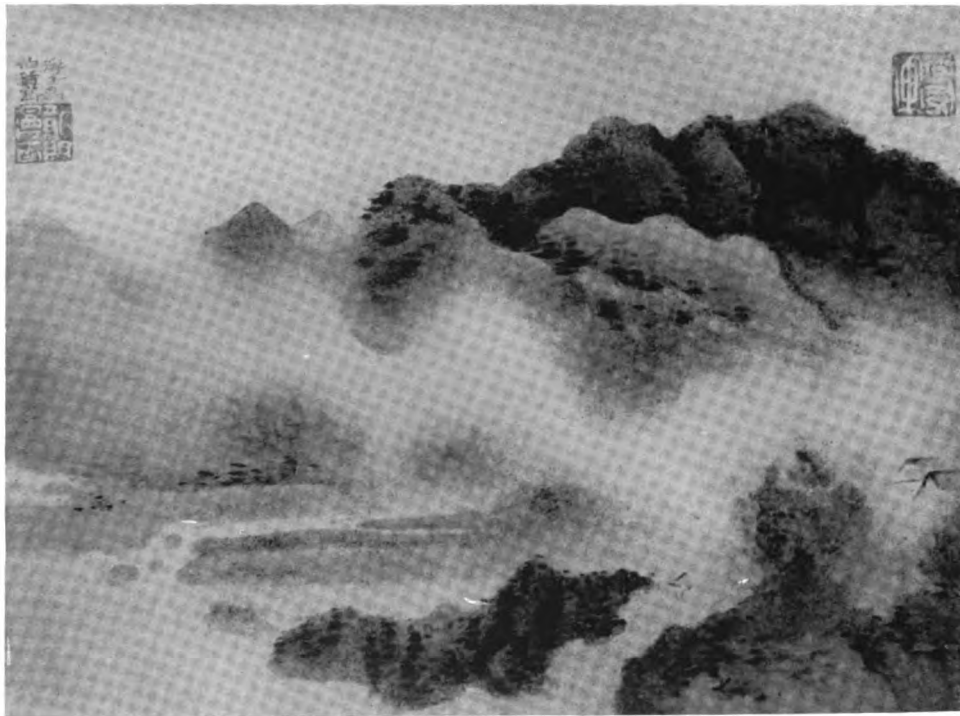
Transmission of classic models. (This Canon proves a long previous chain and inheritance of artistic tradition, the antetype of what we have left.)

The T'ang period, and indeed the whole of Chinese art and art-philosophy, finds its fullest expression and flower in three great artists, at the beginning of the Eighth century, Wu Tao-tseu, Wang Wei and Li Ssu-hsün, all contemporary, although the latter was born some fifty years the earlier. Li Ssu-hsün is much less essentially Chinese than the others, and his influence has been much less. Wang Wei was the founder of the Southern School, a creative artist of supreme ability, only surpassed by the almost incredible genius of Wu Tao-tseu; the latter stands by universal recognition not only of his countrymen of all periods since, but of the Japanese and Western critics as well, as being to Far Eastern art as Shakespeare to English drama, Dante to Italian literature. If I remember rightly, Fenollosa was inclined to call him the greatest artist of all time, ancient or modern, East or West. The influence of his study was so potent upon our already quoted Laurence Binyon that I must tell it here again, in the latter's own words.

Alas! of all the mighty works of Wu Tao-tzü none is known certainly to survive.* Once, in a dream I myself beheld them all, but awoke with the memory of them faded in a confusion of gorgeous color, all except one, which remained with me, strangely distinct. A goddess-like form was standing between two pillars of the mountains, not less tall herself. I remember the beauty of the drawing of her hands, as their touch lingered on either summit; for her arms were extended, and between them, as her head bent forward, the deep mass of her hair was slowly slipping to her breast, half-hiding the one side of her face, which gazed downward. At her feet was a mist, hung above dim woods, and from human dwellings unseen the smoke rose faintly. The whole painting was of a rare translucent, glaucous tone. . . .

Wu Tao-tzü's fertility of imagination and his fiery swiftness of execution

* Complete certainty is, in truth, not possible, so universal was the genius of successive artists painting all "in the style of the Master," and caring more for the work than to have their own name remembered—in the last word, the final mark of the true artist. The balance of opinion among connoisseurs does however accept a small number of existing paintings as due to Wu Tao-tseu's own brush. Three of these are shown herewith.



CLOUDY MOUNTAINS IN SUMMER, BY MI FU
Collection of Marquis Kuroda



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

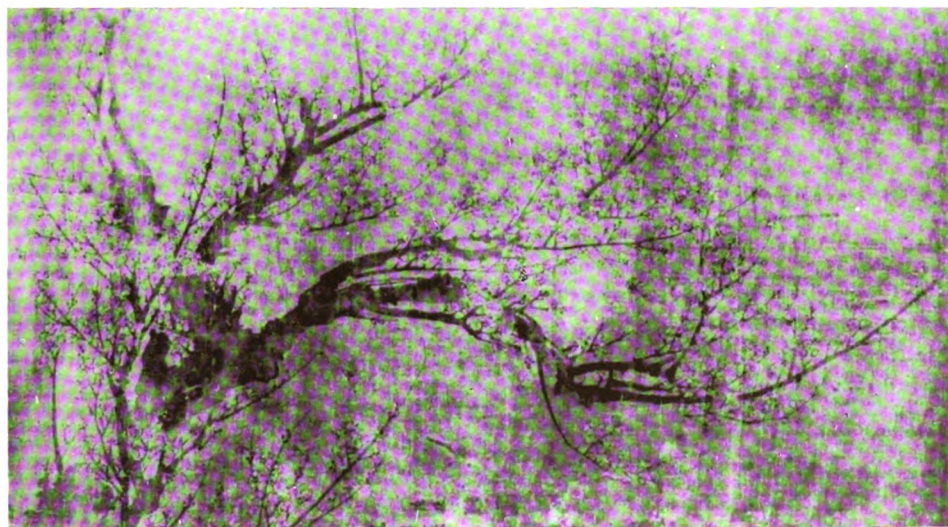
LANDSCAPE — PART OF LONG ROLL, BY LI SSU-HSÜN, NORTHERN SCHOOL



A WINTER LANDSCAPE
BY THE EMPEROR HUEI TSONG



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
VILLA AND PINE TREE
BY MA YÜAN

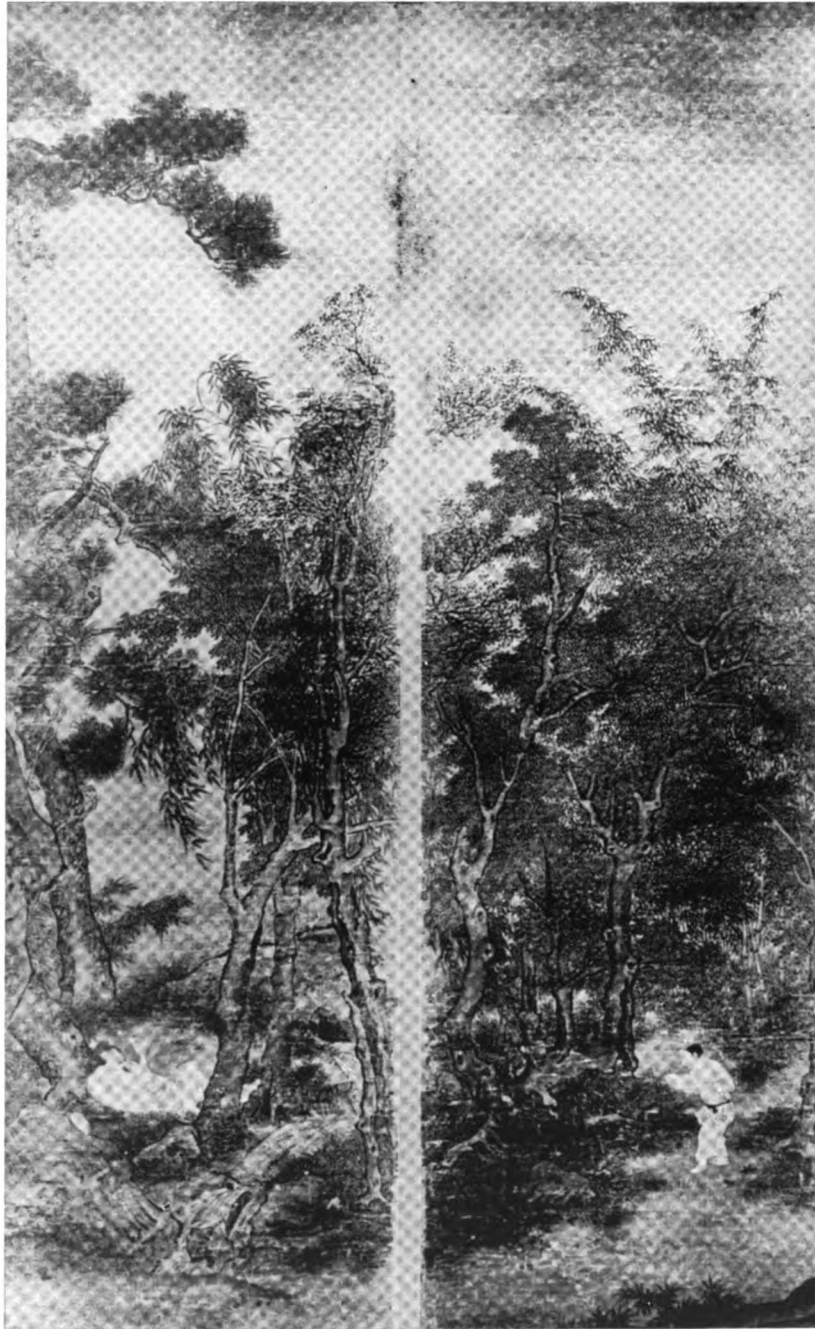


PLUM BRANCH IN FLOWER MOVED
BY THE BREEZE — MONOCHROME BY LU FU
FIFTEENTH CENTURY



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BAMBOO
BY YÜAN-YANG — MONGOL PERIOD



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE SAGE IN THE FOREST
A PAIR OF PAINTINGS ATTRIBUTED TO TSEU-CHAO, YÜAN DYNASTY

alike astounded his contemporaries. He is said to have painted over three hundred frescoes on the walls of temples alone. He was prodigal of various detail, but what chiefly impressed spectators was the overpowering reality of his creations. We cannot doubt that he possessed the T'ang ideal of the union of calligraphy with painting in an extraordinary degree. But though his calligraphic mastery was so wonderful, it was his imaginative realism and his tremendous powers of conception that made him supreme.

In the time of the T'angs, then, the deep-rooted philosophy of Nature, the ever-flowing robe and manifester of the inner divine worlds; the mysticism and conquering, shining intelligence of the Tao; the faith and devotion and divine compassion of Buddhism — all came to their full flower in a time of national vitality almost beyond comparison in known history. The Northern and Southern Schools took on their definite shape; these two schools were less geographical than elemental. The scenery of the south is the more mountainous and in itself much grander than the plains of the north; that a painter was of one or the other school was not a matter of his home or birth, but his style; and some indeed painted in either at will. So that the Northern School came to stand for fuller coloring, sterner and stronger compositions and sharper outline; the paintings were less mystical and airy. Mountain and nature greatness were there equally with the paintings of the South, but the greatness was closer, more immediately dominating; it was less grandiose and universal — less cosmic. These elements all appear in the work shown by Li Ssu-hsün, born in 651, and the founder of the School.

Of the paintings of Wang Wei quite a number have survived. In a Japanese temple is a painting at least in his style, said to have been brought over by Kobo-Daishi. The British Museum has a roll, seventeen feet long, dated in 1309, by Chao Mêng-fu, so in the style of Wang Wei as to give us the key to his technique. It is a continuous landscape, one scene melting into the next, just as Nature unrolls experiences for the soul which can see; and on the ground of the warm brown silk pass the half-clear, half-misty blues and greens which are Wang Wei's special introduction.

Another Chao Mêng-fu, which we show here, not less beautiful nor less illustrative of Wang Wei's character, was sent by the late Empress Dowager to M. Émile Guimet in acknowledgement of a special courtesy on the latter's part — returning to her some personally prized treasures looted from Peking, and later bought by him in Europe.

Wang Wei was an idealist; he has left us a treatise on perspective which shows itself to have been based on the closest observation of natural appearances, weather, and the shifting moods of nature. We have already seen how from the original historical principle of superposed planes and the panoramic rather than the single point of view, Eastern perspective from the very beginning was free from the geometric limitations of Greek traditions. To this Wang Wei developed and added tonality as the key and mark of distance, instead of artificially increasing smallness. In other words, the perspective is aerial, or atmospheric. It is just as true that objects in the distance grow more misty and softly defined, as it is that they appear to grow smaller. And the effect of this on the freedom given the artist is almost unlimited.

Wang Wei developed this method mainly by a mineral color of his own, known as *luo ts'ing*, whose shades go from malachite green to lapis-lazuli. As one comes toward the foreground the distant blues become through the layers of air the greens of the leaves and plants. And then by the addition of qualities which Chinese artists have ever cultivated as a prime element of technique, and which we may roughly describe as the variation from richness to mistiness or to clearness in the color as laid on, the whole gamut of depth and power lay under the artist's hand. It is due to the development of this, and also to the greater adaptability of the Eastern materials (that is, not only the pigments but the silk or paper grounds) that monochrome has gone so much further in the East than in the West. Tonality and not formality became the master power; and of Li-Long mien, who was to the later Sung period what Wu Tao-tseu was to the T'ang, we are told that he never painted in color save when copying earlier works.

As we look at the landscapes in which these qualities have been put by these master hands, the impression received is often so beautiful that it hurts; it appeals to the contemplative spirit; and yet it does this in moods of keenest, most poignant sensitiveness — never in sensuous self-submersion. The art rests more in the power of a hint to the imagination than in the satiety of completed forms. It brings us apparitions of beauty or power from the unknown; and it behooves us to be present. The suggestiveness and allusions are unparalleled, yet there is never any explicit factitious symbolism or allegory added in it. It inspires the one who looks, and neither narcotizes by sense touch, nor makes appeal to the curiosity.

We must remember that it is rhythm that holds the paramount place; not, be it observed, that *imitation* of nature which the general instinct of the Western races makes the root-concern of art. In this theory, every work of art is thought of as an incarnation of the genius of rhythm, manifesting the living spirit of things with a clearer beauty and intenser power than the gross impediments of complex matter allow to be transmitted to our senses in the visible world around us. A picture is conceived as a sort of apparition from a more real world of essential life. The object of art is not the outer representation, the seeming, but the informing spirit — we might say, the flaming pearl for which the mounting dragons rise.

Before passing on to Wu Tao-tseu and his influence on the later Sung period, we must note a piece of T'ang portrait painting, by Teng Châng-yeu of the Ninth century. Lu Tong-pin, the subject, was patriarch, master, legislator; he lived at the end of the Eighth century. In the first of these two portraits, that by Teng Châng-yeu, we see him in ordinary, personal human guise. Surely who could ask to go down to posterity showing more of dignity and grace than here! And then in the second painting, evidently derived from the former, and by an anonymous artist of the Fourteenth century, we see the legislator in his immortal form, less close and personal; more remote in himself, he seems to stand less a mover among men than a Helper of them at their need. That such was the artist's intent is shown by the long staff, the gourd holding the water of immortality, the magical fan hanging at his wrist. To the unseeing and unknowing these marks might pass telling nothing; the figure is a natural one.

As one looks at these two portraits one is moved to compare the Far Eastern ideal of constant life and action with that of the West. In the West we think that an ideal ceases to be such when it is put into realization; we even make an apothegm of that; but it is a heresy born of the thought of the desire-principle seeking for gratification, which ever dies and fails in the very moment of each successive attainment. But in the East the ideal *ever exists* behind; it comes out from Nature's heart only when we call it and put it into constant, flowing vital action, into very realization. Only the ideal *in practice* remains ever young, and when we cease to keep it in constant action, the background of what we do, it retires away to sleep; — not to final death, for it is in itself real, and only waits our call to life again.

In the same way, we seek in the West an objective completeness as

the goal in art; but in that very effort art eludes us; for it lies in the revelation and not in the objective completeness, and is ever flowing and passes on.

Of Wu Tao-tseu, the supreme T'ang master, we have already spoken. He was born just a few years after Wang Wei, about the year 700, near the capital Lo-Yang. Through all Chinese painting history we find recurring the calligraphic motive; purity and strength of line were held of first importance, and included stroke, value and fluidity of tone. All these qualities distinguish in a pre-eminent degree the work of the three great leaders, Ku K'ai-chih first, then Wu Tao-tseu in the T'ang, and lastly Li Long-mien in the Sung era. It was particularly striven for by all T'ang artists, and is again related to the strict recognition of the fact that a painting is by necessity on a flat surface, and so leaves to sculpture and architecture their own technique exclusively. Shadows and the "round" pertain to art in three dimensions, and the technique of their representation never is admitted to confuse the method here.

We must constantly remember that we have to do with a thoroughly conscious and *true* art; the more we study it we will find that its underlying philosophy is both living and deep, and that it is consistently and logically followed out. In the equilibrium of forces no misfitting directions are admitted; the composition grows as from a musical motif subject to all the special laws of the composition or method chosen for its expression. Indeed, a modern Italian critic, connoisseur of this art as much as of that of his native country, has called these unrolling landscapes, such as the Chao Mêng-fu we have shown, comparable to nothing so much as the sonatas of Beethoven.

Still another consequence of trueness to this calligraphic and plane surface technique, will be noted later in looking at a Twelfth-century painting by Ma Yüan. And to Wu Tao-tseu we will also return in coming to the specific Buddhist element, later.

As immediately following Ku K'ai-chih there came the Six Canons of Hsieh Ho, introducing the art of T'ang — so we have after Wu Tao-tseu the Injunctions of Kuo Hsi, to set the goal for Sung. Said he: "Penetrate the secrets of nature with wisdom; mark the differences between the evenings or mornings, and as they are in the four seasons: why in spring the mountains seem to smile, in summer to melt and blend with blues and greens, in autumn to be clear as a drop

of honey, and in winter wrap themselves in sleep. Cultivate a complete and universal spirit. Observe largely and comprehensively. Disengage the essential; *avoid* the trivial. Study airy phenomena, and the effects of gradual distance."

Of mountains Jao Tseu-jan also tells us, that they should have a breath and pulse as they were living beings, and not dead things. Seen in the light of this devotion, the pair of Spring and Summer landscapes here shown, by Wu Tao-tseu, take on a new meaning, and begin to give us the painter's message.

The great flower of Sung began with the middle of the Tenth century; the dynasty lasted from 960 to 1280. Of its capital, Hang-chao, Marco Polo tells us that it had 12,000 stone bridges; the lake inside the city was thirty miles in extent, with palaces at the use of citizens to give feasts or other entertainment; there were three hundred public hot baths. And so on, and on. The age had come to its crown; Sung art is built upon tones and the mastery of them; as its subjects were whatever is august and elemental, whether in peace or storm. Just as a touch of the types which painters and poets alike aim to express, we are told of the Eight Views of Hsiao and Hsiang:

The evening bell from a distant temple;
Sunset glow at a fishing village;
Fine weather after storm at a lonely mountain town;
Homeward bound boats off a distant coast;
The autumn moon over Lake Tung-t'ing;
Wild geese alighting on a sandy plain;
Night rain on the rivers Hsiao and Hsiang;
Evening snow on the hills.

As showing two masterpieces of this art, we will take first a painting by Mi Fu, of "Cloudy Mountains in Summer," and then a "Winter," by the great artist-emperor Huei Tsong. The Mi Fu is in the collection of the Marquis Kuroda, in Tokyo; by some critics it has been attributed to Kao Jan-hui, of the Yüan period in the Thirteenth century. If this be so, it only marks the wonderful vitality of the tradition.

Of the second painting, by the emperor, one must speak by association, and more fully. For in the West the suggestion of a picture, its appeal, is always to something personal to the beholder; an autumn picture makes us think of particular past autumns we remember; an evening bell, or the grace and sweetness of a flower, arouse our mem-

ories. If there are allegories, they are those we have previously associated with the subject — not what we recognize as the out-springing life. The mysticism, when we permit any, is whatever of mysticism (usually to be read mere dreaminess) there is in our own make-up, for the painting to arouse. We have a particular story in mind, and so paint a picture around it.

But in the East art seeks to interpret the life essence, the motion, the inspiration that lies within and behind the subject. In the West we try to paint as much as we can of the external forms; but in the East one tries to paint as little, that their very rhythm might pass untrammelled or bound, from line or airy depth to eye and soul. A Western painting suggests the experiences of the painter or the beholder, and we make it to do that — even the “Angelus” of Millet; but the Eastern painting reveals the experiences of nature, and it is made for that. If the Western is a mirror before the working eye or mind of man, the Eastern is an unbacked transparent lens of crystal set in a frame, through which to look into the working heart of Nature on the other side.

We spoke before of the calligraphic element. The beauty and sweep of line and stroke required for writing, is a constant element in painting; at times it is dominant, again sub-dominant, again evanescent and unseen; but its force and power is always there potentially.

In this connexion it is that we find the painter nearly always the litterateur, the poet. He is the one who, when writing the characters, causes that most marvelous of all artistic tools, the Chinese brush, to dance on the paper, so that the character which arises has attitude, a physiognomy, motion, life; a soul. And all these elements, put into the writing in intimate touch with a directing inspiration, speak again to every later looker or reader. There is nothing whatever like it or possible with western modes of writing. The Chinese character, like all hieroglyphic writing, speaks with its own soul directly to mind and soul. Each written word-character is in itself on the paper an organic thing, instead of a mere concourse of letters to which the meaning is attached. And when written by one master or another, it is in each instance a separate and speaking vital creation. It is designed, not just written.

You ask me whether this is not far-fetched; I answer that all Chinese litterateurs have and do actually apprehend and enjoy these qualities in every respect as fully as we apprehend the messages that

are sent by our artists into and out of our own poetry, pictures and music. And all three of those impulses and impressions, moreover, are combined both in Chinese writing and in Chinese painting. In this light let us look at this winter picture by the artist-emperor.

Another picture by the emperor is also worth including, since it represents his predecessor, Ming Huang, whose reign was the climax of the T'angs. We see him seated on a dais, instructing his son; later in his reign he wasted the shower of beauty that had descended upon the time with the coming of T'ai Tsong, of Hiuen Tsang and his Buddhist devotion and renunciation, of impulses from Greece, and Persia and India, of Tientai and Zen; it is told of him that he hung tiny golden bells on his favorite plants to frighten the birds that would harm them; that he would have his peonies watered by a fair maiden in rich attire, but the winter plum by a "pale, slender monk." There are many screens by Yeitoku in this country, both in the Boston Museum and in Mr. Freer's collection, of scenes of his court and its poetic revels under the presidency of the lovely and ill-fated Yang Kuei-fei. China has not always succeeded, any more than other nations; but the story only tells again how the painters who have been so great philosophers, have been her teachers and the keepers of her soul. Ming Huang reigned in the time of Wu Tao-tseu; and Chinese art tradition lived vital and effective another seven centuries; and may even now be only asleep.

One more landscape now from the Sung era, a "Villa and Pine Tree," by Ma Yüan of the Twelfth century, selected not only for its own beauty, but also as a hardly surpassable example of another phase of the art we are studying. It is the one already referred to in speaking of the constant trueness to type and motive, controlling every branch of the technique.

Contrast of light and shade is one of the great tests of mastery in every art. With us in the West it is developed by means of the shadows incidental to our methods of perspective and representation of the "round." It could not exist but for our admission of the sculptural element, the "three-dimensional," into our plane surface pictures. *Chiaroscuro*, our name for this quality, is thus tied to these conditions of shadow just as our form and distance is to monocular perspective; and this however much the master artist may draw on color combinations to help. The correspondence of *chiaroscuro* in Eastern art is a "light-dark" balance which does not derive at all from shadow, but

depends solely on the requirements of harmony and rhythm. When we remember that the art is always "a recognized representation on a flat surface"; the perspective aerial instead of geometric; the brush work always potentially at least calligraphic — bearing the rhythm of life and form in the stroke instead of the rounded flesh; as well as the great evolution of monochrome as a result of the attained fluidity or richness of the flat color — even brush-used ink, a thing hardly attempted in the West:— remembering all this, with many other harmonic qualities sought in Eastern composition, we will see the necessity for using a different term. This Fenollosa recognized, and so has given us the Japanese term *notan*. And so with this preface, we will let him also describe for us Ma Yüan's original in a way the photographic reproduction cannot possibly do.

Ma Yuan loved to paint the beautiful villas that surrounded the western lake, or were set like gems into the valleys that ran back into the mountains. A one-storey pavilion, open at the sides, but screenable by roll-up bamboo curtains, and edged with an irregular stone facing that dips into the waters of a river or lake. Behind a finely carved railing sits a Chinese gentleman with a round-bodied lute in his hand. We can trace the tiled floor and the solid cylindrical columns of the pavilion far back through the opening. There are beautiful tones of soft mauve and yellow in the hanging decorations. The roofs are beautifully tiled and are without that Tartar exaggeration in curve which modern Chinese drawing gives. Water-worn rocks painted in fine crisp outline, not unlike those of the Li-long-min landscape, edge the pond. Graceful sprays of bamboo cut springing curves across the roof-lines, and soft trees, of the oak or beech order, are spotted out into the mist at the back.

But the finest thing in the picture, and the most salient, is the large green pine tree — greens and soft browns — that rises from the foreground and springs high up in the air over the roofs, with the spirally resisting and tapering force of a rocket. Here individual pine needles are drawn, but so softly that you can hardly see them without a special focus. The counterpoint of the crossing pine and bamboo lines is magnificent; we cannot help recalling the Sung gentleman's idea of manliness, "firm as a pine, yet pliant as a willow." Here both trees, while contrasting, partake each of the quality of the other. The bamboo, like a great lady, has a gentler quality that will be found stronger when it comes to emergencies. The pine, though tough in fiber, as beseems a statesman's ability, has a perfect grace of finish in accordance with lovely manners.

These now bring our list of landscapes to an end for the evening, save one later to show the change and loss of power as the period came to its end under the Mongols in the Thirteenth century. Very many others might have been drawn upon as models of poetry, and grace,



THE GREAT YUIMA — PORTRAIT BY LI LONG-MIEN



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DETAIL OF THE HORIUJI TEMPLE FRESCOS, ABOUT THE YEAR 700
KOREAN INFLUENCE



SEATED KWAN-YIN
BY YEN LI-PEN

KWAN-YIN
SUNG PERIOD, ARTIST UNKNOWN
AFTER WU TAO-TSEU

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.



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SÂKYAMUNI
T'ANG PERIOD — BY WU TAO-TSEU, IN THE FREER COLLECTION



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FAIRY AND PHOENIX — BY WU WEI

and the love of nature and flowers and birds: of a singing tone of beauty in everything that lives. Such might have been a landscape by Hsia Kuei, of the Thirteenth century —

Where my pathway came to an end
By the rising waters covered,
I sat me down to watch the shapes
In the mist that over it hovered.

Again we might lie awake with Wang An-shih, when —

It is midnight; all is silent in the house; the water-clock has stopped. But I am unable to sleep because of the beauty of the trembling shapes of the spring flowers, thrown by the moon on the blind.

That is not Shelley's arrowy odors darting through the brain; it is far removed from the narcotic glutting of sorrow

On the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globéd peonies.

We might find indeed

Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty;
such indeed we will surely find, but not the sensuous delight conveyed
in the lines that tell of

violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath.

There we hear the Greek note, the personal element of human form worship.

Yet this does not mean that the Chinese painter could not or did not paint the human form with refinement and a mastery of conception and expression equal to anything the West has to show. We have already seen two examples of this in the portraits of Lu Tong-pin; we will close our study of the Sung era by four others, whose exquisite humanity and dignity and sweetness would be hard to equal, much less surpass.

With our Western humanistic methods and tendencies, these pictures speak to us much more directly than the landscapes, to whose principles and philosophy we are so little used. Li Long-mien was to Sung what Wu Tao-tseu was to T'ang: an inheritor of the latter's

tradition, he was a supreme master of line, and of this portrait by him of the Great Yuima one feels like saying once and for all that it is perhaps the greatest portrait ever painted by any artist. Criticise it one cannot. The Chinese artist is above all an impressionist. In the painting of living beings he demands first movement; just as in landscapes, space. If the persons in a picture are in repose, the sweep of their garments, the folds themselves indicate that the wearers are ready for action; that they have but just come to a rest; that they are about to move off. It is told of one painter that he never posed a subject for a picture; if a young girl, he caused her to dance. And towards this effect every line of drapery and surrounding rock will conspire, either by force of repetition or of contrast. The hermit sage in contemplation in a mountain retreat; the warrior in action; birds that are winged creatures rejoicing in their flight; flowers that are sensitive blossoms unfolding on pliant up-growing stems; the tiger, an embodied force, boundless in capacity for spring and fury: each is a force which in one mood or another nature loves.

And of Li Long-mien it was said that he had penetrated the heart of Nature, and his soul put itself in communion with all things, while his spirit comprehended the mysteries and all the ruses of the goddess.

The "Children at Play," by Su Han-chên, and the two paintings of "Ladies in a Palace," by Lin Sung-nein, both of the Thirteenth century, need no artistic criticism to tell their stories. The young girls, so evidently "discussing clothes," the child at play in the water tub, and the sweet and self-reliant womanliness of the guardian of the home — the nation's shrine — are all inimitably perfect.

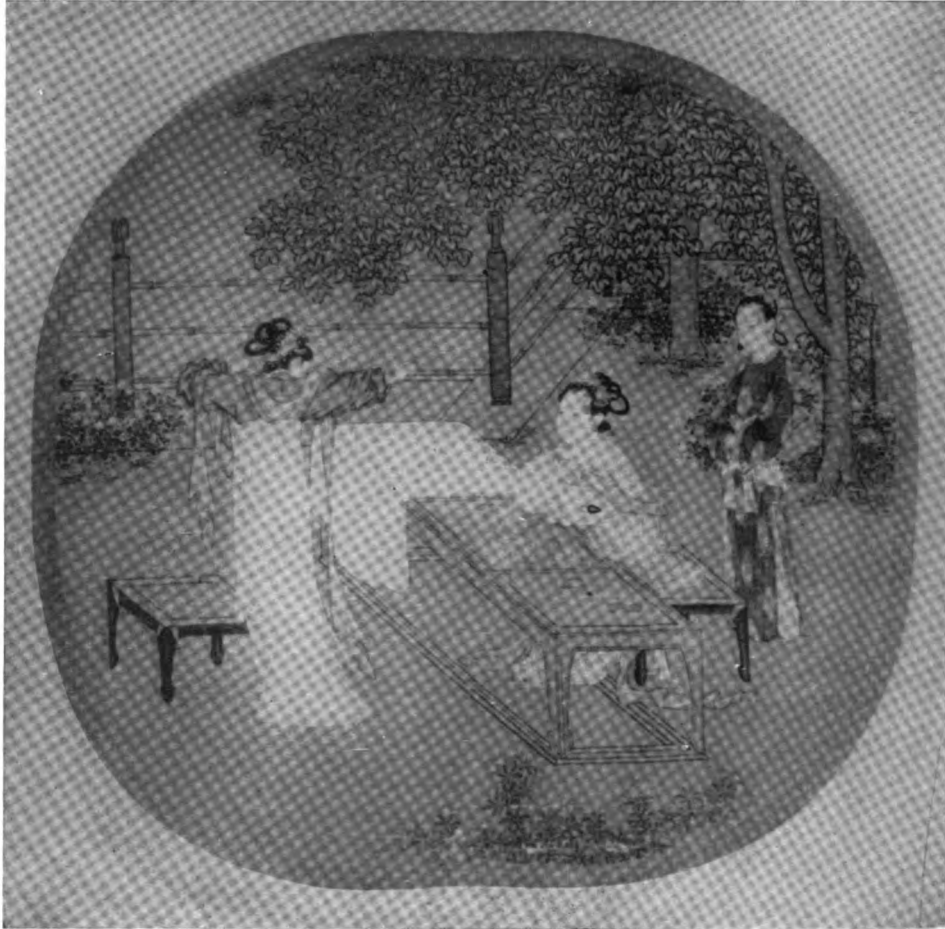
Our subject for the evening draws to a close with the consideration of one other great element which has from the first been one of the mighty enlivening forces, which came in truth not to supplant but to enlarge and restore — Buddhism. And again we must compare the influences of the East and West.

Into the art of the West, founded on Greek beauty of form and rationalistic science, came at one critical period the limiting monocular, personal view-point. This was centered and fixed in religious matters by the personal salvation motive, special creation, fear of what is to come and death, and the separation of the soul of man from that of Nature. The future destiny of Europe was settled in the Third to the Sixth centuries of the Christian era. And finally it was clinched



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CHILDREN PLAYING — BY SU HAN-CHÊN, SOUTHERN SONG



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ATTENDANTS OF A PALACE — BY LIN SUNG-NEIN, SOUTHERN SUNG



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ATTENDANTS OF A PALACE — BY LIN SUNG-NEIN, SOUTHERN SONG



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THE LIFE STORY OF THE BUDDHA
SHRINE PAINTING FROM JÔ-NANG-PO CLOISTER, TIBET
UNDER CHINESE INFLUENCE, LATER SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

by the purely external and formal development of so-called science in the latter days.

But no such qualities ever entered Chinese art or life. Into the ancient world, which dated back for its previous inspirations to the era of the Upanishads, and is represented in Chinese art by the whole cycle of paintings of philosophers enjoying nature, of which we have seen many illustrations this evening, and also by its oldest poetry, came the great religion of the East, itself a true restoration of the inner essence of the Upanishad philosophy of ages gone before, peopling the vastnesses of nature, already conceived of as living and flowing patterns to men of concord, action and rhythm, with beneficent protectors and lovers of the race; not specially created angels living in a far off point in space, but watchful spirits of Nature seeking to protect and guide, or else men themselves who had suffered and learned in the great task, and passed on, not to a personal selfish salvation but to the very renunciation of that, in order to become guides and helpers, or guardian stones in the wall to protect mankind from other forces that had also grown up to his hurt during the ages past.

Four or five paintings only are all we can show, within our time. Two of these are paintings of the symbol of divine Compassion, the abstraction of Love and Mercy, Avalokiteśvara in India and Tibet, who about the Twelfth century becomes the feminine Kwan-yin. In this great figure personality is itself impersonal, and the divine union of justice and protection, of heart and mind, becomes symbolized by the blending sex, so that one cannot say in many pictures whether the figure is masculine or feminine. Though ultimately it becomes that sweetest and kindest of all the mother-goddesses of the world's races, the Chinese Kwan-yin — Kwannon, as usually called. The reproductions give the faintest idea of the originals, and we must again, as before, allow another to describe them — this time Ernest Fenollosa. Of the earlier Yen Li-pen, painted in the Seventh century, he says:

Rough rock of blue, green and gold, in a cave whose stalactites hang above the head. The Bodhisattva of Providence, it wears as in most T'ang, a slight mustache. The flesh of gold, the headdress an elaborate tiara of gems and flowers. The whole body enshrouded in an elaborate lace veil, from the tiara, in thin tones of cream over the heavy colors. An aspiring of the lines to the tip of the head. A crystal vase on a jutting slab of rock. Two halos, head, and body. In water at feet corals and lotus buds. A small Chinese child, hands raised up in prayer, to whom the glance bends graciously. Colors rich reds, carmines, orange, greens and blues, heightened with touches of gold.

And he thus describes the standing figure, dating from the Sung period for its actual painting, but going back to a Wu Tao-tseu original:

Standing, lace veil, descending from heaven in cloudlike mass that breaks into foam of water as it pierces space. A cloud curtain at the top. Below two boys playing on a bright cloud, trying to plant fresh lotus flowers in vases. Rolling from the right a sinister dark green cloud, stopped at the figure's feet. In the hand a wicker basket and a fish, a *tai*, symbol of spiritual sustenance. Colors less opulent than the other; strong red, blue and green on the boys. Kwan-Yin drapery subdued tones of these, tending to olives; fine patterning, and no gold anywhere.

One more Buddhist painting, showing this peopling of the realms of spiritual nature, bringing with it in technique some of that Greco-Buddhist influence which first came in with the T'angs and T'ai Tsong, and also is an example of that wonderful, brief century when Korean art rose to heights of grace and refinement that for a time placed it on on the heights above even China and Japan, is this painting of a flying Angel from the frescoes of the Horiuji Temple in Japan. According to Fenollosa's judgment, which must here stand unquestioned, it was painted at the time of the rebuilding of that temple after the great fire of the year 680. It thus brings us through another channel the overshadowing wave which we have already seen to climax at Lo-Yang with Wu Tao-tseu and his contemporaries. It takes us back by another road to Ku K'ai-chih and Hsieh Ho, and shows the tradition passing in the two centuries after their time north to Korea, then to Japan; only to germinate and in due time re-flower in its own home, a guerdon to the faith and perseverance of the messenger Hiuen Tsang.

And now the fourth, the Gautama Śākyamuni, by Wu Tao-tseu, in the Freer collection. There is another similar painting in the To-fukuji collection; the Freer copy Fenollosa must again describe to us — for our benefit, and as the reward of his own lifelong devotion:

Robe quiet smoldering red, in the gleaming orange portions heightened into gold. The extraordinary power lies in the line, the most spiky, splintery, modulating and solid of all the Wu Tao-tseu pieces. The solid masses of the head, aided by the rich *notan* of the colors, make it and the shoulders and the hands rise up like great cliffs of mountains. There is something elemental and ultimate; all that is small in one actually shrivels before the direct spiritual power as one faces it.

Our time for more is wanting. Under the Mongol or Yüan period, we can only show a single landscape, a pair of panels showing a "Sage in a Forest," enjoying Nature. It is an inheritor of the Northern School, with naught of the cosmic nor the airy and misty distances of nature. Strength of hand skill is left, but preciousity and over-refinement, the other side of the luxury and self-enjoyment then the mark of life at the capital. This is no poet-philosopher who could not bend his back for a salary — and was the more honored therefor by the ruler he refused; the inner essence has left the form, and the gods no longer are heard, however they may watch and wait afar for the time again.

Yet even so, pictures of this order are not all that we find. Many still kept much of the former purity and strength, and we even find it living in many pieces down to the present day. If the power of composition, the philosophy of Nature, and the Tao, were less understood, still in flowers *per se* we find its tradition preserved. The symbolism of plants as mirroring a living nature has stayed on, and its inspiration is a constant one. A "Bamboo" by Yüan Yang of the Fourteenth century, and a "Plum Branch in Flower, moved by the Breeze," by Lu Fu of the Fifteenth, are as flowers (all plants are flowers to the East) worthy of their art. It was in the Sung age that, we are told, plum branches were for the first time painted in ink, without color, though at times a very subdued color was added. One writer, Chinese, tells us that all the universe is contained in the blossoming plum branch, the emblem of virginity. And so the sensuous appeal of color grew to be left out. How far this flower worship went into the art and life of Japan, and how its Science came in to save the nation at a time when an over-accentuation of feudalism threatened the nation's balance, has been told elsewhere; but how fully all these beauties entered and sanctified the home-life of China is still almost unknown — outside of her own borders.

These two flower pictures, the first of the Yüan and the second of the Ming, must close our Chinese paintings for the evening, save for one single example by Wu Wei, taking us back by its masterly composition and tonality almost to the golden days of his predecessors. This "Fairy and Phoenix," of the Fifteenth century, and so well into the time of the Mings, is part of the Morrison collection in the British Museum. It is almost a monochrome, with just a tone of color.

Our evening among the Chinese paintings has come to an end, and

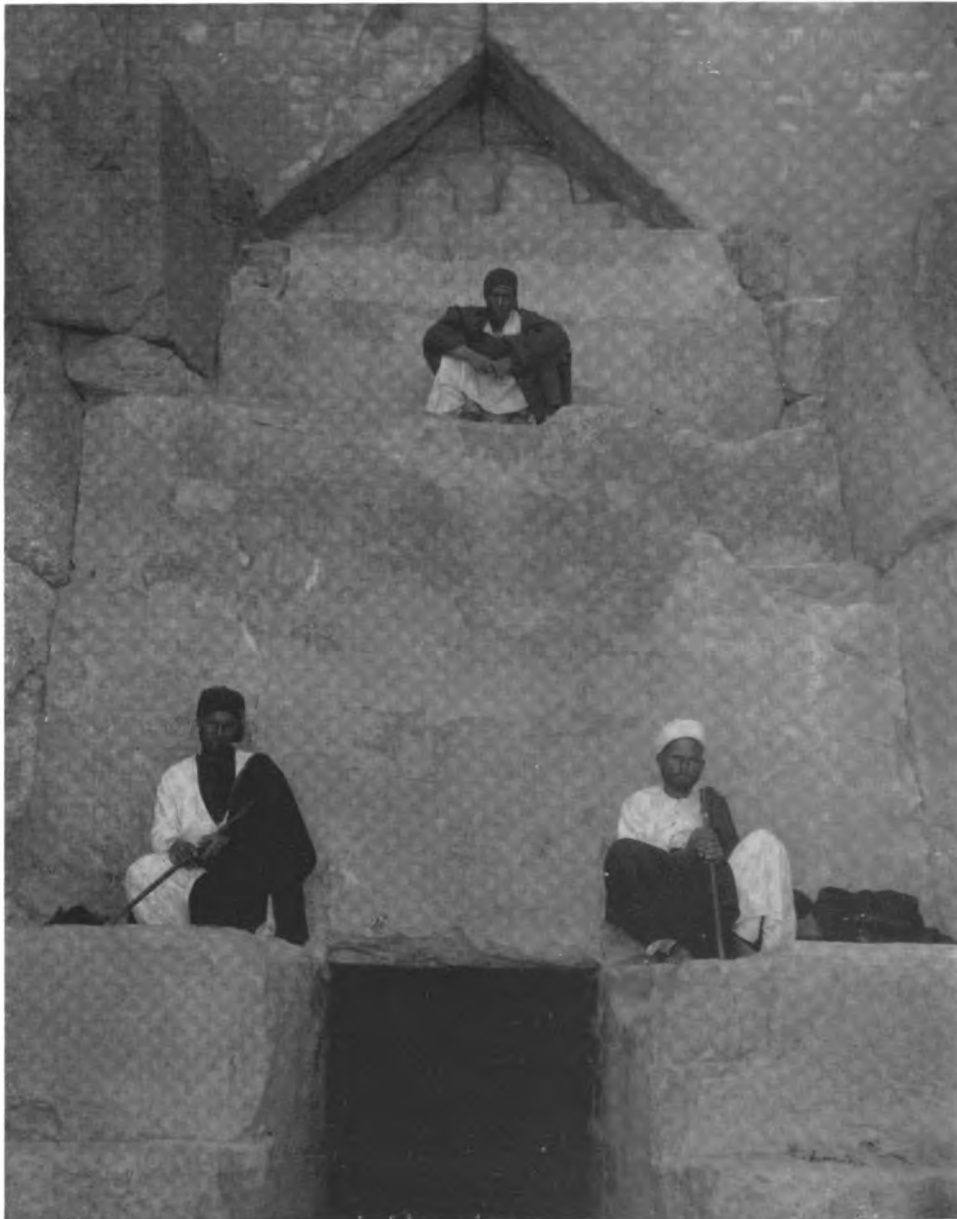
we must cease with one last example of a very different type, from a different nation indeed, and yet springing from the same vivifying influence of Buddhism which has been so great a part of all Chinese life — that religion whose spread was not by the sword, nor its sanction claimed for war or violence. The relations of China with Tibet have always been peculiarly close, and this painting of the life-scenes of the Buddha, reproducing the stories of the *Lalita Vistara* and the chapters of the Tibetan Kanjur, is (as told by its inscriptions) a shrine piece of a Tibetan monastery, and dates from about the Seventeenth century. It was later sent to Peking as a present, and from there reached Europe some years ago; whence it became part of one of the Point Loma collections. The whole of the work is miniature, the faces full of expression are smaller than the little finger-nail; and the colors a combination of tones and brilliancy that never wearies.

Of all this Chinese art and its influence on the life of the nation, — of its poet-philosophers, at once painters and teachers and statesmen, we must form this conclusion; they can certainly be judged by no less standard, for as with all great characters and Teachers of life, it is the standard they mark up to:

Social and human evolution is a complex of forces, and those forces are introduced from time to time into human affairs by the medium of individuals. The inspiration of these so introduced forces is to be judged by their permanence and their efficaciousness. And it is essential to their character of grandness and reality that they shall transcend the occasional and the immediate, and that their formative, directive and protective social influence shall grow with time. If they are great, they cannot and will not be understood at their birth. If they are comprehensible and acclaimed as panaceas in the time of confusion wherein they have been planted, rest assured that their temporary and evanescent character is at once betrayed. This has been true in all the ages of human evolution; and it also has its application today.

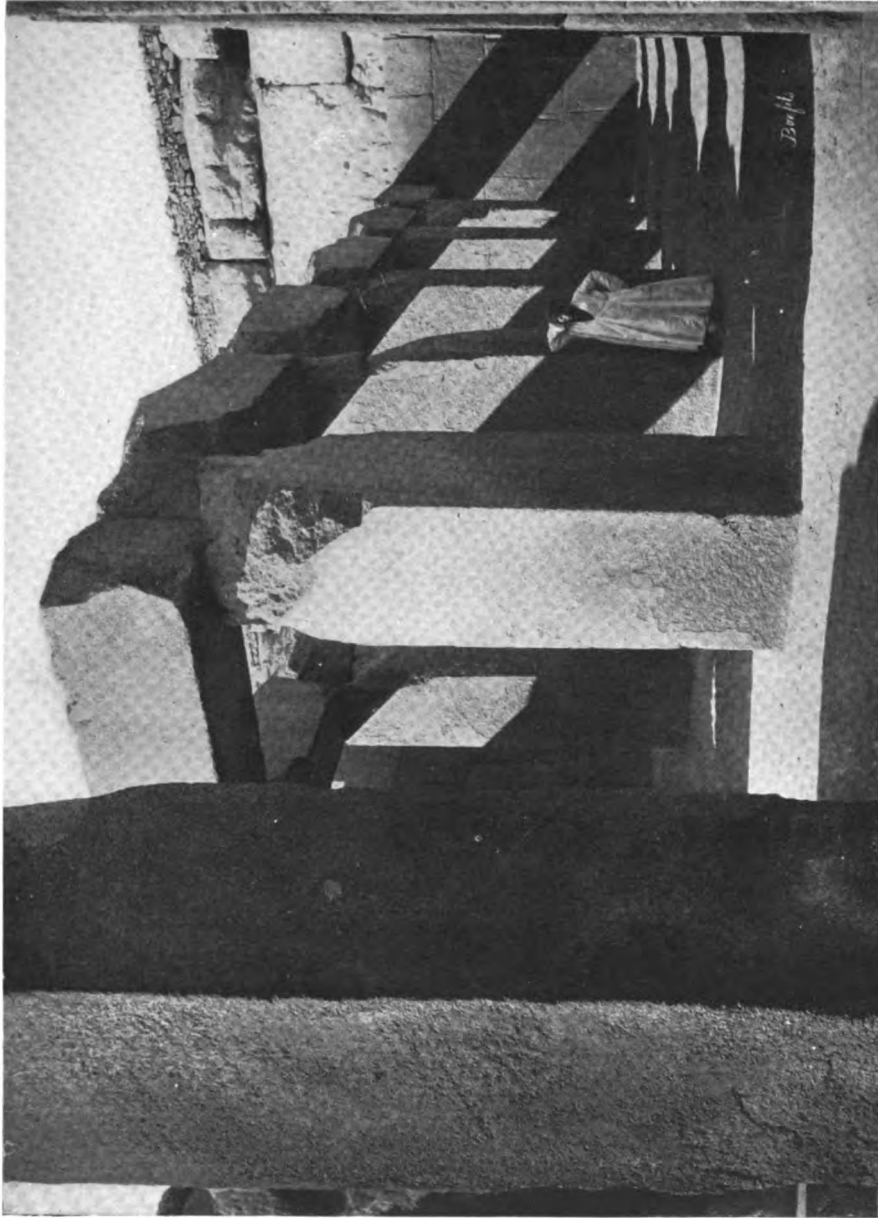


The enlargement of knowledge consists in a most minute acquaintance with the nature of things around us. A thorough acquaintance with the nature of things, renders knowledge deep and consummate; from hence proceed just ideas and desires; erroneous ideas once corrected, the affections of the soul move in a right direction; the passions thus rectified, the mind naturally obeys reason; and the empire of reason restored in the soul, domestic order follows of course; hence flows order throughout the whole province; and one province rightly governed, may be a model for the whole empire. From the Son of Heaven to the common people, one rule applies, that self-government is the root of all virtue.—*T'ai-Hio*.



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ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT PYRAMID

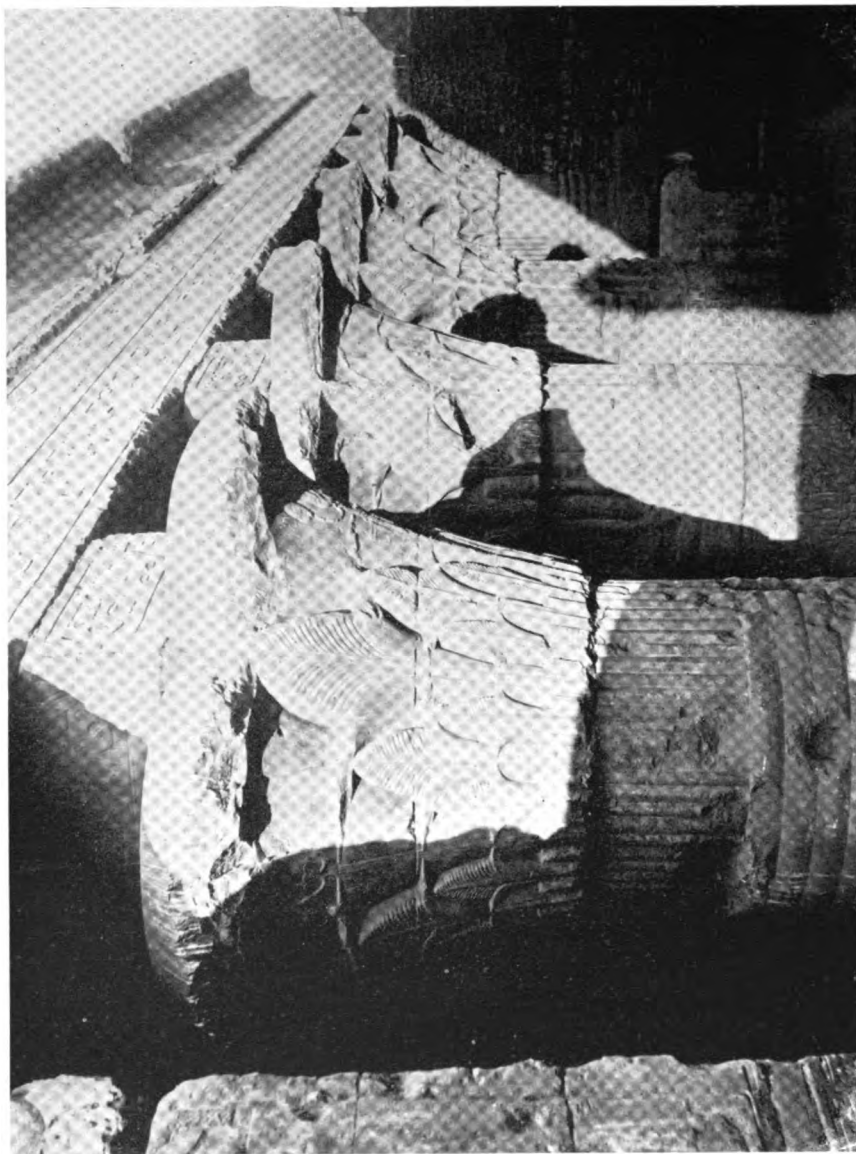


GRANITE TEMPLE, NEAR THE GREAT PYRAMID



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PORTICO OF LATER TEMPLE AT DENDERA (BEFORE THE EXCAVATIONS)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PART OF TEMPLE AT ESNEH

ANCIENT ASTRONOMY IN EGYPT, AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE: * by Prof. F. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E. (School of Antiquity)

Could we go back into the prehistoric times we should note that with successive ages came a gradual decline in spiritual knowledge as civilization succeeded civilization. But a turning point has been reached; men and women are again awakening to a knowledge of themselves and their possibilities, and are gradually moving on to a time when the ancient knowledge will be revived and become once more the possession of humanity.—*Katherine Tingley*



THE truthfulness of Herodotus having been so often vindicated within the last few decades, our respect for the accessible literature of antiquity ought surely in consequence to have been augmented. Meanwhile, the attempted generalizations of science regarding the antiquity of human culture and scientific knowledge are too often based upon disproportionate acquaintance with facts.

Now the subject of ancient astronomy brings us at once face to face with the enormous antiquity of at least one branch of highly specialized and scientific knowledge possessed by our archaic progenitors, thus enforcing the suggestion that a wide acquaintance with ancient sources of information ought to form a prerequisite to the inditing of treatises on the antiquity of highly civilized man. Remote vistas of aeons of civilization might thus escape being ignored.

For example, we find Iamblichus writing:

The Assyrians have not only preserved the memorials of seven and twenty myriads (27,000) of years, as Hipparchus says they have, but likewise of the whole planetary sidereal periods and periods of the seven rulers of the world.¹

Well, 270,000 years is a fairly long time for astronomical records to have been kept, even though not entirely those of Assyrian astronomers. Might we not inquire: How long ought it to take the Bushmen of Australia (the degenerate remnants of a pre-Atlantean age) to "evolve" to a point enabling them not only to make, but also to preserve, exact astronomical observations for 270,000 years — including, mind you, the sidereal periods of the planets? Thousands, or millions of years? The Hindûs are said, on pretty good authority, to have had the complete records of thirty-three precessional circuits, this amounting to over 850,000 years. What kind of arboreal beings were they who could even begin such a record, to say nothing of maintaining it? The French astronomer Bailly proved that by applying their

1. Proclus, on Plato's *Timaëus*, Bk. I.

* The fourteenth lecture of the University Extension course for the season of 1915-1916, given in Isis Theater, San Diego, under the auspices of the School of Antiquity.

ancient methods to an interval of over 4383 years subsequent to a recorded eclipse 5018 years ago, the resulting place of the Moon differed by less than one minute of arc from that found by the modern tables of Cassini.²

If we must seek for untutored savages, need we look back for thousands of years? When Pythagoras spent twenty-two years of his life among the temple-teachers of Egypt, who taught the heliocentric system and perhaps more about astronomy than modern astronomy dreams of, could he have anticipated that, two thousand years later, human beings were to be imprisoned, tortured, burned or put to death in the name of religion, for merely believing the Earth turned on its axis and revolved around the Sun?

Atlantis, so-called, was the whole — and yet a very different — Earth, in the days of the Fourth Root-Race, whose great final teacher of astronomy was known as Asura-Maya. It is stated in *The Secret Doctrine* that:

The chronology and computations of the ancient initiates are based upon the Zodiacal records of India, and the works of Asura-Maya. The Atlantean Zodiacal records cannot err, as they were compiled under the guidance of those who first taught astronomy, among other things, to mankind.³

In the Purânas, Romakapura (in Atlantis) is given as the birth-place of Asura-Maya, fragments of whose works are said to be still extant. The *Sûrya-Siddhânta* represents a more or less correct fragment of ancient knowledge. One notes, however, that among various other *Siddhântas*, the *Romaka-Siddhânta* is supposed to be lost, like countless thousands of other priceless archaic treatises.⁴

Taking only the surface meaning of some of the numerous figures given in the *Sûrya-Siddhânta*, the number of sidereal lunar months per sidereal year would be 13.3688, the same as modern astronomy teaches, to the fourth decimal place; while as for Mars, its sidereal year would be 1.8808 times that of the Earth, again as with the moderns. When examined more carefully, with reference to the movement of a star called Revati, many results of great interest follow, which have not, so far as known, been investigated by modern astronomers.

2. *Traité de l'Astronomie Indienne et Orientale*: Paris, 1787

Nevertheless, Bailly, Dupuis and others, relying on the purposely mutilated accounts of Hindû chronology, brought from India by certain too zealous and as unscrupulous missionaries, built up fantastic theories upon ancient chronology.

3. Vol. II, 49.

4. *Sûrya-Siddhânta*, Burgess, 277: New Haven, 1860.

For instance, the vernal equinox, with a mean regression of fifty seconds of arc in longitude annually, took 24,000 years to return to Revatî, with its four seconds of direct annual motion — which is deduced from widely separated data, covering a period of about 25,000 years. Thus there would be eighteen such circuits in 432,000 years (four apsidal revolutions of the Earth⁵), which is a particular measure of time considered by some to have had a newly commencing epoch at the time of the departure of Krishna, 5018 years ago, when the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* was written. By the way, that book contains eighteen chapters. Strange to say, the star Revatî seems to have disappeared, although Revatî was also the name of the twenty-seventh lunar mansion.

The prior source of ancient Egypt's knowledge of astronomy was undoubtedly India. In Kullûka-Bhatta's *History of India*, it is stated that:

Under the reign of Viśvâmitra, first king of the dynasty of Soma-Vanga, in consequence of a battle which lasted five days, Manu-Vina, heir of the ancient kings, being abandoned by the Brâhmans, emigrated with all his companions, passing through Ārya, and the countries of Barria, till he came to the shores of Masra.

H. P. Blavatsky adds:

Unquestionably this Manu-Vina and Mena, the first Egyptian king, are identical.

Ārya, is Eran (Persia); Barria, is Arabia; and Masra, was the name of Cairo, which to this day is called *Masr*, Musr and Misro. Phœnician history names Maser as one of the ancestors of Hermes.⁶

The Ethiopians — old as were the Egyptians in arts and sciences — claimed priority of antiquity and learning. We can understand, then, how the Egyptian priests came to possess the Zodiacs of Asura-Maya, and how it came to pass that the original Dendera zodiac was painted on a ceiling of the former temple there, over 75,000 years ago; while, as Volney points out, in his *Ruins of Empires*, the Hellenic zodiac could not have been more than 15,000 years old.

Pomponius Mela wrote that the Egyptians preserved in written records the memory of the fact that the stars had completed four revolutions, or more than 100,000 years, during their history.⁷ Pliny wrote that Epigenes assigned 720,000 years to the astronomical ob-

5. *General Astronomy*, Young, 138: New York, 1904.

6. *Isis Unveiled*, H. P. Blavatsky, Vol. I, 627.

7. *Ancient Fragments*, Cory: London, 1832.

servations of the Chaldaeans.⁸ Again, the word “king” sometimes meant a whole race. Thus Polyhistor said that Berosus (whose works are believed to have dealt with a period of 200,000 years) referred to a certain historic period consisting of 120 sari, one saros being 1600 years; and Abydenus wrote of a first “king” who reigned for ten sari, equivalent to 36,000 years.⁹

One of the most successful attempts to unravel the mystery and meaning of the Great Pyramid was the couple of volumes written by Marsham Adams, published a few years ago, entitled *The Book of the Master*, and *The House of the Hidden Places*. These have been admitted to be a solution along important lines, tracing, as they do, a connexion between the ritual of the ancient Egyptian work entitled *The Coming Forth by Day* (generally now known as *The Book of the Dead*), and the interior design of the colossal edifice. Thirty years, however, before these two volumes saw the light, H. P. Blavatsky wrote:

Herodotus did not tell all, although he knew that the *real* purpose of the pyramid was very different from that which he assigns to it. Were it not for his religious scruples, he might have added that, externally [that is, physically] it symbolized the creative principle of nature, and illustrated also the principles of geometry, mathematics, astrology and astronomy. Internally, it was a majestic fane, in whose somber recesses were performed the Mysteries, and whose walls had often witnessed the initiation-scenes of members of the royal family.¹⁰

H. P. Blavatsky said it is impossible to fix the date of the pyramids by any of the rules of modern science.

Consequently, the attempt is perhaps natural to endeavor to fix the date of the Great Pyramid, to begin with, by discarding some of the hitherto accepted rules of modern science, including even the theory of the law — or the law of the theory — of gravitation; which, however, is already being questioned by many of the keenest scientific minds.

There would not be time to give even the briefest résumé of recent theories of matter, electrons, magnetons, ether and gravitation, or of the investigations regarding the latter of Professors Lodge, Jaumann, Crookes, Lorentz, Maxwell, Naumann, See, Seeliger, Le Sage, Kelvin, Föppl, Bjerknes, Larmor, Schuster, Schott, Messers. Emile Belot, Bachelet, Singer, Berens, and others. One or two points, however, must be noted, as introductory to what follows.

8. *Hist. Nat.*, lib. vii, c. 56. 9. *Anc. Frag.*, Cory. 10. *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, 519.

Professor Young, in *A Textbook of General Astronomy*, says, "The agreement," (with Newton's famous calculation regarding the Moon) "does not establish the theory, . . . because the forces might really differ as much in their nature as an electrical attraction and a magnetic." ¹¹

What is, or rather let us ask, what was the theory of the law of gravitation? That every particle in the whole universe attracts every other particle with a force varying directly as the masses, and inversely as the square of the distance. In *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky turned her salvos of good-humored raillery on this, pointing out that even Newton himself, in his famous letter to Bentley, showed that he believed in nothing of the kind. And as Science now freely confesses that it neither knows what a "particle" is, nor even what "mass" is — except that the latter seems to be an implicit function of velocity — perhaps the raillery was justified.

Meantime, the prevailing phenomenon in the laboratories is one of emanation, or repulsion; and when attraction is observed, cohesive, electric, etc., it simply defies gravitational theory.

Sir Oliver Lodge, after telling us that we do not know what an electron is, goes on to say that the attraction or repulsion between two of them is One Thousand Millions of Millions times what the "gravitational force" ought to be! ¹²

Does not a platinum crucible weigh less when warm, than when cold? Does not the newly invented theory of Isostasy suggest a serious defect in gravitational theory? Do not the phenomena of the occasional levitation of physical objects and even human beings, attested by some well-known scientists, point to the same conclusion?

Sir William Crookes, after repeating the famous Cavendish experiment, under crucial conditions, reported:

I have not been able to get distinct evidence of an independent force (not being in the nature of light or heat) urging the ball and mass together.

A key to the whole subject was suggested by H. P. Blavatsky nearly forty years ago, and a little attentive study shows it to be a more thoroughly scientific presentation of the question than can be discovered in anything since written, especially when read in relation to much else on the same and closely connected topics from her pen. Her words were:

11. Page 279.

12. *Harper's Magazine*, April, 1913.

The Earth is a magnet, charged with one form of electricity, say positive, which it evolves continually by spontaneous action in the interior, or center of motion. Organic or inorganic bodies, if left to themselves, will constantly and involuntarily charge themselves with and evolve the form of electricity opposite to the Earth's. Hence attraction.¹³

Here the words "magnet" and "form of electricity" obviously connote meanings as yet unfamiliar. But many gaps in the phenomena of radiation, etc., remain uninvestigated. Magnetism, as known through effects in steel, etc., may be found to be merely a specialized effect — like polarized light in a crystal, and other potent forms of real magnetism may be discovered — that is, isolated — including terrestrial attraction coming from the interior, and not from surface rocks. Evidently this attraction (which we call weight) may be found capable of increase or diminution, the "quantity of matter" remaining unaffected.

Putting interplanetary influences aside for the moment, the bearing of all this upon Ancient Astronomy is, that that the *historic* movements of the Earth, including certain peculiar graduated, and yet at times variable, inversions of the celestial poles, which by no means conform to current theory, can be better represented to our minds, and in the more or less empirical expressions of what we term celestial mechanics, as the result of an interplay between invisible solar emanations of a particular order, and what we may call the Earth's "electro-magnetic" emanations, always combined with the effects of gyroscopic action. The mystery of rotation itself is involved. But one cannot go into further detail at present, except to observe that one difficulty, which must sooner or later be recognized, is the actual *ontological* character of the invisible forces in operation. This reminds us of what M. Belot wrote, not long ago, in the *Revue Scientifique*,¹⁴ as follows:

The universe had once [and why not now?] like every living organism, its arteries carrying material and movement to all the stars in formation, *like the blood in living organisms*; these arteries were the whirlwinds of cosmic materials, analogous to the filamentary nebulae of the Pleiades, binding between them the stars, the nuclei of the planets to those of their suns, etc., etc.

In 1889, H. P. Blavatsky said:

The Sun has but one distinct function: it gives the impulse of life to all that

13. *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, 23.

14. March 21, 1914.

lives and breathes under its light. The Sun is the throbbing heart of the system; each throb being *an impulse*. But this heart is invisible; no astronomer will ever see it. That which is concealed in this heart and that which we feel and see, its apparent flame and fire, to use a simile, are *the nerves governing the muscles of the solar system*, and nerves, moreover, outside of the body. The impulse is not mechanical, but a purely spiritual, nervous impulse.¹⁵

Movements, however complex, which when mentally isolated from noumenal causes, seem at first to obey merely mechanical laws, like an automobile round a race-track, nevertheless require Mechanicians to control them. Current theory, in essence rather kinematic than truly dynamic, serves well enough for the preparation of the *Nautical Almanac*, when corrected as it is every year or two from actual observation, in order to find out where things really are. Density may be modified in meaning, seeing that in truth we know little about it. Similarly regarding the constants called "mass," as applied to planets, etc. Astronomical mathematics must have same tools to work with, even if they be what Huxley, and probably the author of *Science and Hypothesis*, Henri Poincaré, would have called "representative fictions."

According to current theory, tidal friction ought to result in an *increase* of obliquity to the ecliptic, whereas the facts are precisely opposite. Tidal friction, as a retarding force, has in consequence been sometimes denied; but this appears unreasonable. May not the forces actually at work be more potent than tidal friction? Again, perturbations are facts, and so Neptune was in our time rediscovered. But theory failed to discover its distance from the Sun, which turned out to be very different from that which Adams and Leverrier had imagined.

Now what are the facts, regarding the gradual inversion of the Poles? Primarily, that it is attested by the whole of antiquity. Thus the Egyptians informed Herodotus that the Poles of the Earth and of the Ecliptic had formerly coincided, and that even since their first Zodiacal records were commenced, the Poles had been three times within the plane of the Ecliptic, as the initiates taught.¹⁶

The *Book of Enoch*, a résumé of the history of the third, fourth and part of the fifth root-races, was held by Origen and Clement of Alexandria in the highest esteem. It is quoted copiously in the *Pistis Sophia*, a Gnostic fragment preserved in Coptic; it is also quoted in

15. *Transactions Blavatsky Lodge*, Vol. II, 24-5. 16. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 368.

the *Zohar* and its most ancient Midrashim. And it makes reference to the Earth's axis having become greatly inclined at one time. And so on, in Sanskrit, Greek and Latin literature.

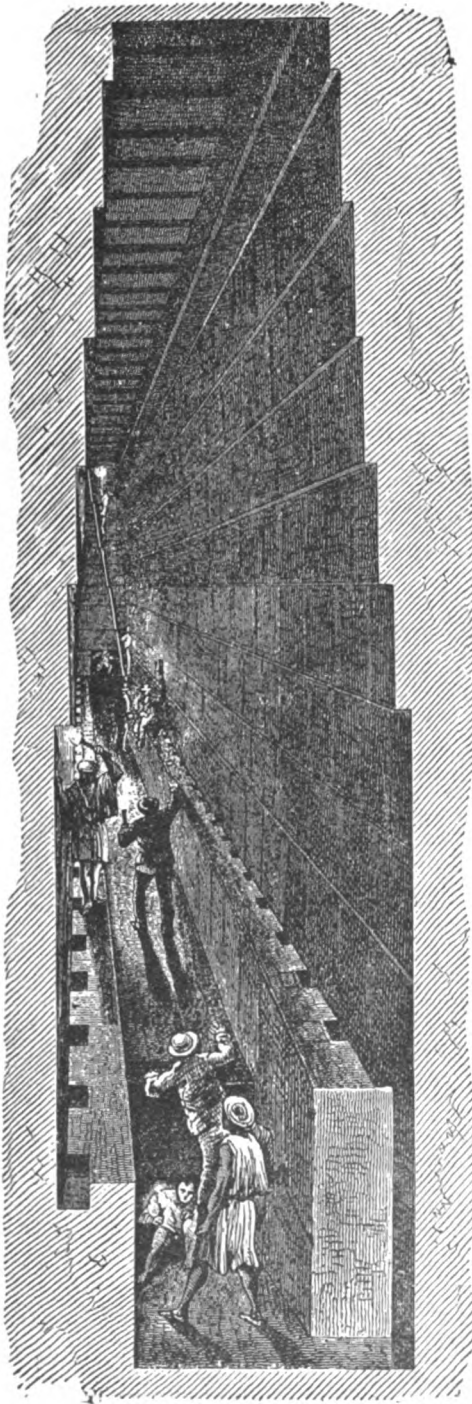
The text-books give an observation of the obliquity of the ecliptic made in China 3000 years ago. It was $23^{\circ}54'$. If we use the formula published in the *Nautical Almanac*, it should only have been $23^{\circ}41'$. But according to the general law indicated by the esoteric philosophy, namely, a change of four degrees per great precessional circuit, it should have been $23^{\circ}54'$, exactly as observed.

The meaning is, that the celestial pole, instead of describing a uniform circle in 26,000 years around the pole of the Earth's orbital plane at a mean distance of about $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from it, actually describes a spiral, ending, after one complete revolution, four degrees nearer the ecliptic pole than at the start of the circuit.

This simple and unrecognized phenomena of the gradual inversion of the poles was well known to the ancients, as has already been indicated. It throws a vivid light on some of the methods adopted by the ancients for recording world-history. Although much in their zodiacs and symbolism still awaits our unraveling, a great deal in this direction has already been outlined by H. P. Blavatsky. It happened, too, that in the early years of the last century a man who, like Jakob Böhme, was a self-taught shoemaker, and who lived in Norwich, England, gained an insight into this law in a way perhaps difficult for us to understand — or it would be, were Reincarnation not another of the mysterious facts in nature. He may also have been a conscious or unconscious pupil of some teachers who were in Europe a century ago or more. And notwithstanding a number of errors, which a study of *The Secret Doctrine* tends to correct, Mackey's *Key of Urania*, published in 1820, is a most interesting little work on ancient astronomy, and a number of important passages are repeated with approval by H. P. Blavatsky.

A simple calculation shows that the equinoctial must have been perpendicular to the ecliptic somewhat over 430,000 years ago. For a considerable period before and after that epoch the climatic conditions in all parts not reasonably near the equator must have been violent in their severity. Many racial changes of habitat must have been going on for a long time.

A solitary instance may serve to illustrate the possibility that exists of interpreting certain ancient symbols and mythologies, when we



HALL OF THE ORBIT

we have succeeded in freeing our minds from the preconception that "prehistoric" humanity knew little of importance.

In the sixth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, it says that Lycia had the Chimaera there, when the violent sun scorched the country. In the *Iliad* and elsewhere we read that Bellerophon, on Pegasus, conquered the Chimaera at the command of Iobates, king of Lycia. Now the Chimaera, modeled in bronze by the Etruscans,¹⁷ consists of a lion with a dragon's tail, and with a goat's head growing out of the lion's back. The dragon's tail, in such a combination, means the south pole's position among the stars; which, as it here belongs to the lion, means that the constellation Leo was at that time at the south pole. The vomiting of fire by the monster alludes to the scorching heat of the summer sun in Capricorn, the goat. The winged Pegasus may be poetically emblematic of a ship; and Bellerophon, according to Pluche, is wholesome food. Under the then prevailing conditions the winter sun was invisible in Lycia for two months or more, and this marshy and mountain-encircled country must have been inundated with melted snow in spring, after which the sun shone without break in summer for a

17. See *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, November 1915, for illustration.

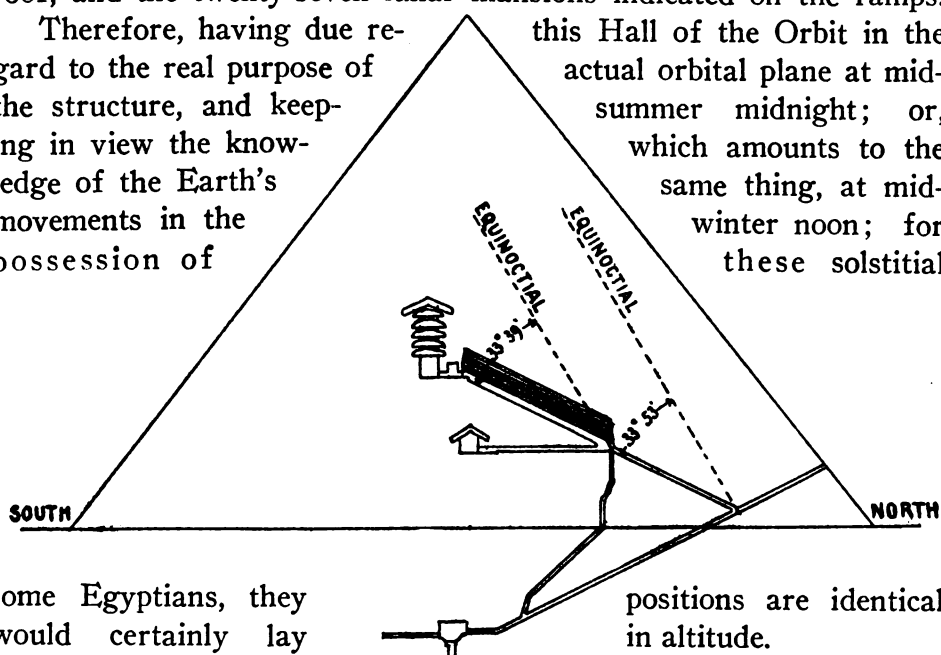
like interval. Lycia, which had no river, is in about 40° north latitude. The inhabitants of Lycia, then, at a remote period, were in their distress succored by a ruler of the time. Thus we have disguised history embodying a means for approximately determining the date.

This instance was selected because the Etruscan figure happened to be convenient at the moment. The interpretation is Mackey's. But *The Secret Doctrine* is a mine of information upon sidereal and cosmic glyphs. Moreover the wanderings of Latona, with which the foregoing episode is connected, are shown therein to symbolize events in early race migrations and history.¹⁸

Following the keys afforded us by Marsham Adams, we find that what is commonly entitled "the grand gallery" of the Great Pyramid was in ancient times known to some as the Hall of the Orbit. That it actually represented the Earth's orbital plane should be evident to the most casual observer, with the orbits of the seven planets indicated on the walls, the thirty-six decans of the Zodiac indicated on the roof, and the twenty-seven lunar mansions indicated on the ramps.

Therefore, having due regard to the real purpose of the structure, and keeping in view the knowledge of the Earth's movements in the possession of

this Hall of the Orbit in the actual orbital plane at mid-summer midnight; or, which amounts to the same thing, at mid-winter noon; for these solstitial



some Egyptians, they would certainly lay

positions are identical in altitude.

The ascending passage to the Hall of the Orbit is inclined to the horizon at $26^{\circ}7'$, while the Hall of the Orbit is at $26^{\circ}21'$. It is probable, for reasons which cannot now be entered upon, that the latitude of the axis of the Great Pyramid was then precisely 30° , which is one and a third minutes of arc only, more than is now the case.

It would follow that at the date when the Great Pyramid was originally projected or commenced, the obliquity of the ecliptic was $33^{\circ}53'$, while at about the time of the completion of the work, the obliquity had diminished to $33^{\circ}39'$, corresponding to an interval of about 1500 years. The granite blocks for the upper chamber were probably dressed long before being put in place.

W. M. Flinders Petrie, in *The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh*, notes that the construction-work of the descending and ascending passages was fully on a par with the wonderful accuracy of the masons who cut the granite blocks, including those for the upper chamber; and that the subsequent builders' work at the higher levels, even allowing for the effects of earthquakes, was of inferior quality, and in marked contrast to the prior lay-out of the main features, such as the level platform, base lengths, ascending and descending passages, etc.

Carrying the steady rate of change of mean obliquity, previously mentioned, of four degrees per great precessional circuit, back for 67,600 years prior to 1898, when the vernal equinox was about three degrees east of the star λ Virgo, the mean obliquity should then have been $33^{\circ}53'$.

Before proceeding to some further results of investigation regarding this date and that of the first of the earlier pyramids, we must talk a little about the stars in general. At 31,115 years prior to 1898, the mean vernal equinox southed less than a minute before Aldebaran reached the meridian, as nearly as can perhaps be estimated. And 5018 years ago it was about five minutes. For this and other reasons, probably 25,920 years is a fairly good approximation to the mean length of the great precessional circuit, during the periods we are considering.

Let us now glance at some ancient customs involving the Pleiades. In Japan, when the Pleiades culminate at midnight, they commemorate some great calamity which befel the world. The *Talmud* connects the Pleiades with a great destructive flood. They culminate at midnight on the 17th of November, a date observed, with the same significance, alike by the Aztecs, Hindûs, Japanese, Egyptians, Ceylonese, Persians and Peruvians. On the 17th of November, no petition was presented in vain to the kings of Persia. Prescott, in his *Conquest of Mexico*, speaks of a great festival held by the Mexicans in November, at the time of the midnight culmination of the Pleiades,

and the Spanish conquerors found in Mexico a tradition that the world was once destroyed when the Pleiades culminated at midnight.

At the end of every fifty-two years, and at that identical midnight moment of the year, the Aztecs still seemed to imagine the world might end, the entire population *passing the remainder of the night on their knees, awaiting their doom* — perhaps the most remarkable instance of race-memory on record. Equally extraordinary, however, is the fact that the Australian aborigines, at the midnight culmination of the Pleiades in November, hold a festival connected with the dead. Some masonic bodies of the present day hold memorial services to the dead in the middle of November.

The Druids, at the beginning of November, had a similar festival, which seems to have included the three consecutive days now called "All Hallow Eve," "All Saints' Day" and "All Souls'," clearly indicating a festival of the dead, and doubtless originally regulated, like all the others, by the Pleiades. Ethnologically, the fact that this festival is also celebrated at the same time and for the same reason in the Tonga Islands of the Fiji group, has especial significance. For the Tongas, as well as the Samoans and Tahitians, belong to the *very earliest of the surviving Atlantean sub-races*, and are of a higher stature than the rest of mankind.

Attention is drawn to the Pleiades, partly because of these historic associations, and partly because this small group, which begins the constellation Taurus or Apis, the Bull, happens to have held a supreme place in ancient astronomy and symbolism. In the temples of ancient Egypt, to know the age of Apis, signified to possess a clue to many a life-cycle.

Probably, then, we shall not be far wrong in placing the beginning of Taurus on the great circle through the pole of the ecliptic and the principal star in the Pleiades, Alcyone. In his valuable work, *The Gods of the Egyptians*, Dr. Budge is correct, as already suggested, in stating that the Dendera Zodiacs show in their details Greek influence. But these are not the original Zodiac of the ancient former temple at Dendera. The facts are that, in the earlier days of Egypt, only ten signs were known to the public, and Scorpio was joined to Virgo. But in the temples there were always two additional signs, and those among the Greeks who knew the facts made a change of name, though conveying symbolically the same ideas, making the former public Virgo-Scorpio into two, and adding Libra. The latter stands between

the macrocosmic symbolism of the first six, and the microcosmic of the last five. But H. P. Blavatsky pointed out long ago that the key to the Zodiac has to be turned seven times.¹⁹

Astronomically, the thirty-six decans seen in the rectangular Dendera zodiac were always distributed equally around the circle. Therefore, starting from Alcyone at 0° Taurus, we find Regulus at 0° Leo, Antares at 10° Scorpio, and Fomalhaut at 4° Aquarius. In what follows, *this* Zodiac is made the standard of reference.

At the time suggested for the commencement of the Great Pyramid, 67,600 years ago, we find the tenth degree of Libra at the vernal equinox, the summer solstice occurring in the tenth degree of Capricorn, which is found at the head of the rectangular Dendera Zodiac.

Now the first pyramids, according to an ancient commentary, were built at the beginning of a great precessional cycle, under α Polaris, when it was at lowest culmination with reference to the actual pole, and on the same meridian both with that and Alcyone, which latter was higher than the pole.²⁰ The meaning is a little obscure, as giants are also mentioned, and it may be suspected that we have here a reference to Atlantean times. Nevertheless it is not improbable, having regard to Egyptian procedure in these matters, that something corresponding was done there, and at a corresponding time. Now we find the latest prior time at which Alcyone and α Polaris were on the same meridian, the celestial pole being at the same time at nearly its furthest from α Polaris, was when the summer solstice occurred in the eighth degree of Libra, 86,860 years prior to 1898. The pole would then be near to the spear-head of Boötes, Alcyone being higher in the south, at Gizeh, than the pole in the north.

Again, we find that, 9100 years prior to 1898, the summer solstice was in the eighth degree of Libra, thus concluding three great precessional cycles, which agrees with other data.²¹

The figures thus ascertained also show close correspondence with the statement that "the Egyptians have on their zodiacs irrefutable proofs of records having embraced about 87,000 years."²²

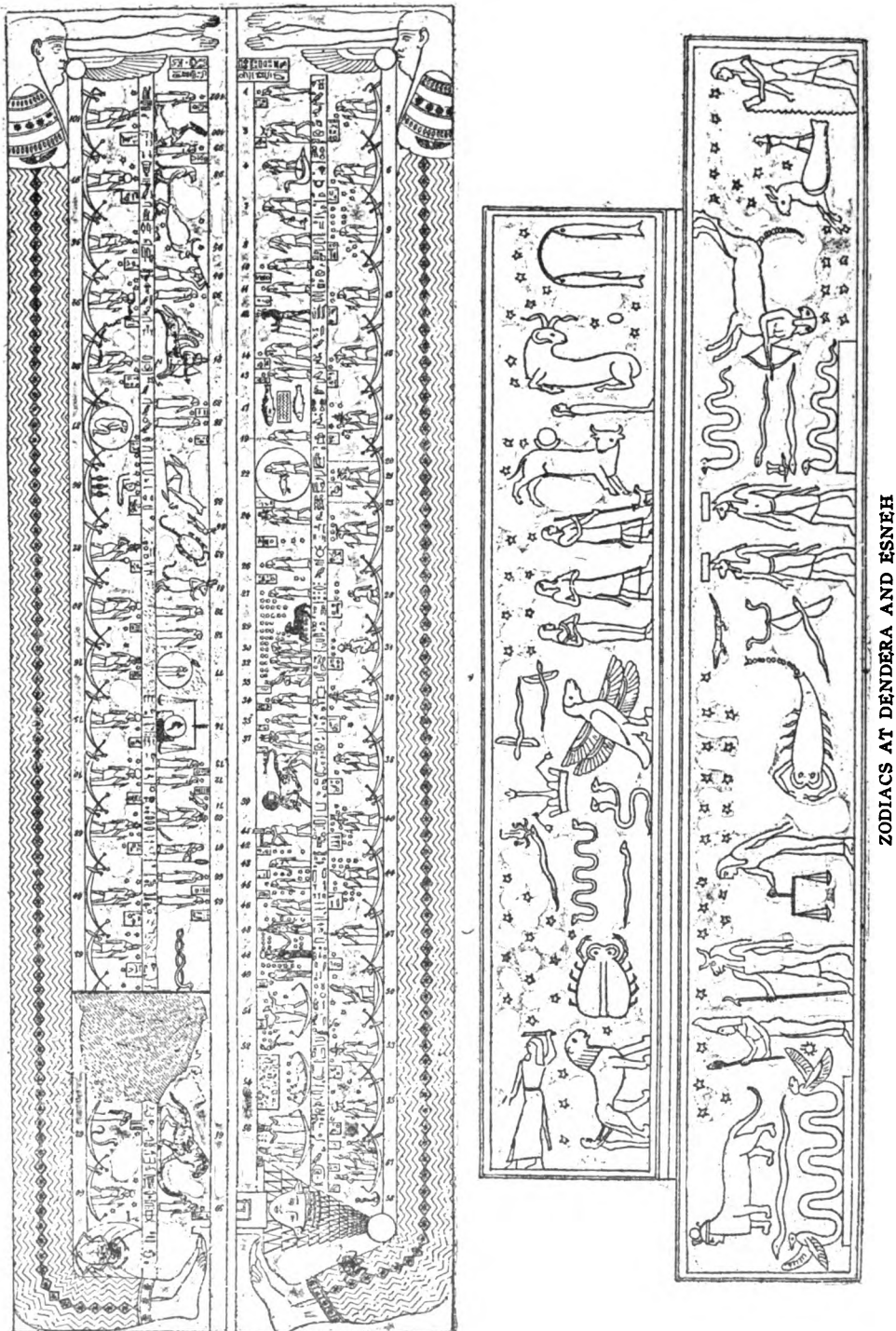
19. *Isis Unveiled*, II, 461.

20. *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky, Vol. I, 435.

21. *Ibid.*, II, 330-1, 768. The word MINOR, line 7 from foot of page 768, is a misprint for MAJOR. As to "the further end of Ursa Major's tail," in the original sentence of *The Key of Urania* the words are, "the tip of Ursa Major's tail." Mackey here made a slip of 180°.

22. *Ibid.*, II, 332.





Reverting to the Great Pyramid, Petrie found the pavement around the base so accurately leveled as to entail skill in the use of the best modern instruments to cope with the accuracy; while as to the long descending passage, where he used offset staffs from the theodolite line measuring to twentieths of an inch, he confessed he had not got within the limits of accuracy of the builders, adding that he would have to repeat the measurements with offsets measuring to *hundredths of an inch*. This is in reference, be it remembered, not to a small piece of mechanism one could lay upon a table, but to parts of a solid building of the heaviest kind of masonry covering thirteen acres of ground, and rising to a height, from lowest chamber to summit, of nearly six hundred feet.

The height from the pavement level to the intersection of the original casing surfaces is 5773.4 inches, as found, within minute limits of probable error, by Petrie. The base length being 9068.8 inches, it follows that the circuit of the base at pavement level is precisely the circumference of a circle of radius equal to the height. The long descending passage is inclined at the angle whose tangent is two, to the vertical axis — an angle which should be regarded as the fundamental one of solid geometry, inasmuch as six sphere diameters inclined at this mutual angle give rise at once to all the regular solids of Pythagoras, which are at the root, in a sense, of crystalline and flower structure. The upper granite chamber, whose length is precisely double the width, repeats this angle: and the height being half the floor diagonal, the cubic diagonal is exactly five times the half-width. It has been said of these primitive savages, the Egyptians, that their knowledge of geometry began where that of Euclid, seven myriads of years later, ended. Would it not be curious, if the same could be said of their astronomical and geodetic knowledge, as compared with ours?

Let us look for a moment into this. Had it not been for the enthusiasm of Piazzi Smyth, a former Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, we should probably not be in possession of Petrie's most careful survey, with every detail of instruments and methods described, and the probable limits of error calculated minutely in every instance. His measurements, though destroying some of Piazzi Smyth's theories, have established much of import. It was Petrie himself who drew attention to the close agreement between the double circuit of the Great Pyramid, at the pavement level as well as at the different levels of the

four corner-sockets, and the length of a minute of arc — that is, a geographical mile — as estimated in various ways.

Since then, the figure of the Earth has been the subject of laborious investigation, and the Hayford spheroid of 1909 is now adopted. On this basis we find the present length of one minute of latitude at the equator to be 72,555.8 inches. The double circuit of the Pyramid at pavement level, adopting Petrie's final results, is 72,550.4 inches, which is slightly less. This and other results, including the present latitude of the building, suggest clues to a proximate cause of earthquakes, if the equatorial radius has for long been gradually diminishing, and the polar increasing. Similar things have happened in the far remote past,²³ and as the planet, like all else in the universe, is alive, and not dead, it may be happening still. Powerful stresses would arise, accompanying changes in length of meridians and some circles of latitude. Puget Sound, the Grand Canyon and some results of the San Francisco earthquakes,²⁴ point to a similar conclusion.

How was it that the Egyptians always represented the Sun as blue? Nowadays it needs our Rayleighs to find this out. Why was granite employed in certain parts of the Pyramid? Only a few months have elapsed since peculiar radioactive qualities of granite were discovered.

At the time suggested for the foundation of the Great Pyramid, Sirius, or Sothis, had disappeared. It was then on the other side of the Milky Way, but invisible at Gizeh, owing to the position of the celestial pole among the stars. Some fifteen or twenty centuries later, Sothis reappeared, after the pyramid was finished. A few weeks ago, Professor Pupin²⁵ announced that we are stone-blind and stone-deaf to vast ranges of phenomena. Perhaps he might have added: and to certain stellar and planetary emanations also. However that may be, one reads that:

Sirius has a direct influence over the whole *living* heaven. It is found in connexion with every religion of antiquity, and with initiations in the Great Pyramid.

While on this point it may be worth noticing that a writer in *The English Mechanic*²⁶ has found, from a lengthy series of observations, that what we call magnetic storms are more prevalent when the

23. Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 325.

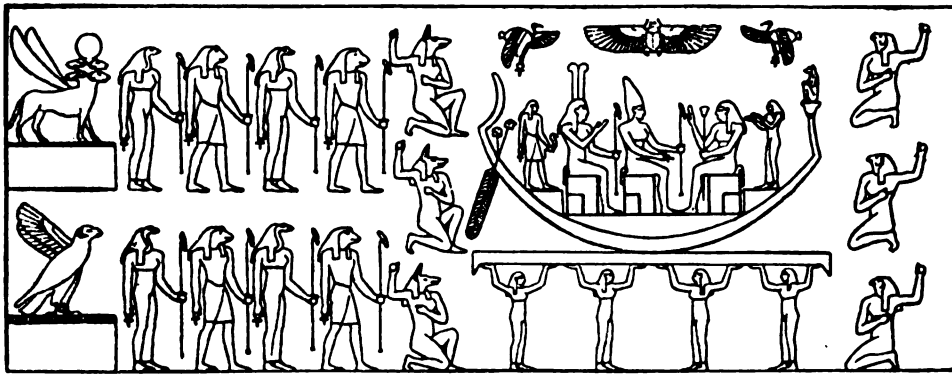
24. Cf. *Bulletin Seism. Soc. Amer.*, Vol. I, 34.

25. *Science*, December 10, 1915.

26. December 17, 1915.

Moon is near certain longitudes. And these longitudes are practically those of Alcyone, Regulus, Antares and Fomalhaut — the “royal stars” of the Persians.

The accompanying Egyptian figure shows the *cortège* of the Sun floating through space, with regions approaching from the north-east.²⁷ So they knew of the solar motion through space! At the time suggested for the foundation of the Great Pyramid, the pole



SOLAR CORTÈGE

would be near to the neck of Cygnus, the Swan. Should it be found that the Egyptians, among other reasons for the structure, wished to commemorate the fact that the Earth's axis was then pointing to the apex of the Sun's way (now estimated as nearer to Vega), we should be in possession of an element of the solar orbit.

Only one hundred and fifty years of something like exact observation, with new sources of error often appearing, is hardly enough for correct cosmic theory. Had it not been for the destructive spirit of vandals and fanatics we might now have a better knowledge of ancient astronomy. But what we do have should be enough to spur us on to more intelligent conceptions of cosmogony.

When we have deeper respect for the knowledge, character and achievements of our ancestors and their divine Teachers, and learn how to live in harmony — then help in scientific directions as well as in more important ways, may again come from those — “who first TAUGHT astronomy, among other things, to mankind.”

27. From *The Gods of Egypt*, Dr. Wallis Budge: London, 1904.



THE SCREEN OF TIME

F. J. Dick, Editor

The Sacredness of Life

THE greatness and sacredness of life was the subject of an address by Mme. Katherine Tingley at Isis Theater last night. In the beginning she spoke of the message of Jesus to the minds of his day, and then of the efforts of Paul to give the truth. Neither organized a religion, but each sought only to give the age-old truths of human life, she said.

"If the message of Jesus was the great and powerful, all-reforming thing we are told, would humanity be in the state it is today?" Mme. Tingley asked. "But we have only the interpretations instead of the spirit itself; men are told they are sinners. Theosophy does not say that to you, though it does accept that you were born imperfect, with the power to advance, a doctrine of optimism, putting all on their feet with knowledge and encouragement.

"Science, too, helps; but it has to deal with facts, and since it has not broken through the mental obscurations, and sees only the external body, it cannot tell of the divine and spiritual body within. The physicians do their best, and, too, from humane standpoints; but they work only on the physical, being themselves the progeny of the times. What do they know of the inner meaning behind each life? Theosophy holds that nature is working out results in accordance with the higher knowledge that is behind and guides the plan. And so it is not right to cut off a soul that has come into life, away from the experience that may belong to it.

"Think of a man as a soul, not just a mere physical thing; and what then do or can we know of the meaning and reason for the form he has entered? To say 'God permitted it to be born so,' or to decide to help it out of life, or to let it die when we could save life, is monstrous.

"Life is life, and sacred. And when we argue otherwise, knowing nothing of that soul's life, what will the sure and certain results be? Will not many others, relying on the 'humane judgment' of these learned men, the more easily convince themselves that it may after all be only right to let some little one seemingly born to misfortune or dishonor, die? It would not be right, or logical. The age is the one at fault; and theology with its teaching of but a single life.

"Respect for human life is what we lack today. Across the water is a war so horrible that the brain refuses to dwell on it. But what of the reaping we must have even here in America, peaceful and liberty-loving as we call ourselves — making money, boasting of the great prosperity we are getting from the condition of the world."—*San Diego Union*, December 6, 1915.

Isis Theater Meetings

THE Sunday evening meetings in Isis Theater during the past month have been conducted by graduate students of the Râja-Yoga College. We have not space for an account of these, but the following, culled from press reports, will be of interest as showing the character of the replies to questions, which constantly evoked applause.

A question which brought forth more than ordinary interest was one asking whether Theosophists believed in a coming Christ, and if so, when he was to come. This aroused earnest protests from the speakers against every such desecration of the spirit and memory of true religion and the name of the Nazarene. The only coming of a Christ to be looked for is, all were united in declaring, not a caricature nor a catch-penny, but a coming into the hearts of men of the true, the real Christian spirit, so that men will know their task as men to try to live out their higher possibilities and to live in service to the race.

Another question which brought out almost a dozen answers from different ones was as to what was the nature of an eternal evolution, and would it not be only a continuous useless round of becoming "perfect" only to begin over again, and what is the inducement? To this the answers were that eternal progress, activity and growth could never weary; that life after life was was but chance after chance to learn, to correct mistakes, to accomplish more, to meet again and work in new lives on earth in the same company with those whom we had grown and worked with before.

One question sought to learn where lies the justice, under Reincarnation, of a man suffering for deeds in a past life which he no longer remembers. To this question the answer was given that he does remember, only not with the same kind of memory; that there is a memory by the brain of the things that are its daily province and which are sent to it by the senses; but there is another memory, of the soul, or the conscience, of the real man who is to profit and who does finally profit by all the stern and kindly justice of nature, which does not allow evil to go on without its inevitable reaction somewhere and at some time. Such a man was compared to one who has run up a large account, the separate items of which he may forget entirely; he may pay the account in part, go on a long journey, become greatly changed in character and nature, and yet when he returns he must meet the old debt and — square his account.

The question was asked what was the incentive for the Râja-Yoga student, since there was no competition in the system. The answer was that the very absence of competition in the life of the Râja-Yoga pupil was itself the greatest incentive in the system; the alternative only means jealousy and heart-burnings and is indeed the whole cause of all the trials that are threatening the life of the civilization of the Western world today. But the Râja-Yoga student, on the contrary, instead of being held to think of getting ahead of some one else, has the far worthier object of being thrown back upon himself, to bring out his best for the sake of the good that it can be put to.

**Dramatic Work in Aid of Otago Flood Sufferers**

IN connexion with the efforts of San Diego citizens to extend aid to the sufferers from the recent severe floods in the neighborhood, two benefit performances in the Isis Theater were offered to the relief committee by Mme. Katherine Tingley. These took place under the auspices of the Men's and Women's International Theosophical Humanitarian Leagues,

on January 24 and February 7. The drama selected was Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. Some extracts from comments in the local press are appended.

All the music last night was delightful—"Under the Greenwood Tree," "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," "It Was a Lover and his Lass," and the hunting song already referred to. Incidental music was furnished by the Râja-Yoga College Theater Orchestra.

The performance was not given with the curtains alone, but with scarcely more scenery. In this way it was again demonstrated that the plays of Shakespeare need no elaborate settings. In fact they gain in continuity, for there are no breaks; the lights go out for a few moments, and the next act begins.

Among the particularly noteworthy work done last night was that of Rex Dunn, the composer of the music, as Orlando; Miss Emily Young as Rosalind; Montague Machell as Touchstone; Hubert Dunn as Jacques; Ture Dahlin as Adam, servant of Oliver; Sidney Hamilton as the Duke, and Miss Hazel Oetl as Celia.

These students, who give the play under Katherine Tingley's personal direction, are perfectly natural and spontaneous in their acting, entirely free from stiltedness on the one side and vulgarity on the other.

We have seen many Rosalinds, but it is doubtful—to speak cautiously and conservatively—whether there has been one so entirely and delightfully successful since Ellen Terry's day, as Miss Emily Young was in the Râja-Yoga benefit performance of January 24 at the Isis Theater. Nor is it only in the principal parts that one sees sustained excellence.



Book Review:
"Women, World
War and Per-
manent Peace"

THE official report of the International Conference of Women Workers to Promote Permanent Peace, entitled: *Women, World War and Permanent Peace*, May Wright Sewall, editor, which was published in San Francisco at the close of last year, forms a notable contribution to the literature of Peace. Those then gathered together from different lands were fired by the need there is for humanity to awaken to keener realization of the dangers threatening utterly to extinguish our modern civilization. Yet because of what was accomplished, said, and carried away to distant quarters, is there not ground for hope that a saner civilization may arise from the ashes of the thoughtless and unfraternal conditions now rife in every land, and not least in America? For, as Madame Tingley said (p. 85):

I hold that the future will tell in a most marked and promising way what this great effort . . . has done. Mrs. Sewall is sowing the seed now for a great time, and the beginning of the reaping is something which for the present cannot be seen on this plane; it is too deeply rooted.

The task of assembling the Conference in San Francisco last July was one of considerable difficulty, and its successful outcome was due to the dauntless perseverance of Mrs. Sewall, in face of every obstacle. She acknowledged her indebtedness to the co-operation of Madame Tingley, President-Founder of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood (p. xxi).



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CELIA ORLANDO ROSALIND JAQUES AUDREY TOUCHSTONE
 SNAPSHOTS TAKEN OF CHARACTERS IN THE PRESENTATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT"
 ON JANUARY 20TH AND FEBRUARY 7TH, 1916, AT THE ISIS THEATER, SAN DIEGO, BY GRADUATE STUDENTS OF THE
 RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

The play was given by Katherine Tingley in aid of sufferers from the breaking of the Oray Dam, San Diego.



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AUDREY	TOUCHSTONE	CELIA	ROSALIND
	JACQUES	ORLANDO	



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
AMIENS



TOUCHSTONE



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AMIENS, TOUCHSTONE, JAQUES AND ORLANDO

In the Introduction, writing of preliminary efforts in 1914, the editor says:

The universality and contemporaneousness of the uprising of women in behalf of Peace at the very outbreak of the war, is perhaps best illustrated by the apparent simultaneous conception in the minds of Rosika Schwimmer of Buda Pest, and Mme. Katherine Tingley of Point Loma . . . of the plan to have a Conference of the Neutral Nations convened. In pursuit of support for this plan Miss Schwimmer arrived in Boston in the first week of September 1914, and Mme. Tingley had already advocated that "united action should be taken by all the neutral powers in an effort for Peace," and as early as September 7th "had urged President Wilson to move in the matter."

On July 6th Mme. Tingley addressed the Conference on "The Basis of Permanent Peace" (pp. 116-124). Subjoined are some passages in the address which were greeted with prolonged applause.

Brotherhood is a fact in nature; and we must establish that fact, in our own individual lives, and in our national and international life before we can approximate a point of understanding — of judgment — or find means whereby we can establish a Permanent Peace. So that, when we stop to consider how we can approach this great subject of Peace, this subject of establishing Peace on a permanent basis, we must realize that education must be that basis. Higher education — for the old and the young, education for all; education that man may realize the immortality of the soul, that he is a part of those divine laws which hold him in their keeping; that these laws are immutable; and that just as far as he acts in consonance with those laws, just so far he advances on the path of knowledge and Peace; and just as far as he digresses from those divine laws he follows the path of ignorance, suffering and warfare. . . .

If you will look further you will see that the present conditions of warfare, unrest, vice and crime, are the results of unbrotherliness which I declare is the insanity of the age. . . .

"All these years," said one great character in Switzerland, "we have looked upon America as the Mecca of the world. We have believed that if the supreme trial came to the nations, and if war came, America would be the first to the rescue. What are your American people doing?" he asked; and I echo, What are they doing?

I could not answer: and I hope I shall not offend anyone, but we seem to be like Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up"; each waiting for the other to do something, and so on all through; and then expecting that the brain-mind of man can form a treaty that will establish a Permanent Peace. Do not believe it! It cannot be done. But, we can call the attention of the promoters of war; we can call to them to halt and let them find their consciences and consider the human features of the laws of life and mercy and tenderness and love, which must bring about Peace. . . .

I am not ready to preach that there is glory in fighting for one's country with arms, I am not ready to say this, but I teach and preach wherever I go that man should live for his country, not die for it; that he should work for the consummation of greater things for it; that he should be actuated by the spirit of the Higher Patriotism and that this most truly would bring about a **PERMANENT PEACE.**



The picture of Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson in our issue of last month was from the portrait by George Harcourt, R. A.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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

MEMBERSHIP

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

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

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

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APRIL 1916

The Theosophical Path



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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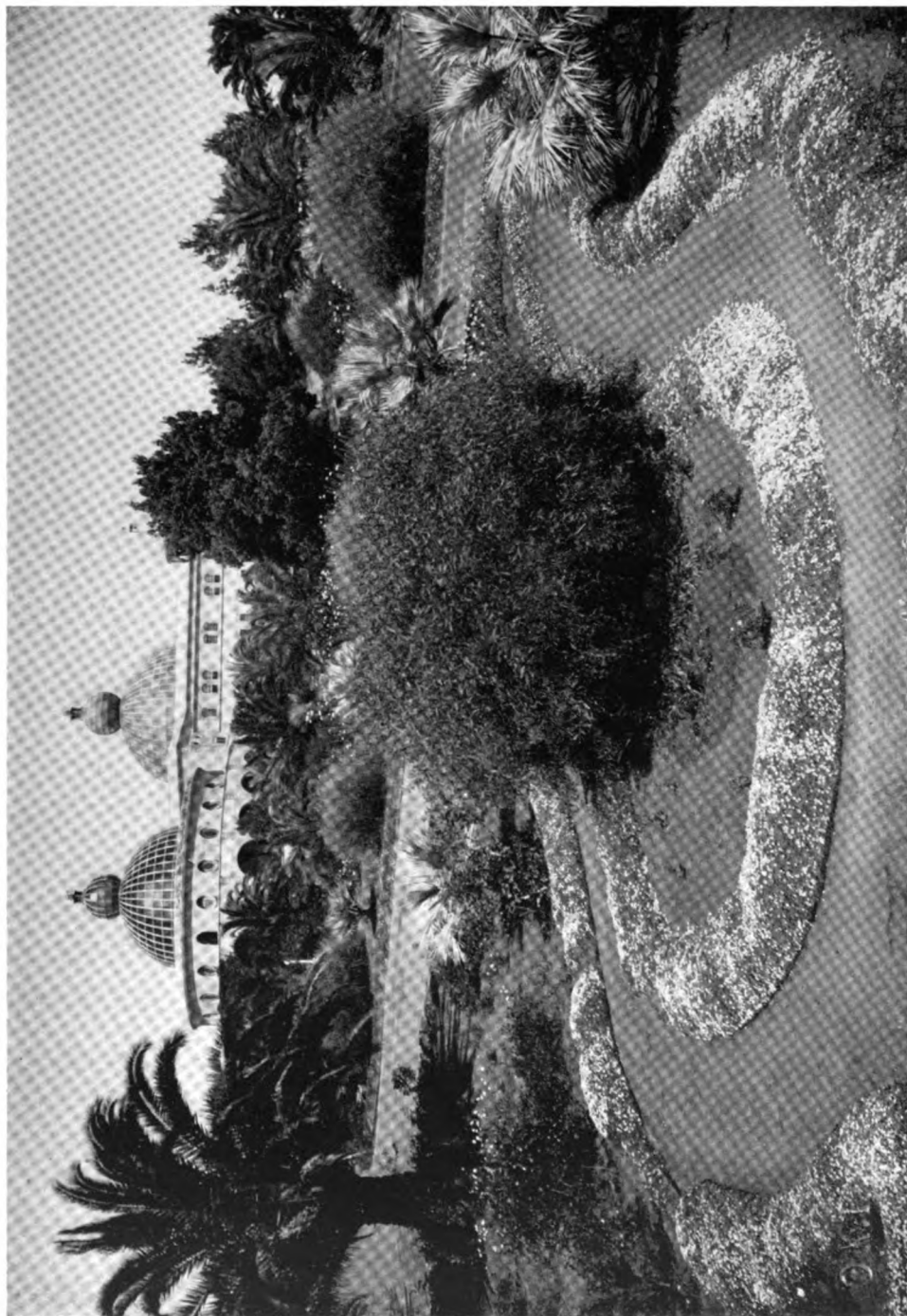
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A VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE (LEFT) AND THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY (RIGHT)
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

This view also shows the luxuriant vegetation in two of the beautiful gardens.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. X

APRIL, 1916

NO. 4

THE CAUSE OF REBIRTH.

While eagerly man culls life's flowers,
With all his faculties intent,
Of pleasure still insatiate —
Death comes and overpowereth him.— *The Buddha.*
Dhammapada, iv, 48 (trans. by H. C. Warren)

ALLEGED COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE DEAD:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



A FEW years ago there died a well-known man who had been interested in psychism, and other people interested in it said at the time that it would not be long before his "spirit" would be heard from in the psychic circles. And a news dispatch states that learned investigators are actually claiming to receive such communications. These men call themselves scientific; but the communications are of such triviality that we prefer to leave them to the imagination rather than quote them in these pages. A newspaper, in commenting on this psychic research, emphasizes the curious *materialism* of the investigators, and also their lack of dignity for themselves and of reverence for subjects that are sacred to others: they are at the other pole from spirituality and "would climb Mount Sinai to receive, not the Ten Commandments, but a tip on the stock market."

It is clear that, whatever communications are obtained, they do not come from the deceased. They come from that confused and teeming atmosphere of thoughts which hangs like a damp fog over the purlieu of human society, and they are transmitted by latent faculties in the mediums and sitters. Such sitting is a well-known means of attracting to oneself certain most undesirable influences from the invisible regions — the astral and psychic remnants and effluvia of deceased human beings, in process of natural disintegration, but disturbed and galvanized into a semblance of life by the practices of these misguided experimenters. It is also recognized that indulgence in such practices is fraught with great risk to those engaged in them.

It seems a pity that this should be associated with the honored name

of science. If this kind of thing is what is called "evidence," we cannot entertain a very high idea of the judgment of those who are willing to accept it as such. In most cases the ideas reproduced at the sittings are picked from the brains of those present; for the brain is known to psychologists to be a storehouse of memories, which will preserve indelible records of impressions we have received, including many impressions of which our mind was not conscious at the time we received them. The fact that the familiar sayings of the deceased are reproduced is therefore no cause for wonder; and even if some of the things are such as could not have been derived from the conscious or subconscious memories of anyone present, still they could have been preserved in the astral light — that storehouse of all thought-impressions. At the very most, the only evidence of survival obtained is that of the survival of certain fragments of the deceased, and constitutes as good proof as would a lock of hair out of his coffin.

Most ancient races, and a good many still living, have been or are fully aware of the reality of that which the ancient Egyptians called the *Kha*, an astral remnant of the deceased which survives for a time the disintegration of the body, and on account of which certain funerary rites were prescribed and duly observed. But no one with any knowledge or discrimination would confuse this shade with the immortal reincarnating soul of the deceased. The nature attributed to the shade or *Kha* was exactly that which would correspond with and explain the phenomena obtained by the modern dabblers.

For those who regard the constitution of man and the questions of life, death, and immortality, as subjects worthy of serious and self-respecting study, there is an unlimited field of knowledge open; and those who enter on this quest will find their horizon ever expanding and brightening, instead of being led into a blind alley peopled by mocking phantoms and echoes of the seamy side of human existence.

Among our readers we may certainly reckon a preponderant number of persons whose minds possess a just proportioning of contemplativeness, logic, and seriousness; and such minds will be disposed to question the propriety of attempting to reduce the whole universe to terms expressed in the language of our daily mortal life. Behind the knowable stands the unknowable, nor can we conceive how, agreeably to the laws of thought, it could possibly be otherwise. And while it is certain that human endeavor can lift veil after veil, thus extending indefinitely the limits of the known, the conditions of conscious thought

seem to demand that mysteries shall ever lurk behind. To reduce the next world to a mere suburb of this world would leave the mysteries of life and death as great as ever; the case being precisely the same as that of the mechanistic theories of evolution, which, even supposing they could succeed in giving us a complete formulation of the cosmic plan, would leave us more forlornly and intolerably appalled than ever before the mystery of why and wherefore. How can we contemplate with satisfaction the departure of our friends or ourselves to a realm of nature as mysterious and as apparently arbitrary and unnecessary as is the mechanistic conception of this one; in which realm they are wandering and groping and speculating as hopelessly as ever?

Many must have asked themselves why the dead have never communicated to the living any definite knowledge concerning the state of the soul after death; but we can find answer enough in the mental limitations of the living. It is impossible to communicate to an animal the state of your own mind. Say, for instance, that a bird asks you for its accustomed crumbs, and you want to tell it that you have not any: how can you make it understand? You may show it the empty box or hold out your empty hands, or shrug your shoulders, but all in vain. If the deceased are, as we believe them to be, on a higher plane of intelligence than ourselves, they may well find themselves as helpless in their efforts to communicate with us as we are to communicate with the birds. Yet we can help the birds.

Knowledge lies behind the mind; but in attempting to bring it down into the mind, it often becomes lost in the translation. For purposes of helpful illustration the relation of the Soul to the mind may be compared with the relation of a man to an animal which he is trying to teach. He cannot communicate his own mind to it, because the animal has not the capacity; but none the less he can influence and uplift the creature very much. But the illustration fails in this — that the mind of man is not fixed to certain limits like that of the bird, but can be indefinitely improved. We must aim, then, to render our minds capable of entertaining higher orders of ideas. It is one of the teachings of Theosophy that, in a coming stage of human evolution, the principle called *Manas* will be fully developed; the highest so far developed being *Kâma-Manas*—the present normal human intelligence.

The Souls of the departed, freed from their mortal bonds, dwell in Light until their return to incarnation; and discarnate entities that communicate by raps and automatic writings are in another category.

THE EPIC OF CREATION, FALL, AND FLOOD: by a Student



“NOAH as Eater of Forbidden Fruit: a Sumerian Epic of the Fall”—is the caption to some pictures in a recent issue of the *Illustrated London News*, showing the clay tablets with the inscription, and a view of mound-tombs in Bahrein, the largest of a group of islands of the same name in the Persian Gulf. The reason for the latter picture is that the place has been identified by an Oxford professor with the Sumerian “Paradise.” The Sumerian version of Creation places the Flood before the Fall, and makes Noah (called by another name) eat the forbidden fruit. The *News* quotes the following from *The Sumerian Epic of Paradise, the Flood and the Fall of Man*, by Dr. Stephen Langdon of Oxford University.

Enki, the water god, and his consort Ninella or Damkina ruled over mankind in Paradise, which the epic places in Dilmun. In that land there was no infirmity, no sin, and man grew not old. No beasts of prey disturbed the flocks, and storms raged not. . . . But . . . Enki, the god of wisdom, became dissatisfied with man and decided to overwhelm him with his waters. This plan he revealed to Nintud, the earth-mother goddess, who with the help of Enlil the earth-god had created man. . . . Nintud, under the title Ninharsag, assisted in the destruction of humanity. For nine months the flood endured and man dissolved in the waters like tallow and fat. But Nintud had planned to save the king and certain pious ones. These she summoned to a river's bank, where they embarked in a boat. After the flood Nintud is represented in conversation with the hero who had escaped. He is here called Tagtug and dignified by the title of a god. He becomes a gardener, for whom Nintud intercedes with Enki and explains to this god how Tagtug escaped his plan of universal destruction. . . . Enki became reconciled with the gardener, called him to his temple and revealed to him secrets. After a break we find Tagtug instructed in regard to plants and trees whose fruit the gods permitted him to eat. But it seems that Nintud had forbidden him to eat of the cassia. Of this he took and ate, whereupon Ninharsag afflicted him with bodily weakness. Life—that is, good health, in the Babylonian idiom—he should no longer see. He loses the longevity of the pre-diluvian age.

According to Dr. Langdon, who is Reader of Assyriology and Comparative Semitic Philology, this version is older by 1000 years than the Hebrew version in Genesis.

It must have come as a shock to many people when it was found that the Creation and Deluge stories were to be met with in a Chaldaean account older than the Hebrew one; and perhaps the discovery now of this Sumerian version may awaken similar feelings. But

these facts are of little moment beside the greater fact that these or similar stories are to be found in every land of the globe. Ancient India has them; they are in the Norse *Edda* and the Finnish *Kalevala*; primitive African tribes know them, and they form part of the traditional sacred lore of Polynesian peoples. Crossing the ocean, we find that the families of Red Men in both North and South America have stories of the Creation, of an Eden and the Fall, of a Flood and an "Ark," and of a confusion of tongues.

The Masai, of East Africa, tell the story as follows: In the beginning the earth was a barren desert in which there lived a dragon. Then God came down from heaven and fought against the dragon and vanquished it. Where God slew the beast there arose a Paradise, luxuriant with the richest vegetation. Then God created by his word sun, moon, stars, plants and animals, and lastly the first human couple. He commanded the couple not to eat of the fruit of a certain tree; but they ate it, the woman being tempted by the serpent, which had three heads and was thereafter condemned to live in holes in the ground. The pair were driven out of Paradise by the Morning Star, who thereafter stood guardian at the gate. After this the human race multiplied and genealogies are recorded, until the first murder was committed, when there came a flood. Tumbainot was bidden to build a wooden chest and betake himself into it with his belongings and animals of every kind.

The *Popol Vuh*, or ancient scripture of the Quichés, describes how Hurakán called forth the earth from a universe wrapped in gloom; how animals were created; how man was created from wood; how the gods, irritated by his irreverence, resolved to destroy him, and how a great flood came. In another part the incidents of the forbidden fruit occur, and the confounding of speech, and the parting of the sea for a passage.

This is the first word and the first speech. There were neither men nor brutes; neither birds, fish, nor crabs, stick nor stone, valley nor mountain, stubble nor forest, nothing but the sky. . . . Nothing was but stillness and rest and darkness and the night; nothing but the Maker and the Moulder, the Hurler, the Bird-Serpent. In the waters, in a limpid twilight, covered with green feathers, slept the mothers and the fathers. Over this passed Hurakán, the mighty wind, and called out: Earth! and straightway the solid land was there.

— *Myths of the New World*, Daniel G. Brinton

Before the creation, said the Muskokis, a great body of water was alone visible. Two pigeons flew to and fro over its waves and at last spied a blade of grass rising above the surface. Dry land gradually followed, and the islands and continents took their present shapes.— *Ibid.*

These last are merely creation stories, but we could quote many legends of an Eden and the Flood, of which some are given in the work above cited. These stories are all alike in essentials, and differ but slightly even in details. How is the coincidence to be explained? Prescott, in his *Conquest of Mexico*, describes the astonishment of the Spanish missionaries on finding that the natives already had the Bible stories, and gives the theories they devised to explain the matter. But how can it be explained? No theory about traveling missionaries will suffice, because the coincidences are too many and the story is too ancient. There is but one possible explanation. All the races which have this story — that is, practically all the races now on earth — must have diverged at some remote period from a great and homogeneous civilization whose teachings were diffused over the globe. Afterwards some cataclysm caused a breaking up of the civilization and a dispersal of races — the very dispersal spoken of in the legends about the confusion of tongues. Then each separate colony handed down the mystic lore in its symbolical garb for long generations, until probably its real meaning was forgotten by most of the people.

The story is evidently in part historical and in part allegorical. It tells of the evolution of Man, how he was first created as a perfect animal and subsequently endowed with a divine mind; how he met his first probation and fell, thereby entailing upon himself long ages of toil ere he can regain the lost Paradise. The Paradise symbolizes the state in which Man lived before he abused his powers. It also symbolizes the early sub-races of the present Root-Race, before the period of materialism had set in. The Flood was the last of those periodic cataclysms of which geologists tell us, and all over the earth the memory of this catastrophe lingers. But science studies only the physiographical aspect of the question, and perhaps also its astronomical side; whereas the history of man is closely interwoven with that of the globe whereon he dwells. The ancient teachings say that the present (Fifth) Root-Race of humanity has been in existence as an *independent* race for about 800,000 years, which is a comparatively short period geologically speaking; also that each Root-Race has

seven sub-races, of which we form part of the fifth. Geological cataclysms coincide with the death and birth of races, and both of these again correspond with certain cyclic motions of the heavenly bodies. All this knowledge formed a part of the arcane lore of antiquity, and was embalmed in symbolism and allegory, as this is the only way in which such knowledge can be preserved intact and handed down to posterity. Now we have all the ancient records awaiting our study and interpretation; but this can only be accomplished by taking a comprehensive view of the whole field and dismissing from our mind all prejudices in favor of any set theory.

In the Creation myths is preserved the teaching as to Man's origin and evolution; and it will be remembered that there are two distinct creations of Man in the Genesis narrative. Chapter II describes the creation of Man as a perfected animal; while Chapter I tells us that the Gods (the *'elôhîm* or divine spirits, as the Hebrew says) inspired man with the divine breath and the heavenly image. Subsequently the animals are created. The story of Eden and the Fall is one that is enacted not only in humanity as a whole but in every individual man. The Serpent in this story is not the serpent which stands as a symbol for evil, but it is the symbol of knowledge, and as such the serpent is generally regarded as a sacred animal by various races of men. This Serpent was the initiator of man into knowledge; but the sequel shows that man at first abuses his gift and loses Paradise, which he can regain only by much tribulation. Such is human destiny and the destiny of human souls in their passage through the many halls of experience.

Every mystery has *seven* keys, it is said; so that the Jewish Bible stories cannot be fully interpreted by any short explanation. We have seen that the Deluge has a geological meaning and also an anthropological one; it signifies in general the ending of an old cycle and the beginning of a new, when the stubble and chaff are destroyed and the grain garnered, the "Ark" being a sacred vessel wherein the seed is carried over to the new cycle. Such is the history of the succession of human races and of the handing down of knowledge.

We may define these Genesis stories as an epitome of sacred lore, combining cosmogenesis or the birth of worlds with anthropogenesis or the evolution of man. They begin with a summary of the teachings respecting the birth of worlds out of undifferentiated matter or Chaos; or, in other words, with the dawn of a Manvantara or cycle of mani-

festation, after a Pralaya or cycle of latency. Next comes a brief account of the creations of man and other beings, and then a resumption of the history of the early sub-races of the present Root-Race, with an account of the cataclysm that ushered in the dawn of the New Race. And withal there is much symbolical teaching, such as that of the Tree with its fruit at its top and the serpent below. "Eden" is at once allegorical and geographical; for it means the habitation of the early sub-races, and the Old-World "Eden" must have been somewhere in southeastern Asia. It is the destiny of our studies in ancient history to prove gradually the nature of these traditions and to trace back civilization to its earliest great source in those lands, through one mighty race after another whose records the archaeologists will discover.



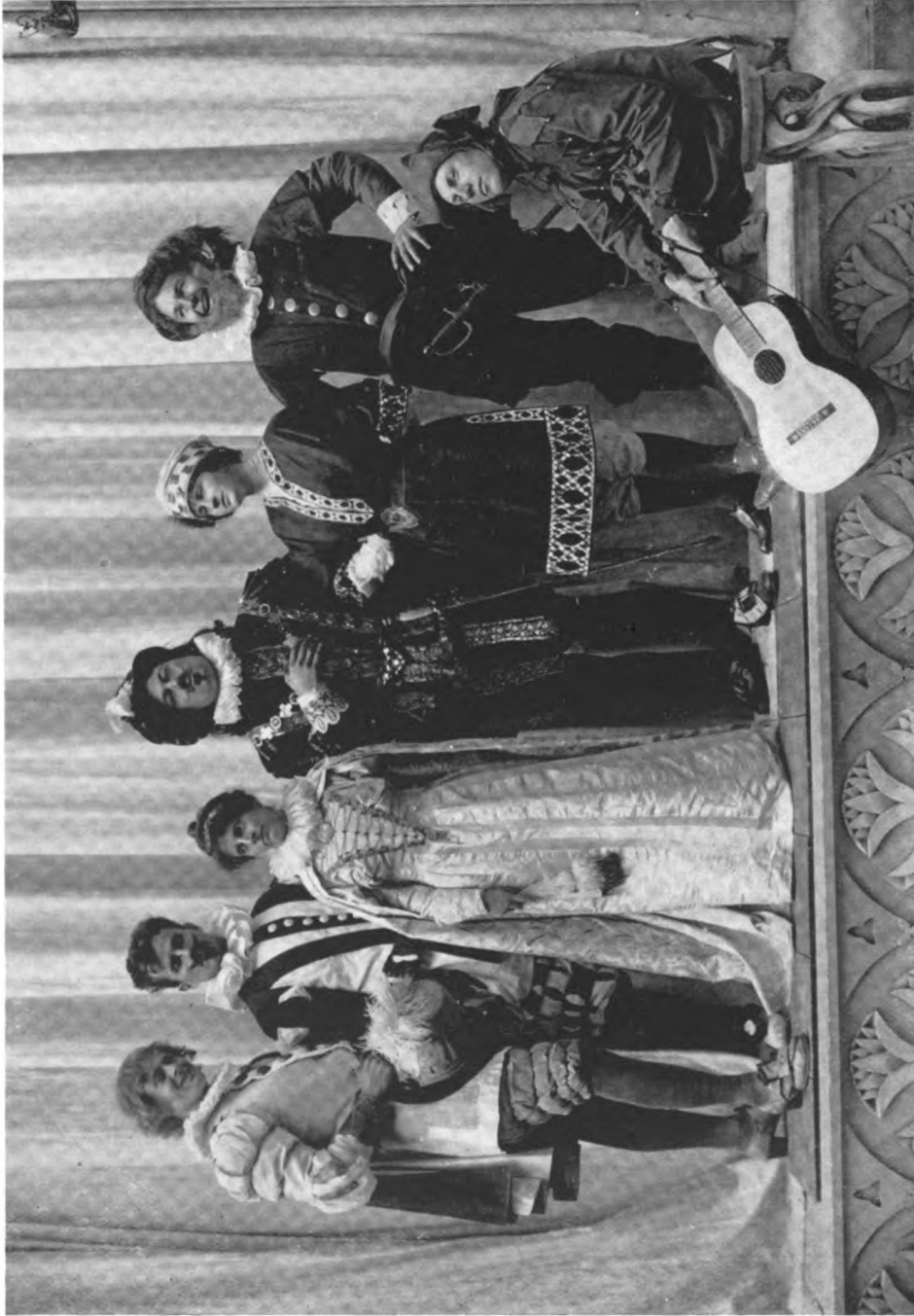
SONNET — TO THE WELSH OF PHILADELPHIA FOR SAINT DAVID'S DAY

BY KENNETH MORRIS

HERE's memory of a land of quiet vales
 And wild and singing waters; of blue hills,
 Of bluebelled woodlands and bright daffodils;
 Huge crags, and ruined towers, and lonely dales;
 A Druid Land, mystic with olden tales
 And fairy harpings heard in the mountain rills,
 That all our hearts with love and longing fills —
 Here's memory of our darling Land of Wales!

Cymmrodyr, if 'twere given to me to speak
 With tongues of men and angels; — could my soul
 Tell half the burning thoughts that round her throng —
 I'd send you all Wild Wales in one small song:
 You should hear Welsh winds blow round Snowdon peak,
 And Welsh sea-waves o'er Cantre'r Gwaelod roll.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
 Point Loma, California*



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK OLIVIA ORSINO VIOLA SIR TOBY BELCH
 MALVOLIO FESTE
 THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN SHAKESPEARE'S "TWELFTH NIGHT"
 PRESENTED AT ISIS THEATER, SAN DIEGO, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF KATHERINE TINGLEY
 BY GRADUATE STUDENTS OF THE RAJA-YOGA COLLEGE AND ACADEMY, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
 ON MARCH 13, FOR THE BENEFIT OF JEWISH WAR SUFFERERS IN EUROPE



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ORSINO, DUKE OF ILLYRIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIOLA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIOLETTA AND OLIVIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIOLA AND SEBASTIAN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MALVOLIO



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FESTE, THE CLOWN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SIR TOBY BELCH AND SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

THE ROSE AND THE CUP: by Wentworth Tompkins

(With Pen and Ink Drawings by R. Machell)



ROSES and roses and roses; the garden was aglow, mysterious, foamy with them; I doubt if you would have found the like in the Garden of Iram, or in al-Jannat itself. Roses with pale petals over-curving like the sea-wave or the lip of an exquisite shell, that within were all blush and peerless pinkness; roses amber-hearted, apricot-hearted; roses of infinite purity tossed in sprays whiter than the snows of Kaf; delicate yellow roses billowing over the latticed pergolas; crimson roses burning deep in the cypress gloom, redder of hue than the ruby, marvelously imperial and profound — not ostentatious, nor flaunting their beauty, but compelled into a pride akin to compassion by the lofty intensity of their dreams, of their secret knowledge. . . .

The Queen was in her garden; her divan set in a place of fretted marble: seven marble steps leading up to it from the path, and overhead a canopy of the driven foam of the yellow roses. You shall see her now, the Rose of all roses in the rose garden: with beauty drawn out of the sun and fragrant nights of eighteen Persian summers — no more. Dark and lustrous were her eyes, but with something more than softness in them; peerless among the princesses of the East was the beauty of her head, but there was much pride in the poise of it, and strength. And with the pride, humility, you would say; and with the strength, impersonality. . . .

It was a sore burden to be laid on her, this queenhood — in a kingdom left to her by her dead husband, to be held in trust for their unborn son. An over-civilized kingdom, wherein luxury was ensued and duty mainly neglected; a city of white palaces and mosques and lovely gardens, that put its trust in Turkish mercenaries, and thronged to hear too clever poets stab each other in spiteful-mellifluous *ruba'i* or *ghazal* over their wine; a city without patriotism, virtue or valor. She knew she had no defense, nor any to rely upon, but the hired Turks, and they — it would have been a strong king's work, or the

greater part of it, to keep them in order. She had five hundred of them in her pay: five hundred too many for peace; hundreds of thousands too few for war — such war as threatened. . . .

The daughter of an obscure *dihqan*,* it was less than a year since she had traveled down from the mountain castle of her fathers to be the bride of a young warlike king she had never seen. It proved a marriage, however, of those that are arranged in heaven. He was of Arab race: a descendant, indeed, of Ali and Fatima, and with much of the spirit of the Lion of God in him — proud, brave, magnanimous, and possessed of a certain hold, also appropriate to his family, upon the inner things. She, all Persian, had in her veins the blood of Kai-kobad the Great and Kai-khosru, and more than a dash of the endemic mysticism of Iran. They became at once lovers and comrades, and foresaw splendid things they would do together: conquests they would make, not merely external: regeneration they would bring to their people. But within six months of their marriage he had died, leaving her to the protection of the Turkish guards and a crafty minister she loved not — and to the tender mercies of Mahmud of Ghazna. . . .

Which tender mercies were now beginning to precipitate: that was the worst part of her burden. With her five hundred Turks she was to oppose the great Sultan, unless means could be found of placating him. It had come about in this way:

During the months of her married life that ornament of the world, Ibn Sina, had deigned to shed the luster of his presence on her husband's court; and his was a light not to be hidden under any bushel. Now Mahmud wanted Ibn Sina himself. The four hundred poets at Ghazna, collected from all Islamiyeh willy nilly: lured by barbaric pearls and gold, or fetched in as pampered captives from conquered kingdoms, had no magic to dull the tooth of envy that would be busy at their master's heart while Ibn Sina the Great remained at court or city other than his. Poets, *ta!* — their wit and quarrels were amusing; it swelled one's sense of splendor to feed them, array them, set them cock-fighting, flog them on occasion, or stuff their mouths with gold; it was a thing to boast of, like the conquest of India, that one had twenty score of them fattening in one's palace; — and then, too, they were the minters of flattery, without whose service it should not

* A country squire or noble of pure Persian, as distinguished from the dominant Perso-Arabian, race.

pass current far or long. But every court in Iran had its living dozen or more of them; and one had lost one's Firdausi, the poet who outshone them all. . . . Ibn Sina, on the other hand, was unique. That he was a poet, and of the wittiest, was the least of his accomplishments. No science was hidden from him, not even the secret science; from China to Andalus, none had a tithe of his fame; he was the greatest of all physicians; and supreme, since Aflatun and Aristo, in philosophy. — A sovereign, luxurious and extravagant man withal, out-princing princes in the manner of his life, and with disciples unnumbered for his subjects; the gayest, the most brilliant of men, who could yet snatch time from his high living to pour out upon the world a torrent of books ten times as profound, ten times as scintillant, and ten times as many as any other ten thinkers could produce together. Why, one would give all conquered Hindustan for Ibn Sina, and think the exchange cheap; possession of the man would more allay one's ambition, more swell one's fame. . . . So Mahmud had sent ambassadors with rich gifts and a peremptory message: Ibn Sina was to start for Ghazna forthwith.

The king and queen sent for the philosopher, and let Mahmud's emissaries give their message direct. There was just one man in Islamiyeh in those days probably — at least in the Abbassid Caliphate — who would have dared flout Mahmud's commands; and that was Ibn Sina. In a lesser mind, you would ascribe it to puffed up vanity, and hold him victim of his own eternal brilliance and success. But Ibn Sina was a prodigy of nature; there was no room for fear or flattery in him; he was one naturally to look on world-conquerors as the dust beneath his feet. He told the ambassador quietly that the court of his master was no place for men of mind; they could do no good work there. Even here in Iran there was too much, for the dignity of civilization, of Turkish soldiery; was he to drown himself in the central ocean of Turkism, and become the slave of a barbarian? Let Sultan Mahmud bethink him of the insult he had offered Firdausi, and give up hope of associating with his betters. . . .

All of which the king al-Ka'us approved, and added sharp words of his own to tease the Ghaznewid's hearing withal. Haughty young leopard of a prince, he had himself been straining, north-eastward, at the leashes of peace: Mahmud's ambition grew intolerable to monarchs of will and spirit. . . . It was, of course, no less than to declare war; for which he, al-Ka'us, might have had as many Turks out of

Turan as he desired: swift, fearless bowmen and spearmen from the desert, nine-tenths of them with a nourishable hatred against the son of Sabuktigin already. And he could have overawed and led them — to victory? One could not say; no one yet had won victory from Mahmud; but at least to an equal and honorable warfare. — The Sultan, at that time, was busy in India; outdoing the exploits of Iskander of old, and taking in ripe empires as one might swallow grapes; he could but pocket the insult, and promise himself that the hour of these Persian princelings should come, and presently. And now it certainly was at hand. Al-Ka'us had died before Mahmud, returning, had reached Ghazna; and a month since, the message had come: "Deliver up Ibn Sina and so much in tribute, or expect the Ghaznewid armies to carry away the dust of your city."

What could she do? Ibn Sina had left them before her husband had died; otherwise that dire blow would not have fallen on her: the great doctor would have cured al-Ka'us. Should she flee, and leave the kingdom to Mahmud? She thought of her dead lord and of his unborn son, and dismissed the idea as unthinkable. Fight? — ah, but how? Hussein al-Ajjami, her vizir, she guessed, would make his own terms with Mahmud, selling without compunction herself, her son and her kingdom; and as for Oghlu Beg, the captain of her Turks, supposing he and his men would stand by her, what could five hundred do against the Ghaznewid's hundreds of thousands?

She had answered Mahmud's letter thus:

"The philosopher Ibn Sina left our court long since; and is to be sought now at Merv or Ray or Samarcand — we know not where. Sultan Mahmud is a mighty Champion of the Faith, a most puissant prince, and also a man of honor; it is certain that if he leads his armies hither, I also, a weak woman, shall endeavor to give battle; let him consider, then, what kind of victory he might win. If I won, it would be a triumph for me until the Day of Judgment; if the victory were his, men would say: *He has only conquered a woman*. And the issues of war are in the hands of Fate; it cannot be known beforehand what the result would be. Make war, then, upon the strong, and in the victory his strength shall be added to yours; but give the hand of your august friendship to the weak: so shall men praise your magnanimity, and your fame shall endure. We expect to receive your friendship, my lord Sultan; since undeniably we are weak.

"But we will not give up this kingdom to you, since it is not ours

to give, but the property of Hasan Ali ibn al-Ka'us, who is not yet born. Yet, knowing that the Sultan is wise and kindly, we have no anxiety in this matter, but repose on the couch of tranquillity and confidence."

She had received no answer to this, but knew that Mahmud was on the march. Now, what she meditated was the raising of an army to oppose him. She clapped her hands for a slave, and sent for the vizir.

He had held office under the father of her husband, had this Ajjami; planting his power by a thousand roots while the king's faculties were failing. He had been a very politic minister; had he strayed anywhere from honorable service, none, even of his own household, knew of it with certainty. Al-Ka'us would have dismissed him, but died before occasion served; now the Queen found herself dependent on him. If she did not trust him greatly, whom else should she trust at all? He had been all humility with her: all, she suspected, a soft buffer between her will and its carrying into effect. — A handsome old man, perhaps sixty; refined, smooth, white-bearded and aquiline: it might have been a noble face, but for a keen quietude in the eyes that slightly veiled selfishness and cunning, and a sensuous fulness of the lower lip. His strength lay in intrigue, in persistence, in perfect suavity not to be ruffled; in strength of will, too: a will that would hunt covertly for years, and never forgo its designs.

When the formalities of greeting were over, she began to question him. Had the messengers ridden forth? What answers had come in? Was the manhood of the provinces assembling? What numbers had been mustered? — Ah, but here we must work with caution, said he; must consider well before irrevocable steps were taken, and irrevocable disaster invited. Mahmud and his host were drawing near, and opposition was hardly to be offered. The swiftness of his marches, the terror of his name, his long tradition of invincibility — all these things were to be considered. The feeling throughout the country, among the nobles — which he, her slave, had so carefully tested — was that, since the king was dead —

Here she broke in upon his speech to remind him that the king, unborn, was present.

He bowed low, seemed a little distressed, tactfully, as one who reserves painful things. These matters were in the hands of God; who could build upon the uncertainties of fate? Then he fetched a compass,

and spoke of her beauty; ah, with tact, with wonderful tact! He indicated, not failing to make his meaning clear — and terrible — what the result of that beauty would be, upon Mahmud. And who could doubt the truth of his words? The kingdom would be annexed; she herself would be taken to Ghazna, to the Sultan's harem; her son, when he was born, would be enslaved or slain: at best would grow up the nonentity Mahmud might choose to make of him. — "And your advice, O Ajjami?" said she, knowing there were ill things to be spoken. His advice was couched in the language of utmost reverent devotion. Many of the prominent and influential had broached the idea to him; might his words, that were to declare it, be pearls of humility, rubies of love! It was that a king should be provided; for lack of whom, indifference and anxiety were rife, and would grow: a king about whom the people might gather, and with whom, perhaps, the son of Sabuktigin might deign to treat. Let her lift her slave to the throne, that he might meet Mahmud as king; so the radiance



of her own beauty should remain hidden from the burning glances of the world-conqueror. . . .

She turned a little cold as she listened to him; mastered a disgust that sickened her; mastered her face and voice, and answered him. She was but two months a widow, she said, and her heart demanded longer time for mourning. Meanwhile she would consider this plan . . . that seemed wise, and might come presently to seem best. And she had great comfort of the thought that he, who served her and was faithful, had served and been faithful to al-Ka'us her dear lord also; and to al-Amin, the father of al-Ka'us.

Ah, what treasures were honor and loyalty! Not all the riches of the realm, nor sovereignty itself, would weigh an ant's weight against the lack of them, on the day his friends would ask what wealth he had left behind, but the angels would ask what good deeds he had

sent before. She could trust him, she knew, to leave nothing undone for the safety of his prince. — So he left her, assuring her of his devotion; and went forth to the furthering of his plans. She might trust him, she supposed, to sell her to Mahmud.

She went down from her divan, and walked among the roses. Allah! must she indeed pay this price that she loathed? Mahmud, or al-Ajjami! . . . She believed, knowing him somewhat, that the vizir would have cunning enough to save her for himself, should she consent to his terms; he won his battles perhaps even more inevitably than Mahmud. For herself, she would rather the Ghaznewid's harem . . . But there was her son. . . . The white rose reached out its sprays to her; the apricot-hearted wafted her its sweetness; the crimson, as she passed, stirred by a delicate wind, brushed her cheek with its sovereign bloom, and came dewed with a tear from the touch. *We both are queens in Iran!* it whispered.

No, she would not pay the price. There was Oghlu Beg, the captain of the guard; dependable so long as he was paid — she would compound with him for the contents of her treasury, and ride out herself among his Turks to die on the field. Then she and her son would meet al-Ka'us together in Paradise; and she knew al-Ka'us would approve. . . . She mounted her divan again, and sent for the Turk.

"Oghlu Beg," said she, when the big-limbed man was before her, "thy living depends on thy reputation for faith and valor. Thou hast received my lord's pay, and mine; and thy pay shall be doubled if thou wilt serve me well now. Doubled? — Thou shalt have the whole of my treasury, if thou wilt defeat me Mahmud ibn Sabuktigin."

"Madam," said he, with the heavy speech of the slow-thoughted; "it would be impossible without raising a great army. And I might do that, even now, had I the authority. But it would be a great task; the slave's son of Ghazna is renowned and feared. The men of Turan would not come to the banners of less than a king. And I also would serve for something better than money. . . . I love you; make me king, and I will go forth with you, and gather an army in the north that may meet even Mahmud with hope of victory. Otherwise I must clearly offer my sword to the Ghaznewid; there would be little profit in offering it elsewhere."

Such things happened constantly. Turkish captains founded many a dynasty in Persia, and patronized art and letters thereafter, as vig-

ously as they pushed their conquests. Was not Mahmud himself a Turk, and the son of a slave? This slow, heavy, bow-legged warrior, for all his confessed readiness to sell himself and his men to her enemy, did not arouse in her the fear and disgust she had felt at the advances of her own so polished countryman. His bluntness was better than the vizir's tact; it was his business to sell himself, and he would do it; but he had a code that would keep him from selling her.

"This is thy one condition?" she asked.

"It is the one condition," he answered; "not only on account of my love, but also in consideration of the possibilities. Not otherwise could I gather an army."

"And thou wilt not ride with me against the Ghaznewid, even with the army that thou hast — and receive my treasury in exchange?"

"Dead men enjoy not wealth," said he. "It is the one condition."

There was no hope then, and she dismissed him. But an impulse came to her before he had passed from sight, and she called him back.

"Before thou camest here, O Oghlu Beg," said she, "al-Ajjami the vizir was with me. He too had a plan to propose, and his plan was even as thine is. He, too, would be king, and my husband."

"May his couch be made in hell!" growled the Turk.

"I will tell thee," said she. "The king that was my husband was not as other men, and no man shall have of me what he had. I will not marry al-Ajjami, O Oghlu; and I will not marry thee. Therefore thou shalt go to Mahmud with thy men, and serve him, while he pays thee, as thou hast served my lord and me. But I will even beg a boon of thee before thou goest."

The Turk bent his head.

"Stay thou here until the Ghaznewid is at the gates; go to him then. I desire thy protection against al-Ajjami."

He had no more command of metaphor than a dog. Where another would have said, "O Moon of Wonder," or "O Tulip from the garden-plots of Paradise," he could get out nothing but "I will stay. And I will guard thee from this son of Iblis." Then, after a pause for thought: "and I will not go to Mahmud. If it be thy will, I will carry thee to Bagdad; and none shall harm thee by the way; neither I nor another."

But the Queen had no idea of seeking refuge anywhere.

That night two things happened. First: the messenger returned

from Mahmud, and reported. The Sultan had laughed over the Queen's letter. Within a week he would be at the city gates. "She expects our friendship," he had exclaimed, "because she is undeniably weak. Tell her the price of our friendship shall be"—— here he had looked around for a suggestion —— "what shall it be, you poets?" And one had named a sum altogether preposterous, and another had doubled it; and a third, more gifted with imagination, had cried: "The Cup of Jemshyd!" — "Stuff his mouth with rubies!" said the Sultan; "the Cup of Jemshyd it shall be. If the Queen shall send us that, she shall have our friendship until her death; but if she send it not—." Not for nothing had Mahmud fed upon the ancient legends whereof Firdausi made the great epic for him; in which the Cup of Jemshyd shone remote and mystic, the Grail and supreme talisman of an elder age, before the Arab, before the Sassanian — before, and long before, Xerxes led his armies against Greece. His terms were a jest; there were no terms; he meant conquest, and thoroughly to wipe out the insults he had received. . . .

The other happening was this: Oghlu Beg supped, and died in great torment an hour later — just when he should have been carrying into action a plan he had been at pains to form. He was always a slow-thoughted man; now his slowness cost him his life. He did not die, however, before conveying his intent, and a mission to avenge his death, to his brother and lieutenant. Who then proceeded with five Turks of the guard and a headsman's carpet to the chambers of al-Ajjami; so that in the morning the Queen had lost both her suitors. Before noon the guard, being now captainless, rode away, after some minor looting, to join the standards of Mahmud.

The Sultan had promised to arrive in a week; it seemed he was to be much better than his word. All that day men came riding in from the north and east with tidings of his approach; none of them remained in the city, but sought safety farther afield. And all day through the western gates the city went emptying itself. Disturbances were to be dreaded, now there was none to enforce authority; but fear policed the place fairly until evening. Before the sun had set, one could see from the palace towers clouds of dust along the flat horizon northeastward. In the morning, Mahmud of Ghazna would be at the gates; by noon he would have entered the city; by nightfall, the city would be wrecked, looted and in flames. There was nothing to be done. He might have had the name *Ilderim*, that was

given to another of his race long after: his blows fell swift and terrible as the thunderbolt; there was no escaping them.

The Queen walked among her roses in the twilight, very calm and proud; not yet had she given way to despair. She had done all she could, though it was nothing; she had no plan; could not and would not dwell on the morrow. She still maintained a resigned queenly confidence: whatever fate might befall her body, her soul would still keep the trust. When she met her lord in Paradise — and might that be tomorrow! — she would have no cause to be ashamed; and her son would have nothing to forgive her. Her son? He had not yet been born; yet he stood in her mental vision as clear a figure as her husband. The dead and the unborn were her companions: there, living and on this earth, she stood for them: for the future and the past. She felt as if she were somehow in two worlds at once: one outward and illusionary, full of terrible phantasm and turmoil; one inward and stable, wherein there was peace, and she might look down from it calmly, untroubled by chaotic happenings without. There al-Ka'us walked with her; and the young hero that was to be, Hasan Ali ibn al-Ka'us; and the roses bloomed for the three of them: she and the roses were in both worlds. Out of the Persian earth they bloomed, the Persian roses, lovely with all ancient Persian deeds and dreams —

I sometimes think that never blows so red

The rose, as where some buried Caesar bled —

we will say, Khusru for Caesar. These were white, perhaps, remembering the white hair of Zal; and perhaps young Isfendiyar, on his seven-staged journey and seven marvelous labors, won from fate the golden wisdom and tenderness that made these apricot and citron hearted; and these so crimson, so peerless perfect — perhaps they distilled their glory from Rustem's sorrow over his slain Sohrab; perhaps the glow that shone from them was reflected from some ancient link between heaven and Persia, from Feridun's sword, or Zal's Simurgh-feather, from blacksmith Kavah's apron, or from Jemshyd's Seven-ringed Cup. . . . Ah, in the inner worlds, what was a thing carven of jewels or crystal, or any talisman, how potent soever, better than or different from His secret spiritual beauty God puts forth where our eyes can see it, through every rose that blooms in the garden? . . . Hasan Ali ibn al-Ka'us, mayest thou, too, bring new beauty to the roses! . . .

A hoarse roaring from the city broke in upon the peace of the

rose garden; panic-stricken women of the court came running to her; the dregs of the populace, they said, had risen to sack the palace, and where should they hide, or how escape, or who would protect them? "I will protect you," said the Queen; "Fear you nothing." She made her way into the palace, donned tiara and robes of sovereignty, took scepter in hand, and went to the gate where by that time the mob had gathered; then had that thrown open, and herself discovered in the entrance. Very queenlike, with a gesture she commanded



silence, and was obeyed; then spoke to the people. She took them into her confidence; called them her children, and felt that they were so; spoke of their late king as if he were present, and expected much of them; spoke of their king that was to be, whom she bore beneath her breast. . . . Thieves and men of trades still viler hung their heads; women you would have called she-devils were brought to wholesome weeping; when she bade them go, they went in silence. What was with her that evening, to make her greater than herself? Driven to the place where hope is not, she had attained that divine confidence which hope only promises and strives after; she had no need of hope, possessing the internal reality.

A great storm raged through the night; in the morning she found the palace deserted, but for two of her tiring-women: two she had brought with her from her mountain home. She bade them robe her in her richest robes, and deck her with all the insignia of royalty; not as a suppliant would she meet the world-conquering Mahmud. In the Hall of Audience, at the foot of the throne, she found a third who had not deserted her: al-'Awf the dwarf, playing with his cup and ball, and chattering. None knew how to fathom the mind of this 'Awf: sometimes it seemed that of a child just learning to talk; sometimes he was quite the idiot; sometimes out of his simplicity wisdom flashed, so that you would have said an angel spoke through him.

But the Queen would not await Mahmud there, but in the garden;

whither now the three that formed her court followed her. The wind that had blown in the night had made a wreck of everything, and it was a mournful desolation beneath grey skies, that she found there. Paths and lawns were bestrewn with petals; the beauty of the place had gone, and there was no comfort for her with the roses. White and yellow, apricot and crimson, the long sprays were tossed and ravished; not a bud had broken into bloom since dawn; there was no blossom anywhere. She came to her dearest bush, the ruby-hearted *Queen of Iran* in the shadow of the cypresses; all its glory had fallen in a beautiful rain of petals; one bud alone was left — but what a rose it would be when it bloomed! She picked it, and went up sadly to her divan in the pergola. This ruin of the roses was too much; the realities that had sustained her the evening before were no longer within her vision. . . .

Al-'Awf came hurrying to the foot of the steps; he had been peering about and chattering in the garden, full of some business of his own such as no human mentality could understand. Now he appeared big with an idea: swaggering with immense importance. The Wonder of the World should take comfort, said he; behold, here was al-'Awf the intrepid sent of heaven to protect her. Here was al-'Awf, about to ride forth and treat with his old-time gossip the son of Sabuktigin: to speak with that spawn of Iblis on her behalf — to command him. Here he crowed like a cock; with what intent or meaning, who shall guess? — No, no; not command; that would but put Mahmud out of spirits; in matters such as this more delicate means must be used; the Pearl of Pearls might trust to the wisdom of heaven-sent al-'Awf. He would carry to Mahmud the thing Mahmud had demanded of her; let her send by him the Cup of Jemshyd: a small matter in itself, but likely to appease the rascal. . . . Here he knelt before her, and held out both hands to receive the Cup; and she, being in no mood for his imbecilities, gave him the rosebud, and said: "Yes, go." — If he should go to Mahmud, at least he would get a court appointment, and be fairly treated. He swaggered out; then, having quiet, she fell asleep.

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She awoke to find the garden, brightly sunlit now, filled with resplendant guards, and before her, at the foot of the marble steps, a very kingly and warlike man all in gold armor and robes of cloth-of-

gold and scarlet; fierce-visaged, but with his features now softened into reverence and wonder, so that one noted potentialities of kindness and generosity that at other times might be hidden.

"O Royal Moon of Iran," said he, "think not that I come otherwise than to render homage. It is thou that art the conqueror; thou who of thy wealth hast given me the sacred gift. . . ."

So far her eyes had been all on Mahmud of Ghazna; now she turned where he pointed, and beheld al-'Awf, robed sumptuously, standing on the Sultan's left. His mouth had been stuffed with gold three times over since he left the garden, and he had been installed chief of the court dwarfs of the mightiest sovereign in Islamiyeh.

"Let the veil be withdrawn from it, O dwarf, that the Queen may look once more on the glory of her gift, and say if Mahmud's friendship be worth such a price," said the Sultan; whereon al-'Awf drew away the gold-cloth covering from the thing he held in his hands.

And all the resplendant guards of Mahmud, the flower of the nobles of Ghazna, fell on their faces and made obeisance. And Sultan Mahmud bowed his head, and covered his eyes with his hands to shield them from the excessive glory. . . . A ruby glowing like the setting sun: a vase from whose radiant splendor delight issued out over the world, and exquisite odors of musk and attar and sandalwood, and music like the lute-playing of Israfil, like the singing of spirits. In seven rings of unutterable loveliness it shone there . . . and only the crimson rose, the flower of the flowers of Iran, knew by what magic she had put forth the Cup of Jemshyd for a bloom.



It is the faithfulness and perseverance, the sound sense and moderation, the seriousness and solemnity of the Egyptian mind, which have secured for them an honorable position for all time. . . . This faithfulness is the only certain guarantee for the genuineness and depth, not merely of that which throws luster on cultivated races, external civilization, but also of that priceless jewel, the sense of the Divinity in man and in mankind. . . . Every people and every age has its vocation, and it is the condition of its existence, the prize of its life, that it shall not be unfaithful to its charge. In the Old World, Egypt filled and maintained with glory a vast position; it did honestly its part in advancing the development of mankind; and it has left behind enough imperishable monuments of deep ethic thought, of high artistic instincts, and of noble institutions, to be the admiration of remotest times.

—*Egypt's Place in Universal History*: Bunsen, iv, 698.

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART II, CHAPTER VI — THE GREAT AGES OF JAPAN



THE Southern or Dawn cycle of China, which began in 420, ran its course in thirteen decades, and was followed by seventy years of quiescence; which in turn gave place to the Noon cycle, now not southern but national, of the T'angs. Where was the Crest Wave of Evolution during that interim, or between the fall of Wuti of Liang in 550, and the rise of Li Shih-min (T'ai-Tsong of T'ang) in 618?

By the beginning of the sixth century, fifty years before its lapse in Liang, it began to rise in Corea; for whom then followed a crowded and purple century, by the end of which, according to Fenollosa, Corean art had risen to the pinnacles, and was a fair rival for any that had been in China, or that was to be in Japan. Much work, and by competent scholars, has to be done before the native annals, a barren but faithful record of kings and events, can be made to yield intelligent history. But the last century and a half of the epoch of the Three Kingdoms — say from 500 to 650 A. D. — was a period of keen illumination; in the south, at any rate. For Corea was divided, in those days, into a rude, warlike Korguryu in the north; an unstable, luxurious-turbulent Pak-che in the middle and west, and a solidly civilized, artistic and be-Chinesed Silla in the south; and it was this south that was nearest to China, and to Japan. It was a time of material prowess also, as is proved by this: Corea beat back the armies of the Suy founder, a general not to be despised, in the five-nineties and after; and she alone between the Caspian and the Yellow Sea defeated and defied the hosts of T'ai-Tsong: who was a successful Napoleon in his day, with nine hundred thousand trained veterans to command. The T'ang conquest was not completed until after his death. — But her importance for us now, lies in the fact that she was the intermediary between China and Japan. Having learned Buddhism and civilization from the former, she passed them on to the latter; and it was in these seven decades of Chinese pralaya that she was doing it. Having said so much, we may pass on to the first rising of the Crest Wave in Japan.

A Messenger of the Gods came to Dai Nippon in those days: one of the hierarchy of the Nation-Founders; but a man whose work lay not in war at all, and less in statecraft — though in that too — than in the functions of a Teacher of Religion. Buddhism had come in, and

had made some progress, at the time when the Empress Suiko, in 593, assumed real sovereignty on the death of her husband; the latter had been a Buddhist, and she now determined to make Buddhism the dominant religion of the empire. Such a determination, in Europe, would imply the passing of penal laws and the lighting, perchance, of a few Smithfield fires for the heterodox; with these Buddhists it meant something quite different. The plan was to bring in Teachers from abroad who should show the people a higher path than any they had known hitherto; not only in questions of religion, but in every art and department of life. The Age of Suiko, as we may call it, followed: the age of the first awakening of Japan. It was not the empress, however, who was the moving spirit of the time, but her son, Prince Shotoku. Sage, saint, builder, and civilizer, he stood at the apex of the Crest Wave for the next twenty-eight years, and was the world's great protagonist of Light; contemporary with, but younger than, Chih-i the Tientai Master, who was preparing the way in China for a glory that was to blossom after thirteen decades; contemporary with, but older than, Mohammed, who was sowing in Arabia the seeds of a culture which, again after thirteen decades, was to bear fruit at Bagdad. And here we may note that it was for thirteen decades also that the movement started by Shotoku flourished in Japan; and that it was for thirteen decades that the glory of the T'angs endured in China.

He never came to the throne, dying in 621 (the year before the Hejira), some seven years before the death of his mother. He was a man so high in genius, so noble in character, that he must rank with the greatest of the sages: with Confucius and Socrates, if not with the Buddhas and Christs themselves. All the greatness of Japan flows down from him, so to say; he was her first redeeming Mutsuhito, and all succeeding Japanese ages are in debt to him. She has had many importers of civilization since, but he was the first: a man of peace, serene, faultless, Buddhalike; he transformed a race without arts or any remembered peaceful achievements, into the beginnings of one of the greatest artistic nations the world remembers seeing.

So far there were but traditions of a divine origin of the dynasty: of the descent of Sun-deities, and their establishing rule upon earth and in Japan; and since that event, of wars upon the Ainos, and the gradual conquest from them of the tiny empire which was then Japan. Shotoku devised something in the nature of a constitution, taking the

people into partnership in matters of government; righting wrongs that had crept in during the ages, and lifting the country, politically, on to a new and freer plane. As for the old incessant fighting, he would have none of it; he would conquer in realms of the spirit or nowhere; he would provide a sacred hearth or heart for Japan, to be a light to lighten her forever. Nothing less than that would serve him: to found a College-Temple where the mysteries of the Higher Life should be taught. Here we come on a piece of rare beauty indeed in our tapestry: high lights in glowing gold, shadows in the royallest of purple. It is the story of the building of Horiuji.

They knew something of building in those days; rather, the peers and coevals of Shotoku do, in whatever age they may be born. The esotericism, the occult side of it: the building upon the rock of ages, that wave and tempest shake not. For this *building* is one of the lost mysteries of antiquity, beyond a doubt; nowadays we do but jerrybuild, mostly; though we lay our foundations in deep granite, and set up walls to withstand the shot of howitzers. But these, the Master Builders, dig first deeper than into soil or subsoil, clay or marl or rock. They lay bare the soul of things; they build upon the Eternal Law. Whatever permanence there may be, is to be found here. The halls and courts of Horiuji may have grown silent and cobwebbed; the great light may have set there to rise elsewhere; but spiritual Japan, in reality, was the temple that Shotoku erected, and that endures. Here is how he went to work:

He had made a close friend of Prince Asa of Corea — whose portrait of him, by the way, remains. With Asa's help he brought in from the continent all manner of artists and artisans, sages and teachers; not from Corea only, but from all accessible parts of China as well. Did the fame of some great metal-caster or wood-carver reach him, he would move heaven and earth to get that man to Japan; and was no less quietly insistent in the matter of thinkers and saints. When he was sure that he had gathered at court the best teachers of everything, he went to work personally to learn all that they had to teach. He became first pupil to the master-carvers, painters, metal-workers, architects, carpenters, and masons; and made himself a master of all their crafts and arts: not merely a craftsman, but an artist who ranks high. But there were also the Buddhist priests: among whom he chose his Teacher, became the disciple of that one, studying philosophy and religion, entering and traveling upon the Path. Then, when his en-

lightenment came, he donned the yellow robe, and went forth preaching to thousands of his people. All this without for a moment letting slip the threads of sovereignty, or forbearing to press forward his great design.

As he had collected the master-craftsmen, so now his agents were traversing the islands in every direction, gathering the richest and rarest materials to be found, and bringing them to the site where he had decreed his Temple should stand. This was at Horiuji, near Tatsuta, the capital. The green rice-land runs up in bays into the hills there; the temple should be aloft on the hillside, looking out over the rich levels whose crops were to afford it sustenance. Shotoku in person superintended every branch of the work; not only superintended, but worked with the workmen; laying out the grounds, making the terraces, cutting and hauling the cedar pillars, founding the metal. Beside any building already in Japan, this should be a marvel: a palace of God's to a peasant's hut. Slowly the great pavilions and pagodas arose, story on story; the arcades and tower gates, the blue-tiled palaces that, terrace by terrace ascending, covered the mountain-side. It was the fruit of Shotoku's heart and genius; his interpretation into Japanese of art, culture, spiritual life, religion and philosophy — all that the continent had to give. Out of these elements he had distilled within himself a new civilization for his people.*

Horiuji was dedicated in 616, in the presence of prelates and ambassadors from the Corean states and from Suy; and its spiritual work for the national life began. This was the first historic impulse to civilization that had touched Dai Nippon: anything of that nature before was either mythical altogether, or belonged to forgotten times beyond the neck of the hour-glass. The Japanese before Shotoku were a very simple people: arts rudimentary and literature unwritten: and without clear memory of anything different. But there is a faculty in the race, and it appeared in Shotoku's time — as early as that — which proves an ancient splendor behind: its quickness to learn and adapt civilization. That is necessarily a faculty gained only through the experience of ages: what is new to you, you cannot learn in five minutes; but what you have learned once, and since forgotten, very likely you can. The impulse Shotoku gave, carried the Japanese forward by leaps and bounds through the seventh century, and produced

* See Fenollosa's *Epochs in Chinese and Japanese Art*, from which this description of the building of Horiuji is taken.

an age of illumination in the first quarter of the eighth. Then Giogi, called the Bosatsu or Bodhisatva, great alike as artist, as religious Teacher, and as statesman, guided the affairs of the nation; then the first great poets, Hitomaru and Akahito, were singing; then the Nihongi and the Kojiki were written, the religious and secular annals of the country, compiled from native tradition helped out with Chinese history, and "held to be the chief exponents of the Shinto faith." Japan had looked inward, discovered her soul, and made of herself a nation. Shotoku brought in the impulse; it gathered impetus for a century; then Giogi took the direction of it in his hands, and guided it towards ancient half memories, to that old Soul-of-Japan religion, Shinto in its simplicity. Suddenly the bud became a wonderful lotus in the Eastern Sea; suddenly the chrysalis an exquisite moth. Of a race naturally warlike and gentle, stern and beauty-loving, but bound together with loose bonds, hardly conscious of self or of any high destiny, a self-conscious nation is formed, with the path to the utmost summits stretching before her feet. Shotoku and Giogi stand at the beginning and the end respectively, of this first cycle of Japanese civilization.

Now see how the cycles will turn, and no flow of the tide be left unfollowed by its natural ebb. In 724, one hundred and thirty-one years after the accession of Suiko, and the beginning of Shotoku's activity, Shomu Tenno became Mikado, and the great age of Nara began; it lasted until Shomu's death in 748. It was a time of external splendor, not of real growth. The vital forces which, since Shotoku, had been striking inward, nurturing her soul, and so making Japan; now went flaunting outward and away into wealth, pomp, luxury and ostentation. Nara, the capital, had more than a million inhabitants; and just as Nara exceeded old Tatsuta, Shotoku's chief city, so would Shomu exceed Shotoku. He would build more and splendor temples in a year, than Shotoku's patient love had spent years over his lone Horiuji. So art died for the time being, killed by this disgusting get-rich-quickism. There was no time to follow the great models, or to do work such as would satisfy the Gods. National taste deteriorated; no new Giogi or Hitomaru appeared; the cheap and nasty triumphed. Not all at once, of course: the one prepared the way for the other. With Shomu's passing, even the shell magnificence began to crumble and flake; things were by no means as they had been. For ten years all intercourse with Corea, still the tutor nation, had been

cut off; the Coreans were over-busy withstanding T'ai-Tsong, and could afford Japan no new teachers or models; and nothing to stay the downward trend of the cycle was to be found within Japan itself. Corruption came to reign in the palace: a greedy nobility seized the land and the power; the people, who had been landholders under Shotoku's wise constitution, were sent empty away. Buddhism, it seemed, had not struck root deep enough; or it had lost its flavor since Shotoku, and offered nothing for the national salvation. — This decline lasted, going from bad to worse, until the eighties of the century, when Kwammu came to the throne; so quickly the little downward cycle came to its end.

The introductory thirteen decades, and the twilight that followed them, were now things of the past, and Japan, under Kwammu, entered into the Age of Asian greatness. That was in the year 782. Here, again, we have to do with one of the great Kings of history. Kwammu found the government corrupt, art grown coarse and traditional, life altogether deteriorated; and determined at once on radical reforms, not merely political. In the Buddhism that remained: a court religion hand in glove with court evils, and no glimmer of Shotoku's sweet strength left in it: he found nothing that might encourage progress, and much that might tend to its reverse. Beyond that, there was no potent influence at home; so, like Shotoku, he would seek a means of salvation abroad. Chinese wars in Corea, in early T'ang times, had cut the connexion between Japan and the continent; now, however, Corea was prospering as a T'ang dependency, and Kwammu resolved to open those connexions once more. A hundred years before, a Tientai — called in Japanese *Tendai* — teacher had come as a missionary from China; but the islanders would have none of him, and banished him for a magician. He might have supplied a spiritual motive force to carry Japan through the eighth century; but it was not to be. Kwammu, aware of the splendors of the court of Hsüan Tsung, but not that those splendors had died with him, sent out emissaries to enquire into the secrets of Chinese greatness; who found Confucianism dominant, and brought back word to their master to that effect. Forthwith it became his purpose to introduce Confucian teaching; but the Confucianists of China had no thought of extending aid to the outer barbarian, and Kwammu's advances were repulsed. Here, then, was the Mikado's position: he saw that the external elements of Chinese culture: the arts, universal education, the great

universities, the stately court pageants and ceremonial, the perfect manners and lofty breeding generally, could never be acclimatized unless he held the spiritual secret on which they were based. Where to find it, since Confucianism, apparently effective in China, he might not have in Japan?

At this juncture, help was at hand. The Tientai monastery had, with the close of the cycle of T'ang greatness, to a certain extent shut its gates to the world, and become esoteric; its voice was no longer heard in public affairs. But it was still a center of Light, and had an Adept Teacher at its head: one Tao Sui, known in Japan as Dosui. Among his disciples were several Japanese; one of them Sai-cho, commonly called Dengyo Daishi, Dengyo the Teacher, a man great in genius as in character, who was now found ready to be sent forth into the world. Just when Kwammu was in need of him, Dengyo returned to his native land; brought the message of Tendai to the emperor, and became at once his Teacher and chief counsellor.

Kwammu had undertaken the rebuilding of the national life; and was working, aware of the perils of his course, along military, commercial, and educational lines. Without help from the Gods, he foresaw that an era of externalism might be the best he could bring upon Japan; now, in Dengyo Daishi he recognized a helper sent by the Gods, and in Tendai Theosophy that which should turn the new energies into true channels, and maintain an inward growth to balance, dominate and keep wholesome the outward. Dengyo the Theosophist set the new wave of Japanese evolution flowing towards spirituality.

Kwammu deserted Nara; he found its influences unwholesome, and would begin all things anew with another and far more splendid capital at Kyoto. He built it upon T'ang models in city planning: models that we use today, shorn of their grace and beauty, in America. Within twenty years Kyoto had reached its million mark in inhabitants, and had become the center of a new and vigorous national life. At Enriakuji on Mount Hiei, just outside the city, stood Dengyo's monastery: symbol of the spiritual life that he and the emperor intended should crown and dominate the life of the nation. It was their plan that government should be, as Fenollosa puts it, "a kind of mystical theocracy such as never existed in China or any other Buddhist kingdom." While Charlemain was uniting Church and State in Europe, Kwammu and Dengyo were doing the like in Japan; but there, the result of the union was to force and spiritualize civilization. Through

the early centuries of Kioto, the State was Theosophist: its heart wholly in a devout and warriorlike worship of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True. Tientai might have wielded a vast influence in T'ang China, and yet left the Son of Heaven dallying with a courtesan; though it produced the mightiest creations in art, and lifted life generally to splendid heights, it failed to capture the heart of the State. In Japan, Dengyo saw to that at the outset; his rôle was that of prelate-statesman; his first convert the Mikado: working with whom he founded the empire, not merely upon righteousness, but on a burning, real spirituality.

A little later another Messenger arrived from China: Ku K'ai, better known as Kobo Daishi: and did for the commonalty that which Dengyo was doing for emperor and body politic. He built his temple on Mount Koya in Yamato, far away from the capital; but mostly was wandering through all the provinces, teaching and preaching. A philosopher of the first rank: Japan's very greatest, one of Asia's very greatest, or the world's: he founded the Shingon School, with fuller and deeper revelations, possibly, even than those of Tendai; and achieved uniting it with the old national Shinto or Way of the Gods. In all these inner schools of Buddhism, sanctity went hand in hand with genius: your great priest was also a great artist, or at least patron of the arts, invariably; and Kobo was as great at painting and sculpture as at philosophy. So now he gathered about him the youthful genius of the islands, aspirant at that time after the Chinese learning; they became his disciples; he pointed out for them the path of the higher life, and the path to artistic creation in the grand T'ang manner. Thus he was the Father of Japanese Art, no less than of Japanese Philosophy. He had brought with him hundreds of T'ang masterpieces from China; understanding the secret of their sublimity, he used them to inflame the genius of Japan.

So far, so good: Dengyo's success had made possible the work of Kobo; government and people had been captured, and the Gods had their ambassadors working openly in Japan for many years. But the Gods too are governed by laws which they must not, cannot, transgress. Such open teaching is a kind of seed-sowing, which has its proper season, and may be done in no other. Or it is the outward coursing of a sacred life-blood, driven by the systole of the World-Heart; a diastole shall follow, when the blood must return to the heart. Came the time when a third Teacher was needed in Japan: not now for

public work, as the time when that was advisable had passed; but to gather the currents set in motion by Dengyo and Kobo, lest they should flow on outward ever and to waste; and to open a channel for them inward into the Heart of the World. In 864 such a Messenger appeared: Chisho Daishi: whose work was almost altogether esoteric. He built his monastery at Miidera, near Lake Biwa in Otsu: there, according to Fenollosa, the highest heights in discipleship, in Master-ship, have been attained, that have been attained in Japan. Enriakuji, Dengyo's foundation, had served its purpose: made a great age possible, then lost its light, and became presently a mere nest of turbulent political monks. Mount Koya remained, it would appear, a center of art and holy living; but it was at Miidera that you should have found, I suspect, even in the darkest ages of the Asian pralaya, the living flame of the Soul of Japan, the link between nation and Gods. Dengyo and Kobo, I think, and especially the former, worked definitely for one age that was coming: the great age of the Fujiwara Shogunate, particularly the period Engi (901-922), when the Crest Wave was all in Kioto, and made that the crown and glory of the world; but Chisho, it would seem, worked for all time.

For the ninth century was rather one of preparation than of achievement. Almost until Chisho came to Miidera, a wing of the Chosen People was yet lingering in the Abbassid Empire, whose glory lasted undimmed at Bagdad until the accession of al-Mutawakkil in 847. Thither it had passed a century before, from a China grown dissolute under Hsüan Tsung, and a Japan vulgarized under Shomu. Mark the dates, they are instructive: Shomu died, and his pomp passed with him, in 748; Hsüan Tsung abdicated in 756; Bagdad was built in the seven-fifties. When the Golden Age of the Abbassids ended, Japan, rising always, stood well in the van of the world; her sun reached its zenith some fifty odd years later, during the pure youth of the Fujiwara régime. By that time the Japanese mind and imagination had become inspired, devout, creative; quickening a civilization virile and exquisite: strong, untouched with effeminacy, but having all the delicate beauty of a flower. It was intensely spiritual, vividly Theosophical and artistic; and therein lay its power. "Kioto of Engi," says Fenollosa, "worshiped in one vast temple without decay of heart or intellect. . . . Nothing before or since, probably, has possessed a more perfect flavor."

Women were the equals of men in those days; the age is glorious

with the names of as many great poetesses as great poets. Prose, indeed, and especially fiction, was largely in the hands of the court ladies; who have left us, in the great Monogatari novels of the period, some of the most perfect pictures of life to be found anywhere.* Music had a ministry of state devoted to it, and lapped round and ensouled every phase of life; music and poetry, the composition of them, formed a necessary part of all education. On the material side, architecture, dress, all the outward appurtenances of civilization, were beautiful, rich, splendid. Morals were clean and lofty; manners — where else shall you look for the like of them? It was a race of gentlemen and ladies, in the fullest, sweetest fragrance of the terms. The heart of it all was the devout Theosophical enthusiasm of Tendai. “To make and administer sound laws, to effect hospital, charitable and university organization, to play a birdlike part in the variegated paradises of court and villa, to beautify the person and flash poetry as fountains do water — was only to do naturally what the Gods wished done upon the hardened circumference of heaven; for after all the earth is only an outlying province, and the very best of the fleshbound soul is in touch with the central molten life of Paradise. Thus men did their menial functions in the very eyes of the Gods, and there became practically no difference between a palace and a temple.” Thus Fenollosa: inspired, one would think, by something like actual memory.

This was the time of the Mikado Daigo, grandson of Fujiwara Mototsune, and the first of many emperors who were to be the grandsons of the successive heads of the great clan that had already taken the whole government into its hands. It was a hundred years before their régime showed any signs of weakening; although art and literature were not again what they had been during the first twenty years of it, the period Engi. Yet neither night nor day may last forever; light shall follow the one always, and darkness the other. By the end of the tenth century the Fujiwaras were being spoiled by power; by the middle of the eleventh, Japan had exhausted wholly the impulse of T'ang culture, and was afraid of new ideas from the continent. They were teaching Confucius and humdrum at Kioto, although they were busily laying both on the shelf at Kaifongfu. The fighting generals on the frontiers were no longer prepared to submit to the courtly, unwarlike Fujiwara lords at the capital; they had become half barbarian, and despised the over-civilized. Holding hereditary commands,

* Fenollosa: *Epochs in Chinese and Japanese Art*.

they bequeathed hereditary ambitions; so power grew into the hands of one and another of their families. In the middle of the twelfth century the rude Tairas were ousting the Fujiwaras, and an uncouth feudalism set in. Taira Kiyomori, indeed, supreme throughout the empire by 1160, essayed the great Fujiwara rôle: with something of its outward splendor, but none of its inward grace. The secret of that last was lost; nor could the Minamotos recover it when the Tairas fell. Japan had drawn in from a barbarous circumference elements that swamped for the time her central culture; there were wars and rumors of war; her essential warriorhood had passed from the inner to the outer plane. The Cycle of Asia was drawing to its close: China had but one more glorious century before her — after which you must seek the greater part of what light there was, in Europe.

But how different was the fate of Japan, when the great cataclysm came, from that of all other eastern civilizations! She alone was not to fall to the Mongols; she first was to drive the European peril victoriously from her shores. — Well, three Messengers of the Gods had come to her in quick succession, and she had received all of them open-heartedly; Tendai Theosophy had had its way with her, evoking in her soul an indomitable warrior spirit. Saracen civilization was to become effete and effeminate, and Tartar and Spanish savages were to smash it and sweep it away. Chinese civilization was to ossify and grow sterile, and to go down stubbornly fighting against invincible Kublai and his Christian artillery. But no such fate was for Dai Nippon. Night was to fall upon her; but not disastrous and destroying night. The warrior spirit was never to depart from her. Passing outward from its proper spiritual sphere, it wrecked her glorious culture outwardly, imposing on her feudal, rough and troublous centuries. But it still carried within it the seeds of Truth: was redeemed by the knightly code of Bushido; and still you should have found within her shores centers such as Miidera, where the one true Light still shone, and there was refuge and an open way for those of her sons who might desire to find the Gods. And all through the long winter of Asia, which has been the summer of Europe, she carried within her unconquerable heart the promise of a new spring: she remained intact and inviolate; and with the first swallow, the first snowdrop, the first thawing of the snows, she was ready to take the field.

HOMESICKNESS: by R. Machell

(With Pen and Ink Drawings by the Author)



AS the autumn sun was setting behind the trees of Cumberly plantation, old Molly Mathers came to her garden gate, to watch the transfiguration of the familiar landscape, from a mere matter of fields and trees and cows and clucking fowls, into that mystery of interblending tones, that glow and melting merge themselves in shade, uniting heaven and earth in one strange harmony, whose ancient beauty is as fresh today as when man first awoke to consciousness of beauty on this old Earth, and felt his heart respond to the eternal glory of the pageant of the passing of the day. So the old woman watched and wondered, thinking such thoughts as spring spontaneously from unknown depths into the mind of every unspoiled child of nature, and which appear to each entirely original: why not? Originality does not call for novelty in the ideas that are the souls of thoughts. Ideas are eternal, rays from the Central Sun, the Soul of the Universe, of which we are a part: there is no novelty in ideas, though, as they flash upon the mirror of the mind, and find reflection there, the thoughts, that are their outer form, and which translate their formless spirituality into the mode of our mentality, may be new, must be indeed; and these are original, being the children of the mind, born of the momentary union of Spirit and Matter.

The hour of sunset is like no other hour of the day; in Molly's mind it was associated with tea-time, not only from the fact that the one was more or less timed by the other, but also because she looked

upon her evening meditation as a kind of natural sacrament, from which she drew refreshment for her soul, just as she looked to get refreshment for her old body from her evening meal. She never put the thought in words; she was too wise to talk about such things to those that could not understand them, and the only one who could was Sally Cottrel her niece, who was as reticent as herself, and was perhaps even more sensitive to the spell of Nature.

So Molly stood and meditated on the marvel and the mystery that accompanied the changing of the day, while Sally made the tea; and, as she stood beneath the shelter of the arching thornbush, the vicar, passing down the lane, caught sight of her, and knew, by the infallible illumination of experience, that the old woman stood there waiting for him to pass, in order to suggest the fitness of the season to the accustomed dole of sundry sacks of coal, of which she surely stood in need, and of the which he was the administrator. And she, poor soul, as soon as she caught sight of him, responded to his train of thought and justified his judgment by a greeting followed by the familiar formula applicable to sacks of coal.

The application duly recorded, the genial vicar passed on his way filled with the satisfaction of benevolence, and of compassion for the poor and ignorant, who have no higher thoughts to brighten the darkness of their simple lives than those suggested by their own needs, or by the misdoings of their neighbors.

But the old woman turned, as he went, and took one last look at the fading glory of the sky, and wondered once more, as she had wondered from her childhood up, at the strange opening and closing of the door between the ordinary world, where sacks of coal and parsons play so prominent a part, and that other realm of mystery, that reveals its majesty just for a moment, maybe, when the change takes place that marks the closing of the day. That other world, that seemed so real, so much more real than this, that seemed so near, yet was so easily shut off, so hard to find again when lost; what was it? It was not visible, and yet it was perceptible in some strange way, it seemed to be intensely present, actual, and yet invisible: the glory of the sky was not a picture that evoked esthetic feelings, but, as it were, a mere accompaniment to the opening of a door, through which she passed into a state of ecstasy, that in itself was not of any measurable duration, and that yet had in it a feeling of eternity. She did not think of it as some place; she did not think of it at all, though she

did think about the wonder of it. But the experience itself was not a mental process, and for this reason possibly it would have been beyond the comprehension of the worthy vicar, who was so sure he understood these village people thoroughly, and had long ago concluded that they were almost as unintelligent as animals, and were only linked on to the upper classes by the saving grace of Christianity as brought down to their level by the ministration of the clergy of the Established Church. To him imagination meant delusion simply, and intuition mere guessing or insanity, dangerous, and liable to lead to heresy. There was, for him, no other link between the world we live in and the rest, which he called heaven, than the religion of his Church. That was the only bridge that spanned the gulf between his world and all the vast universe that lies beyond this little span of physical experience that we call life.

Old Molly's demand for coal had put out of his mind a question that he meant to ask about the gossip he had heard, concerning an intimacy reported to exist between her handsome niece and that young Baxter, whose profligacy was notorious. The Baxters were of the old yeoman class, who held themselves too good to mate with villagers, and therefore the intimacy was most compromising to a girl like Sally Cottrel. It was said that she was seen going to meet him after dark in the Cumberly plantation, as the wood was called that lay close by between old Molly's cottage and the church.

There was an undeniable laxity in the morality of the villagers, doubtless a survival of the last generation's indifference to the mere form of marriage. The ceremony, before the vicar's time, had been regarded as a proper ratification of an existing union already blessed by progeny. This simple custom had deeply scandalized the good man, and he had done his best to raise the moral tone (as he called it) of the village. What he accomplished was to modify the custom, and to make marriage respected in the form at least. As to the real life of the people, it was a sealed book to him, both in its lower levels, which he thought he knew, and in its higher or inner phases, of which he had not the faintest suspicion.

Now Sally Cottrel was one of many, for the family of Cottrel was not one that could be charged with the crime of race-suicide, and the Cottrel girls were the most notoriously attractive in the parish. Sally herself had made a home almost of her aunt's cottage, escaping the swarm of children in her own mother's most disorderly

establishment at the North End, and more often than not would stay with old Molly when she went to look after her a bit. So now she was inside preparing the evening meal of tea and toast while Molly watched the sunset as she loved to do. She saw the vicar pass, and had no wish to meet him, but she watched to see if he would come to the cottage, meaning to escape into the back garden if he came.



There was a certain likeness between the young girl and the old woman, in spite of the exuberant vitality of the one and the fragile, tired appearance of the other. It was in the eyes, and also in the smile, that something shone through from an inner life: there was a strange intensity in the glance, and a peculiar charm both in the smile and also in a certain simple ease and dignity that indicated natural refinement.

No doubt the vicar would have been surprised if any one had questioned the orthodoxy of old Molly and her niece, for the old woman was a regular church-goer (for diplomatic reasons) and her niece Sally had been one of the brightest of the Sunday-school class in her young days. Yet

it is safe to say they were as truly unorthodox as they well could be. The church religion had no point of contact with their soul-life; and their uncultivated mentality was absolutely indifferent to the dogmas of the Church or to the entire scheme of salvation which often passes for Christianity. But to both of them the inner life was a reality, for which indeed they had no language, and in the cult of which they used no ritual: but they had their own feelings and to some extent each knew that they shared a life that was a closed book to most of those they had to do with. Sally was no diplomatist, and stayed away from church because there was no meaning in it all to her. When her aunt looked into the fire and read the pictures that she saw there, the girl's quick imagination started into life, and carried her to heights beyond the range of mere mentality. Such things were

real, intensely real, while all the parson's sermons and the ritual of the church were cold and meaningless to her; nor could she comfortably sleep through the wearisome ordeal as did her aunt, and so she fell from grace, and was looked upon with much doubt as to her future by the vicar and his wife. His faith was fixed on the Established Church, outside of which he had no wish to wander. All speculation on religious matters was distasteful to him: he had a horror of free-thought, and a supreme contempt for mysticism, his reverence for conventionality was sincere, his own respectability unquestionable, and his orthodoxy immaculate.



When tea was over and the last glimmer of the after-glow had faded from the sky, the girl grew restless, and said she would go up to the North End to see her father and help care for the childer a bit. All which she did; but when she left her father's house she took the lane that led to Cumberly plantation across the old bridge by the mill. By that time the mill was empty and the miller comfortably established by his own fireside, but the lane was not altogether deserted, for a white fox-terrier came trotting up to her and greeted her with unmistakable familiarity. A little later, as she climbed the stile and passed into the silence of the wood, the owner of the terrier appeared and greeted her with a familiarity as unmistakable, though less demonstrative. The fox-terrier had matters of importance to attend to in the neighborhood, and when he made his

entry later into the drawing-room at the vicarage, his condition raised a protest from the lady of the house, who said that if her sons could not keep their dogs from hunting they should at least lock them up in the stables till they were dry and fit to come into the house. She went herself into the boys' smoking-room to say so, and found Charlie, the owner of the dog, quietly reading and smoking. He apologized for his dog's misconduct, and went to see his mother's wishes put into effect, and the dog locked up for the night to punish him for leaving his master when he was on his usual evening stroll. The dogs of the family were a constant source of trouble in the house, but no one dreamed of seriously objecting to their presence; they were a part of the household, more so indeed than most of the servants, who came and went unnoticed by the family in general. The house was large, and there was room enough for all, if each one would but look after his or her own dog properly. So said Mrs. Maister, and the family agreed with her, only regretting that she did not look after her own pet dog a little less carefully.

Charlie Maister returned to the smoking-room, but made no pretense of reading, though there was but a short time to the date of his next examination, and it was important that he should not fail again; for his father had made it clear to him that he must either get into the army or go to the colonies, and he had been really anxious to get through creditably; but just now reading was more than distasteful; the army had lost its charm, and the colonies seemed to offer a chance of freedom from discipline that was inviting to his easy-going nature. So that the examination loomed up before him as an experience to be avoided if possible, rather than as an opportunity to be seized.

He was not given to self-analysis, nor to serious reflection on the problems of life. Until now he had been content to take life as he found it, and to get all the pleasure he could out of it; while the future had troubled him not at all. He would go into the army, because that seemed the most attractive career open to him, not at all because he felt any ambition for distinction. It was simply a question of choosing the easiest and pleasantest path that lay before him. His ideal in life was enjoyment, and his principles briefly stated were to make life pleasant for himself first (naturally) and next for those he came in contact with; to respect his class; to conform as far as possible to the standards of honor generally accepted among gentlemen, and for the rest to avoid shocking the conventionalities. In

fact, if he were not absolutely unprincipled, it was due rather to his natural generosity and instinctive sense of right than to any definite ideals of life or well-defined principles of honor. Religion was an empty convention which did not interest him in the least. The respect he paid to his parents was more a matter of habit than of conviction, for he had almost unconsciously taken the measure of their mediocrity, and knew himself superior, though the thought had never taken definite form in his mind. Now, however, he was thinking, and thinking seriously, and the process was something like an initiation into the mysteries of life. His finer feelings had not been cultivated, nor indeed can it be said that they had even been recognized in the general scheme of his education, so that the possibilities of his own nature were an absolute mystery to him. He had no idea that he was capable of great things, and he took it for granted that he could not do anything dishonorable, while a crime was of course unthinkable. No one had ever told him of the duality of human nature; he knew that some men were bad and some good, while the rest he supposed were just normal, like himself, that is to say, natural.

Who was to tell him that his love of pleasure was the expression of the lower nature, which is capable of the deepest degradation; or that his intuitive perception of right was the proof of his inherent divinity and the evidence of heroic possibilities? Not his father with his cut-and-dried rules of conduct and formal orthodoxy, nor his mother with her unconscious selfishness and conventional propriety. What did they know of the real nature of those souls entrusted to their charge by the Great Law of life? They could not teach their children more than they knew themselves, and carefully refrained from teaching them even what they had learned from their own experience of life. And so, like most young men of his class, he had to learn by dangerous and painful experience those simple lessons of right conduct, that might have been mastered in the nursery easily and in safety. His love of beauty was intense and would have borne fine fruit if rightly cultivated, but it had been ignored and left to run riot in his nature; so that it was entangled with the lower tendencies, and gave to them a fascination that intoxicated his imagination, blinding him to the really vicious character of the passions, that lurked beneath the delusive blossoms of the enchanted garden of the senses, where every flower has its own peculiar poison or some serpent coiled about its stem, for the destruction of the ignorant.

His natural refinement had protected him from the grosser temptations that seduce men of coarser fiber, and he supposed himself therefore superior to the fascination that leads to vice; but when a child of nature crossed his path, his love of beauty swept him at once into the current of the passions he despised, when represented by the grosser forms of vulgar profligacy.

A village girl seen in a cottage garden set all the poetry of his nature to work weaving webs of fancy for his mind, to make into a royal robe wherewith to clothe the desire. And, because she too knew nothing of the forces that run riot in the human heart, her fancy caught the reflection of his poesy, and plunged her into an intoxication of romance that seemed to her an exaltation to undreamed-of heights of blessedness.

So these two learned the first letters of the alphabet of life in Nature's school; and woke to find that Nature teaches without any care for the conventionalities of civilized society, and with no regard at all for human convenience or respectability. The simple lesson, that yet seems so hard to learn, was not yet learned indeed, for man learns slowly when he only learns by personal experience; each new example of the same old rule seems like a new lesson involving unknown principles, and it may need innumerable repetitions of the same teaching, couched in countless forms of various circumstance, to bring the pupil to the recognition of the principle expressed in some simple adage, such as "ye reap as ye have sown," or "results follow causes as the furrow follows the plow." So simple, and yet how many life-times will it take to teach a man this fundamental law of life?

Now Charlie had to face the natural consequence of his own acts, and it seemed to him as if some cruel fate had interfered and changed the natural order, so as to put him in this dilemma. He felt not only trapped, but betrayed, fooled, put in a ridiculous position, which he had really not deserved. Of course he did not shirk responsibility, or wish to blame the girl, far from it; he was indeed more deeply concerned for her than she was for herself; but all the same the position in which he found himself was so incongruous, that he could see no sort of justice or right relation of results to causes, in the business.

He was an honorable man and would shield as far as possible the woman he had compromised; and he would make provision for her, and so on. Just how this was to be done by a youth without independ-

ent fortune or means of even supporting himself was another question. The immediate problem was how to avoid a scandal that would compromise his family: how could he keep it from his mother's knowledge. He saw no way out of the difficulty and began to move round the room like a caged animal, and that is what he felt like. He took up a book and the book-mark fell out: it was an illuminated text presented to him by one of his sisters on his birthday; and he hated texts, but this reminder of his sister acted as a spur to his impatience of the net he felt closing round him. He threw the marker on the table and the text caught his eye: "I will arise and go to my father, etc." He almost laughed aloud at the absurdity of the suggestion — go to his father! — ridiculous!

The door opened, and the vicar came in with a bed-candle in his hand.

PART TWO



CHARLIE — I want a word with you."

Charlie turned hot and cold, and pulled an armchair forward for his father, while he filled another pipe rather uncomfortably. There was a pause. Then, as if anxious to get over an unpleasant matter quickly, the vicar flung a letter on the table, saying:

"Look at that.

That is what Blenkinsop has to say about you, mother's settlement, and your share in it; you know I told you I could appoint a certain part of it, so as to secure you a small income, enough to make it possible for you to live decently in a good regiment. You know you never could expect to get along with nothing but your pay, and I cannot undertake to pay your debts for you, as I have done for Arthur: he is the eldest and has a right to expect more than the rest; but I am not

a rich man as you know, and — well — there — read it yourself.”

By this time Charlie had glanced at the letter, and had seen that his share in his mother's settlement had mysteriously melted into a nominal sum secured on worthless mortgages. So he was to be penniless after all. He looked at his father rather blankly, and his father fidgeted awkwardly in his chair. He was not to blame, and yet he somehow felt guilty in the presence of his son, robbed of his small inheritance, by mere mismanagement, or perhaps simply by the ordinary accident of business failure. Charlie laughed somewhat sardonically as his eye fell on that text; there would be no fatted calf for him this time, evidently.



“Fortunately,” said his father, “my own investments have turned out well and so my income is not much reduced by these unfortunate mistakes of the trustees, or rather of Blenkinsop, who suggested the investments. But even so it is far short of what I need to meet the expenses of all the family, and keep things decent about the house for your mother and the girls, and make a home for the rest to come to occasionally. But you will see for yourself that you boys have got to earn your own living, and must not expect me to keep you always. I

am afraid you will have to give up the army and go to Canada or New Zealand, like your cousins: they are all doing well, and there is no reason why you should not get on as well as they.”

Charlie nodded, having heard this kind of thing so often, and having hitherto paid so little attention to it, that force of habit made it sound rather reassuring than otherwise. Anyway, he felt relieved of all responsibility as to the examination for the army, for which he had been supposedly preparing this last few months at home. Also his father's rather apologetic manner made him feel less like a prodigal son with a confession to make, and he decided not to spoil the feeling of the occasion by making any confession, tonight at least. So he

laughed it off, and wished his father good-night in his usual light-hearted manner. And the vicar went to bed feeling he had done his duty and maintained his dignity, and, what was more, had got an unpleasant matter off his mind. He sighed to think what a responsibility his large family was to him, but took comfort in the reflection that they had such a good home to come to and to think of in their absence. It was a principle with him to maintain the home in such a manner that it might serve to keep up the moral tone of the family, and make the boys feel the contrast if they fell into low society or got acquainted with second-rate people; he held that family pride was a great protection against low associations; and the girls were taught that it was their duty to make their brothers feel the good influence of refined society in their own home, so that they should have a good standard to measure other women by, and so be protected from the temptation to make undesirable acquaintances or bad marriages. There was, however, something lacking in this scheme apparently, though the vicar had not discovered it. He was very well pleased with his home and very proud of his family, which he felt was a model to all his less fortunate neighbors.

Now that it was settled that Charlie could not go into the army, it was considered wise to get him off as soon as possible; and his uncle, Colonel John Maister, who was one of the trustees for the settlement that had been so mismanaged, offered to send him out to Canada at once, to the farm in which one of his own sons had a share. Further, he proposed to pay his fare and provide him with a good outfit, urging him to lose no time in making up his mind, and invited him to visit him in London so as to settle matters more conveniently.

This offer was gladly accepted, and in a very short time, all these matters were arranged. Charlie confessed to his uncle that he was in debt to the amount of nearly £100, and, as he had made no complaint about the loss of his expected inheritance, his uncle gave him a check for the amount, as a sop to his own conscience. This sum the young man devoted to the soothing of *his* conscience, and, after much deliberation, placed it in the hands of a young lawyer with whom he had been at school, for the use of the girl whom he had compromised, and whom he was about to leave to bear the consequences of their infatuation as best she could. For himself, he awoke from his dream with something of a shock, and with a well-defined feeling of contempt for his own blind passion, tinged with regret for the poor girl, who had

worshiped him as a superior being, and who had idealized their passion into an ecstasy of almost superhuman bliss. He vaguely felt that she was no ordinary child of passion, but he failed utterly to measure the depth and the simplicity of her nature. The people in the village called her proud, and prophesied wisely enough that she would come to a bad end, because she despised her class, and had ideas. Yes, she had ideas: ignorant, and uncultured she was; but she had ideas. Unfortunately she did not understand the first word of the mystery of the human heart, and followed the impulse of the moment unquestioningly. Her love was adoration, her passion ecstasy, her ideal lover was a being, not as other men, but indeed divine, according to her measure of divinity; and she worshiped at his shrine the sacred fire of the Gods, intoxicated by the exhalation of her own imagination, even as a pythoness with exhalations from some cavern of the mysteries.

In his absence, she lived in dreams, and wandered in the wood, that was to her a sacred grove, in which the mystery of love had been revealed; her dreams were all etherealized beyond the range of mere emotion; they were impersonal states of ecstasy, in which her own heart seemed to open out into the heart of nature, feeling the throb of universal life, as if it were in no wise separate from the great mother-heart of Nature: and the first premonitions of maternity came to her as a revelation of her own divinity. Fortunately, perhaps, she had no language to express her own emotions, and lived her inner life alone with blessed dreams for company. The first cloud to cast a shadow in her paradise came in the form of a communication from the young lawyer, in which he said that he had been instructed by his client Charles Maister to provide her with such funds as might be necessary in certain eventualities, and said he would himself pay her a visit in a few days' time to explain matters more clearly, as Mr. Maister might be absent for some time. But this diplomatic mitigation of her lover's desertion was robbed of its virtue by the crude gossip of the village, which said that the parson's son had been sent off to Canada because he had got into debt; some said he had committed forgery, and had bolted from the clutches of the law; but oddly enough his name was never coupled with that of the village girl.

The lawyer was a gentleman and did his errand tactfully, assuming for the occasion the formal manner that seemed to exclude all possibility of general discussion, which he dreaded, for he felt somewhat

ashamed for his client and somewhat alarmed at the probability of a "scene." But there was no such thing. The girl seemed to be satisfied that all was as it should be, or at least, as well as circumstances would permit, and merely thanked the lawyer for his services, leaving him deeply impressed with the calm self-reliance of this strangely attractive girl.

He had suggested that she might find employment for a time in the town, and there make arrangements for the future, so as to avoid the gossip of the village; his intention being to protect the Maisters from a possible scandal: as yet apparently no one knew anything of the affair except Molly Mathers, who was a strange woman, not addicted to gossip, and yet well liked in a community that lived on gossip, one might say. Sally agreed to the proposal, and went to the neighboring town to talk with a relative who had a small business there. She found the family making their final arrangements to quit the country, in order to try their luck in a new land; and they being full of great expectations, persuaded her to join the party, when they learned that she was wishing to leave her home. Sally needed little persuasion when she heard the land of their choice was Canada; and the lawyer, when told, replied in a most encouraging letter and assurances of help, that would smooth the way for all the party. He arranged it so that the girl should not be compromised by his assistance, and represented himself as acting for a certain emigration company with which he was connected. There seemed to him to be a certain fitness of things in this move, and he wondered if the hand of destiny would bring his friend Charlie to book, by one of those tricks that most of us call accidents. He himself was loyal to his client, and did not betray his whereabouts, of which indeed he was not himself clearly informed, for Charles Maister seemed to have ideas of his own as to his future; and his friend thought it hardly likely that he would settle down permanently on a farm, not if there were gold-fields within reach.

In his final interview the lawyer explained the arrangements he had made, giving her a letter of credit on a bank in Canada for the sum he thought necessary, and advising her to register as Mrs. Mathers going to join her husband. He gave her a wedding ring and advised her to wear it, undertaking himself to explain the situation to her fellow-travelers; which he did successfully, with a very slight straining of the truth to meet the needs of the case. So Sally sailed for Canada within a few weeks of her lover; and the young lawyer, won-

dering what the future had in store for his young client, felt well pleased with his own share in the business. And the vicar too was pleased to think that Charlie's loss had been discovered before he had taken the final step of entering the army; because he knew the boy was too luxurious by nature to be satisfied to live on a subaltern's pay; and now he was at least out of the way of mischief. Thinking of the gossip he had heard about young Baxter and one of the Cottrel girls had made him realize that there were dangers for a young man like Charlie even in his own village; and when young Baxter, just about this time quarreled with his father and left the country without saying where he was going, and when Sally Cottrel emigrated with her relatives, and gossip put a connecting link between these two events, the vicar shook his head wisely and thanked God none of his sons had so disgraced themselves.

And Molly Mathers looked into the embers of her cottage hearth, and saw such pictures as are seen by those whose hearts reflect the heart-light of the world, that shines in the sunlight, shimmers in the stars, gleams where the stream reflects the glamor of the moon, glows in the embers when darkness shuts the daylight from the house, and the winds moan and whistle through the trees.

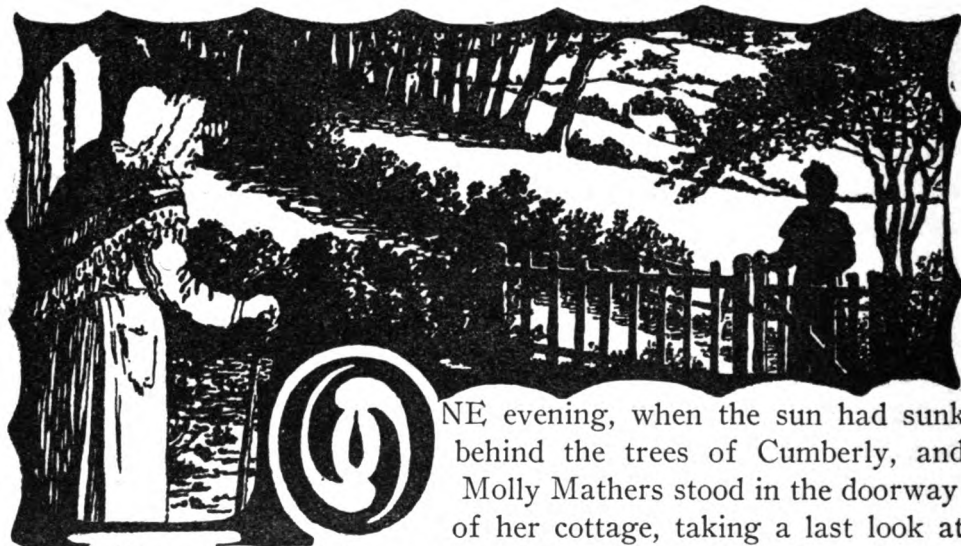
Those pictures in the embers puzzled her, it was so hard to read them right.

The vicar came, and questioned her discreetly as he thought, but the old woman was so ignorant and so confiding, that she seemed blind to the weaknesses of young women generally and of Sally in particular, and expressed her absolute conviction that there was no truth in all the gossip about young Baxter and her niece. But the vicar was too astute to be deceived, and drew his own conclusions, as he did usually, in strict conformity with his own preconceptions, and with a total disregard for the convictions of old Molly, who watched him, and read his thoughts more easily than she could read her Bible; and she played with him, leaving him utterly blind to the true reason for the girl's disappearance.

Then came letters from his son, and then a long silence. Colonel Maister wrote, saying no news had come of the arrival of his nephew at the farm; and there the matter stood, until a few months later, when a letter came to the colonel, in which Charlie explained his reasons for his change of plans, and said that he had joined a mining group and had good prospects and great hopes, and that was all. And

Molly looked into the fire for news; and was not disappointed when no letters came. She missed the girl more than she cared to say, and chafed at the difficulty of interpreting her pictures and her sunset meditations. There was so much of mystery and majesty in those visions and so little news, as one might say, that her life seemed lonelier than before, and the long winter seemed more barren of consolation than in former years, by reason of the fogs and storms that robbed her of her pictures in the sky. Cumberly wood looked cold and cheerless now, and her own hearth seemed comfortless. She grew uneasy for the girl, who had come nearer to her heart than she had realized; but no one guessed what ailed the old woman when they spoke of her failing health. And the months passed, and summer came and went, and autumn slipped away, and the long days of winter dropped into the lap of Time like dead leaves from the trees, and only a sense of loneliness remained as harvest of the passing seasons: this was her gleaning in the field of life. The little world she lived in became more like a strange land, and the cottage she had loved so well scarce seemed to be a home now that the girl was gone. She had lived so long alone and never known her loneliness, that now the desolation that had fallen on her appeared unnatural, and she rebelled against it, fighting off the hand of time, facing the empty future, with a courage born of an inner consciousness of immortality, and refusing to be crushed by the mere delusion of her loneliness, she who had caught some glimpses of the universal life in meditation on the Mysteries of Nature revealed to her here in her little home. And those that saw her thought that she only lived because she refused to part with what they loved so well and she so little. Death had no terrors for a soul like hers.

PART THREE



ONE evening, when the sun had sunk behind the trees of Cumberly, and Molly Mathers stood in the doorway of her cottage, taking a last look at the familiar scene, which never lost its novelty to her, there came a woman to the garden gate; not one of the villagers: a lady seemingly, to judge by her dress, though it was hard for the old eyes to see distinctly in the fading light. She seemed to hesitate a moment, looking towards the path that led to Cumberly plantation, as if she thought to go that way, then catching sight of the old woman in the cottage doorway, she apparently made up her mind to speak to her. Opening the gate as one familiar with the ways of cottage gates, she came up the narrow pathway eagerly, and put her hands on the old woman's shoulders, looking her in the face, with such a stange intensity in her gaze as might have made a stranger think that this was some demented creature. But Molly met the searching look with eyes as deep, though dimmed by age, and knew the woman with the luminous eyes for her whose absence had been the absorbing topic of her thoughts for all these years. She clasped her hands and laid them on the woman's breast, and looked into her soul in silence; and in that glance passed beyond barriers of time and place into the wonderland that lies within, where there is neither age nor separation, only the peace and joy unspeakable of Home.

That night none of the Cottrel grandchildren were about the house, which was a kind of refuge to them from the frequent storms that broke the occasional monotony of life at home, and made a temporary change of domicile desirable; so the two women were alone. At first they hardly spoke, but drank their tea as quietly as if the

gulf had closed and left them where they were ten years ago. But when the meal was over and Sally had cleared up, as she was used to do in the old days that seemed like yesterday, she took her place beside the fire, and began abruptly:

"I couldn't keep away. I had to come. When the child died it seemed as if something in me died too, and all I wanted was to be at home again. I thought if I could once more see the sun setting through the trees of — the plantation, I could get back where I was before — this happened. And so I came."



Old Molly nodded quietly as if she knew it must be so.

"I left him at last because I lost my hold on him, and could not keep him straight. At first he listened to me, let me have my way, and we might have done well enough, as others did: but he loved company too well, bad company with drink and cards, and quarrels, and the like, and it is not hard to find company like that out there. At last he turned on me, and I could do no more. Then the child died. And then I left him. I could have made a business for myself, indeed I did, but I had no heart for it, and sold the place, because I had no rest thinking of home."

"How did you find him, Sally?"

"I saw his name in the paper in an account of the finding of a new mine. I guessed that it was he, although the name was wrongly spelled; and so I followed him. It was a long journey, and I had to stop to earn money on the road to get from place to place; it is a terrible great land is that."

The old woman nodded knowingly, as if she too had been a traveler. Indeed it seemed to her as if she had been traveling all her life, exploring the limits of the habitable world, seeking some unknown one whom she had lost in a forgotten past, of which remained only the yearning in her heart.

There was a pause, and then she said:

"They say it is a hard life that, for a gentleman not used to such-like."

"Yes. The life is hard, though not too hard for a young man; but it is worse, it is a bad life for a man who is not master of himself and cannot say 'No!' and stand to it. They drink and fight and gamble, and women from the cities go there to get their money from them; and they too gamble and drink. The men that live clean and sober, soon get rich, but the rest squander all they get, and die in a fight, as like as not. And so I came away."

"Poor lass!" said Molly gently. "I've looked into the fire many a time, and tried to find you. I knew that you would meet, but what would come of it I could not tell; and then I lost you altogether. I saw travel, and sorrow, and death, but I could not read the story right. . . . We've got another parson now; Mr. Maister went to Desbro'; he is dean of the cathedral and a big man now, they say."

"Yes, I heard of that."

The old woman went on meditatively.

"I think he fretted a bit about the lad; but then he always made himself believe his sons could never come to harm—he was that proud and confident. I always thought his mother was too fine a lady to be much of a teacher to her childer; but they had a good schooling, all those sons; and most of them have married money and hold their heads high, at least that's what folks say."

"He might have done the same, perhaps; I've often thought it was a bit my fault, and that's what made me stay with him after he—wanted to be free. I thought I might save him from the worst; but it's hard to hold a man in such a place, once that the drink has got him. I had to leave him at the last. Besides, the homesickness came

on me then: it is an awful thing to have no home and feel yourself lost in a strange land, but the homesickness is the worst of all. I've seen men out there go melancholy mad just pining for a home they never cared for when they had it. It's like living in hell and hearing the angels singing up in heaven, just overhead, beyond your reach. I sometimes think it is because we came from there — we must have come from somewhere — and some of us remember just enough to know we are in hell and ought to be in heaven. There's heaven and hell upon this earth as well, and they are not far apart; but there's another world that seems to call and call, it calls us home. That is what homesickness means. And yet I only thought of Cumberly and here. This was the home I thought of, but the call comes from some other world than this."

"Aye, aye," said the old woman dreamily; "it keeps on calling all the time. I used to wonder what it was, and once when I was down with fever, and parson came, he read the Bible to me, and some of it seemed so like what I was dreaming of, I asked him what it meant. That was because the fever made me weak and foolish. There's only those that know can say what such things mean, and parsons have other things to think about; I've naught to say against them; they have their business to attend to, and a body has no need to ask questions about such things. But I was not just myself, being full of the fever. And now you speak of it, I think I have been homesick all my life, although I never left the village, and have had my own home to live in; and that is more than a many have. To think of all the people in the world, and all the towns and villages, and all the houses people call their homes — that's what I've thought of most of all: Why are there so many houses that are not homes?"

"I don't know why. It seems to me that home is not just the house we live in, nor just the place where we were born; it may be somewhere else; it may not be a happy place, and yet it may be home. I think it is a place where one belongs, because one feels so safe at home. It seems as if one knew that somewhere in the home there was a doorway that might open all by itself, and we should see the world we come from, and the part of ourself we left behind, the better part. That's what we pine for most, that other self. That's why we are so lonely when we are away from home: we cannot find the door anywhere else; and so we long to be at home again, hoping to find it open. One lives on hope, I think. But when that

feel of loneliness comes over one it makes us homesick. There can be no loneliness when one is At Home, for there we are all one."

There was a silence in the darkening room, and a strange sense of peace, like that which falls upon us sometimes when the sun goes down, and nature hesitates as if about to open wide some portal in the temple of the mysteries. It may be that the door is open then, though we, who watch and wait, can neither see nor hear: but in our heart we know that Home is very near, just out of reach, perhaps, just hidden by a veil, the veil of time, that masks the mystery of eternity, that fools us with fond memories of the past, and tempts us with fair visions of futurity, blinding us to the portal that stands open all the while, the Present Moment, the Eternal Now, the only door through which we can approach the mystery of Home.



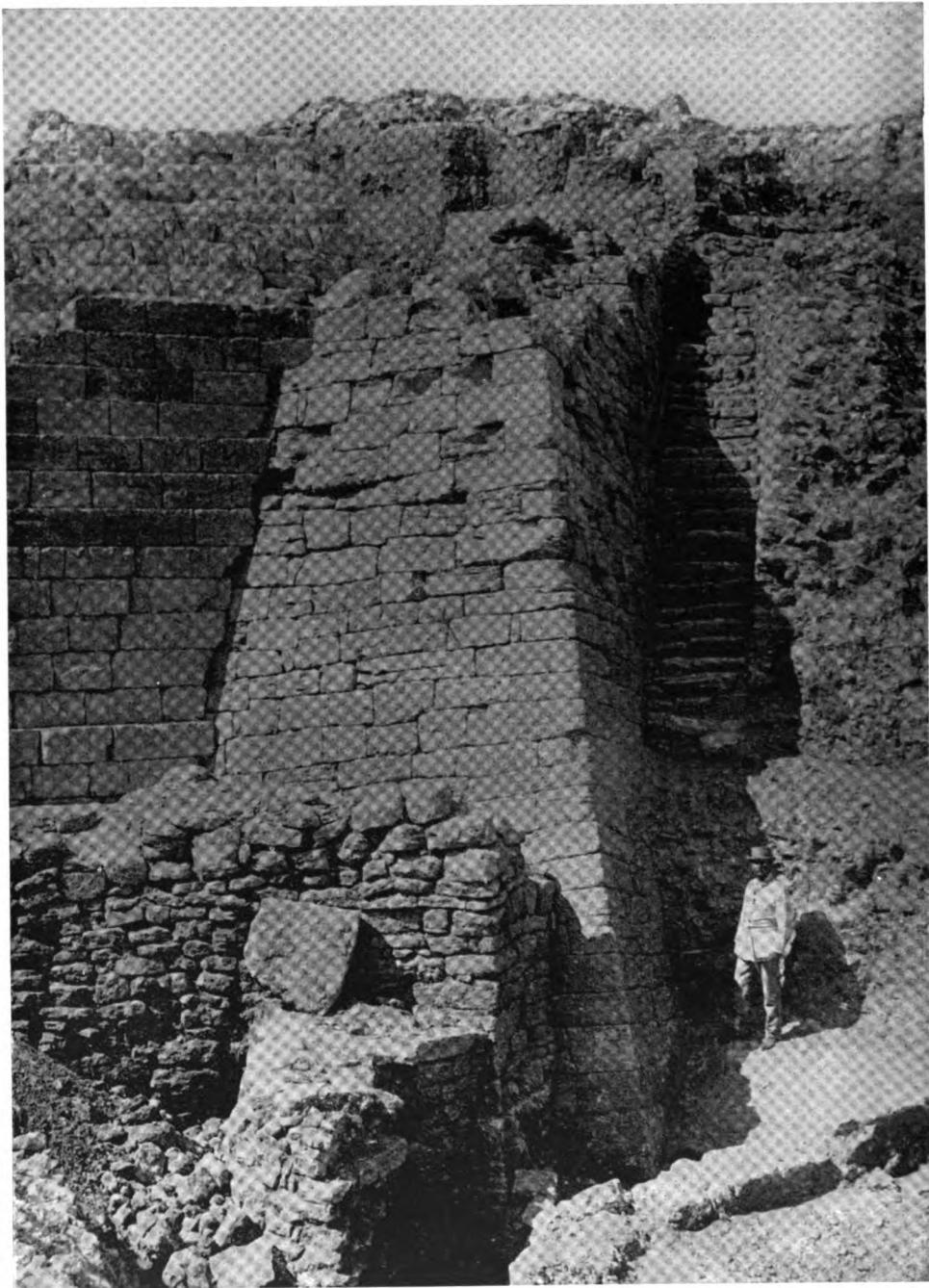


I. TROY: GENERAL VIEW OF PERGAMUS FROM THE NORTH



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

II. TROY: THE SECOND OR "BURNT CITY"



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

III. TROY: SIXTH CITY, "SCAEAN GATE"

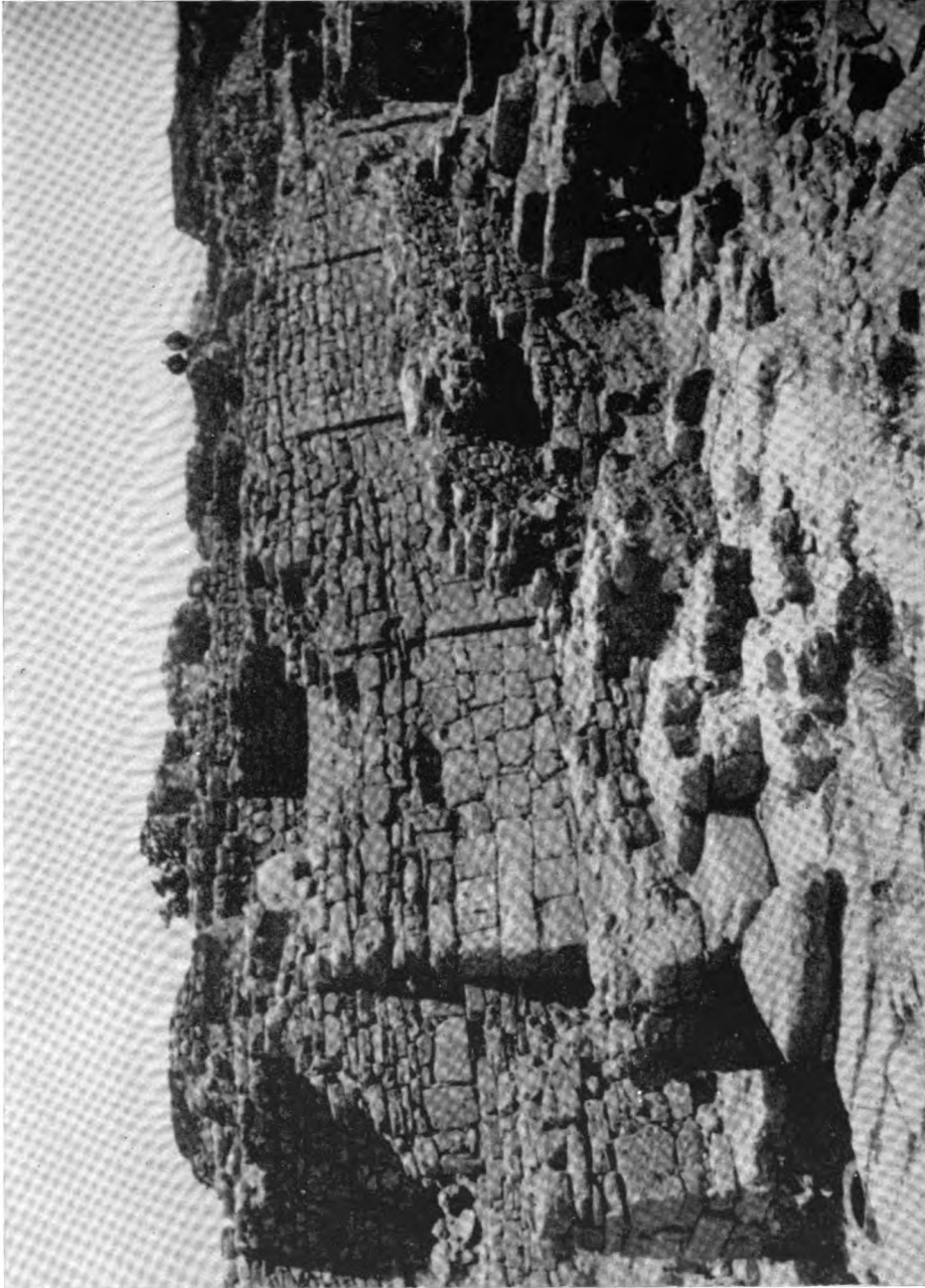


IV. TROY: SIXTH CITY, PORTION OF SOUTHEASTERN WALLS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VI. TROY: SIXTH CITY, CROSS VIEW OF EASTERN WALL



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V. TROY: SIXTH CITY, PORTION OF THE SOUTHERN WALLS

PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY shall be an Institution where the laws of universal nature and equity governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education will be taught on the broadest lines. Through this teaching the material and intellectual life of the age will be spiritualized and raised to its true dignity; thought will be liberated from the slavery of the senses; the waning energy in every heart will be reanimated in the search for truth; and the fast dying hope in the promise of life will be renewed to all peoples. — *From the School of Antiquity Constitution, New York, 1897.*

THE PREHISTORIC AEGEAN CIVILIZATION:

by F. S. Darrow, A. M., PH. D.

PART I—TROY AND CRETE



IT is noteworthy that all our positive knowledge of the prehistoric peoples of the Aegean has been gained through excavations that have been carried on during the last forty-five years. It was therefore during the last quarter of the 19th century, a time contemporaneous with the activity of Madame Blavatsky and the founding of the Theosophical Society, that the veil was lifted from this chapter of the world's history, a time stated by Madame Blavatsky as one in which new discoveries would make accessible to the world a wider knowledge and understanding. Before 1870, practically nothing was known regarding this early race beyond a few massive stone walls of Cyclopean masonry, similar in style to those found in many other parts of the world, and the early Greek myths and legends. These myths and legends, as embodied in the Iliad and the Odyssey, were usually considered to be purely the product of poetical imagination and no credence was given to them as of possible value in historical research. This scepticism was, as we now know, quite unjustified, for each new archaeological discovery in Greek lands has tended to substantiate the statement of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* when she says:

That all the Greek fables were built on historical facts, if that history had only passed to posterity unadulterated by myths.— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 769

The vindication of the historical truth embodied in the early Greek myths and legends has chiefly resulted from the unbounded enthusiasm of one man, Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, a German, who overcame one obstacle after another until he made discoveries of such magnitude that the world was *forced* to believe, although some scholars still scoffed, even when at Schliemann's invitation they ate bread, made

from grain that had been stored more than three thousand years before in the giant jars of Priam's palace, or that of some other prehistoric king of Troy. The finds, they asserted, were probably those buried by the Goths about 267 A. D., or perhaps were even of very recent Byzantine origin!

Schliemann's life is filled with so many remarkable incidents that it is worth while to sketch it briefly. Surely it was no accident that he was chosen by the Muse of History to open a door in the chambers of the past which had long been sealed, and his love of and veneration for Homer must have been brought by him down from antiquity, an ante-natal inheritance long antedating his birth.

Heinrich Schliemann, a clergyman's son, was born on January 6, 1822, at Neu Buckow, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He passed his boyhood in his father's parish of Ankershazen where his natural love for the romantic and the marvelous was increased, for as he himself writes:

Our garden house was said to be haunted by the ghost of my father's predecessor Pastor von Russdorf, and just behind our garden was a pond called "das Silberschälchen," out of which a maiden was believed to rise each midnight holding a silver bowl. There was also in the village a small hill, surrounded by a ditch, probably a prehistoric burial-place (or so-called Hünengrab) in which, as the legend ran, a robber knight in times of old had buried his beloved child in a golden cradle. Vast treasures were also said to have been buried close to the ruins of a round tower in the garden of the proprietor of the village.

All these tales were ardently believed by the sensitive child, who, whenever his father complained of poverty, expressed his surprise because his father did not dig up the silver bowl or the golden cradle and so become rich.

When seven years of age, Schliemann received a Christmas present of a child's history of the world, in which the picture of Troy in flames with its huge walls and the Scaean Gate with Aeneas in flight, carrying his father Anchises on his shoulders and leading his son Ascanius by the hand, made a deep impression upon him and awoke a passionate longing in him to visit the site of Troy. Great was his grief when he was told that the massive walls of the ancient city had been destroyed without leaving even a trace, and he replied, "Father, if such walls once existed, they cannot possibly have been completely destroyed; vast ruins of them must still remain, but they are hidden beneath the dust of ages." His father stoutly maintained the con-

trary opinion without convincing the son until at last they agreed that Heinrich should one day excavate Troy. When he was ten he was able to please his father by composing a Latin essay on the chief events of the Trojan War. But family misfortunes soon drove him from his studies and compelled him to be apprenticed to a small grocer in the village of Fürstenberg. For five and a half years the long monotony of his apprenticeship was broken only by one great occurrence. One night a drunken miller entered the shop and in the words of Dr. Schliemann,

recited to us about one hundred lines of the poet (Homer), observing the rhythmic cadence of the verses. Although I did not understand a syllable, the melodious sound of the words made a deep impression upon me, and I wept bitter tears over my unhappy fate. Three times over did I get him to repeat to me those divine verses. . . . From that moment I never ceased to pray God that by His grace I might yet have the happiness of learning Greek.

Many remarkable events soon happened to the boy, who after injuring his chest in lifting a heavy weight, became a cabin-boy and joined a ship bound for Venezuela and was wrecked off the Dutch coast. He then became an office boy in Amsterdam and endured much suffering by spending half of his trifling earnings on his studies. He says:

I never went on my errands, even in the rain, without having my book in my hand and learning something by heart. I never waited at the postoffice without reading, or repeating a passage in my mind.

At this time he learned on an average of six months each, English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese. Then followed his study of Russian and this gave him his great opportunity, for he was sent to Russia as an agent of his firm and ultimately set up business for himself. He devoted himself entirely to the indigo trade. In 1850 he became an American citizen because he happened to be in California in that year on July 4th, the day upon which the state was admitted into the Union.

In 1858, Dr. Schliemann believed that his fortune was sufficiently large to enable him to devote his energies entirely to archaeology. He had begun to study Greek two years before but he had not dared to do so earlier because he feared that he would fall under the spell of Homer and neglect his business before he could afford to give it up. He traveled extensively, just reached Athens and was on the point of starting for Ithaca when a lawsuit recalled him to St. Petersburg

and detained him there for several years. Therefore he was forced temporarily to resume his business activities, but when the lawsuit was decided in his favor, in 1863, he permanently severed all his business ties and in the spring of 1864 traveled to Carthage and India, remaining several months in China and Japan. He resided in Paris from 1865 to 1868 and devoted his attention chiefly to the study of archaeology. In 1868 he first visited the classical spots, whose excavation was to make him world famous. He spent almost all of 1869 in the United States and in April 1870 first turned the sod at Hissarlik, the site of ancient Troy. The excavations proper, however, could not begin until September 1871, because of the necessity of obtaining permission from the Turkish Government. As he had risen above the difficulties and misfortunes of his youth so hereafter he gradually vanquished the scepticism and dogmatism of contemporary scholars. In 1873 Dr. Schliemann's zeal caused him to return to Hissarlik in February and for six weeks thereafter the cold was just bearable during the day, while busy with the excavations, "but of an evening," he writes, "we had nothing to keep us warm except our enthusiasm for the great work of discovering Troy." The year 1873 brought Schliemann's first real success with the discovery of the famous "Great Treasure" of the second city of Troy.

From Troy Schliemann followed Agamemnon to Mycenae and turned his attention to the mainland of Greece. The excavations at Mycenae continued until the end of 1876. Then Schliemann again excavated at Troy and later at the so-called "Treasury of Minyas" at Orchomenus, in Boeotia. From March until June 1884, Dr. Schliemann worked at Tiryns. In 1886-1888 he excavated in Egypt. In 1887 he wished to dig at Cnossus in Crete, but the excessive demands of the owners of the land frustrated his work. Dr. Schliemann generally spent his periods of leisure at Athens, where his palatial home is filled with reminders of the world in which its owner lived and worked. Copies of the chief vases and urns discovered at Troy are worked in mosaic on its floors. Along the walls are friezes filled with pictures illustrative of the Greek epic and with appropriate Homeric quotations. The porter who admitted visitors was named Bellerophon, the footman, Telamon, Dr. Schliemann's daughter, Andromache, and his son Agamemnon. In 1889, less than a year before his death at Naples, on December 26, 1890, Dr. Schuchhardt, the author of "Schliemann's Excavations," wrote:



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VII. PHYLAKOPI: GENERAL VIEW OF THE PREHISTORIC SETTLEMENTS



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VIII. CNOSSUS: NORTH ENTRANCE OF THE PALACE

Dr. Schliemann is now in his sixty-ninth year, but his activity and love of enterprise show no signs of decay. We may still look to him for many additions to science, and we hope to thank him for disclosing the heroic age of Greece in the periods of its power and its decadence, which may perhaps be found in Crete, the land of Minos.

Although Schliemann's death prevented him from realizing these hopes, his mantle, as we shall see, fell upon Sir Arthur Evans, the excavator of Cnossus, a man in many ways much like Schliemann in character and disposition.

Archaeologists are accustomed to classify prehistoric civilizations according to the materials out of which the men of those civilizations made their tools and their weapons. The divisions thus obtained are (1) Palaeolithic, or Old Stone Age, (2) the Neolithic or New Stone Age, (3) the Bronze Age, and (4) the Iron Age. In this connexion it is interesting to compare the five Ages of the world according to the Epic poet Hesiod, who wrote probably in the 7th century B. C. His Ages are: (a) first, the Golden; (b) secondly, the Silver Age. Both of these are ideal. They are succeeded by (c) thirdly, the Bronze Age, mighty and strong. "Of bronze were their vessels, of bronze their houses, with tools of bronze they worked; dark iron was not yet." Then came (d) a fourth generation,

a generation juster and better, the divine race of Heroes, who are called demi-gods. Cruel war and the stern cry of battle destroyed them, some as they strove for the flocks of Oedipus at Thebes and some when they had been led on ship-board over the great gulf of the sea to Troy for the sake of Helen with her fair tresses.

Then these, too, went hence—

to dwell in the Isles of the Blessed by the deep sounding ocean, like Happy Heroes, and the fertile earth yields them honey sweet harvest thrice a year.

(e) the fifth and last age is the Iron Age.

During the Palaeolithic and Neolithic Ages men's tools and weapons were made principally of stone, and during the Bronze Age, principally of bronze. It is important to note that these terms are not connected with any given period in the world's history; for example, when the Spaniards conquered the American Indians in the 16th century, the Indians were living practically in a Stone Age culture, while the end of the Stone Age in Greek lands is usually placed as early as 3000 B. C. At any given time in the world's history, one portion of its surface may be the seat of a high and advanced civili-

zation, while contemporaneously another portion may be in or just emerging from a "Dark Age" barbarism. Also, a cataclysm or gigantic calamity may arrest the development of civilization in any given place, so that a Bronze or an Iron Age civilization may *there* be succeeded by a Stone Age culture; but the normal cycle of development is from the Stone Age to the Bronze and from the Bronze to the Iron Age.

In the Aegean basin up to the present time no certain remains of Palaeolithic man have been discovered, but this fact is not usually regarded as indicating that man did not then inhabit the mainland of Greece and the Aegean Islands. Such remains may indeed be discovered later. They are usually found in caves or in gravel drifts of river beds. The tools and weapons consist of chipped stone, usually flint, while the bones of the animals found with these are those of fossil species. The implements of Neolithic man, on the other hand, are made of smooth or polished stone. Neolithic remains have been found on the island of Crete especially at Cnossus and Phaestus, on Melos and on the mainland of Greece in Attica and in Thessaly. The date of the beginning of the Neolithic Age in Greek lands is quite problematical but it must have been many millennia ago, as is indicated by the great depth at which these remains have been discovered. Sir Arthur Evans believes that the Neolithic settlements at Cnossus began *circa* 10,000 B. C.; more conservative scholars have suggested 7000 B. C.

The great antiquity of the human race, as stated by Theosophy, would imply either that we have not even yet discovered the earliest civilization of the Aegean basin or that the present-day estimates of the antiquity of the civilization, which is known, is not sufficiently extended. Perhaps both implications are true, for Mme. Blavatsky says,

Although historians have dwarfed almost absurdly the dates that separate certain events from our modern day, nevertheless, once that they are known and accepted, they belong to history. Thus the Trojan War is an historical event; and though even less than 1000 years B. C. is the date assigned to it, yet in truth it is nearer 6000 than 5000 years B. C.—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 437

Despite the inadequacy of the modern chronological tables which fail to recognize the vast extent of historic antiquity, it has been thought advisable to adhere to the current conclusions of the best archaeologists of today for the purposes of these lectures upon the early Aegean civilization, since these dates will prove to be of

service as aids to classification, if they are treated as provisional and hypothetical only.

Archaeologists are more nearly at one in their calculations as to the end of the Neolithic Age, aided, as they are, by a comparison with the civilization of Ancient Egypt. The date usually given for this is 3000 B. C.

During the Neolithic Age the makers of the prehistoric Aegean civilization not only carried on an extensive commerce but also developed a good knowledge of the art of decoration. The designs found on the pottery of this period consist principally of rectilinear geometric figures, which are either incised or modeled but apparently not painted until the end of the period. The Neolithic pottery shows no trace of the potter's oven or of the potter's wheel. The houses of Neolithic times were generally of mud and wattles, but there are some examples of stone-built houses, which are of a rectangular shape. In Thessaly Neolithic culture survived throughout the flourishing periods of Cretan and Mycenaean art. Neolithic houses of three rooms, with sockets for wooden pillars, have been discovered, and caves were also still used as dwellings.

The question of giving a definite name to epochs succeeding the Neolithic Age is a complicated one due to the fact that the remains are widely separated and cover various periods. Consequently, local names, such as Mycenaean or Minoan, are inadequate, though naturally emphasized by the various discoverers most closely interested. Neither is it wise to use the term Prehistoric Greek civilization, for such usage would be misleading since the nationality of the makers of the civilization is still an open question. Therefore the term Aegean seems to be the most satisfactory.

Since the discoveries which have been made on the island of Crete are far more important and continuous than those made elsewhere, the system of classification worked out by the Cretan excavators and in particular that made by Sir Arthur Evans is the most useful. According to this system the Neolithic Age began *circa* 10,000 B. C. and extended until *circa* 3000 B. C. To this period belongs the cave at Miamu, the house at Magasa as well as the Neolithic settlements at Cnossus and Phaestus.

Then, the Bronze Age, which Sir Arthur Evans begins *circa* 3000 B. C., is divided into three periods corresponding to its rise, culmination, and decline, and each of these three main periods in its

turn is subdivided into three minor subdivisions, also corresponding to the same cyclic progression of rise, culmination, and decline. All these nine strata, existing above the Neolithic, are named Minoan. The term, however, is open to serious objections and is, I believe, more provocative of confusion than of help; for although there is some doubt as to the date and nationality of Minos, in any case he can hardly have lived before what in this system is called the Late Minoan period. Therefore, confusion and inconsistency inevitably arise from the association of the name Minos with a civilization which for the most part was far anterior to his birth and a descriptive *place* rather than a *personal* name should be chosen. If, then, the term Aegean is substituted for Minoan in this scheme of classification, we obtain the following results.

The first Early Aegean period or Early Aegean I, is believed to be contemporary with the first four dynasties of Egypt, *circa* 3000 B. C. It is not represented by any important finds. Early Aegean II, *circa* 2500 B. C., is parallel to the sixth dynasty of Egypt. To this period belong the settlements discovered at Vasilike and Mokhlos and the tombs found at Koumasa, Hagia Triada, Hagios Onuphrios, and in the cist graves of the Cyclades. In Early Aegean III, *circa* 2400 B. C., the Cyclades seem first to have come into close connexion with Crete. Before this date the Cycladic culture was apparently more progressive than that of Crete. Early Aegean III is contemporary with the beginnings of the first city at Philakopi, on Melos, and the Second or "Burnt City" at Troy. It is also in this period that Egyptian influence begins to be strongly felt in Crete.

Middle Aegean I, *circa* 2200 B. C., is distinguished by the use of a pictographic script. To this period seem to belong the beginnings of polychrome painting and a naturalistic tendency in art. In this period are to be dated the earlier Cretan palaces, whose foundations lie underneath the ruins which have been excavated.

Middle Aegean II, *circa* 2000 B. C., is parallel with the twelfth dynasty of Egypt and is the period in which the first climax of the Aegean civilization culminated at Cnossus and at Phaestus. The so-called teacup ware, the highest development of the "Kamares" vases, belongs to this period. The patterns are usually geometric. This age ended in a general catastrophe and the destruction of the earlier palaces.

In Middle Aegean III, *circa* 1800 B. C., the later palace at Cnossus

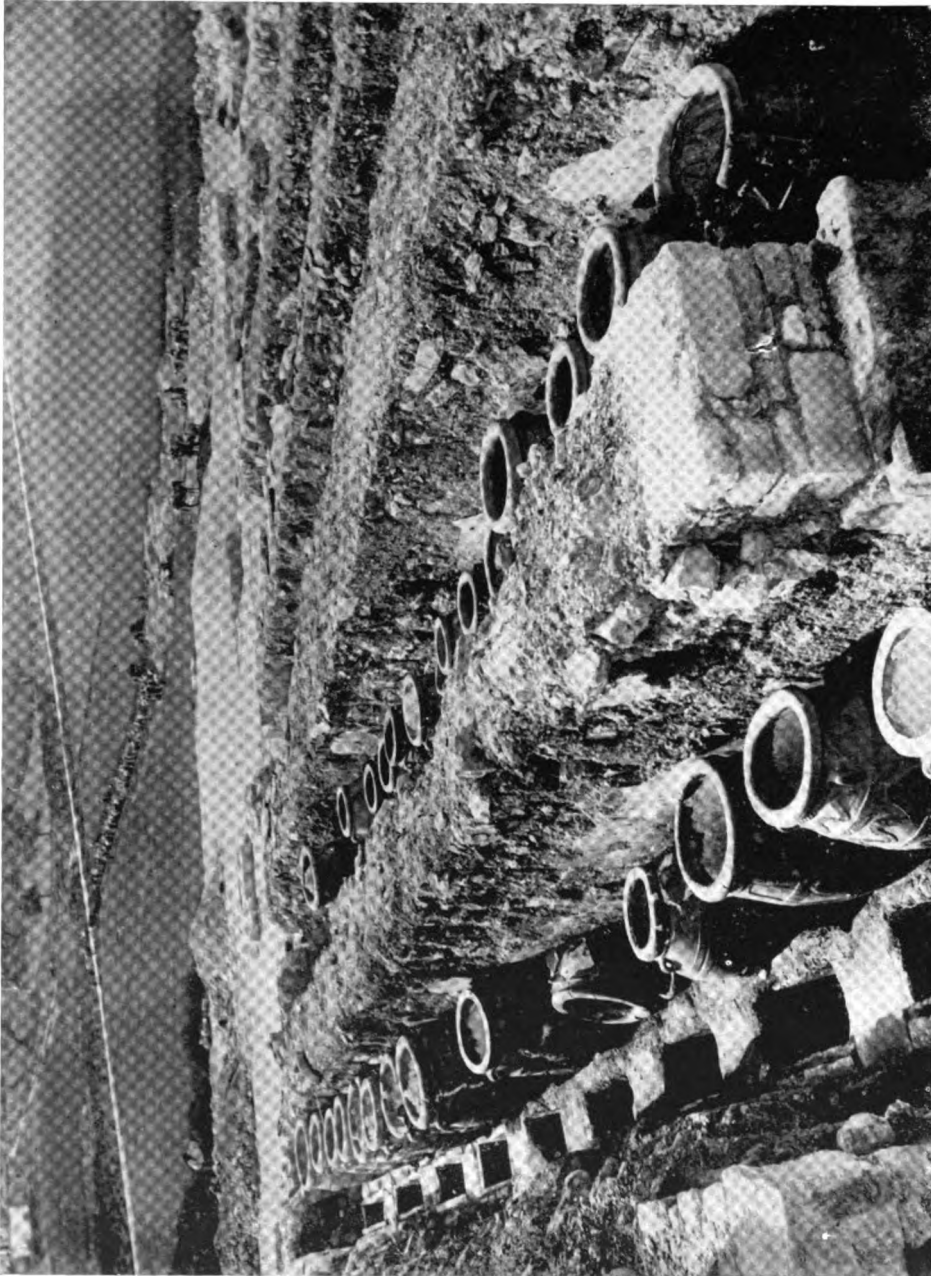


IX. CNOSSUS: THE "THRONE OF MINOS"



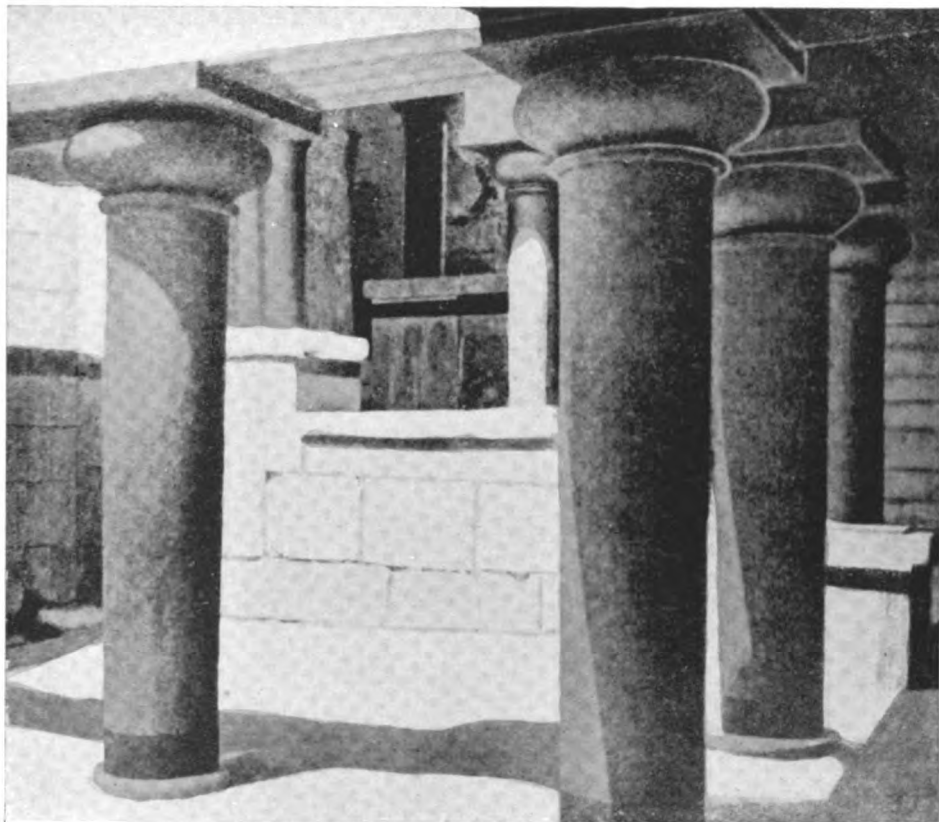
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XI. CLOSE VIEW OF ONE OF THE MAGAZINES OF THE PALACE



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X. CNOSSUS: SOME OF THE MAGAZINES, EXTENDING ALONG THE WESTERN CORRIDOR OF THE PALACE

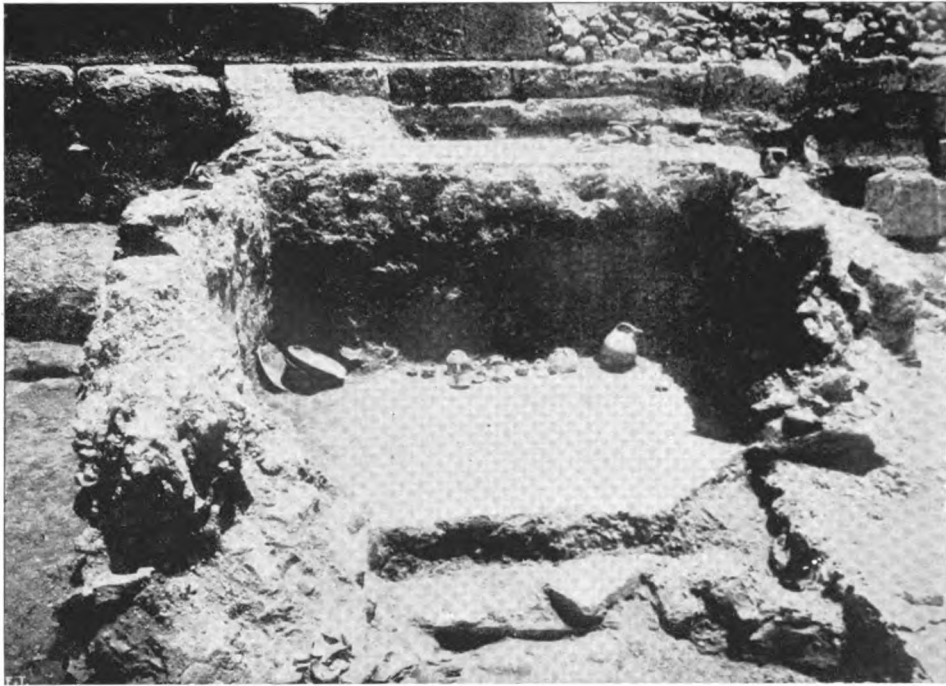


XII. CNOSSUS: PASSAGEWAY AND STAIRCASE
LEADING FROM THE UPPER TO THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE PALACE



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XIII. CNOSSUS: THE THEATER



XIV. PHAESTUS: EXCAVATED ROOM OF THE OLDER PALACE



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XV. PHAESTUS
EXCAVATIONS AT THE FOOT OF THE GRAND STAIRWAY OF THE PALACE

and the first villa at Hagia Triada were built and the town of Gournia begun. This is parallel with the Hyksos invasion of Egypt. The vases display a beautiful naturalism. Particularly delicate are the lily patterns.

Late Aegean I, *circa* 1600 B. C., is parallel with the Seventeenth Dynasty in Egypt. It is the time of greatest prosperity at Hagia Triada — the time when the first villa was reconstructed — Gournia, Zakro, and Psyra; the age of the Second city at Phylakopi on Melos, the period in which the later Palace of Phaestus was begun. During this age were made many of the masterpieces of prehistoric Aegean art which have survived, such as the elaborate checkerboard found in the palace at Cnossus. Naturalism still prevailed in the vases. Especially common are flower and shell designs and linear writing of the first class was in general use.

Late Aegean II, *circa* 1500 B. C., is parallel with the Eighteenth Dynasty. Of particular importance as proof of the connexion between Crete and Egypt are the frescoes on the tombs of Sen-Mut and Rekhmara, at Thebes in Egypt, belonging to this time; for on these monuments are seen "Keftians" and "men of the isles in the midst of the sea," who are probably the prehistoric Aegeans bringing gifts or tribute to the Egyptian king and the very vases which they carry are similar to those of the great Palace period of Cnossus. It is the Golden Age of Crete, the period in which the later Palace of Cnossus was remodeled. This is the great architectural period of Cnossus; to it belong the Throne Room and Basilica Hall of the Royal Villa. The frescoes at Cnossus, of which the "Cupbearer" is the most notable example, were made at this time, as well as the reliefs of stone and of painted plaster. In this age were destroyed the country towns of Gournia, Zakro, and Palaiokastros, and in this age were founded the mainland capitals of Mycenae and Tiryns. Here belong the shaft graves of Mycenae and various links between Crete and the Greek Mainland appear. In this period the vases of the "Palace Style" were made, and linear script of the second class was used. Late Aegean II ended with the fall of Cnossus, which is believed to have occurred somewhat before 1400 B. C.; at the same time also were probably destroyed the palace at Phaestus and Hagia Triada. According to Sir Arthur Evans there was no evidence of decadence, but "it was a civilization which was still young and developing, that

was given a sudden and crushing blow by the sack of Cnossus." Minos probably lived toward the end of Late Aegean II.

The third Late Aegean period, *circa* 1400-1200 B. C., marks the end of the Bronze Age. It was a period of great political upheaval. Cnossus was partly reoccupied and so were Hagia Triada, Gournia, and Palaiokastros. To this period belong various tombs found at Kalyviani near Phaestus, at Mouliana and elsewhere. There was a steady decline in prosperity and art throughout the island of Crete, and the supremacy was transferred to the mainland capitals of Tiryns and Mycenae. This is the Age of the Sixth City at Troy.

The remains of the Bronze Age prove that this period marks a distinct advance over the Neolithic culture. The center of this civilization seems to have been at first among the islands of the Aegean rather than on the continent of Greece. The architectural remains are much more massive and their workmanship testifies to a high degree of skill. The pottery shows the introduction of the potter's wheel and oven; the decorations are of curvilinear geometric designs. The cities of the Bronze Age were well fortified and well laid out with elaborate and successful drainage. The houses, with apparently pitched roofs, consisted of several rooms, and the general level of the civilization was high. The commercial relations were extensive, as is shown by the similarity in objects found on the islands of the Aegean, the mainland of Greece, Egypt, and Asia Minor.

The remains of the prehistoric Aegean Bronze Age civilization are strikingly uniform. The chief monuments which have been preserved are city walls, palaces (the most important of all), private houses, tombs and theaters. Temples are strikingly absent from the extant remains. Some of the larger halls were lighted from above by a clerestory, or kind of skylight. The building materials are stone for the foundations and lower parts of the walls, with sun-dried brick, a perishable material which has long ago crumbled, and wood, in the upper parts, which has likewise been destroyed. The brick was reinforced by wooden beams and faced by wooden planks, while the windows, doors, and frequently the columns were also of wood. The masonry is of three styles, (a) the Cyclopean, consisting of roughly hewn stones, (b) the Polygonal, consisting of irregularly cut stones admirably fitted together, and (c) the Ashlar, which is characterized by tiers of rectangular blocks of regular height.

Plate I is a view of Pergamus, the citadel of ancient Ilium or Troy,

seen from the north. The excavation shafts are visible at various points and have revealed the remains of nine superimposed cities, or, if all minor settlement periods are distinguished, of fifteen. This great complexity makes the plan of the different strata difficult to unravel but the puzzle has finally been pieced together by the excavators. Schliemann was fortunate in being assisted at Troy by Dr. Dörpfeld, who completed the work of excavation after Schliemann's death in 1890. The great northeast tower, belonging to the fortification walls of the Sixth City, has been identified with the Scaean Gate of Homer. Schliemann himself excavated at Troy in the years 1870-1873, 1878-1879 and again in 1882.

Plate II shows the present appearance of the Second or Burnt City of Troy. Particularly noticeable is the large and well-preserved ramp, which leads to the Acropolis of the Second City. The Second City really belongs to the Second Early Aegean Period, *circa* 2500, although Schliemann himself had wrongly identified it with the Homeric or Mycenaean Troy, which belongs to the Third Late Aegean Period, dated, according to the current chronology, at least a thousand years later. The rich collection of gold jewelry and other objects reported by Schliemann as found in the Second City and known as the Great Treasure, was apparently correctly assigned to the Second City although because of the magnificence of the finds many scholars maintained it must actually have fallen down from the level of the Sixth City. The short stone walls of the Second City were surmounted by brick. The Second City, like most of the following settlements, consisted not only of the Acropolis but also of an extensive lower city as well.

Plate III shows the remains of the great northeastern tower of the Sixth City of Troy, the city belonging to the Third Late Aegean Period contemporary with the climax of Mycenae's greatness. The tower was originally fifty or sixty feet high but is now only twenty-seven feet. The masonry is the ashlar style, although not perfectly regular. The staircase as well as the wall, which abuts on the tower to the northeast, is of late workmanship, dating from Roman times. The gentleman seen standing at the base of the tower is Professor Dörpfeld, to whom is due the credit of proving by the excavations of 1893-4 that the Sixth City is really the Homeric Troy, 1500-1200 B. C. Possibly this is the very tower on which the Trojan elders sat when,

in the third book of the Iliad, Homer represents Helen as advancing towards the walls overlooking the plain in which the Greeks and Trojans were contending.

O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.
Her handmaids, Clymene and Aethra, wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scaean gate.

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race;
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace,)
The king the first; Thymoetes at his side;
Lampus and Clytius, long in council tried;
Panthus, and Hicetæon, once the strong;
And next, the wisest of the reverend throng.
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls and bask'd before the sun:
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise through time, and narrative with age,
In summer days, like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
These when the Spartan queen approach'd the tower
In secret own'd resistless beauty's power:
They cried, "No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces! What majestic mien!
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!
Yet hence, O Heaven, convey that fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan race." — *Pope's translation*

Plate iv shows a portion of the southeastern wall of the Sixth City. Noteworthy are regular and periodic projections in the face of the wall. These seem to have been used merely for their aesthetic effect. A number of house walls are shown above. The cross wall in the foreground is a later wall and was built at the time of the Ninth or Roman City.

Plate v represents a portion of the southern wall of the Sixth City. The projections in the facing are again seen. Note the house walls of the Sixth City above. Below in the foreground are also house walls which belong to the earlier cities.

Plate vi shows a portion of the eastern fortification walls of the Sixth City of Troy and clearly reveals the great breadth and substantial character of the Homeric City. The central portion between the two faces was filled with rubble, or rough stones. Some of the adjoining house walls of the Sixth City can also be distinguished.



XVI. PHAESTUS: GRAND STAIRWAY OF THE PALACE



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XVIII. PHAESTUS: VESTIBULE AND RECEPTION HALL OF THE PALACE



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XVII. PHAESTUS: CENTRAL COURT OF THE PALACE

Of the Cyclades, the island of Melos seems to have been a particularly important commercial center at an early date because of its deposits of obsidian, or black volcanic glass, which was used in prehistoric times in the place of metal for knives, razors, arrow-heads and the like.

Plate VII is a view of some of the walls of the prehistoric settlements at Phylakopi, a site on the northeast coast of Melos. Here four settlements have been discovered. The first is attested only by finds of broken pottery. These belong to the Second Early Aegean Age, *circa* 2500 B. C.. The second settlement, or the first fortified city, belongs to the First Late Aegean period, *circa* 1700-1500 B. C. The fourth settlement, or the third fortified city, is Mycenaean and therefore dates from the Second and Third Late Aegean periods, about 1500-1200 B. C. Most of the walls shown in this photograph belong to the third settlement, the second fortified city, but some are restorations of a Mycenaean date. The Mycenaean palace found here is of particular interest because it is of the mainland type similar in plan to the Palace of Tiryns. This, as will later appear, differs considerably from the earlier type of the Cretan palaces.

In the *Odyssey* occurs the following important passage:

There is a land, Crete, in the midst of the wine-dark sea, a land fair and rich, sea-girt. On it are many men, countless, and ninety towns and their speech is manifold. There are the Achaeans, there the valiant-hearted Eteo-Cretans, there the Cydonians, there the Dorians with their waving plumes and the noble Pelasgians. And among their cities, there is Cnossus, a mighty city and there Minos became king, when nine years of age, Minos, the bosom friend of Mighty Zeus. (XIX, 172-179, Palmer's translation)

The Greeks themselves believed that Crete was the original home of their law, religion, and art. Thus their legends declared that the world-famous laws of Lycurgus resulted from the Spartan Lawgiver's study of Cretan legislation, and Diodorus says that the chief Hellenic deities originated in Crete.

It was the grotto on the slopes of Mt. Dicte or the cave upon Mt. Ida—

that early Greek tradition, in the centuries that followed the sack of Cnossus, fabled as the birth cave of Zeus, the holy ground that dimly symbolised the passing away of the old faith before the new. It was here that Mother Rhea fled to bear the King of Heaven that was to be, God made in the image of man; while Father Cronus and the world he rules, confident that the new anthropomorphism was destroyed, clung to the stone child, the aniconic pillar

worship that expressed itself in the Bethels of the Semites and the Pillar Rooms of Cnossus. It was here that Zeus, come to man's estate and the throne of Heaven, loved the daughter of man, Europa; and here that their son Minos went up into the mountain, while his people waited below, and, like Moses, communed with God. Like Moses, too, he came down with the Commandments, the Imperial Law that governed the Aegean, and followed men, so the legend ran, even to Hades below, where Minos judged among the dead. — *The Discoveries in Crete*, R. M. Burrows, London, 1907, p. 25

Although Schliemann desired to excavate in Crete, he was unable to do so, because of the exorbitant demands of the owners of the land; in fact it was not until after the Graeco-Turkish war of 1896, that the country was opened to the archaeologist. In 1900 work was begun at Cnossus by Sir Arthur Evans.

Of all prehistoric sites in Crete that of Cnossus is the most famous and the most important. Cnossus, unlike the prehistoric cities of Troy, Tiryns, and Mycenae, was unfortified. This was due presumably to the fact that the Minoan State depended on the sea rather than on the land for its wealth. In the Second Late Aegean, or Cnossian palace period, the prehistoric Aegean civilization culminated in a display of regal magnificence which is really astounding. At this time the kings of Cnossus were apparently the chief potentates of the times, as is shown not only by the recent discoveries but also by the legend of the Labyrinth, in which the Minotaur, or Bull of Minos was kept. The Labyrinth itself may well have been, as Sir Arthur Evans has suggested, the palace at Cnossus, the house of the Labrys, or double-headed axe, a symbol which has been found frequently inscribed upon the palace walls. The legend of the yearly tribute demanded by the king from the Athenians, proves the wide extent of the Cretan power, which must have reached not only over the islands of the Aegean but to the mainland of Greece as well.

Of the palace of Minos, which covered many acres and which was large enough to house thousands of retainers, are preserved the foundations of hundreds of rooms. The best masonry was worked with perfect regularity and the walls were covered with very excellent frescoes, several of which have been preserved in part. The drainage system of Cnossus is superior to any known in Europe throughout the thirty five or more centuries which separate the time of its construction from the present day.

At Cnossus have been discovered magnificent halls, decorated with painted frescoes and stone carvings in high and low relief. Particu-

larly noteworthy is a great hall of audience, shaped like a Roman basilica or an early Christian Church. There are also upper stories, light wells, double staircases, a theater with the royal box, a water gate, magazines and storerooms, the Queen's Chamber and the Hall of Distaffs, as well as a royal villa. Among the wonders is the checkerboard on which doubtless Minos played backgammon. It is of gold and silver, of ivory and crystal and of blue glass or kyanos.

The dominating feature of the palace is the great central court, a paved area 190 feet long and 90 feet wide, with corridors, halls, and chambers built around it so as to form a rough square that is about 400 feet each way. Sir Arthur Evans believes that the Palace was definitely conceived as a symmetrical square with four main avenues approaching it at right angles, as in a Roman camp or in the plan of Thurii, as built by Hippocrates.

The earlier palace at Cnossus was built in the First Middle Aegean period, *circa* 2200-2100 B. C. It was destroyed at the end of the Second Middle Aegean period *circa* 1900 B. C. It was remodeled in the Second Late Minoan or Palace period, the Golden Age of Crete, which is usually dated about three hundred years later — *circa* 1500 B. C. In the main the ruins date from this period of re-construction, 1800-1500 B. C. Cnossus was burnt by invaders apparently at the beginning of the Third Late Minoan period or *circa* 1450 B. C. Subsequently it was partially reinhabited, although it was never entirely rebuilt a second time. Everywhere the palace affords evidence of a high state of culture, as is shown, for example, by the elaborate staircases, the bath-rooms, and the wonderful drainage system. The frescoes are very interesting.

Plate VIII shows the North Entrance to the Palace of Cnossus. The masonry is of an excellent ashlar type. This was probably the main entrance of the palace. The base of the columns of the portico are made of blocks of gypsum more than 3 ft. high and $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. broad. Note the channel, which carried off the water from the central court. Although, as noted, Cnossus in general was unfortified, there is a guard house just outside the North Gate, sentry boxes and flanking bastions, which command the passageway which leads to the Central Court. Near the entrance are also three walled pits, nearly twenty-five feet deep. These may have been used as dungeons for state prisoners.

In Plate IX is seen a portion of the audience chamber and the so-

called Throne of Minos, situated in the western wing of the palace at Cnossus. The carved stone chair or throne is made of gypsum. On the western wall of this chamber were painted winged dragons which faced each other, one on either side of the door, as if to guard those within. Along the wall are stone benches. Opposite the throne are columns and a sunken chamber like a basin or tank that has been thought to be a bath; it may, however, have been a chapel, as there is no means for draining off water, and its sides are lined with alabaster which is not impervious to water. The lower level is reached by a staircase.

Plate x is a view of several of the magazines which at Cnossus extend along the great western corridor which is 200 ft. long. In the giant casks, or pithoi, grain, oil, and other articles were stored. The cists in the flooring were closed by wooden covers. They were used to store treasure, such as vases, leaves of gold, and objects of porcelain and bronze. It has been suggested that these floor receptacles were used as a kind of bank, or safety vault, in which the ruling prince caused the property of his wealthy subjects to be deposited. The richness of these magazines and their great extent in comparison with those in other palaces suggest that here at Cnossus was the capital of the kingdom; in fact similar cists have not been discovered elsewhere. In these cists were found many inscribed clay tablets which have yet to be deciphered to the general satisfaction of scholars.

The dividing walls between the chambers were covered with slabs of gypsum or alabaster; their upper parts were built of sun-dried brick and therefore have not been preserved.

Plate xi gives a closer view of one of the magazines of the palace at Cnossus. The giant pithoi are decorated with a serpent-like pattern. The simple bands of clay are worked in imitation apparently, of metal belts.

Plate xii is a view of the passage-way and staircase, which leads from the upper to the ground floor of the palace of Cnossus, near the Queen's Megaron or Hall. The columns are restorations, but they are presumably fairly exact representations of the original. They are of the characteristic Aegean form which tapers downward. At first sight they suggest the Greek Doric columns of the Archaic period but they are not channeled. The capital shows a square plinth, or abacus, and a curved echinus, or cushion, with a convex molding or torus at the neck.

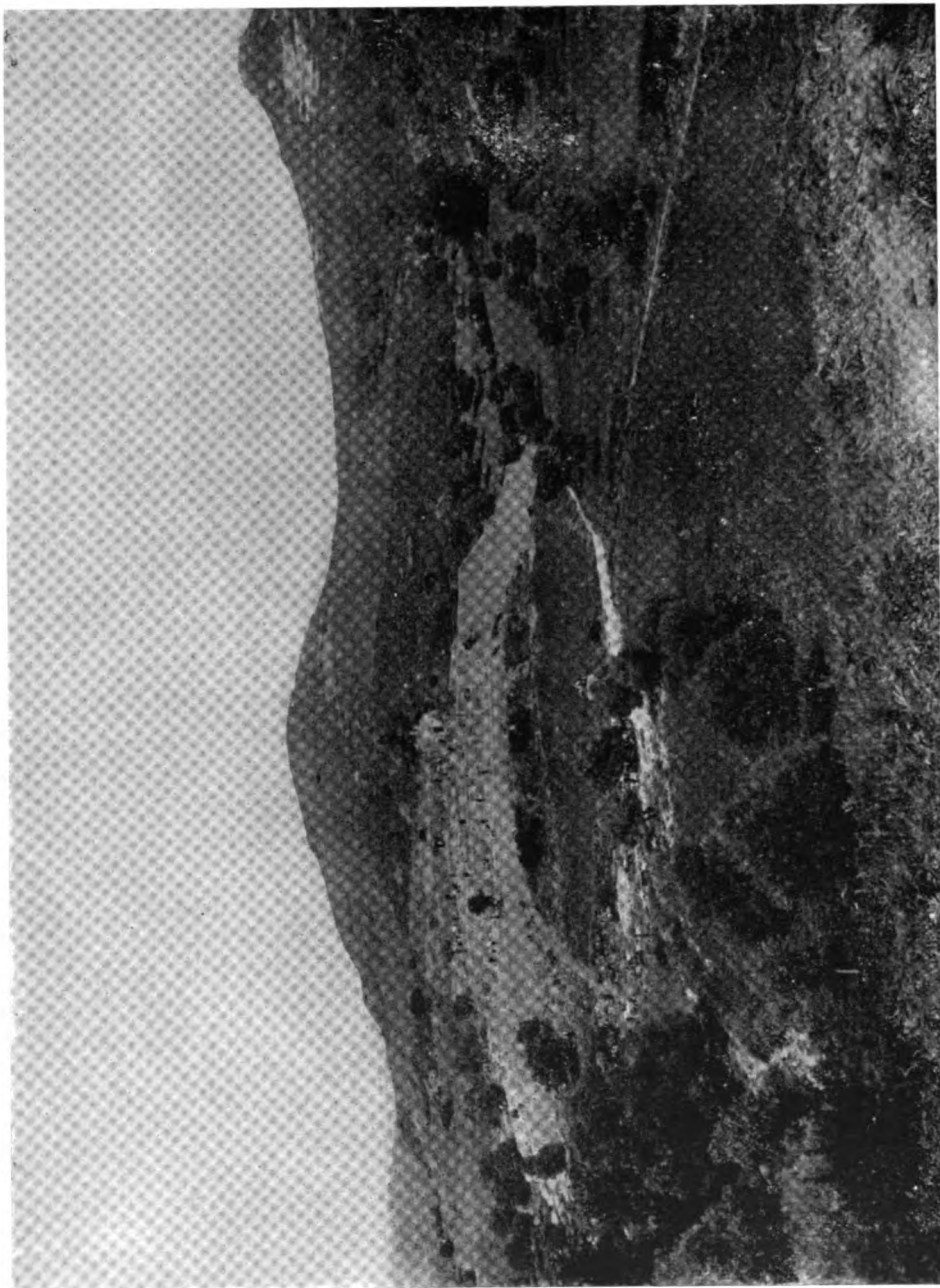


XIX. PHAESTUS: CORRIDOR OF MAGAZINES OF THE PALACE



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XX. PHAESTUS: THE THEATER



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XXI. HAGIA TRIADA: GENERAL VIEW OF THE PALACE



XXII. HAGIA TRIADA: FLIGHT OF STEPS OF THE PALACE



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

XXIII. HAGIA TRIADA: BELVEDERE OF THE PALACE



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XXIV. GOURNIA: GENERAL VIEW OF THE PREHISTORIC CITY

Plate XIII is particularly interesting because it represents the theater at Cnossus. Fifteen years ago the history of the theater in Greek lands began with the year 534 B. C., when the Athenian tyrant Peisistratus gave a representation of the first tragedy at Athens. Now that Crete has been excavated the history of the drama begins at least 2000 years before Peisistratus. The main wing of the theater at Cnossus, as shown here, consists of the flight of eighteen steps seen on the left. A second flight of six steps is visible on the right. Into the angle is built a square bastion, which probably served as a platform for distinguished spectators. Sir Arthur Evans calls it the "Royal Box." The entrance to the theater and the causeway, which served as an approach, is still in existence. Legend says that Theseus fell in love with the daughter of Minos at Cnossus during a performance of games. This area, then, must have been the place where the Athenian Prince and the Cretan Princess first met,

the dancing place which in wide Cnossus Daedalus of old wrought for Ariadne of the fair tresses. Therein youths and maidens, costly to woo, were dancing: holding one another by the hand. Some of the maidens wore garments of fine linen and others well woven tunics glossy with the sheen of oil. Yea, they had fair garlands on their heads and the men had golden swords hanging from silver baldrics. Sometimes they would trip it lightly on tip toes, as when a potter sits and tries the wheel that fits between his hands to see whether it will run. And sometimes they advanced in lines toward one another while a great company stood around the lovely dance delighted and in their midst a holy bard sang to his lyre, while among the dancers, two tumblers, twirling in their midst, led the measure. — *Iliad*, XVIII, 590-606

Next to Cnossus the most important site in Crete is Phaestus, which is called by Homer, "the well built city." Its Acropolis, girded by the river Electra, lies in the south of the island on a steep cone-shaped hill of yellow earth which rises 300 ft. clear of the plain, adjacent to the bay of Messara. To the east and west lie Mounts Dicte and Ida, both of which were said to be the birthplace of Zeus. Besides the palace there are cemeteries and other remains at Phaestus. Across the valley to the northwest, on the slope of Mount Ida is the roomy cave of Kamares from which characteristic polychrome vases of the Middle Aegean period derive their name.

The first palace was built in the First Middle Aegean period about the same time as the first palace at Cnossus, but it lasted longer, for it was not rebuilt until the First Late Aegean age. It is this fact which has led to the surmise that the first palace at Cnossus was destroyed

by the Lords of Phaestus. The bulk of the excavated ruins of the palace belong to the second or later palace at Phaestus. This was begun in the First Late Aegean period, *circa* 1700 B. C. The palace is built on four different levels. Since the walls stand higher as a rule than at Cnossus, the ruins at Phaestus are even more impressive than those at Cnossus. Also the evidence of the rebuilding of the palace is much clearer at Phaestus, but the plan of the palace is similar to that of Cnossus. It consists of two wings, a central court with a corridor and storerooms, grand staircases, and a theater. From a comparison of the Cretan palaces it thus becomes evident that certain architectural elements are characteristic of the prehistoric Aegean buildings, namely, corridors, pillared halls, or colonnades, baths, light-wells, magazines, and stairways. Many doors open into one room and the windows are large.

Plate XIV is one of the rooms of the older palace at Phaestus with the vases in position, as found. It is situated near the excavations shown in the previous view.

Plate XV shows the walls of the original palace at Phaestus, below those of the later. The plate is from a photograph of the excavations which have been made at the foot of the Grand Stairway in the palace at Phaestus. The main entrance is from the south.

Plate XVI gives a view of the grand stairway of the palace at Phaestus, leading from the first to the second level. This stairway is worthy of being classed with the most impressive monuments of the Minoan Age, for it is a striking example of the originality of Cretan art. It is said that no other architect has ever made such a flight of steps. These consist of well joined blocks of limestone, about 45 ft. long, 28 inches broad and scarcely 4½ in. high.

Plate XVII is a view of the Central Court of the palace of Phaestus, as seen from the south. Unfortunately, a landslide has carried the end of the court with a part of the palace walls down into the valley below.

Plate XVIII shows the Vestibule and Reception Hall of the Palace of Phaestus. These are situated at the top of the Grand Stairway. The column bases and a partially broken giant amphora, or double-handled jar, are here shown *in situ*. This great Reception Hall was always open, for no marks of hinges are visible on the threshold.

Plate XIX is a view of the Corridor of the Palace of Phaestus, which was lined on both sides by magazines in which food was stored.

Note the huge blocks of stone used in the walls. These magazines are located on the right hand side near the Grand Stairway. There are twelve chambers opening on to the corridor, in the middle of which stands the base of a pillar, made of great cubes of stone. Within the chamber were found huge vases, similar to the pithoi of Cnossus.

Plate xx is the theater at Phaestus which is quite similar to that at Cnossus. It consists of a well paved court with two flights of steps, sloping up the hill. A third stairway leads down in the angle between the two flights of steps.

About a mile and a half from the palace of Phaestus, at Hagia Triada, has been found what may possibly have been the residence of the heir apparent of the principality of Phaestus, or it may have been the summer palace of the Lords of Phaestus. Its situation is attractive and like the palace of Phaestus, that of Hagia Triada was built on terraces.

The plan of this royal villa is similar to that of Cnossus and of Phaestus, but it is simpler and smaller and consists only of two wings, magazines, and porticoes without a central court. Extensive frescoes of skilful design were found here. The sewers at Hagia Triada are even larger than those of the other palaces. The walls are of finely squared ashlar masonry and are preserved standing to a greater height than those of any other prehistoric Aegean building. The earliest villa was built in the Third Middle Aegean period and its successor, the villa which has been excavated, belongs to the Third Late Aegean age. Thus in both cases Hagia Triada, as a royal residence was later than that of the parent site of Phaestus, where two palaces were erected respectively in the First Middle Aegean and the First Late Minoan periods. The earlier villa was much smaller than the later and was surrounded by a cluster of houses. In the First Late Aegean age, contemporaneous with the rebuilding of the palace at Phaestus the earlier villa of Hagia Triada was reconstructed, on a more expanded scale. This is the epoch of greatest prosperity at Hagia Triada. The later palace erected in the Third Late Aegean period was smaller than that of the reconstructed earlier villa.

Plate XXI is a general view showing the situation of Hagia Triada.

Plate XXII is the Grand Flight of Steps which form the entrance to the villa at Hagia Triada. The stones consist of well squared blocks bound together by mortar. This is especially interesting because mortar was not used in the architecture of Classical Greece.

Plate XXIII is a view of the room of the Palace at Hagia Triada, which has been named Belvedere. This is situated on a terrace facing the sea and its walls were ornamented with frescoes.

Among the other Cretan sites, Gournia is of especial interest. This name is modern and is equivalent to the topographical use of our word "basin." The prehistoric town at this site was discovered by Mrs. C. H. Hawes, who was then Miss Harriet Boyd. The remains belong to the close of the Middle Aegean period. Also "house tombs" of the Second Middle Aegean period prove that the valley was inhabited from the very beginning of the Bronze Age. Gournia has been styled the "Mycenean Pompeii" because it consists not only of a palace but of an entire town as well.

The low Acropolis is foot-shaped like the hill of Tiryns and is edged on both sides by a road, which leads to the small palace of the local chief, which is situated in the heel of the foot. The buildings for the most part consist of small houses grouped along the two well paved streets. The palace is of regular ashlar masonry and occupies the highest point.

Great interest was called forth by the discovery of the small shrine which in 1901 was found in the center of the town, because this was the first prehistoric Aegean shrine to be discovered intact. The houses of Gournia are superior to those of any other Bronze Age houses so far discovered on the Greek mainland. In one of these houses on the top of the ridge a whole carpenter's kit was discovered. The entire town seems to have been abandoned suddenly when it was destroyed by a conflagration. The discoveries show that Gournia in prehistoric times was the home of an industrial community which flourished in the First Late Aegean period and which fell in the Second Late Minoan or Palace period of Cnossus.



CORRIGENDA — In the preceding number of this magazine the following typographical errors should be corrected:

Page 287, in quotation from Iamblichus, for: (27,000) — read: (270,000)

Page 290, line 5, for: 1600 — read: 3600

Page 292, line 17, for: that that the *historic* — read: that the *historic*

Page 293, line 16, for: same — read: some

Page 296, insert foot-note: 18. *Op. cit.*, II, 771-2

Page 298, line 9 from foot, for: *Gods of the Egyptians* — read:
Gods of Egypt.



F. J. Dick, Editor

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Madame Tingley on Education

To a more than usually large audience Mme. Katherine Tingley spoke last evening on the subject of "Death, or Rebirth."

"We must build a new civilization for the race, build more securely and aim for that quality of enlightenment that brings man to know what he is. Our systems of education show by the condition of the world today that they have failed us. It is an age of doubt, and yet it is an age of inquiry and an age of growth," she declared.

"Man will live until he has completed his education in life and has unfolded his spiritual nature, and then shall he 'go to his Father.' The fear of death is the nightmare of the age; we hardly come to manhood or womanhood before we begin to anticipate it and fear it. But Theosophy teaches the immortality and the duality of man.

"Man dies no more than the tree does between its seasons; it seems so to one who had not known the summer that preceded the winter, but between the times it rests in a condition, enfolded by the great laws as naturally as the seasons come and go in nature's beautiful dramas. The essence lives and remains and puts on a new dress. So, then, through life after life of growth and progress, the soul works out the salvation of that life within itself."

— *San Diego Union*, February 28, 1916

A Spontaneous Tribute to Râja- Yoga Education: by "Yorick"

It is a pleasure to tell the truth about some people — they are so appreciative. I have received a very gratifying note of approval from the students of the Isis League of Music and Drama of the Râja-Yoga Academy of Point Loma, in response to what I had to say about their rendering of William Shakespeare's beautiful comedy of *As You Like It*. In that rather too cursory review of an effort that pleased me because it added one more vivid picture to those of memory's choicest collection from Augustin Daly's incomparable comedians to Southern's meticulous art, I was deterred from too personal comment because the program itself omitted the personality of the actors. So, too, because I was not familiar with the inner springs of action animating the purpose of these young people who served the Master so well, I omitted to give credit for the inspiration that directed these earnest students in their excellence. The dominant personality in this as

in all the intellectual activities of a very remarkable institution was that of Mrs. Katherine Tingley. If the unswerving, unquestioning loyalty of those who look to a leader for guidance is a criterion of that leader's qualities for leadership, then is Mrs. Tingley a great leader and a woman of superior genius. I do not believe that an inferior teacher could provoke from her pupils such sincere tribute as this, bestowed by the students of the Isis League of Music and Drama: "It is Katherine Tingley who has taught us that 'exquisite art' which 'concealed the art of acting'! From our childhood she has taught us to love the beautiful, the true, and the good. . . . It was principally to her inspiration and painstaking guidance that our success was due." And I am informed that every other department of the unique university which crowns the crest of Point Loma could pay this woman the same tribute.

SOME PERSECUTED ANCIENTS

We judge the work of our fellow-men largely by our prejudices — until we are compelled to pass upon their deeds and accomplishment judicially. And because of the ignorance, incertitude and weakness of human nature, it is proper that we should be guided by our prejudices. These are the incentives to our judgment — the prosecuting witnesses in the tribunal of Truth; and the final verdict must come from a world-jury which, without prejudice, has weighed the evidence. The school of philosophy instituted by Mrs. Tingley and her method of teaching is bound to create prejudice, as it is equally certain to incite the most devoted loyalty — and both are immaterial, for the essence of the philosophy lies in its truth or its error; and that cannot be determined until its teachings have had practical exemplification in the great arena of the world's affairs. This has been the test of all philosophies; Anaxagoras of Clazomenae first affirmed that a pure mind, free from all material connexions, acted upon matter with intelligence and design in the formation of the universe; and the offended Athenians banished Anaxagoras, who went to Lampsacus saying to his friends that he had not lost the Athenians, but the Athenians had lost him. Socrates estimated the value of knowledge by its utility, and his great object was to convince men of their follies and vices, to inspire them with the love of virtue, and to furnish them with useful moral instruction. His favorite maxim was: Whatever is above us, does not concern us. Whereupon the priests of Athens who had banished Anaxagoras charged him with "corrupting the youth of Athens," and gave him his quietus in a goblet of hemlock. Plato, the most eminent of the Socratic disciples, taught that the virtuous tendency of man is a gift of God, the effect of reason alone, and cannot be taught; but, remembering the inconvenience and peril incurred by his predecessors, overlaid his true philosophy with the mysticism of the Pythagoreans. Aristotle of the Peripatetics divested the deity of the glory of creation, connected him with a world already formed by the chain of necessity, and made him the first spring and cause of all motion; he would not say that the soul is immortal; and he declared virtue to be the exercise of the understanding and the pursuit of what is right and good — to be acquired by habit. Apprehensive of meeting the fate of Socrates at the hands



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ROSALIND

THIS AND THE FOLLOWING ILLUSTRATIONS ARE FROM SCENES IN SHAKESPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT" PRESENTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF KATHERINE TINGLEY BY GRADUATE STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE AND ACADEMY, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS AT ISIS THEATER, SAN DIEGO, ON JANUARY 24 AND FEBRUARY 7, FOR THE BENEFIT OF SUFFERERS FROM THE BREAKING OF THE OTAY DAM, SAN DIEGO



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AUDREY

TOUCHSTONE



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THE MELANCHOLY JAKUES



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AMIENS

ORLANDO

THE MELANCHOLY JACQUES

TOUCHSTONE

of the jealous priesthood, he left Athens saying, "I am not willing to give the Athenians an opportunity of committing a second offense against philosophy." So with all the others, Zeno the Stoic, Antisthenes the Cynic, Aristippus the Cyrenic, Euclid of Megara — all of them were persecuted; all of them had to dodge the missiles of the priesthood of fickle, credulous, prejudiced Athens. And out of the turmoil and strife of the warring sects and the conflicting schools of philosophy striving for the truth have come our own conceptions of truth still at variance the one with the other. Who, therefore, shall insist, finally, that one is wrong and the other perfect? There may have been some essence of truth in all the schools of Athens whose teachers the prejudiced Athenians persecuted and banished and killed; and who shall now say that there is not a glimmer of truth in every earnest effort of the modern schools? Certainly not I, groping, out-reaching ever, and more frequently grasping the false than that which is true only knowing that it is not the truth. And if you will think it over disinterestedly perhaps you will agree with me that it is not such a far cry from the Lyceum of Athens to the gardens of Point Loma; nor from the theaters where Sophocles thundered and Aristophanes scoffed, to the stage where the students of the Isis League of Music and Drama are inspired to re-enact the humor and philosophy of him on whose ample shoulders has fallen the mighty mantle of Greek drama.

— *San Diego Union*, February 27, 1916

**Madame Melba
Charmed with
Lomaland
and its Life**

Madame Nellie Melba, queen of song, who gave a concert in the Isis Theater, San Diego, on February 29th, was accorded a reception by Madame Tingley and the teachers and pupils of the Râja-Yoga College, and residents at the International Theosophical Headquarters, at noon of the same day.

"Never in the whole course of my career," said the great prima donna, "have I experienced so many beautiful emotions as at Point Loma this morning. It is simply overpowering."

On arriving at the Theosophical Headquarters, Madame Melba was conducted into the beautiful Temple of Peace, the College orchestra playing meanwhile the "Allegro con Grazia," from Tschaikowsky's *Symphonie Pathétique*. On her entry, tiny children presented to her exquisite bouquets. After a brief address of welcome by Montague Machell on behalf of Madame Tingley, the faculty and students, a short program was given.

Later, in the Rotunda of the Râja-Yoga Academy, Madame Melba sang, to her own accompaniment, a charming little Italian song by Tosti, saying: "I am sorry that I can sing only one song, because I have such a heavy program tonight; but I have accepted Madame Tingley's invitation, and I promise to come back in December and sing to you the whole day — trills, scales and everything. I wish to thank you, Madame Tingley, the professors and students, and you darling little children. I envy you in your beautiful home."

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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

MEMBERSHIP

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

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

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS,
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Frequently used for Greek plays and other dramatic performances.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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AND I conceive that the founders of the mysteries had a real meaning and were not mere triflers when they intimated in a figure long ago that he who passed unsanctified and uninitiated into the world below will live in a slough, but that he who arrives there after initiation and purification will dwell with the gods. For "many," as they say in the mysteries, "are the thyrsus-bearers, but few are the mystics,"—meaning, as I interpret the words, the true philosophers.

—PLATO, *The Phaedo*, 69. Trans. by Jowett

THOUGHTS ON DEATH: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



THE vast death-roll of the war has turned our minds with unwonted seriousness to thoughts of death, the meaning of life, and the question of immortality; and there are arguments between deists and agnostics as to the present status of religion and belief in God. We need not go over these arguments; it is sufficient to see what Theosophy can contribute.

The point is this: that Theosophy makes man's immortality a thing of the *here and now*. Conventional views represent immortality as something belonging to after-death, and try to tack eternity on to the end of time, and immortality on to the end of mortality. Theosophy declares that we are immortal *now*, and that the Soul "never was not, never shall cease to be."

Our nature is dual — part mortal, part immortal. In addition to consciousness, which the animals have, we have self-consciousness. This latter is not a product of the upward evolution from the lower kingdoms of nature; it is the special characteristic of man. It is the existence of this divine spark that causes the horror when we try to imagine ourselves as coming utterly to an end at death; for the Soul is aware of its own immortality. But our lower mind rebels against our intuition, because we have failed to distinguish sufficiently between the mortal and the immortal parts of our nature. That

which, in Theosophy, is called the "personality" consists of what has been put together during the years since birth — a mass of memories and habits. This did not exist before birth, and is not fitted to survive death. Nevertheless this statement must be qualified, because that personality is built up around a central kernel that is imperishable and that existed before birth.

The practical part of this question is that we must endeavor to reach to the immortal part of our nature here and now, and not wait till death. That is the road to knowledge. Our horror and affliction over death are the measure of our ignorance; but yet they are the measure of our knowledge; because, if we had not the intuition of immortality, we should be no more afflicted or puzzled over the question than the animals are.

The greater part of our make-up is subject to continual death and rebirth, throughout the years of our life; but there is a personal identity that survives throughout life. In the same way there is a still deeper Self — called in Theosophy the Individuality — that survives death. That Individuality is with us now, back of our mind; we are immortal now.

Mankind is *actually* one and united, as far as the Immortal part is concerned; and our *apparent* separateness lies in our external nature. Brotherhood and solidarity mean much more than an agreement of mutual toleration; they mean the recognition of the fact that we actually are one and united. Brotherhood can only be truly realized by people who rise to the level where they are aware of their non-separateness.

People are everywhere trying to plan schemes for social betterment after the war. But suppose a number of musicians were to pass a law that every instrumentalist should be allowed full freedom to play what he liked, so long as he did not interfere with the liberty of others to play what they liked. Would this constitute an orchestra? The illustration shows that more than legislation and agreements are required. Some agnostic educators hope they will be able to inculcate virtues in the young by argument; but this will not suffice, for we should then have the passions arrayed on one side against mere argument on the other. The virtues need a better sanction; they need to be based on a knowledge of the laws of nature.

The vital center of man's being is his *higher* nature; and this is the fact that has to be recognized by the true scientist of life. If we

make the personality the center of man's being, we pave the way for conflicting interests.

Man is immortal, and mankind is one; these are the two truths that Theosophy emphasizes as competent to shed light on the problems of life and death.

Death is the rest of the Soul — a greater sleep. The coming of death is as much more welcome than the coming of sleep as death is greater than sleep. There is no need to fear death. It is the most familiar event in life, and comes to all; it is a thing no one can deprive us of. Bereavement is hard to bear; but has to be borne, whatever theory we may hold. It is a fact, and the best we can do is to try and understand it. Our lost ones have passed through the initiation of death; and though they can frame no language that our mortal ears can hear, their true Love and their Spirit is with us, urging us on towards the Light wherein they dwell. We cannot drag them down to where we are; but we can aspire to where they dwell. The bereaved seek consolation in high resolve, and in achievement they find it; for thus do they enter into sacred interior communion with great Souls; thus do they honor the departed.

Theosophy has a great mission to prevent the decay of faith, hope, and charity from the world, amid a chaos of despair and cynical doubt; and deeply do Theosophists feel the urgency of the duty. Sceptics and materialists seize hold of the weaknesses and fallacies in religious ideas, and seem to make out a case for their own dark doubtings.

Listen to the song of life. Look for it and listen to it first in your own heart. At first you may say it is not there; when I search I find only discord. Look deeper. If again you are disappointed, pause and look deeper again. There is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced — but it is there. At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope, and love. . . . Underneath all life is the strong current that cannot be checked; the great waters are there in reality. Find them, and you will perceive that none, not the most wretched of creatures, but is a part of it, however he blind himself to the fact and build up for himself a phantasmal outer form of horror.— *Light on the Path*

Theosophy means wisdom concerning the divine nature of man, and a way of life whereby knowledge of that divine nature may be attained. A nucleus of people believing this has been established, right in the heart of occidental materialism, and is helping to keep

faith alive in the human heart. To it men are turning, as wanderers towards a beacon. They feel something *real* that emanates from that body of people. These people believe that in duty and service lies the road to knowledge and peace; and that the meaning of life can be realized, and its mysteries solved thereby.

The great truth of *Reincarnation* calls for mention here; it tells us that we have lived before. Not the personal "I," for that is a thing that was built up during this life; it has no recollection of having lived before because it has not lived before. Nevertheless something in us has lived before—though it seems wrong to use such terms as "before" and "after" in this connexion. Who knows what would become of that which we call "time," if our personal consciousness were blotted out?

Reincarnation also means that the Self in us will live again. Life would seem absurd and useless if we really believed that this brief span of seventy years or less is the whole. True, humanity goes on existing in any case; that is not destroyed; but then why should I have my consciousness? For what purpose is that? It is impossible to think of a human Ego being created at a point in time and disappearing at another point. "Life is a dream," says an ancient adage; then who is the dreamer? The analogy is very useful, and indeed it is much more than a mere analogy. It is possible for man to reach a stage where death and life will be but alternating phases in his existence. This it is to conquer death.

In thinking about future life, we must not forget to think also about past life; the two are essentially connected. The fact that we cannot bring to recollection anything preceding this life helps to explain our ignorance about what follows death. It is as hard to imagine that you never existed in the past as that you will not exist in the future. In reading the account of events that happened in the middle of last century, it may suddenly occur to you: "When that happened, *I* did not exist!" A curious thought; and yet the world wagged as usual. It is inconceivable that the world can continue to wag, and you have nor part nor lot in it; the mind rebels from the thought, and the soul shudders. The mere ability to pose the question seems to imply an affirmative answer. If I have enough self-consciousness to ask such a question, then I must surely have enough self-consciousness to persist beyond the gates of death. Is not human consciousness *essentially* immortal — *necessarily* immortal? Does it

not contain, in addition to its temporal qualities, an eternal quality, such that, regarding it, we are entitled to say — nay, *must* say — “This is deathless”?

And about the one that is gone from us: had we been able, while he was with us, to recognize the deathless essence in him, perchance we should not miss it now that the presence which we knew is withdrawn. A difficult subject to touch on, because of the delusions of fantasy, leading to morbid self-deceptions in the minds of those so predisposed.

The state of the liberated Soul after death is one of unalloyed happiness, from which all recollection of the woes of earth is banished, and wherein all the unfulfilled ideals and hopes are realized. Pure love is a power that lives beyond the grave and can bless the living; and it can lead to reunion in other lives.

The horror of this war is with the living and not with the dead; *they* are at rest, theirs is the bliss of the liberated Soul. But the effect of the carnage on the world and those who still dwell therein is terrible.

A well-known philosopher has recently written a book in which he says that nothing enters so deeply into our souls as the sudden changes from life to death; daily long lists of dead confront us, and from thousands of tongues questions are asked about the value and meaning of human life, about eternity, about the immortality of the soul. This is true; but the conclusions he draws are quite absurd; the war, he says, has reduced the doctrine of providence to an absurdity. In view of the deaths of such masses of people, carried away by blind chance in open battle, in trenches, in airships, in submarines, the illusion that the destinies of men are in the care of an omnipotent intelligence with carefully arranged plans is an idea which cannot be entertained for a moment, he says. And he adds that the war proves the absurdity of the Christian principle of loving one's neighbor. Surely it proves the exact opposite, by showing what comes of disobeying the rule. As to what he says about God, it may perhaps stand as an argument against certain narrow views with which some people satisfy themselves in comparatively easy times; but we cannot explain away the facts about this terrible calamity, and must either find an explanation or leave them unexplained. Is it not impossible to entertain the idea of a universe that is ruled by reckless and purposeless powers, and that yet at the same time is peopled by

so intelligent and conscientious a being as Man; the said alleged reckless Powers being utterly indifferent to Man's welfare? To all well-balanced minds, the universe appears as ruled by intelligent and beneficent Powers. What we ought to do is to expand our ideas about the nature of deity and the meaning of life and the laws of the cosmos. And even this philosopher of ours worships a deity of his own, which he calls the religion of reason; he preaches the beauty and satisfying nature of resignation, recommending brave devotion to the unavoidable and the knowledge and recognition of the eternity and indestructibility of the cosmos and of the courses of nature, in which the individual unceasingly appears and disappears in order to make place for new forms and new modes of unending substance. Thus he gives with one hand what he takes away with the other. But there is a something in me that might be called "interest" or "love," which binds me indissolubly with the fate of that universe; I feel that I cannot be obliterated — my ultimate essence cannot be obliterated, whatever may become of my present outfit of personal prejudices and memories.

Man sometimes seems to forget that, in moments of pride, he claims the divine gift of free-will. His religions declare that he has been endowed with this gift. It follows that, if he is to use this gift, he must be left to his own guidance, and that he will make mistakes. How else can a free-will be governed and still remain free? We are calling upon God to save us from the consequences of our own wilfulness; and God's answer is, "Obey the eternal laws; choose right instead of wrong; study nature and learn its true laws." Is the attitude of pride consistent with the attitude of supplication? If we shrink horrified at the thought of machines dropping dynamite from the sky, and all the other horrors with which we are now so familiar, let us remember past years of arrogance. And let us think of the generations of smug commonplace well-to-do-ness, or foolish extravagance, or ruthless exploiting of our fellow man, that have preceded this volcanic outbreak. How much worse might it not have been if not for the protection of supernal powers?

However natural and merciful death may be, this carnage is an utter horror; and it is consolation, and not palliation of misdeeds, that we must see in the release of death. The fact that death, when it comes, comes with a welcome, does not excuse us for killing.

In regarding human history, we have to remember that this is the

Iron Age, whose entry was announced by the departure of the Gods, last among them the goddess of purity, daughter of justice. But the goddess is to return with a new golden age, when man has learned his lesson. How does this bear upon the present topic? Because part of the knowledge which man lost was concerned with death, and the darkness to which he was condemned by his own folly included the meaning of life and death. Fear of death was henceforth his lot, and bereavement and separation.

The unity and the eternity of life have to be learned over again; and over again has man to learn that justice and purity are essential conditions to knowledge and to happiness. He has to learn that the immortal part of his nature stands with him now, waiting for recognition and communion; and that, even while living, it is possible to pass for ever beyond the gates of death, and to enter a realm where partings are no more.

THE GERM-PLASM AND IMMORTALITY: by E.



THE doctrine of human immortality, as expressed in Theosophy, states that the Individuality of a man is permanent, but the personality (or, rather, the successive personalities which he acquires in successive reincarnations) are not permanent. We get a light on this doctrine from Weismann's theory of the "germ plasm."

He points out that one-celled organisms, such as the amoeba, multiply by division, the single cell becoming two, the two becoming four, and so on till there are a vast number of separate one-cell individuals. But no one of these individuals can be considered as the parent of the rest; they are all coeval, and there has been nothing corresponding to death. There is, he says, unlimited persistence of the individual, and consequent immortality. But in the case of many-celled organisms, Weismann holds that everything dies but that part which he calls the germ-plasm, and this is handed on from one generation to the next by a process like the multiplication of the amoeba. So here we have the Theosophical teaching suggested in a biological form. All the other cells of the body are so concerned with nutrition and other functions that they lose their immortality, and the perpetuating power becomes concentrated in the germ-plasm.

Some scientific critics, we understand, say that this "germ-plasm" of Weismann's "runs perilously near a metaphysical concept." To us, however, it seems much less like a metaphysical concept than many of the things which scientific men regard as physical entities. It seems, in fact, to come perilously near to a recognition of the existence of hyperphysical matter — to an admission that the permanent factor in organized beings may not be made of physical matter at all but of some finer grade of matter. It approaches very near to the Theosophical teaching about Monads — those immortal sparks or souls which, emanating from the universal life, become the central points of the organized beings.

It might be inferred from the above that the doctrine implies an immortality for the animals as well as for men; but the cases of the two orders of beings are different. In the kingdoms below Man, the monad has not yet become individualized. (See *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 178). So, although there is, even in the animals, vegetables and minerals, a permanent unit, yet so far there is nothing in them which could be considered as individual to each particular organism. But in man a further stage has taken place; not an additional upward stage of the ascending line of evolution from below, but a stage due to the entry of the Divine Monads whose arrival made Man from a "mindless" to a self-conscious and responsible being. It is owing to this that man has acquired an immortal Individuality, whereby his identity, though not his personality (for this is but temporary and illusive) is preserved. Such is the doctrine in outline; more can be learned from study of *The Secret Doctrine*, but obviously we cannot advance very far in knowledge of such mysteries until we have sounded the mysteries of our own nature more deeply.

The above is not intended as an exposition of the Theosophical teachings on the subject, nor yet as an entire endorsement of Weismannism, but as an occasional note showing how the researches of science must eventually lead to a confirmation of the ancient teachings, the latter being based on fact.



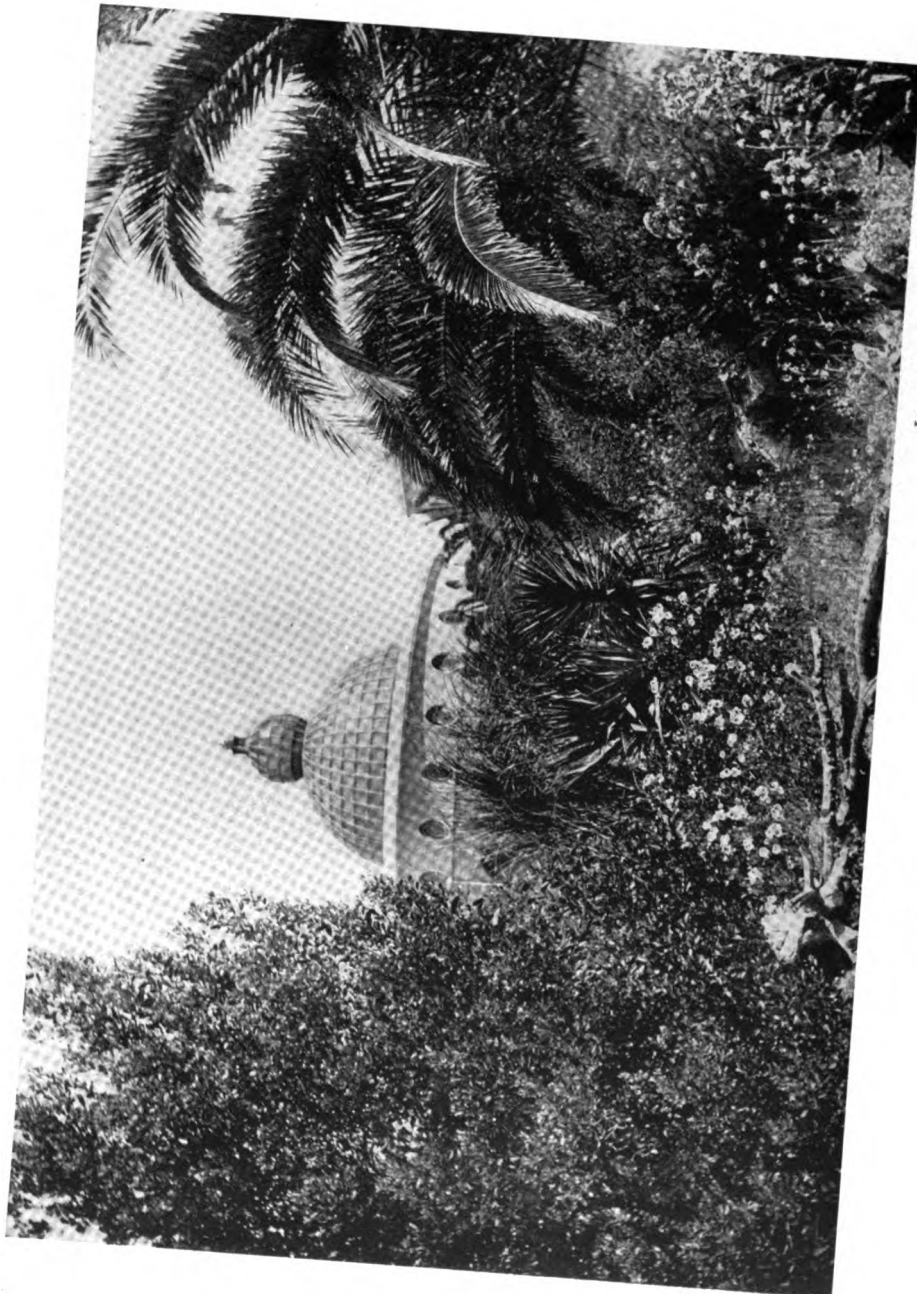
Good people shine from afar, like the snowy mountains; bad people are not seen, like arrows shot by night.

He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; other people are but holding the reins.— *Dhammapada*



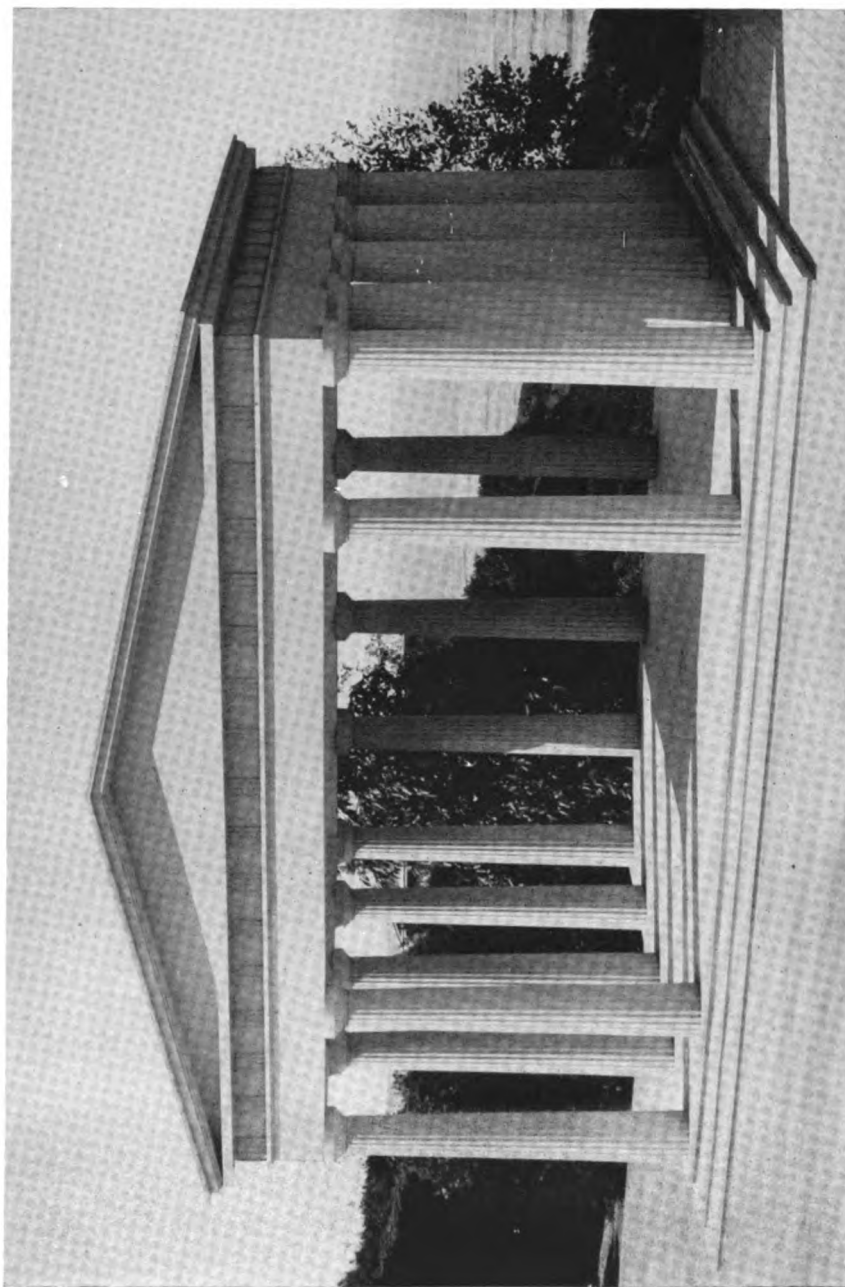
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VIEW OF THE DOME OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
In the foreground is seen a little of the luxuriant vegetation
in one of the College gardens.



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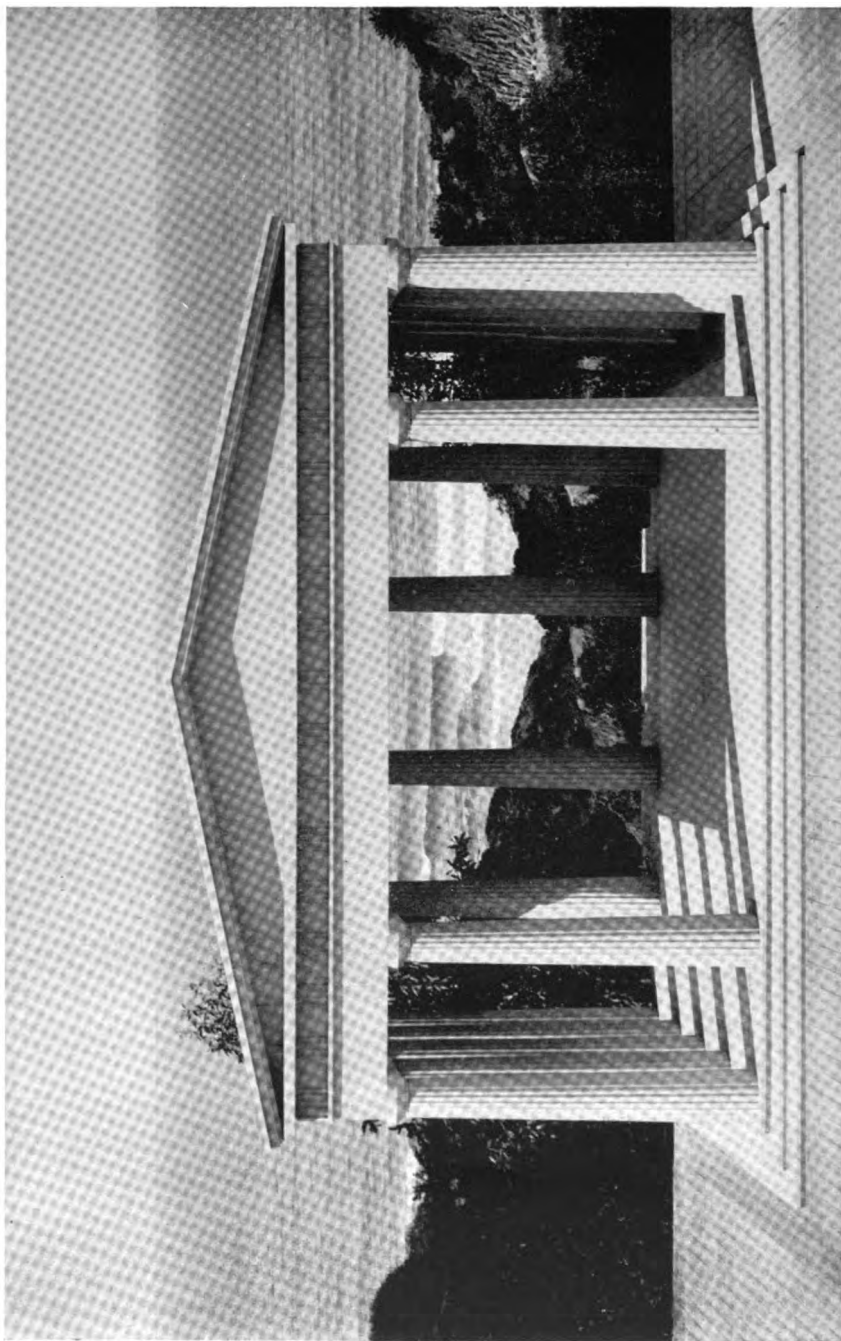
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE



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THE DETACHED PRONAOS OR PORTICO IN THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

For a fuller view of the Theater, see the Frontispiece.



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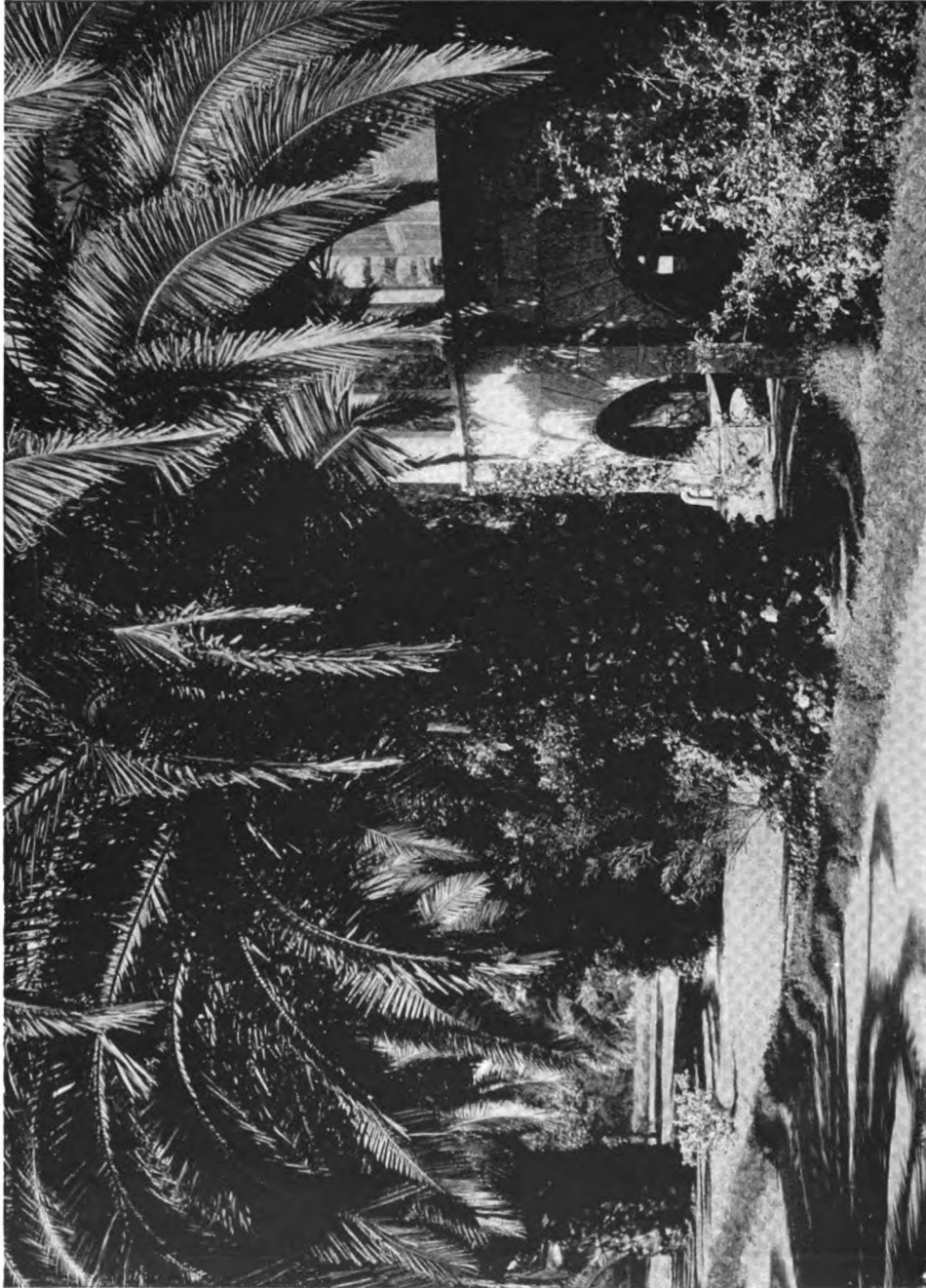
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PORTICO IN THE GREEK THEATER

This illustration shows the striking picture of the surf of the great Pacific rollers breaking near the cliffs—
at a distance of a half-mile from the spectator.



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ONE OF THE LOVELY WALKS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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IN THE GARDENS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

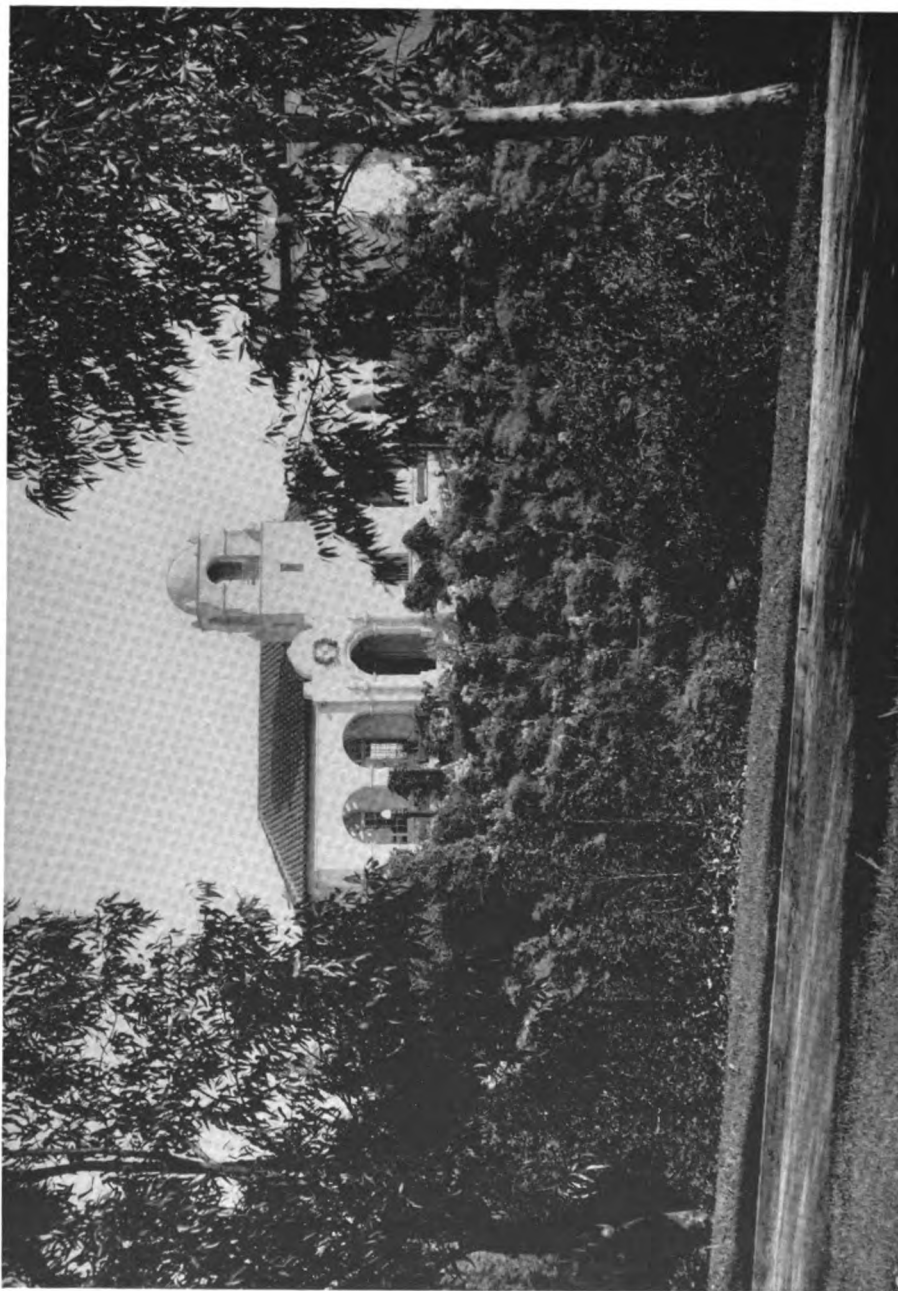


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THE RECEPTION HALL, ART GALLERY, AND INFORMATION OFFICE OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, IN THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

This building was recently purchased by Katherine Tingley for the above purposes, and for the second year of the Exposition. The first year the Information Bureau was housed in the Science and Education Building.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL BUILDING IN THE
EXPOSITION GROUNDS, SAN DIEGO

NATURE'S SILENCE: by R. Machell



HERE is a silence in Nature that impresses one as being all replete with sound, though there may be but the song of a bird to break the stillness. It is not so much sound that one feels, as the source of all sounds; and that is perhaps the essential characteristic of silence. The power of silence is greater than that of sound because of its potentiality. The strong man is the man of will rather than the man of muscle, for will controls muscle; and silence controls sound: though the latter fact is not so plain to all perhaps.

Those who are most keenly alive to the suggestion of Nature's moods, know that the stillness of the night is vastly different from the silence of noon, or of early morning, when the mists slowly melt into the haze as the Sun takes control of the day. Strange that we should be able to speak of the Sun controlling the day, or of a day being devoid of sunlight, when the Sun's presence is the day. And yet we do sometimes regard the day as self-ordained and the sun as its attendant.

But in the night, when the Sun holds court on the other side of the world, there is a stillness not comparable to that which fills the air, as the returning regent rises above the mountains, and dissolves the mists, before the wind wakes, while yet the wet leaves drip the dew-drops to the earth, and life goes pulsing silently from root to branch, from filaments invisible beneath the soil up to the flower that opens to anticipate the summons of the Sun, the celebration of the day.

And then the stillness of the noon, when the activity of day yields to an overwhelming sense of satisfaction, that pervades and permeates the whole conciliabulum of Nature's infinite administration. The climax of the day is the siesta; the multitudinous activities of life culminate in an intense desire for sleep.

But when the stillness of the night is most intense sleep vanishes, the senses strain to free themselves from their allegiance to the body, and to attune themselves to the vibrations of the infinite. The mind is clarified and rarified spontaneously, as if in answer to the appeal of some acknowledged overlord, some sovereign supreme, some hierarchy, who calls his innumerable family to join in celebration of the sacred rites ordained of old to keep men mindful of their own divinity.

But whether at night or in the daytime silence is mysterious, and the brain-mind has little use for mysteries; it loves to babble endlessly, it dreads the silence, as a cat fears a pail of water, not unadvisedly.

Yet even cats will sometimes go a-fishing, their natural dread of

water yielding to their passionate love of fish; and chatterers will make experiments in silence with similar motives, seeking to gratify their curiosity, and their love of small sensations; just as a cat will risk the wetting of its paws to catch a fish.

No doubt the ocean of silence must contain more strange things than the fish that cats may catch; but those that love the ocean truly know that the mysteries of the Great Deep are spiritual verities, beyond the comprehension of a cat, or of a chatterer, or even of a brain-mind seeker for occult phenomena.

It may seem strange to speak about the silence of the sea, and yet it is as surely there as solitude, that is so often painfully impressed upon one in a crowded city, when the sense of isolation may become quite as intense as that felt by a castaway upon the ocean. The silence of the sea seems stamped on its denizens, although the seals are noisily loquacious. They are not truly people of the sea, they love to "lie i' the sun" and chatter, just like the gossips of the earth. But the sea's silence is appalling in its potency. When the winds taunt the tranquil deep the waves arise and rage magnificently against the eternal rocks, which, catching the humor of the hour, join in the tumult of the breakers, grinding themselves to grains of sand, and chanting a murmurous undertone to the wild howling of the storm: then the tumultuous winds, superb in their magnificent impotence, pass, and the silence reasserts itself upon the surface of the deep. The wildest storm seems but a comic interlude in the eternal drama of the elements; the real tragedy is in the Silence. Noise and the fury of the storm are villains who commit imaginary crimes upon the stage, to entertain the populace, but behind the exoteric drama, that delights the crowd, there is the mystery, that hides the inner working of the tragedy, and veils the conflict of titanic forces struggling silently to maintain the balance of the manifested universe.

And the soul of man senses the great drama that the brain-mind cannot comprehend, feels strangely exultant or unreasonably depressed, thrills unaccountably with strangest sympathy for the unseen, unheard, unthinkable drama of the universe concealed from the brain-mind by Silence.

Sound is an active force, and speech and song most powerful; but Silence has a potency that awes. In it there is the infinite; and the soul of man alone can penetrate the mystery, being itself linked with infinity; while the mirror of the mind cannot reflect the silence that

is formless. That delicate mirror may indeed be shattered by excessive sound, it may be clouded by excess of speech, but silence stops its ceaseless oscillation, and the resulting revelation seems to the brain-mind as a dreadful void, more terrible than the fury of the storm. The brain-mind fears the silence that the Soul loves so wisely and so well. Therefore 'twas said of old "speech is of silver, silence is of gold."

Right speech is excellent, because its rightness is proportionate to its rarity, and merely serves to punctuate the silence of the reticence which wise ones exercise.

THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA: by C. J. Ryan



NE of the culminating points of Mohammedan architecture was attained in Spain in the Alhambra palace of Granada, the last building of importance erected by the Moors before their expulsion from Spain in 1492. History, poetry, and painting have combined to familiarize us with its beauties and to impress its form upon our minds. The struggles between the Paynim and Christian knights produced much of the romance and poetry of the Middle Ages, and in modern times writers, painters, and architects have dwelt with special delight upon the still existing remains of Saracenic art. Washington Irving has made the Alhambra the goal of many literary and artistic pilgrimages, and who has not read with a thrill of emotion the story of the brilliant deeds of the handful of Oriental adventurers who in the eighth century subjugated Spain and almost saved Europe from the savagery and ignorance of the Dark Ages! The contemplation of the high state of civilization in art, science, literature, commerce, and general culture, and the toleration in religion, reached by the Mussulmans in Spain during the eight centuries of their rule, compels the impartial student to admit that the progress of the rest of Europe would have been greatly accelerated if the tide had not turned against the Moors at Tours.

The Alhambra has been greatly damaged by earthquakes and military operations, but worse than all has been the deliberate destruction of the mosque and other important portions of the original building, and the addition of new apartments in an incongruous style. Within comparatively recent times, however, it has been considerably

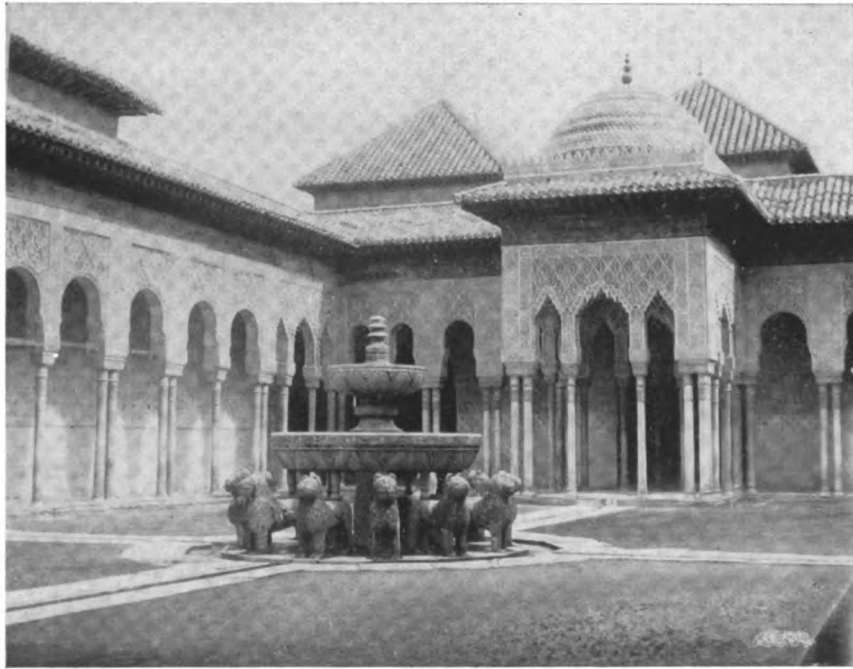
restored with taste and skill, and it is kept in excellent condition. The remains of the original building consist chiefly of two large oblong courts, the Court of the Lions, built by Abu Abdallah in 1325, and which is believed by some to be the scene of the massacre of the Abencerrages, and the Court of the Alberca, of earlier date, and of many smaller chambers and several large halls, all magnificently decorated with brilliantly colored intricate and graceful patterns. The outer walls are plain and simple, a striking and evidently an intentional contrast to the splendor and richness of the interior. The decorations are all molded in an extremely hard stucco with an extraordinary variety of geometric designs. As Fergusson says, there is in the exuberance of stucco ornament no offence to good taste, for work in plaster ought to be richly decorated, otherwise it is an unsuccessful attempt to imitate the simplicity and power that belongs to more durable and solid materials. It was never elaborated with more artistic feeling than in the Alhambra.

Much of the charm of the Alhambra comes from its unrivaled situation. After the traveler has passed toilsomely through the arid and shadeless plains of Andalusia or Castile, the broad avenue through the elms, and the rich grass and bright flowers covering the hillside leading to the plateau on which the palace stands, are most grateful to all the senses. The views from the windows overlooking the ravine of the river Darro, or from the Vela watchtower, are famous for their beauty; towards the south, beyond the luxuriant foliage of the park and the bare foot-hills, the crests of the Sierra Nevada rise mantled in eternal snows.

The surrender of the Alhambra to Ferdinand and Isabella in January 1492, by Abu Abdallah (Boabdil), marks the close of the empire of the Mussulmans in Spain. The story of the heroic defence of Granada is one of the most pathetic in history, and at Padul, the place is still shown where the vanquished Moorish king took his last look at the city before leaving Spain forever. It is called "The Last Sigh of the Moor." On April 17 of the same year the Spanish sovereigns signed the commission which started Columbus on his first voyage of discovery.

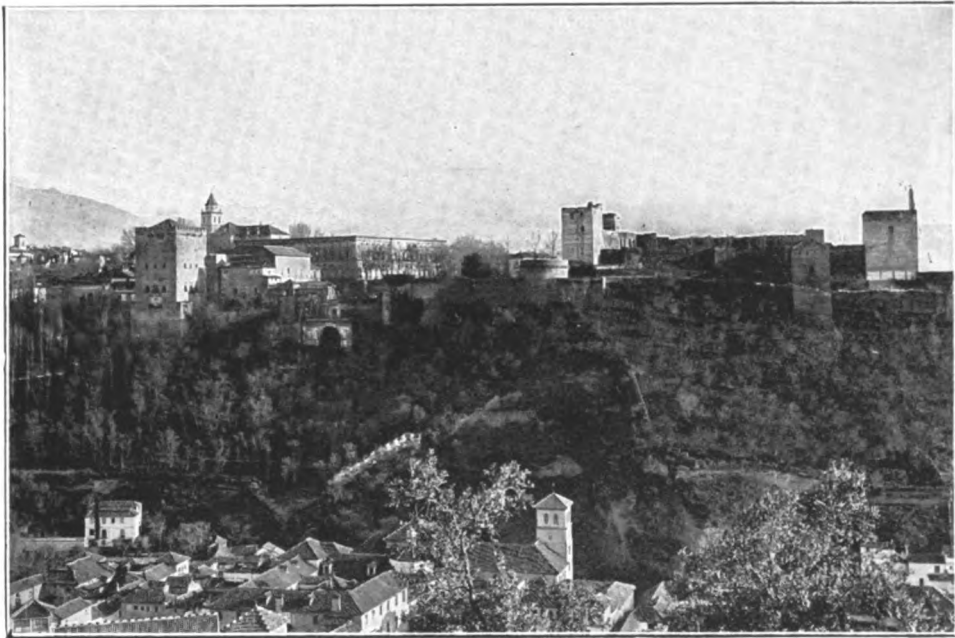


LET us meditate on that which is in us as the Highest Self, and work for it as dwelling in every human heart.—*William Q. Judge*



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THE COURT OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA, GRANADA

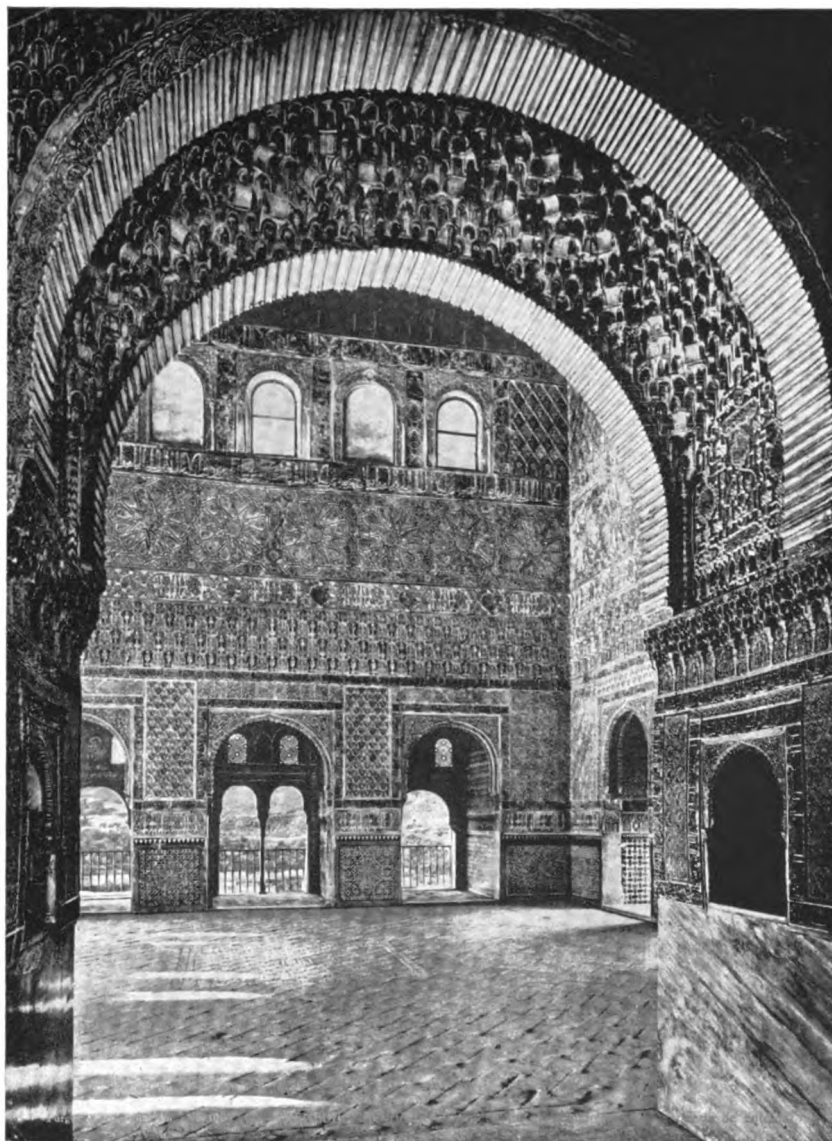


A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA



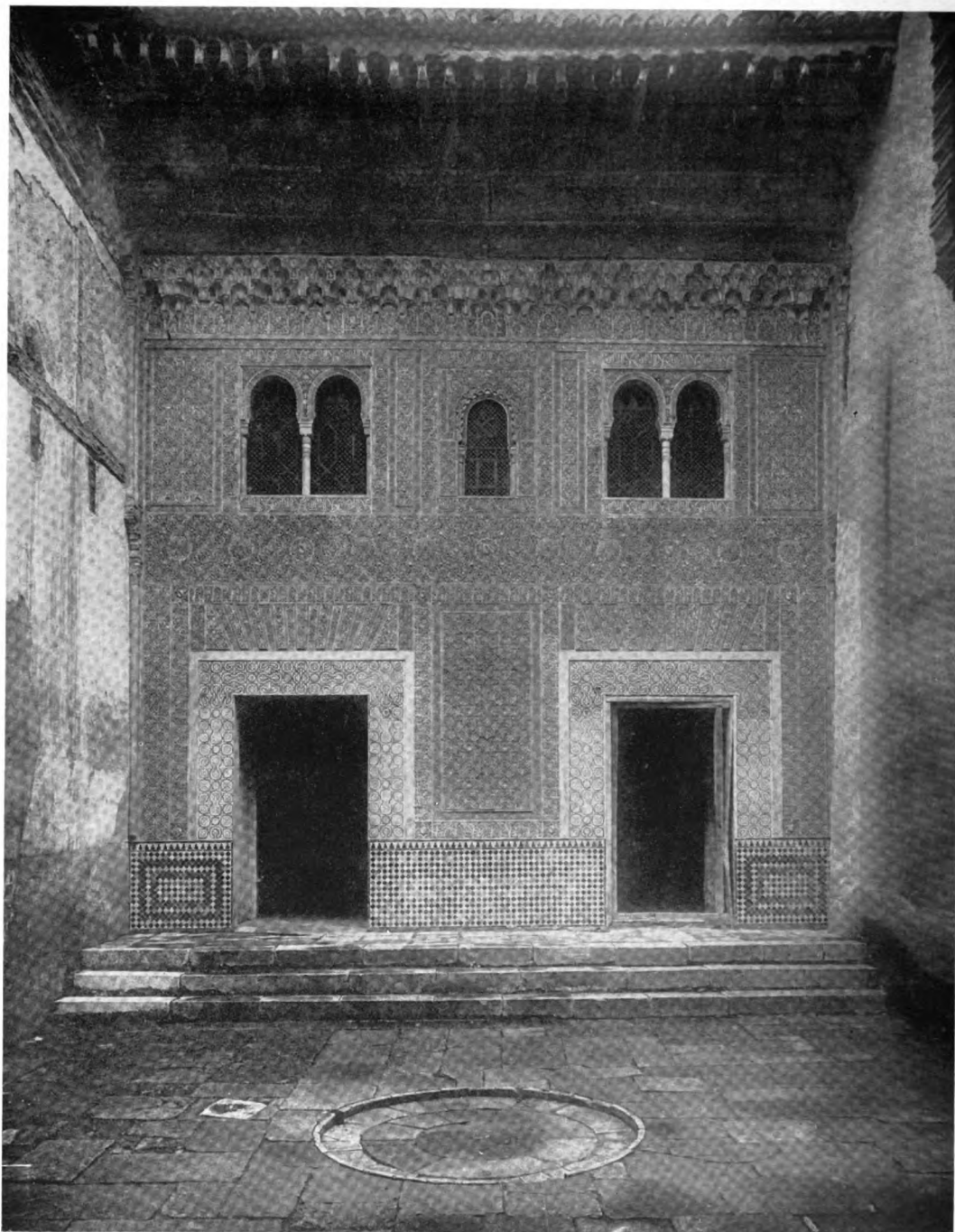
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THE ALHAMBRA: PUERTA DEL VINO



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS, ALHAMBRA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE ALHAMBRA: PATIO DE LA MEZQUITA
Hauser y Menet, Madrid, 1894

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART II CHAPTER VII — THE SUNSET GLORY OF THE SUNGS



THE Confusion that followed the fall of T'ang lasted about half a century; then, in 960, the army robed its general, Chao K'uang-yin, in the yellow; and he became the emperor T'ai Tsu, first of the dynasty of Sung. Forthwith began a dramatic and wonderful period; I do not know where you should look for a time more stirring. We are to read its history in the light of the Law of Cycles. In three hundred years the Cycle of Asia was to end; rather the Cycle of Art, Intuition and Imagination was to give place to that of Science and Intellect; and Asia was on trial, that it might be known whether she could go forward on the new order or not. Heaven and hell did battle for the soul of China: champions of light and of darkness were thick in the field. For three brilliant centuries the Chinese mind struggled after freedom; and had not quite lost hope when the Mongol hordes came down, and dealt it that blow from which only now, perhaps, is it beginning to recover. On the one hand, a radiant spirit was upwelling through the nation: a youthful and immortal gaiety, adventurous, advancing boldly to meet new things and ideas; on the other, inertia, conventionalism, dead formalities, old ritual and precedent. . . Death, cold and precise, alarmed to see his sovereignty threatened by a buoyant and joyous culture, came forth with his graveyard armies to combat for the future of the race. The battle was a draw; or at least, it was only the Mongol conquest that made it wholly a victory for death. But with what gay valor the young knight Sung Idealism fought! All that we read of Bushido, of plum-blossom and cherry-blossom codes: of human honor reflected back by flower or tree: was native in Sung. A courtly and a knightly period, in the higher aspects of it: when manners were superb, and based on a spiritual idea: one of extraordinary artistic illumination, extraordinary ferment of thought and the quick rush of progress. Of extraordinary misfortunes, too; and to culminate in the direst of all: the Mongol conquest.

There was never such imperial stability as had been in the great days of the Hans and T'angs. The lands north of the Wall were a perpetual volcano, throwing up menace forever, and periodical invasions which the empire had not, as a rule, the organized strength to meet. Strength it had: there was no lack of morale: the people were not

cowardly or degenerate, as they were to prove at that fatal last, when they turned on the all-conquering Mongol, and gave him more trouble than the whole world else together. But the very ferment of thought, the transition, kept that strength disorganized and useless; so that valor and high knightly codes availed little against barbarians inferior in every respect, but united; and the triumphs of Mangu and Kublai were prepared for by three centuries of Kins and Liaos, Hsias and Manchus, who preyed on a China rent by political and religious dissension. There you have the dark aspect of it: the one that all historians emphasize, so that we miss noting, generally, the sunset glory that, despite all, flooded the age. There never was a time more brilliant in art; the Sung artists, probably, saw deeper than any before or since into *God in Nature*: things visible were, for them, wholly luminous and translucent, and every earthly landscape revealed heaven. In poetry it was only exceeded by T'ang; in prose, it produced Ssuma Kuang, the greatest of Chinese historians, and the philosophers Chou Tun-i, Chang Tsai, Ch'êng Hao and Ch'êng I, and above all Chu Hsi, who may take rank with the greatest uninitiated thinkers of the world. A new spirit, a wonderful expectancy was abroad, that would not be content with shadows of the dead past. It seemed as if China sensed the coming of a new cycle, unlike any she had known of old; and struggled to mount upon its arc. It was the modern cycle, that of science; Europe rose upon it, some two centuries later, from a past of dark barbarism; China, from a past of high culture in which spiritual elements were strong, failed to grasp it, and went down. Well, her night was at hand; she could not pass immediately from the glow of sunset to the glow of dawn. Perhaps. Or perhaps she might have won through, but that the good in her was not strong enough, the evil too strong. With high heart she put forth from port in that memorable year 960; her boat swam splendidly; "Youth at the prow" and so forth; but just three hundred years ahead was a Niagara: avoidable perhaps, but not easily. (We of Christendom cannot look one hundred years ahead; we do not know what is coming, nor recognize how swift and strong is the current that bears us on. "By using antiquity as a mirror, we may learn to foresee the rise and fall of empires," said wise T'ai Tsung.)

It was a period of aftermath: the seeds had been sown long before, and a first harvest had been reaped from them under T'ang. Now, all that remained living in the soil sprang up, blossomed gorgeously,

and died. Flowers and weeds, weeds and flowers. Teachers there were, of the secondary kind; influenced, one would say, as our own Carlyle, Voltaire and Emerson may have been, by the Mighty Gods: philosophers who understood the needs of the day, and strove hard to save the people; but not of the same rank with flaming champions of Heaven such as Bodhidharma and Chih-i: their standards were not dyed so deep with the old royal hues of esotericism. All things had been brought down and out on to exterior planes; where now uninitiated men and women, profiting or not by the labors of the great God-Messengers of old, must battle in politics and in the schools for the salvation of China.

All Asia had given seeds for the garden of T'ang; for this new Sung paradise, China herself furnished everything. There was no great impulse, spiritual or material, from without. The empire had been divided, and its light hidden under a score of little bushels: its genius scattered and impotent in a mort of discordant States. Now, with reunion and the prospect of strong government, its forces were refocused at K'ai-fêng Fu, the new capital, and the clash and contact of bright minds produced the wonderful result. Taoism came early to the front: Chêng Tsung, the third emperor (Chao Hêng), was a devout Taoist, as were many of his successors; by that you might know that imagination was stirring. New titles also were conferred upon Confucius: he was advanced, I think, to royal status; the imperial came later. But in neither Confucianism nor Taoism could the spiritual driving power of a great age be found; and Tientai Buddhism, which had been the inspiration of T'ang, had lost its hold on the race with the fall of Hsüan Tsung. It had become esoteric, and was not for this age: its gaze was wholly inward; whereas Sung was looking outward also, upon a world renewed and grown marvelous, and a future alive with possibilities. Taoism indeed spoke of the wonder running through creation; but the scientific spirit was very near incarnation in those days, and Taoism was unscientific: did not go far or deep enough to satisfy needs. Young China in the universities sought a religion that should interpret Nature: *Back to Nature!* was all the cry. It found what it sought in Zen.

Five centuries had passed since Bodhidharma came from India, and three since the death of the last of his successors; yet it was for the supreme struggle of this age of Sung that he and they had prepared. Out of their School came Tientai to win battles for the Gods

in T'ang, a time of more glorious results than this, but not so crucial. The moment had now come, when all things depended upon it; and Zen itself, the parent-School, took the field. *Back to Nature!* was the cry of the age; and Zen's text-book was Nature, its laboratory and materials, life. It would have nothing to do with traditional thought and learning. It was at once devotional, artistic and scientific; holding that between ego and cosmos there is a perfect sympathy, infinite and minute correspondence — that they are, indeed, outward signs of the same inward essence, not to be thought of apart. Its effect was to mold and foundation life, art and thought upon Truth: truth to Nature, to the soul of Nature, and to the divine soul in man. A sweet and sanative doctrine: a constant purification for him who understands and practises it. It held the door open, certainly, for the scientific spirit: but for a scientific spirit that never could have degenerated into the hollow materialism of Europe. It lay behind the whole colossal effort of Sung to save China from the lower forces within herself, and to set her feet on the path to a higher and continuous civilization, incomparably superior to anything of ours or her own. Had that effort succeeded, it is the whole world that would have been the gainer. Had China remained up, Europe would not have failed to rise: she would have risen, I think, under the tuition of the Orient, to heights of culture spiritual as well as material. The universal civilization will come only when the civilized half of the world shall pass its great testing point without failure, and then stretch hands to the races awaking from pralaya — as the East is now, perhaps, on the point of awaking — and say: *Come, join us brotherly upon the peaks!* Will our Christendom do this? Ah, hope, hope! We cannot say yet that the die is cast inevitably; we cannot say yet that strong spiritual effort may not win the day. But ah, Nations of the West, enlist yourselves while there is time under the bright banners! Uncrucify the Christ that is within you: purify yourselves: slough off the shame of your greeds and ambitions; that you may usher in the Golden Age: that there may be no more wars and horrors, but at last CIVILIZATION. . .

It was not for nothing that the Masters had worked of old in China: with the dawn of this Sung battle day, a strong army, eager and enthusiastic for the cause of Light, was ready to take the field. But there had been much evil, too, in the past centuries, to feed the hordes of darkness; which also were gathering. No grander system could be devised than a working harmony of the three religions of

China: Confucian staidness, stirred by Taoist imagination, and spiritualized and invigorated by the warriorlike Buddhism of the Mahâyâna. These three threads had been interwoven by the Lords of Destiny, and of the weaving came the glory of the Asiatic Cycle. But such a harmony can but endure while the Greath Breath is blowing, while the inspiration of the Oversoul is present and active. The ascending arc of the cycle welded them together; the descent left them to drift apart. With such division came peril that one or another of them should be seized upon by the forces of evil, and become chief instrument in the hands of hell.

Already in the days of Hsüan Tsung, as we have seen, division had begun. When natural genius is exhausted by vice, and the spiritual imagination dead, there is no refuge left against the tigers of passion save in obscurantism of one kind or another. It may manifest as fanatical religiosity, as generally in Europe; or as a cold, precise formalism, as in China. Sin had skulked in the procession of T'ang triumphs during the seventh century, and had lifted its head grinning in the brilliant first half of the eighth; until, with the climax of the age, there was a strong obscurantist party. Alarmed at the flowering of genius, from whose Edens it had been self-expelled; shocked by the daring thought, the warrior mysticism of Tientai, whose flights it had clipped its own wings against sharing; it set its pale face resolutely against all brightness, hope, progress and freedom. It struck its talons into Confucianism, that being the State Religion (always a perilous office), and one that most of all had forgone and forgotten its esotericism. Growing revelations of loose living gave the obscurantists the weapon they needed. They fell into the fallacy of their kind, and banned all spiritual freedom under pretext of banning moral license. They attributed to the great ideals of the Mahâyâna, not the genius it fostered and they abhorred, but the laxity of life it sought in vain to combat. They stood for formalism, ossification of intellect, paralysis of the mind, death of the imagination: things, as we know, due directly or indirectly to abuse of the life-forces. The tide that free genius had striven in vain to stem, they opposed helplessly with a helpless puritanical *laissez faire*. They prescribed "virtue" and ritual as panacea for the ills of the State; but put an extinguisher on thought, inquiry, speculation. Human origins and destiny? — Fold your hands, practise virtue, and trouble only with the things that concern you! So when we were children, our questionings were answered

with: *Because God made it so*; or, *We may not inquire into the mysteries of Providence*. Virtue is the panacea; so it be a living force in the life, and not a mummy formula. And a formula it will always become, when in its name the spontaneity of the individual mind is checked or forbidden. For this lies at the base of all wholesome action. When the Tartar is thundering on your gates, it is a poor thing for the Son of Heaven, your emperor, to sit enthroned with hands folded according to the rites, and "practise virtue"; relying on the force of example to repel the foe. But in sooth the Confucian scholars had little else to prescribe; though their Master Confucius had been a very positive statesman in his day, with whom virtue and example had meant something.

Not that these people were all worn-out rips; there were many brilliant intellects among the Sung conservatives, else they never could have stood against the brilliant intellects that opposed them. But the force that they represented was the natural outcome of the lax morals of a section: China's Karma for the loose living of certain Chinese. And I think it is always worn-out-rippism, ultimately, that provides hell with her munitions of war. Consider how many a flame-eyed saint, eager with rack and firebrand, had been erstwhile a chief among sinners. The wholesome man who has lived cleanly is likely to be broadminded; why should he not? The lower fires, lighted and fanned, burn up first genius, then the natural kindness of man to man: in a nation as well as in an individual. So, when young Sung culture, gay and brave with the delight of Zen ideals, took the field, intent to carry China on and up into the new cycle, it found the heirs of later T'ang obscurantism waiting to obstruct the way: a Confucian-conservative party that feared progress, distrusted new ideas, loathed the venturesome qualities of the mind, and — prepared the way for the Mongols, and for all stagnation and disaster since.

The political aspect of the struggle came to its acutest in the last quarter of the eleventh century, and centered about one of the strangest figures in the history of China: a nineteenth-century European translated, one would say, rather than a medieval Chinaman. This was Wang An-shih; liberally dubbed Socialist, charlatan and the like by orthodox historians since: terms that may be dismissed; as in this case they mean nothing. He was born in 1021: one of a group of years as rich in momentous births as were those about a century from our own time, that saw Lincoln, Gladstone, Darwin and Tennyson born.

His early writings — his pen, we are told, seemed to fly over the paper — attracted the attention of Ou-yang Hsiu, the Maecenas of the day, and a magistracy in Chehkiang was found for him; there he so signalized himself by energetic improvement of conditions, that the great Minister Wên Yen-po recommended him to the Son of Heaven: at that time Jen Tsung, himself a Taoist and liberal: and in 1060 he was given high office in the administration of justice. By this time he was looked on as the rising hope of the Individualists. Jen Tsung died three years later, and his successor Ying Tsung called Wang An-shih to court, but for some reason he did not proceed thither: internal troubles during this reign made progress one way or the other impossible. On the accession of Shên Tsung in 1068, Wang An-shih was made Prefect of Chiang-ning, then Expositor of the Han-lin College; and in the following year, State Counsellor. His great opportunity, and that of the whole liberal or individualist party, had come.

It is rather difficult to judge the man. His political measures seem, for the most part, sound, if daring; though his finance might be considered overbold, even shaky; as when he met a panic by doubling the value of cash. It is not within our purpose to go into these matters, since the issues were political and temporary; his greatest work was for education: in which respect he did, I think, show deep understanding of national needs. He determined to change the whole system, from primary schools to examinations for the *chin shih* degree. You might know your Confucian classics to the last hair line, yet be fool or knave at the government of your prefecture: the classics should no more circumscribe the life of the schools. Their light, he considered, was extinct, their force expended ages ago. A new interpretation was needed, and he supplied this one: their lessons should be, practical work to meet the practical needs of the age. Even if the Truth of truth lay buried in them, what did it avail? Neither teachers nor pupils, now, had any inkling of what that truth might be; they knew not how to look for it, nor even that it existed at all. Rhetoric had been a main subject of study, as in the decadence of Rome; Wang An-shih would have none of it. So, "even the pupils in the village schools threw away their textbooks of rhetoric, and began to study primers of history, geography and political economy." Such primers were provided by the great reformer himself: he wrote or caused to be written a whole series of them, embodying the "new

learning" of the time. Not a misunderstood Confucius, but Nature; not the classics, but life, should be teacher and curriculum. Distinctly we are to see Zen influence at work here; yet Wang An-shih himself is not to be held unaccountable for his failure. He would not give things time to grow; but rushed his measures through in desperate hurry: would win over no one, but over-ride all. His opponents called him the Obstinate Minister, apparently with some justice: there was something of your modern extremist-reformer's unfortunate infallibility about him; and they say that he neglected personal cleanliness: neither washed his face nor changed clothes as often as good taste demanded. That must be accepted with reservations, perhaps; history-writing has been in the hands of those to whom he was *the bête noire*; and we may remark that that was a fastidious age. Certainly he raised up a world of opposition: both what might be called legitimate, from the Confucian conservatives, and much that tact and balance would have avoided. Chang Tsai, the great philosopher, who stood Teacher to his age, if any man did, threw up office in disgust in 1076, because Wang would not listen to his advice; and it was Chang Tsai who began, with Chou Tun-i, that great Sung movement for capturing Confucianism for the Light by impregnating it with Zen.

Wang An-shih held office, with intervals of disfavor, until a year before his death in 1086, and wielded such power as might be, in the face of all the opposition of the official world. Ssuma Kuang, the great historian, was the leader of his opponents: a great mind, certainly, and known popularly as "the people's living Buddha"; Wang An-shih was never such a favorite with the masses. Wang lived to see Ssuma triumph, and his own work undone; they both died in 1086, as did the emperor also. Chê Tsung (1087-1100), sick of the quarrels of the conservatives during his minority, reverted, on assuming power, to many of the policies of Wang An-shih; Hui Tsung, Taoist and great artist, placed his tablet in the Confucian temple, as "the greatest thinker since Mencius"; but Hui Tsung's soul was in his painting, not in politics — of which the whole empire was heartily weary likewise. From that on there was a gradual sliding back into *laissez faire* and inertia. By long and slow degrees, however; a draught of freedom had been poured into the veins of China, and she was not quite to forget the delight of it until Ming times. Things were never quite the same until Sung and Mongols had passed, and

the successors of Yung Lo, the third Ming, found themselves fossils in a fossilized China, that strove only to retrogress.

They were wonderful days, those of the contests of Wang An-shih and Ssuma Kuang: great minds, both of them, brilliant leaders. Circling about them were galaxies of genius: painters and poets, historians and essayists; an empress who was among the first art critics of the day; an imperial prince who was one of its greatest artists and art teachers. It was he who, as the emperor Hui Tsung, founded the Imperial Sung Academy of painting; it is related that on one occasion he bade a pupil paint his branch of plum-blossom again, "so that its purity shall seem human." There you have the Zen idea: in all Nature there is nothing foreign to man; nor anything without a consciousness of its own in which man, too, has a certain share. You may understand the beauty of the snow, of the rising moon, the wave or the mist, because there is no hard line between your consciousness and theirs; you have it in you to feel their whole life and significance. Before you can paint a thing rightly, you must consciously *be* it; nor is that impossible, since there are deep, intimate channels of relationship between you and it, and your mind may flow out into its form and experience its life.

Wang An-shih, as we have seen, must be called an extremist: with energy and ideas that might have saved China, he failed through impatience of middle lines. There were others, however, who took up the task more sanely; and not in perilous politics, but in philosophy. Was it possible to save Confucianism itself? We imagine that the inspirers of Chou Tun-i and his school believed that it was; at least the attempt should be made. Chou Tun-i (1017-1073) figured as a Confucian teacher and commentator on the classics, but introduced interpretations of his own. Zen writers say that he had received enlightenment through the instruction of Hui Tang, a Zen Master,* and that he and his three great disciples practised meditation according to the Zen method. He was the first of the ontological philosophers of Sung; putting forward in his two first books, the *T'ai k'ih t'u* (*Picture of the First Principle*) and the *T'ung Shu* (*Deeper Treatise*) a system of metaphysics: a new thing in Confucianism, which had left metaphysics severely alone. His two chief disciples were the brothers Ch'êng Hao (1032-1085), called Ch'êng-tzū, Ch'êng

* *The Religion of the Samurai*, by Kaiten Nukariya, Professor at Kei-ō-gi-jōko University and at Sō-tō-shū Buddhist College, Tokyo. Luzac's Oriental Series, Vol. IV.

the Teacher, and Ch'êng I Chuen, Ch'êng I the Great, (1033-1107). Chang Tsai (1020-1076) also known as Chang-tzŭ and Chang Ming-tao — Chang of the Brilliant Intelligence — was an uncle of the two Ch'êngs; a public teacher of philosophy who had found Confucianism insufficient, and had turned to Buddhism and Taoism. In 1056, however, we learn that his nephews won him back to orthodoxy: read, that they induced him to join with them and Chou Tun-i in the effort to capture Confucianism from within. Though thus associated, all four, and particularly Chang Tsai, were original thinkers. Of their metaphysics we need say no more than is contained in this note by M. de Harlez, from Vol. XX of the *Annales du Musée Guimet*:

Lao-tse, le premier et seul jusque-là, avait recherché l'origine de l'être et l'avait trouvée dans le *Tao* ou l'Intelligence éternelle. . . . Tcheng-tze [Ch'êng-Hao] introduisait le Premier Principe sans principe (T'ai K'ih wu k'ih), être absolu, sans personnalité, d'où émanent le principe actif, spontané et le principe réceptif, réactif dont l'action combiné produit toutes choses.

And of Chang Tsai, the same authority writes:

Il occupe une position isolée dans l'histoire de la philosophie chinoise et . . . il se rattache aux principes professés par Tchuang-tze et le *Tao-te-king*.

— Their business, then, was to harmonize the Religions; and we may add, especially in the case of Chang-tzŭ, to preach universal brotherhood.

No doubt one main cause of Confucianism's opposition to progress is the supreme and disproportionate position which the doctrine of filial piety occupies in it, or has come, or had then come, to occupy. You shall shun every idea and practice that your fathers knew not before you; you shall hold their memory higher than all the interests of the world. The Sung philosophers saw the danger in this. Even the national sense of humor is imperiled; as when Lao Lai-tzŭ is held up as an example, who "at seventy was still accustomed to divert his parents by dressing himself up and cutting capers before them." Mo Ti had taught of old (fourth century B. C.), that the duty of man was to love all men equally: an idea which Mencius opposed vigorously, on the ground that it cut at the roots of filial piety. Chang Tsai cautiously reintroduced this heresy as true Confucianism; explaining that it did not imply the loving of one's parents less, but the loving of one's fellows more. Of course the orthodox combatted such a preposterous notion with might and main; and there

were many attempts during the first half of the twelfth century to get his works proscribed. But surely we are to see in the work of these teachers, and of Wang An-shih — though the latter failed — an attempt inspired by the Gods — the attempt of the last quarter of the eleventh century — to save China.

The result of Wang An-shih's failure — for it certainly was that — came to pass in the year 1126, in the shape of the first great disaster of the age, called "the Crossing." K'ai-fêng Fu was taken by the Kin Tartars (the Manchus of later history), and with it the emperor, most of the royal family, and the whole of Northern China. The court passed south, crossed the Yang-tse, and set a new ruler on the throne at Nanking, whence the capital was removed to Hangchow in 1138. Hui Tsung, great artist and weak monarch, was left to survive many years among his captors; no doubt he did much to teach them civilization; they do not appear to have treated him too badly. Once more, as in the dawn cycle, an artistic Chinese South found itself opposed to a rude semi-Tartar North; the Great Age was to close as it had begun. There would have been no Crossing, in all likelihood, had Wang An-shih's reforms been advanced sanely and firmly persisted in.

Yet this outer *débâcle* did not altogether denote a national weakening — immediately, at any rate. Creative art did not stop, nor even suffer setback. No sooner was the court established in Hangchow, than the Great Age of that city began, to exceed even the Great Age of K'ai-fêng Fu in beauty and glory. Hangchow itself — what was there in the world to compare to it, or what is there now? City of cities it was, with its twelve thousand lofty bridges; its forty by ten miles of area — you could walk forty miles without turning in Hangchow, over streets as straight and broad as those of Chicago today; its innumerable islands and Venice-like canals; its exquisite villas and gardens; its peaceful and crimeless millions; above all, with its great philosophers, its artists who saw deeper into the secret, magical heart of Nature, probably, than any have done before or since in Greece or Italy or England. Heart of the native land of Chinese poetry and mysticism, the center of the loveliest region of lakes and mountains in China, it became at once the world-metropolis of a beauty of idea. Marco Polo's picture gives little but its vast size, industry and peaceableness; excellent order and arrangements; numberless guilds, public baths and libraries: its general air of greatness, cleanness and

well-being. Beyond all that, it was the city of a people on fire with love of Natural Beauty: possessed with an enthusiasm, almost a mania, for landscape art: gardening and painting. Even now, after Mongol vengeance wreaked upon it, and then centuries of declining importance, and then the ruin wrought by villainous T'ai-p'ings, there are gardens in Hangchow, they say, which be things to treasure and dream over. They made their city a matter of delicious landscape; they had the lake and its islands to help them; its hilly shores covered with trees. On those islands rose temples and pavilions, lovely with their tilted roofs; on those shores statesmen and poets, philosophers and courtiers and merchant princes — artists and connoisseurs all of them — built their villas: villas such as Li Long-mien and Ma Yüan and Kuo Hsi loved to paint: there where the gardens were, that were first created and then set on canvas by magician wielders of the brush, the poet-painters with most exquisite intuitional vision, perhaps, that the history of art remembers. Here, masters of the Caucasian, you might go to school: even you that made the great Italian gardens; that consecrated with human art the wonderful Alban and Apennine landscapes, and made little Edens about the villas of Florence or of Tivoli: here, to these forgotten glories of the Blackhaired People; to these days when men saw into the arcana of Nature, walked hand in hand with the Mighty Mother: learned art and beauty, not from her exterior self merely, but were inspired and quick with the vital, subtle, esoteric beauty of her. It was a race heart-given to natural magic, ensouled with an intense enthusiasm, a spiritual emotion for the inwardness of mountain-beauty, water-beauty, mist and cloud-beauty, flower-beauty. "Why do people love landscape?" asks Kuo Hsi, in the first words of his *Essay on Landscape Art* — according to Fenollosa, no second-rate critic, one of the most inspired pieces in all the literature of criticism — and answers: *Because it is the place where life springs eternally*: — life, the magical, the secret and poetic thought of the Mighty Mother. In another place he says, speaking as a Sung artist, thinker and gentleman: *It is the nature of all men to love that which is new* — to discard the outworn and conventional, and drink daily the daedal inspiration of Nature. — It was a period of high Theosophical illumination manifesting mainly through art, and of that, mainly through landscape art. The Imperial Sung Academy attended to the technical training of the artists, and the Zen priesthood to keeping open

the sacred sources of inspiration. These priests were all artists, it appears; or almost all. It was the last cultural harvest, in China, of the sowing of Bodhidharma. His figure dominates the great Asiatic Cycle. Through him the Gods had poured the light that made Eastern Asia splendid during the seven centuries of her last splendor.

They put forth one more effort, during this twelfth century, to save the people. Chu Hsi, also called Chu-tzū and Chu Fu-tzū, in Japanese Shushi, was born in 1130, and died in 1200. Like Chang-tzū, he found Confucianism insufficient, and studied Buddhism; probably, though it is not certain, he was at one time a Zen priest. In 1154, however, he determined to make his onslaught upon orthodoxy from within, as his predecessors the philosophers of Northern Sung had done in the previous century. Like them, also, he practised and enjoined meditation according to the Zen rules; but he carried the great work much further than they did. He showed that in the Analects themselves there are hints of an esoteric doctrine: a doctrine teaching the freedom of the human soul and its godlike potentialities; also that the more ancient Yi King, on which Confucius drew, taught evolution. The lost books of Confucius, he contended — and made a strong case for the contention — would have proved that sage the enemy of much that had been fathered on him, and the advocate of much that the Confucian orthodox banned in his name. He set out to harmonize the religions: to preach an eclectic Theosophy drawn from all three of them, and to show that the result was Confucianism. From Buddhism he took the eternal progress of the soul and of all things else — evolution. From Taoism he took the love of nature, the search for the simple and pure, antipathy against formalism. He gave a new motive to art: the great painters, supporting him, made pictures of the "Three Founders." In one of these, by Ma Yüan — we draw the description, as usual, from Fenollosa — the Buddha walks a little in front, as being the earliest and the great Avatar of the age; Lao-tzū and Confucius, walking together, follow him reverently, in friendly converse, at a little distance. To Lao-tzū, the Individualist, is given an expression brimming over with compassion; to Confucius, strength and intense individuality. — So we have, I think, the outer and inner sides of a Theosophical Movement manifested in Hangchow of the Southern Sung: the first in Chu Hsi's philosophy, the second in the doctrines and discipline of Zen.

Altogether, it is a great, free people at its flower that we see: an age of keen intellectuality, among women as well as men: there was no seclusion of women then, nor thought of their inferiority. An age of ferment, rapid progress, in thought and art; beyond all, an age in which a spiritual current was flowing; dominating its creative art, in some senses, as no *spiritual* current has dominated our own. If you turn to your history books, you shall gather that it was all effeminacy and inglorious wars: getting no inkling of its real brightness. The verdict has been passed on it by a China in which everything vigorous, spiritual and progressive had been stamped out by the Mongol Conquest, and only backward tendencies left to flourish. Weakness there was in Sung, undoubtedly; but its history will remain a barren study for us, unless we also recognize its splendid strength; and that it was, in fact, one of the most golden of the golden-thread times.

That was so still at the beginning of the thirteenth century: that fateful century in which the sun went down on Asia, and began to rise in our Europe. Two titanic figures arose, called by the Cycles to create a new world and destroy an old one. Frederick II, *Stupor Mundi*: ruthless, sensual, mighty-minded: typical in a thousand ways of the European civilization he undoubtedly founded: was one of them; and Genghiz Khan, the murderer of Asia, was the other. Frederick had hardly smashed down the gates of Europe so that culture might enter, when Genghiz had taken the war-path, and was beating out the brains and tearing out the heart of Asia. First the Saracens went down; then the Chinese. For fifty years the Sung withstood the Mongols. The Kins of the North, supposedly so much more virile, were subdued quickly enough; but the Sung poured from their studios and guild-houses to wage the most stubborn and heroic of wars. There was nothing effete, nothing effeminate about their fall. Venetian ordnance sealed their fate; Christian Europe was only too eager at all times to help the brute Mongol ruin Asia. In 1276 Hangchow fell; in 1279 nothing remained but sixteen beleaguered junks, lashed together and fortified, in a bay or inlet on the Kuangtung coast. The siege lasted a month; fresh water gave out; the days were all fierce fighting, the nights resisting fire-ships; then Lu Hsiu-fu, the hero of the resistance, took the baby emperor in his arms, and threw himself into the sea. The Great Age had gone out in tragedy.

CHAPTER VIII — THE NIGHT OF ASIA

ONE need not go much further with the history of poor China. Kublai, fortunately, was a good man: a Buddhist, and not unhumane: very different in type from his predecessors. But the night had fallen; the Mongols were Mongols; the leopard will not change his spots. Nothing spiritual could flourish under them; they were, of course, realists and materialists to the last mother's son. Art did not die at once; it lingered, and was clever enough in its way, but *realistic*. Those of us who worship at that shrine would do well to note the course of events, and how this realism was the precursor of utter decay. Of course. We first follow romance: by which we mean weaving a web of glamor about — the personal man. That web wears thin; our romance becomes futile or bombastic — obviously false. Then we go to nature, as we say, for truth and a new inspiration. *Nature!* — of which, however there are several aspects. There is Nature that Zen saw, infinitely suggestive of divinity; and there is the nature that some others see: brutal, lustful, crawling, dirty, murderous. That is the nature to which you shall react from the false romance, when wrong living has robbed you of the spiritual vision. Realism — the personal man again, but without even glamor: naked and unashamed, the animal man. We write books with the reek of animal humanity in them; and that reek and nastiness we are pleased to call *art*. But that too must pass; and where shall we find ourselves when it is gone? Whence then draw inspiration? *Nowhere!* The body dies, goes down into the grave, and there is nothing more to it; set up a tombstone thereover with the usual formal lies and lying formalities. The next step from our dear Realism will be just that: formalism, emptiness, falsity, wan rigor and decay.

The spiritual impulse was not quite dead in China yet. The Mongol power lasted a hundred years; then fell before victorious Hung-Wu the Ming. Here at least was a native dynasty once more; Hung-Wu himself had been a Zen monk in his day, before he turned soldier and overthrew the Mongols. Now, hoped China, we shall revive our old native glories of Sung. But no; the spirit of Sung had passed; we had gone too far with our realism and formalism. If Zen remained, there remained no longer the living Teachers of Zen. It was a powerful China for a while, and one that strove desperately hard

to bring back the living inspiration of pre-Mongol times; but the Night of Asia had fallen for the Black-haired People, and the vanguard of the Host of Souls had gone elsewhere. Strange how the ideas that set one age alight, so that it shone and will shine forever a beacon on the crest of time, may have no spark left in them for the age that follows. Ideas are powerful in so far as they have men behind them; and not men in the ordinary sense, but those Men made perfect whom we call the Gods. So now, Ming would resuscitate the splendors of Sung: went to it collecting the old masterpieces of art, and did its utmost to get a thrill of life out of them. But no; there was no thrill to get. This was night, and you could not call back the sun into the sky; the Gods had all their work cut out for them, trying to make something of unpromising, turbulent Europe. For about twenty years at Nanking, the first Ming capital, there was this reaching out for the Sung inspiration: for freedom and the intense life of the soul. Then, finding it not, they turned back to the old formulae: Confucianism, formalism, conventional virtue. Nanking became too far south, too near the spring-heads of the old poetry, romance, mysticism: too redolent of Lao-tzŭ and of Zen. In 1421 Yung Lo will go north, and make his capital — where? At K'ai-fêng Fu of the Northern Sung; Lo-yang of the T'angs; at Hsi-an Fu in Shensi, home of Ts'in Shih Huang-ti and the great Hans? — To none of these ancient seats of the triumphs of the Black-haired People. No; but to a certain Xanadu, where Kublai Khan his stately pleasure-dome decreed: to Peking of the Mongols, where thought nor art nor poetry nor national life ever flourished: an arid soil, suited only to growth of the worser side of Confucianism; and of sundry -isms more dangerous still, imported long after, under the Manchus, from a Europe that remained barbarous: -isms antinational to the Chinese, and from which they could expect only harm.

Remains only to note the Manchu conquest in the seventeenth century; the outward splendor of the reigns of the two great Manchus, K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung; the activity of the Jesuits under the former, who welcomed and protected them (not for their religion, but for their European knowledge); and the apparent promise of good things that their influence brought. But it was all Dead Sea fruit; there was nothing for China in it; it was an indigestible and unwholesome Europeanism, and gave place by natural reaction to the extreme anti-Europeanism of the nineteenth century. Then the great

event of a few years ago: the re-establishment of a national — shall we say *dynasty*? — by Yüan Shih-k'ai; and perhaps, *perhaps*, the hope of the dawn of a new day. Since China has been so great, so beautiful, who would not wish that she may be great again?

And of Japan, remains to be noted this: after two centuries of feudal rudeness, the star of culture rose again under the Ashikaga Shoguns; Ashikaga Yoshimitsu overthrew the Hōjō family, and Hung Wu the Mongols, in the same year, 1368. There was friendship between China and Japan in those days: both hated the Mongol and his ally the European; both were inclined to look to Sung for their inspiration. The Mings, as we have seen, could get nothing therefrom; but with the Ashikaga it was different. The Sung motifs were new to Japan, and the very stuff that the great Yoshimitsu needed. While Sung flourished on the continent, feudalism and fighting had kept the islands too busy to heed its glories; now that a moment of peace had come, Yoshimitsu, like Shōtōku and Kwammu of old, be-thought himself of the continental fountains of culture and inspiration. For the first twenty years of Ming, Sung ideas, pictures, books and thought were all the rage at Nanking; and it was precisely in those twenty years that the emissaries of the Shogun came to Nanking for light. In China, the revival was but a little candle flaring up before extinction: an artificial enthusiasm, born of nationalist reaction from Mongol foreignism. But it proved the light of lights for Japan. Zen came to her, with all its profound and vital inspiration for art: consecrating and making beautiful her soul — beautiful, pliant, valorous. Thus through all the night-time of Asia, Japan was as a lantern in which a light was burning. The seeds of Asian glory remained with her; she maintained a living art; and but for the fact that she preserved the memories and records of them, we should guess little of the high achievements of Chinese Sung.

As the Eastern Pralaya drew on, she withdrew within herself. When K'ang Hsi flung wide the doors of China to European learning and its Jesuit importers, Japan but sought a more hermetic seclusion; bolted the gates of her house behind her, and would have no truck nor dealings with the foreigner. She waited until the cycle should turn; until the pioneers of the Chosen People should be knocking at the doors of Asia again, and there should be faint signs in the heavens of a new Oriental Dawn. Then, we know, she sprang forth armed, the Knight of Asia: the first blossom amid her snows; the first

sweet swallow of her spring. Be it hers now to stand on guard over the future. To quicken China, for the sake of all that China has done for her; to quicken Corea, for the sake of Buddha-like Shōtōku and of Asa, his Corean friend and teacher. For not yet have time and incarnation civilized us; not yet has experience performed its function. We are a coarse lot yet, we human beings; we have much to learn. We must go to school again, incarnating into a heredity more artistic, more spiritual, less bloody-minded than that of Christendom. World-civilization would be a lob-sided affair, without that which both East and West can give it: like Mercury's staff lacking one of its wings or serpents. We must not fear, but may hope fervently, that life will center again at its noon and fullest in those supreme eastern regions whose old story has been so lit with wonder, with sublimity, with magnificent achievement. *Yellow Peril!* — Let us say rather, *Golden Promise!*



THE Dragon, now considered a mythical monster, is perpetuated in the West only on seals, etc., as a heraldic griffin, and the devil slain by St. George, etc. It is in fact an extinct antediluvian monster. In Babylonian antiquities it is referred to as the "scaly one," and is connected on many gems with Tiamat, the sea. In Egypt, when a star of the Dragon was the northern pole-star, this was the origin of the connexion of almost all the gods with the Dragon. Bel and the Dragon, Apollo and Python, Osiris and Typhon, Sigurd and Fafnir, and finally St. George and the Dragon, are the same. They were all solar gods; and wherever we find the Sun, there also is the Dragon, the symbol of Wisdom—Thoth-Hermes. The hierophants of Egypt and of Babylon styled themselves "Sons of the Serpent-God" and "Sons of the Dragon." "I am a Serpent, I am a Druid," said the Druid of the Celto-Britannic regions, for the Serpent and the Dragon were both types of Wisdom, Immortality, and Rebirth. As the serpent casts its old skin only to reappear in a new one, so does the immortal Ego cast off one personality but to assume another.—*H. P. Blavatsky*

SAINT-SAËNS, THE GREATEST LIVING COMPOSER



LOUIS LOMBARD of New York City and Trevano Castle, Switzerland, before conducting a program of Saint-Saëns' works, recently said:

Apparently sixty-five, though over eighty, below the average height, strong, rosy-cheeked, with large nose, very brilliant eyes, nervous, enthusiastic, bluntly outspoken, sincere, fearless, a deep thinker, with an encyclopaedic memory, as nimble as a cat on his physical and mental feet, endowed with unusual common sense — that most uncommon of all senses — this is Saint-Saëns as I left him at the San Francisco Bohemian Club, last summer.

In Switzerland, a few years ago, I heard this octogenarian conduct a symphony orchestra, and play with the fire of youth one of his concertos upon the organ and another upon the piano.

In Cairo, in 1903, a committee consisting of Lord Cromer and the other diplomatic representatives requested him to participate at a symphony concert I was to conduct for charity at the Khedival Opera House. The program was exclusively of his works. He eagerly agreed to appear gratis upon one condition, and came to my hotel to tell me: "If you don't place on that program some composition of yours, I refuse to play."

"It would be presumptuous for me to do such a thing," I answered.

As he insisted, I asked him to select from two or three manuscripts. After a careful reading, he picked out a symphonic poem, saying: "Will you not conduct that? I like it."

"Very well, but is there not something in this score you dislike?"

"No. However, since you really want to know: why did you write that difficult passage for the 'celli?"

"To fill up my orchestration upon the return of the leading motive."

"Why say anything unless needed?" he retorted. That has not been forgotten. Now I avoid introducing passages as padding or intended only to arrest attention to polyphony or to instrumental technique: in a word, Saint-Saëns taught me not to water my stock. It would take more than a polite suggestion to teach that to some of our financial acquaintances: even the fear of jail does not seem to deter them.

I also got a free lesson in practical instrumentation. If a composer write beyond the skill of the average orchestral player, he can expect a satisfactory interpretation only from first-class interpreters, and these are to be found in but few orchestras, even in Europe. After examining another manuscript he asked: "Why those octaves for the violas who often are bad violinists turned into viola players? They will be played out of tune in most orchestras." These hints given in a sweet, yet firm manner, instead of making one lose heart, inspired with faith in self, with courage and hope.

Late one afternoon, a young Austrian violinist urged me to attend a concert he was giving that same evening, and requested me to mention it to my friends. "My boy," I said, "you are a bad business man. It is too late to inform the public, but I shall come and bring one other auditor."

When I told Saint-Saëns how this unknown artist would value his presence he at once agreed to attend. If one can imagine how most concerts bore, when they do not anger him, this additional evidence of his goodness may be appreciated. That evening, in the big dining-room of Shepherd's Hotel, the public consisted exclusively of a venerable gentleman and your humble servant. Yet, the young artist told us he was more pleased than he had ever been with any other audience. After playing the famous *Rondo Capriccioso*, he was overjoyed by an honest, and therefore, helpful criticism from its composer, who, as critic, is different from most composers. These invariably speak kindly and even flatteringly of the interpretation, however grotesque, of their works; may be to encourage performers, but more probably, in order not to lose any medium with the public, though that medium be bad. In art matters, this artist never considers anything, save art; here he ever is judicial, uncompromising.

Once he offered to rehearse and conduct one of his operas at the opera house of Trevano Castle, giving his entire services free. I had told him that, should it be possible to arrange my dates to suit his, I would engage any interpreters he desired. He felt that an ideal interpretation of his work might be given with his ideal cast. At public opera houses composers seldom have such an opportunity. After telling him that, beyond the artistic satisfaction a famous man might, or might not get in producing a work at a private opera house, I failed to see what advantage he could derive from his generosity to me, he replied: "An extraordinary interpretation of an opera at a private opera house will make more lasting impression than could be made even by an extraordinary performance at the Paris Opera, because extraordinary happenings at the leading opera houses occur frequently and, in consequence, two days after, the world has already forgotten them." Unhappily for me, the work of another composer was booked for the dates when Saint-Saëns could have come to Trevano Castle.

Being a representative Frenchman, it is not remarkable he should be the quintessence of courteousness. When irritated, however, and that he never is without a reason, then . . . look out! One evening, as he was about to play one of his works with the orchestra, our quiet, urbane, dignified pianist suddenly noticed that the particular chair he had asked for was not at the piano. Fortunately, the orchestra was on the stage during that rehearsal, for, with lightning rapidity, he kicked the inappropriate stool into the orchestra pit, shrieking: "I give my services gladly, having asked only for a suitable chair, and you have not enough consideration . . . !" At that instant, the suave and tactful impresario rushed forward with abject and profuse apologies, and, what was far more essential to the proceeding of the rehearsal, I brought forth the chair.

This aged philosopher enjoys humor with the boisterousness of a boy. To illustrate how unsatisfied with his own score a composer may be, how perplexing it is to jot down an effect as one conceives it, I related that, in the silence of his little room, a composer had just written a crescendo in his own score which lay upon the desk. Seized with the hallucination that his crescendo grew loud too suddenly, he now covered his left ear, and then the right, step by step backing away from his manuscript with eyes, all the while, fixed upon the offending

crescendo marks. "Too loud yet, too loud!" he exclaimed, then listened an instant. Still that vexing thing sounded too loud. 'Twas only after walking out of his room far into the hallway that the effect began to appear just about right to the finicky ear of his imagination. As I finished, you should have heard Saint-Saëns roar: he was so convulsed with laughter that he almost slipped out of his seat.

At a rehearsal of the opera *Proserpine* I remarked how thorough he was in the minutest details of orchestration, adding that much of that dainty filigree writing would be wasted upon opera audiences. "I cannot help it," he replied. "When composing, I always try to write music."

His spurs were won with real music only. He never stoops to conquer. This may explain why he has not been a very popular operatic composer. He will not write bad music even though unmusical effects be sometimes called for by the dramatic action: a kind of noise often heard in modern operas.

Apropos of this, Illica, the world's greatest and most successful librettist — collaborator of Puccini, Mascagni, Giordano, Montemezzi, Franchetti, Catalani — and with whom I had the pleasure of composing the opera *Errisnola*, in order to induce me to destroy the score of a scene just finished with intense care, but which seemed to him more musical than theatrical, said to me Verdi had told him operatic composers "must know how to write bad music when needed."

I have met Saint-Saëns in three continents. He has traveled repeatedly through North and South America, Europe, Africa, and parts of Asia. Frequently he wanders into outlandish places. I recall asking why he went away from the civilized centers during the musical season, venturing to remark he might like to know what is being done by other composers, he answered: "That's just what I do not want to do! I do not wish to be influenced by the music of others." And he is right also for another reason: 'tis best to go direct to Nature for the truth. His journeys away from cities, away from the "hum and shock of men," have borne delicious fruit. Faithfully has he reproduced the strange and picturesque local colors he beheld in far-off lands.

When our musicians think they can write exotic music without having traveled beyond their own shores they delude themselves, and must appear ridiculous to those whose art they intend to copy. At best, such compositions can only be representations of what the western mind has been educated to call exotic; and as the models for this popular training were factitious, and oftentimes absurdly false, so are these imitations. To write the music of other nations, the composer should study it at its fountain-head, among the peoples themselves: eating their food, admiring their art, reading their poets — in brief, he ought to live as they do. Then might the root of a national art be extracted.

It is absurd to look for the metaphysical manifestation of a foreign race in a musical score. How could the multi-colored states of consciousness be sketched in black and white! Our system of notation is too limited to enable us to copy in its completeness what we may hear in distant regions. We cannot even represent the notes of some peoples' scale. If we try to record their musical alphabet we are at once confounded, not possessing equivalents for the pitch of

several of their tones. How much further then must we be from the truth when endeavoring to bring out the delicate shades of timbre, accents, and dynamics upon instruments totally unlike theirs! And can we ever grasp the daintier and more subtle details; the subjective moods, ethereal soul-nuances of other races?

The greatest musician France ever produced twice failed to get the Prix de Rome, the prize most coveted by young French composers; and Verdi, the greatest Italian operatic composer, was refused admittance to the Milan Conservatory. It takes a wise professor to recognize a wise pupil, and teachers are not always overburdened with wisdom. It is doubtful whether in their youth Socrates, Napoleon, Wagner or Edison could have pleased the entire faculty of any school. Many instructors are merely mnemonic acrobats: they come so seldom in touch with genius that when they meet that rare bird they are befuddled. What can they know of the potentiality of his soul? The genius has a new idea; the professor has but recollections. It is difficult to tell invention from imitation. A strong, original individual is often unsympathetic just because he is original and strong. The human herd suspects the new shepherd. It has always been hard to distinguish the true leader from the poetaster, the sensationalist, the demagogue.

Post-hypnotic suggestion from press and school daily makes the instructed sheep relish the anarchistic and cacophonous music of today. It is so easy and safe to accept as fine that which, justly or unjustly, is labeled "fine."

As judge at international contests and expositions, I have learned how difficult it is, even for experts, to agree about the worth of art-works that are, or seem to be, out of the beaten path.

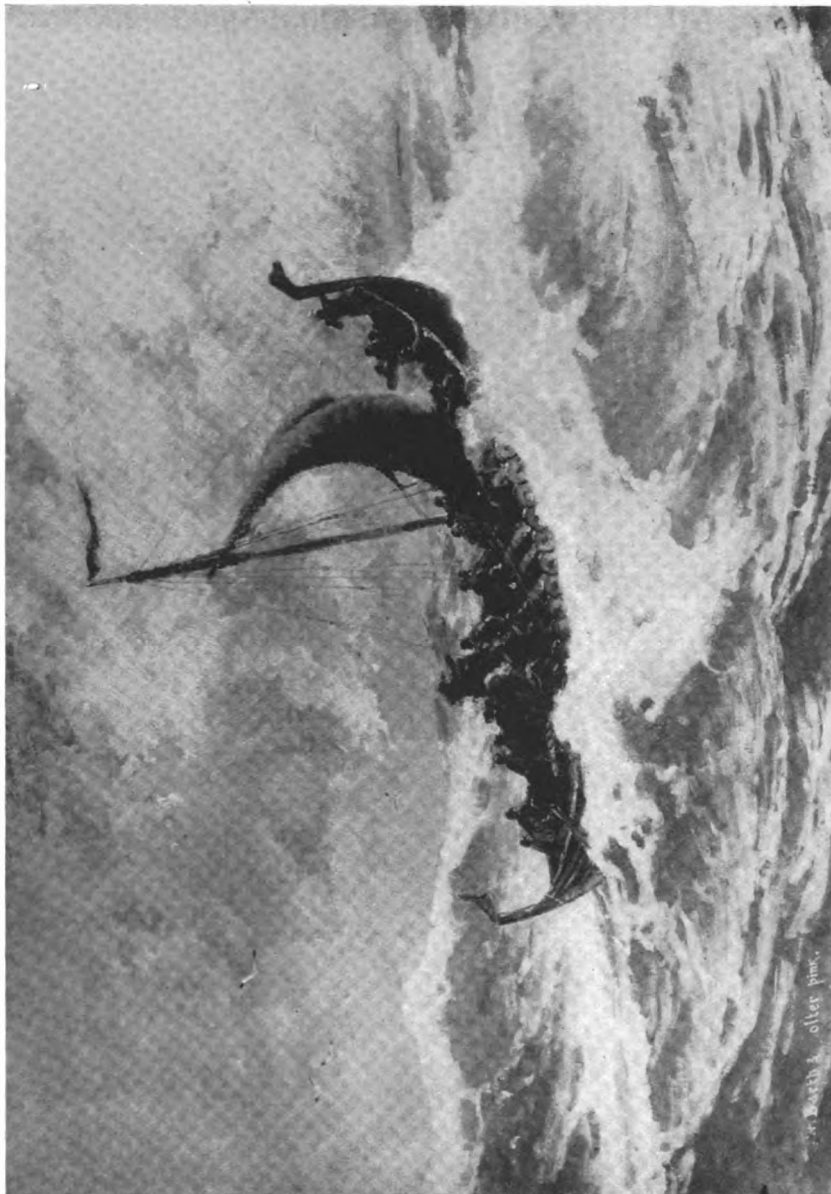
After four score years of precious productivity, Saint-Saëns is yet creating great works. In musical history his name will shine with equal brilliancy among the names of the greatest musicians of all epochs.

I trust this pen-picture may have helped visualize the greatest living composer and the most eclectic of any period, one whose treatment of all form: concert for violin, 'cello, piano or organ, symphony, quartet, sonata, opera, oratorio, mass, ballet or ballad is as near perfect as any human effort can be.

It would require volumes to record his illustrious career as phenomenal improviser, as piano and organ virtuoso, as pedagogue and critic, and still more volumes to faintly evoke the many beautiful and immortal children of his fancy: his polished characteristic, exquisite compositions.

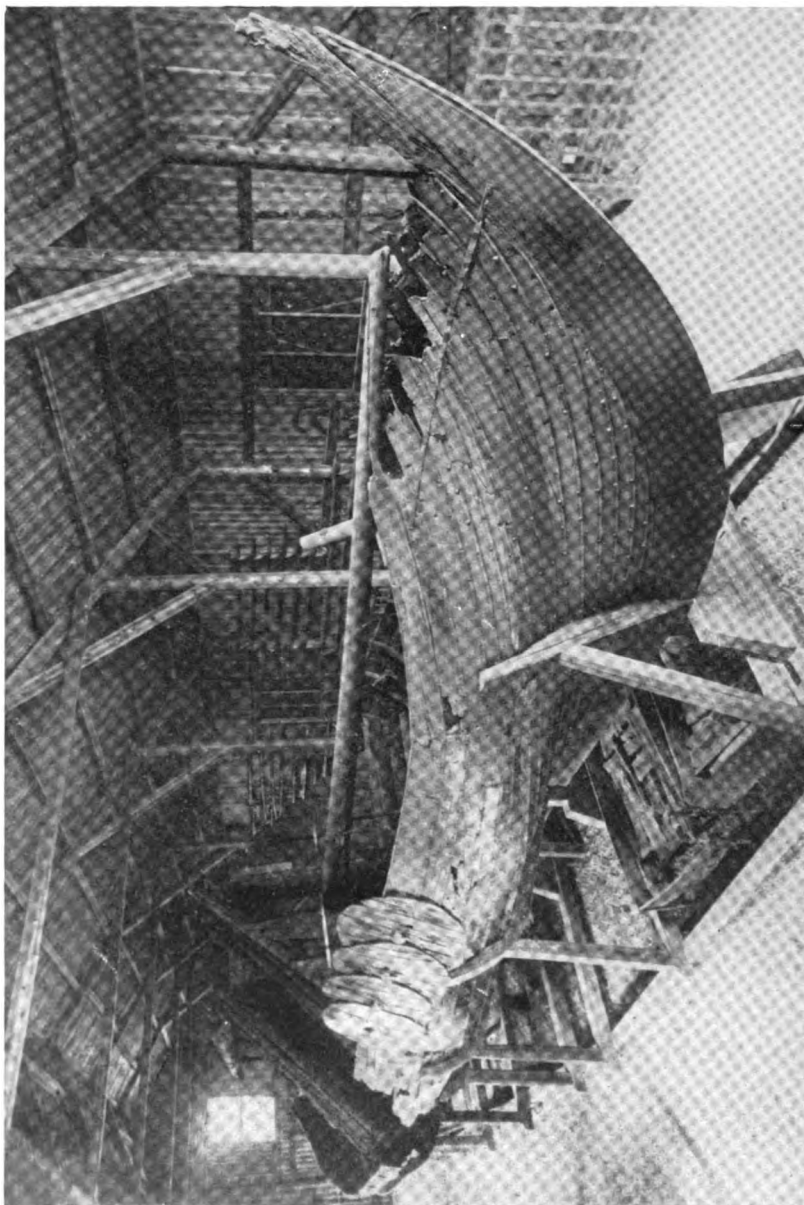
His gifts and attainments outside of music prove this man indeed a universal genius, for he also is playwright, astronomer, archaeologist, diplomat, mathematician, littérateur, poet. He gave me a book of poems from which I would like to read here some of his remarkable verses. Unfortunately, that book is in the library at Trevano, whence I fear to have any rare belongings cross the ocean.

May Saint-Saëns, the discoverer of the fount of perpetual youth, give mankind a new lyric drama upon his hundredth birthday: that is my hope and prayer!



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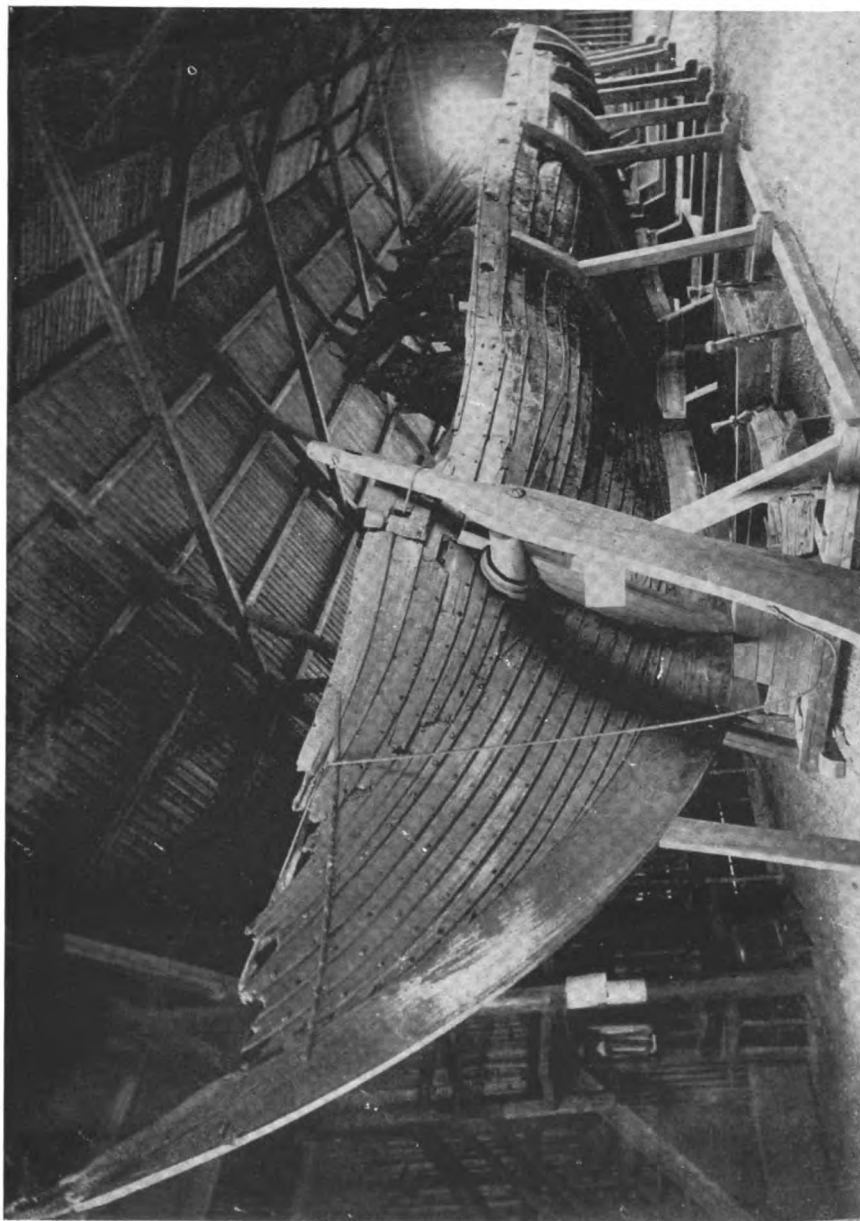
VIKING SHIP ON THE HIGH SEAS
From a Norwegian painting. (G. W. Barth & Solter pinx.)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIKING SHIP FROM GOKSTAD, NORWAY

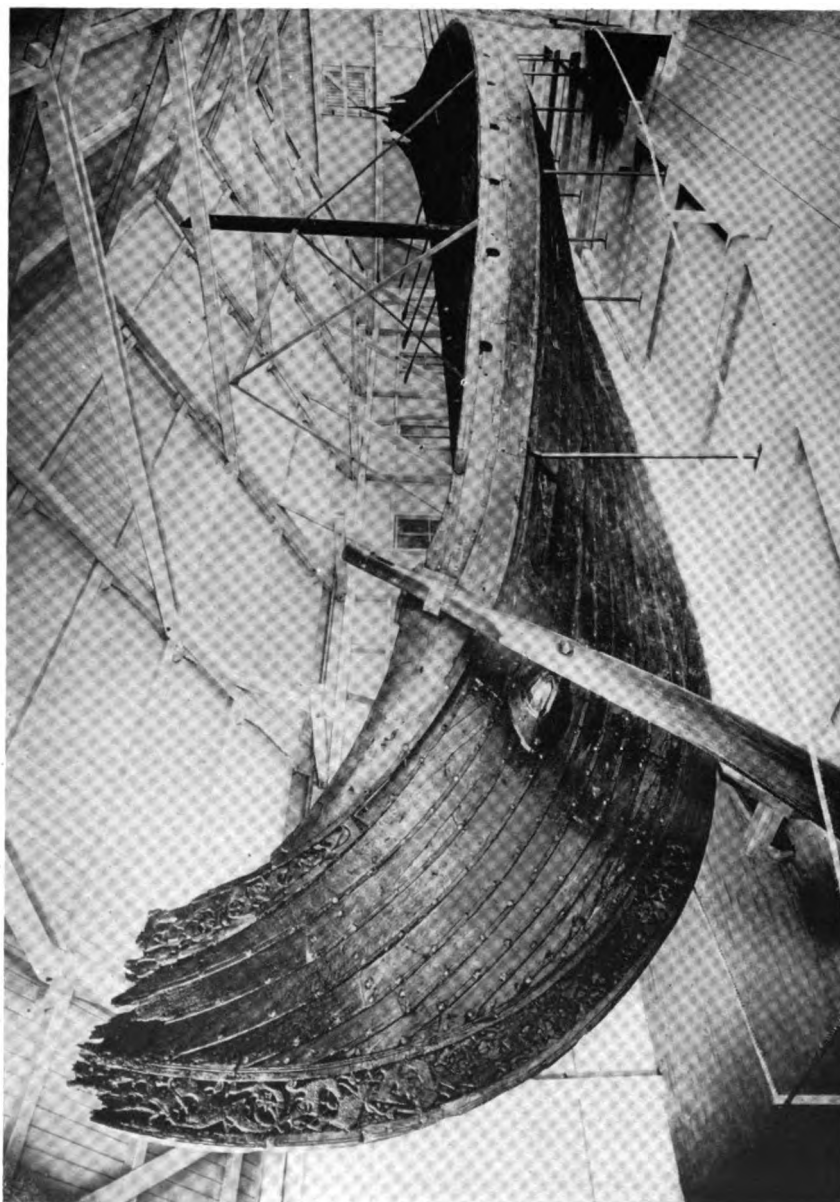
This ship is of the ninth century and is the type used for ocean voyages. Length 100 feet, width 17 feet.
(*Photo. by O. Vaering*)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GOKSTAD VIKING SHIP

(Photo. by O. Vaering)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE OSEBERG SHIP

From about 800 A. D., used on the fjords for inland travel. Length 70 feet, width 17 feet.

(Photo. by O. Væring)

VITTORIA COLONNA: by Lilian Whiting



THE life of Vittoria Colonna dawned in the *vita nuova* of the period initiating modern civilization. Two years after her birth Columbus discovered America. Inventions followed, other discoveries were made, and the apathy that enshrouded ten centuries was broken. The entire known world of that time was revitalized, recharged with divine magnetism, as it always is at intervals, when the time demands new resources.

Vittoria Colonna, the most beautiful and gifted woman of that period, remains today the most gifted woman that Italy has ever produced. Her place in Italian literature is not less distinctive than that of Dante. Not that her poetic work makes any such universal appeal as his; but her genius and her personality, united, stand out for all time in that same vivid and unapproached manner. She was born in 1490, and died in 1547. Fabrizio Colonna, her father, married Donna Agnesina di Montefeltro, a daughter of the Duke of Urbino, and they set up their household gods in the Castello Marino (some twelve miles from Rome, on the Lago d'Albano), a magnificent palace which is still standing and which is filled with memorials and relics of great historic interest. It is one of the favorite points to which to make an easy afternoon's excursion from Rome, motoring out over the Campagna Mystica; and the town of Urbino, which was the ancestral seat of the Montefeltro family, is also, as is well known, the birthplace of Raphael.

The Colonna were a very ancient and distinguished family, dating back to the eleventh century, and they had given to Italy princes and cardinals of renown. The close of the thirteenth century found them arrayed against Boniface VIII, then on the Papal throne, who accused them of crimes in retaliation for their disputing the validity of his election to the Papal See. As the Pope held the balance of power he excommunicated the entire family, denouncing them as heretics, and anathemizing the Colonna and all their works with ecclesiastical vigor. But whatever were the virtues of the Colonna, apparently meekness was not among the qualities, and they commanded three hundred horsemen and fared forth to fall upon the Papal palace, tooth and nail, making the Pope their prisoner — an incident that is even referred to by Dante in the *Inferno*. The Colonna appear to have been rather a belligerent set, and they had a hereditary feud with the Orsini, whom they more or less despoiled through several generations.

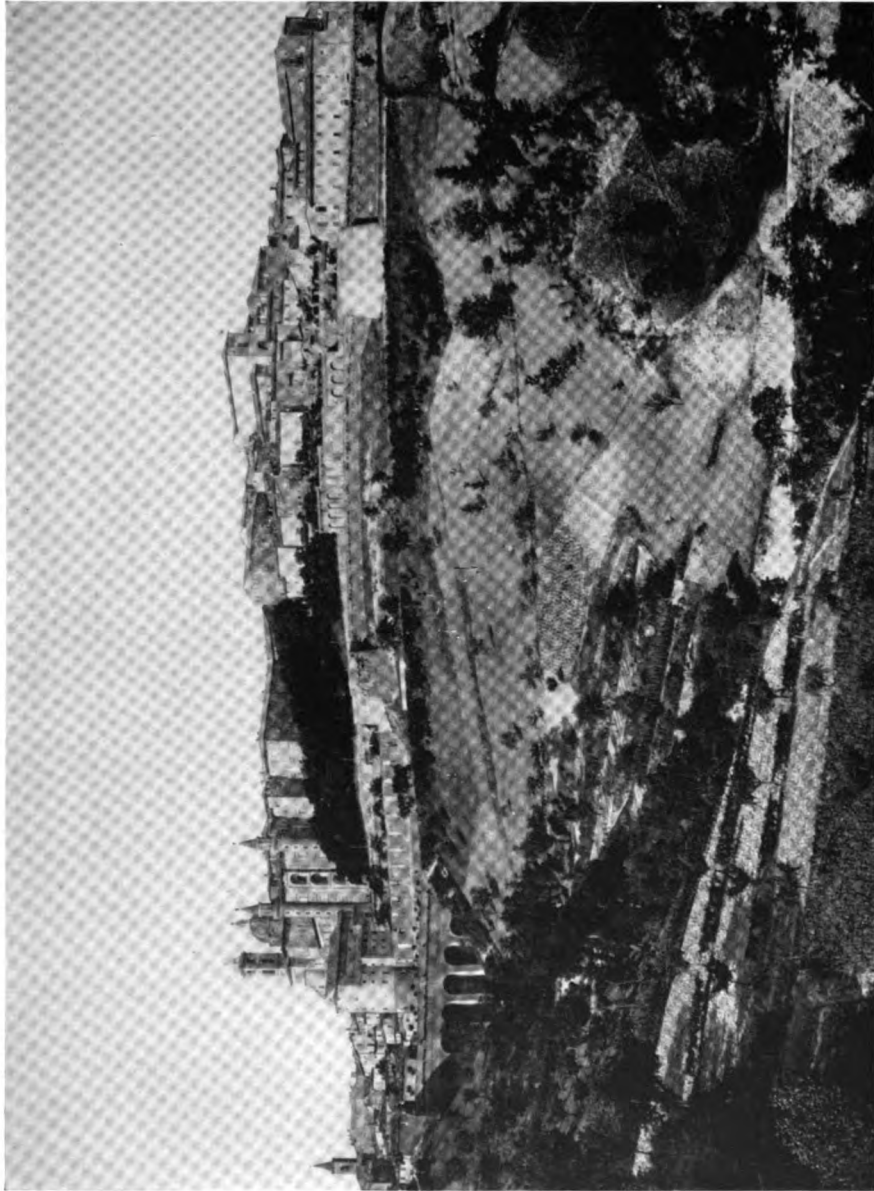
The visitors of latter years in Rome, who have made their gay excursions in twentieth-century limousines to the lovely towns of the Alban hills, often have looked down from Castel Gondolfo on the gloomy and almost unchanged mediaeval town of Marino, halfway up the slope of a steep hillside, on whose precipitous cliffs it seems struggling to keep a foothold, the summit crowned by the castle once belonging to the Colonna, in which Vittoria passed her childhood. William Wetmore Story, the American sculptor whose life in Rome covered more than forty years, those transcendent years in the old Barberini palace, and among whose books his *Roba di Roma* holds a high place, has in these pages wonderful picturings of the Campagna. "Nothing," he says, "can be more rich and varied than this magnificent amphitheater of the Campagna of Rome; . . . sometimes drear, mysterious, and melancholy in desolate stretches; sometimes rolling like an inland sea whose waves have suddenly become green with grass, golden with grain, and gracious with myriads of flowers; where scarlet poppies blaze, and pink daisies cover vast meadows; and vines shroud the picturesque ruins of antique villas, aqueducts and tombs, or drop from mediaeval towers and fortresses."

Flying in the swift motor car, which is the twentieth-century chariot, to the Alban hills, Marino may be easily reached in less than an hour from the Porta San Giovanni — the gateway near the wonderful basilica adorned with sculptured figures of the apostles in colossal size; in the near distance across the Campagna rises the cone of Monte Cavo, while on the lower slopes gleam the white walls of villages—Albano, Marino, Castel Gondolfo, and Frascati, with fortress-like ruins, the campanile of a cathedral, and with gardens and olive orchards clambering up the heights. The Papal town of Rocca di Papa crowns one summit where once Tarquin's temple to Jupiter stood, and on whose ruins now gleam afar in the Italian sunshine the glittering white walls of the Passionist convent of Monte Cavo, built by Cardinal York. It was from this height that the goddess Juno gazed over the great conflict of contending armies, if the topography of Vergil be entitled to credence. And here, through a defile in the hills, one may look toward Naples, and see a wonderful picture. For, "rising abruptly with sheer limestone cliffs and crevasses, where transparent purple shadows sleep all day long, towers the grand range of the Sabine mountains, whose lofty peaks surround the Campagna to the east and north like a curved amphitheater." At intervals, through this opening, one sees the towns of Tivoli and Palestrina, and the



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VITTORIA COLONNA
From the painting by Michelangelo.



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URBINO OF THE MARCHES: PANORAMA OF THE CITY

Anio tumbling down in foam, with other little hamlets and towns clinging to the cliffs, or nestled in airy hollows. Perched on their respective hills are three ruined towns, Colonna, Gallicano, and Zagarda. The castle of the Colonna that commands this marvelous outlook is now restored and modernized to a habitable degree, and is not infrequently the summer abode of Americans who love to linger in Italy all the season through. No temperature the world over can be found more delightful in summer than is that of these mountain resorts in Italy.

It was in these scenes of incomparable loveliness that Vittoria Colonna passed her infancy, until, at the age of five years, she was transplanted to fairy Ischia. In all this chain of Alban towns the great Colonna owned extensive estates, each crowning some height, while the deep, dark defiles between were filled then, as now, with the riotous growth of bloom and blossom and trailing greenery. Vittoria was born under the Star of Destiny. One may read this in the air, in the fascinations of wonderful picturings, even though he may have no privileged access to the sibylline leaves of the Cumaean soothsayer who still flies the plain, to the eye of the romancer and the poet. The horoscope of Vittoria Colonna is inextricably entwined with that of Italy, and the events which determined and controlled the conditions of her life, and which produced its panorama of circumstances, were the events of Italy and of Europe as well; events that affected political aspects, general progress, and left their influence and their impress upon succeeding centuries, so forcefully were they dominated by strong and brilliant individualities whose gifts, whose genius, whose power, controlled the movements of the day. In the war of 1494 between France and Spain, the Colonna transferred their allegiance from the French to the Spanish side, and this political change became a marked and a determining element in the life of Vittoria. For it was this that brought them to live in Ischia; and Vittoria's subsequent marriage into the d'Avalos was due to this espousal of a new political faith on the part of Prince Fabrizio Colonna. To the fact that the war again broke out in 1525 was due the loss of her husband, Francesco, Marchese di Pescara, and the subsequent consecration of her life to Poetry. The memorable friendship that established itself as one of peculiarly close sympathies between Vittoria Colonna and Michelangelo, grew out of the circumstances that determined the devotion of her life to letters and learning; and thus all the significant condi-

tions of her life offer a commentary on the influence of far-reaching events, directly connected with state and political issues, to become yet vital factors in individual life.

At all events it was this political change of faith on the part of Prince Colonna that initiated a new and undreamed-of destiny for Donna Vittoria, the first act of which was the command of the King of Naples that she should be betrothed to Francesco d'Avalos, the son of Alfonso, Marchese di Pescara, of Ischia, one of the nobles who stood nearest to the king in those troubled days. Francesco was one year older than Vittoria, who was now transferred from her father's palace in Naples (for which he had exchanged his castle at Marino) to the d'Avalos' castle in Ischia, where she was placed under the immediate care of the Duchessa di Francavilla, an aunt of Francesco, who was left in sole charge of the d'Avalos estates. The Duchessa had been made the Castellana of the island by Emperor Charles V. for her courage in refusing to capitulate to the French troops, and the Emperor soon elevated her rank to that of Principessa. One of the most remarkable women of the day, a thorough classical scholar, a writer, a great lady in the social régime, the Principessa brought to bear all these brilliant gifts on the supervision of Donna Vittoria's education.

The d'Avalos ranked among the highest nobility belonging to the court of Naples, and the Principessa reigned as queen of letters and of society. The two betrothed children, Francesco and Vittoria, pursued their studies together under the care of this accomplished lady. Donna Vittoria was surrounded with every grace of scholarship and charm of social life. The Principessa drew around her the most cultivated and delightful order of people. From Sicily, and from Naples, from Rome, even from Venice, they came, "and the life in Castel Ischia," records Visconti, "was synonymous with everything glorious and elegant, and its fame has been immortalized." The d'Avalos were of Spanish ancestry and traditions. The musical Castilian was the language of the household. The race ideals of Spain — the poetic, the impassioned, the joy in color and movement — pervaded the atmosphere of Castel d'Ischia. In her earliest girlhood Vittoria developed under these stimulating influences into that exceptional beauty and charm whose traditions have persisted through five centuries, and which have served to reveal new and lofty standards of womanhood. The gods loved her, and dowered her with genius and grace.

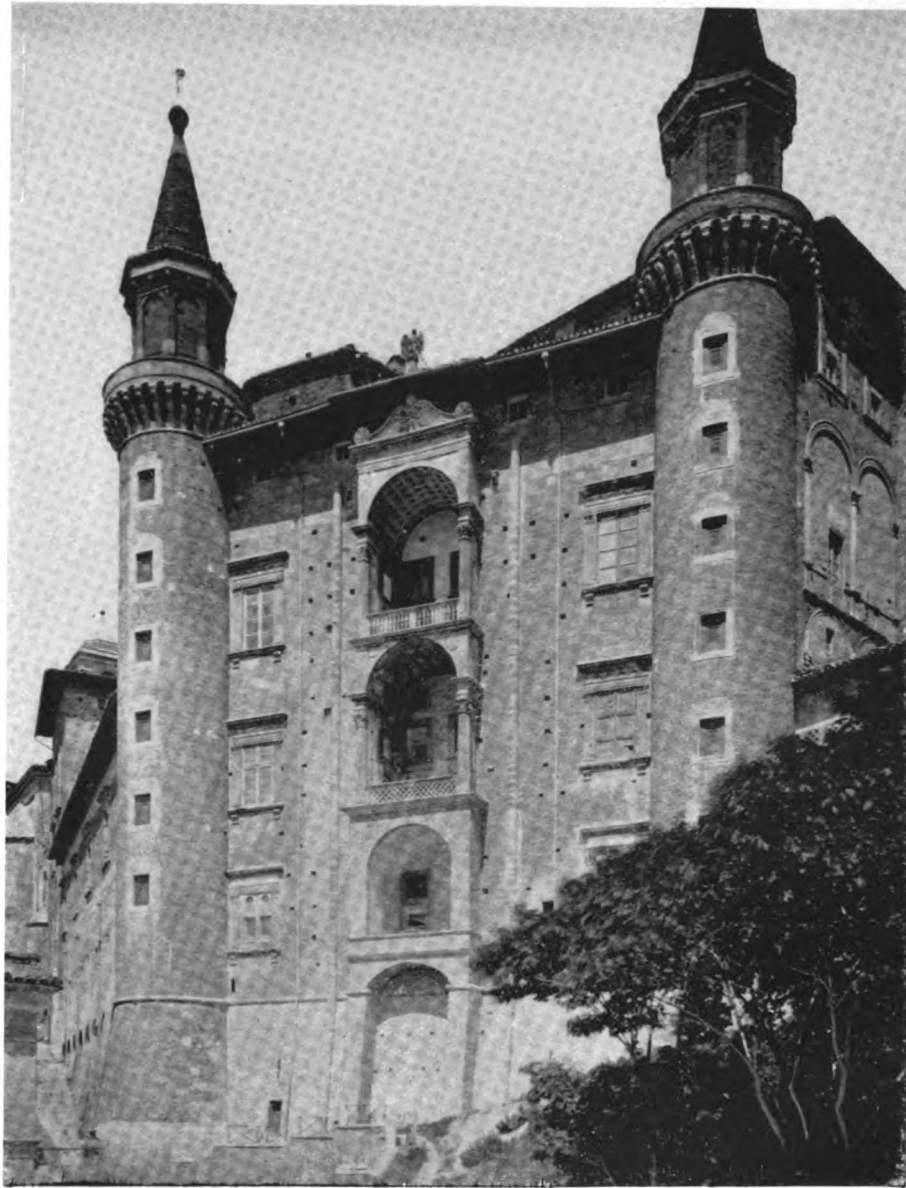
The literature of biography presents no chapters that can surpass in beauty the record of Donna Vittoria's opening life. The romantic island in the violet sea was the center of the life of learning and the arts as well as of the most distinguished society of the time. Although conflicts still raged in both Rome and Naples, few echoes of these disturbed the sunshine that enfolded the orange blossoms and myrtle flowers of Ischia. But in 1497 Frederick of Naples and his queen sought shelter there as royal exiles; in 1502 the new king and queen were welcomed at Naples with royal honors; a pier was thrown out a hundred feet into the sea; on this was erected a tent of gold, and all the nobility thronged to greet the royal guests. The guns thundered in military salute. The Principessa d'Avalos, with her young charge, Donna Vittoria, were marked figures, and when Vittoria made a deep reverence and kissed the hand of the king, the multitude broke into applause. Many princes and nobles, charmed by her beauty, sued for her hand, but were refused by her father, who kept faith with her early betrothal to Francesco. Three years later, when Vittoria was nineteen and Francesco twenty, their marriage was celebrated at Ischia with the richest state and most elaborate ceremonial beauty. For a short time previously to her marriage, the young girl had made a retreat to Marino, accompanied by her parents, and when the time appointed for her bridal came she was escorted to Ischia by a suite of dukes, princes and ladies of honor. Her marriage gifts included a chain of rubies, sapphires and diamonds; a writing desk of solid gold; wonderful bracelets and other magnificent gems, and brocades and velvets and rich embroideries, with a marriage portion of fourteen thousand ducats.

"The noted pair had not their equals in Italy at that time," writes a later historian; "their life in Naples was all magnificence and festivity, and their guests included the flower of chivalry and the men most noted in letters. They listened in their palace to the poets Sanazzaro, il Rota, and Bernardo Tasso; they heard noted discourses by Musefco, il Govoio, and il Minauro. Thus passed, in great happiness and splendor, the first three years of their married life."

To the young Marchesa di Pescara, Ischia had naturally become an enchanted island. The scene of her happy childhood, of her studies, of her stately and resplendent bridal; the chosen home, also, of her early married life, it is little wonder that in after years she drew inspiration for her song from its scenic charm and from the thoughts

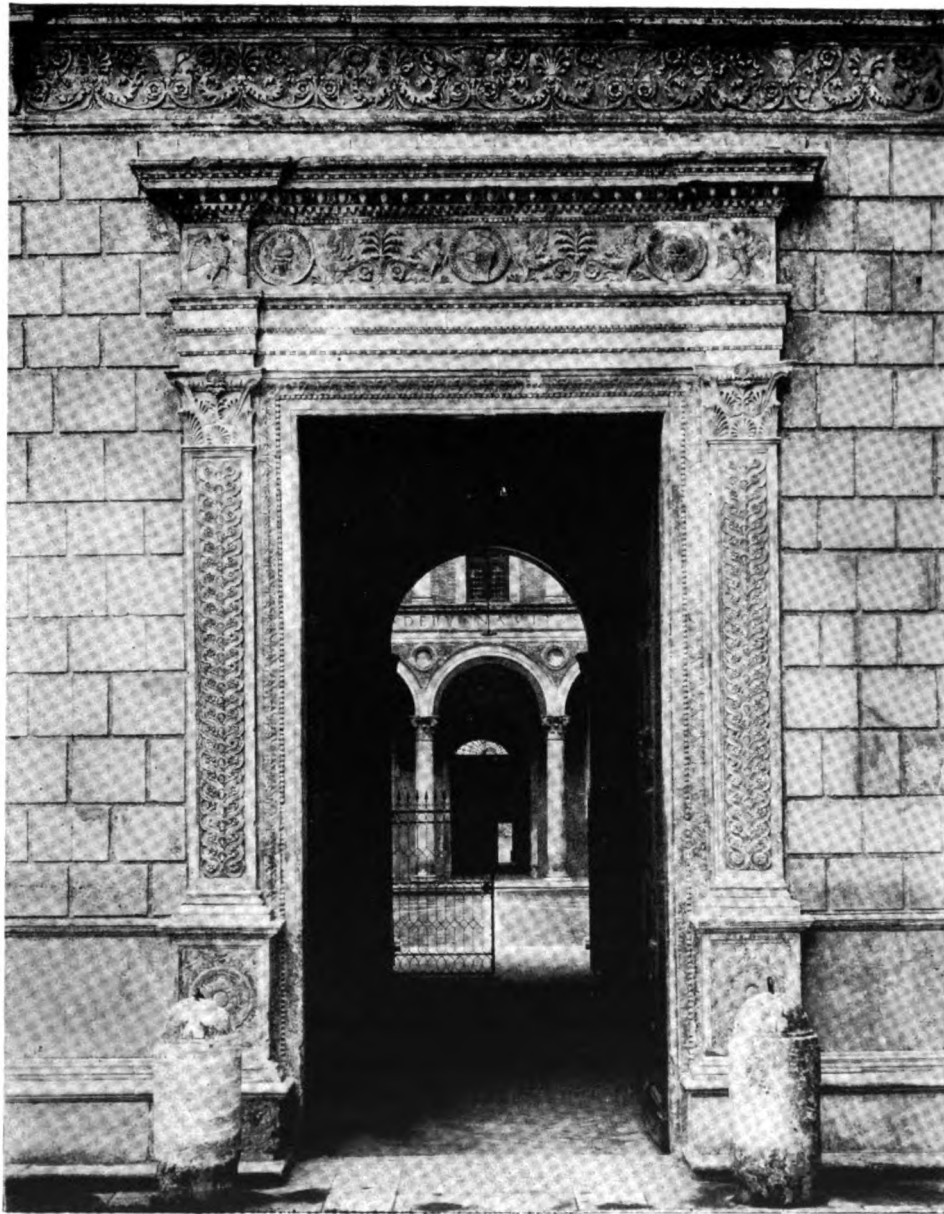
and visions it had inspired. But again a war came on; the King of Naples appointed the Marchese di Pescara as his representative, and the young Marchesa personally superintended her husband's outfit, attendants, armor, and other details belonging to his rank. In the fierce battle at Ravenna (April 11, 1512) Pescara was wounded and taken prisoner; he was carried to the fortress of Porta Gobbia, and a messenger dispatched to Ischia to inform the Marchesa, who found her on the shore with her books, under the orange trees. But all that day she had been conscious of a premonition of ill. "I, in the body, my mind always with thee," she writes to her husband, and continues that the day had seemed to her "like a cavern of black fog," and that she seemed to hear the marine gods saying to Ischia: "To-day, Vittoria, thou shalt hear of disgrace from the confines; thou, now in health and honor, shalt be turned to grief." This premonition she had related to the Principessa before the arrival of the messenger from her husband. Writing to him she said: "A wife ought always to follow her husband at home and abroad; if he suffers, she suffers; if he is happy, she is; if he dies, she dies. His fate is her fate."

The Marchese recovered however, and returned, she having passed the time in Naples that she might be the more swiftly in touch with him; and his return made the day "brilliant with joy" to her. She devoted herself anew to classic studies and poetry; the age was swept by a general revival and enthusiasm for letters. Royalty, the pope, the nobility, were all giving themselves with ardor to the higher culture. The Italian language had assumed new perfection under Dante. The Marchese and the Marchesa returned to Ischia, the entire island *en fête* for the event, and the Marchesa "wore a robe of brocaded crimson velvet, with large branches of beaten gold wrought on it, and a girdle of gold about her waist." At the papal court of Pope Leo the Marchesa di Pescara shone as a resplended figure. "She was at the height of her beauty," says Visconti, "and her charms were sung by the poets of the day." This happy period had its termination. Pope Leo X died, and was succeeded by the wily Adrian. The war again broke out, and the Marchese di Pescara was killed near Milan on November 25, 1525. Vittoria was overcome with grief and she retired to the cloistered silence of the convent of San Silvestre, at the foot of Monte Cavallo, near Rome. The Marchese had been raised to the rank of general, and after funeral ceremonies of great pomp in Milan his body was brought to the famous church of Santa Domenica



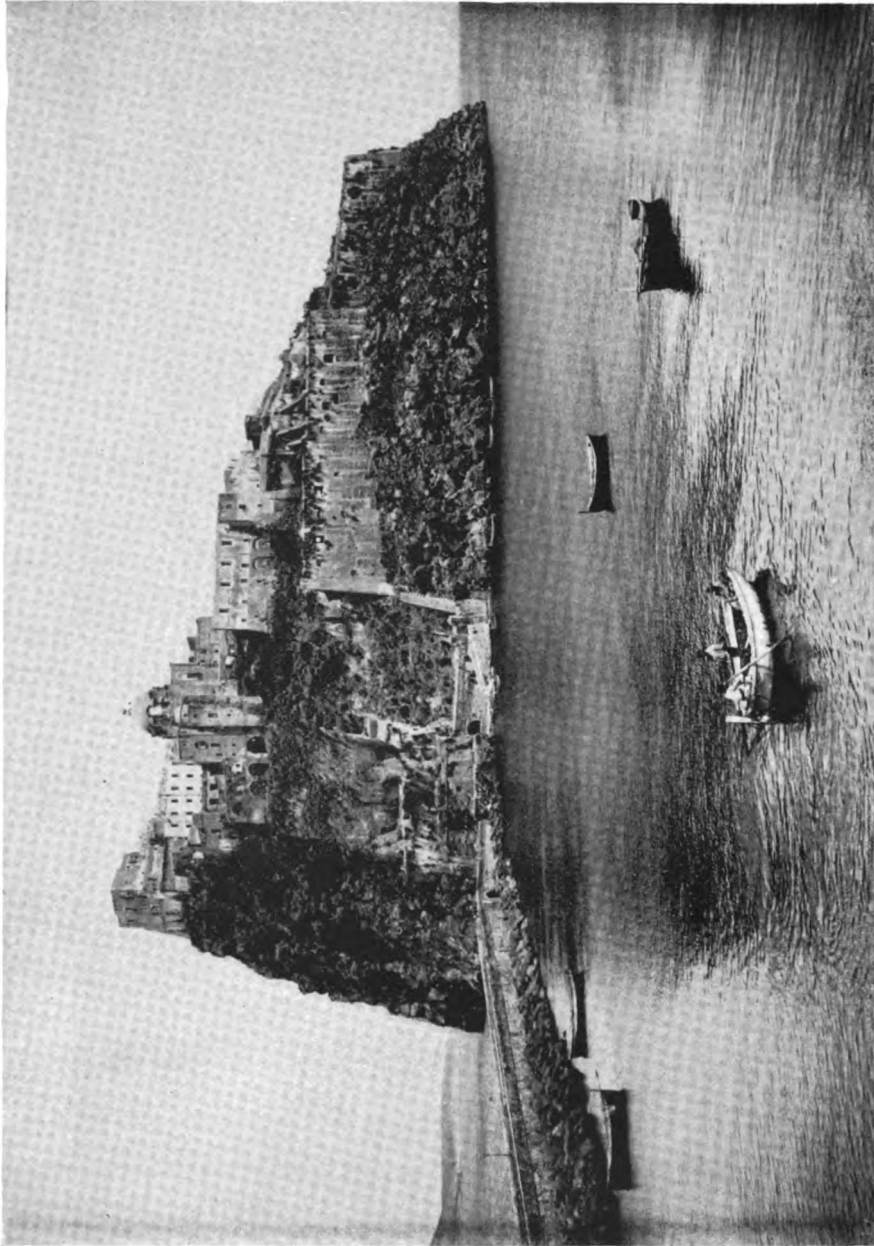
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THE DUCAL PALACE (FIFTEENTH CENTURY), URBINO



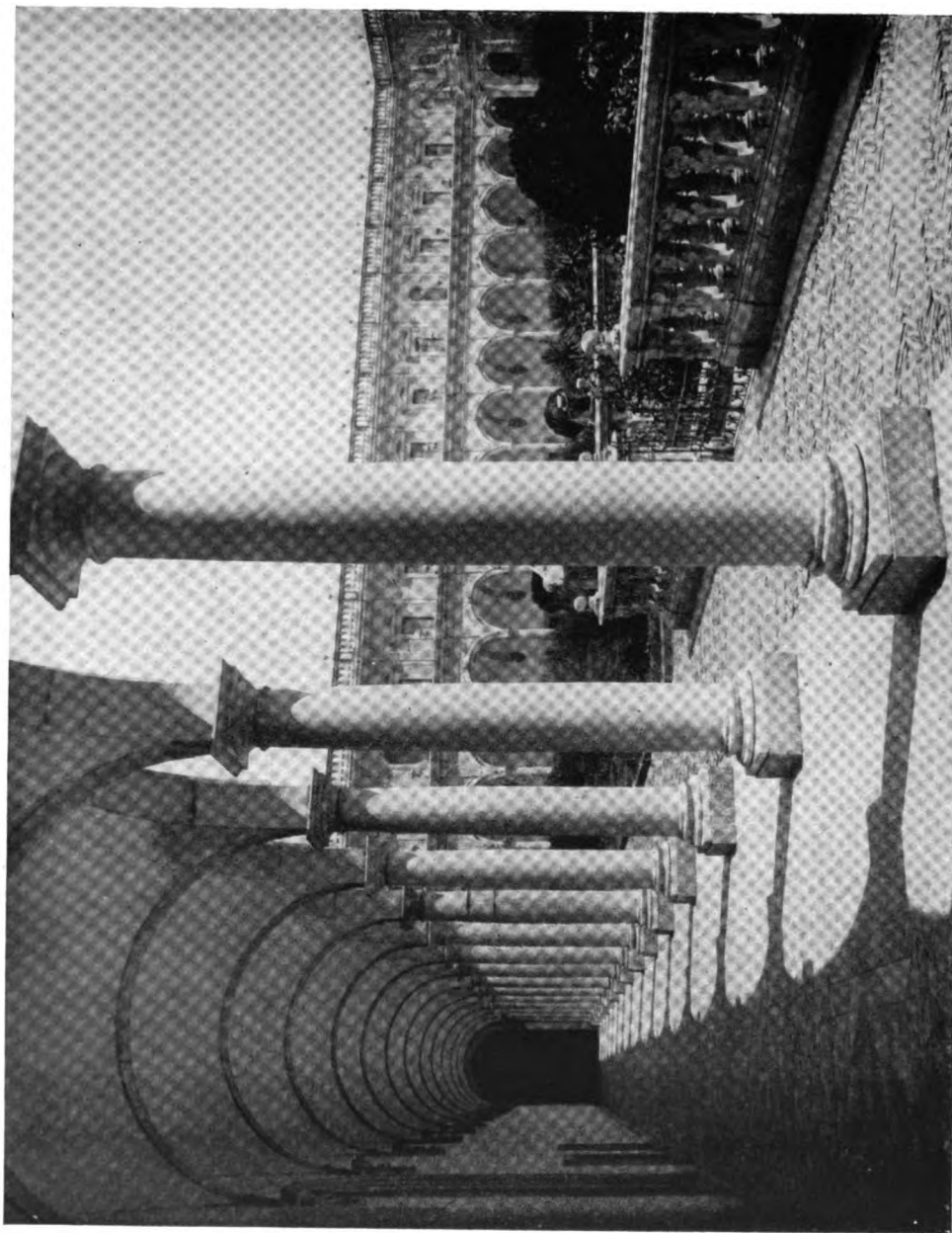
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AN EXTERIOR DOORWAY OF THE DUCAL PALACE, URBINO



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ISCHIA: THE CASTLE OF ALFONSO I OF ARAGON. THE HOME OF VITTORIA COLONNA



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THE CLOISTERS OF S. MARTINO, NAPLES

Maggiore, in Naples, and entombed in the sacristy among the princes of his house, that of Aragon. The casket may be seen today, a large wooden sarcophagus, whose scarlet velvet cover has faded into rags and tatters, with an inscription by Ariosto that can still be traced, and his portrait, with a banner, is suspended above the casket.

In her grief the impulse of the widowed Marchesa was to take the vows of a nun. The pope himself intervened to dissuade her, and a year later she returned to Ischia. Vittoria Colonna was now thirty years of age. She was alone and had the freedom of wealth and leisure. She established herself in the massive palace at Ischia, which is built on a foundation of solid rock, so colossal that the legends assert that the giant Tifeo lived in the volcanic regions underneath, and this castle, including the palace, the church and other buildings, is joined to the mainland of the island by a causeway.

And now Vittoria Colonna gave herself absolutely to poetic art. For three years she wrote and published incessantly. She was the recipient of acclamations from all the great writers of her time. She was held to be the most famous of contemporary women. Her beauty, her genius, her noble majesty of character impressed the contemporary world. Her days were invaded by correspondence with Ariosto, Castiglione, Ludovico Dolce, Cardinal Bembo, Cardinal Contarini, Paolo Giovio, and others of the greatest men of the day. In the year 1523 Clement VII had come to the papal throne. He extended a full pardon to all the Colonna, restoring to them their castles and estates. Vittoria, revisiting Rome, pronounced the times full of grandeur, and she was everywhere received with the highest honors. She made a *bel giro*, as the Italians call it (beautiful tour), visiting Bagni di Lucca, Bologna and Ferrara, where she was the guest of the Duca and Duchessa Ercole. The Duchessa, the daughter of Louis XI, was known as the Princess Renée before her marriage, and she was an ardent friend of Calvin. The Duchessa invited the most distinguished people in Venice to meet Vittoria, the Marchesa di Pescara. Bishop Ghiberto of Verona besought her to be his guest in that city, an invitation she accepted, and she took great interest in his historic palace. The group of artists whose fame has invested Venice — Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione, and others, were then in their creative period, and she met and mingled with them. Verona had a medal struck in her honor.

From this triumphant tour she returned to Rome in 1538. She

was received with almost royal honors. Michelangelo was then painting the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. Whether they met because of her interest in this immortal work is not on record; but it is apparent that their friendship was formed about this time. All Rome, from the pope and the nobility to the humblest citizen, thronged to watch the progress of this work. Whether it was at this time (it could not have been far from it) that Michelangelo painted the portrait of Vittoria that is now in the Casa Buonarroti, in Florence, is not sure; but they came into acquaintance, and her influence is said to have greatly changed his religious views. Condivi, writing of their friendship, said: "In particular he was most deeply attached to the Marchesa di Pescara, of whose divine spirit he was enamored, and he was beloved by her in return with much affection."

For some years Vittoria Colonna now passed her time between Rome and Orvieto, that picturesque town with the magnificent cathedral so rich in medieval art. In this city she lived in the convent of San Paolo d'Orvieto, and in Rome she occupied the Palazza Cesarini, which was among the possessions of the Colonna. A daily correspondence between herself and Michelangelo established itself, and these letters are among the literary treasures of the sixteenth century. In a letter dated from Rome, in 1545, the great artist thus writes to the Marchesa:

. . . I desired, Lady, before I accepted the things which your ladyship has often expressed the will to give me—I desired to produce something for you with my own hand in order to be as little as possible unworthy of your kindness. I have now come to recognize that the grace of God is not to be bought, and that to keep it waiting is a grievous sin. Therefore I acknowledge my error and willingly accept your favors. When I possess them, not, indeed, because I shall have them in my house, but for that I, myself, shall dwell in them—the place will seem to encircle me with paradise. For which felicity I shall remain even more obliged to your ladyship than I am already, if that were possible.

The bearer of this letter will be Urbino, who lives in my service. Your ladyship may inform him when you would like me to come and see the head you promised to show me.

Accompanying this letter Michelangelo sent also a sonnet that he had written to Vittoria, which, in the fine translation made by John Addington Symonds, thus runs:

Seeking at last, to be not all unfit
For thy sublime and boundless courtesy,
My lowly thoughts at first were fain to try

What they could yield for grace so infinite.
But now I know my unassisted wit
Is all too weak to make me soar so high.
For pardon, Lady, for this fault I cry
And wiser still I grow remembering it.
Yea, will I see what folly 'twere to think
That largess dropped from thee like dews from heaven,
Could e'er be paid by work so frail as mine!
To nothingness my art and talent sink;
He fails who from his mental stores hath given
A thousandfold to match one gift divine.

Condivi relates that about this time Michelangelo designed as a gift for Vittoria a cross, bearing a representation of an episode from the life of the Christ, and that he sent it to her with the following letter:

Donna Marchesa, being myself in Rome, I thought it hardly fitting to give the Crucified Christ to Messer Tommaso, and to make him an intermediary between your ladyship and me, especially because it has been my earnest desire to perform for you more than for any one I ever knew in the world. Moreover knowing that you know love needs no task-master, and that he who loves does not go to sleep, I thought the less of using go-betweens. And though I seemed to have forgotten, I was doing what I did not talk about, . . . He sins who faith like this so soon forgets.

In reply Vittoria Colonna wrote:

Unique Master Angelo and my friend: I have received your letter and the crucifix, which truly hath crucified in my memory every other picture I ever saw. Nowhere could one find another figure of our Lord so well executed, so living and so exquisitely finished. I cannot express in words how marvelously it is designed. . . . I had the greatest faith in God that He would bestow upon you supernatural grace for the making of this Christ. . . . Meanwhile I do not know how else to serve you save by making orisons to this sweet Christ, and praying you to hold me yours to command, as yours in all.

Vittoria Colonna died in Rome in February of 1547. Rota, her Italian biographer, records that her body, "enclosed in a casket of cypress wood, lined with velvet," was committed to the chapel of Santa Anna, an ancient church that has long since been destroyed. Visconti declares that her tomb is unknown; but apparently it is true that the body was conveyed to Naples and is now entombed in the sacristy of Santa Domenica Maggiore, the casket placed near that of her husband, the Marchese d'Avalos, where all the princes of the House of Aragon lie. In December of 1906 the writer of this paper passed some time in Naples searching for the authenticity of the state-

ment of priests and of the sacristan that this casket actually contained the body of Vittoria. The Archbishop of Naples personally assured me of this; and one morning, when the flower-filled streets of Napoli suggested June rather than December, the archbishop even had the kindness to meet me in the sacristy, and point out the d'Avalos memorials, of portrait, faded banner, and other relics. Later I had the opportunity of asking the opinion of Professor Lanciani (*Com-mendatore della corona d'Italia*) and he assured me of his own belief that this casket contains the body of the Marchesa.

Visconti, writing of Vittoria Colonna as a poet, states that she was the first to make religion a subject for the sonnet, and the first to introduce into poetry nature's ministry to man. Her last prayer is one of the things treasured in Italian literature, and the last lines of this are thus translated:

Grant, I entreat, O Most Holy Father, that Thy living flame may so urge me forward that, not being hindered by mortal imperfections, I may happily and safely return unto Thee.

The most beautiful portrait of Vittoria Colonna (the work of Michelangelo) is in the Galleria Buonarroti, in Florence; a bust of her (the gift of the *Académie des Arcades* of Rome) was placed in one of the galleries of the Capitoline in Rome as recently as in May, of 1865, the gift of the Duca and Duchesa Torlonia. The occasion was honored with the official recognition of the Government of Italy.

The fame of Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa d'Avalos, only deepens with every succeeding century. Her nobility of character, her lofty spirituality of life, fitly crowned and perfected her brilliant intellectual power and her exquisite poetic gift. Her sympathies were always identified with the greater activities and more important movements, and her grace and rank conferred honor upon the most exalted orders of social life. She was, indeed, one of the lofty spirits who incarnate here for beneficent purposes; she was truly a messenger of the heavenly life, and her place as a brilliant and distinguished figure in the world of her time was one peculiarly marked by Destiny. She was characterized by an exquisite courtesy and graciousness of manner, by a simple dignity and unaffected sincerity, by great delicacy of divination, by an incalculable degree of tender sympathy with all suffering, by a liberal comprehension that made her the ideal companion, friend and counsellor of the noblest men and women of the day.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MICHELANGELO'S LAST TRIBUTE TO VITTORIA COLONNA



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MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

Between Vittoria Colonna and Elizabeth Barrett Browning there are the most marked and striking resemblances of character and quality of life. There is the same innate nobility; the same responsiveness and liberal sympathy; and one very noticeable resemblance is in the attitude of each poet, the one of Italy, whose work was done in the mid-sixteenth century, and the one of England, whose work was done in the mid-nineteenth — their attitude of entire consecration to their art. To each woman Poetry was a divine calling, and it was the province of the priestess to keep the living coal aflame upon the altar.

It has remained for an American poet. Margaret J. Preston, to touch exquisitely, in poetic phrasing, the friendship between Vittoria Colonna and Michelangelo. In a dramatic poem she depicts the sculptor as saying:

We twain — one lingering on the violet verge,
And one with eyes raised to the twilight peaks,
Shall meet in the morn again.

And Vittoria replies:

Supremest truth I gave;
Quick comprehension of thine unsaid thought;
Reverence, whose crystal sheen was never blurred
By faintest film of over-breathing doubt; helpfulness,
Such as thou hadst not known, of womanly hands;
And sympathies so urgent, they made bold
To press their way where never mortal yet
Entrance had gained — even to thy soul!

And how could any study of Vittoria Colonna be more fittingly closed than with these words —

God's blessing on her, since she was the friend
Of Michelangelo!



THEOSOPHY divides man into seven principles, considering him under the three aspects of the *divine*, the *thinking* or the *rational*, and the *animal* man — the lower *quaternary* or the purely astro-physical being; while by *Individuality* is meant the Higher Triad, considered as a Unity. Thus the *Personality* embraces all the characteristics and memories of one physical life, while the *Individuality* is the imperishable *Ego* which reincarnates and clothes itself in one personality after another.— *H. P. Blavatsky*

SCIENCE NOTES: by the Busy Bee

TRANSMISSION OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERISTICS



AN animals and plants transmit to their offspring such modifications in form as they may have acquired through the influence of a change in their external circumstances? This question has taken a new turn, to judge from a recent article on the subject by Prince Kropotkin in the *Nineteenth Century*. He affirms that recent experimental results justify us in answering the above query in the affirmative: modifications produced by change of environment *can* be transmitted by heredity.

This view contradicts that associated with the name of Weismann. Before his time, biologists had assumed that characters acquired by the individual are transmitted to offspring. This Weismann denied, and, while biologists speculated as to how such transmissions were effected, he challenged them to prove that they were effected at all. He asked: "How can a single cell contain within itself all the hereditary tendencies of the whole organism?" According to him, the reproductive cells only are immortal, while all the other cells, being concerned with other functions have lost their reproductive power, which thereby becomes concentrated in the reproductive cells. These reproductive cells are not derived from the whole body, but from the reproductive cells of the parent. This is the doctrine of the "continuity of the germ-plasm." Only variations of the germ-plasm are inherited, and it is upon these variations that natural selection operates. Variations are not due to the influence of environment, nor to disuse of organs, but to sexual conjugation.

Weismann thought the germ-plasm lived an isolated life within the body, and was not affected by the changes produced by environment in the other cells. Kropotkin holds the contrary view: he regards the germ-cells as being intimately connected with the rest of the body and sharing its changes. He cites experiments, such as the transmission of color to offspring by caterpillars feed on colored wool; and claims experimental support for similar conclusions in the case of butterflies and beetles and some divisions of the vertebrates.

Both sides of the controversy relied partly on theoretical considerations and partly on evidence. The evidence afforded by Nature is so ample and varied that it furnishes material which can be used in illustration of diverse theories. It is remarkable that Weismann and Kropotkin should have come to such opposite conclusions regard-

ing the relation between the germ-cells and the other cells. While Weismann regarded the germ-cells as insusceptible of influence from the other cells, Kropotkin says that the real difficulty is to imagine the germ-cells *not* being so influenced. We know now that the cells of the body are closely connected with each other by means of inter-cellular protoplasmic threads and wandering cells. Weismann, holding the one view, sought and seemed to find support for it in the facts; and now Kropotkin, holding the opposite view, claims a like support on his side.

He does not, however, hold that new species can arise by the mere accumulation of successive small differences; continuance of the changed external conditions is necessary to secure permanence in the internal changes.

Modifications are always small at the outset, and have not in such case a life-saving value in the struggle for life; while the considerable modifications are few as a rule, and would be swamped by crossing; and so long as there is not some exterior cause, such as climate, food, etc., which acts during a number of generations for producing variation in a certain definite direction, there is no reason why the change should go on increasing.

In commenting on the above controversy, we would suggest that there will always be confusion and uncertainty so long as one neglects to regard the animal or the plant as primarily a living creature, endowed with the particular form of intelligence and consciousness appropriate to its place among the kingdoms of Nature, and engaged in the business of life, which is that of expressing in action the purposes and ideas which spring originally from the Universal Intelligence. It may be claimed on behalf of the experimenters and theorists that their sphere of study can be limited to that which lies within the reach of the physical senses, and that they have no concern with such a view of the plant or animal as we have just suggested. But, while it may be possible thus to limit the sphere of study, we should say that the controversialists have not succeeded in doing so, but that, on the contrary, they have considerably overstepped that sphere by entering upon the discussion of purposes and designs — a discussion which we may claim as pertaining to the sphere of mind and will — to the sphere wherein conscious powers, and not mere physical forces, act. In short, they have propounded questions which cannot be answered within the limits which they might be disposed to assign to

their own sphere of study; and for answer we can but refer them to the study of animals and plants as living beings.

They have regarded the successive generations as a number of detached units, bound together only by the process of reproduction; and they have sought to reduce that link to such dimensions as can be comprised within the scope of anatomical and physiological research. The result is that they have lost sight of the *unity* of organic life; and while common experience tells them that changed circumstances do cause modifications in the forms and habits of the creatures, they find a difficulty in defining the way such modifications are supposed to be conveyed from one generation to the next across the gap which they find. In short, an effect which is readily comprehensible when we view organic life in the mass, becomes obscure when we try to analyse the details; which is exactly what happens to physicists when they try to express familiar natural phenomena in terms of atomic units.

We suggest, therefore, that the biologist should try to regard the individual organisms as stages in a continuous and unbroken stream of life; and to consider this underlying stream as being that which is affected by the variations in environment. The coming generation is affected by the environment of the parents, because the parents carry the elements out of which the offspring is to be physically formed. It is easy to understand that fish, kept in an underground lake, will be born blinder and blinder each generation until they are quite blind; but when we try to formulate the matter in terms of a cellular or molecular physics, we seem to enter on an unnecessary controversy. After all, is there a *significant* difference between Weismann's view and Kropotkin's? In either case we know that species are modified considerably to suit changed conditions, both in the wild state and artificially by man; and we also know that these modifications do not accumulate to such an extent as to cause a progressive transformation of one species into another. The ancient teaching is that the standard forms found on earth during a given evolutionary period were modeled *before* those forms became physicalized; and that the changes produced in them subsequently are of a minor degree. Thus the main evolution of the Monads (that is, the living souls inhabiting the various forms) is accomplished during the process of incarnation into a succession of forms of gradually ascending type.

CIVILIZED AND SAVAGE

DR. A. G. MAYER, of the Carnegie Institution, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, says:

The Fijians of today are more orderly and sober than, and quite as contented as are any peoples of European ancestry, and illiteracy is rarer in Fiji than in Massachusetts. You were safer even fifteen years ago in any part of Fiji, although your host knew how you tasted, than you could be in the streets of any civilized city. It is clear that in disposition the Fijians are not unlike ourselves, and only in their time-honored customs were they barbarous. Indeed the lowest human beings are not in the far-off wilds of Africa, Australia, or New Guinea, but among the degenerates of our own great cities. . . .

Yet in one important respect the savage of today appears to differ from civilized man. Civilized races are progressive and their systems of thought and life are changing, but the savage prefers to remain fixed in the culture of a long-past age, which, conserved by the inertia of custom and sanctified by religion, holds him helpless in its inexorable grasp. . . .

The savage may know nothing of our classics, and little of that which we call science, yet go with him into the deep woods and his knowledge of the uses of every plant and tree and rock around him and his acquaintance with the habits of the animals are a subject for constant wonder to his civilized companion. In other words, his knowledge differs from ours in kind rather than in breadth and depth. . . .

It seems advisable to revise our estimate of the words "civilized" and "savage." On the one hand they apply to stages in the history of races; on the other, to levels of behavior; and these two meanings are confused. People who can command the vast resources of scientific invention may be civilized in the one sense, as contrasted with the simple tribesmen. But when the said resources are used to their full capacity in the work of mutual destruction, the application of the two words becomes reversed, and the savage is the more civilized.

Though far from advocating a return (supposing it possible) to primitive modes of life, we do suggest a return to certain primitive virtues. Thus we may learn much from the savage. Perhaps he is better balanced than we because he is not under such a strain; and perhaps he would break down if subjected to it. But our task is to learn how to maintain the integrity and poise of simple peoples, while we are living in complex conditions.

In the above extract, too, the fact is recognized that the savage is a survival, with his future behind him (so to say). But we must distinguish between the race and the individual; for though the race

grow old, the individual Souls pass out into other races to continue their evolution. Unprogressed Souls may find in one of these old races the conditions suitable for them; and thus we should find Souls on their upward way incarnated in a race that is dying out. The result would be a combination of simplicity and ancient memories. And may not this be one clue to the psychology of such races?

ARABIAN ARITHMETICIANS

WITH regard to the factorizing of numbers expressed by a row of 1's, we note the following, contributed to the *English Mechanic* (Feb. 26, 1909), by Henry E. Dudeney, a well-known writer on puzzles.

The earliest known record is an arithmetical treatise called the "Talkhys," by Ibn Albanna, an Arabian mathematician and astronomer who flourished in the first half of the thirteenth century. In the Paris National Library there are several manuscripts dealing with the Talkhys, and a commentary by Alkalaçadi, who died in 1846. For this information I am indebted to the late E. Lucas's *L'Arithmétique Amusante*. . . . The amazing thing is that in the Talkhys we are given all the factors for numbers of this form up to that containing seventeen 1's. How these Arabians decomposed such a number as 11,111,111, 111,111,111 into its factors 2,071,723 and 5,363,222,357 it is not possible even to conjecture.

Another mathematician, commenting on this, opines that the problem might be solved by the application of certain principles, which he names, and by the exercise of considerable patience. But the theory of numbers is always open to new discoveries; and we find no difficulty in imagining that these Arabians knew of properties which we do not know of. This latter writer says that in those days magical value was attached to numerical mysteries; and his meaning, in saying this, seems to us a trifle vague. It was this belief, he thinks, that induced them to spend much time in arithmetical research. But the mysteries of numbers, and of their expression in the numerical scale of ten and in other scales, are fascinating enough of themselves to entice the most serious minds to labor. The writer perhaps regards magical properties as being alleged properties which the numbers do not possess, but which the Arabians thought the numbers did possess. We prefer to use the term magical to denote properties actually possessed by numbers, but known only to a few. What can be more fundamental than the properties of numbers? Rightly did the sages think that the mysteries of the universe were to be sought in number.

VITAMINES AND NUTRITION

It is said that food used to be regarded as made up of three things called fats, carbohydrates, and proteids; and that these were enough for health. Now it is said they will not suffice to feed the body: another thing is needed, spoken of as "animo-acids" and also as "vitamines." It seems, according to one authority, that the body contains certain mysterious internal secretions known as "hormones," "enzymes," etc., which, though small in quantity, are of immense influence in the interior economy. The vitamins in the food, as we gather, keep up the supply of these internal secretions. Rickets, pellagra, beri-beri, and scurvy — diseases caused by the body feeding upon itself — may supervene if there are no vitamins in our food. It is considered that polishing rice deprives it of vitamins, thereby causing beri-beri among Malays and Filipinos; and pellagra and scurvy are attributed to similar causes. Heating milk destroys the vitamin and starves the babe! Experiments on chicks and rats with and without vitamins bear out the suggestion.

This is calculated to make one suspicious of theories concerning diet and nutrition. It makes one doubt whether extracts, supposed to contain the essence without the superfluities, really do contain the essence, or whether the essence has been thrown away and the superfluities retained. It is an argument for natural food and raw milk.

It seems that an older doctrine, which regarded nutrition as a question of bulk, is passing away; and a newer doctrine, a doctrine of ferments perhaps, is replacing it. It is not the bread only, but the minute speck of something in the bread that counts.

One thing we must be devoutly thankful for: there seems here a possible way out of serum-therapy. If in future we are to treat diseases with vitamins instead of antitoxins, it will be a welcome change. Biology and chemistry, those twin magicians of the future, as H. P. Blavatsky calls them, here hold out hands to one another, as we study the co-operation of the laboratory within the fruit with the laboratory within the body.

A certain fallacy crops up in these matters of diet: that elements taken separately are the same as when combined. In arithmetic, twice one is two; but in geometry two points may make a line; and in chemistry, iron sulphide is not a mixture of iron and sulphur. If we could identify all the constituents in the bread or milk, vitamins and all, and administer them separately, the effect would not necessarily

be that of the original viand. To try to correct the effect of a food devoid of vitamins by administering vitamins separately — say as medicine—might (or might not) be as injudicious as the separate administration of the blue and white packets of a seidlitz powder.

In addition to all this, it must be remembered that nutrition is greatly affected by the state of the eater's mind; so that what is his food at one time may prove his poison at another. Again, the cook's state of mind is important; though biology and chemistry may not so far have detected the nature of the influence thus brought to bear.

DERIVATIONS — CHURCHES — EARWIGS

THE word "church" has been derived from the Greek τὸ κυριακόν (*To Kuriakon*), "the Lord's House"; or from κυριον οἶκος (*Kuriou oikos*), meaning the same. Nothing could seem more unlikely and far-fetched; the derivation must have been made in the interests of doctrine. In Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* we find the following:

The word existed in all the Celtic dialects long before the introduction of Greek. No doubt the word means "a circle." The places of worship among the German and Celtic nations were always circular: witness the cromlechs of Stonehenge, Avebury, Silbury Hill, Stanton Drew, etc., the dolmens of Brittany, and the relic shrines of India. (Welsh, *cyrch*; French, *cirque*; Scotch, *kirk*; Greek, *kirk-os*; etc.)

Webster, while adhering to the other derivation, gives the following forms:

Old English, *chirche*, *chireche*, *cherche*; Anglo-Saxon, *circe*, *cyrice*; Dutch, *kerk*; Icelandic, *kirkja*; Swedish *kyrka*; Danish, *kirke*; German, *kirche*; Old High German *chirihha*.

Recollections of childhood remind the present writer that the native Warwickshire pronunciation of the word is "cheerch"; and these rustics, sublimely unconscious of classical orthography, undoubtedly derived their pronunciation phonetically from very ancient times. The vowel in the above examples is mostly *i* or *y*, pronounced of course like our modern *ee* or a modified *u*. The Greek κίρκος or κρίκος (*kirkos* or *krikos*) and the Latin *circus*, actually mean a circle; but it is probable that both these words and the Teutonic and Celtic ones are cognate — derived from a single in an earlier parent-language. The Red Indian underground rooms, where secret councils are held, are circular and have a circular divan running around them. This is the correct arrangement corresponding to the desired unity. A church is properly a circle of human souls, designed to evoke the

Divine by affording the requisite conditions of unity. A Teacher would establish such a circle among his disciples, and they would gain wisdom and guidance as long as the right conditions were observed. But when disunion set in, the circle would break up, and then the word "church" might come to be applied to something quite different.

A similar far-fetched derivation is that which derives the inn-sign, "The Goat and Compasses," from "God encompasseth us." It is much more likely to have been derived by a business amalgamation of two inns named respectively "The Goat" and "The Compasses"; the latter being a well-known Masonic symbol. An inn near Cambridge, England, has the sign, "The Man Loaded with Mischief," and bears a picture of a man with a scolding woman on his shoulders.

The name "earwig" is another cause of speculation. The books say that this insect was so called because of a popular error, the belief that these insects creep into the ear of the unwary sleeper. If this is an error, it seems incredible that it could ever have arisen. The error is supposed to have arisen from the fact that these insects have a fondness for secreting themselves in small cavities, and in rare cases *may* have selected the ear as a suitable place. But other insects have fondnesses for secreting themselves in small cavities, and yet they are not called earwigs. Why? Echo answers, "Goodness knows!" Judging from experience, we should say an ant is much more likely to creep into our ear, or even a small spider. Then again, why does not the insect creep into our nose, for that might surely be called a small cavity. The names "hairwig," "nosewig," and "mouthwig" would seem more appropriate, especially the first.

It seems hard to belabor a theory when it is down, yet we must even do so in the interests of orthography. Whence arose the Latin name for this insect, *auricularia*, from *auricula* (the ear-lap)? Or why have the French called it *perce-oreille*, the Germans *Ohrwurm*, the Spaniards *gusano del oído*? Or whence the names *worblazer*, *ör-mask*, *oerentvist*, whose nationalities we shall not offend the reader by naming? Another derivation, "earwing," is quite upset by the above foreign names; for the pun will certainly not stretch over all those languages. Besides, how many persons know that an earwig has wings? The word *wig* is Anglo-Saxon for worm. The mystery, however, remains unsolved, and we can only suggest that the earwig has changed his habits since the days when "Adam" christened him!

PREHISTORIC ARTISTS: by H. Travers, M. A.



OMEbody has drawn pictures of animals in red ochre and other paints on the walls of caverns in the Pyrenees. These drawings are remarkably good, considering their badness; and the artists were wonderfully cultured, considering their barbarism. This sounds paradoxical, but it is what we gather from the criticisms on these drawings. We infer that people used these caves at one time, and passed some of their leisure in studying art. Likely enough there are people doing this at the present time, perhaps among the Red Indians, perhaps in Australia or Africa. There are cave-dwellers in Asia Minor, and gypsies all over the world.

Some scientific men have an idea that there was a time when the earth was peopled exclusively by savages. And they suppose that civilization arrived on earth at a subsequent date, though they do not say where it came from. This, we imagine, is a variant of the old theological idea that the first man was created six thousand years ago and gave birth to all other men. At least, these scientific men talk of "our primitive ancestor"; only instead of living in the Garden of Eden and being only one man, he lived in caves and was several men. As these drawings are known to be ancient, the only hypothesis for these theorists is that "our primitive ancestor" must have painted them. But the theory requires that this ancestor must have been a savage, so the puzzle is how he came to be able to draw so well. We offer an alternative theory: perhaps he wasn't a savage. He may have been a man who had been all through civilization and grown tired of it and decided to live in a cave.

It is said that these drawings represent suppressed action as well as any artist has ever been able to do so, as in the picture of a bison about to charge, for instance, where the muscles are all tense. Man has not improved in drawing since then, is the comment; and it is supposed to be somewhere between 10,000 and 100,000 years ago (an odd cipher or two does not much matter, apparently).

As regards this great skill in observing animals, visualizing their forms and their movements, picking out the essentials from the accessories, discerning the underlying *principle* of the form or of the movement, and finally making a picture which shall bring the whole effect back to the eye of the spectator — as regards all these supreme faculties, which, according to the criticism, the draughtsman must have possessed — it would seem that we have erred in connecting this culture with our own habit of living in upholstered houses and sleep-

ing in featherbeds. And so we argue that a man who did not live in such houses and sleep in such beds ought not to have been able to draw so well. We lack perspective. Ten or a hundred thousand years ago is a long time, and it is probable that totally different combinations of circumstances and of ideas prevailed then. It may be that people could be cultured and yet never dream of living elsewhere than in a cave! It is even possible that the cave-life did not at all imply the use of clubs for mutual slaughter or the killing of dinotheriums with flint axes. Or again, perhaps the men did kill gigantic beasts with flint axes, and yet were intellectual; things may have been differently combined in those days; we cannot say.

Why should a cave-man be in any great hurry to get to the kind of life which we are living today? It is conceivable that the cave-man may have solved some of the great mysteries which we seek in vain—may have found out what makes life a joy—may have discovered what life really is. So greatly is our mental life, our literature, religion, science, and what not, dependent on the conditions engendered by an existence within four papered walls, a whitewashed ceiling, and a carpeted floor, that we are in a sort of illusion as to the mental life of other peoples. For have not our literature, our religion, our social and political ideas, and our science, grown up in equal steps with the development of indoor luxury? Hence we imagine that no one can draw unless he can say his prayers, brush his teeth, and fold the top sheet down over the coverlet.

We have certain facts as to these cave-men to go on; and from the facts various conclusions can be suggested, according to what assumptions we care to make. Thus anthropologists, assuming their theory of man's history, will say: "What wonderful artists these savages were!" And we can say, on the assumption that the men were not savages: "How came these artists to dwell in caves."

There is bound before long to be a strong reaction against the fanciful ideas of ancient history, based on a minimum of fact and a maximum of speculation. Learned disquisitions are written about the "Neanderthals" and the "Crô-Magnons," as if these were the names of two well-known and definitely ascertained races. There never was a time in human history when highly cultured men did not occupy the earth; for the special intelligence which ensouls man is something that exists from all eternity, and man was already a complete being when he first appeared in physical form on this earth.

PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY shall be an Institution where the laws of universal nature and equity governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education will be taught on the broadest lines. Through this teaching the material and intellectual life of the age will be spiritualized and raised to its true dignity; thought will be liberated from the slavery of the senses; the waning energy in every heart will be reanimated in the search for truth; and the fast dying hope in the promise of life will be renewed to all peoples. — *From the School of Antiquity Constitution, New York, 1897.*

STUDIES IN EVOLUTION: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



EVOLUTION is a subject which has been frequently treated in Theosophical writings, but which cannot be treated too often, since it is a topic of perpetual public interest, and the occasion is made for us by those scientific writers who make so much of it and who hang so many things upon it. Mixed with facts and correct inferences there are many assumptions and speculations; and the public do not always distinguish between what is reliable and what is not. Since an acceptance of fiction for fact constitutes a new dogmatism, and the tendency of this dogmatism is materialistic and opposed to progress, we shall be rendering a service to science by a critical examination of the situation.

The subject being a large one, it is necessary to adopt some convenient scheme under which to treat it; and on the present occasion it has been thought well to take the the three main headings of:

- (1) The meaning of the word "evolution."
- (2) Modern theories of organic evolution.
- (3) The evolution of man.

These headings, however, will not be allowed to become unduly restrictive and to exclude any remarks that may seem timely even if digressive. They are intended as a skeleton to the argument. Moreover it is of the greatest importance to make known the existence of those wonderful ancient teachings which H. P. Blavatsky has explained in her book, *The Secret Doctrine*, as these are the best antidote to the speculations of theorists. From a study of these teachings, it will become at once apparent that the *real* doctrine of evolution, when contrasted with these speculations, is like the noonday sun contrasted with a flickering torch; and that, while most researchers are toying with a few fragments, ancient knowledge has elaborated and

preserved the whole vast fabric. To one accustomed to studying in these fields, an examination of the writings of some of the modern evolutionists seems like sitting in a close room amid the unreal phantasms of the midnight oil — so far do the speculations carry one from the realities of life. We find man spoken of as though he were a mere conception or a quantity in an algebraic formula; and the animals too are little more than so many lifeless pawns in some chess problem. Truly, after a period of enforced contemplation of physical humanity as being nothing more than one of several branches from the root of organic life, it is a relief to return once more to teachings which explain the evolution of *mind* and *soul*, which bid us regard the mighty works of long past human races and see in man's past greatness the sure promise of his future greatness — of his present greatness if he will but recognize it.

It will be our aim, then, in these papers, to present the ancient teachings in vivid contrast with the modern speculations, and to contrast what may well be dubbed "evolutionism" with the sublime and and far-reaching doctrine of evolution itself.

Claiming an unprejudiced attitude towards the whole field of doctrines, ancient and modern, we appeal to a like attitude on the part of readers. If anyone should be disposed to champion the orthodox scientific view, we may well ask, What is that view? For, while there are many popular summaries, which represent the evolutionary theories as being firmly established, we find that the leaders themselves are not so confident. And why? Is it not because the latter are working at the front, among the facts, where their speculations receive wholesome check at the hands of Nature? These workers are the first to realize that the theories have been too narrow, and that, as Professor Bateson says, *the time for speculation is not yet*. This remark and many others, some of which we shall quote, justify us in regarding the matter as quite open, whatever the popular summaries and school-books may assert.

THE MEANING OF THE WORD

The word "evolution" is used in several senses, which must be kept distinct if confusion is to be avoided. For illustration we may take the following sentence, in which the word is used in three senses:

"Evolution is the theory that evolution is brought about by evolution."

Here we see that the word can have the following meanings:

(1) An effect or state of affairs that has been produced, we say not how. Everywhere we see evolution, but whether brought about by some natural process or by God, we do not say.

(2) A process by which the said effect is presumed to have been caused. For example: "Beings attain to perfection by means of evolution."

(3) A theory held by thinkers with regard to the above causes and effects; the doctrine of evolution.

Huxley uses the word in sense number three in his article in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, where he says:

Evolution, or development, is, in fact, at present employed in biology as a general name for the history of the steps by which any living being has acquired the morphological and the physiological characters which distinguish it.

He says nothing here about any agency, which may have caused this evolution, and he uses the word "development" as a synonym; probably one might also thus use the word "growth."

Considering evolution as an effect, without regard to its cause or method, we find that the doctrine is as old as human thought. We see multifarious forms, and we see growth and change; the inference is natural that forms pass and change one into another. Considering evolution as the name for a method or process, we find ourselves concerned with modern biological theories, connected chiefly with the names of Lamarck, Darwin, Weismann, etc.

But it will be advisable at this point to say something from a philosophical point of view about the meaning of the word. Evolution, growth, and development alike mean the coming into visible form of something which has been invisible, or the coming into manifestation of that which was latent. Taking the illustration of a house that is being built, we see that three principal factors are necessary to the fulfilment of the work: the plan, the materials, and the builders. Each of these is essential. Now we hold that this illustration is applicable to the case of evolution in general, and that no evolution can take place, or even be imagined as taking place, without there being a pre-existent plan, materials with which to build, and agencies by which the building is wrought in accordance with the plan. The thing which is produced by evolution is an organism or structure, and the thing from which this originates is a plan, or in other words, an idea. Thus, an acorn produces an oak, but it is essential that the

idea of an oak should have been present beforehand somewhere. Science of course admits this, and, as we shall see later, there are various theories as to whether that plan or idea or potency exists within the atoms of the acorn, or whether it comes from some external source; whether the power is intrinsic or extrinsic.

In all evolution, then, there is a double process: a form is expanding, and something invisible and intangible is incarnating (as it were) in that form, and expressing itself physically therein. It is essential to keep this fact of the duality of evolution in mind in order to avoid the logical confusion which comes from trying to ignore one half of the question and to imagine that forms can evolve themselves into shapes which have never existed until they become visible. But we find that most biological writers on evolution are so engrossed with their study of the visible effects of evolution that they virtually disregard the cause, and that they seem to be of the opinion that the cause can safely be disregarded on the ground that it is not within their province. Unfortunately, however, they are not consistent in this, for they seem desirous of "having it both ways," and, while asserting at one time that the question of causes does not concern them, at another time they will proceed to dogmatize on that very question and to dictate to other people who *do* consider the question of causes.

To speak plainly, we cannot get along unless we make the customary distinction between spirit and matter, or mind and matter, or force and form. Nor can we reason logically about the matter unless we predicate *mind* as being the fundamental fact in the universe. All argument must necessarily start with our own mind, and it would be folly for a reasoning mind to expect to construct a philosophy of the universe in which matter would be the fundamental fact, and mind would be regarded as a product of matter. This, however, accounts for the confusion of the theorists.

In *Science History of the Universe: Biology*, by Caroline E. Stackpole, we find the following:

It will clarify some later considerations if it is emphasized that there is a great distinction to be drawn between the fact of evolution and the manner of it, or between the evidence of evolution as having taken place somehow, and the evidence of the causes which have been concerned in the process.

In the same work, the late Professor Cope of Philadelphia is quoted as defining evolution broadly to be the teaching which holds —

That creation has been and is accomplished by the agency of the energies which are intrinsic in the evolving matter, and without the interference of agencies which are external to it.

The value of this definition depends upon the meaning to be assigned to the word "intrinsic"; but evidently the definition is intended to exclude the direct action of a divine Creator and thus to distinguish the evolutionary hypothesis from that of special creation—the older theological idea. We do not feel disposed to split hairs over the meaning of intrinsic and extrinsic, but prefer to deal with the causes of evolution regardless of the question as to which of these words is applicable to them; we may, however, remark that the definition becomes tautological if we define extrinsic forces as those which do not affect evolution, and intrinsic forces as those which do. This writer then states that, in accordance with his definition, these intrinsic energies are a "property of the physical basis of tridimensional matter," a remark which does not err on the side of lucidity and which involves more than one dogma, as, for instance, that tridimensional matter has a physical basis. As to the respective meaning of the words "physical" and "tridimensional," and the distinctions they imply, and as to the difference between a property of matter and a property of the physical basis of matter, we cannot stop to argue; we only mention the matter to show that there is plenty of metaphysics in science. He then says that these energies accomplish evolution whether they be —

Forms of radiant or other energy only, acting inversely as the square of the distance, and without consciousness, or whether they be energies whose direction is affected by the presence of consciousness.

So that we are confronted with other undefined distinctions, like that between conscious and unconscious action; and with the highly abstract terms, "energy" and "consciousness"; and we are left wondering whether either or both of these are intrinsic or extrinsic.

Professor Jordan, in *Footnotes to Evolution*, is quoted in *Science History* as saying that evolution is simply orderly change. This at all events is safe, and is no basis for dogmatizing; we wish the theorists would always remember their own definitions.

We have one thing in common with the Darwinian school: it is the law of gradual and extremely slow evolution, embracing many million years.—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 669.

This is from the pen of the great Theosophist, H. P. Blavatsky.

Now for some more definitions of evolution. James Sully, in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, writing on evolution in philosophy, gives the following as the most general meaning:

Evolution includes all theories respecting the origin and order of the world which regard the higher or more complex forms of existence as following and depending on the lower and simple forms, which represent the course of the world as a gradual transition from the indeterminate to the determinate, from the uniform to the varied, and which assume the cause of this process to be immanent in the world itself that is thus transformed.

This is too long for a definition, and it involves a definition of the words simple, complex, lower, higher, etc. If we consider the word "simple" to apply to the physical structure of a form of existence, then the atom and the one-celled organism are simple, and the crystal and the mammal are complex; and evolution in this case applies only to the history of the outward form. But if we regard the simple form as containing the total potentiality of that which is afterwards unfolded, then it may be a mistake to apply the word "simple" to it. The same writer continues, with reference to a point we have touched on above:

Evolution has no doubt often been conceived as an unfolding of something already contained in the original, and this view is still commonly applied to organic evolution. . . . Certain metaphysical systems of evolution imply this idea of an unfolding of something existing in germ or at least potentially in the antecedent. On the other hand, the modern doctrine of evolution, with its ideas of elements which combine, and of causation as transformation of energy, does not necessarily imply this notion. It may be remarked that some of the arguments brought against the modern doctrine rest on the fallacious assumption that the word is still used in its etymological sense, and that consequently that which evolves must contain in some shape what is evolved (e. g., inorganic matter must contain life and consciousness).

It is best to say here that we do intend to accept evolution in this etymological sense. We are debarred by the definitions quoted from assuming that the cause of evolution is extraneous, and are indeed expressly told that it is intrinsic. This last writer seems to offer us still another alternative: the cause of evolution, though intrinsic, is not necessarily the potentiality of all that subsequently unfolds. Science, it seems, has given us a new explanation, hinted at in the words, "elements which combine" and "causation as transformation of energy." It seems to us that this is the notion that something can

evolve without having previously existed in potentiality, that there can be a creation without any pre-existing idea, that the world is evolving towards an unknown goal, feeling its way in the dark; that the rungs of the ladder up which we climb are building themselves up before our advancing feet. This notion we reject as being much too highly metaphysical and speculative for satisfactory treatment here.

We could go on quoting definitions, but it would be tedious. The general effect is that evolution is defined as an effect, the question of its causes being left open. This parries our objections, but does not prevent some men of science from dogmatizing about those causes. We thus find ourselves playing a game of dodging. At any rate the question is sufficiently open and unsettled to entitle us to our own opinion.

Many able thinkers have pointed out the weakness of certain scientific writers in logic, one of them being the late Judge Stallo, whose *Concepts of Modern Physics* is quoted by H. P. Blavatsky in her section on modern science in Volume I of *The Secret Doctrine*. He points out how these writers fail to perceive the distinction between entities and concepts, or between the concrete and the abstract. Many of their terms, used by them to denote realities, are concepts. For illustration take a red cow: the cow is the reality, and redness is a concept. Many of the scientific terms, such as "motion," "force," "energy," are found, on examination by Stallo, to be concepts in the same sense as redness is a concept. They stand for no realities. Force and inertia, regarded as components of matter, are really abstractions from matter, as incapable of independent existence as are the two ends of a stick. The same error pervades many of the speculations on evolution. Thus we are offered by the author last quoted, "the combinations of elements" and the "transformation of energy" as substitutes for a living intelligent being within the form. To our thinking, energy, force, affinity, tendency, etc. are nothing unless they are attributes of some being, and the only reality in the universe (in the last analysis) is *Self*.

We therefore propose herein to regard evolution as the process by which the Universal Life manifests itself in organized forms, and to view its cause as the *Monads* or souls which inform all the forms in nature, from the smallest atom up to the most elaborate animal. No one will expect that we should put down as a formula on paper the whole purpose and plan of existence or even a faint

epitome of it; but we can state general principles. Mind and consciousness are the most final facts which our analysis can reach, and the universe itself (so far as any science or philosophy is concerned) is comprised in the Knower and the Thing Known. It is essential, therefore, to study the Knower as well as the Thing Known; and our study of evolution must be primarily a study of mind and consciousness in their various forms and degrees, and secondarily a study of the gradations of forms wherein mind expresses itself.

II. MODERN BIOLOGICAL THEORIES OF EVOLUTION

IN this study we have to consider modern evolutionary theories as applied to animals and plants, leaving the case of Man for a future occasion; and side by side with these theories to place the teachings of the Secret Doctrine. These latter are not offered as dogmas, but as explanations submitted to the judgment of the inquirer. The principle of evolution itself being true, and the study of organic life having revealed such marvelous facts, the theories of evolutionists have gained a credit which belongs to the truth only. Thus far they have met with no competent opponents; a denial of evolution will not do; nor have theologians anything better to offer in place of the theories. The real way of meeting the speculations is to show that evolution is something much greater and that modern science has only gotten hold of a small fragment of it, and is dogmatizing unduly on the basis of this fragment.

Modern science at best gives us a mechanical world; for, even if its theories be true, they leave us in the dark as to ends and purposes. They purport to describe the activities of universal life, but give us no idea of what that life is. The observations of science reveal the universe as full of indefinite design and power; and all these wonders are loaded upon the atom or the nucleus within the cell.

To us the drama of evolution must be the drama of a universal Mind seeking self-expression in countless forms of life, the aim being the production of perfected Man, the highest manifestation of universal Mind that we know. The animals are living souls engaged in learning the lessons of life in their own sphere; while in the plants, and even in the mineral kingdom, the vital spark is ever striving to manifest its latent powers in forms of greater and greater perfection.

Is it possible to confine the study of nature to a study of the

outward effects only, and to say that nought beyond this concerns the student? This is what we shall find said in many books on science. Yes, doubtless it is possible, provided the student will keep faithful to his own prescribed limitation. Thus he would be a naturalist, engaged in the observation and recording of natural phenomena. But the evolutionists go further; they speculate freely; and one is bound to confess, as the result of reading many of their writings, that a double game is played, by which at one time all concern with causes is denied, while at another time dogmatic statements inconsistent with this denial are made. Again, when we are asked to accept any teachings, we must needs know what it is we are asked to accept; and here comes confusion, for the authorities are not agreed. One says that the theories are now so far confirmed as to have received general acceptance; another says that we must scrap most of our ideas and start again in all humility on a basis of patient observation.

The doctrine of special creation (if such a doctrine there be) may be said to state that all species, genera, and orders were originally created as such, and have remained the same ever since. The doctrine of evolution holds that multiplicity has sprung from unity, many forms from few, complex types from simple; but does not necessarily deny that the divine creator may have been responsible for the original act of creation, and that, after stamping on the universe his will and thought, he has since left it to run on along the lines marked out and without further interference. Darwin is held responsible for the doctrine that "natural selection" is the method by which evolution is effected in the animal and plant worlds. He inherited from Lamarck and others the idea that species were modified by response to their environment; and by "natural selection" he meant that, of the varieties thus produced, some died out and others were perpetuated. Those that were perpetuated were said to be the "fittest," and this part of the doctrine is known as the "survival of the fittest." Further, it was held that the variations produced by these means were propagated by heredity, and that the small variations gradually accumulated until large variations were produced. In this way it was hoped to prove that all varieties, even the most widely sundered, have diverged by the gradual accumulation of small modifications throughout long ages, from a few simple original forms. Darwin is remarkable for his diligence in accumulating facts from observation. In the light of some facts he devised provisional hypotheses, and then sought

confirmation in further study. It is a rich subject for debate whether his further studies confirmed, disproved, or amplified his theories, or to what extent they may have done each of these things. He has been saddled with many views which he did not hold, and to some extent discredited by followers. He was much more modest and broad than is often thought.

Science has given up the idea of representing the scale of evolution as a single line proceeding from the simple to the complex forms, and now pictures it as a tree with many branches. A dog will never become a cat, nor a horse an ox, but to find the common root we must go far back down the branches to the remote main trunk. According to this idea it would seem rather difficult to explain development at all, for the scheme represents continual divergence and diversification, and the loss rather than the gain of new qualities (as Professor Bateson points out).

Heredity is of course a crucial feature in our considerations; for this is the only link recognized by biologists as possible between one organism and another. And, as we shall see, a faithful study of actual facts about heredity has not confirmed pre-existing theories but merely opened up new grounds for speculation.

III. HEREDITY — WEISMANNISM

As to heredity, the name of Weismann at once occurs to the mind. He considered the one-cell organisms, such as the amoeba. These propagate themselves by a splitting of the one cell into two, and then each of the two splits into other two, and so on indefinitely. Weismann held that there was no succession of generations here, for the original cell never dies, but passes on its individuality indefinitely; it is immortal, in fact. But in many-cell organisms, most of the cells die without reproducing themselves in this way. They are concerned with nutrition and other vital functions. It is only the reproductive cells that perpetuate themselves; and Weismann held that the reproductive function had become monopolized by these few cells in the many-celled organisms, the other cells of the body having given up that function in order to fulfil their own special functions. He asks, therefore, how characteristics acquired by these other cells can be transmitted by heredity, since these cells die, and it is only the reproductive cells (which have not acquired the new characteristics) that are perpetuated. And he challenges the other biologists to prove

that acquired characters *are* transmitted; he says they are not transmitted.*

And so we have this curious position: while some evolutionists are trying to find out the method by which acquired characters are hereditarily transmitted, another evolutionist challenges them to prove that they *are* transmitted. It would seem from this that the former theorists had theorized too far ahead of the facts. The question therefore became one to be settled by further study of nature. Other men have gone elaborately into this question of heredity, notably Mendel and de Vries, whose names are proverbial. Weismann, as we see, rejected environment, but he did not reject natural selection. Only variations in the germ-plasm itself are inherited, he says, and it is upon these variations that natural selection operates. Variations are not due to the influence of environment nor yet to the disuse of organs, but to sexual conjugation; and the differences thus produced increase in geometrical ratio.

It is not our present purpose to go into the studies and conclusions of Mendel and de Vries. The many interesting and important facts they have discovered have, as is the wont of facts, not clinched the preformed theories, but have opened out new vistas, so that those who are qualified to review the situation find themselves rejecting old theories rather than making new ones, and insisting on a greater devotion to research and on a postponement of speculation. This is well illustrated in Professor Bateson's British Association address, from which we shall have occasion to quote.

IV. CAN SMALL VARIATIONS ACCUMULATE? — MUTATION THEORY

The salient point is whether it can be shown that small variations accumulate in such a way as to cause transformations from one form to another across the dividing lines between species, genera, and larger divisions. On this Bateson said in his Presidential address in 1914:

We have done with the notion that Darwin came latterly to favor, that large differences can arise from the accumulation of small differences.

* Prince Kropotkin has recently announced his conviction that acquired characters *are* transmitted. Like Weismann, he bases his conviction (1) on the evidence from experiments, (2) on theoretical considerations. Whereas Weismann cannot see how the germ-cells can be affected by the behavior of the other cells in the organism, Kropotkin cannot see how the germ-cells can *escape* such influence. Thus two men have come to contradictory conclusions, each claiming both inductive and deductive evidence.

See article on another page, under the head "Science Notes."

This is definite and authoritative enough at any rate. He continues:

Such small differences are often mere ephemeral effects of conditions of life, and as such are not transmissible; but small differences, even when truly genetic, are factorial like the larger ones, and there is not the smallest reason for supposing that they are capable of summation.

This seems to destroy the theory as stated by the earlier evolutionists. But, granted that there is a sequence of forms, we have still the alternative theory that the major changes may have come about suddenly. And this latter hypothesis would also have the advantage of lessening the enormous amount of time required for the whole process of evolution. De Vries was led by his experiments in plant heredity to the conclusion that changes might in fact take place much more suddenly than had been supposed. This is known as the "Mutation Theory." To quote from another authority:

The immediate followers of Darwin had generally thought of the variations between individuals of a species as being very slight in degree, so that the cumulative effect of many slight variations, extending over multitudes of generations, would be necessary to produce a radically new type of animal or plant. . . . A possible solution of the controversy has recently been found in a modification of the Darwinian theory suggested by Professor Hugo de Vries, of Amsterdam. The studies of this far-sighted experimental botanist convinced him that the "spontaneous variations" on which evolution works are often much more pronounced deviations from "type" than had usually been assumed. From seed-pods of the same plant may come individual plants that differ among themselves not only slightly, but sometimes very radically. In exceptional cases . . . the deviation may be so marked that one of the plants may fairly be regarded as constituting a new race or "elementary" species. Such a departure from type, developed suddenly in a single generation, Professor de Vries spoke of as a "mutation." . . .

Thus the necessity for assuming that evolution has proceeded only through the natural selection of *minute* variations was done away with. It was made clear that Nature might supply by mutation widely divergent types through which natural selection could operate to produce new species. . . . Although the evening primrose is the only plant in which such marked mutations have been observed, it is reasonable to suppose that other plants, and animals as well, may show similar tendency to marked variations under exceptional circumstances (for example through changed environment).

— *Miracles of Science*, H. S. Williams, 1913

We might perhaps suggest an alternative to his last argument as follows: "Because the evening primrose is the only plant in which such marked mutations have been observed, it is reasonable to suppose that it may be an exception." Further study of the facts must decide.



THE SCREEN OF TIME

F. J. Dick, Editor

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Theosophical Leader Pleads against War

At Isis Theater last night Mme. Katherine Tingley resumed her series of talks on "Theosophy and Vital Problems of the Day," with an appeal to realize the moral possibilities of the American people in such a way as that war may not come.

"We are in spirit inviting war," she said. "Read the headlines in the papers; America is thinking of war; and the boys are beginning in mind to get ready to go. Is it not so? We have by our moral indifference to the greater things of life, shut ourselves off from the inspiration which would make our men and women stop the war. Some of you will remember what I am saying, when the great thing comes; but I tell you, it could have been averted. And it is because as men and women of immortal nature, we have lost faith in ourselves.

"Imagine with me what would be the result were the Nazarene you profess to have accepted as your spiritual Teacher to come to earth. He would quote to you the Sermon on the Mount; but no one any longer cares. We are not disturbed by immoralities that would have shocked us unspeakably twenty years ago, for the moral sense has gone down. And when that takes place, the power of the nation goes down, however prosperous it may appear. It is this living for the day and indifference to horrors, that is losing us the moral power that makes a nation.

"And the cause of the whole is that we have no longer any faith in ourselves; in that great inner power that is in man, which can speak in such crises, and be heard. Listen to that part of your nature; look beyond; demand that the participation of America in killing shall cease; feel the burdens of those who suffer now and are yet to suffer more, feel it so that you cannot keep still, but must speak and act. Be ready to suffer, to give up your little pleasures, while you have them to give up; dare to do everything for it, even to die for it. But, die at home for it; and do not go to war."—*San Diego Union*, Feb. 7, 1916

"HUMANITY STRUGGLING IN PATH OF DARKNESS"

A crowded audience attended the Isis Theater last night to hear Mme. Katherine Tingley speak on "Light and Darkness, the World's Eternal Ways," The speaker drew parallels, both of life and of the teachings that have made the world what it is today, and those that could change it.

"Humanity is not on the path of light," she said; "it is struggling along on the path of darkness, held down by the psychological conditions of the time. There are two paths in every human life, as of the world; for the mortal cor-

ANNOUNCEMENT

For the benefit of members of the Universal Brotherhood
and Theosophical Society in America and abroad, and of all others who
may be interested in our Theosophical work, and
of all lovers of justice.



IT has been brought to my attention that some newspapers of a sensational type so well known in America, and also in certain foreign countries, have printed matter in connexion with the contest over the will of the late Mr. A. G. Spalding, which has unwarrantably associated my name with that case.

These statements are made up of distorted truths and of falsehoods, and I am informed by the best of legal authority that these statements are libelous.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

*Leader and Official Head of the
Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society*

Point Loma, California.

Supplement to *The Theosophical Path*, May, 1916



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A GROUP OF RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS IN SHAKESPEARE'S
"TWELFTH NIGHT"



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GROUP OF THE JUVENILE CLASS OF RĀJA-YOGA STUDENTS, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, DRESSED AS STREET URCHINS, IN SHAKESPEARE'S "TWELFTH NIGHT"



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PROF. AND MRS. EDW. S. STEPHENSON IN THEIR HOME, DZUSHI, JAPAN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PROFESSOR STEPHENSON IN HIS GARDEN
The cut shows a bit of Japanese nature-gardening

ruptible man and the immortal occupy one body during earth-life, and these two are ever battling; and humanity is at war with itself.

"The two ways will be with us eternally unless we begin now to fashion our lives along the line of understanding — the understanding of the self.

"Man has not been shown his glorious heritage of action and service, the divinity of the path of human life. He has been held in, taught he was born in sin, under a curse, and with but a single life here — and then — ! That is not enough for the soul of man to grow and learn and serve. To say that such satisfies the aspirations is absurd. And so it is that dissatisfaction is written in the very air in which we live, and on the very screen of time. It is in the very blood of the present age, and it is old, and unwholesome, and bears no fruit.

"The knowledge that a path of light does exist is as old as time, forgotten by men, though once lived by them; and it is the way proclaimed by every great teacher; it is Theosophy. Had it been kept in the minds and lives of men of the past centuries, the race would today not be seeking as it is, for the light in darkness.

"And it is because men knew it in ages gone that now again so many turn to it when it is brought once more back; and it is because Theosophists believe in this divine inworking evolution, through life after life, that they are impelled to work and write and serve, to make known the simple truth that man has power to redeem himself, by working on with nature and learning, and serving."

— *San Diego Union*, March 6, 1916

"ARMED PEACE" IS CALLED ABSURDITY

At Isis Theater last night Mme. Katherine Tingley made an address on "Armed Peace," or a wider internationalism as the privilege and destiny of America.

"Armed peace," she said, "is an absurdity. Apply the idea to your own household, and imagine yourself living there with your family and the pistol and rifle at hand for use. Peace, permanent and actual peace, is an impossibility among men until brutality and force as the last word in human affairs have been put behind. Militarism, preparedness for war, ardent nationalism, are an unfailing heritage of war and destruction. We cultivate them today, imbue our children with their spirit, teach them that brutal force is the final arbiter, and what will we ever have but war?

"Suppose the true dignity of the soul had been given its rightful place in our thoughts and consciousness, and made part of the education we give our children — would we have had this war today? Nay, I tell you, nay! But we now have compressed into a few years all the tragedy of ages of past times of 'armed peace.'

"My mission and my effort is for something constructive in human life; and that can come alone from the soul of man, in its greater dignity. We quote the words of the Christ, in the message he brought down from previous ages to the men of his time, as the one great command — to love one's neighbor; but we, instead, love our neighbors when they serve our purpose, and use or abuse them when our desires conflict." — *San Diego Union*, March 20, 1916

PREPAREDNESS FOR WAR IS ARRAIGNED

Mme. Katherine Tingley again spoke last evening at the Isis Theater on "Preparedness for War," and what the true meaning of real preparedness would be. "The American people have been falling far short of their rights and their responsibilities," she said. "There is no hope for the nations nor for America unless we introduce some new order of thought and action. We have been losing our opportunities ever since the war began.

"There was a time, early in the war, when America and the other neutral nations, with our president, could have united in a call that would have struck such a note that the war could have been halted. If President Wilson had been supported then in such a move by the American people, he could have done this; but we were afraid. And now do not blame those who are leading the people face to face with the menace of war; blame yourselves, citizens of America, if you do not demand peace as your heritage and that which you will leave to your children of the twentieth century, and not war.

"Let us as Americans cease to think first to protect ourselves against our neighbors lest they cheat us, and let us think to protect our neighbors lest we cheat them. Let us, let all the greatest and best minds of the country, seek to interpret the real meaning of preparedness; study human life; the real preparedness lies not on the objective plane whereon we are so used to living; it lies within, in the deeper part of the nature. I say that one is not a true American until he has begun to study the laws of life, and has begun to lead that life which bespeaks brotherhood; that is the sort of America that was given to be the inheritance of this continent, by the founders of the Constitution—the grander and the greater thing.

"War breeds war; we have failed to drive away the psychology of hatred when we might have done so. There was a time when the people could have so supported the government that this man-hunt now over the border in Mexico would never have become a possibility. Mexico would have been at peace today had we behaved differently, had there not been so much diplomacy, so much politics, so little brotherhood and sympathy, so little reliance on the real in human life.

"O ye men and women of America, listen to the voice of your own higher and divine selves, see life as larger and grander than you have ever dreamed it; so will all the problems clear away in rational living and in the establishing of permanent peace throughout the world—your heritage."

San Diego Union, April 3, 1916



Two of our illustrations show the home of Edward Stephenson, Professor of English in the Imperial Naval Engineering College, Yokosuka, Japan. Two of his adopted Japanese children, Tetsuo and Tamiko, have been bright pupils in the Râja-Yoga School, Lomaland, for a number of years past.

**Brotherhood is
Urged by
Famous Belgian**

Hundreds of San Diegans, a majority of whom are interested in universal peace, went to the Isis Theater last night and enthusiastically applauded an address entitled, "After the War," splendidly delivered by Prof. Henri La Fontaine, famous Belgian. Every seat on the first floor of the theater was filled and there were few vacant chairs in the balcony. The speaker held the attention of his audience throughout.

Professor La Fontaine's speech was an appeal to the United States to do its full share in bringing about peace and in maintaining everlasting peace at the conclusion of the war. He declared that the duty of the United States is higher in this regard than that of any other nation. The speaker advocated an international supreme court in which to settle the differences of the various countries, resulting eventually in a world-nation with the various nations all provinces of one world-government, with an international administration. Political parties of the United States, he said, should pledge themselves to bring these matters before the United States Government. He declared that nothing can interfere with the evolution towards universal peace.

PREPARE FOR PEACE, PLEA

"Instead of preparing for war," said Professor La Fontaine, "the United States should prepare for peace. That is the true preparedness." This remark was received with hearty applause.

"You have here at Lomaland," said the speaker, "some few hundreds of people — not many — who are doing a wonderful work for the peace cause. At this splendid institution you can see men and women of twenty-seven nationalities living and working together without differences or disputes. Couldn't you apply this to your own life in San Diego? You would thus give to the world a most splendid example. Perhaps it might be possible to make the State of California the first real State of Brotherhood — the forerunner of the Brotherhood of the World. Even though we have an international court, the world will always be in a state of unrest until the Golden Rule is applied. That is my message to you. That is my message to the United States — to be the forerunner of the Brotherhood of Man."

Professor La Fontaine paid a tribute to Madame Tingley, not only for the work she is accomplishing at Point Loma, but in behalf of international peace.

EUGENE DANAY SPEAKS

Chairman Harris called upon Attorney Eugene Daney, President of the State Bar Association, to express the thanks of the assembly to Professor La Fontaine for his address. Mr. Daney said:

"Not only as a member of the bar, but as a citizen of San Diego, I wish to express my gratitude and thanks to so distinguished a gentleman for so great an address. As a brother attorney and as representative of a nation to whom the heart of the world goes out in deepest sympathy, he has my earnest gratitude."

Mr. Daney compared Professor La Fontaine to Tom Paine in the sentiments which he had expressed, which in the words of Tom Paine were, "The world is my

country, to do good my religion." He then thanked Madame Tingley for the opportunity given San Diego of hearing Dr. La Fontaine.

Madame Tingley also thanked Dr. La Fontaine for his address and said that his exposition of the subject was a splendid lesson in brotherhood.

"May it be possible," she said, "that America will produce the international court referred to by Dr. La Fontaine."

The time has come, she said, to turn the page, and make a new screen of time, and record all that is best in the hearts of the people.

On the stage with the speaker besides Madame Katherine Tingley were a number of prominent citizens and visitors. Madame Tingley is President of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood. The list of those occupying seats on the stage included:

C. Thurston, Vice-President of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood; Madame La Fontaine; Madame de Lange; Hon. Torsten Hedlund, of Sweden; Attorney Eugene Daney, Attorney A. H. Sweet, Attorney Patterson Sprigg, Attorney J. W. West; Rev. S. J. Neill, of New Zealand; Dr. L. F. Wood, I. L. Harris, F. M. Pierce, Prof. F. J. Dick, Prof. F. S. Darrow, R. Machell, L. B. Copeland, J. F. Knoche.

Mr. Harris acted as chairman of the meeting.

Professor La Fontaine, the speaker, is noted in Belgium as an authority on international law. He is the professor in that chair in the New University at Brussels. He is a senator in the Parliament of Belgium, and for forty years has worked for the cause of peace. He got his first inspiration for his work from the writings of Victor Hugo. Professor La Fontaine is President of the International Bureau of Peace Societies at Berne, Switzerland, and was three years ago awarded the Nobel peace prize.

The singing at last night's meeting was a feature. The opening number, *Ode to Peace*, was particularly beautiful.—*San Diego Union*, March 27, 1916

An Appreciated Courtesy

When the San Diego committee, which solicited funds for the general relief of the Jewish sufferers through the war, at the call of the American Jewish Committee, approached Madame Katherine Tingley, head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, to lend her assistance in donating her theater, the Isis, and her students of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy in the presentation of Shakespeare's comedy *Twelfth Night*, for the benefit of this fund, she, with that readiness which characterizes her in the case of all worthy causes, graciously responded. The result was a performance that netted a considerable fund for the unfortunate victims of this latest misfortune. Surely one grateful appreciation deserves another. And the San Diego relief committee, as well as American Jewry generally, are appreciative of this kindness. A distinguished Jewish audience filled the theater, including not alone prominent local Jews and non-Jews, but also a party of co-religionists spending the season at Hotel del Coronado. This is not the first time that Madame Tingley has come

forward to help a humanitarian cause. Such is her whole life's ambition. While she gathers around her on the inspiring slope of Point Loma her familia, her followers and her students, yet, she and they never withhold their support from any matter, and do all in their power for those who suffer from injustice, cruelty and wrong.—*B'nai B'rith Messenger*, April 7, 1916

CHAIRMAN ISSUES LETTER OF THANKS

Samuel I. Fox, chairman of the San Diego committee for the relief of Jews in warring countries of Europe, made public yesterday the following letter of thanks to those who have contributed to the relief fund:

"This committee wishes to thank, through the public press, all who have so kindly contributed to the fund for the relief of the distressed Jewish people of all nationalities in the war zone.

"After the relief of the flood-sufferers of this county, when the people so generously responded, and this appeal being made so soon after, it is gratifying to this committee that the people of San Diego have certainly the quality of heart that makes for excellent citizens.

"This committee is particularly thankful for the generosity of Mme. Katherine Tingley for the donation of all the proceeds, and the Râja-Yoga College and Academy, under the direction of Mme. Katherine Tingley, for the wonderfully successful production of the Shakespearean play, *Twelfth Night*, for this benefit, which added the additional amount of \$518.65 to the fund."

—*San Diego Union*, March 19, 1916

Recent Dramatic Work by the Râja-Yoga Students

The following criticisms of the performances of *As You Like It*, presented under the direction of Madame Katherine Tingley for the benefit of the flood-sufferers of San Diego County, and of *Twelfth Night*, for that of the Jewish war-sufferers, appeared on pages entitled "On the Margin" of the *San Diego Union*, and are by "Yorick." The latter is the pen-name of Edwin H. Clough, one of the ablest editorial writers in this country, and a leading literary light of California. The chief attraction of the *Union's* Sunday edition is always "Yorick's" page, where Mr. Clough discusses with deep insight into human nature, piercing wit, keen discrimination, and a wealth of information gathered from exhaustive study and wide personal experience, the most important events in local, national and international affairs—political, religious, literary, dramatic, scientific and moral.

THEIR TRIBUTE TO THE MASTER

It was my pleasant fortune last Monday night to see and hear an excellent performance of William Shakespeare's beautiful pastoral comedy *As You Like It* by students of the Isis League of Music and Drama. I am sure also that the Master would have been pleased for more reasons than might have been derived from the technical efficiency of these young player folk. Where love is, there excellence abounds; and there was love in this traffic: love of the beautiful, love of the good and the true and the lovely; love of love itself and the joy of loving and living. Work, defines a modern philosopher, is doing what we do not like; play is doing what is pleasant to do, and what we would rather do than not. And that work is best done that is most like play for the

doer. So it was with these eager young men and women of the Isis League of Music and Drama. There was genuine joy in their work; therefore it was sweet recreation for the spectators as for the players.

IMMORTAL SHADES OF ARDEN

The Benson players are the most famous amateur Shakespeareans in the world. They live at Stratford-on-Avon in the very atmosphere of Shakespearean tradition. I cannot, therefore, say more in praise of these San Diego amateurs than that for grace of action, harmony of diction, accuracy of dramatic detail, they could understudy every actor of the Benson school, yielding not a whit of the spirit that breathes in the purpose of the English amateurs. For the most part an exquisite art concealed the art of acting; but above all was the meaning of the speeches conveyed distinctly with an enunciation clear and penetrating—not a word was lost in hesitancy or mumbling, not an inflection misplaced; for the actors knew what they were doing and why; and they plasured in the doing.

To my mind there is more of Shakespeare in melancholy Jaques than in any other of the characters of this play; consequently I was pleased to hear my opinion confirmed by the corroborative acting of this young Shakespearean. For Orlando I have always had a gentle pity—he was so gently pitiable in his subjection to his love for Rosalind, yet so lovingly absurd in its manifestations; and the Orlando of this presentment was the Orlando of my closest meditation. Rosalind, the sweet chatterer, was her creator's dutiful daughter, and it may be that she was not altogether acting; perhaps there is something of Rosalind in the temperament and disposition of the actor. I would choose the Celia of this play as one specially adaptable to dramatic exigencies: she seems to know well the requirements of the art with which she may be only coquetting in these excursions.

After these I speak of my old, old friend Touchstone, the wisest of Shakespeare's fools; and I greeted him gladly on this occasion—he was so life-like to my own imagination of what he is. Dear old Touchstone, whose speech . . . I loved to lisp in childish treble; whose pregnant philosophy beguiled my waning youth; whose knowledge of men and manners informed my mid-age musings; and whose swift wit will cheer me when I am sans teeth, eyes, taste and everything. Hail, gentle, joyous Touchstone—hail! and then farewell! The others, all of them, were living portraits—the banished Duke, a genial gentleman; his brother Frederick, a churlish, unlikable fellow; Adam, the faithful servant; Oliver, the rude and repentant brother; Phebe, the inconstant shepherdess; Silvius, her devoted lover; Audrey, the simple wench; Corin, the ox-browed; Le Beau, the courtier; Amiens, who sang so sweetly; and William, the only tragedy in the comedy—all of them were there as the Master made them.

And I must not forget the music—Rex Dunn's interpretation of what Shakespeare thought they sang there in the cool umbrage of Arden—"Under the Greenwood Tree," "Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind," "It was a Lover and his Lass," and "What shall he have who Killed the Deer?" with accompaniment and incidental music by the Râja-Yoga College Theater Orchestra—music that entered the portals of eager ears to echo again and again in Memory's populous silences. I am sure that the Master would have commended these players who played for love of him in this play that was not for an age but for all time.—*San Diego Union*, February 13, 1916

SOME SHAKESPEAREANS WHO KNOW THEIR SHAKESPEARE

THESE Râja-Yoga Shakespeareans have won my admiration—compelled it, perhaps; for I sat in their presence in critical mood as one who had deter-

mined that these young players should measure their abilities up to a standard commensurate with the magnitude of their ambition and effort; I came away convinced that youth was their only handicap in the execution of tasks that have exercised the highest and best talents of the greatest professional actors in comedy upon any stage. Given age and experience and a life-purpose for this work, and I'll match the Râja-Yoga mimes with any "learned sock" that treads the boards where histrionic genius traffics for hire in the commerce of the Muses.

THEIR INSPIRATION

I have seen these players of the Isis League of Music and Drama in two complex and supremely exacting Shakespearean comedies—the idyllic pastoral of *As You Like It*, and the merry love farce of *Twelfth Night*, and I find nothing to be desired in the essential matter of accurate interpretation, ease of action, individuality of characterization, harmony of voice and movement, appreciation of purpose, and knowledge of technic. I am told that the inspiration of all this is from the woman who has organized and maintained that wonderful institution over there on Point Loma, compact of art, beauty, erudition and the humanity that classifies mankind not in the categories of the merely material, but upon the broad basis of a spiritual force and law of which the material is only one incomplete manifestation. Wherefore, whatever of tribute I have to offer for the achievement of these young students I also give to their preceptress, Madame Katherine Tingley.

REVERSING THE FIRST PURPOSE

I cannot, without invidious distinction, specify individual merit in these performances; but I must recall the tradition that in Shakespeare's time all feminine characters in the Elizabethan drama were assumed by boys or young men; and that the Viola of *Twelfth Night* and the Rosalind of *As You Like It* were written for boys and not for women; whereas these characters are now played as women's rôles. It was Shakespeare's art to produce a double illusion as to the sex of characters, as it is the modern effort of actors to produce the same illusion in reversal. As enacted by the Râja-Yogas the character of Rosalind was first a woman, then a boy; but in *Twelfth Night* the action was more complex, for Viola is first a woman, then a boy, and then the double of her brother Sebastian for the mystification of the persons in the play, and the momentary disconcertment of the audience. So, to Miss Emily Young, in her personation of Viola must I render this special praise for her excellent handling of a situation that was the chief pride of the greatest Viola of the modern stage—Ada Rehan, whose superb comedy was the mask of her life tragedy.—*San Diego Union*, March 26, 1916

The Army Magazine

The new periodical, *The Army Magazine*, contained, in its special Christmas issue for December 1915, a long, appreciative and well-illustrated article entitled, "A Visit to Lomaland." The article recounted a number of interesting episodes in the early life of Madame Katherine Tingley. It also referred in some detail to the history of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and gave an idea of the work carried on throughout the world as well as in Lomaland, along with a few glimpses of Theosophical teachings.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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

MEMBERSHIP

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

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

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

**International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California**

VOL. X. NO. 6

JUNE 1916

The Theosophical Path



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

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KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Point Loma, California

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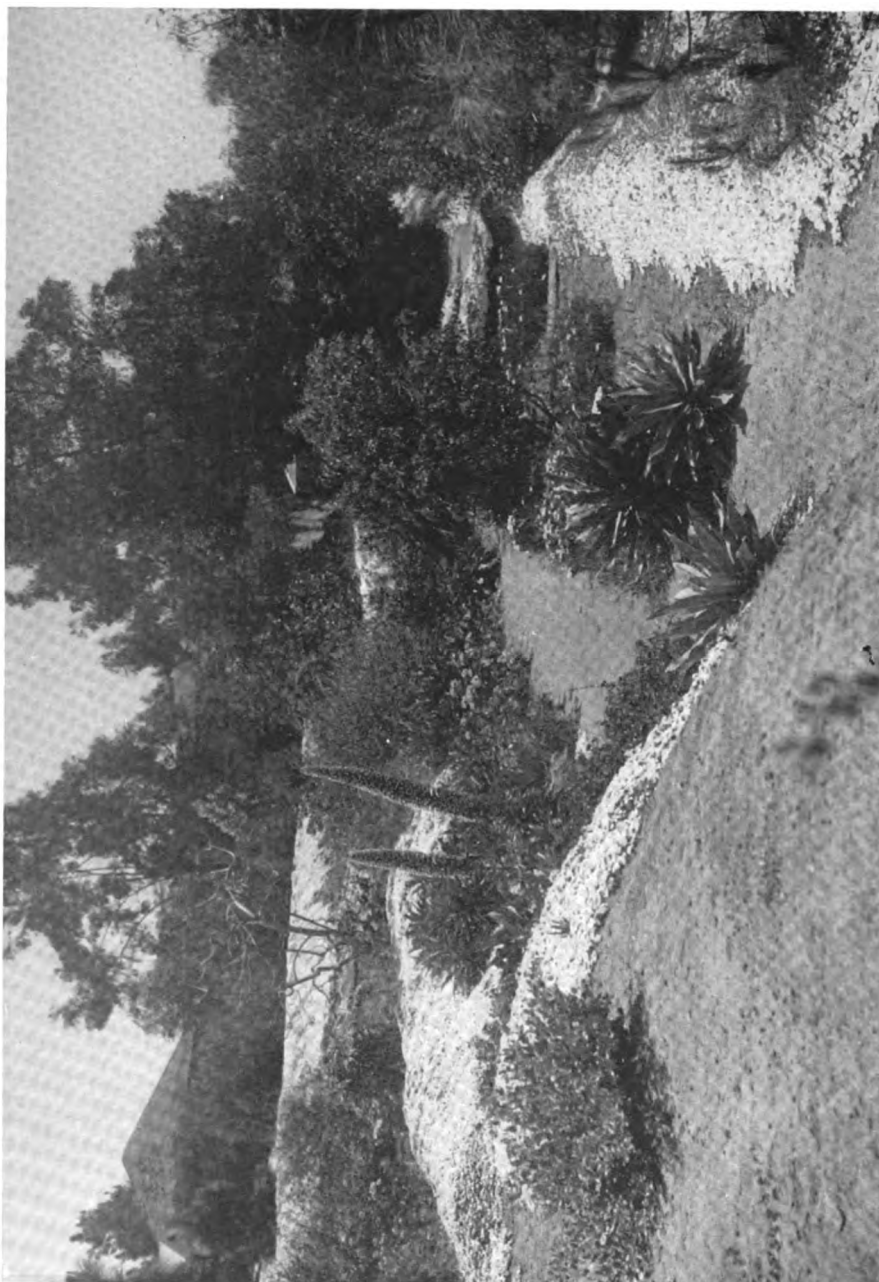
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THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. X

JUNE, 1916

NO. 6

ALL knowledge of reason is . . . either based on concepts or on the construction of concepts; the former being called philosophical, the latter mathematical. . . . The system of all philosophical knowledge is called philosophy. It must be taken objectively, if we understand by it the type of criticising all philosophical attempts, which is to serve for the criticism of every subjective philosophy, however various and changeable the systems may be. In this manner philosophy is a mere idea of a possible science which exists nowhere in the concrete, but which we may try to approach on different paths. . . . So far the concept of philosophy is only scholastic. . . . But there is also a universal, or, if we may say so, a cosmical concept (*conceptus cosmicus*) of philosophy, which always formed the real foundation of that name. . . . In this sense philosophy is the science of the relations of all knowledge to the essential aims of human reason.—KANT, *Critique of Pure Reason*, II, 719; trans. by Müller

IMMANUEL KANT AND UNIVERSAL MIND:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



OUR age being one of facile publication, public print reflects the lucubrations of inexperienced, unread and perfunctory thinkers; and consequently a new lease of life is given to doctrines which could never stand the test of criticism in the light of an acquaintance with the work of philosophers. As an example of the confusion that reigns, we may refer to a supposed antagonism between duty and freedom, between morality and liberty; a fallacy which has induced the supposed necessity for throwing over duty and morality in the interests of what is imagined to be liberty.

But that great philosopher, Immanuel Kant, shows that the "ought" *implies* liberty. Without freedom there can be no "ought"; for a man acting under compulsion is neither free nor conscientious.

Since without freedom there is no "ought," that is, no moral law would be possible, there is ground of knowledge (or rather of certainty) of freedom, and it, again, is a real ground of the moral law. . . . The certainty that freedom is, is purely subjective, comes to us from the fact that we "ought."

—*History of Philosophy*, J. E. Erdmann, Vol. II, p. 399

Recognizing the duality of the human mind, Kant shows the man as both lawgiver and subject of the law (as in the relationship of noumenon and phenomenon), and thus the law both fills us with awe and inspires us with confidence, and the feeling of reverence unites in itself both compulsion and freedom. How much more adequate is this explanation than those hasty sophisms of speculation which see only the compulsory element in law, thus recognizing only man the slave — that is, the lower man — and ignoring the fact that Man is also the lawgiver!

Kant always attributes to the moral law the character of autonomy, and combats every form of heteronomy in morals.— *Ibid.* 401.

For Kant, as so well known, moral obligation was an unconditioned (or “categorical”) imperative; in other words it is the decrees of our own higher intelligence, which discerns at once the actual conditions of our life and the necessity for acting in conformity therewith. Morality is the recognition of those actually existing laws of nature which pertain to the human self-conscious mind (or *Manas*, in the Theosophical terminology), and the will to abide by those laws.

The further problem arises as to how these higher laws, thus recognized and willed, are to be reconciled with the lower nature of man, whence proceed various inclinations of an antagonistic character. For Kant the whole business of our life consists in —

the action of our innate faculties on the conceptions which come to us from without. . . . The idea of good and bad is a necessary condition, an original basis of morals, which is supposed in every one of our moral reflections and not obtained by experience.— *Encyclopedia Americana*, Art. “Kant.”

Man is at once a sense nature and a rational nature, and these are opposed to one another. Part of our knowledge is original and independent of experience; part based on experience; and in connexion with the former he uses his expression “pure reason.”

Pure reason is the faculty to understand by *a priori* principles, and the discussion of the possibility of these principles, and the delimitation of this faculty, constitutes the critique of pure reason.— *Preface to the Critique of the Power of Judgment*.

Some students of nature have professed to see in it only the working of a concatenation of causes and effects, with no large and pre-conceived purpose behind it; and they have scoffed at those who regard nature as fulfilling great designs. The word “teleology,” im-

plying the existence of such purposes, has in particular stuck in their throat. But we find Kant saying, in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, that —

The systematic union of ends in this world of intelligences, which, although as mere nature it is to be called only the world of sense, can yet as a system of freedom be called an intelligible, *i. e.*, moral world, leads inevitably to the teleological unity of all things which constitute this great whole according to universal natural laws, just as the unity of the former is according to universal and necessary moral laws, and unites the practical with the speculative reason. The world must be represented as having originated from an idea, if it is to harmonize with that use of reason without which we should hold ourselves unworthy of reason — namely the moral use, which rests entirely on the idea of the supreme good. Hence all natural research tends towards the form of a system of ends, and in its highest development would be a physico-theology. But this, since it arises from the moral order as a unity grounded in the very essence of freedom and not accidentally instituted by external commands, establishes the teleology of nature on grounds which *a priori* must be inseparably connected with the inner possibility of things. The teleology of nature is thus made to rest on a transcendental theology, which takes the ideal of supreme ontological perfection as a principle of systematic unity, a principle which connects all things according to universal and necessary natural laws, since they all have their origin in the absolute necessity of a single primal being.

In this fruitful passage he speaks of the world as a world of intelligences; says that it can be regarded both as a world of sense and as a system of freedom (in which latter aspect it is a moral world); and contemplates a systematic unifying of conflicting purposes, which leads to the teleological unity of all things. The union of the practical with the speculative reason is also mentioned; the only right use of reason is the moral use; and all natural research tends to the form of a system of ends. Kant was an eighteenth-century philosopher, so his writings cannot be brought under the head of "Victorian teleological fustian" — the phrase used by Professor Bateson in his deprecation of the belief in ends and purposes in nature. (British Association Address, 1914). The moral order is defined as being of the very essence of freedom; a sufficient answer to those who seek to define it as a mere convention agreed upon by men and changing from time to time according to circumstances.

The writer in the Ninth and subsequent editions of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says, in explaining Kant's philosophy:

The moral law, or reason as practical, prescribes the realization of the highest good, and such realization implies a higher order than that of nature.

We must therefore regard the supreme cause as a moral cause, and nature as so ordered that realization of the moral end is in it possible. The final conception of the Kantian philosophy is therefore that of ethical teleology. . . .

The realization of duty is impossible for any being which is not thought as free, that is, capable of self-determination. Freedom, it is true, is theoretically not an object of cognition, but its impossibility is not thereby demonstrated. . . . The supreme end prescribed by reason, in its practical aspect, namely, the complete subordination of the empirical side of nature to the precepts of morality, demands, as conditions of its possible realization, the permanence of ethical progress in the moral agent, the certainty of freedom in self-determination, and the necessary harmonizing of the spheres of sense and reason through the intelligent author or ground of both.

Kant's touchstone of morality, "Act as thou wouldst wish that all should act," may be recommended to the advocates of "new" schools of ethics, especially to such as elevate an inclination to the rank of a divine necessity on no better ground than that it is very strong and in their eyes beautiful. Would they wish all men to obey such incentives?

Another interesting quotation is as follows:

Self-consciousness cannot be regarded as merely a mechanically determined result. Free reflection upon the whole system of knowledge is sufficient to indicate that the sphere of intuition* with its rational principles, does not exhaust conscious experience. There still remains, over and above the realm of nature, the realm of free, self-conscious spirit; and, within this sphere, it may be anticipated that the ideas will acquire a significance richer and deeper than the merely regulative import which they possess in reference to cognition.—*Enc. Brit.*

The universal will is not what all will but what all rational beings should will, says Kant repeatedly.

In these citations we see how Kant presents the truth that the Cosmic scheme is the working of Spirit in Matter, a process which culminates, so far as we can discern, in man. The plan of evolution shows us a primordial and undifferentiated Matter, upon which Spirit, the Divine Breath, acts, producing in it various successive modifications, which are the manifestations in Matter of the potencies in Spirit. Hence the various kingdoms of nature, the various grades of matter, and all the innumerable forms of manifestation, some known to us and others not. The Divine Idea, in its work of ensouling Matter, reached

* Intuition here means direct cognition, and the writer is referring to the Kantian three-fold division of our faculties for acquiring knowledge, namely, sense, understanding and reason. The sphere of direct perception, and the sphere of principles derived by reasoning thereupon, do not together exhaust conscious experience. The object of this note is to distinguish this use of the word "intuition" from certain other familiar uses of the word.

a critical stage in the animal kingdom; and further progress in the evolution was impossible without the entry of a new principle — that of self-conscious mind, the faculty characteristic of man. It is this principle, called in the Theosophical nomenclature *Manas*, that we have been discussing. It forms the connecting link between the animal together with all lower kingdoms, and the realms of Spiritual intelligence above. As H. P. Blavatsky says, the Spiritual Monad of a Newton, grafted on that of the greatest saint on earth, and incarnated in the most perfect physical body, would only produce an idiot, if the combination lacked this connecting link (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 242). This makes of Man a triad, for three universal principles are represented in his constitution, namely, Spirit, Mind and Matter. As to the lower kingdoms of nature, though they contain the Spiritual Monad, it cannot manifest its higher potentialities in them, as they do not possess *Manas* or the self-conscious mind as a vehicle.

Now when *Manas* becomes incarnate in Man, its nature thereby becomes dual, for one half is united with the Spiritual Monad and the other gravitates towards the animal instinctual principles. Thus arises Man's dual nature; he has two egos, the lower of them being temporary and fictitious like the part played by an actor. But there is only one real Man, says H. P. Blavatsky in expounding the teachings; but one real man, enduring through the cycle of life and immortal in essence, if not in form, and this is *Manas*, the mind-man or embodied consciousness (*The Key to Theosophy*, Chapter VI).

Theosophy gives us a new light on Kant's philosophy, supplying some missing links in the thought; and especially in connexion with the fact of reincarnation, which the philosopher could only imply. Morality is seen to be the law of the higher nature with which man has contact by means of *Manas*. In the present usual stage of his development, however, the knowledge so derived is partial and hence appears as a moral imperative proceeding from an undiscerned source, and put into form by the faculty called conscience. From Theosophy too we get definite promise of the possibility of further development, in the course of which the union between *Manas* and the Spiritual Monad will become closer during life on earth, thus enabling man to replace faith by knowledge in relation to many important matters that now cause him such perplexity.

The animals follow the laws of their several natures without friction, but Man is a being of a higher order. His self-consciousness

and his power of changing his own character make a difference between him and the animal kingdom which is at least as great as that between the animal and the plant, and many would think it is greater. What is the law of Man's nature? At present he wavers between two laws, for he has not yet unified his nature. It is the destiny of Man to unite the upward and downward evolutions, thus making a complete being, combining all the potencies of the universe; and when that has been fully achieved, the laws of the lower natures in Man will be subordinate to the law of his higher nature and conflict will cease.

The relationship between European philosophy in general and the teachings of Theosophy is an interesting topic. It will be some time before the many realize, what the few do now, the importance of the step that was taken when H. P. Blavatsky introduced the ancient philosophy — sometimes spoken of as that of the Orient, but more properly designated the *universal* philosophy of antiquity — to the West. It is true that we had already had translations of the Upanishads and other oriental philosophies, with commentaries thereon; but it was H. P. Blavatsky, and her successor, William Q. Judge, who first illuminated these books with the light of a true understanding and commented on them from the standpoint of teachers expounding the text-books of knowledge wherein they were independently versed. And it is since their day that this field of study has gained its chief vogue. It was they too who translated the ancient systems into their nearest modern equivalents, showing the relation between ancient and modern ideas.

This question of the dual nature of the human mind is one that receives a new and most practical light from the teachings of Theosophy. Nor can we refrain from mentioning the flood of light poured upon many of the intuitions of our poets and the conclusions of our philosophers by the doctrine of Reincarnation, which completes the thought which so many thinkers, on account of inherited dogmas, had to leave unfinished.

The present cycle of evolution shows Man on this planet in possession of the Lower Manas, with a partial and sporadic development of the Higher Manas; and at a further stage, yet far in the future for the mass of mankind, the human race will have reached the point where it will have to choose consciously between two paths. But at present the crisis is not reached, except in individual instances; and mankind is engaged in cultivating both sides of its nature,

It is one thing to have analysed the mind philosophically and thus to have arrived at the conclusion that it is dual, and another thing to be able to use definite terms like the higher and lower Manas in defining this duality. For we are then able to take the further step of conceiving of the higher Manas as being immortal. In conjunction with Buddhi and Ātman, the sixth and seventh principles of the human septenate, it constitutes the reincarnating Ego; and this Ego takes to itself also the best part of the lower Manas — or, in other words, the aroma of all that was best in the earth-lives. But, for the Theosophist, the immortal Soul is not regarded as an affair of after-death exclusively, but as being existent all the time and therefore during life on earth. Hence we have this source of light and power within us, and it is possible to invoke its aid — which of course is done by purifying the nature from selfishness, passion and other infirmities. The Truth does indeed make us free, as the gospel says; for, as shown above in the words of the philosopher, the moral man alone is free, being bound only by his conscience which interprets for him the law of his higher nature.

THE MIRROR OF THE UNIVERSE:

by Cranstone Woodhead



IF we attempt to institute a comparison between the literature of the present day and that of a hundred and fifty years ago, we shall find that no field of investigation shows a wider difference between the two epochs than that of religious and philosophic thought.

The last quarter of the eighteenth century was made memorable by the discoveries of Anquetil du Perron, Sir William Jones and Henry Thomas Colebrooke, who introduced to an astonished Western world the results of their discoveries in Sanskrit literature, revealing mines of wealth in every branch of learning, which even now have been only very partially investigated. Rich stores of exquisite poetry, ancient history and mythology, science and philosophy, which were found to explain and illumine the fields of modern thought and belief, and to transcend the recorded ideals of the last two millennia, were thus brought to light.

A century later, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky extended this field of eru-

dition still further in her monumental works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*. Therein she elaborately and conclusively demonstrated that ancient wisdom extended over a still wider range than Âryâvarta, and was in fact world-wide.

Thus the treasures which have been left for our use and benefit by the ancient teachers and sages of prehistoric times are beginning to receive their just due.

It would take too long to go over in detail how enormously these studies have changed the aspect of modern thought, and lifted it from the planes of narrow creed and a too analytical investigation, into a new day of enlightenment for synthetic academic research. For centuries the Western world had been cut off from the fountain-head from which had sprung all its systems of religion and philosophy. It has now become evident that the philosophy of Plato and the ethics of Jesus the Nazarene are but beacon-lights on the shore of a gleaming sea of wisdom, which stretches far back into the dim past. Between those times and the present are the "dark ages."

At the present time we are living in an age of transition. On every hand we find that men have lost faith in the accepted contemporary standards of philosophic and religious teaching. We are being compelled, whether we like it or not, to think for ourselves, sustained by the hope, nay — the "conviction that there must be somewhere a philosophic and religious system which shall be scientific and not merely speculative." *

In starting upon such an investigation we are at once confronted with a question which is perhaps the oldest in the world — Where shall I look for Light? In these modern days the replies are as different as the teachers. The philosophies and the religions of the twentieth century are both numerous and contradictory. They can all be traced to their origin; they can be classified and analysed. But little effort has been made, however, to unite them into that synthetic whole which might contain some central scientific principle of sublime truth. Their existence has too often depended upon the monstrous assumption that one set of men can compel the faith of others, and force it into a groove against which their soul rebels. So terrible and deadly has been this hypnotic force of compulsion, that the world has almost lost its belief in the very existence of its greatest treasure of wisdom,

* H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Key to Theosophy*, page 36.

viz.: the knowledge of the essential divinity of man and the religion common to all mankind which results from that knowledge. So now our modern civilization is adrift on a turbulent sea of doubt and strife, and suffers itself to be hurried hither and thither by the ghosts of dead ideals.

In ancient times, as we find from perusing the writings of the sages, this was not so. To the seeker after truth there was always one reply which may have differed in outward form, but which was always the same in essence. Perhaps an endeavor to understand it may give us unexpected help in the right direction. Why not turn to these ancient teachers and see what they have to say? Their reply was always in effect: *Look within thyself, for Man is a mirror of the Universe.*

In that noble epic poem called the *Mahâbhârata*, of unknown antiquity, we find a portion called the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, which relates a conversation between Krishna (the spirit of the Universe) and Arjuna (the aspiring human soul) from which the following two quotations are taken:

Krishna: "By this knowledge thou shalt see all things and creatures whatsoever in thyself and then in me."

and again:

Krishna: "He, O Arjuna, who by the similitude found in himself seeth but one essence in all things, whether they be evil or good, is considered the most excellent devotee."

And again, Sankarâchârya, one of the inspired teachers of older India, in his luminous work on the divine science called *The Crest-Jewel of Wisdom*, continually enjoins his disciple to look upon himself as a part of the Eternal. In one place he says:

Knowing that "I am the Eternal" wherein this world is reflected like a city in a mirror, thou shalt perfectly gain thine end.

In later times Jesus the Nazarene said:

The light of the body is the eye. If therefore thine eye be single, thy body shall be full of light.

And we have the celebrated maxim of Plato, by which he intended to embrace all branches of wisdom: "Man, know thyself!"

Quotations from the sayings of the ancients to the same effect as those already given might be extended almost indefinitely.

Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, who had made herself more familiar with

Ancient Wisdom than any historical personage, constantly refers to these teachings, and her works are a magnificent and detailed justification of the long-forgotten truths upon which they are based.

These are some of her words on this subject:

Listen to the song of life. Look for it and listen to it, first in your own heart. There is a *natural melody*, an obscure fount, in every human heart. At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope, and love. He that chooses evil refuses to look within himself, shuts his ears to the melody of his heart, as he blinds his eyes to the light of his soul. He does this because he finds it easier to live in desires. And so deceptive is the illusion in which you live, that it is hard to guess where you will first detect the sweet voice in the hearts of others. But know that it is certainly within yourself. Look for it there, and once having heard it, you will more readily recognize it around you.

The cultivation of the reflective meditation referred to in these teachings evidently implies something more than ordinary thinking. If we call reason the eye of the mind, then intuition may be defined as the eye of the soul. And it is the latter which we desire to make active, that it may lead us to wisdom. The practice of thinking out how we may attain our personal desires, or even how we may attain to a personal salvation, must be laid aside. It is altogether too limited. We must give our thinking a wider scope.

For the world is made up of millions of human beings all constituted as we are in the main essentials, though in varying degrees of evolutionary progress. What we are seeking, therefore, are those great laws of human solidarity which bind men together in a bond of Universal Brotherhood. They are the basis of every religion and every philosophy from the beginning of time.

Any man of average common sense who will lay aside for the time his own aims and personal wishes, likes and dislikes, can by *reflection* find out for himself the basic laws of human morality. If he does so he will know for a certainty that they are true, with a depth of conviction and realization which no dogma or precept can reinforce or change; for wisdom lies within, in the silence of the heart.

The great fault of the age is that men do too little thinking on these lines. They do not care to study out the great laws of life which may be found within the potentialities of their own inner being. They rush on through years of disappointment and sorrow, sometimes gaining what they strive for, and then again losing it, chasing the chimeras of personal power, wealth, fame or pleasure, and then they

pass away, not knowing that all this will occur over and over again, until they have discovered the divinity within themselves and their true position in life.

On the other had there are men who are pioneers of thought in the right direction, for whom the unthinking portion of mankind are a sad and instructive study. Within themselves they have found the key to true knowledge, and day by day they see more clearly. They accept no dogma and no creed made by man in the vain endeavor to express in words that which is only realized in the silence, and is inexpressible. Their foundation is sure, for they have checked it by the messages left for posterity by the divine sages of old. They have found the way of truth by the study of the Mirror of the Universe.

THE DIVINE PLAN IN HISTORY: by T. Henry, M. A.



THE following is from an article by Sydney Low in the *Fortnightly Review*:

What a different world-story our textbooks would have to tell if a careless nurse had allowed Julius Caesar to die of whooping-cough in his cradle.

If Alexander the Great had not "done himself" too well when he dined at Babylon.

If the pistol which Robert Clive snapped at his own head had not missed fire.

If "some forgotten captain" had not "moved his troops to the left when he should have gone to the right," in that battle of Tours in 723, which stayed the tide of Arab invasion, Moslem doctors, as Macaulay has reminded us, might even now be lecturing on the texts of the Koran in the quadrangles of Oxford.

If a fair wind had blown down the Channel in the last week of July, 1588, a Cardinal Archbishop of London might be preaching from the pulpit of Saint Paul's.

The validity of the conclusion that history would have told a very different story if these events had not happened may well be questioned. If Caesar had died in his cradle, is it not equally legitimate to suppose that some other man would have appeared to fulfil the part which Caesar played? Nay, for aught we can tell, Caesar himself may have taken the part originally assigned to some other person who did die in his cradle. This supposition is as valid as that of the writer. Alexander might have been assassinated or might have fallen from his horse if he had not died of fever. The writer says —

What is plain is that in the life of nations, as in that of individuals, a large part is played by what we must call chance, by sheer accident, by violence and conflict, by such unforeseen visitations of nature as flood, famine, plague and storm, and by the incalculable and capricious force of personality.

But, having questioned the first part of the argument, we are unable to accept the sequel. And, further, it may be questioned whether it is right to call such events as those enumerated "accidents." First we may ask whether Caesar's or Alexander's actions had any such momentous effect on history as is assigned to them; and next we may deny that any event can justly and for purposes of argument be called casual. The course of history can be regarded as being comparatively little influenced by the actions of particular individuals. This is the view taken by Draper in his *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*. He says:

Over the events of life we may have control, but none whatever over the law of its progress. There is a geometry that applies to nations an equation of their curve of advance. That no mortal can touch.

And he draws an analogy between the life of an individual and that of nations. The change from the exuberance of youth to the sedateness of middle age is brought on, in one man by misfortune, in another by ill-health, in another by bereavement; but in any case that change is quite certain to take place, no matter what acts or events may present themselves as immediate causes. And so with nations, says Draper. According to this view, Caesar and Alexander merely stepped upon the stage to play certain parts that were in the cast and had to be played by some one. They contributed details but did not alter the plan.

Chance and such words are of course only algebraic symbols to denote unknown quantities. The increase of knowledge may at any time transfer a cause from the category of the unknown to that of the known, thus turning chance into law, just as our advance in science has enabled us to assign causes to many events that formerly had to be assigned to chance or providence. Every event, even the fall of the dice, must have a cause; that is, must be sequentially related to other events. We call such events casual because we cannot trace out these connexions; if we could trace them, we should probably have the clue to many mysteries such as those of divination.

The writer thinks that after the present cataclysm we shall not be so ready with our scientific theories of history. But surely people

will never accept the view that history is an "irrational process." Shall we then say that history is ruled by law? Law is either the decree of a ruler or else it is a generalization of observed phenomena. The latter cannot rule anything; law in this sense belongs to the category of effects, not of causes. It is illogical to discern "tendencies" in history and then to say the tendencies make the history; what we want to get at is: Who made the tendencies — that is, the history?

There is a way by which we may approximate indefinitely towards the solution of such problems, and that is to enlarge our field of vision so as to take in a number of subjects that are usually considered to lie outside. Draper's analogy between the life of a man and that of nations supplies a clue. Suppose we generalize, and examine the phenomena and principles of cycles in general, from the smallest up to the largest. The life-cycle of an individual runs a course whose main events can be forecast with certainty; the individual will pass through infancy, youth, age and death, and encounter certain average experiences in each. The details can be filled in with less or greater accuracy according to the ability of the prophet who undertakes to do so; the question is one of difficulty only. And what of a race of men? Is that also an organism, having a life-cycle analogous to man's? The difficulty of applying the analogy seems to lie largely in the circumstance that we cannot see any single corporeal presence belonging to a whole nation, as we do in the case of a single man with his body.

In other words, we are accustomed to estimate unity by a corporeal test; and thus to our view an individual is one and a nation is many. But this view may not be valid; a nation may be a unit without our being able to detect any corporeal unity. In this case, it might be capable of undergoing all the changes incident to an individual, such as birth, infancy, youth, age and the rest. Its career, in fact, might be determined as to the main features, the details only be subject to fluctuation. Now let us not lose sight of the alternative to the idea that a definite law runs through history; it is that no law runs through it, that it is chaotic, running on towards an undetermined end. It is our natural rebellion against this latter idea that instigates us to try and make scientific interpretations of history. The same choice of views between chaos and order presents itself in all fields of thought; we cannot tolerate the notion that the universe is in any way chaotic.

Since the mind is so nimble in rushing to conclusions, it may be advisable at this point to guard against the inference that we are here

preaching a doctrine adverse to the recognition of free-will and favorable to predestination, or, to use a more recent word, determinism. Such an inference is quite unwarranted, as a little reflection will show. The problem of reconciling freedom with law does not arise in this particular connexion more than in any other connexion; and to raise it as an objection would be irrelevant. Man is free to act, but none the less his acts are determined by choice. The important point is whether he will act in accordance with higher or lower laws. We may say, using familiar phraseology, that the course of history is set by the Divine will, and that mere human wills cannot affect it much. But then we must add, in accordance with broader ideas, that the Divine will is really the will of the essential human nature, of the Higher Self of man; and that the erring judgments, caprices, passions and wrong choices of individuals are those of the lower human nature.

The mysterious power that rules in history, overruling the purposes of individuals, is the same power that rules in our individual lives and causes us to run a course that is not of our own setting (or so we think). It is essential to remember that man is an immortal Soul, and that the life which is lived is the life of the Soul, while the personal man figures rather as the horse that is driven. We are fulfilling purposes decreed by our real Self, and either resisted or acquiesced in by our personal wills, according to the degree of our enlightenment. And so in the history of races: the destructive tendencies in human nature, fostered persistently for a long period, have now come to a head and are endeavoring to establish a law that is contrary to the law ordained by the Higher Nature of man, and subversive of the law of human evolution. The higher law must prevail, whatever happens; yes, even though the struggle were so fierce that the victory of the higher law would entail a death of one order in order that a rebuilding might ensue. But we all hope that the patient may be cured without being killed.

Thinkers are very prone to rush to extremes; and because an event of unwonted magnitude is found inconsistent with a philosophy of history that grew out of certain rather humdrum and comfortable conditions, there is a desire on the part of some to go to the extreme of denying that there is any philosophy in history at all. The same thing with regard to higher powers; because certain bygone and wholly inadequate conceptions of divine providence have proven un-

equal to the emergency, must we therefore throw over the idea of providence altogether? And the same again with regard to time; as has been said before, men will talk airily about eternity but are frightened by a hundred thousand years. We must recast our philosophy of history on a broader base. But, as reincarnation is true, we cannot afford to leave it out.

Much error is due to thinking in parts instead of in wholes, and much again is due to attributing the properties of this physical life to other planes of existence. Man is separate neither in space nor in time, linked as he is in the former with his fellow men, and in the latter with his own past and future lives. How, then, can he act as a separate individual?

“No man can sin or suffer the consequences of sin alone,” says H. P. Blavatsky.

Who are the real drivers of the chariot in history? asks the writer of the article from which we have been quoting. Who again, we may ask are the real rulers of our individual lives? Should we expect to find a ready answer to such questions, if at the same time we admit that our knowledge is very, very far from complete, and that there must be a very great deal in the universe that we do not understand? And should we repine and cavil if we do not find such a ready answer? Our ignorance should be a spur to the pursuit of knowledge; or let him who holds back from the pursuit refrain from further questioning.

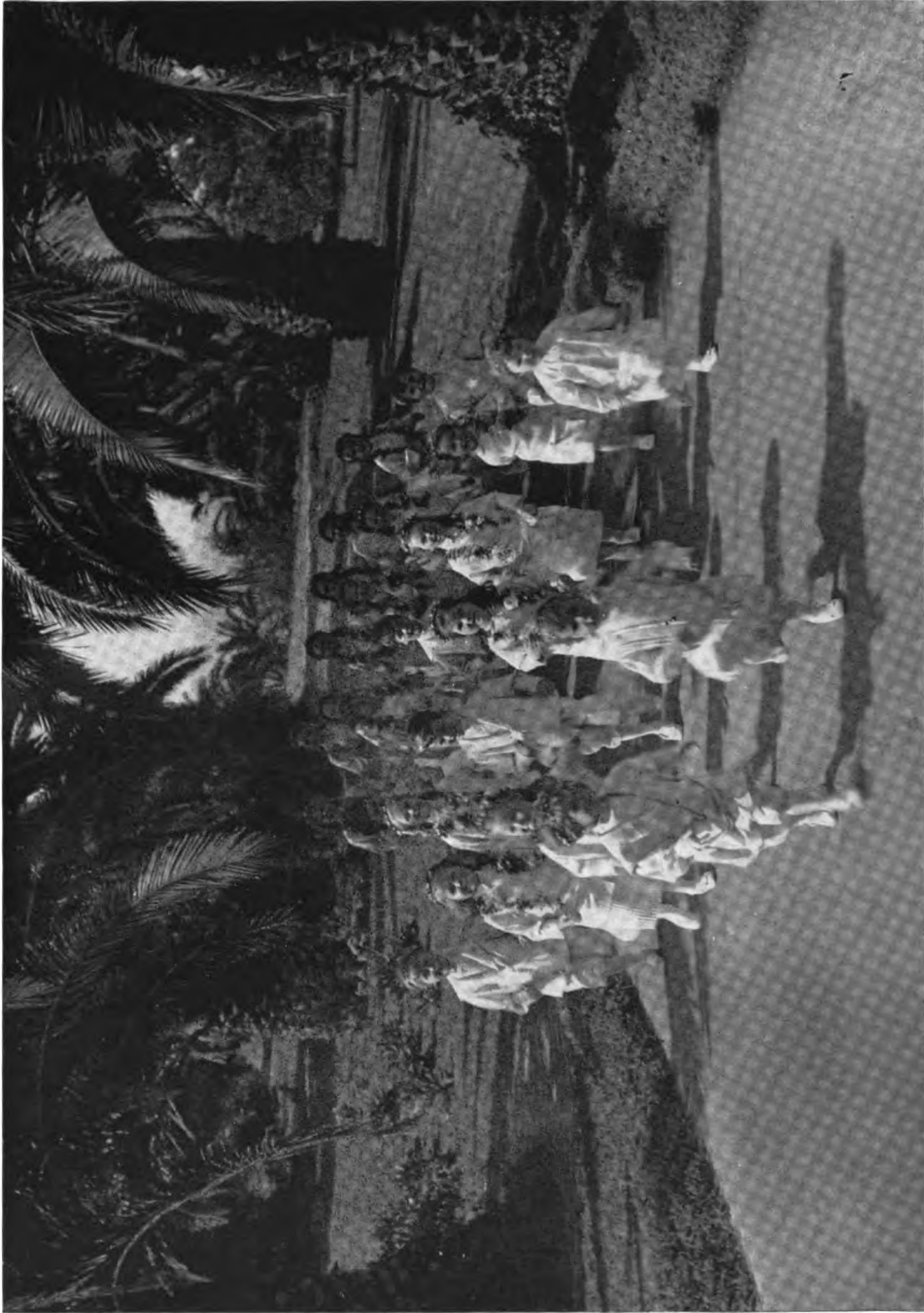
It has been a favorite philosophy in our day that causative action is vested in the small units — in the atoms and cells in science, and in individuals in sociology — and that the large-scale events are nothing but the resultant or total consequence of the multitude of small causes. In this view the universe appears as an experiment which is performing itself — a prospect before which, unless we are comfortably purblind, we reel with horror. The other idea is that the small parts are filling in a plan which has existed in contemplation from all eternity. The road is already laid out before us, and we are free to go considerably astray; but it is difficult for an individual, still more for a race, to miss it altogether and perish utterly.

The present catastrophe will have taught us something, whatever happens. Some say we must reconstitute our creeds for a guide to the future, and others think we must now make a great effort to teach

science; while domestic economy is what still others swear by. We need a higher ideal both of personal and corporate life. Old constitutions have been framed on the assumption that men will take every advantage of one another which they are not prevented from taking, and that the duty of a government is to draw up and enforce mutual agreements to safeguard people against such infringements. The corollary is that people get the idea that they are at liberty to do anything which is statutory. We have yet to hear of a state wherein the limits of conduct are defined by duty and conscience and enforced by public opinion. Such conditions do exist in small special bodies, and are entering more and more into associations concerned with industrial relationships; but they should be made to apply to whole nations and federations of nations. As to individual conduct, where do we find people living as though in the light of an all-seeing conscience, and having faith that right conduct is effectual in promoting welfare despite adverse external circumstances? Since we do not wish to bring back a bygone piety that enabled its votaries to live as though under the eye of God, we can at least copy their spirit while escaping from their narrowness. Let but the continual awareness of the reality of our higher nature replace the dogmatic idea of deity, and we can achieve this result. Under such conditions we may succeed better in discerning the divine plan in history and also in fulfilling it.



REINCARNATION, or the doctrine of rebirth, believed in by Jesus and the apostles, as by all men in those days, is denied now by Christians. All the Egyptian converts to Christianity, church fathers and others, believed in it, as shown by the writings of several. In the still existing symbols, the human-headed bird flying towards a mummy, a body, or "the soul uniting itself with its *sahou*" (glorified body of the Ego, and also the *kâmalokic shell*), proves this belief. "The Song of the Resurrection" chanted by Isis might be translated "Song of Rebirth," as Osiris is collective Humanity. "O Osiris- (name of the departed one follows), rise again in holy earth, under the corporeal substances," was the funeral prayer over the deceased. "Resurrection" with the Egyptians never meant the resurrection of the mutilated mummy, but of the *Soul* that informed it, the Ego in a new body. The putting on of flesh periodically by the Soul or the Ego, was a universal belief; nor can anything be more consonant with justice and Karmic law.—*H. P. Blavatsky*



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A GROUP OF TOTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL STARTING FOR THE GREEK THEATER TO PRESENT THEIR SYMPOSIUM: "THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS"



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE TOTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE CREEK THEATER



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SOME OF THE RĀJA-YOGA TOTS IN THE GARDEN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE DOVE OF PEACE, A "LITTLE PHILOSOPHER" OF THE RÂJA-YOGA
SCHOOL, AND LITTLE "THIRTEEN," THE PET OF ALL
THE "LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS"

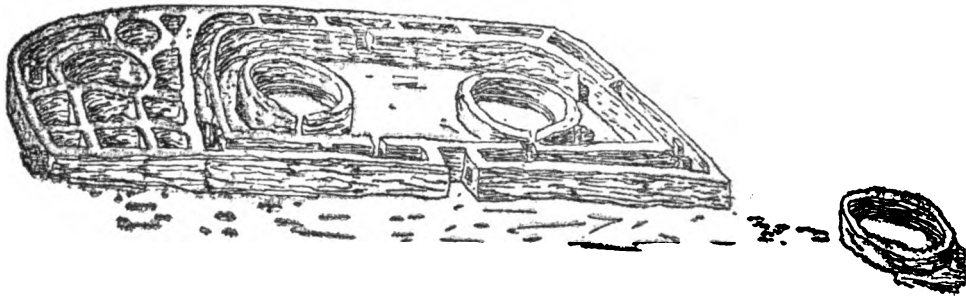
THE MESA VERDE "SUN-TEMPLE": by H. Travers, M. A.



THE papers have recently chronicled the report by Dr. J. W. Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution, of the discovery of a new style of ancient building in the Mesa Verde, which he has designated "Sun-Temple." The Department of the Interior issued a press bulletin containing the gist of this report under date January 16th. The Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado, is famed for its ancient community houses, built against the canyon-side, and known as Cliff Palace, Spruce-Tree House, Balcony House, and Oak-Tree (Willow) House. Spruce-Tree House has one hundred and fourteen rooms and eight kivas or ceremonial chambers. Last summer Dr. Fewkes opened a mound on a point of the Mesa directly across Cliff Canyon, and opposite Cliff Palace. It is of a type hitherto unknown in the Park and was not made for habitation; the rooms have no windows, and the walls have been incised and so were not meant to be plastered; there is no evidence of fire-places or fires, no household utensils or refuse-heaps. But there are two large circular chambers and a number of smaller ones, and what looks like the base of a tower. Hence its purpose is believed to have been ceremonial. Erected in a commanding situation, its shape is that of the letter D, and inside this is a smaller D, about two-thirds the size; so that the inner D forms a main building, and the space between it and the outer D is a sort of annex. The south wall is 122 feet long and the ruin is 64 feet wide. There are about 1000 feet of walls, averaging four feet in thickness; they are double and filled with adobe and rubble. The rooms vary in form, some being rectangular and others circular. Besides the two large kivas there are twenty-three rooms, of which fourteen are in the main building. There is no sign of plastering, but the joints have been pointed with adobe, and the stones are incised with figures usually geometrical, but including also the figure of a ladder leaning against a wall, turkey tracks, and the conventional sign for flowing water.

As to the age of this building, there seems to be little certainty in the speculation. The discoverer is inclined to regard it as the common temple of a considerable number of communities of the people who dwelt in the pueblo houses, and he speaks in this connection of "sun worship." He seems to think the builders were ignorant people, and bestows mild praise upon them for the improvement which they have shown over the builders of the community houses. Some of

the remarks are rather naïve. "The corners were practically perpendicular, implying the use of a plumb bob." The plumb bob must surely have been invented on the spot by the first man who ever piled one stone on the top of another. "The principle of the arch was unknown," says the excavator, but he does not tell us how he knows this. The emblems on the walls he regards as the first steps in mural sculpture, though he suggests they may have been intended to indicate the purposes of the rooms — which seems very likely. In one of the outer walls there is a fossil Cretaceous palm-leaf, which, says the report, resembles the sun. "A natural object resembling the sun would powerfully affect a primitive mind."



Future archaeologists will perhaps think the present-day Americans worshiped an eagle, and the British a lion; and they will puzzle their brains as to what terrestrial or celestial object the cross is intended to represent. Perhaps the figure of the sun, and its various emblems, were to these older Americans what the cross has been to Americans who succeeded them — that is, a sacred emblem; and there is no more reason to suppose the ancients worshiped the sun or the six-pointed star than that we worship a cross or an eagle.

Those three symbols, the Circle, Crescent, and Cross; or the Sun, Moon, and Earth; are world-wide and very ancient signs for the creative Trinity of Father-Mother-Son, represented by Osiris-Isis-Horus, and many analogous triads. While the full doctrine recognizes equally all three, we find that different peoples have at different times emphasized one member of the Trinity above the others. Ancient Persia is associated with the sun symbol. Islam has a crescent and star, the star being a variant of the sun. Christendom has the cross alone. Ancient Egypt had the circle and the cross conjoined. There is also a serpent, often combined with the cross (or with a tree or a rod); and this we also find among the ancient

Americans, and it has led some moderns to imagine that they worshiped snakes. If we would understand the mysteries of ancient cults, we must study symbolism on an adequate scale. And we must pigeon-hole the fancy that all previous races were primitive until we have better evidence for it. It is much more likely that the builders of this temple inherited their "sun worship" from an older and more cultured people, than that they devised it for themselves out of their awe for natural phenomena. It is much more likely that, in those kivas, they laid aside the world and their personalities and strove by their union to evoke the spiritual power which they represented by the emblem of a sun. Simplicity of habits does not imply lack of culture; nor is there a necessary ratio between ice-water and spirituality, or telephones and self-control; these ancients may have been happy without picric acid and intellectual without newspapers.

THE PLEASURE-SEEKER: by R. Machell



It was no doubt the lobster salad he had eaten for supper that made him dream of going to heaven, for he loved lobster salad dearly, and his idea of heaven was of a place where he would get everything he wanted, and never suffer the natural consequences of self-indulgence. There are many who have notions of that kind, though in some countries, where the people think more about the future life than he was wont to do, such a state of gratification of desires has quite another name, and it is said that all who live for self go there naturally, and stay there until they lose all pleasure in such indulgences; after which it is said they go on to other states; but this man never heard of such beliefs, and so in his dream he went to heaven: his own particular heaven of course, not the heaven that is described in some religious books and hymns, but just a place where pleasure was the whole thing; nothing but pleasure all the time; and such pleasures as he could appreciate. They were not very many nor very refined, but they were what he thought he wanted, and that is all a man can ask for. In a very short while he felt a horrible kind of sadness and weariness coming over him; it was no doubt due to the lobster salad, but he thought that there was something wrong with Heaven, and he began to make complaints. They were not very easy to make because everything that he asked for was given him, and everything

he wanted he got. Indeed the most wearisome thing of all was just that; he no longer cared to wish for anything because he was sure to get it. Now in his ordinary life it had been all the other way: he never got what he wanted, or, if he did, there was always some drawback that left him wishing still. He loved whiskey and really did not want to get drunk, but if he indulged his taste for whiskey the drunkenness came and spoiled the pleasure; then he loved such things as lobster salad, but, though he really disliked gluttony, whenever he tried to do justice to his artistic enjoyment of good suppers his pleasure was spoiled by indigestion or else by want of money to buy the things he liked best. He was very fond of society, but all his friends were as selfish as he was, and were not content to amuse him, they wanted to be amused themselves.

Now it was all different. If he wanted company he had it; he found himself surrounded by friends who laughed at his poorest jokes and flattered him incessantly. But they seemed to him to have so little character that they might as well have been mechanical dolls.

If he wanted whiskey there was so much of it that it appalled him, and when he found he could go on drinking without getting drunk he got tired of it, and soon hated the sight of it. So it was with all the other pleasures that had seemed to make life worth having. He was soon tired of Heaven. It seemed to him he had been there for an eternity and he could see no way out. He was shut in by the narrow range of his own desires, for although sick and tired of his long spell of unrestricted self-indulgence he had not yet been able to formulate his latest want into a definite desire. Satiety oppressed him with a terrible sense of weariness and of disgust; and though he longed for enjoyment he did not know how to desire it. If he had he would have got it, because in the state in which he hung suspended, as it were, the wish and its fulfilment were identical. A mere craving for the unknown brings but the appalling sense of isolation in an immensity of nothingness. In reality this is the actual fulfilment of the incoherent craving for release from the obsession of satiety. It seems like an obsession to the one who falls into this terrible condition, but in reality it is a state similar to that attained by a stone thrown into the air, when for a moment it hangs motionless in balance between two opposing forces.

Satiety is a hell that opens upwards and downwards, up to a cycle of renewed desires; down to destruction, dissolution, death.

The craving for freedom from the tyranny of desire brings on satiety. That is the answer. The longing for escape from this brings opportunity for some sort of a rebirth into the world of action. Earth-life is action, it is opportunity. On earth each task accomplished opens up a path of progress and reveals a new task waiting for achievement. This is the crowning glory of achievement. Heaven and Hell are states of life in which desire is actually omnipotent. All prayers are answered instantly, because there is no intervening state between desire and attainment. Satiety is there the ultimate. The etherealized delights of Paradise or the fierce joys of Hell are but two aspects of desire, and the end is one — satiety. Hence the impermanence of Heaven and Hell, two names for one condition through which the soul must pass repeatedly so long as it remains bound on the wheel of life. The man of pleasure pursues his object logically, but most unreasonably quarrels with the outcome.

Discontent is the essential element in desire; so, as a matter of fact, we find pleasure and pain inseparable. But the man of pleasure has not noticed this, or if he has, he thinks that it may be possible so to arrange matters that the pleasure may all be his, and the inevitable pain may be distributed elsewhere. This occupies the largest part of men's activities in life, and while few men accomplish any real success in life, and most meet disappointment, yet all look forward to a life in which it shall be otherwise, and all the joy shall come to them, and all the sorrows to the other people. But when the merciful restrictions of earth-life are left behind and the desire-haunted soul is for a moment free from these limitations, then the deluded one sees its deluder face to face, and shrinks appalled from the eternal desolation of satiety.

How long a moment may endure is more than a wise man will venture to inquire: for it is easy to see that Time is, of all delusions, the most deceptive, and the old saying, "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday" is merely a declaration of the difference that must exist in measures of Time on different planes of consciousness. We all know this from our experience in dreams and in moments of danger or intense emotion, even in ordinary daily affairs, for there are few people indeed who can keep time without some mechanical contrivance to help them, or some observation of the sun. We think that Time is the surest thing in life, yet no one can keep time for even an hour or two if shut up in the dark beyond the reach

of any recording apparatus. And if it is so in daily life, what must it be when the soul goes free from the body? How can we know the length of an eternity? And why should we quarrel with the eternity of Heaven and Hell, when we all know eternity is but a name for a condition of mind that is itself unmeasured and immeasurable? The terror of Hell, the horror of a dream, the misery of imprisonment, and the fear of death, all these are due to the shrinking of the mind of man from contemplation of the infinite, the unknown, the endless, formless nothingness in which the Soul has its abode.

Satiety falls on the mind as just such a horror; and to the fear of this we owe the prevalence of drug-habits, drunkenness, all forms of morbid sensationalism, and at last of suicide. A nightmare is a warning in its way, in which man may learn something more valuable than the mere lesson of what pleasures he must avoid in future; he may learn to accept all pleasures and all pains as natural consequences, and find freedom from the terrors of satiety itself in simple self-control. But man, true to his principles, believing in the possibility of separating pain from pleasure, and determined to grasp the one for his own share and to leave the other, avoids the lesson of experience, attributes his suffering to extraneous influences, such as the will of God, or an infirmity for which he is not personally responsible. To remedy the wrong, thus most unjustly meted out to him by chance or Destiny or a Divine decree, he seeks the aid of other men, as ignorant perhaps as he himself of the real nature of the malady, and asks the priest for intercession on his behalf, or begs the physician to prescribe some drug that will enable him temporarily at least to avoid the natural consequences of his own conduct. The doctor and the minister, too often ignorant of the responsibilities of their position, combine to keep the patient in his delusion and to confirm him in the error that cause and consequence can be considered separately. Did they but know the simple truths, defined in Theosophy as being the twin laws of Karma and Reincarnation, they would refuse to minister to his delusion and would say as the teacher of old said: "Ye suffer from yourselves; none else compels that ye lie bound upon the wheel of suffering." But those who do suspect the truth have not the true philosophy of life to support their intuitive perceptions; and so they hesitate to break with the tradition of their caste, and fear to free themselves from superstitions, that are so generally accepted, and that provide them with a comfortable livelihood.

They would not perhaps willingly deceive their clients, though there may be some who pessimistically believe that truth is beyond the reach of mortals, and who cynically adopt a policy of deliberate delusion, which they justify on the ground of the impossibility of emancipation from delusion here on earth. They have been themselves psychologized from infancy with blind materialism, that makes the soul of man appear as a mere hypothesis unprovable and imperceptible. The general pessimism of the age envelops them and makes them repudiate their own intuition and attempt to live by logic in sensation. They are not more to blame than are their clients; all are deluded: some know it but have not the courage to be free.

The psychological influence of popular tradition must be broken before men can be free to find themselves. The path of freedom for the world is through the united efforts of the enlightened who perceive the truth. Individual effort is necessary but futile without combination: for error is so generally diffused as to be everywhere supported by established custom and made active by the almost unconscious organization of society. It is not by asceticism that the delusions of the pleasure-seeker may be destroyed. The public mind must be set free from the psychology of false philosophy by education.

And the education necessary is very simple. It consists chiefly in awakening in the heart the dormant consciousness of the soul; for in that lies the root of self-reliance, which makes self-conquest possible: and which reveals the only pathway to true freedom.

This self-reliance is not the vulgar delusion of personal independence and separateness, with which man's egotism and vanity blind his intuition. But it is founded in the underlying fact of Spiritual Unity or Universal Brotherhood, which is the recognition in the outer world of that Soul-life in which all share alike. To take the first step on the path of Freedom is to let go the old delusion of separateness, the sense of independence we have nursed so fondly, mistaking it for Freedom.

The pride of independence is but as gilt upon the fetters that confine the soul within a little prison built of selfishness. If Souls were self-reliant they would know their unity, and MAN would take his place as ruler and guide of Nature, that now holds him powerless in ignorance of his own divinity by the sole magic of delusion; while the poor slave chained to his fellows gloats on the gilding of his chain and glories in his imaginary independence,

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: **by Kenneth Morris**

III — IN SARACENIC HISTORY **CHAPTER I — THE CAMEL-DRIVER OF MECCA**



THERE are times when egos flock to incarnation, and populations increase phenomenally; then the waste places of the earth are filled, and decadent nations must submit to colonization and conquest. China had seen such a period between mid-Chow and mid-Han times: say from 700 to 100 B. C. Then, as the impulse slackened in the East, it rose in Europe.

Somewhere about 400 B. C. the Teutons had thrown off the yoke of their Celtic masters, and began to wax strong in the forests of Germany. Presently, in their turn pressed forward, possibly, by Gothic incursions from Scandinavia, they were beginning to knock rudely on the gates of still Celtic Gaul. They were answered by the Roman legions, and sent back to their forests; wherein confined, they spent a couple of centuries increasing and multiplying mightily; until the Central European Plain was a teeming womb of nations, the life therein quickening and quickening.

Presently they were pouring forth from that seclusion, and over-running the Roman Empire in such a manner that civilization stood in peril of total destruction. Had they brought with them some spiritual civilizing influence, or found such awaiting them on the banks of the Mediterranean, we might have been spared the darkness of the Middle Ages; but the Karma of humanity was too heavy. The movement which had been started in the south, intended for just that emergency, had somehow become entangled in dogmatism; it had lost hold on the spiritual, and retained no cultural force. It had never a word to speak on art, science or learning; its esotericism seems to have vanished within a century or so of its inception. Its pure ethical tenets had been obscured with creeds: man-made, and by ambitious and fanatical men at that; so that Rome profited not greatly, when Goth and Vandal professed and called themselves Christian.

As for any light of their own: these northern peoples had possessed Sacred Mysteries and efficient spiritual teaching; but these had gone down in the trough of ages, and declined with the decline of the Mysteries everywhere. The Goths carried with them no idea

beyond the lust of plunder; so they gained nothing real from the Roman culture they overturned. Where they set up their kingdoms, in Spain, France, Italy, and later in Britain, their kingdoms were barbarian in the fullest sense: there was no saving power, no impulse upward, no underlying cultural idea, not one grain of spiritual yeast. Nothing rose in the West, to take the place of fallen Rome in civilization. Smouldering fires remained, no doubt, among the Celts and Scandinavians, which were yet in time to be blown to a certain flame and light: memories of Runic and Druidic lore, not without their great importance; but they had not the force left in them wherewith to redeem Europe. Culture, which, directed from spiritual sources, should have been growing up north of the Rhine and the Danube while it was declining in the Mediterranean basin, was only to be found in Egypt, Syria and Byzantium; and there in extreme decadence, ready to fall at a touch.

By the middle of the seventh century another stupendous racial birth was due; this time in Arabia, a far more ominous quarter. The Goths had had memories of a Golden Age, not too remote; but whatever light the Arabs may have possessed once, had vanished while the Mysteries of Odin were still in their prime. In the days of Hammurabi or Rameses, they were what Mohammed found them, or nearly; passionate children of war they were, with certain noble possibilities all latent; without instruction; mainly nomads, largely traders, wholly robbers and fighters; infanticides, human-sacrificers, occasionally cannibals. They had dwelt for ages secluded; and heard from far the phalanx and the legion thunder past; careless of Khosroes, Alexander or Caesar, who were tempted to no conquests among the barren sands. In such isolation their vices had waxed and their genius lain dormant; so that now all Araby was a Nazareth out of which no good thing could come. — Only they spoke a language of extraordinary perfection: their last legacy, perhaps, from some dim, long-forgotten period of culture.

Now the day had dawned for them, and they were to overrun the world. The grand impulse was to rise over sacred Mecca, and the desert horsemen were to ride out as far as Pyrenees and Himalayas. Ah but how, and in what spirit? Carrying with them their fetish-worship, vices, absolute lack of spirituality; their fierce, cruel turbulence and contempt for all intellectual things? A grim prospect for the poor world; the Gothic flood, some centuries since,

was child's play to this! That, dear knows, had smashed civilization; this will place it beyond all hope of recovery, let the ages roll by as they may! Europe, wherein once were Athens and Rome, must look forward now to Ashanteeism, Dahomeyism, Congohood. Unless — something can be done. . . .

Unless the devil himself, for example, can be roped in, bitted and saddled, and made to run war-steed for an Archangel! Who, of all the Race of Heroes, will undertake the work? It must be no fledgling among the Immortals; let us make up our minds to that! These people will need a Master: a Soul of Fire, hotter and more flaming than their own; one of the Titans, one of the Kabeiri it must be, or nothing at all. Why, they have been true sons of Ishmael and the sandstorm for thousands upon thousands of years; let them loose on humanity, and you shall have the Arabic for Kilkenny cats in no time: a raging, tearing riot of the world down into ultimate ruin. . . . As for planting any kind of spiritual idea among them, who is to do it? — Knock their heads together a little; give them a dose of drill and discipline; and that is the best and utmost you can do for them. Spiritual ideas? They are not used to such fantasies and would resent them; have no far, dim memories on which you could build. They are not Celts or Goths, with whom the Gods spake once; and who yet, though fallen, have the echo of those voices in their ears. The grand truths of the Wisdom-Religion — how should you make them understand the first letter thereof? That there is a Compassionate Heart of Things — a Most Merciful in the center? Why, with them compassion is a cowardice; mercy a dirty vice. To be virtuous is to be first in the field; to lure the opponent into ambush; to shed the blood and steal the plunder. That there is Karma: no action fruitless of joy or sorrow for its doer? No, no! They will not heed that; their sweet ideal is revenge. Human Brotherhood? — Their whole life is warfare, tribal jealousy, treachery, quarreling. A divine Soul in man; and therefore, moral responsibility? Hot passion and desire, it would seem, alone ensoul these Arabs; when you have said sudden and impulsive generosity, lavish hospitality, loyalty to one's own tribe, you have told all the good there is in them. If any Messenger is to go among them, he must be born into their noblest tribe and family, or the first word of his message shall be the last he shall utter; nay, he shall not get it spoken at all, but they will slay him out of hand for a stranger. What a bright prospect remains

for him then — a Messenger of the Gods, and to take on himself Arab body and brain: a heredity, you would say, through which no gleam of the Divine Wisdom can possibly pierce! Let the soul of him shine never so brightly, he shall have no sense in his brain to interpret its shining. The vision shall seem to him no more than some angel he may have heard of from the Jews; or perchance al-Lat or al-Uzza, abominable deities of the desert. . . .

I imagine all these things foreseen, before Amina's and Abdallah's son was born; he who made Arabia the chiefest of the nations, and called the vanguard of the Host of Souls to incarnate in Ishmaelite flesh. In Mecca, the sacred city, this birth took place; and Abdallah had been — for he was dead — the best loved son of Abd-al-Motalleb, chief of the family of Haschem, the ruling branch of the tribe of Koreish, the noblest in Arabia. I imagine the coming of a Great Soul, who knew that such incarnation might obscure the wisdom of a thousand past lives; might even stain his age-old purity with imperfections of the hot, desert heredity. I would not judge the status of Mohammed by the Koran, nor even by the story of his life: corruptions may have crept into the text of the one; and who that recorded it could understand the inwardness of the other? Let what he accomplished speak for him, and the balance of history since. His mission was a most forlorn hope for the Gods; all his glory lies in having led it; and snatched some semblance of victory out of it too, as will be seen.

Education was not quite unobtainable in sixth-century Mecca, it would seem: the Arabic was a written language at least, and one might learn to read and write. But such instruction came not in the way of young Mohammed, orphaned of his father before he was born, and of his mother a few years afterwards; illiterate he grew up, and illiterate he died. But there are books, also, not made with hands. . . . A divine unrest was within him; he could not acquiesce and leave life unquestioned. Angels, they say, came to him when he was a little child among the mountains; that story is told of too many, to be without foundation; the trouble is, that we do not know what angels are. Then there was the Soul of Things, vocal in the desert silence: palpitant in the burning sands, glowing in the intense blue, peering and whispering over the ashen and violet horizons of evening. He was one, from his earliest days, to haunt the desert and the mountain, listening and watching. There were signs for him in the

firmament, written in a divine script; and already he was only half illiterate of these.

So he came to have a world of his own; not with any definite sense of possession as yet, nor with frontiers marked and guarded, and his own passport clear; rather, he had looked forth as from some inward Nebo, and seen that which made the life of Mecca and Arabian humanity a dark contrast and vague ache to be borne. Of an age now to work for his living — since nobility implied not wealth — he had gone with the caravans of Abu Taleb his uncle into Syria, and beheld there the degradation also of the world beyond: it was not only his own people who were doing evil. Here then were problems and again problems. The old prenatal wisdom he had lost: the young Arab brain, subject to Arab heredity, was not penetrable by supernal memories, and there was nothing in the human folk about him to awaken divine ideas. But he had heard of monotheism from the Jews, and even as an old Arabian belief; and assuredly he had felt a Presence in the desert, and beneath the flaming Arabian stars. Here was something that seemed to shine more hopefully for the people, than those black rites of al-Lat and al-Uzza which worked no good for any man. And there — ah, *there* was the burning need on him: to find that which should uplift the people.

So he drove his camels; accompanied the caravans; acted as business agent for the chief houses in Mecca; — and sought, and watched, and pondered. . . .

He had become known, by that time, as al-Amin, the Faithful — from an altogether un-Arabian inability to lie or cheat; also he had married a widow of twice his age: his employer Khadija, whose name should stand out among the noble women of the world, a Mother of beneficent history. Indeed, she was as much mother as wife to Mohammed, and fostered the seeds of greatness in his soul. She was not one to lure him from the heights that beckoned: fanned by her care, the old need had but grown more burning. She was a rich woman, with caravans of her own; and his days of camel-driving were over. Now he haunts Mount Hara meditating; days and nights together he spends there in fasting and prayer. And then — ah, wonder! — comes to him at last the Night of al-Kadr (*and how shall I make you know how wonderful the Night of al-Kadr is? The Night of al-Kadr is better than a thousand months. Thereon do the angels descend, and the Spirit Gabriel also, with the decrees*

of their Lord concerning every matter. It is Peace until the rosy dawn.) A marvelous light has shone upon him also; vision has come to him: it is the glory of his own soul: he has worn down at last the tough Arabian clay of his personality, and the Divine Companion has appeared to him, visibly shining. With what words shall he speak of it — in what language? He had no philosophy; only a certain lore, caught from the Jews, concerning a Monotheos and his angels. That is all, all, all that there is of Light in all wide Arabia: the nearest remote thing to truth or esotericism. So, this that he has seen was the glory of the Night of al-Kadr; it was the Spirit Gabriel descending with the decrees of his Lord. . . . And this is the decree brought now to Mohammed: *Go forth; teach and preach; thou art the chosen, the exalted; thou art in the line of thy predecessors, the Prophets of God.*

It is characteristic of the man that not exaltation, but depression, followed. Clearly too much musing had made him mad. *He* to see angels; to be proclaimed a Prophet like them of old: the burden of the world to be laid on the like of *him*! But maternal, lofty-hearted Khadija has better insight, and will not allow him to deceive himself; that which has been given him to do, he shall rise up and do it; he shall but play the man to play the prophet; so her faith presently made him whole. He would dare the venture: with much trepidation, caused, not by fear of the Koreish — his own tribe, they will of course support him — but by simple modesty. So he made a feast in his house for the chiefs of the house of Haschem; confessed to them the mission that had been imposed upon him, and called on them for support in purifying the life and faith of the Arabians. They heard him out; then, before any voice could be raised in sorrowful or scoffing protest, his young cousin, Abu Taleb's gentle and handsome son, eleven years of age then, rose up. "I will be thy disciple, O Apostle of God," said the boy. Mohammed embraced him. "Thou shalt be my disciple and my caliph, and they shall obey thee," said he. This was Ali, to be called the Lion of God; on whom the whole fate, the whole history of the Moslem movement, was to turn.

We do not propose to follow Mohammed's career: the ten years of vain preaching and bitter persecution; the proffered sovereignty rejected; the Flight; the slow and final triumph. The story has been told and retold; there have been traducers many, and apologists a few. But centuries of hostile prejudice have left something in the

heredity of Christendom, it would seem, that makes it almost impossible for western writers to deal justly with him. He has been for Christendom so long the type of all religious impostors, the false prophet *par excellence*, that even those with good heart to defend him, have come to it rather haltingly. We do not believe in the faith that moves mountains, nor in the Race of Heroes, the Helpers of mankind. The mountains were moved, say we, by some Maskelyne-and-Cookery and mechanical cheat; our own cheap motives, we dare swear, will explain the Sons of God. . . .

*Or vedi come io mi dilacco:
Vedi come storpiato è Maometto —*

says Dante, cleaving him for a schismatic in the ninth hell; where Christendom, you may say, still expects some day to find him, in spite of Irving, and still better, Carlyle. So we miss the picture of this gentle warrior, who will cut off the sleeve of his coat, rather than awaken the cat that slept on it; this playmate and darling of the children; dearest friend of every man; protector of the widow and the orphan; this third sovereign of the world, stronger than Heraclius, stronger than Khusru, who still does with his own hands all the menial labors of his household; this brilliant, warm-hearted, sparkling companion, reader of all hearts, whose beauty and august bearing none that has seen him shall forget; this man of men, so wise, so simple, so tender-hearted, yet capable of such stern severity when the safety of his movement called for its use: this forever *al-Amin*, who cannot deceive or be deceived. That was Mohammed, as they saw him who knew him best — and they could not have seen the best in him.

Monotheism was a conception not unknown in Arabia from of old; but an unpopular one in Mohammed's day, and more than half forgotten. Such Supreme God would have no interest in *your* tribe more than another; the ambush you were laying, the revenge your heart lusted after—what support should these obtain from One whose throne was beyond the summer stars? A logical people and a practical, you see; who fashioned their little Gods "according." Let the ambush fail, and the caravan that was to be plundered escape; let the vendetta take toll of us, and not, as we planned, of our adversary — and you shall be brought out, Master Deity, and pelted, spat upon, flogged and deposed; we shall elect a new godling in your place;

who, it is to be hoped, will take warning from your disgrace and downfall. Which things, in fact, were of weekly occurrence; so that "religion" had become most thoroughly an aider and abettor of personal passions and desires. To overcome this alliance, Mohammed must make of the forgotten World-Soul a slogan, a catchword assertive, and not explanatory. So the *tekbir* and confession were set ringing from Syria to the Persian Gulf: *Allah hu akbar! La illaha illah lahu!* God is great; there is no God but God. To which must be added a clause to give it force here in Arabia; so that the tribes may be welded together, and become an entity a body politic, with actual living head and heart of government. So: *Mohammed Rasul Allah* — Mohammed is the Apostle of God.

Who will object? The man had a work to do in the world, and intended to get it done; to which end that second clause of the confession was a necessity. The Eternal, though you make a slogan of It, is too remote; and needs a visible embodied agent to superintend the wily Arabians. After all, for a creed, it is a pretty broad and undogmatic one. . . .

And let us say that of the One Gods of the Monotheists, this Allah stands nearest to the sublimer pantheistic conceptions: on the borderline, as you might say, between personality and impersonality: so that it has always been easy for good Moslems to be good pantheists too, and seek no authority for their beliefs outside the Koran. Some color of personal power, personal watchfulness, had to be given; It must be a Might for Right stronger than any force of armed horsemen for wrong: an all-seeingness not to be cheated, that "plot-teth better than the unbeliever." But so much said, It remains mostly a Universal Heart of Compassion: source from whence all beings emanated, ocean into which all shall be absorbed. — We speak of the mere exotericism and letter of the Koran, without respect or prejudice to what inner doctrines it may conceal.

But however Allah may be interpreted — and probably no more than one or two of the early Moslems would have been able to grasp the impersonal idea — it was enough for present purposes to unite the Arabs, at least for the time being; and to wean them from the worst of their practices. That was the first part of Mohammed's mission: to see to it that these tribes, who stood on the brink of a career of world-conquest, should go forth something better than savages; and by the time all Araby was loud with the Confession that

much had been accomplished. He had preached to them, coaxed them, thundered at them; chanted his rhymed and rhythmic prose in such style as somehow to catch and inflame and tame their wild souls; he had shocked and lured and frightened them away from their worst failings. Some glimmerings of an idea of Karma, too, and of moral responsibility, he had fastened on them: *Whosoever hath done evil of the weight of an ant, it shall be done unto him again; and whosoever hath done good of the weight of an ant, he shall receive the reward of it.* He had reversed all their old ideas of right and wrong; given them self-sacrifice instead of self-fostering; the Brotherhood of Islam, instead of Ishmaelitism run wild; forgiveness for revenge; quietism and modesty for boastfulness; temperance for sensuality; and he had actually drilled and drubbed and coaxed them to the point of being anxious to give these things a trial. When the Negus questioned the Mohajirin concerning their religion,

. . . Answered him Jaafar the son of Abu Taleb (may God's approval rest upon him!) saying: "King! We were a barbarous folk, worshiping idols, eating carrion, committing shameful deeds, violating the ties of consanguinity and evilly entreating our neighbors, the strong amongst us consuming the weak; and thus we continued until God sent unto us an Apostle from our midst, whose pedigree and integrity and faithfulness and purity of life we knew . . . and he bade us be truthful in speech, and faithful in the fulfilment of our trusts, and observing of the ties of consanguinity and the duties of neighbors, and to refrain from forbidden things and from blood; and he forbade us from immoral acts and deceitful words, and from consuming the property of orphans, and from slandering virtuous women. . . ."

— He had, in fact, made of them a kind of nation for the first time in their history: a nation, moreover, that felt itself possessed of a moral mission in the world.

If he had left the matter there, he would still have done marvels. The conquering Arabs would have cleaned up abuses; and been a purifying, not merely a destroying conflagration. But there was a greater purpose than this behind the mission of Mohammed: to restore civilization by means of that which, without him, should have made its restoration impossible for ages. The fire that burnt up the dead forest should carry within itself marvelously the seeds of a better forest to be. — I find in this a proof of his spiritual heredity and descent from higher realms: he succeeded in imbuing his Movement with the idea of religious toleration and the love of secular learning.



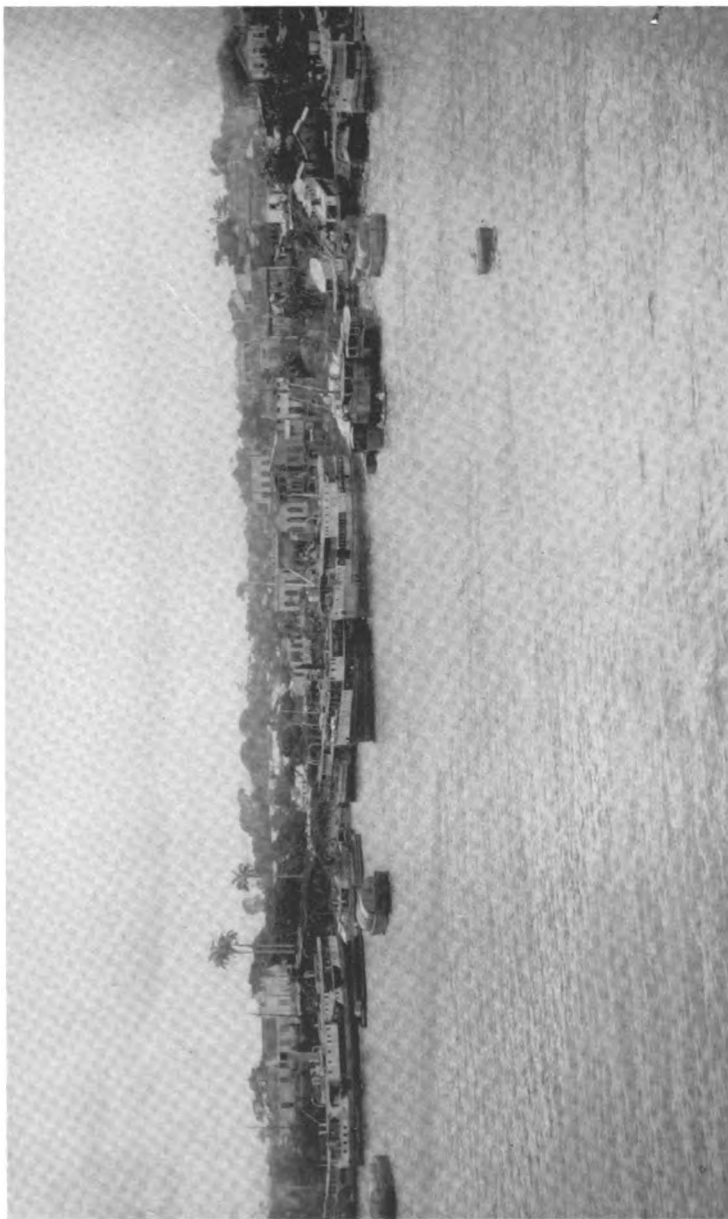
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HARBOR OF MANAOS, BRAZIL



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MANAOS: FLOATING QUAYS



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MANAOS: LOCAL RIVER TRAFFIC

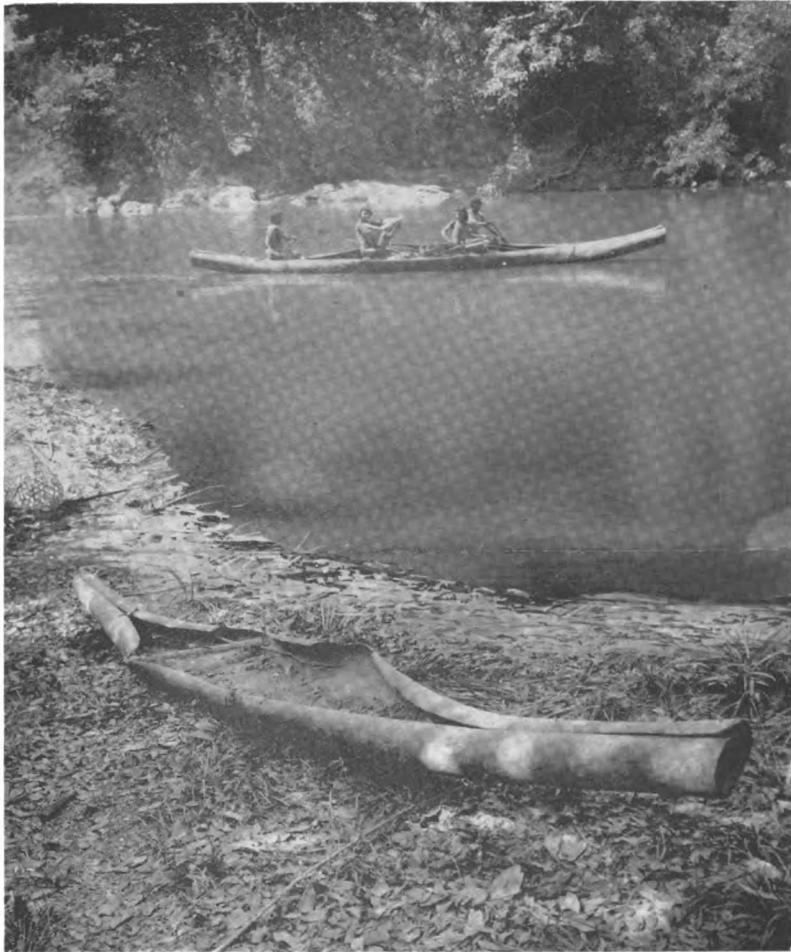


INAUGURAL GATHERING FOR THE MADEIRA-MAMORÉ RAILROAD



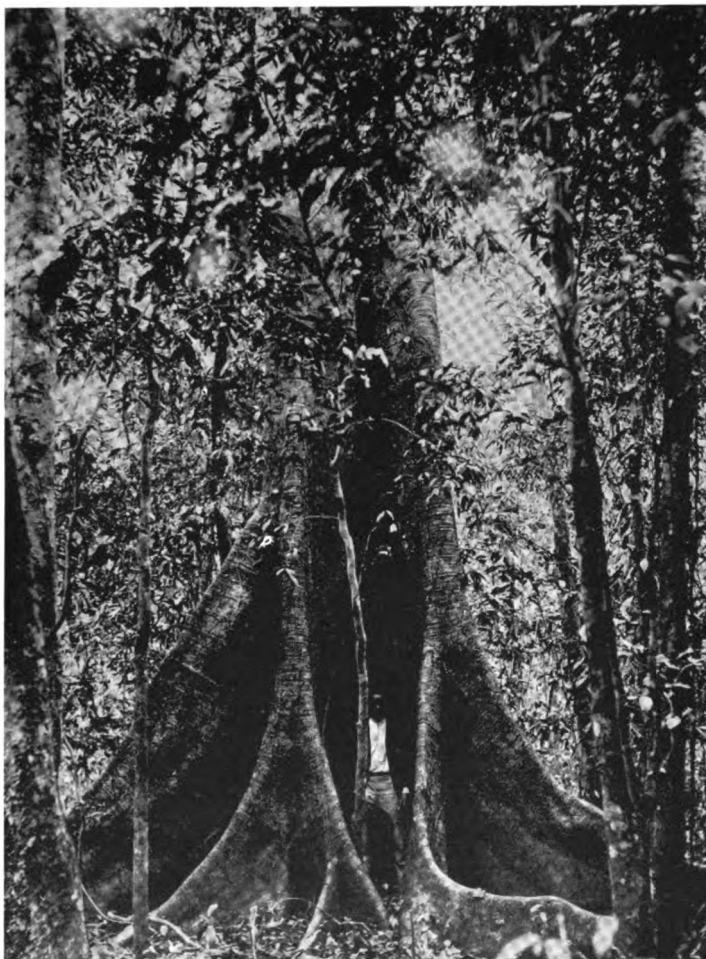
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TRACKLAYING ON THE MADEIRA-MAMORÉ RAILROAD



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ON THE MUTUMPARANÁ RIVER, BRAZIL.
Caripuna Indians and their canoes.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A "BUTTRESSED" TREE ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON

WOMAN'S MYSTERIES OF A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE:*

by H. Travers, M. A.



OUR knowledge of those ancient races which we call "primitive" is very defective. One reason is that they do not want to tell; another is that we do not want to know. Even when an informant is badly anxious to tell, he finds it quite impossible to do so if the other party does not want to know. Travelers have visited these races with minds already made up and solidly fixed on all questions, and not willing even to begin to listen to any information which would in the least unsettle any of these adamant opinions. And as the kind of information to be gleaned from the ancient races consists exclusively of what *would* disturb those settled opinions, it is no wonder that contented ignorance continues to prevail. Nowadays however there are a few who have so far freed their minds from theory as to be able to discern fact; and realizing, what is obvious, that the said races *are* ancient and not primitive, and that the opinions of civilized humanity are not necessarily final, they have unsealed their ears and heard, and turning down their eyes they have seen what lies before them.

Mrs. Talbot appears to have conceived the idea that humanity is much older than any particular phase of "civilization," and that neither knowledge nor culture is necessarily a matter of airing sheets and eating with a fork; and thus she has been able to arrive at some interesting and instructive facts concerning the peoples she has studied. She did not sit at home and evolve a theory of "animism," and then go out to find facts in support of it; nor has she sought to interpret native customs in the light of modern motives. We do not find her taking allegories literally and then calling the people babies for believing in them; but we find that she tries to understand their way of expressing themselves.

But her particular sphere is that of the native women. Mr. P. Amaury Talbot's book on the Ekoi was reviewed in this magazine a year or two ago and showed the same spirit; his wife, who was his amanuensis, subsequently undertook this special study on her own account with the assistance of another lady.

The study of women by women is of course an essential point in the program. It has been hard enough for men to probe the mysteries of male cults, while the female cults were quite a sealed book to them; and it is needless to point out the advantage possessed by a woman

* D. Amaury Talbot. Cassell and Co.

student in this matter. The people studied here are the Ibibios of Southern Nigeria, the idea not having occurred to the authoress at the time her husband was on duty among the Ekoi. They occupy a low rung on the ladder of culture, but are indisputably relics of a higher condition. It is forbidden for any man to be allowed even a glimmering into the woman's mysteries, which are concerned largely with the part played by a wife and a mother, the importance of pre-natal conditions being fully recognized. The authoress rightly says that here is a vast untrodden field of work among primitive peoples all over the world, and a work specially for women to undertake.

Here let us note that the writer speaks casually of an Ibibio infant as "so fair as to seem almost white"; and we are at once reminded of that principle recognized in biology, and emphasized by H. P. Blavatsky in writing on the subject of man and the apes, whereby the development of the creature from infancy to age is regarded as being in the same direction as the development of his race. On this theory we should infer that the Ibibios had once been nearly fair.

The Mother-Goddess naturally plays a very important part here. Eka Abassi is their designation for this divinity, who is at once the mother and wife of Obumo the thunder-god. We shall be reminded of Isis, and some may try to trace a connexion between these people and the Egyptians, which is quite likely, but not necessarily so, these theogonic ideas being part of an ancient knowledge that was much more widely diffused. Nor shall we expect to find among so lowly a people the more lofty philosophic ideal of Isis. The authoress speaks of the priority of Eka Abassi over Obumo as "a secret which has come down from times when woman, not man, was the predominant sex"; and recounts the tradition that Eka Abassi was able to produce Obumo by her unaided power; but in dealing with these matters one has to be careful not to anthropomorphize too much.

The descent of the Mânasaputras, or perhaps the formation of a new race from the seed of an older one, finds its analogy in the following:

Long ago a big play was being given. All the people were dancing and singing, when suddenly they noticed a stranger going up and down among them. He was very tall and splendid, but answered no word when questioned as to whence he came. All night long the festival lasted, and at dawn a strange woman was seen to have joined the guests. She too was finely made and beautiful, but sad looking, and when asked her town and parentage, kept silence for

a time, but at length after much questioning said: "This play sounded too sweet in my ears in the place where I dwelt on high; so I climbed down to hear it more clearly. Half-way, the rope broke and I fell. Now I can never go home any more, since there is no other way by which to climb thither — and I fear! I fear!"

Then she found the other stranger, who also had come down and could not get back, and they built a home together, and their children were the ancestors of the present race.

Juju means the totality of the mysterious forces in Nature, and in connexion with this word we find what might be called a whole system of science or philosophy, having (like our own) its peculiar jargon, and interesting to an open mind as affording an escape from inbred ideas into a world viewed in a novel aspect. That water, earth, and stone are the three great mothers; that all natural objects enshrine mystic potencies that can be utilized; that all children are born with an affinity for some one or other animal or plant or stone; these and many other particulars, whose bare mention suffices to seal forever the ears of the self-satisfied, awaken our curiosity and interested desire to know more of this system of interpreting nature. Our system did not begin until people had reduced their lands to a state of prim order where philosophers could sit in their studies and go to bed after a comfortable supper, and it might not be adapted to the needs of a people dwelling so much in contact with Nature. Again, it is conceivable that natural objects might have potencies among the Ibibios which they have lost amid our smoky chimneys, and that whole races of nature-spirits may have fled uncongenial climes to take refuge where men despise them not nor seek to despoil.

Death is spoken of as "the time when my mother shall take me"; which surely is a fine way of speaking of that sublime mystery when all our aching faculties are wrapped in supernal rest. And speaking of this reminds us of reincarnation, which, among such a people, is found in a simple form, concerned with the rebirth of children in the same race and even in the same family. It is natural to put together the two facts of death and birth in such a way. There is also the belief that various influences, benign or malefic, may enter the infant at the time of birth; and this belief has given rise to the idea about metempsychosis, which people often confound with reincarnation. Many of the women's mysteries are concerned with the provision of due means to safeguard the processes of both death and birth.

It may be interesting to try and trace the Ibibios to the Egyptians, but in that case it would seem but logical to trace a similar connexion for the peasants of Argyllshire and those of Transylvania — which might be more difficult. Because, while the Ibibios say that there must be no tied knot or locked box in a room where a child is being born, the latter peasants say the very same thing, so the authoress tells us. So too in India, and among the women who took part in the rites of Juno Lucina.

Only two secret women's societies could be traced as now existing among the Ibibios, but formerly the case was different. Egbo was originally a woman's secret society, until the men wrested from them its secrets, learned the rites, and then drove out the women. We infer the society had somehow lost its integrity — shall we suggest by disunion among the members? But in the old, old days, we are informed, women were more powerful than men, for to them alone the mysteries of the gods and of secret things were made known. By this knowledge they were able to make man's muscular strength subserve the needs of hard toil. But by degrees the women lost their numerical superiority. The men proposed that men should be taught the mysteries so as to participate in them with the women. The old women were against the scheme, but the young women prevailed; the men were taken in and then proceeded to oust the women. Yet the older women perpetuated secret rites as before.

We are aware that this review is altogether inadequate; but with such a mine of information as this book one can only give a few samples and leave the rest to the reader. Many interesting things we have been obliged to pass over. In speaking on the woman question it is of course difficult to concede what is just without seeming to uphold what is absurd; and there is more than one extant opinion as to what constitutes the true "rights" of woman. Probably, however, few will demur from the opinion that woman's real strength lies in being *herself*, and that she loses by striving to be something else. Evidently the younger women in the above tradition erred sentimentally and thus ruined the integrity of their society. And if to woman are indeed revealed the divine mysteries, this can only be established by fact and not by mere claims. By rising to a plane whereon she is able to help and to inspire, rather than by descending to a plane where she is manifestly weaker, woman can win the freedom she claims and escape the restriction she deplures. Is not this the legitimate conclusion?

DENMARK AND PEACE: by a Dane



IN order that the different countries, in this perplexing age of ours, may do their shares in helping to establish a lasting peace on earth, they must each furnish their quota of intelligent thinkers, who acknowledge that the so-called rational mind of man, by itself, does not wield the power to shape the events of the world; and who recognize that the future is determined, not by the present alone, but by the present and the past together. It is only by a comprehensive knowledge of ourselves, in whom the past, the present and the future meet, and by an awakening of those higher spiritual forces, which reside in man, that the people of all countries, large and small, can come to know the ruling genius in the life of Humanity, and use these heart-forces in the establishment of permanent peace.

At critical times like these, it seems only fitting that men and women of different nations come together, and deliberately attempt to make some sort of an inventory of their mutual assets and liabilities. The reference here is to the mental and moral assets and liabilities, the factors which mainly tend to further and retard human progress. That the intellectual culture of the present time — if given its proper place — should be one of the real assets, seems beyond question; but we have now come face to face with a situation which clearly demonstrates that the value of modern rationalism, as man's supreme guide, has been very much overestimated. Notice its inability to size up situations correctly, to discover and face the true underlying causes which led to the terrible calamity that is now staggering the world, or to supply us with anything but the most superficial remedies for the cure and prevention of such slaughter as we are witnessing today, and which suddenly has placed us where even the very name "civilization" seems a misnomer.

Take for example such a rationalistic conception as the idea that immense fortifications and large standing armies are the greatest security against war, and the best guarantee for peace. The events of the past year or two have amply demonstrated how very faulty, if not utterly mistaken, such an idea has been. Another rationalistic idea, directly opposed to that of militarism, has gained considerable foothold during the last thirty years, particularly among the smaller nations of Europe, namely, that total disarmament was the first essential requisite for the establishment of permanent peace. This

view was also tested at the beginning of the present war, when all these peaceful nations immediately began to fortify themselves and to mobilize their armies.

An example of the insufficiency of modern culture has been furnished the world by Denmark, where the military party, after many years of intense political struggle, had been defeated, and where, just a few weeks before the war broke out, the anti-military party gained complete control of the government. The new Minister of War, an honorable gentleman, a noted university professor, and an ardent and prominent peace advocate, whose convictions apparently were deep-seated, who for many years in writing and speech had condemned all sorts of military preparations as only conducive to war, who insisted that war between modern civilized nations had become an impossibility, who had accepted his new post for the distinct purpose of commencing the abolishment of the country's fortifications, as well as its army and navy, finds himself suddenly compelled as his very first official act, to enter a hurriedly convened parliament, and there demand a large special appropriation for additional fortifications and for the complete mobilization of the army.

It certainly is not the intention here to discredit a man who tried to rise equal to a critical situation, and who could lay aside preconceived notions when duty demanded it and adopt what in fact at best was only a temporary policy; but to point out, by means of such a striking example from modern history, the inability of the best of brain-minds to understand clearly or to direct the course of events.

It is necessary to look deeper into ourselves for some principle of action, and for some hidden spring of compassion, that will cause men to unite in the interest of peace, that will set flowing the motive power from the spiritual side of man's nature, and bring into the life of Humanity a purer energizing influence than is to be found in mere theorizing or in any brain-mind plans for Universal Peace. Wherever this true principle of action is being sought for, wherever efforts are made to unite Humanity on an unselfish, brotherly basis, there the real work for peace has been begun.

It is with the deep conviction of the spiritual unity of Humanity that such work is being carried forward all over the world by members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. This organization, founded in the year 1875 by the far-seeing woman H. P. Blavatsky, is now, under the wise direction and loving, watch-

ful care of its present leader, Katherine Tingley, demonstrating a most constructive work for peace. As this work becomes better known and understood, as the world becomes aware of the wonderful heart-force that resides in a body of awakened and truly united men and women, a torn and bleeding human race in time will turn to it.

In matters of practical, mutual helpfulness and constructive peace-work, my countrymen have taken certain definite steps in advance, and some of the unique co-operative work initiated and carried on by Danish farmers, is now being studied by an admiring world. But in their efforts to imitate and adopt it, people of other countries are beginning to realize that something, much more binding and durable than purely material interest, must be awakened, before such real co-operative work is internationally possible. While this work now, from present indications at least, seems to have reached its limit, it should be of interest to note that it was the result of a spiritual wave which passed over the rural districts of Denmark, and which had its origin in an impulse given to Danish thought more than a hundred years ago. This impulse can be directly traced to the activities of the Theosophical movement at the close of the eighteenth century, and to the particular efforts of the movement at that time to awaken and to direct the thought of Europe into higher and broader channels. These efforts found a quick response in Denmark, where they awoke a sleeping nation, and by calling to life the Danish memory of a heroic past, succeeded in creating a literature, based on ancient sagas and folklore, which exerted a beneficent influence not only throughout Denmark and the whole of Scandinavia, but in other parts of Europe and also in America. It is not the object here to trace this first impulse, but merely to point out its direct connexion with the before-mentioned co-operative activities. For these activities were the immediate outcome of some very practical and unique educational work, which in one single generation transformed the larger portion of a sluggish and ignorant rural population into active people with wide-awake ideas and sound aspirations. This remarkable transformation, which I believe has no parallel in European history, was due to the unselfish and lifelong efforts made by the Danish poet and scholar, Grundtvig, who was one of the first men to receive and transmit the original Theosophical impulse, and to whom the world is particularly indebted for a better acquaintance with Northern mythology, of which H. P. Blavatsky later gave the highest spiritual interpretation. Spring-

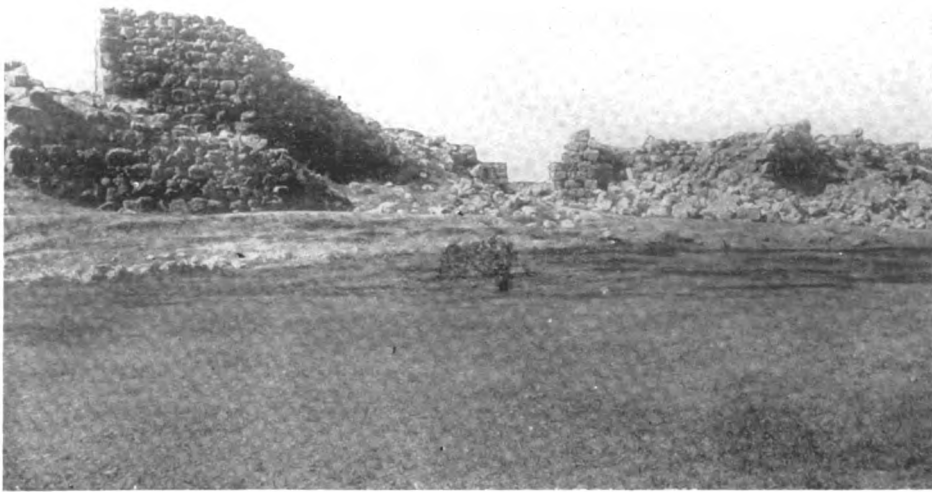
ing as it did from such a source, this educational work became at once a liberalizing factor, charged with the power to revive. Unfortunately, however, like most of the ennobling efforts of the nineteenth century all over the world, it gradually became fettered with the spirit of dogmatism, and choked by the yoke of sectarianism.

But a new spirit came to life in these northern lands, and a new force began to assert itself, when at the call of King Gustaf of Sweden, the three Scandinavian kings met at Malmö, and established a closer union between the three countries than had existed for many a century. Here the foundation was laid for some of the most important work for peace that has yet been accomplished.

When a hundred years from now the historian will record this fact and trace the events following this meeting, he will also be able to trace the various impulses that led to this important event, and to point to the activities of the Theosophical movement at the close of the nineteenth century as the most important one of these.

Sweden was one of the first countries to receive directly from H. P. Blavatsky the teachings of Theosophy. For a quarter of a century the Theosophical movement has now been active in Sweden, where it has made a strong impress upon many of the leading minds of that country. When in the midsummer of 1913, Katherine Tingley, with a staff of workers and a body of young Râja-Yoga students came to Sweden from Point Loma, to attend the first Theosophical peace congress, which the Theosophical Leader had called to be assembled at Visingsö, an opportunity was given the world at large to obtain a glimpse of the work already accomplished; while at the same time important and wholly unexpected events of the future, some of which have already come to pass, were heralded by the proceedings.

The fact that the Theosophical teachings have found such a responsive soil in the hearts of the Swedish people, surely indicates that what Denmark succeeded in accomplishing during the nineteenth century, with the aid of only a few grains of truth, will now be repeated by Sweden, during the twentieth century, with greater success and more far-reaching results. The opportunity, therefore, that awaits Sweden, will be that of becoming an example and a benefit to the world; while already by the aid of this closer union and understanding with Norway and Denmark, these northern lands are striving together to transform the ancient and fiery spirit of the vikings into an equally courageous but modern influence for peace.



XXV. TIRYNS: PORTION OF THE ACROPOLIS WALLS, AS SEEN FROM THE EAST



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XXVII. TIRYNS: ONE OF THE GALLERIES IN THE ACROPOLIS WALLS

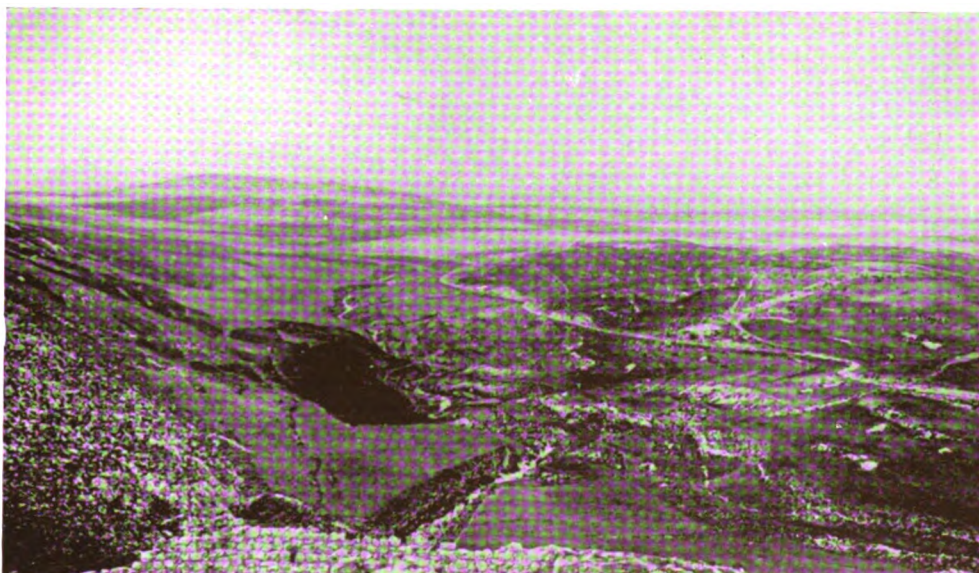


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XXVI. TIRYNS: MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE

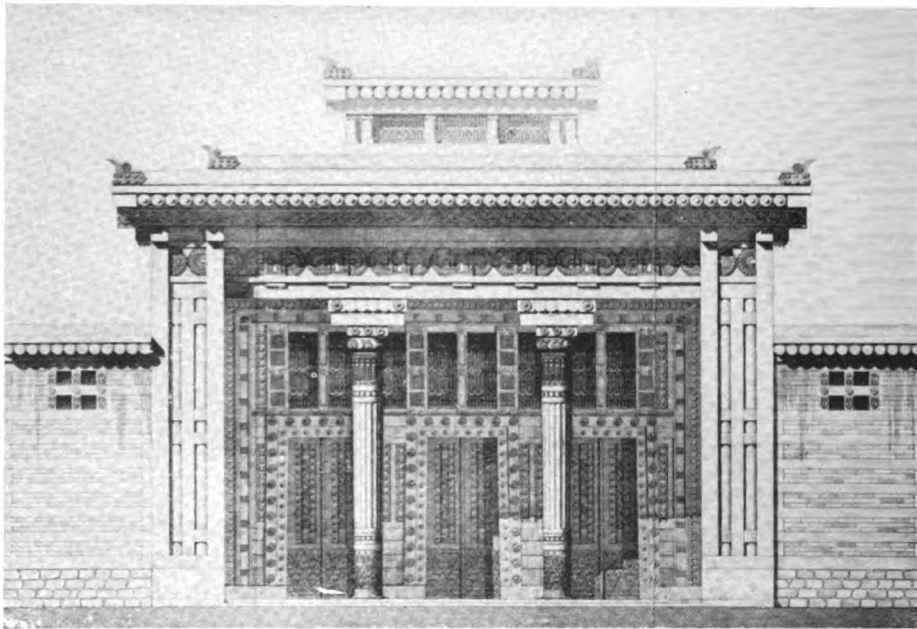


XXVIII. TIRYNS: FLOOR OF THE BATHROOM OF THE PALACE

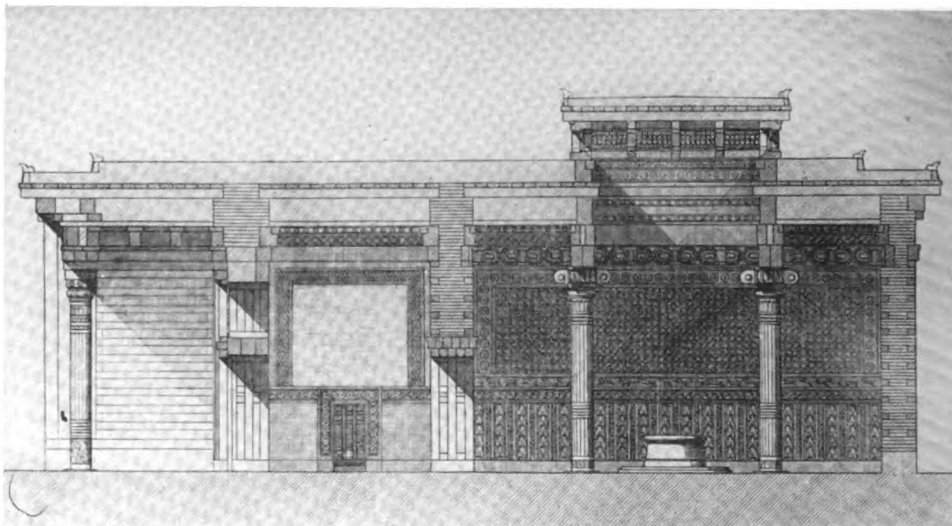


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XXXI. MYCENAE: ARGIVE PLAIN, LOOKING SOUTH



XXIX. TIRYNS: FAÇADE OF THE PALACE; RESTORATION AFTER CHIPEZ



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XXX. TIRYNS: LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE PALACE
RESTORATION AFTER CHIPEZ

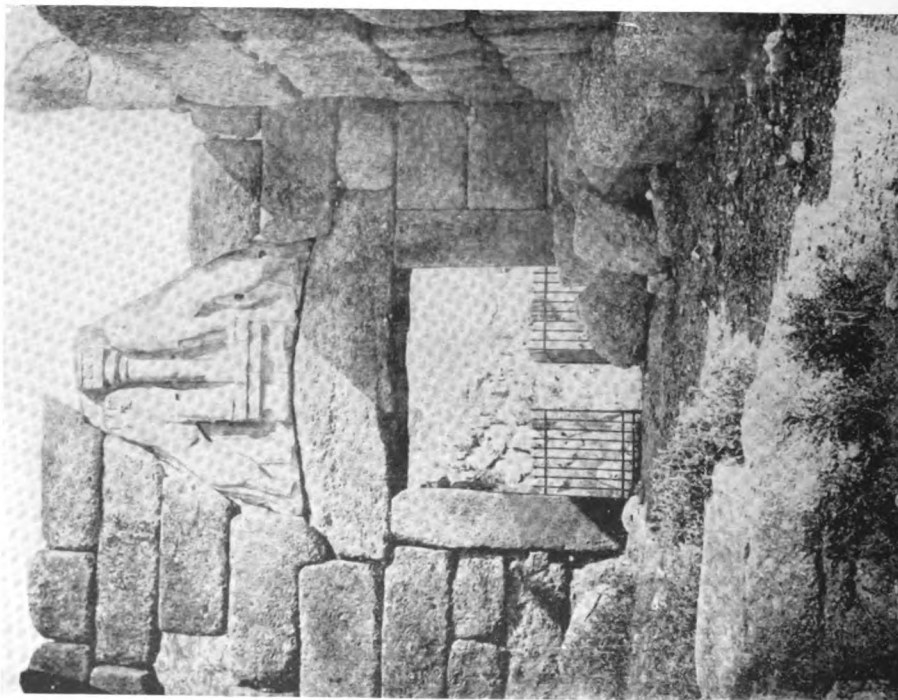


XXXII. MYCENAE: THE ACROPOLIS, WITH MOUNT ST. ELIAS
IN THE BACKGROUND



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XXXVI. MYCENAE: THE LOWER CITY, THE DROMOS AND PORTAL
OF THE "TREASURY OF ATREUS" OR "THE TOMB OF AGAMEMNON"



XXXIII. MYCENAE: THE ACROPOLIS
THE MAIN OR "LIONS' GATEWAY"



XXXIV. MYCENAE: THE ACROPOLIS, THE POSTERN GATE

PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY shall be an Institution where the laws of universal nature and equity governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education will be taught on the broadest lines. Through this teaching the material and intellectual life of the age will be spiritualized and raised to its true dignity; thought will be liberated from the slavery of the senses; the waning energy in every heart will be reanimated in the search for truth; and the fast dying hope in the promise of life will be renewed to all peoples. — *From the School of Antiquity Constitution, New York, 1897.*

THE PREHISTORIC AEGEAN CIVILIZATION:

by F. S. Darrow, M. A., PH. D.

PART II — TIRYNS, MYCENAE, ORCHOMENUS, AND GLA



THE present section of this paper is concerned with the third Late Aegean Period, the Mycenaean Age, usually dated *circa* 1400-1200 B. C., the period when Crete ceased to be the center of the prehistoric Aegean civilization, while the mainland capitals of Tiryns and Mycenae rose into first importance.

Here, too, in the Argive Plain, as at Troy, our knowledge of the prehistoric remains is due primarily to Dr. Schliemann; while new light has recently been gained by the supplementary researches made under the auspices of the German Institute at Athens.

Unfortunately the term "Mycenaean" has been variously used by different scholars. At first, because of the wonderful discoveries made by Schliemann at Mycenae, it was applied indiscriminately to all ruins of the prehistoric Aegean civilization, but in the light of the recent discoveries in Crete it is now legitimate only if restricted to the end of the Bronze Age in the Aegean Basin.

Although the remains of the Mycenaean Age afford surprising evidence as to the knowledge possessed by their builders, it was an age somewhat degenerate when compared with the earlier periods, and the artistic designs, still largely drawn from the vegetable and animal kingdoms, tended to become conventionalized, and their naturalistic origin was obscured; while the ornamentation became less and less rich and the decorative field smaller and smaller as the Aegean Bronze-Age civilization drew to its close.

Mycenae and Tiryns are the principal sites where discoveries have been made belonging to this period, but remains of a similar type have been found in more than sixty other localities on the

mainland of Greece, and such discoveries have been made not only in the Aegean Basin, but also in Egypt, Sicily, Sardinia, Southern Italy, Etruria, Spain, and the Crimea.

TIRYNS

Tiryns was excavated by Schliemann and Dörpfeld in 1884-5, although Schliemann had previously sunk a trial excavation-shaft in 1876. The finds at Tiryns date somewhat earlier than those of Mycenae. They are situated on a long, low rocky eminence about a mile and a half from the sea. In prehistoric times the surrounding land was a marsh.

According to ancient tradition Tiryns was founded about 1400 B. C. by Proetus, twin brother of Acrisius, King of Argos. The brothers quarreled. Therefore Proetus, expelled from Argos, fled to Iobates, King of Lycia, and married his daughter, Anteia or Stheneboea. Iobates then sent an army which restored Proetus and fortified Tiryns by the help of the Cyclopes, who, according to Strabo, were "seven in number." (VIII, 372)

Bellerophon, the grandson of Sisyphus, King of Corinth and slayer of the Chimaera, is also associated with Tiryns, where, at the hands of Queen Anteia, he met with a fate similar to that of Joseph in Egypt, at the house of Potiphar. The exiled Corinthian prince, guilty of murder, journeyed for atonement to the court of Proetus, where, as a royal guest, to whom the Gods had granted beauty and strength, he indignantly repelled the love proffered by the queen, who thereupon falsely accused him to her husband, saying:

"Die, Proetus, or else slay Bellerophon." . . . So spake she, and anger got hold upon the king at that he heard. To slay him he forbore, for his soul had shame of that; but he sent him into Lycia and gave him tokens of woe, graving in a folded tablet many deadly things, and bade him show these to Anteia's father that he might be slain. So fared he to Lycia by the blameless convoy of the gods. Now when he came to Lycia and the stream Xanthus, then did the king of wide Lycia honor him with all his heart. Nine days he entertained him and killed nine oxen. And when on the tenth day rosy-fingered dawn appeared, then he questioned him and asked to see what he bore from his son-in-law, even Proetus. Now when he received of him Proetus' evil token, first he bade him slay the unconquerable Chimaera, of divine birth was she, and not of men, in front a lion and behind a serpent, and in the midst a goat; and she breathed dread fierceness of blazing fire. And her he slew, obedient to the signs of heaven.

Next fought he the famed Solymi; this said he, was the mightiest battle of warriors wherein he entered. And thirdly, he slew the Amazons, women,

peers of men. And as he turned back therefrom, the king devised another cunning wile; he picked from wide Lycia the bravest men and set an ambush. But these returned nowise home again; for noble Bellerophon slew them all. So when the king now knew that he was the brave offspring of a god, he kept him there, and plighted his daughter, and gave him half of all the honor of his kingdom.—HOMER, *Iliad*, Z, 164-194; Lang, Leaf, and Myers' translation.

Proetus had three daughters, but when the maidens grew up they were punished with madness either by Dionysus or Hera because they had been guilty of sacrilege, and one of them soon died, but the other two were cured by Melampus, seer and prophet, whose ears, licked by serpents' tongues during sleep, understood the language of the birds. The two surviving daughters then married Melampus and his brother Bias, and dwelt below the Acropolis of Tiryns towards the sea, where their dwellings were still existing in the time of Pausanias, that is, the second century of our era.

The second king of Tiryns was the son of Proetus, Megapenthes, who exchanged his kingdom with Perseus, the slayer of the Gorgon and grandson of Acrisius, for the kingdom of Argos. Perseus gave Tiryns to his son, Electryon, whose daughter Alcmene, the mother of Heracles, married her cousin, Amphitryon, who was also a grandson of Perseus. Amphitryon, having accidentally slain his uncle, Electryon, was expelled from Tiryns by another uncle, Sthenelus, the king of Mycenae and Argos, who thereupon made himself also king of Tiryns. Sthenelus married Nicippe, the daughter of Pelops, and was succeeded by his son, Eurystheus, who, as King of Mycenae and overlord of Tiryns, laid the twelve labors upon Heracles. Later, according to legend, Heracles reconquered the city of Tiryns, from which his step-father had been expelled, and dwelt there a long time.

On the Return of the Heracleidae both Tiryns and Mycenae were made subject to Argos. But, although the importance of Tiryns falls entirely in the prehistoric period, it remained in the hands of its Achaean population, and four hundred Tirynthians and Mycenaean took part in the Battle of Plataea. (Herodotus, IX, 28) The glory which Tiryns thus acquired excited the envy of the Argives, whose failure to support the Greek cause during the Persian Wars amounted almost to treachery. Therefore, they now began to consider Tiryns a dangerous neighbor, especially when it fell into the hands of their fugitive, insurgent slaves, who for a long time maintained themselves behind its Cyclopean walls and dominated the country. The insur-

gents were finally subdued and in the 78th Olympiad, that is, in 468-464 B. C., the Argives destroyed the city, demolished a part of the Cyclopean walls and forced the Tirynthians to emigrate to Argos or Epidaurus. (Herodotus, VI, 83; Pausanias, II, 17, 5, and VIII, 27, 1; Strabo, VIII, p. 373.)

According to Theophrastus the citizens of Tiryns were so carefree and so much addicted to laughing as to be incapable of serious work. (*apud Athenaeum*, VI, 261.) Therefore, he adds, desirous of reforming, they consulted the Oracle at Delphi and received the god's answer that if they could sacrifice an ox to Poseidon and throw it into the sea without laughing, the evil would at once cease. Fearing to fail in the execution of the god's command, they forbade the children to be present at the sacrifice; but one of the boys, having heard of this and having mixed with the crowd, when they sought to drive him away, cried out: "How! Are you afraid that I shall upset your sacrifice?" This excited universal laughter: consequently they became convinced that the god intended to show them by experience that an inveterate habit is difficult to overcome.

The name Tiryns is apparently not Greek, but it is thought to be a Pelasgic word, that is, a word retained from the language originally spoken by the pre-Hellenic inhabitants of the Greek lands. The ending *-ns* is non-Hellenic.

The Acropolis or flat rock of Tiryns is 980 feet long, from 200 to 300 feet broad, and from 30 to 50 feet high. It extends in a straight line from north to south and is highest at its southern end. The summit of the hill was laid out in three levels, upon which were built the Upper, the Middle, and the Lower Castles. The royal palace is on the southern and highest platform.

Tiryns is regularly spoken of by Homer as "well-girt"; doubtless because of its massive Cyclopean circuit walls, which are from twenty-five to fifty feet thick. They were originally about sixty-five feet high. The crevices between the huge stones were filled with a mortar of clay. The Cyclopean walls of Tiryns are not the oldest remains which have been discovered there, for a much earlier settlement is proved not only by pottery finds, but also by traces of earlier buildings on the Middle Castle, as well as under the palace. The first settlement, if the statement of Eustathius is correct, was named Halieis because it was only a shelter for fishermen. Apparently it was also called Licymnia. (Cf. Strabo, 373; Pindar, *Ol.*, 7, 47.)

Plate xxv shows a portion of the Acropolis walls of Tiryns, as seen from the east, including the main entrance at the northeast corner of the Upper Castle and a part of the Middle Castle. Here is seen the gradually ascending ramp, 19 feet 4 inches broad, which starts some distance to the north and is carried parallel to the wall on a substructure of Cyclopean masonry until it attains the level of the upper terrace. The right flank was defended by a massive tower 43 feet high and 34 feet broad. Here at the northeast corner of the Upper Castle the wall is pierced, without either a threshold or a post to indicate the presence of a gate. Thus, the entrance at this point appears to have been simply an open passageway, but to reach it, an enemy was forced to advance for a considerable distance along the ramp with his unshielded right side exposed to the missiles hurled by the defenders from the walls above him.

Plate xxvi is a view of the cul-de-sac, formed by the fortress wall without and the palace enclosure within, at the top of the ramp shown in Plate xxv. In this photograph it is possible to distinguish the threshold of the main entrance to the Acropolis, the real fortress gate. In plan and dimensions, as far as these can now be determined, the gateway proper corresponded closely with the Lions' Gate of Mycenae, which will be shown later.

At this point the walls are better preserved than elsewhere and rise considerably above the flat summit of the hill. Through all antiquity the Greeks believed that the walls of Tiryns were built by superhuman beings. Pausanias, who wrote a guidebook of Greece in the second century A. D., in speaking of Tiryns says:

The walls of the city, which are the only ruins left, are made of unhewn stones, each so large that the smallest could hardly be moved with a pair of mules.

This statement is not quite correct; for although the blocks vary from six to ten feet long and three feet wide, nevertheless, they are roughly worked. Note the massive tower to the right. This may well have procured for the Tirynthians the credit which they enjoyed of having been the first to build towers. (Aristotle and Theophrastus, *apud Plinium*, *H. N.*, VII, 56.)

Of the gateway itself the great stone threshold, four and three-quarters feet broad and ten and one-third feet long, and the massive parastades or gateposts, ten and one-half feet high, are still in place, but the exterior post has been broken off above and the lintel has

disappeared. The uprights are not merely squared blocks but have a special door-rebate of one foot on each jamb on the outside, thus forming a door-case against which the great doors rested. Halfway up, five feet above the sill, the inner jamb is bored to the depth of sixteen inches and the outer jamb is bored entirely through. Thus the bolt could be shot back through this jamb into the circuit wall so as to be completely out of the way when the gate was open. If the gate to Achilles' quarters in the Greek camp before Troy had a bar similar to this, that is, about fifteen feet long by six and one-half inches in diameter, it is no exaggeration when Homer says that it required three Achaeans to ram it home.

Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd of wondrous length;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles singly closed the gate.

—*Iliad*, *Ω*, 450-453; Pope's translation

Plate xxvii is a view of one of the chambered galleries which are built within the thickened walls of the Acropolis on the south and the southeastern side. One of these galleries, which is ninety feet long and seven feet ten inches broad and high, has on its external wall six gate-like recesses or window-openings. These may have been used as lookouts for the archers; while the galleries may have served as covered passageways, connecting armories, guard-chambers, and towers. Of the three other galleries two are in the southeast corner and run parallel to each other, but the third traverses the western wall and seems to have been used as a sally-port. Extensive galleries and chambers built within the circuit wall of the castle are found only at Tiryns. This gallery alone would justify the statements which claim Tiryns as the most celebrated example of Cyclopean masonry in Greece. In the southeastern gallery the surface of the stones has been worn perfectly smooth by the flocks of sheep, which have used it as a fold for centuries. The false or corbelled arch, formed by the gradual projection of the horizontal superimposed tiers of stones without a keystone, should be noted, as this is a characteristic feature of Mycenaean architecture.

In Plate xxviii is seen the floor of the bathroom of the Palace at Tiryns. This consists of one huge slab of limestone, measuring about thirteen feet by eleven feet, and two and one-quarter feet thick. Its estimated weight is about twenty-five tons. The bathroom is reached

by a door in the west wall of the vestibule of the palace. This opens into a narrow corridor, which leads by several zigzags into this small square bathroom. Dowel holes, arranged in pairs at recurrent intervals, indicate that the walls were wainscoted with wooden panels. There is a square gutter cut in the flooring-block at the northeastern corner of the chamber. This connects with a stone pipe, which reaches through the eastern wall and which proves beyond a doubt that this chamber is an elaborate bathroom of a Homeric palace. Also fragments, sufficient to determine the pattern, material, and decoration of the bathtub, have been found. The tub was made of coarse red clay. It has a thick rim and stout handles on the sides. The decoration inside and out is composed of stripes and spirals painted in white on the red ground.

Plate xxix shows the façade of the Palace of Tiryns, as restored by the French architect and scholar Chipiez. The flat roof seems to have been characteristic of the more important Mycenaean buildings; also the clerestory and the similarity in the entablature to the later Greek Doric Temple with its triglyph and metope frieze are noteworthy. The building materials were stone for the foundation and socle, sun-dried bricks faced with wood for the walls, and wood for the columns and entablature.

Plate xxx is a view of the longitudinal section of the same palace, as restored by Chipiez. Recent excavations have shown that an earlier palace than that excavated by Schliemann existed at Tiryns with a ground-plan similar to the later palace. (*Ath. Mitt.*, XXX, 1905; p. 151, *sqq.*)

MYCENAE

Few for our eyes are the homes of the heroes,
Lowly these few, they scarce lift from the plain;
So once I marked thee, O luckless Mycenae,
Then, as I passed thee, a desert's domain.
Never goat-pasture more lonely. Thou'rt merely
Something they point at, while driving a-fold,
Said an old herd to me: "Here stood the city
Built by Cyclopes, the city of gold."
—Alpheus of Mytilene in the Greek Anthology

Mycenae is particularly rich in tragically romantic myths and legends, and its situation is in striking contrast to that of Tiryns. The lower end of the Argive plain near Tiryns is marshy, but its upper

portion near Mycenæ is dry, or, to adopt the Homeric epithet, "very thirsty." This circumstance is thus explained by Pausanias:

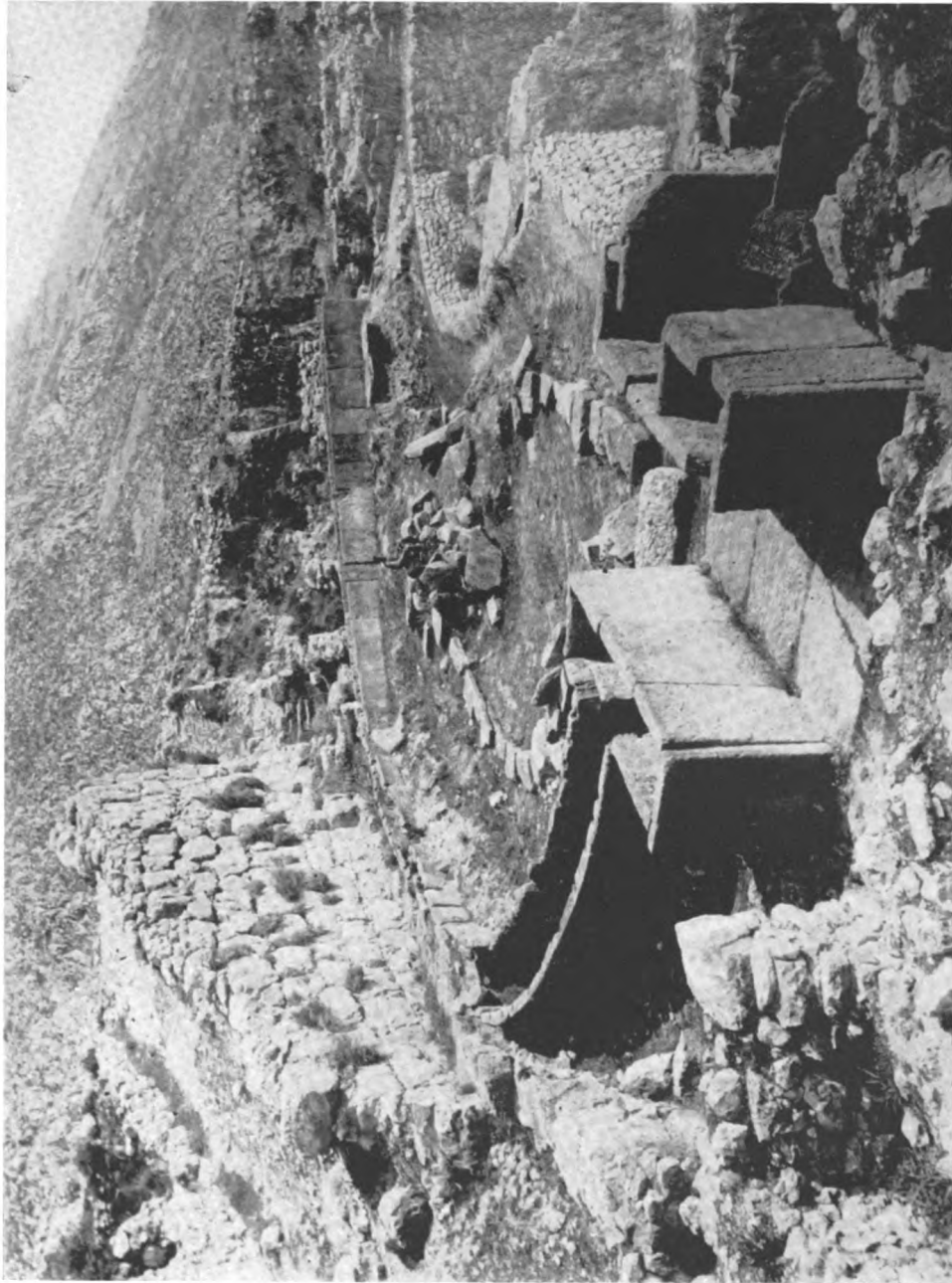
All Greeks know that Perseus founded Mycenæ, and I shall relate the circumstance of its founding and why the Argives afterwards dispossessed the old inhabitants. . . . Legend says that Inachus, the King, gave his name to the river and sacrificed to Hera. It also adds that Phoroneus was the first mortal to be born in this land and that his father, Inachus, was not a human being but a river. Phoroneus, Cephisus, Asterion and the river Inachus were judges in the dispute between Poseidon and Hera for the possession of the land, and when these judges awarded the land to Hera, Poseidon took away all the water. This is the reason why neither the Inachus nor any other of the rivers have any water except after a rain.—*Pausanias*, II, 5, 5.

But according to the statement of Aristotle, in prehistoric times the land of Mycenæ was not as barren as it became later, for the philosopher says:

At the time of the Trojan War the land of Argos was marshy, and could only support a few inhabitants; but the land of Mycenæ, on the contrary, was good, and highly esteemed. Now, however, the opposite is the case, for the land of Mycenæ is dried up, and therefore lies idle, while the land of Argos, which was a marsh, and therefore fallow, is now good arable land.—Aristotle, *Meteorol.*, I, 14.

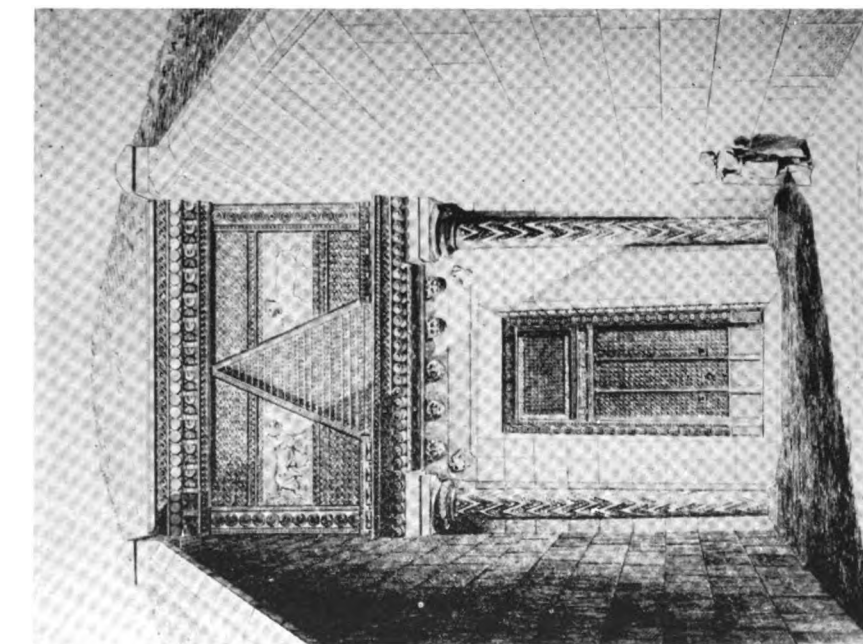
Legend makes Mycenæ almost as ancient as Tiryns, for the inland fortress is said to have been founded during the reign of Megapenthes, the second king of Tiryns, by Perseus, son of Danaë and Zeus, the slayer of the Gorgon, a grand-nephew of Proetus, the founder of Tiryns. The Cyclopes from Lycia are also said to have built the walls of Mycenæ, as well as those of Tiryns. Pausanias thus records the story of the founding of the city by Perseus:

Acrisius, hearing that (his grandson) Perseus was alive, and a mighty man of valor, retired to Larissa by the river Peneüs. But Perseus, since he wished greatly to see his mother's father and to proffer him kind words and deeds, went to Larissa. Then, proud of his strength and rejoicing in his skill with the discus, he exhibited his power before all; when fate, directing his throw, caused him unintentionally to kill Acrisius by his discus. Thus was the prophecy of the god fulfilled to Acrisius, who was unable to circumvent fate by his treatment of his daughter (Danaë) and her son. But Perseus, when he returned to Argos because of his distress at the scandal arising from this killing of his grandfather, persuaded Megapenthes, the son of Proetus, to exchange kingdoms with him and founded Mycenæ at the spot where the scabbard of his sword fell off, because he interpreted this as an omen, portending that he should there build a city. Another tradition declares that when thirsty he took up a fungus from the ground,

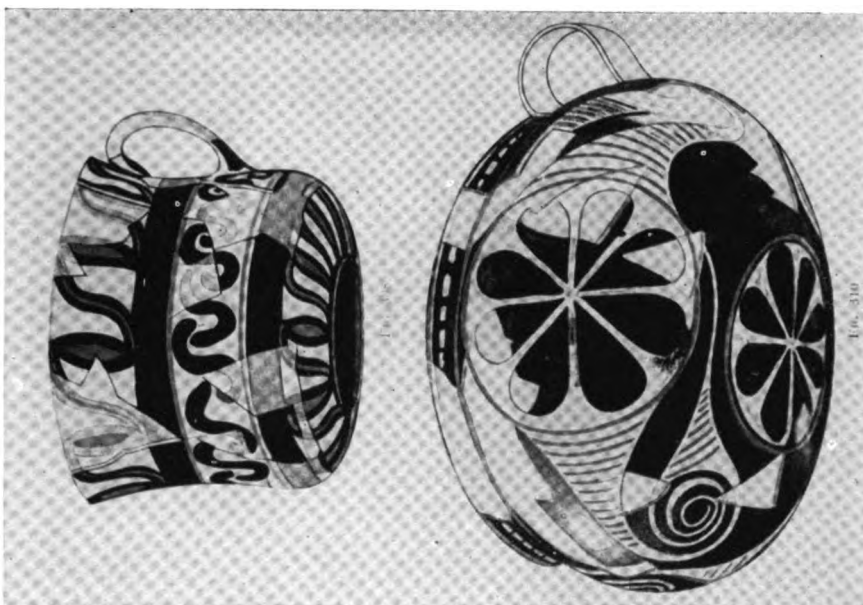


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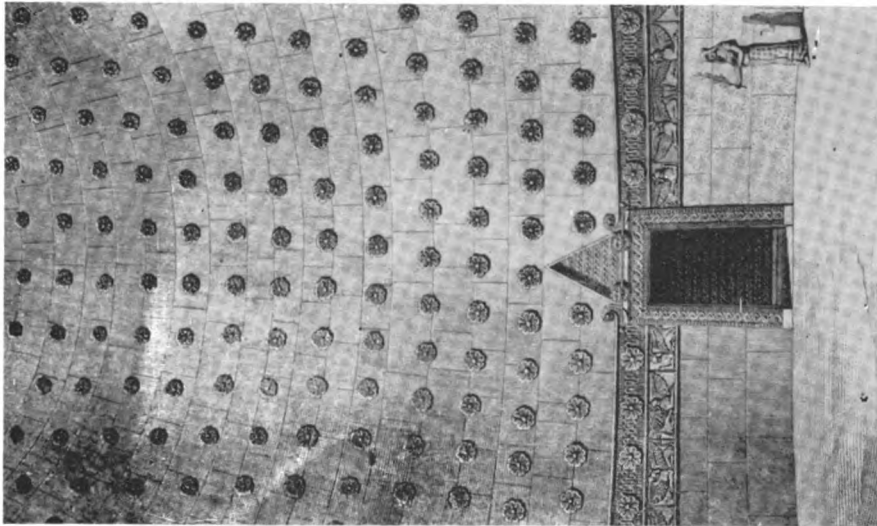
XXXV. MYCENAE: THE ACROPOLIS, THE GRAVE CIRCLE FROM THE NORTH



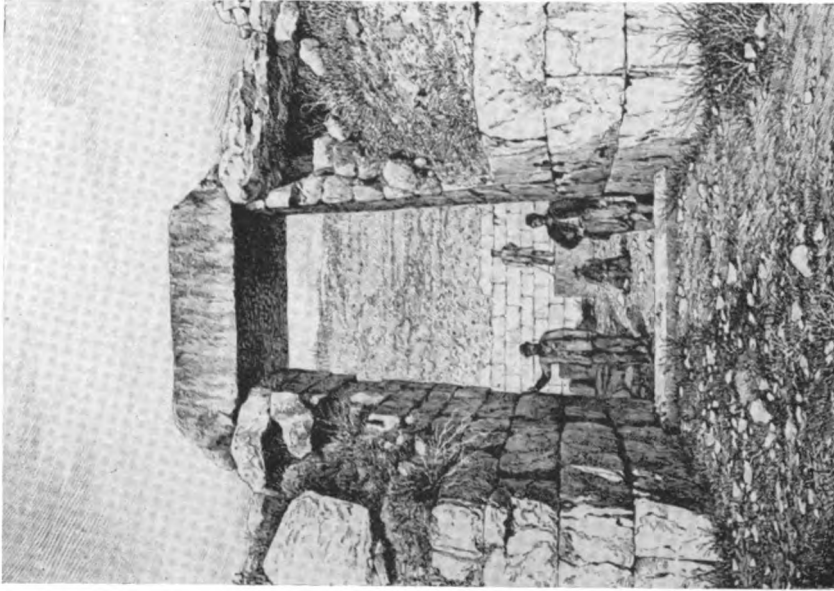
XXXVII. MYCENAE: THE LOWER CITY, PERSPECTIVE
VIEW OF THE DROMOS AND PORTAL OF THE "TREASURY
OF ATREUS," RESTORATION AFTER CHIEPEZ



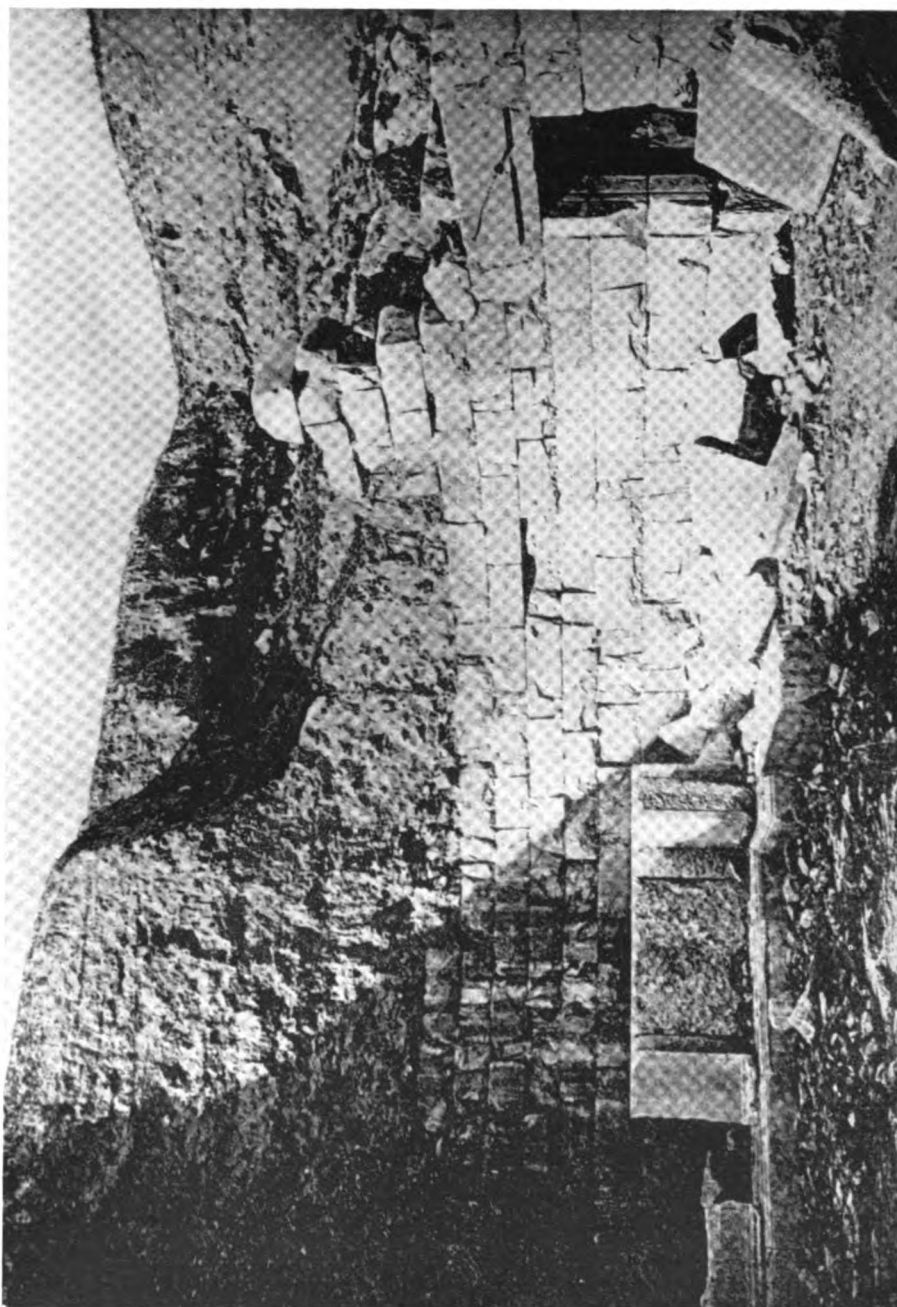
XLII. CNOSSUS: "KAMARES" WARE, TWO CUPS
EGG-SHELL WARE
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.



XXXVIII. MYCENAE: THE LOWER CITY
INTERIOR OF THE "TREASURY OF ATREUS"
RESTORATION AFTER CHIZEZ



Lomland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
XXXIX. ORCHOMENUS: DOORWAY OF THE
"TREASURY OF MINYAS"



Land and Photo. & Engraving Dept.

NL. ORCHOMENUS: INTERIOR OF THE DOMED CHAMBER OF THE "TREASURY OF MINYAS"

and when some water flowed from it he drank it with pleasure and named the place Mycenae [a word which might mean either scabbard or fungus].

— *Pausanias*, II, 16, 2-3.

Perseus married Andromeda and left his kingdom to his son, Sthenelus. Sthenelus married Nicippe, the daughter of Pelops, and was succeeded by his son, Eurystheus. Both Sthenelus and Eurystheus ruled not only at Mycenae but over Tiryns as well; so that Heracles, the stepson of Amphitryon, the exiled king of Tiryns, was subject to Eurystheus, and was forced by his cousin to engage in his twelve labors.

The dynasty of the Perseidae ended with Eurystheus, who was succeeded by his uncle Atreus, the son of Pelops. The Pelopidae traced their descent from Tantalus, the famous king of Phrygia. Atreus contended with his brother, Thyestes, for the kingdom of Mycenae, and Thyestes seduced Aërope, the wife of Atreus. Whereupon her husband revenged himself by butchering two or three of the sons of Thyestes and by serving their flesh at a banquet to their father. When Thyestes learned the awful truth, he cursed the house of Pelops and learned from an oracle which he had consulted, that if he should have a son by his own daughter, Pelopia, he would be avenged by that son. Horror-struck at this response, Thyestes sought to flee from Greece, but unknown to him the future avenger, Aegisthus, was born, as foretold. The child, which was exposed at birth by its mother, was found by shepherds and was nursed by a goat, whence it was named Aegisthus, a derivative from the Greek word for goat. The foundling was later discovered and brought up by Atreus, who had married Pelopia, as his own son. But Atreus was killed by Aegisthus because Atreus had bidden his foster-child to kill Thyestes. The kingdom then passed to Thyestes, who was succeeded by his nephew Agamemnon, the son of Atreus. During Agamemnon's absence at Troy Aegisthus seduced Clytemnestra, and on the king's return he was slain by the guilty lovers either at a banquet or in the bath. Aegisthus then reigned over Mycenae for seven years until in the eighth, as the gods had foretold to him, Orestes appeared and avenged his father by slaying both Aegisthus and his own mother, Clytemnestra.

The dynasty of the Pelopidae seems to have ceased to rule at Mycenae after the death of Aegisthus, for tradition says that Orestes ruled in Arcadia and at Sparta, not at Mycenae. So also neither of

the two sons of Orestes, Penthilus and Tisamenus, seems to have been king of Mycenae; for Strabo (XIII, p. 582) says that they remained in the Aeolian colonies in Asia Minor, which had been founded by their father; and Pausanias (VIII, 5, 1) states that the invasion of the Dorians had already occurred in the time of Orestes, and this is doubtless true, because presumably only some great political revolution and catastrophe such as the return of the Heraclidae could have prevented Orestes, the only son of the famous and powerful Agamemnon, from becoming king of Mycenae. Strabo also confirms this statement in saying that the decline of Mycenae began with the death of Agamemnon and particularly with the Return of the Heraclidae. (VIII, p. 372)

Although the importance of Mycenae ended with the prehistoric age, the city continued to exist and contributed eighty men as its contingent at Thermopylae, and in the following year, that is, 479 B. C., in conjunction with Tiryns, sent four hundred men to Plataea. According to the ancient historian Diodorus Siculus, this patriotism was the immediate cause of Mycenae's tragic end, which he thus describes:

In the 78th Olympiad [468-464 B. C.] a war was started between the Argives and the people of Mycenae because of the following reasons: The Myceneans, proud of the high renown formerly enjoyed by their city, refused to obey the Argives as the other cities in their neighborhood had done, and disregarding the Argives maintained an independent position. Also they had disputes with them in regard to the worship of the goddess Hera, and claimed the right to the sole conduct and management of the Nemean Games. Likewise, they were further at variance with them because, when the Argives had passed a resolution not to aid the Spartans at Thermopylae unless they should be allowed a share in the command, the Myceneans alone of all the inhabitants of the Argolid joined the ranks of the Lacedaemonians. The Argives had besides a general suspicion that some day their rivals might again become powerful and dispute with them the sovereignty, as during the former greatness of their city. Such being the motives for hostility, they had long been watching for an opportunity to raze Mycenae to the ground; and they thought the fitting time had now arrived, as they saw that the Lacedaemonians had been defeated and were unable to bring any aid to the Myceneans. Accordingly they collected a strong force from Argos and other states allied to them and attacked the city. The Myceneans were defeated, driven within their walls and besieged. For some time they defended themselves with spirit against the besieging forces, but at length, partly because of their defeat and partly because the Lacedaemonians were unable to aid them, as well as because of the disastrous effects of earthquakes, destitute of assistance through

the mere lack of aid from without, Mycenae was captured by assault. Its inhabitants were then made slaves by the Argives, a tithe of their property was consecrated to the service of religion, and their city was razed to the ground. Thus a state that had been great and wealthy in times of old, a state that had numbered many illustrious men and that had performed many glorious deeds, met with its final overthrow and has remained desolate up to our own times [that is, until the reign of Augustus].—Diodorus Siculus, XI, 65.

This explicit account, which is also repeated by Pausanias, has been questioned by Professor Mahaffy, who maintains that both Mycenae and Tiryns were destroyed by the Argives two hundred years earlier than the 78th Olympiad. Professor Mahaffy says:

It is probably true that the Argives chose the opportunity of a Messenian War to make this conquest, but it was the Second (685-668 B. C.), not the Third Messenian War (464 B. C.). It is very probably true—nay, I should say certainly true—that they leveled the houses of Mycenae with the ground in the 78th Olympiad (468-464 B. C.); but this was not their first conquest of it.

—Schliemann, *Tiryns*, 1885, pp. 35-43; passage quoted from p. 43.

Plate xxxi is a view of the Argive Plain, as seen from Mycenae, facing the south. Schliemann excavated at Mycenae in 1876, and the Greek Ephor, Stamatakis, in 1877. These first excavations were followed by those of the Greek archaeologist Tsountas, acting for the Greek Archaeological Society in the years 1886 and 1888; while supplementary researches have been carried on more recently by the German Institute of Athens.

Plate xxxii shows the stronghold of Mycenae with Mount St. Elias in the background. It is situated on a foothill, 900 feet above sea-level, in the northeastern corner of the Argive Plain, or, as described in the Homeric poems, "in the heart of horse-nurturing Argos" (Homer, *Od.*, γ, 263), at the entrance of a glen between the two majestic peaks of Mount St. Elias, 2640 feet high, on the north, and Mount Zara, 2160 feet high, on the south. Its Homeric epithets are "well-built city" (*Il.*, B, 509), "with broad streets," (*Il.*, Δ, 52), "rich in gold" (*Il.*, Z, 180; *Od.*, γ, 305). Mycenae, unlike Tiryns, was a veritable mountain fastness, and the rocky height which forms its Acropolis approximates in outline an irregular triangle, and slopes toward the west. The cliffs overhang a deep gorge, the Chavos, which like a mighty moat guards the whole southern flank of the citadel. Through the abyss below winds the bed of a torrent, which is usually almost dry because it has no other source than that of the spring

Perseia, which is about half a mile to the northeast of the fortress. The gorge extends from east to west and then turns in a south-westerly direction. The cliffs fall off precipitously on the northern side into a glen, the Kokoretsa, which stretches in a straight line from east to west. They are also more or less steep on the eastern and western sides, where are six natural, or it may be, artificial terraces. The entire Acropolis, which has to be approached from the east, is surrounded by fortification walls mostly Cyclopean, but some portions are polygonal and others are ashlar. These walls vary from thirteen to thirty-five feet in height and average sixteen feet in thickness. The entire circuit still exists, but the walls were once much higher. The stone is the beautiful, hard breccia which is so abundant on the neighboring mountains. There are no storerooms or galleries at Mycenae, as at Tiryns, but on the northeast side there is a vaulted stone passage in the wall. This led by a downward path into the foot of the hill, where a cistern was supplied with water from a perennial spring outside the walls.

The eminent position of "golden Mycenae" in prehistoric times is indicated not only by its many legends, but also by the treasure discovered in its tombs — treasures which exceed all others found elsewhere in the Aegean Basin. Not only were her lords rich, but their power stretched beyond their immediate territory, as is shown by the prehistoric roads, which connected Mycenae with Corinth. Three of these narrow but stoutly built highways, which both bridge streams and tunnel through rocks, have been traced.

The ruins of Mycenae, as seen by Pausanias in the second century A. D. are thus described by him:

Among other remains of the walls is the gate on which stand lions. These walls and gate are said to be the work of the Cyclopes, who built the walls at Tiryns for Proetus. In the ruins of Mycenae is a fountain called Perseia and the subterranean buildings of Atreus and his sons, in which they stored their treasures. And there is the tomb of Atreus and the tombs of the companions of Agamemnon, who on their return from Ilium were killed at a banquet by Aegisthus. But as to Cassandra's tomb the Lacedaemonians of Amyclae claim that they possess it. At Mycenae is the tomb of Agamemnon and that of his charioteer Eurymedon and of Electra, and the joint tomb of Teledamus and Pelops, who, they say, were the twin sons of Cassandra, slain while they were still babes by Aegisthus, after he had slaughtered their parents. There is also the tomb of Electra, who was given in marriage by Orestes to Pylades, whose sons, according to Hellanicus, were Medon and Strophius. Clytemnestra and

Aegisthus were buried a short distance outside the walls, for they were thought unworthy to have their tombs inside the city, where lay Agamemnon and those murdered with him. (II, 16, 6)

Presumably we are acquainted today not only with the relics named by Pausanias but with many others unknown to him as well.

Plate XXXIII is a view of the so-called Lions' or Main Gateway of the Acropolis of Mycenae. It is situated at the northwest corner of the citadel walls. The relief above the gateway has been thought to represent the escutcheon of Mycenae, the armorial bearings of the city's princely rulers. But this is unlikely, although the usage of emblazonry is known to reach into hoary antiquity, because so many replicas of this particular heraldic group have been found elsewhere than at Mycenae. The gate, as regularly in Aegean architecture, widens from the top downward. The use of timber casings is believed to be the principal reason for this peculiarity. The dimensions of the Lions' Gateway are ten feet eight inches high and nine feet six inches broad at the top and ten feet three inches below. In the huge lintel, which is sixteen and one-half feet long and eight feet broad and over three feet thick in the center, are cut round holes six inches deep for the hinges, and in the two jambs are four quadrangular holes for the bolts. The object of the triangular gap in the masonry in which the relief fits is to lessen the pressure of the superincumbent masonry on the lintel. The triangular slab, which fills this niche, is ten feet high, twelve feet long at the base and two feet thick. On its face are sculptured two lionesses, standing opposite to each other and supported by their long outstretched hind legs, with their forepaws resting on either side of the top of an altar, from which rises a column which tapers downward in the characteristic fashion of the period. The heraldic position of the animals, who in silent sentinel duty have remained to ward the castle throughout the ages, suggests Assyrian art. This relief is unique because it is the only sculptural monument of large size which has come down to us from the Bronze-Age civilization of the Aegean world. Even in its mutilated condition it has a nobility and expressive beauty of its own. The heads of the animals have unfortunately been lost; they were probably made separately and fastened to the bodies by bolts. They must have been small and must have faced the spectator. They may have been of bronze. The ends of the tails are not broad and bushy, but narrow like those of the lions on the early sculptures of Egypt. It is noteworthy that Pelops

was the son of Tantalus, King of Phrygia, and that Phrygia is the home of the worship of Rhea, the mother of the gods, whose sacred animal is the lion. The passageway which leads to the gate is fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, and is defended by a large quadrangular tower.

In Plate xxxiv is shown the postern gate at Mycenae. This is situated on the northern side of the Acropolis. Note the massive lintel and the huge stone resting directly upon it; this is unusual in Mycenaean architecture, which generally leaves a triangular space above the lintel for the purpose of diminishing the downward pressure. The gateway consists of three large slabs. The opening, like that of the Lions' Gateway, widens from the top downward. At the top it is five feet four inches wide and five feet eleven inches at the bottom. Inclusive of the rectangular slab resting on the lintel, the gate is fourteen feet high. The grooves for the bolts in the jambs of the doorway are square and of large size.

In addition to the walls, the burying places of the kings of Mycenae are their most striking memorials. At one time the lords of the citadel and their families were buried on the castle hill itself; for close to the western wall, south of the Lions' Gate, Schliemann discovered the royal grave circle, eighty-seven feet in diameter. Within this were found six tombs deeply cut into the rock. These had remained untouched by the hand of man until the excavations of 1876. Nineteen skeletons and much treasure were discovered in these graves. Five of them were excavated by Dr. Schliemann and the sixth by the Greek Ephor of Antiquities, Stamatakis, in 1877.

Plate xxxv is a view of the Grave Circle, taken from the north, and shows the position of the deep-lying shaft graves. Note the double row of upright circular slabs arranged in two concentric rings about three feet apart. The intervening space was originally filled with small stones and earth, and it was then covered by horizontal slabs. The result was a wall four and one-half feet thick, varying from three to five feet high; because this curious ring-wall does not enclose a level space, since the rock slopes toward the west, where, to bring the upright slabs to a uniform level, they are as much as five feet high. This circle of slabs may have served as a retaining wall for a tumulus or mound, which may have been built over the graves. Note the entrance passageway, which is about six feet wide. Before Schliemann excavated the Grave Circle the upright slabs were buried

to a depth of nine to ten feet under the deepest mound on the citadel, and some of the graves were as deep as thirty-three feet below the surface. A stele or gravestone, in some cases sculptured, once marked each tomb. The sculptured stelae may have been placed over the graves of the men, while those over the graves of the women were unsculptured. The stelae, like the dead, who were embalmed in the graves beneath, faced the west, the Land of Shadows.

The graves contained an enormous amount of treasure, consisting of diadems, ear-rings, gold discs, silver and bronze vases, death-masks, sword and dagger blades, terra cotta vases, and many other objects. The actual value by weight of the gold found here by Schliemann is more than \$20,000. The finds are now arranged in the National Museum at Athens in the Hall of Mycenaean Antiquities, in the center of which the sixth tomb is shown in exact reproduction of its condition at the time of its discovery. The two skeletons found within it were literally covered with plates and bands of gold.

The ancient city of Mycenae included not only the Acropolis, the seat of the ruling family, but also an extensive Lower City, scattered over the entire hill which extends between the two gorges surrounding the Acropolis. The Lower City consisted of a group of villages, each of which preserved its separate identity and maintained its separate burial ground.

The most important remains discovered in the Lower City are the tholoi or beehive vaulted tombs. Mycenaean tombs are of three general types: (a) the oblong pit sunk vertically in the ground, very similar to a modern grave, such as the Shaft Graves on the Acropolis; (b) the tholos or beehive vaulted tomb; and (c) the rock-hewn chamber. Both the tholoi and the rock-hewn chambers were approached by an avenue or dromos, which was cut horizontally into the hillside. In the district to the north and west of the Acropolis about seventy rock-cut tombs have been discovered and examined, with interesting results. The rock-hewn chamber tombs were evidently the humbler burial places of the people. They were for the most part square and are not vaulted, but have gabled roofs. They are apparently contemporary with the tholoi, that is, they are of a somewhat later date than the shaft graves. Both tholoi and rock-cut chambers, unlike the shaft graves, were rifled before Schliemann's discoveries.

A day came when the simple shaft graves of the Grave Circle on the Acropolis no longer seemed regal enough to the rich princes of

Mycenae, so they sought to build more imposing burial places; or else an earlier dynasty was conquered by lords of another race, who brought with them a new fashion of burial. The legends which declare that the Perseidae were succeeded by the Pelopidae support the second surmise. These more imposing royal burial monuments are the subterranean tholoi or beehive tombs, of which seven have been found built in the hillside facing the Acropolis. The tholoi are also found not only elsewhere in Greece but in other countries as well; as, for example, the subterranean vault of New Grange in Ireland. They consist of three parts: the dromos, or passage of approach, the portal, and the dome or beehive chamber. Some of the largest also have a small square side-chamber, leading off from the central vaulted chamber. The stone avenue or dromos leads to the portal, which in its turn admits to the beehive chamber. This last is subterranean, that is, built into the hollowed slope of the hillside.

Although actual burials have been discovered in many of the tholoi of prehistoric Greece it is necessary to remember the caution given by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* that "not all such Cyclopean structures were intended for sepulchers." (II, 754)

Plate xxxvi shows the dromos and portal of the so-called "Treasury of Atreus." There is of course, nothing to prove that this is really the tomb of Agamemnon, as it is popularly called; on the contrary, Agamemnon's tomb is regularly represented in art as a simple mound, surmounted by a stele or upright tombstone. This monument, whatever may be its true name and purpose, is built under the eastern slope of the ridge which traverses the city of Mycenae. It faces the ravine of the same torrent which passes the south side of the cliffs of the Acropolis. The dromos is twenty feet seven inches broad and is lined with walls of carefully hewn ashlar blocks. The doorway, which is well preserved, is eight feet six inches wide at the top and nine feet two inches at the bottom. Its height is eighteen feet. The lintel is formed of two enormous blocks of stone, of which the inner one measures three feet nine inches in thickness, seventeen feet in breadth and nearly thirty feet in length. Its estimated weight is about 300,000 pounds. The equilateral triangular niche above, each side of which measures ten feet, was once filled with an ornamental slab of red porphyry. This, like the niche of the Lions' Gateway, served to relieve the weight, which would otherwise have pressed on the lintel. The exterior of the jambs and the lintel was decorated by

two parallel moldings. Above the lintel are numerous holes, in which presumably bronze ornaments were once fastened. There are other similar holes in the flat wall above the doorway, thus showing that the portal was once elaborately ornamented. On the outside before each door-post there once stood a half-column of grey alabaster, decorated with zigzags and spirals. In the middle of the doorway can be seen the holes for the bolts and hinges of the doors.

Plate xxxvii is a perspective view of the dromos and portal of the "Treasury of Atreus," after Chipiez. The dome resembles a vast beehive and is approximately fifty feet high and fifty feet in diameter. It is built of well-hewn ashlar blocks of hard breccia. In the lower courses these blocks are one foot ten inches high and from four to seven feet long, but toward the top of the dome the courses become narrower. From the fourth course upwards in each stone are visible two bored holes, and in many of these can still be seen remnants of the nails which once fastened the bronze rosettes used to decorate the interior walls. The dome is not a true vault, because it is built without a keystone and is formed by a false or corbeled arch, that is, the successive tiers of stone project one beyond the other, until they meet above in the center.

To the right of the great circular hall, a doorway nine and one-half feet high and four feet seven inches broad leads to a second chamber, which is cut out of the living rock. This is nearly square, being about twenty-eight feet long and broad and nineteen feet high. Over the doorway is the customary triangular niche. This side-chamber is thought to be the tomb proper, and stones were discovered in it, indicating that it once contained a monument.

Johannes P. Pyrlas, Professor of Medicine at Athens, published an article on the first excavation of the Treasury of Atreus in a Tripolis newspaper of the 19th of November, 1857. This runs in Dr. Schliemann's translation thus:

In 1808, as old people relate, in the month of April, a Mahomedan of Nauplia presented himself before Veli Pasha, who was at that time governor of the Peloponnesus, and told him that he knew there were several statues hidden in the "Tomb of Agamemnon." Veli Pasha, who was energetic and ambitious, at once began to excavate the space in front of the tomb with forced labor. When he had dug down to a depth of three fathoms, the workmen descended by means of a ladder into the interior of the dome, and found there a great many ancient tombs, and having opened these they found in them bones covered with gold, which was no doubt derived from the gold-embroidered drapery. They found

there also other gold and silver ornaments, also precious stones in the form of those called "antiques" (gems), but without any incised work. Outside the tombs they found about twenty-five colossal statues and a marble table, all of which Veli Pasha transported to the Lake of Lerna to the place called the Mills and, having got them washed and cleaned and wrapped up in mats, he sent them on to Tripolis, where he sold them to travelers and obtained for them about 80,000 gros (then worth about 20,000 francs). Having gathered the bones and the débris contained in the tombs, he got these also transported to Tripolis and entrusted them there to the most notable goldsmiths, D. Contonicolacos and P. Scouras, who, after having cleaned the débris and scraped off the gold from the bones, collected about four okes (4800 grams) of gold and silver. The stones in form of antiques as well as the bones were thrown away: I had this account from the mouth of the two goldsmiths when they were still alive, and from my father, who saw the statues at the Mills.—Schliemann, *Mycenae*, New York, 1880, pp. 49-50.

This account is probably apocryphal, because on investigation Dr. Schliemann discovered that it was not confirmed by the old inhabitants of Charvati, which is the nearest modern village to the site of Mycenae, and except as told in this article, no large free standing statues have been found in any excavations of prehistoric Aegean remains. The truth seems to be that the excavation of Veli Pasha took place in 1810, and that the only objects discovered by him were some half-columns and friezes, a marble table, and a bronze candelabrum which was suspended from the top of the vault by a long bronze chain.

In the Peloponnesus, great fortresses and palaces dating from prehistoric times have been found only at Tiryns and at Mycenae, but some large tholoi similar to those of Mycenae have survived to mark the existence of other early principalities, and it is presumably to these tholoi that Athenaeus refers when he says:

Great tumuli are scattered all over the Peloponnesus and especially in Laconia; they are called Phrygian tombs and are supposed to contain the bodies of the companions of Pelops.

ORCHOMENUS

Leaving the Peloponnesus and passing to central Greece, striking memorials of the Mycenaean Age have been discovered in Boeotia. Thus at Thebes, near the Agora or market place, have been found a palace of the Mycenaean Age, which apparently, like all other palaces of that age, was destroyed by fire. This is believed to be the "House of Cadmus" and the "Bridal Chambers of Harmonia and Semele."

But in the early times Thebes does not seem to have been the fore-

most of the Boeotian cities, since it appears to have been surpassed in importance by Orchomenus, which was situated on the western shore of the great Copaic Lake. The Orchomenians belonged to the great Minyan clan, the hardy race of navigators, who launched the Argo. The city was built at first, says Strabo, right on the shore of Lake Copais near the eastern base of the hill called Acontium, which is a Greek word meaning "lance." This hill later, when the position of the city was changed, became the acropolis of the city. The change in location was caused, we are told, by the rising of the lake.

The principal ruins of Orchomenus date from the mythical period, when it was the center of the Minyan power in central Greece. In historic times the city became subordinate to Thebes and took merely a second place in the Boeotian League. It was several times destroyed, notably by the Thebans in 368 B. C. and in 346 B. C., but on each occasion it rose again from its ruins. It was at Orchomenus that Sulla defeated Archilaüs, the general of Mithridates, in 85 B. C. Although Orchomenus enjoyed prosperity in Roman times it seems to have remained entirely uninhabited during the Middle Ages.

Its wealth in prehistoric times was proverbial, and the city in the Homeric poems shares with Mycenae the epithet of "golden." The inhabitants were called Minyans from one of their early kings, of whom Pausanias writes:

Minyas was the son of Chryses, and from him his subjects received the name of Minyae, which the people still keep. So great was the tribute which was paid to this Minyas that he surpassed in wealth all those who reigned before him, and he was the first, so far as we know, among the Minyae, to build a treasury for the purpose of securing his riches. Since the Greeks have a mania for admiring that which is foreign much more than that which is native, several of their most eminent writers have been pleased to describe the Pyramids of Egypt with the greatest minuteness, while they have not a word to say of the Treasury of Minyas or of the walls of Tiryns, which nevertheless are fully as deserving of admiration. The son of Minyas was Orchomenus, and during his reign the city was called Orchomenus and its inhabitants Orchomenians. (IX,36)

And a little further on Pausanias adds (IX, 38):

The Treasury of Minyas, a marvel inferior to nothing in Greece or elsewhere, is constructed as follows. It is a circular building, made of stone, with a top not very pointed; and the highest stone, they say, holds together the whole building.

This last statement has been questioned, because so far as known, prehistoric Aegean architecture employed only the false or corbeled

arch, which, of course, does not possess a keystone. Pausanias' words show that the vault of the "Treasury" was intact when he saw it in the second century A. D., and in fact when Dr. Schliemann cleared away the rubbish of the ages in the years 1880, 1881 and 1886, he found much evidence proving that the building was used during Macedonian and Roman times, probably as a chapel, which may have been dedicated to Minyas himself.

Plate xxxix reveals the sad destruction which the "Treasury" has suffered since Pausanias' time. The view is taken from where the dromos once existed, and shows the impressive doorway. Unfortunately the dromos itself was used as a quarry when a neighboring chapel was built about 1865, with the result that it has been almost entirely destroyed. The doorway is seventeen feet eleven inches high, eight feet eight inches broad at the bottom and eight feet at the top. The lintel consists of a massive block of greyish-blue marble nineteen feet long. Note the large stone base at the rear, upon which a man with a cane is standing. This was built in late Greek or even in Roman times, and probably supported statues. Directly in front of it was found a stone table or altar. Schliemann believed, because of certain statements made by Pausanias, that the bones of the epic poet Hesiod were transported from Naupactus to Orchomenus and placed here beside the remains of Minyas, but this interpretation of the statements is doubtful.

The diameter of the tholos proper, or dome of the "Treasury of Minyas," is forty-six feet, that is, almost as large as that of the "Treasury of Atreus." The walls, shown in Plate xl, were built of large ashlar blocks of greenish marble. The holes which have been pierced in the upper courses doubtless served to fasten metal rosettes similar to those placed in the "Treasury of Atreus." Note the stone table or altar, which was mentioned in connection with Plate xxxix. The dome, and in fact all the side-walls above the lintel, have fallen in, although in places they are preserved as high as eight courses and even in one or two places as high as the twelfth course. The doorway to the right of the entrance, which is six feet nine inches high and four feet wide at the bottom and three feet six inches at the top, leads into a small side-chamber; for in this respect as well as in other ways the "Treasury of Minyas" closely resembles that of Atreus; of which, however, the side-chamber is cut out of the living rock, while that of this "Treasury" is built of small quarried stones.

Plate XLI shows a fragment of the superb ceiling of the side chamber of the "Treasury of Minyas." The carving on the different slabs was so cleverly fitted together that the design is carried uninterruptedly over the joints in a single rich composition of meandering spirals, bordered by rosettes. The design is apparently a reproduction of a textile pattern, and its effect must have been that of a rich piece of tapestry.

As on a rug there is an oblong center piece, composed of interlacing spirals. From the corners of these spring palmettes or the corolla of a flower with a dart, perhaps suggestive of the pistil of a flower. This central pattern is enforced by a double row of rosettes and more interlacing spirals, palmettes, and a second time by another row of rosettes and a narrow fillet of dentils for the border. Since the shape of the chamber is oblong the intermediary spirals between the inner and outer rosettes consist of six rows at the ends and of only four on the sides. The entire composition is filled with artistic spirit and vigor. Had this side-chamber been excavated fifteen years earlier than it was, it would have been found practically as perfect as on the first day that it was completed; for Schliemann found its entrance blocked by masses of rubbish heaped high above the lintel, and was told that in 1870 the earth above the chamber suddenly gave way with a great noise. This, as was discovered in 1881, was caused by the falling in of the ceiling. The walls of this chamber were carried upward for some distance so as to form a cavity or second story, which was also roofed over by horizontal slabs. This served, of course, to relieve the pressure on the sculptured ceiling. The walls of small roughly hewn stones were faced by marble slabs sixteen inches thick.

GLA

The lords of Orchomenus in prehistoric times had neighbors and perhaps subjects in an island fortress at the opposite or eastern end of the Copaic Lake, a fortress which may possibly have been the Homeric "Arne rich, with purple harvest crown'd" (*Il.*, B, 507). which the poet names with "Anthedon, Boeotia's utmost bound" (*Il.*, B, 508). Although Arne, like this fortress, which is usually known by its modern name of Gla or Gha, was situated in the Athamantian Plain near the spot where, according to legend, Athamas reigned, it could hardly have been engulfed by the waters of the lake, as Strabo

says that Arne was. The discoveries show that Gla, like Troy, the Cretan palaces, Tiryns, and Mycenae, was destroyed by the shock of war and its palace was burned to the ground. Apparently, it could not withstand the assault before which the Minyan power fell, and it perished almost as soon as it was built, since no provision for a water supply has been discovered, and there are no signs of any burial place. The name Gla or Gha is thought to be an abbreviation of the Albanian word Goulás, which means "The Tower." The ruins, which are exceptionally impressive and interesting, consist of the mighty walls which guarded the edge of the rock, as well as the foundations of a palace, an agora or market place, and perhaps other buildings, but the building called the "Agora" may rather have served as a soldiers' or servants' hall. If it is really a Mycenaean Agora it is unique among the known finds of the prehistoric period. The fortress was built on an island about half a mile from the eastern shore of Lake Copaïs, opposite to Topolia, from which it is distant a little more than two miles. It is almost directly east of Orchomenus.

The prehistoric Minyans also built extensive engineering works throughout the Copaïc Lake between Orchomenus and Gla, for the purpose of draining the marshes. This vast system of prehistoric engineering was not fully known until the draining of the lake was undertaken toward the end of the nineteenth century by a French company and completed in the year 1893 by an English firm. Copaïs was at once the largest and the shallowest lake in Greece, and when fed by the winter rains and melting snows of the neighboring mountains it covered ninety square miles. The lake has no natural outlets except subterranean rifts in Mount Ptoön on the north and east. There are about twenty-three of these Katavothrae (as the modern Greeks call them) through which the waters eventually reach the Euboean channel. The largest has its entrance in an overhanging cliff more than eighty feet high. To conduct the water to these natural outlets the Minyans dug three great canals through the lake, rearing high embankments on both sides with the excavated earth. Also from one of the Katavothrae ancient engineers undertook to tunnel through Mount Ptoön to the Bay of Larymna, but it is uncertain whether the tunneled shafts were not sunk by Crates, the engineer of Alexander the Great, rather than by the prehistoric Minyans. (*cf.* Strabo, *page 407*)

To guard this drainage system the early Aegeans built a chain

of forts, beginning with the principal stronghold of Gla, under whose eastern wall one of the canals passes. The island of Gla, springing directly out of the lake, rises to a height of more than two hundred feet on the northwest, where the face of its cliffs is almost perpendicular. From the northwest the ground gradually falls toward the west and south to about one hundred feet, while on the east the gate is only about forty feet above the marsh. The fortress wall is Cyclopean and follows the very edge of the rock, a mighty rampart averaging twenty feet in thickness with a circuit of three-quarters of a mile. It is the largest known circumvallation of the Mycenaean Age, for the enclosed area is nearly 2,000,000 square feet, while the Acropolis of Mycenae includes only about 300,000 square feet. At Gla there are no towers, but there are numerous buttress-like projections from eight to thirty paces apart, similar to the projections on the face of the wall of the Sixth City at Troy. There are two principal gates, each twenty-two feet wide. There is also a third gate at the eastern end and possibly a fourth gate on the west, but this is uncertain. The north gate was very strongly defended on its exterior by two massive tower-like buttresses, projecting about six feet from the line of the wall and from six to nine feet in length. On the inner side a small courtyard adjoins the gate. The south gate is similarly, although not so strongly fortified. In some places the walls still stand to a height of ten feet. They are built solid without any rubble core. There are no traces of galleries.

On the highest point within the walls close to the northern edge are the remains of the palace, which consisted of two wings, so united as to form a right angle, one side of which follows the general direction of the wall for about 250 feet, while the second extends toward the interior of the island for about 220 feet. The enclosed area is therefore about 55,000 square feet. A narrow corridor extends along the entire length of the inner wall, and most of the rooms are still further protected by a second corridor, and several also, including the largest, can be entered only by passing through one or more adjoining rooms. Thus the palace itself was pre-eminently a stronghold. It was divided into a series of distinct suites, three in the northern wing and two in the eastern. The corridors average six feet in breadth. At either end of the wings is a tower. The palace had only one entrance and apparently only one story. There are no traces of any staircases and no hall has more than one forechamber. The

walls are Cyclopean and fresco fragments have been found only in one room and in one vestibule.

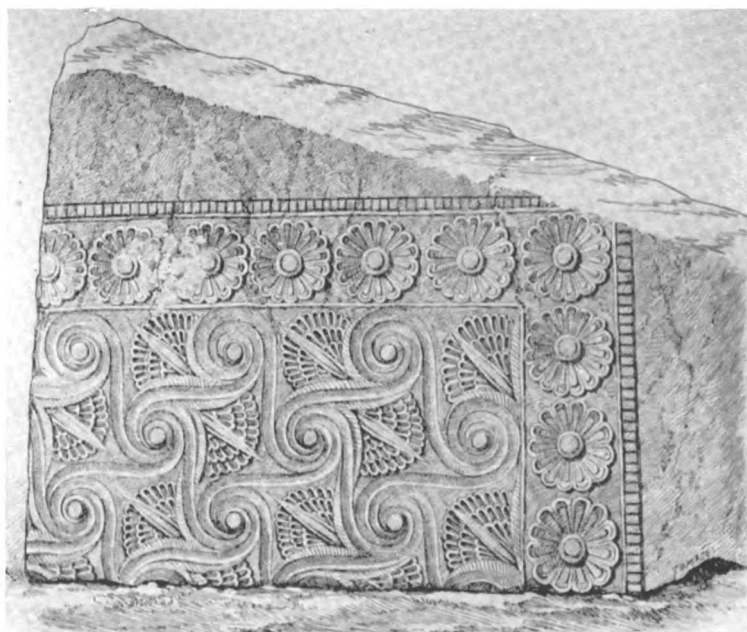
A second building lies near the center of the island between the northern and southern gates. Its walls are similar to those of the palace, but are rougher and show no trace of plastering. This building is contemporary with the palace, and from the character of the vase-fragments which have been discovered near, it is thought that the remains belong to the end rather than to the beginning of the Mycenaean Age.

ARCHITECTURE

So far we have been concerned with the architectural remains of the prehistoric world, and before turning to some of the productions of the other arts it may be well to direct the attention to certain general considerations. The extensive palaces of Crete were built to serve convenience and to afford fields for lavish decoration and do not show any great endeavor on the part of the architect after unity of plan. Nevertheless certain features are regularly present, such as bathrooms, lightwells, colonnades and doorways. Both the Cretan and the mainland columns tapered downward; while their capitals resemble those of the later Greek Doric order with the addition of a smaller square block below the abacus and above the echinus. The shafts were usually plain, and when fluted the curve of the fluting was convex instead of concave. The light-well is as characteristic of the Cretan palace as the hearth is of the Mycenaean megaron. Usually the light-well is found at one end of the hall and is enclosed on three sides by walls with two or more columns upon a raised stylobate, often on the side toward the room. A favorite mode of communication was by means of a series of doorways between square pillars along one entire side of a room. In long colonnades these square pillars were used in alternation with wooden columns. At Gournia in the earliest houses of the Middle Aegean period interior supports were always in the form of rectangular pillars of masonry; in the palace of the first Late Aegean era, round columns of wood on stone bases alternated with square pillars; and in the restoration period, that is, the third Late Aegean period, the round form seems to have entirely superseded the square or oblong. The alternate arrangement is also seen in the first Late Aegean Palace at Phaestus, but does not appear in the Palace at Cnossus, as reconstructed in the second Late Aegean period. In

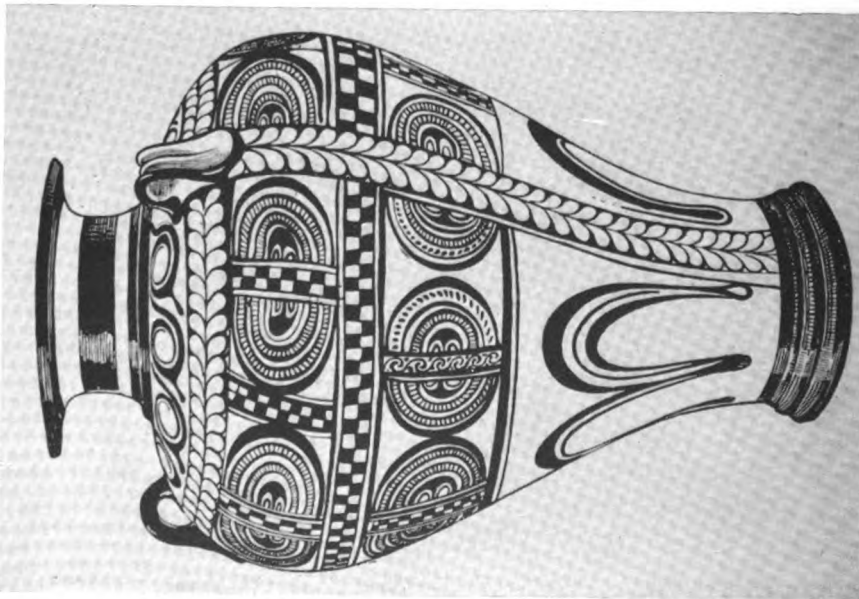


XLIII. CNOSSUS: "KAMARES" WARE, VASE WITH A SPOUT



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

XLI. ORCHOMENUS: FRAGMENT OF SCULPTURED SLAB
FROM THE CEILING OF THE SIDE-CHAMBER OF THE
"TREASURY OF MINYAS"



XLIV. PHIAESTUS: "KAMARES" JAR FROM ONE OF
THE MAGAZINES OF THE PALACE



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
XLVI. CNOSSUS: "PALACE STYLE" AMPHORA
(DECADENT), FOUND IN THE CEMETERY OF
ZAPHER PAPOURA, NEAR CNOSSUS



AMYCLAE

NLV. LARGE AMPHORAE, "PALACE STYLE"

MYCENAE

Londond Photo. & Engraving Dept.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

XLVII. CNOSSUS: ONE OF THE ELABORATELY DECORATED PITHOI
FOUND IN THE MAGAZINES OF THE PALACE

Crete, single columns and three columns were more frequently used at entrances than the double columns which are found at Tiryns and Mycenae.

In fact, although there is considerable similarity between the early architecture of Crete and of the mainland of Greece, there are also characteristic differences, as is especially noticeable in the plans of the Palaces. The general type of the Cretan palace is that of a vast number of rooms, arranged in two wings about a large central court. Thus the Palace at Cnossus was a town in itself and was built on four levels on its eastern side, while its floor space covered five acres. Therefore the dimensions of the palace courts are far more extensive than the domestic architecture even of ancient Egypt. The men's quarters were situated in one of the wings and those of the women in the other wing. The mainland palaces on the other hand are smaller and have no single large central court, but their chief elements are an ornamental gateway or propylaeum, a portico, and a principal hall, called a megaron. The megaron in its complete form consisted of a porch, a vestibule or forechamber, and the main hall, containing a central hearth. The hall was presumably lighted by a clerestory or skylight cupola.

Aegean art was at its height of vigor and originality in what Sir Arthur Evans calls the Middle Minoan period, when art and nature went hand in hand, as is shown especially in the designs of the vases and the gems. Professor Burrows has well said in speaking of the art of prehistoric Greece that —

it is startlingly modern and there are few scholars philosophic enough not to receive a series of shocks when they see a scientific drainage and lavatory system and magnificent staircases assigned to a date which is nearer the third than the first millennium before our era.— Burrows, R. M., *The Discoveries in Crete*, London, 1907, p. 104.

VASES

Of the minor arts that of painted vase manufacture is among the most interesting. The Early Aegean potter was filled with admiration when viewing motion and growth, and he expressed this admiration in symbols, adopting a shorthand method by means of which he reproduced the line formed by winds and waves in the form of spirals and other geometric patterns, thereby recording his impressions somewhat in the spirit of the Japanese artist. Such a method of decoration

belongs intrinsically to the light-on-dark technique, because white, red and orange painted on a light ground become chalky and do not afford effective contrasts; but even in Early Aegean times, the potter was familiar with the dark-on-light technique in the form of red paint on a buff ground.

Toward the close of the Middle Aegean period charming naturalistic designs were painted in light paint on a dark ground, such as the charming sprays of lilies seen on a vase from Cnossus; and at the height of his power the Aegean potter went directly to nature for his inspirations. His designs are filled with a graceful exuberance: reeds, grasses and flowers adorn his vases, and the life of the sea is represented with an astonishing fidelity. Some of his most pleasing patterns were painted on vases as thin as the eggshell cups of the Middle Aegean style, and others on heavy and coarse jars. His favorite flowers were the lily and iris, the wild gladiolus and the crocus. Naturalism gave way to a growing formalism, which developed into the architectonic style of the palace period, in which the principal designs are framed with ornamental patterns, a peculiarity which has given rise to the term "architectonic."

The typical, although not the only ware of the Early and Middle Aegean periods, is the so-called "Kamares" ware, which is in the light-on-dark technique. The ground is a lustrous black glaze and designs are painted in matt colors. The composition, drawing, and coloring are generally harmonious and original.

In Plate XLII are shown two cups which were found at Cnossus. They date from the second Middle Aegean period, dated *circa* 2000 B. C., and are contemporary with the Twelfth Dynasty of Egypt, the time when the Aegean civilization reached its first climax. They are typical examples of the delicately thin teacup or eggshell ware. Both terms are, of course, self-explanatory. This ware is the culmination of the light-on-dark "Kamares" technique. The elements of the designs are curvilinear geometric, namely, the rosette and the spiral. The missing portions of the vases are indicated by lighter shading. The name "Kamares" has been given to these and similar vases because examples of this technique were first found in Crete in a cave near the modern village of Kamares, which is at the base of Mount Ida. The shapes of the "Kamares" vases are very varied and graceful. The precise form of the modern teacup is common.

Plate XLIII shows a "Kamares" vase with handles and a spout.

It is nine inches high and was found at Cnossus. This vase is a magnificent example of the later style in which the curvilinear geometric patterns were largely superceded by naturalistic elements, especially of a floral origin. It belongs to the end of the second Middle Aegean period, dated *circa* 1800 B. C., the time when the Aegean potters loved to paint these naturalistic elements on their vases. This particular example in richness of decoration excels all the other vases of its period and style which have been so far discovered. The decoration is polychromatic, for the design is creamy white with yellow and crimson details on a lustrous black vase. Vermillion, orange, and brown were also used on the polychromatic "Kamares" vases.

On Plate XLIV is seen a "Kamares" amphora, or double-handled jar, which was found in one of the magazines of the Palace at Phaestus. It presumably belongs to the first Late Aegean period, *circa* 1600 B. C., a period when naturalism still prevailed on the vases but the floral patterns were not so rich as on the vases of a somewhat earlier date.

On Plate XLV are shown two amphorae of the "Palace Style." Both are reconstructed from a number of fragments. The one on the left stands thirty-nine inches high and was found at Vaphio, the site of ancient Amyclae, near Sparta. The extant portions are easily distinguishable by their darker coloration. The other amphora with horizontal handles on the shoulder of the vase, also reconstructed, is much better preserved. It stands thirty-six inches high and was found in a passage of a chamber tomb at Mycenae.

Although the dark-on-light technique was known to the Early and Middle Aegean potters, as we have previously seen, their typical technique was the light design on a dark ground, as found on the "Kamares" vases. But in the second and third Late Aegean periods the prevailing style was that of a dark design on a light ground, a technique which prevails on the vases found at Tiryns and Mycenae, as well as on other Late Aegean Mycenaean sites. We now know that it is wrong to think of this as a characteristic restricted to the Mycenaean Age, but nevertheless it is true that in that age the pottery designs were generally drawn in red or brown on a light ground. They are still naturalistic and the shapes are extremely graceful, but an artistic degeneration has already begun.

These two amphorae on Plate XLV date from the second Late Aegean period, *circa* 1500 B. C., contemporary with the Eighteenth

Dynasty of Egypt, and were presumably imported into Greece from Crete and very probably from Cnossus, since they are typical examples of what Sir Arthur Evans calls the "Palace Style," whose place of manufacture seems to have been the Palace of Minos. The "Palace Style" was so named because its motives are similar to those of the frescos found in the restored portions of the second palace at Cnossus. Note the architectonic framing of the designs in superimposed panels. Despite the lavish richness of the decoration there is, particularly in the amphora from Mycenae, a suggestion of haste about the drawing, which points to degeneracy in artistic conception, a degeneracy which is more evident in the next vase, which is reproduced on Plate XLVI.

This latter vase was found in a cemetery of Zapher Papoura near Cnossus. It stands about twenty inches high and is of the late "Palace Style," dating from the end of the second Late Aegean period, *circa* 1500 B. C. It is of interest as an example of the last art of pre-historic Crete. Below the neck is a design of leaves, which also passes at right-angles down the handles, thus dividing the vase into three decorative framed panels. Upon the body of the vase are architectural motives, separated by bands of black and white squares, forming a checkerboard pattern. Note that the architectural elements suggest the "Metope and Triglyph" Kyanos frieze, which was found among the ruins of the Palace at Tiryns.

Not all the vases found on Aegean sites are painted, as is shown by Plate XLVII, upon which is reproduced one of the elaborately decorated huge incised clay casks or pithoi, which have been found in the magazines or storerooms of the Palace at Cnossus. These are equipped with a series of circular handles, which were used in moving the jars. In this particular instance there are four series of handles.

Many Aegean metal vases of bronze, silver and gold have also been discovered. The most famous of these are the so-called gold cups of Vaphio, which are seen reproduced on Plate XLVII. Vaphio, situated about four and a half miles from the modern or New Sparta, is the modern name given to the site of ancient Amyclae, which was the seat of a Mycenaean principality, the queen of the valley of the Eurotas, the center of Achaean and Minyan power in Laconia before the foundation of Doric Sparta. Amyclae, according to Pausanias, "was destroyed by the Dorians" and contained "the supposed tomb of Agamemnon" (III,19). Its lords hollowed out for

themselves a magnificent vault, which had never been plundered before its excavation in 1889 by the Greek archaeologist, Dr. Tsountas. It was known to modern travelers as early as 1805, although even at that date its walls had fallen in. The vaulted chamber was about thirty-two feet in diameter, and toward the end of the dromos was found a sacrificial pit, contemporary with the building of the tomb. In the floor of the domed chamber a grave was cut, and in this were found many offerings, consisting of bronze weapons and instruments, alabaster vases, silver and clay objects, lamps, eighty amethyst beads belonging to a necklace, engraved stones, and gold and silver cups.

Among these finds are two of the most precious of the works of Mycenaean art, namely the two golden cups shown on Plate XLVIII.* These are the masterpieces of the Mycenaean goldsmith, and show great boldness in conception and skill in execution. Each cup is about three and one-quarter inches high and the lower diameter is also about the same size, while the upper diameter, including the handle, is a little more than four inches. The cups are made of double plates of pure gold and are riveted, with the designs in repoussé.

The comparatively great height of the reliefs makes it very difficult to do them justice in reproductions. The lower cup has a plain band around the base and the brim. This forms, as it were, a frame to the decorative field, but the second or upper cup has no such frame. The curious irregular objects, which appear suspended from the upper edge of the two cups, are doubtless intended to indicate the landscape in the background.

On the lower cup is represented a wild bull hunt among palms, which trees are suggestive of a southern origin for these cups. Therefore Sir Arthur Evans, the excavator of Cnossus, believes that they were imported from Crete. The companion design on the upper cup represents a quiet pastoral scene of domesticated bulls among olive trees. On the first cup the central figure is a bull, which is caught in a net suspended between two trees; on the right another bull appears to be clearing the net with a bound, and on the left a third bull has shaken off one hunter and is tossing another. The second cup shows the strongest possible contrast in its entire composition as well as in its individual groups. In the center is a tranquil pair of bulls with their heads close together in friendly fashion; on the left another bull is hobbled and is being driven away to sacrifice.

* For Plate XLVIII see next issue.



F. J. Dick, Editor

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

**Mme. Tingley on
Theosophy and
Vital Problems
of the Day**

Mme. Katherine Tingley's address at Isis Theater last night followed out her address of a week ago upon "Preparedness."

"To me," she said, "it can rightly be said that the Heresy of the age is Separateness; for it is in truth the heresy of human life. Let us, for the moment at least, think of ourselves apart from our nationality; let us identify ourselves with the whole human race. The true spirit of unity, non-separateness, is what the world needs. This is what would give our American nation the key to all our problem; and to this we would as Americans respond.

"Think of the whole human race united in universal ideals, these binding us together! The world today is crying out for ideals that are universal, and not separate. Jesus said, 'Love one another.' This love is buried in the hearts of all men. It sleeps in man today, under the shadow of the heresy of separateness. But the spiritual life of man can be awakened, and the higher and universal ideals can be aroused and made manifest in everyday life.

"And then—how beautiful, and comforting, and glorious, and inspiring would be the picture of the change called death, when one, having faced the issues of his nature, has realized the divinity within. For when the Soul, having learned its lessons of one earth-life, reaches the time for the change, death—which to Theosophists means rebirth—it becomes released from the prison-house of this present life, and passes on to another School of Experience, to gain more knowledge.

"This is the key to life which the teachings of Theosophy offer, wherein they challenge both theology and science. May my listeners have the courage to study Theosophy, that they may find in the teachings the great truth of the Duality of Human Nature—that man is both physical and spiritual, and that his life is the battle-ground of the Universe.

"All nature and all life is, to a degree, an expression of the Infinite. Why not rest in this idea? Why not study nature's laws and apply them to daily life? Why cannot each begin at home to put his own garden, his own mental house, in order, and thus find the basis of a true and purposeful life?"

(Based on the *San Diego Union's* report of April 10, 1916)

LIFE'S PROBLEMS DISCUSSED

Mme. Katherine Tingley's address at Isis Theater last night was on the

problems of home-life, not on questions that were over the heads of her audience, as she said, but "on those plain, common-sense matters that lie at the heart of every loving home-maker, of every earnest mother and father."

"'Am I my brother's keeper?' is a question that never can be truly answered save by the Higher, Divine Nature of man; for man's Divine Nature is the key to his real growth and evolution.

"This is the pivotal time in the history of the human race, when the minds of men should be roused to the needs of the hour, that they may understand life and apply those remedies which will bring about a better state of affairs in every department of life.

"The Heresy of Separateness, which so dominates human life today, is due to the fact that man has no faith in himself; and consequently he cannot have faith in his fellows.

"Man must cultivate a larger sympathy — the international spirit — before he is able to begin to do his highest duty, either to his family or to his fellow-men. This is the secret of the task, the first key to find the way to help suffering humanity — to enfold it in truest sympathy.

"A new system of education for all classes of men and women is needed; and most truly the beginning must be made in the home.

"Study heredity, and realize that seeds sown in past lives will come to fruition in the present one, either for good or for evil.

"The duality of human nature offers a profound study for those who are aspiring to the true life.

"How much of these sacred truths are taught to your sons and daughters, at the time when they most need the understanding and discrimination essential to guide them through life? Is it not true that children have, almost at the very beginning of their lives, ideas of fear implanted in their minds — fear of punishment, of a personal, revengeful God, etc.?

"You teach them nothing of their duality; you give them no enlightenment as to the divine, potential qualities of their own natures! How much do you point out to them the difference between the higher and the lower nature? How much do they know of the power of the Immortal Self to conquer temptations and evil tendencies? Alas! you cultivate fear in their minds! And often with the best intentions, and in your desire to make them happy, you nourish their selfishness and vanity without knowing it! And because you do not understand them, though you may love them, they drift!

"If you would give truly to your children that knowledge and help they most need; if you really love them, make for them an example of your own lives! Remember, children are very intuitive. They observe inconsistencies in your natures that you little dream. Cultivate real confidence between your children and yourselves; demand from them a quality of respect and obedience that comes from your own conscientious living. Be prepared to meet their inner needs, their questionings. Only through Theosophy can you find the answer to their heart-yearnings and their real needs.

"Alas! the disease of the day is the constant cultivation of desire. This

can be cured by inculcating noble ideals of self-control. Analyse your own natures in such a way that through past experiences, you will be able to discern the difference between your lower and higher natures — between the mortal and the immortal. Seeing what parts they play, you can strengthen your characters for future service, for that quality of help which your children need.

(Based on the *San Diego Union's* reports of April 17th and 22nd, 1916.)

THE CHRISTOS SPIRIT

"The Christos Spirit" in man and in all the realms of nature, was the subject of Mme. Katherine Tingley's Easter talk at the Isis Theater last night. She spoke on the Easter festivals in ancient times, long before the ceremonies and symbolism were taken over into the Christian faith and attached to the traditional event of the single resurrection.

"Easter means more to the Theosophist than it does to other people," she said, "since to them it bespeaks this old memory of the recognition of the joyous, divine beneficence, whereby the helpfulness of Nature is all a part of a great plan. Let us conceive that the Deity, the omnipresent divine life, is the guiding principle of evolution within all; then it is that Nature will open to us the secrets of her greater mysteries; for the greater mysteries are the beneficent and helpful ones; they are the mysteries of the divine indwelling Christos Spirit in every man.

"Look at the conditions in the human family today, not only in our own country, but elsewhere. Where do we see the Christos Spirit manifest? Have we not on the other hand evidences of anything but the Christos Spirit? Through this comparison, may we not realize that something most serious in human life is missing? Oh! the pity of it! That man has been held in ignorance for so many ages — kept from the knowledge of the Inner Self! How little man knows of whence he comes and whither he goes!

"Where is there a basis to be found for the rebuilding of the national and international life, except in Theosophy? When the Christos Spirit comes to its own in human recognition and understanding, then you shall know the meaning of the new time of Easter, and of the true resurrection; for nearly all of these Easter ceremonies that are presented by different Christian sects today, were part of the life of the earlier races, and were borrowed from the Pagans.

"Let us remember that in spite of all the discouraging aspects in our national and international life, there pulsates in man this divinity. It is seeking expression; it is aiming to bring man to a true conception of duty, to that discrimination and knowledge of life that will bring joy. The fulfilling of one's duty, even in the smallest way, should bring a joy to all.

"What an insult it is to man to limit his life to just one short, blind term of a few years! Let me assure you there is a divine undertone in human life, which can be grasped, when man is big enough to understand its meaning — when the great human family has freed itself from the influence of the Heresy of Separateness. The purpose of the divine is to give all men a chance to find

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

the Christos Spirit within, lying behind all life. With the finding of it comes its resurrection in the new birth of men as individuals — aspiring souls.”

(Based on the *San Diego Union's* report of April 24, 1916.)

HOW MADAME TINGLEY BECAME A THEOSOPHIST

Mme. Katherine Tingley presented at Isis Theater on April 30th a most interesting address, which was deeply appreciated by the large audience present. She responded to the question which had been so often asked her, as to how she became a Theosophist, departing from her usual style of eloquent exhortation, and adopting a narrative style in which she is a past master. The glimpse she gave into her own biography was fascinating; and for the regular attendants at the Isis, proved a most delightful event. It was more like a drawing-room conversation than a great forensic effort, and was another proof of the Theosophical Leader's wonderful versatility.

Madame Tingley first spoke of her childhood days in New England, on the banks of the Merrimac River — immortalized by the poet Whittier. She told of her love for nature and her preference for the woods and the open air, to a hard-and-fast system of book-study; of her life at her beautiful home known as “The Laurels” — also immortalized by the Quaker poet; of the influence of a dear old grandfather, who was a wonderfully broad-minded man; and of the conflict of opinion as to her future education, between this grandfather and her parents.

The Theosophical Leader emphasized the sense of loneliness which oppressed her for years and years — in fact, until she met William Q. Judge, who was the co-founder of the Theosophical Society in 1875 with Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and the latter's successor as the Leader of the same, after her death. Madame Tingley told of how Mr. Judge happened to discover her (Madame Tingley) while she was working among the poor on the East Side of New York; and that when he passed away, much to her surprise, he named her as his successor; that she hesitated about accepting the position and planned to wait a whole year to prepare herself for her coming public duties, also hoping that some way might be found by which she could be relieved of this unwelcome burden of responsibilities, which had not been sought by her. She said she knew in her heart that she had always been a Theosophist, but it was not until she met Mr. Judge that a full realization of this fact was brought home to her mind; and that from that time forth, her loneliness was a thing of the past; for in him she found a man who was absolutely living daily the philosophy which he preached, forgetting himself in the service of humanity, free from sectarianism, and working determinedly for real Brotherhood.

She then directed her remarks to the true meaning and relation of Theosophy to human life, and said, in part: “Humanity today is calling for the truth, is hungry to know its own possibilities and its own divinity, yet seeks not the path to find them. One of the greatest appeals that Theosophy makes is in its interpretation of death; for it teaches that death is simply the entering of another school of experience, a change for a time, a fruition and a preparation.”

The Theosophical Leader affected her audience deeply when she said to "those who have lost their dear ones: As true love is a quality of the soul, and must therefore be eternal, it holds all human souls in its keeping; and working in harmony with these immutable laws of life, it brings each to his own again."

— OBSERVER

**Walter Damrosch
Visits Lomaland**

On Easter Sunday, the celebrated conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, and Mrs. Damrosch, were given a reception in the Temple of Peace at Lomaland, by Madame Katherine Tingley and the faculty and students of the Râja-Yoga College. After an address of welcome, the Râja-Yoga Orchestra played the first movement of Beethoven's Second Symphony. This was followed by songs and dialogs from the Râja-Yoga Tots, which touched Mr. and Mrs. Damrosch very deeply. The Râja-Yoga International Chorus then rendered Rex Dunn's *Ode to Peace*, and *Darthula's Death Song*, by Brahms. An interesting feature of the program was the singing of a composition by Mr. Damrosch's brother, Frank Damrosch, entitled *Violets*—a four-part song for women's voices. It was rendered by the Young Ladies' Chorus of the Râja-Yoga College, and Mr. Damrosch consented to conduct it for them. He also conducted the Râja-Yoga International Orchestra in the *Valse Triste* of Sibelius.

Mr. Damrosch was most enthusiastic over the work of the Râja-Yoga students in every number presented, and highly complimented both Professor W. A. Dunn, the Director of the Isis Conservatory of Music, and Rex Dunn, his son—the gifted Lomaland composer and conductor of the Râja-Yoga International Orchestra. At the close of the program Mr. Damrosch expressed himself as follows:

"To find here put into practice what elsewhere is only theorized about, is one of the things I shall remember all my life. I hardly know what to single out, the playing of your orchestra, the singing of your mixed choir, or the darling songs of these equally darling little children. I am sure Mrs. Damrosch and I feel deeply grateful to you for the great artistic treat you have every one of you given us this morning. We are also particularly grateful to the Foundress of this wonderful Râja-Yoga system of education.

"Here it is plain that music is a part of your daily lives. I never heard before of an orchestra that sang as well as it played, and that played as well as it sang. It is quite unique. You do not forget the technique, and at the same time you bring out the proper feeling. I only wish that I could have the opportunity to watch your work and see it develop. But you see I live over three thousand miles away, on the other coast; and I regret that I cannot every day take an aeroplane and skip over here in a few minutes and spend an hour or two with you.

"But as you know, I have other duties in New York. I have a large orchestra



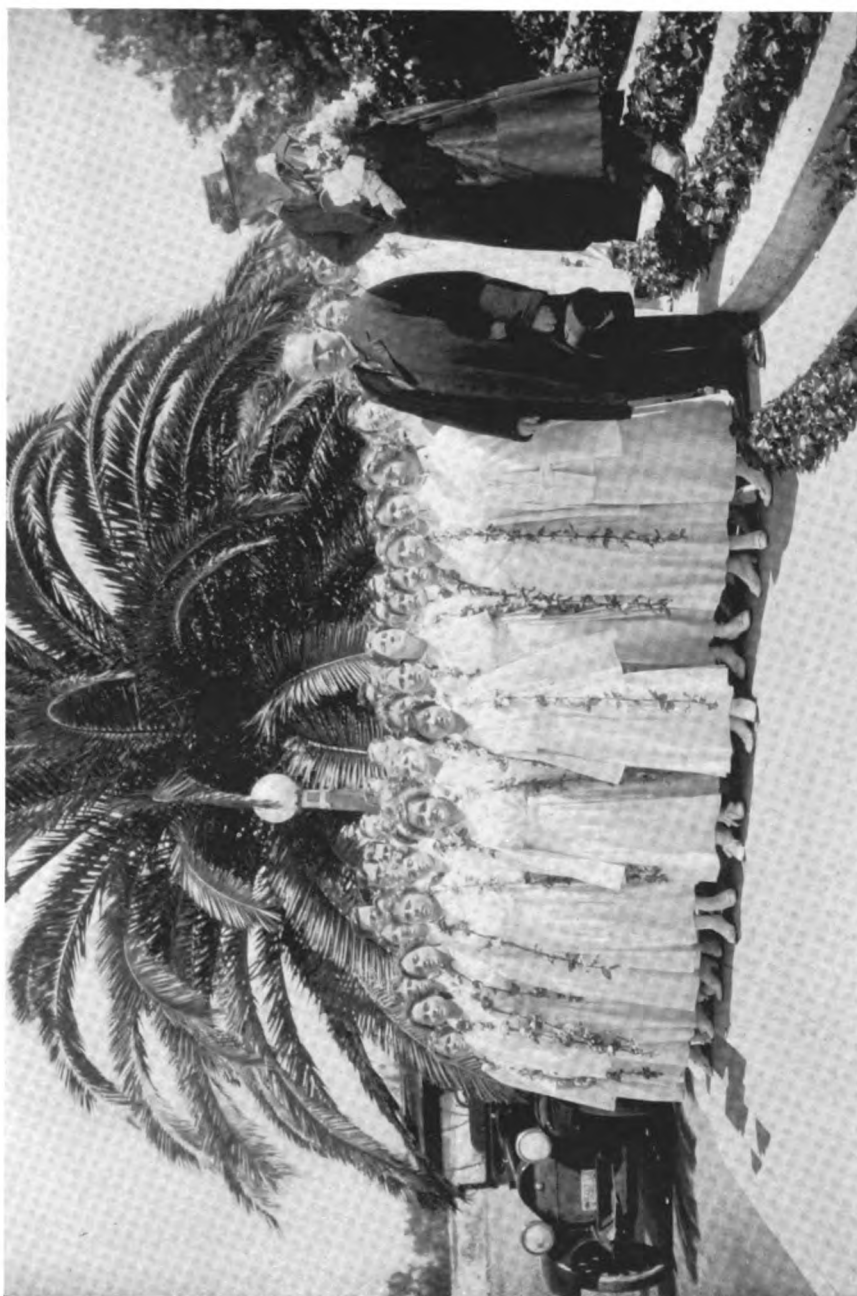
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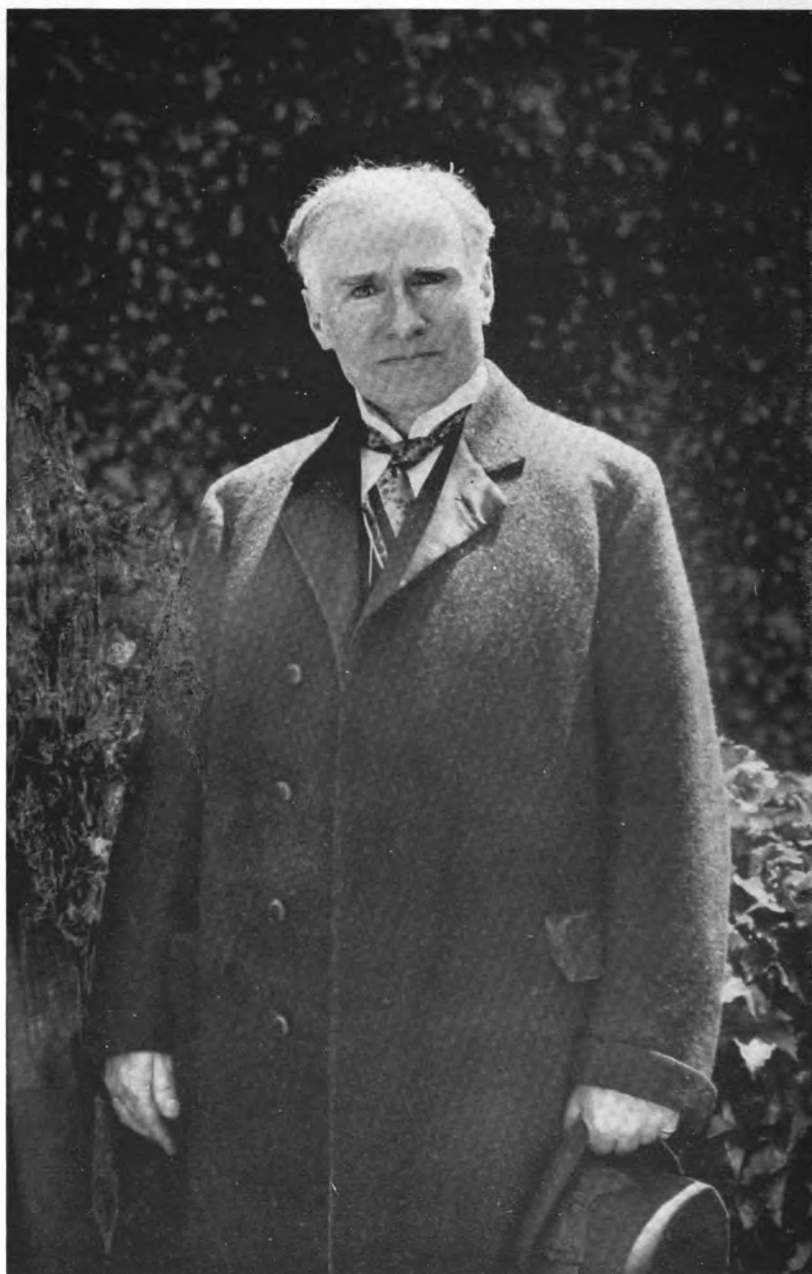
THE RĀJA-YOGA INTERNATIONAL CHORUS SINGING FAREWELL TO MR. AND MRS. WALTER DAMROSCH
 PROF. W. A. DUNN CONDUCTING

At the close of the reception extended to himself and his wife by Madame Katherine Tingley and the faculty and students of the Rāja-Yoga College, Mr. Damrosch said: "To find here put into practice what elsewhere is only theorized about, is one of the things I shall remember all my life."



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MR. AND MRS. WALTER DAMROSCH, AND THE RĀJA-YOGA INTERNATIONAL CHORUS, ON THE STEPS OF THE
TEMPLE OF PEACE, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
EASTER SUNDAY, 1916



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MR. WALTER DAMROSCH
The celebrated Conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra

that keeps me busy a good deal of the time — they are my trouble just as you are your teachers' trouble (laughter), but you know we love our troubles, so I love the boys in my orchestra. I only wish I could make them look as pretty as you. I am seriously thinking of putting them into white uniforms, and making them all wear roses in their hair, like the Râja-Yoga girls! (Laughter.) I cannot hope to emulate the charming appeal that you make both to the ear and the eye, but at least we can try our best; so perhaps when the New York Symphony Orchestra and myself come here again, you will see us transformed and beautified in imitation of what you have given us here this morning."—OBSERVER



CUBA MAKES HYPNOTISM ILLEGAL

ON March 9, 1916, the Cuban National Board of Health passed the following Sanitary Ordinance:

All public exhibitions and practices of hypnotism are absolutely prohibited. Private practice will not be permitted except to fill a medical prescription especially formulated. Hypnosis is considered to be a therapeutic agent which should be applied exclusively by medical practitioners in the legal exercise of their profession, in authorized hospitals or clinics, or in the domicile of the sick.

We are very pleased to note that the first step has been taken, although it is to be regretted that the practice of hypnotism has not been altogether discouraged. Certain it is that if there existed a deeper knowledge of the nature and constitution of man, all would know that in *no instance* can it prove to be in the truest sense beneficial. The inner etheric body is the connecting link between the physical and the soul. These properly related, sanity exists. Once hypnotized, the relation is broken, and we have a person not wholly sane. Dr. Charcot said that such a one is liable to fall under the influence at the hands of anyone. In spite of our material progress, the West has no real knowledge of psychology except in the teachings of Theosophy; and to permit even medical men to hypnotize—even for good purposes—is much like letting a child wander into a powder magazine with a lighted candle.

We cannot repeat too often Katherine Tingley's warning: "Theosophy does not teach or endorse hypnotism, or any psychic practices. On the contrary, Theosophy protests against these and points out the terrible dangers attending them. It asserts most emphatically that they do not lead to true knowledge, nor to a true understanding of life."



THE DEATH PENALTY IN MASSACHUSETTS

WE learn that the Governor of Massachusetts has sent a special message to the State Legislature to the effect that as statistics do not prove that capital punishment lessens the number of crimes, it would seem that the time has arrived for doing away with that method of punishment. A bill is pending.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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

MEMBERSHIP

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

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

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow-men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

Public Assemblies and Lectures

Isis Theater Fourth Street, between B and C Streets
San Diego, :: :: California

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING AT 8:15 O'CLOCK

Assemblies conducted under the auspices of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. Addresses on "*Theosophy and the Vital Questions of the Day*" by Katherine Tingley, Leader of the Theosophical Movement throughout the world, and by members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

University Extension Lecture Course

EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING AT 8:00 OCLOCK

For many years Mme. Katherine Tingley has realized the difficulty in constructive work encountered by modern science owing to its being split up into so many separate fields—mutually ignorant or contradictory, and the almost exclusive attention of its workers to mere data-gathering, tabulation and mechanical instruments for weighing or measuring of each material object; all which methods, however necessary in their place, nevertheless draw the attention away from the broader and deeper lessons of research, and its relation to the true meaning of life, and of evolution and man's place on the earth he inhabits.

And realizing these things, and the imperative necessity in this transition time of arousing men to an understanding of the diviner nature within and behind them and their own true position in life, she has cherished plans for developing such higher understanding. In the year 1897, in New York, she established the *School of Antiquity*, as an incorporated body; in 1899 the central office was removed to Point Loma. Many of the professors and students in the School of Antiquity were students under Mme. H. P. Blavatsky in her lifetime; others have taken up these studies later.

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IAMBlichus. *On the Mysteries*, ii, 3
Trans. by Thomas Taylor

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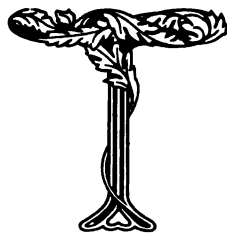
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