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THE TÂJ MAHÂL AT AGRA, INDIA

Erected by Shâh-Jehân, the fourth of the Great Moghuls, as a tomb for his wife, Mumtâz-i-Mahâl.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VIII

JANUARY, 1915

NO. 1

THERE never, therefore, was a great man without divine inspiration. If a storm should damage the corn or vineyard of a person, or any accident should deprive him of some convenience of life, we should not judge from thence that the Deity hates or neglects him. "The gods take care of great things and disregard the small."* But to truly great men all things ever happen prosperously; as has been sufficiently asserted and proved. — CICERO, *On the Nature of the Gods*, Bk. ii, lxvi. Trans. by Yonge.

THE TRUE LAW OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION:

by Magister Artium



SOCIAL evolution is a familiar phrase and may well be taken as a starting-point for these remarks. The latter half of last century will go down to history as the age of evolution-theories; for, no sooner was the zoological and biological theory of evolution born than theorists began to apply evolution to sociology, history, and human life in general. And the same mistake was made by these later theorists as by the earlier: they confounded the process itself with its cause, and presumed that a mere tracing-out of the effects or events was equivalent to a complete explanation. Humanity was supposed to "evolve"; its religion evolved, its language evolved; and all its ideas and institutions evolved. Some advocated a policy of letting-alone, as though confident that evolution could be trusted to look after the interests of humanity.

But now we realize better that nothing will evolve unless some active power makes it evolve; and that steam-power is needed to make a train run, as mere locomotion will not do it. Evolution can no more cause humanity to evolve than locomotion can make a train locomote. It was Carlyle who said that doctrines alone could not

* Evidently the paraphrase of a Roman legal maxim, which we have as *De minimis non curat lex*, perhaps well rendered by "The law pays no attention to trifles."

move the world; there had to be men behind the doctrines. For him, the moving force in history was the "able-man." This is true; but let us now go a step further and ask, What moves the great men?

The answer can be found roughly in another familiar saying — that ideas rule the world. It is the Idea, projected with mighty force from its unseen source, that moves the world. It incarnates itself primarily in one person, and secondarily in a small group of persons. Looking at the map of history, we see these persons mysteriously appearing at certain times and initiating new eras in thought, literature, invention, endeavor, and general progress. Sometimes we can trace things back to a single individual. But whence the power that is manifested through these leaders and their followers?

Inquiring minds will not be satisfied with an answer that is no answer and equivalent to Topsy's "I just grewed." As to the "laws of heredity," they are merely formulated statements of what does happen, not explanation of how or why things happen. The laws we speak of here are those laws formulated by various people who are studying heredity and speculating thereon. No doubt there are also actual laws, but many of these remain yet to be discovered. Until we know these hidden laws, it is no help to say that the great men and geniuses were born in accordance with the laws of heredity. It is true, but it does not tell us what we want to know. We want to know what are the particular laws of heredity which determine the appearance of geniuses and leaders. If it is the "fortuitous" combinations of germ-cells, or other reproductive factors, resulting sometimes in a poor result, usually in an average result, and occasionally in an admirable result — if this is the whole explanation for the appearance of the Buddha, Socrates, Alfred the Great, Shakespeare; then indeed we are at the mercy of a dark and mysterious deity, Almighty Chance, and history is hardly worth studying, or life worth living. All that is necessary, however, is simply to leave this explanation for the benefit of those whom it may satisfy, and proceed to offer an alternative explanation for those whom it does not satisfy.

Our explanation, then, is that great men and geniuses, like other people, are incarnated Souls. The difference is that great men are great Souls. They enter the world endowed with a marvelous energy, wonderful faculties, and a remarkable power of spreading influence around them. Their brains are batteries from which radiate out streams of electricity at high potential, carrying their thoughts

far and wide and stamping them on the minds of all men. What they think, the world is destined ere long to think. They come with a message.

It is but rarely that they live long enough to see the effect of their work. Nor is this wonderful, seeing that they work on a grand scale and not in the shallow and hasty way that brings quick and palpable returns. Consequently they are not recognized during their own lives for what they are. Again, they are frequently resented and resisted by their contemporaries, for the reason that they are disturbing forces. This does not necessarily argue any special depravity in their contemporaries; the most worthy people are apt to resent being aroused when they are comfortable. They are often persecuted no doubt; but then they lay themselves out to be persecuted; they challenge opposition and confront obstacles. The opposition, however, takes the meaner form of calumny. For, though the contemporaries in general do not discern the greatness of the great man, there are a few who do. And among these few are some who not only recognize but *dread* that greatness. It is they who labor to bury his name and fame under a mountain of misrepresentation, so that, if possible, he may go down to posterity as an impostor and his work be undone.

A supreme characteristic of our own immediate times is the dynamic force with which the Theosophic Idea is stamping itself on the mind of the world. In countless directions it has influenced and molded our ways of thought. And all this can be traced back to one person—the founder of the Theosophical Society, H. P. Blavatsky. All radiates out from that one center. And she had all the characteristics of the Leader and Genius; immense energy, absolute conviction and sincerity, complete self-sacrifice to the life's purpose, disregard of obstacles and opposition. Her life bears witness of the failure of the many to notice her at all, and of the intense opposition of a few who both recognized and feared. Fortunately it also bears witness to welcoming by a few who recognized but did not fear. We may truly say, then, that here was a great Soul, conscious of a great message and charged with the single desire to impart it.

Her efforts resulted in the establishment of an indestructible nucleus of workers, *pledged*, but (mark well) not to her or to any other personality, but to their own Higher Selves, to carry on the work.

But here again we need not seek far to find the one individual, the nucleole within the nucleus — William Q. Judge, her best pupil. Another great Soul, endowed with the requisites of leadership in such a nucleus, he fell naturally into that position and guarded the growing but yet tender plant a few years longer, until the present Leader, Katherine Tingley, was able to assume the leadership. And now we see the seeds sown by H. P. Blavatsky yielding fruit.

What man of science has studied the laws that determine the diffusion and propagation of ideas among mankind? Such a man might be able to write history on an entirely new plan, that would outrival all the Freemans and the Froudes and the Greens and their several schools; for he would be behind the scenes of the drama with the scene-shifters. The Theosophical ideas commend themselves to the reason and they solve the difficulties of life. But, far more than this, being true, they speak to the intuition of man; so that, even when he is not ready and throws up obstacles, a deeper sense responds from within. Thus ideas have an intrinsic force and can impress themselves like a particle carrying a charge of electricity. But, apart from the visible machinery of books and the audible channels of the spoken word, there is a vast and all-important invisible machinery, which, thanks to the very efforts of Theosophists, one may now mention without being laughed at. Thought-waves in a mental ether, we may call it for convenience; or, favoring another phrase of scientific thought, mental electrons hurtling through space. Or we may even say, if so our fancy leads, that birds (of a kind) carry the seeds of ideas in their beaks and drop them hither and thither. Perhaps there are bees which carry pollen from mind to mind, or comets that bring with them a rarer atmosphere from remoter spaces. Words of some kind we must use if we are to speak at all, though no words may fit the facts. We can trace the growth of a plant from the tiny germ-speck in its seed, outwards in all the directions of space. But if we try to extend the lines backwards through that central point, we must fall back on transcendental geometry and "fourth-dimensionalism," in our futile efforts to form a concrete image. Albeit that central point in every finite thing is the place where it hitches on to the infinite. There is such a center in ourselves, and through it flow from an imperceptible source the germs of the thoughts that are born in our mind.

Theosophical ideas are certainly in the air, as is generally admitted.

And fortunate it is that the Theosophical Society has stood firm to its original program, and has not been led off on any side-track, as has often been threatened. For, things being so, the influence which it stamps on the world will be beneficial, and will overcome any deleterious influences that may have been set in motion by the side-trackers, or any secondary influence that the Theosophic thought-energy might produce by falling on an unkindly soil. The key-note of Theosophy is altruism in the highest sense of the word. But no one word describes it. The word "reality" is another that might be used. Everyone seems striving to reach the reality in his religion or whatever else he is interested in. Theosophy certainly deals in realities. Its students are in search of the reality in human life; they strive to penetrate the veils of that mysterious complex which we call "personality," and to grasp the reality behind. They seek the real object of life behind all the shams and delusions.

It gets more and more palpable that we stand at an epoch in time and are rounding a sharp turn in our evolutionary curve. And when the present time can be viewed in a proper perspective, it will be seen that H. P. Blavatsky and the philosophical movement she founded have been the guiding but unrecognized power. We could discern the same thing in the past if the veils of history were better lifted. What happened about the time of the Christian era, for instance? Countless scholars are trying to find out. A gospel was promulgated, and by a great Individual; but what the gospel was, and who was the Individual, is hard to tell. Both have been largely buried under subsequent accretions.

To sum up: in considering social evolution, we must give up the idea that a statement of the process is tantamount to an assignment of the cause, and must learn to distinguish between the organism which is evolving and the powers that are manifesting themselves through it and causing it to grow. Movements are made by men, and men are actuated by ideas. These ideas come from a source extraneous to the organism of human society; but if we care to say instead that that source is within, it comes to the same thing. In either case this propelling force is like that within the seed. We must consider the subject in the light of reincarnation; for reincarnation is true, and any failure to take it into account must result in failure or error. What a man by arduous toil and experience has gained in one life, he may carry with him to his next birth; and thus the appearance

of highly evolved Individualities among us is sufficiently accounted for. The law of ebb and flow applies also to racial divisions; and mathematical laws relate the duration of an individual life-time to the duration of a race's life-time. Thus the tide of oncoming individual Souls will coincide at certain intervals with the rising tide in racial progress. Finally let it be said that the human will is the moving power in progress, and so we shall not progress if we merely wait to be pushed on by forces or by other people. To evoke true Individuality (not Personalism) in men must therefore be the aim of any reform movement that is to be effectual. Theosophy does not dictate to mankind by means of dogmas and authority, but seeks to evoke in every man his own power of conscious choice and action.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD: by Barbara McClung

INDIA



CALCUTTA lies about eighty miles inland on the Hooghly River, a treacherous stream, whose shifting mud-banks tax the most experienced pilots. The *Cleveland* was too large to make the whole distance with safety, so we anchored halfway up, in the middle of Diamond Harbor, and lay there through the whole afternoon and night. On the distant river bank we got our first glimpse of Indian landscape — a low white dome in the midst of feathery palm-trees — and towards sunset a splendid storm gathered over this dreamy picture; such inky clouds and such blinding chains of lightning I never saw, and the wind shrieked and tore against our tightly-lashed canvas. The storm did damage to the landing-place, and we were considerably delayed in getting off the next morning in consequence; but at length we were set down from our tenders on a wide flat green meadow, diked from the Hooghly by a levee, and all very suggestive of Louisiana. There was a long wait for the train to start, which we beguiled by snapping pictures of the little group of natives that had gathered round us — solemn fellows draped in loin-cloths, and a few boys entirely naked except for a string tied tightly around the middle. (Not until many months later, after the trip around the world was a thing of the past, did we learn that this strange

custom, which we saw everywhere, was a caste-mark.) A journey of about two hours brought us to Calcutta, and we passed many Indian villages on the way, all of mud and bamboo, thatched with straw and huddled under palm-trees.

Calcutta is a handsome city with wide streets and splendid buildings, refreshing green parks and magnificent spreading sidewalk trees. The most striking feature is the *maidan*, characteristic of all Anglo-Indian towns — an immense grassy common, where horsemen canter, polo games take place, and troops can be seen reviewing on special occasions.

The streets swarm with native Bengalese, clad mostly in a single garment resembling a long white towel draped around the waist, but decked with nose-rings, bracelets and anklets in profusion, and chewing betel-nut, which stains the teeth red. Every person wears a caste-mark on the forehead; some have the brow entirely smeared with white ash, some have it marked with a single round spot of vivid crimson, others with a figure like an arrow-head of blue or yellow. During the hot midday hours, they sleep all over the sidewalks and in the doorways without rousing the slightest protest from the police; in the native quarters of the town, those who are rich enough to own such a luxury, bring their bedsteads out into the street and lie on them there. The swarming lanes of the native quarters are curiously fascinating; I can shut my eyes now and see the pyramids of saffron-dyed rice and different-colored grains spread out on the stalls; the strange earthen pots and brass jars borne on veiled heads, and leather water-sacks slung over swarthy shoulders; men squatting in shop-doors smoking water-pipes that looked like gourds, and great oxen drawing clumsy carts such as might have been used ten thousand years ago. One of our most interesting drives around Calcutta was to be the Botanical Garden, a place of soaring palms and lotus pools and rare fantastic plants; at a distance we saw a large grove of trees, which we learned with amazement was one single banyan tree, covering an area of a thousand feet. We walked underneath it, and it was like strolling through a small forest.

The heat and dust of Calcutta were almost intolerable, and it was a wonderful change to go from there to Darjeeling, the great mountain resort of India, 7000 feet above sea-level. The last part of our long twenty-hour journey was up a remarkable inclined railway, over a track just two feet wide; the grade was incredibly steep and

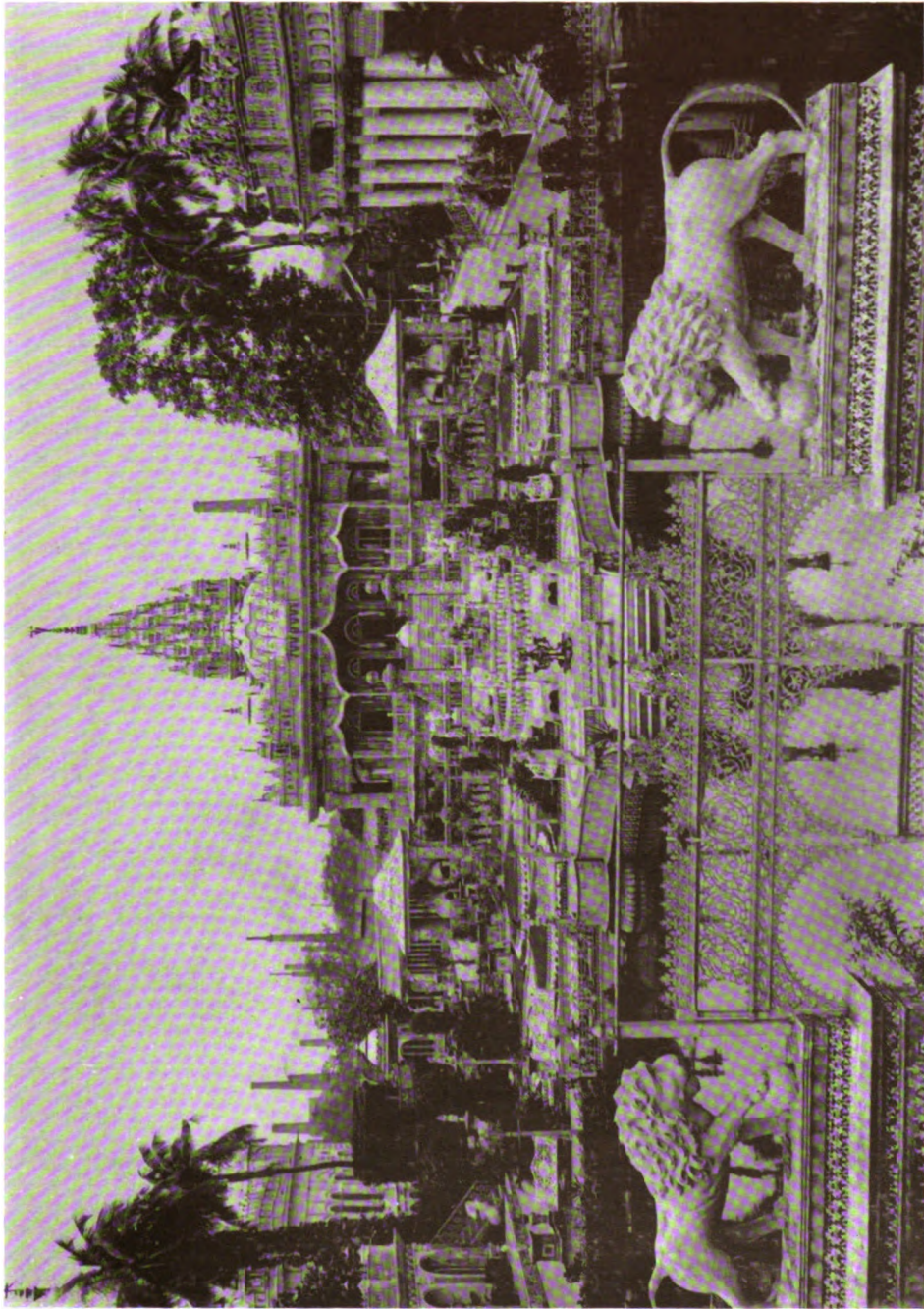
the track looped back on itself several times; it ran through a dense jungle of unknown extent, supposed to be inhabited by tigers and elephants in its deepest recesses.

Darjeeling is built on the perpendicular, with streets one above another like shelves, and the view of the snow-clad Himâlayas in the distance is overpoweringly magnificent. The native peoples are strikingly different from the Hindûs; they have the high cheek-bones, slanting eyes, and yellow skins of Mongolians, and the men wear long queues; the women paint their faces in pigs' blood in hideous splotches; and the men, women, and children, alike load themselves with cheap glass or iron jewelry, wearing ear-rings, nose-rings, bracelets, and bead chains by the dozen, and rings on every finger *and* thumb! The women and girls seem to be the burden-bearers, and we saw them carrying immense blocks of stone on their backs, supported in a sort of sling by a straw band over the brow. We passed two young girls, hardly more than children, carrying trunks on their backs up the steep road from the station, and apparently not minding it in the least.

Sunday morning is the great market-time in Darjeeling when the natives of the neighboring provinces of Nepâl, Bhûtân, Sikkim, and Thibet bring their wares, and better still, their remarkable selves, to exhibit in the public square. Here we saw white-robed lamas, with gray whiskers and shaven heads, passing their begging-bowls among the crowd, spinning their prayer-wheels or telling their rosaries. On the roadside we noticed trees with prayers tied to the branches, painted on strips of linen, and flapping gaily in the breeze.

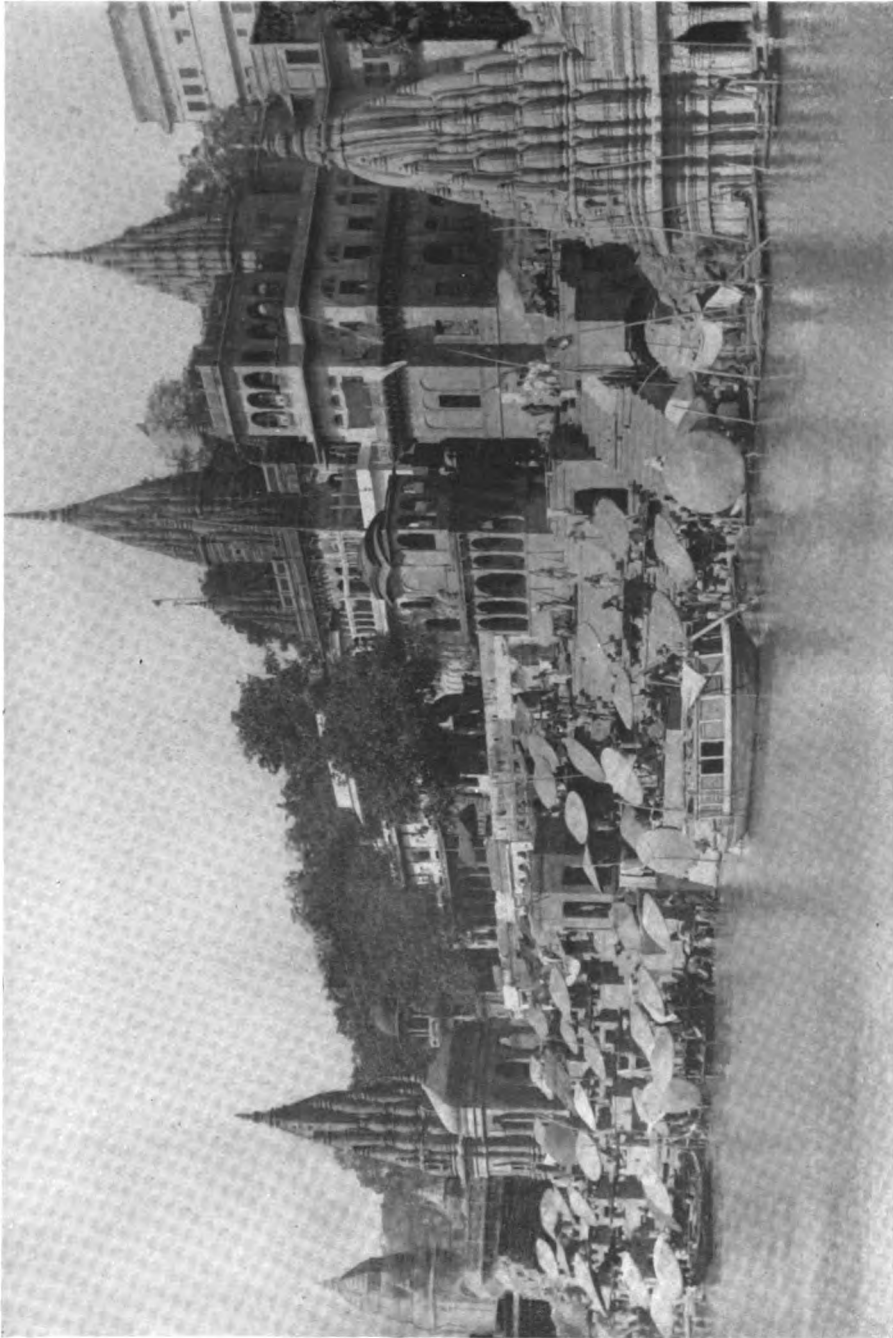
One night in the courtyard of our hotel, we saw a Thibetan "devil-dance," which for dash, originality, and fun, was the best thing of the kind we had seen in the East, making all the Japanese and Burmese posturing seem insipid. There were ghosts, devils, tigers, an ostrich, and a turtle, all most cleverly and humorously concocted, especially the animals. A little boy in yellow with a big humpty-dumpty head seemed to be the hero of the tale which the dance was setting forth; he attacked and vanquished each of the monsters by turns, leaping and twirling amazingly all the time, and the antics and by-play of the animals were really very spirited and comic.

One morning we rose at two-thirty, had tea by candle-light, and went to "Tiger Hill," about seven miles distant, to see the sun rise on the Himâlayas. We rode in sedan-chairs, called "dandies," and it was certainly a strange experience riding in the black night up steep



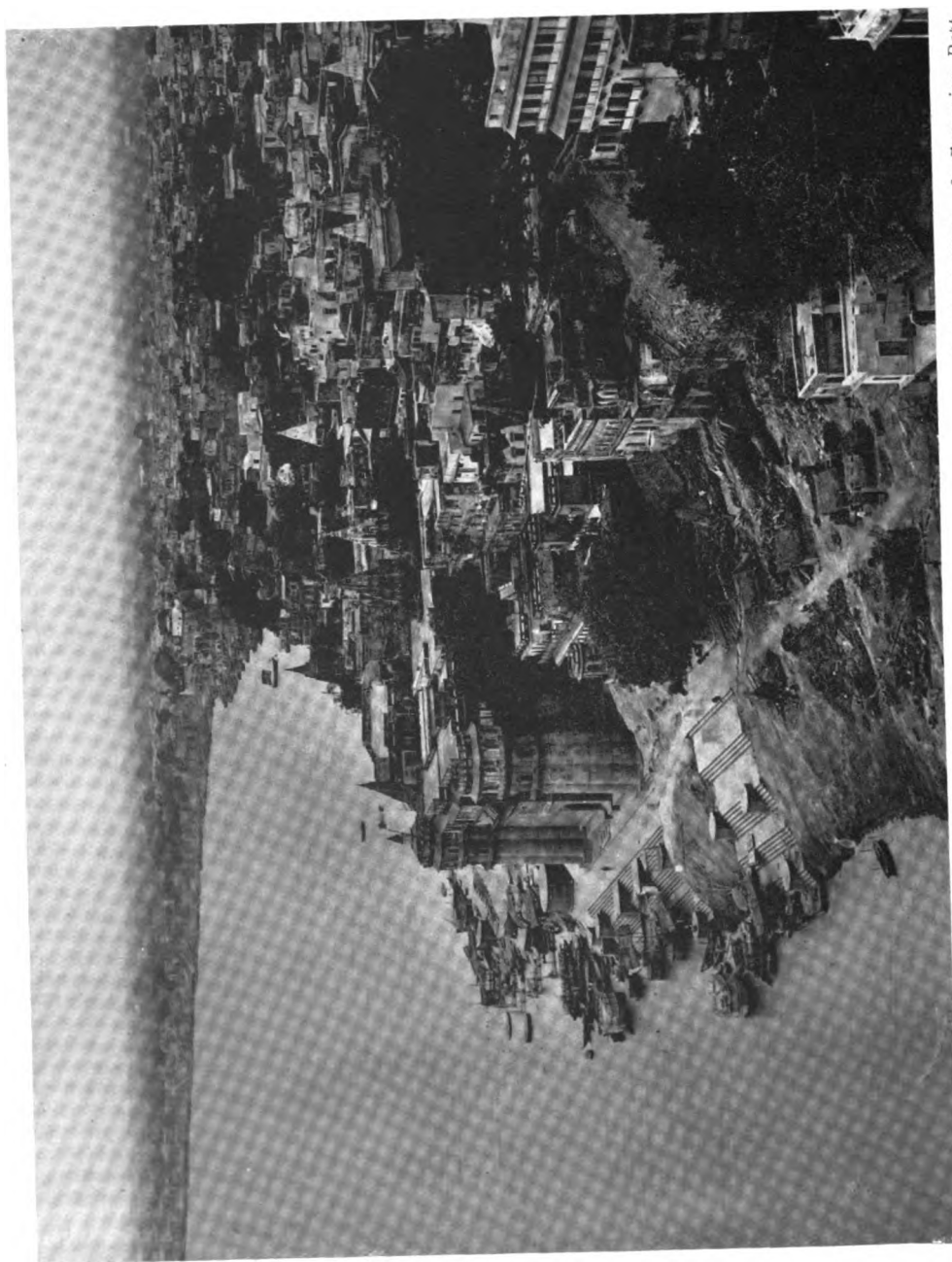
Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

JAIN TEMPLE, CALCUTTA



Louland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BATHING-GHÂTS AT BENARES



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BENARES



Loneland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
BURNING-CHÂTS AT BENARES. NOTICE THE BODIES LYING AT THE WATER'S EDGE.

mountain passes, in the border land of Thibet, borne on the shoulders of five wild Tartaresque-looking creatures, who chanted weird songs as they swung us along. When they set us down for an occasional rest, they tried to sell us the rings off their fingers and ears, or the dirks out of their belts, and we were almost afraid not to buy. It was dawn by the time we reached "Tiger Hill," and the sun rose clear and beautiful, flushing the long sharp outlines of the Himâlayas a wonderful rose color. Mount Kinchinjunga (28,156 feet high, and the third highest mountain in the world) was right before us, and in the farthest distance, looking like a speck of white cloud, was Mount Everest itself. We were lucky to get such a clear view, for they say it doesn't often happen, and it had been very cloudy the day before. Coming down, we admired the wonderful trees and growths of a Himâlayan forest, and were interested to see many similarities to our own North Carolina mountain vegetation, only everything was on a much grander scale. There were trees of gigantic pink magnolia japonica, ten or twelve inches in diameter; going down the steep shelf-like track, we could look upon masses of these blossoms spread below us, and the Tartars, seeing our admiration, were quick to swing over the ledges and break off quantities to pile into our chairs.

It was very cool the whole time of our stay in Darjeeling and the vegetation was just about what it would have been in April at home; there were lilacs in bloom, bridal-wreath, and forget-me-not, and in the parks we heard the cuckoo calling—the first time I had ever met him outside of a clock.

We went back to Calcutta to take the special "Across India" train, which was to be our home for a week. The compartments were comfortably equipped with four electric fans and a bath-tub each, the prime necessities of life in this climate. We carried our own bedding and towels from the ship, and had two excellent restaurant cars, which furnished much better food than any of the hotels we encountered. They were managed by Pârsî caterers, and we were waited on by majestic individuals in long beards and white robes and high conical caps, who looked like one's biblical conception of "the Medes and the Persians." We traveled by night and went sight-seeing by day, thus losing no time and securing the advantages of sleeping cool. There were three windows and a glass door on either side of the compartment, which stood open all the time, and this

created a most refreshing draught when the train rushed through the night. The heat of the daytime was certainly intense, reaching as high as 156° F in the sun one day, but it was so dry that we did not suffer severely. The chief trouble was with thirst, which no bottled waters could assuage, and they, alas, were the only kind we dared to drink. We soon learned that the most important thing to carry on the day's excursion, next to the smelling-salts, was a tube of cold cream to moisten the lips, which would become as dry and cracked as if chapped by the winter's cold.

The first night out brought us to Benares, the heart of India; it is a tremendously fascinating place, of course, but there was something rather somber and depressing about it, in spite of the blazing sunshine and vivid costumes of the people, ascending and descending the water-ghâts with shining brass jars on their heads. There were too many tired dusty pilgrims, too many funeral pyres, too many signs of death and disease; the dust lay thick on the city, and what few green things there were, were whitened by it until they looked dreary and lifeless. I don't wonder the people worship the Ganges, for to see a broad voluminous stream flowing through a desert like this, seems a marvel indeed. We were surprised at the clearness and greenness of the water, as we had imagined it would be very dirty, and they say there is no doubt as to its antiseptic properties. Small-pox germs will live but a few hours in it.

We spent several hours of the early morning on the river, seated on the upper decks of small boats poled by naked Hindûs, while our portly Mohammedan guide pointed out the most important ghâts. A "ghât" means a flight of steps leading into the water, and the shore is lined with an endless succession of these, the entire length of the city. Some of them were devoted to the burning of the dead, and as thousands of devout Hindûs come to Benares to die, the priests are kept busy piling the faggots. The bodies, which are sewed up in cloths and slung between long bamboo poles, are brought down to the waters' edge and dipped in the purifying flood until the pyre is ready. Then they are placed on the half finished pile of wood, more faggots are laid on top, and the whole thing is set alight. This ceremony is by no means revolting, as the body is entirely concealed by the wood, and the whole pyre is reduced in a little while to a heap of ashes, which are swept into the Ganges.

More lively and interesting were the bathing-ghâts with their

throng of worshipers, going through the daily ceremonial of purification. They would enter the water in their clothes and after first praying, would proceed to bathe, dashing the water all over themselves, rinsing out their mouths several times, and drinking deeply of the stream. Then they would retreat to the steps and change their clothes, peeling off the wet ones and winding on the dry ones at the same time with most astonishing adroitness, so that no part of the body was ever exposed. After which, they would kneel on the steps and wash the clothes they had taken off, shaking them out in the air to dry, where they looked like many-colored banners waving; and lastly, they would scrub and polish their brass jars with mud or sand, fill them with sacred water for the day's use, poise them on their heads, and ascend the ghât to be lost in the throngs on the street above. The bank was dotted with hundreds of big yellow umbrellas, under which sat Brâhmans meditating or teaching their scholars, and at the top of one of the ghâts an ascetic was lying on a bed of spikes. At one landing-place, a long-haired "holy man," clad in nothing but a girdle and a garland of yellow flowers, and thin to emaciation, attracted our attention by blowing on a trumpet; we took a snap-shot of him and threw him some money, but he showed an unholy greed by loudly demanding two annas more until he got it.

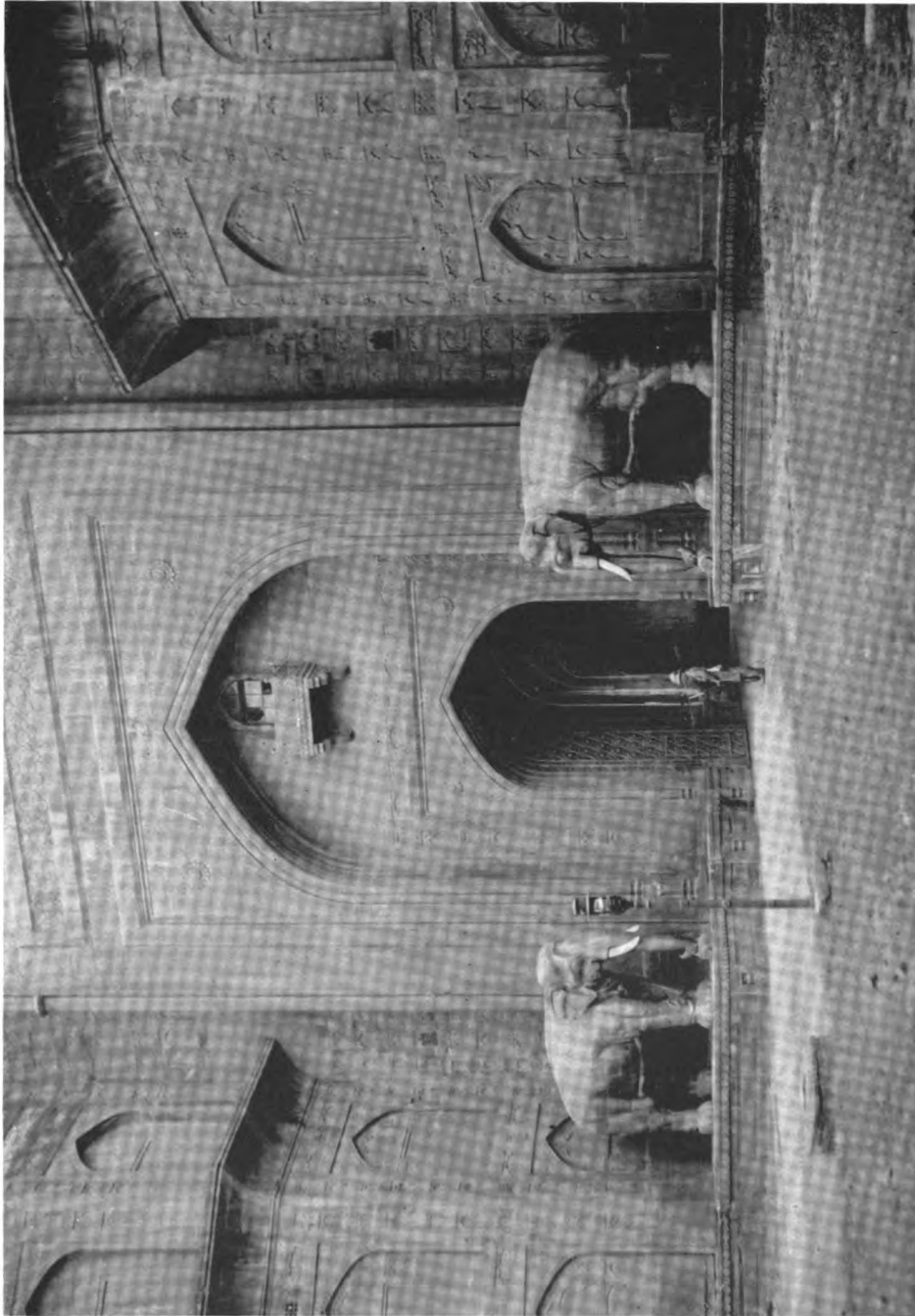
Benares is famous for its gold-thread fabrics and silk brocades. We went to some of the shops, more to admire than to buy, for the stuffs were very expensive. It was interesting to wander through those narrow streets, passing a Hindû wedding-procession, and palanquins such as might have borne the "hill rajah's widow" in Kipling's *Kim*; dodging the sacred bulls that wandered at large, and stopping to look at snake-charmers, or to watch some deft craftsman at work, squatting in the door of his shop, elevated above the street.

At Lucknow we visited scenes of the Indian Mutiny and had our imaginations well stirred by tales of that by-gone horror. It was strenuous work, and we enjoyed very much the relaxation of having afternoon tea on the great lawn of the Imperial Hotel, with elephants, camels, and horses, caparisoned in utmost splendor, standing around waiting to take us to ride. There were the usual lot of merchants with their gay wares of embroideries, brasses, and sandalwoods, spread out on cloths on the grass, and there were several jugglers and snake-charmers, offering to make a mango tree grow from a seed, or to show you a fight between a mongoose and a cobra

for a rupee, while half the population of India leaned over the fence, watching the strange sâhibs and mem-sâhibs.

We were rather late reaching Delhi the next morning, but felt no impatience, so great was our interest in the flying landscape — the strange trees with red blossoms, called "Flame of the Forest," the wild peacocks strutting over the sun-baked soil, the oxen treading out the corn, the procession of women from their villages to the wells bearing water-jars, and finally the red sandstone walls of imperial Delhi looming in the distance. On our arrival we were given into the care of a seamed and wrinkled old guide with a musical voice, one Nankoo Lal by name, who had been with Thomas Cook and Son for twenty years, and who won our hearts by his gentleness and patience. He took us first to the Kashmîr Gate, still broken and torn by cannon-balls, which was stormed by John Nicholson during the Mutiny. Then to the "Jumma Masjid," or *great mosque*, second largest in the world, an enormous edifice of red sandstone, with vast flights of steps ascending three of the four sides of its great square. All Mohammedan mosques in India seem to be of one type; they are simply square open courts, generally with a tank in the center for the ablution of the faithful, and colonnaded on three sides with a deep domed recess at the back. There are no images or shrines or mysterious hidden alcoves so common to Hindû temples, only the simple pulpit, from which the preacher addresses the crowd standing in the courtyard under the open sky. At the "Jumma Masjid" we were shown several precious relics, among them a single red hair from the beard of the Prophet himself! It seems that Mahommed dyed his beard red when it began to grow gray, and all middle-aged Moslems follow his example. We saw one at the gate, as we went out, with whiskers of flame color, between an orange and a scarlet.

The most impressive thing at Delhi is the Fort, a walled town in itself outside the present city, within whose crenellated battlements of red sandstone, Shâh Jehân, the fourth of the Great Moghuls, built one of his wonderful palaces. It is of purest marble, carved exquisitely, and inlaid with precious stones of various colors, such as jade, lapis-lazuli, and carnelian, representing sprays of flowers in conventional designs. There are charmingly designed sunken fountains in the floor and ducts for cooling rills of water to flow in, throughout the length of the great pavilions; the roofs are supported by wonderfully carved arches and columns, and over the arches



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INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE GATEWAYS OF THE FORT, AT DELHI, INDIA
The beautiful palaces built by the Moghuls are within this vast walled Fort.



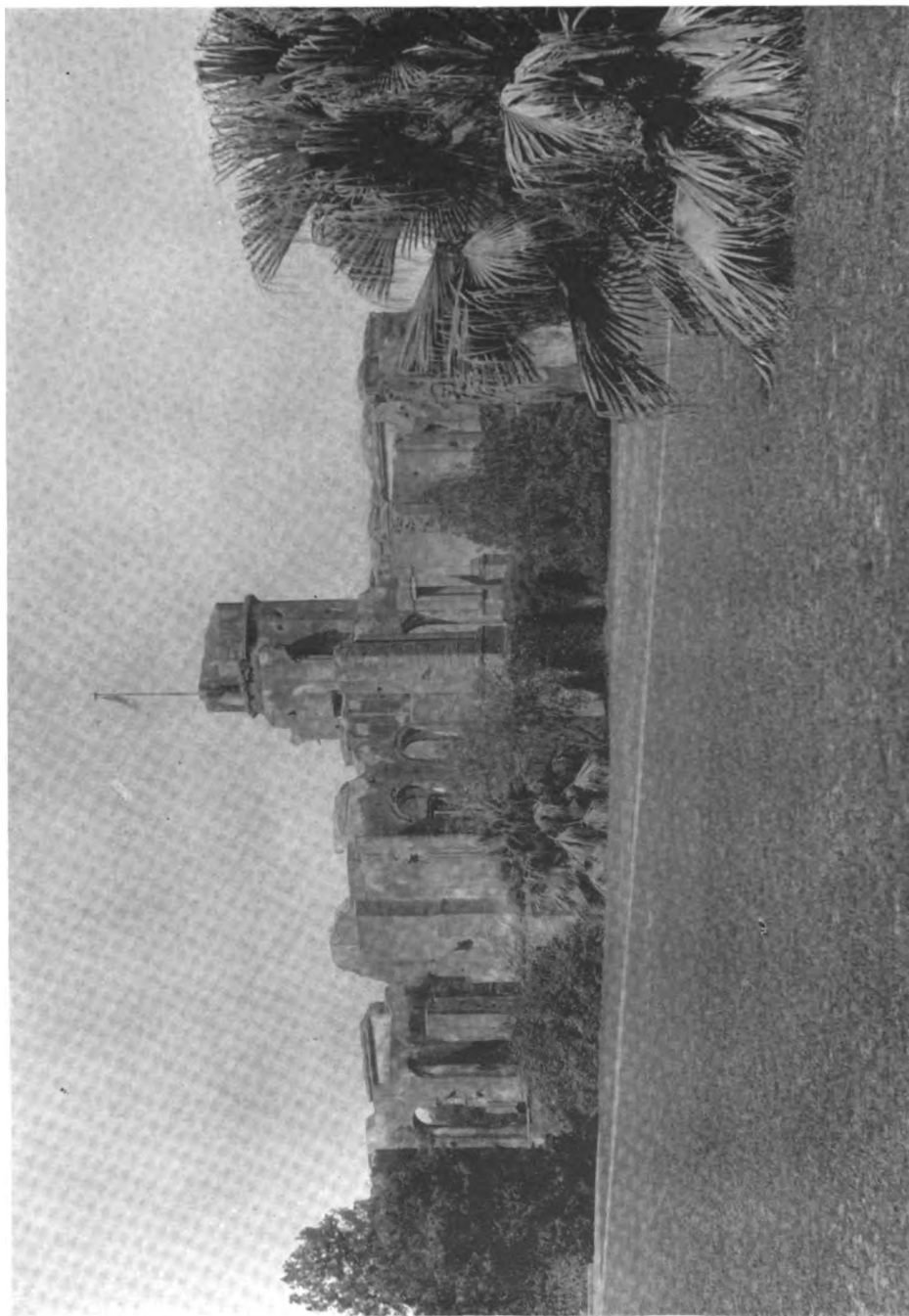
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AN "EKKA" OR CART, THE COMMONEST FORM OF VEHICLE USED BY THE HINDU PEOPLE



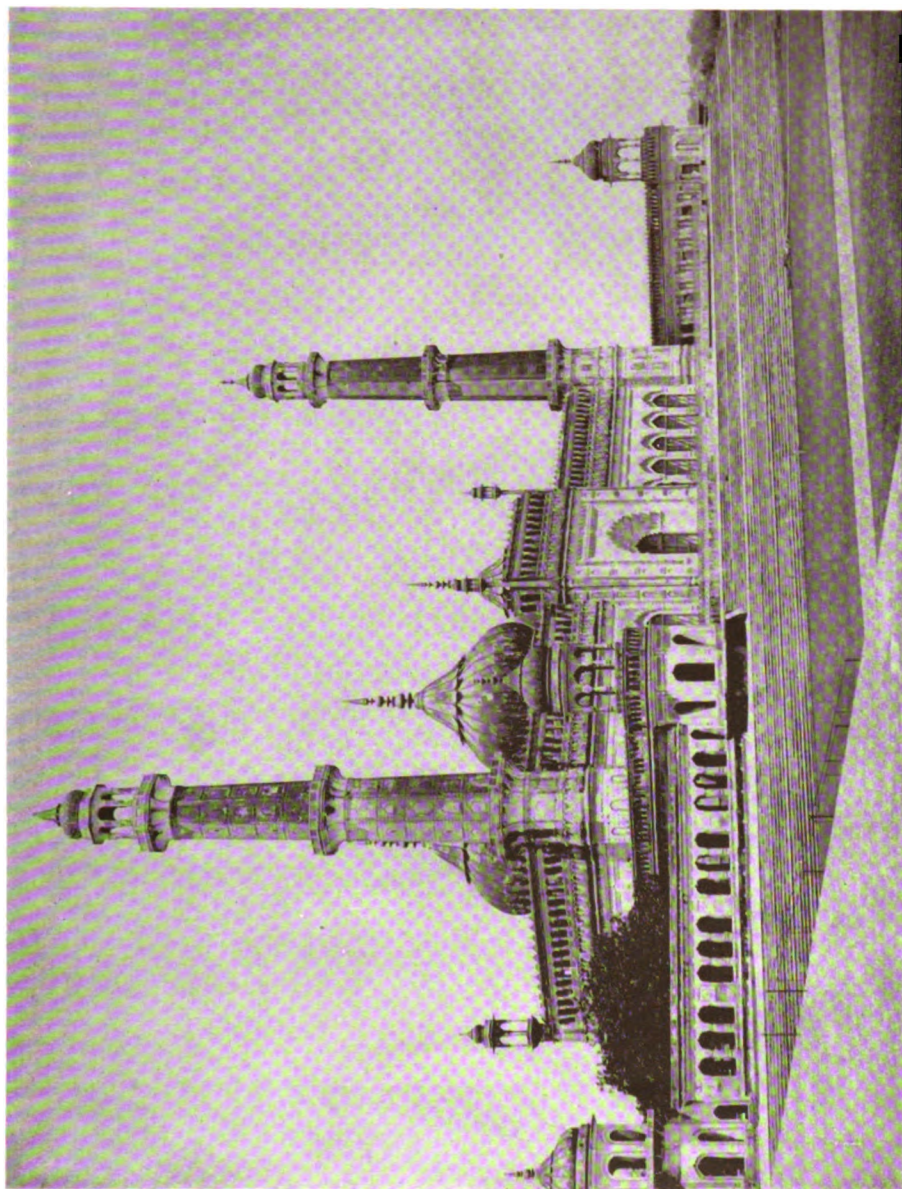
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A GROUP OF INDIAN WOMEN AND BABIES



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"THE RESIDENCY," LUCKNOW; DESTROYED DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY



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THE GREAT EMAMBARA MOSQUE AT LUCKNOW



Lonland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE TEMPLE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA, HEWN OUT OF SOLID ROCK

run inscriptions from the Persian poets, celebrating the joys and beauties of this luxurious life. The most celebrated one is over the entrance of the lovely "Diwâni-Khâs," or hall of private audience, and runs as follows:

*If on earth be a heaven of bliss,
It is this, it is this, it is this.*

These airy pavilions of a by-gone splendor, that make the Alhambra seem almost vulgar by comparison, are in nearly perfect condition, except that most of the precious stones have been jerked out and carried away by marauding bands of Jâts and Mahrattas, who invaded and plundered the country after the downfall of the Moghuls.

But even more beautiful than the palaces and mosques of Delhi are those of Agra, which we next visited. Here stands one of the crowning achievements of the human spirit, the Tomb which Shâh Jehân built for his wife Mumtâz-i-Mahâl, known as the Tâj Mahâl, a thing of such pure and absolute beauty that no words can overstate it or lead one to expect too much. Everything enhances its perfection — its gracious simplicity of line and curve, its ivory whiteness against the dazzling Indian sky, its splendid setting of spreading gardens, and the long cypress-lined, fountain-centered avenue of approach. We visited it three times, by early morning light, by sunset, and by moonlight, and each time its wonderful loveliness seemed to have increased. One cannot resist the feeling that this structure has a Soul — perhaps that of the dead queen, who lies buried here in the most perfect tribute Love ever paid to Death.

The Fort of Agra is similar to that of Delhi, and encloses palaces that are even greater marvels of carving and inlay and gracious proportions, such as one associates ever afterwards with these two cities. One grim note in the midst of splendor is the tiny cell back of the dainty Gem Mosque, where Shâh Jehân was kept in prison during the last seven years of his life by his usurping son Aurungzeb, the very child for whose life the Lady of the Tâj gave up her own. When the Emperor was dying, Aurungzeb allowed him to be moved into the Jasmine Tower, from whence he could gaze his last upon the Tâj far off in the distance, where he would soon be buried beside the Queen whose name he had immortalized. This Jasmine Tower was built for Mumtâz the year before her death, and ranks next in beauty to the Tâj itself. In carving and in inlay, in delicate columns

and in fountains, the *motif* of the jasmine flower is constantly repeated. After a long afternoon, exploring the Fort, we came back to this exquisite bower at sunset and sat for a quiet unforgettable hour, admiring the shifting lights on the vast plain below, with the river Jumâmâ flowing through it. Bathers splashed in its water (for like the Ganges it is a sacred stream) and others were washing clothes on its banks. Veiled women moved along the road below us balancing pitchers on their heads; and here came a procession of them in crimson robes just alike as though belonging to some order; pannier-laden donkeys passed; and two-wheeled ox-carts covered with flapping red curtains, through whose folds one could see a whole family stowed away within. Round about the palace walls small green parrots sported, darting from tree to tree and uttering little shrieks. It was just such a scene as Mumtâz must have often gazed upon three hundred years ago, with no jarring feature, except ourselves, to spoil the illusion.

Our journey across India ended in the splendid city of Bombay, Kipling's birthplace, where we kept thinking of his descriptive words:

*Mother of cities to me,
For I was born in your gate,
Between the palms and the sea
Where the world-end steamers wait.*

Bombay will ever be associated in my mind with the Pârsis, for here we became acquainted with some of these interesting people, and were entertained by several of them during our stay. They all speak English, it seems, are highly educated, and are most interested in meeting foreigners, especially Americans. They are Zoroastrians, who were driven out of Persia by the Mohammedans some seven or eight centuries ago; they are great merchants and dealers in high finance, and are back of most of the big business enterprises in India. Some of them have made enormous fortunes and have universally won a name for reliability, honesty, and high moral principles. They are much lighter-colored than other Orientals, and can be distinguished at a glance, even by the most unobserving, on account of certain peculiarities of costume. Some of the women are quite handsome, being tall and slender, and they wear graceful flowing veils (called "Saris") over their heads. We were invited one night to a Pârsî wedding, held in a big pavilion devoted to that pur-

pose. There were many strange ceremonies, which we failed to fathom, such as blessing the bridal clothes, and consecrating salvers of cocoanuts and other foods, and it was a long tedious wait before the two brides and grooms (for it was a double wedding) appeared. The couples sat on the platform, while four priests (one for each person) stood opposite and flung rice upon them in a continuous shower for about fifteen minutes, chanting monotonous stanzas from the Zend-Avesta all the while. The brides wore white silk veils glittering with silver and crystal, while the grooms were loaded down with garlands of flowers and looked very uncomfortable. Outside the hall was an immense courtyard filled with long narrow tables, seating about five or six hundred guests, who were served to a substantial meal of meats and fish, heaped on platters of banana leaves. The scene reminded me in some indefinable way of *The Marriage at Cana* as depicted in Italian paintings.

The last afternoon of our stay in Bombay, we went over to the Island of Elephanta, to see the wonderful temple-caves there, hewn out of the solid rock. The human labor required to cut these vast mysterious aisles and columns and elaborate carvings is inconceivable! There are two temples opening into the side of a cliff, and one of them is guarded by stone tigers; above these entrances is a forest of trees, and looking up we could see swarms of monkeys scrambling through the branches, chattering and barking and flinging leaves and twigs down on our heads. It reminded us of Kipling's story of the "silly bandar-log," playing in the dead Indian city whose history had entirely perished.

We did not return to Bombay, but went in a little tug from Elephanta to the *Cleveland*, which was anchored far out in the bay, and it was certainly good to get back to her cleanliness and comfort after three weeks of hard travel. The band played *Home Sweet Home*, as we climbed the ladder to the deck, and we felt indeed that our faces were turned homeward once more.

We steamed out into the west at twilight, leaving India behind us, and feeling with wistfulness and regret that we had scarce stirred the fringe of the veil that hides her mysteries.

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC: by E. A. Neresheimer

I



SINCE the advent of Richard Wagner, that resourceful genius who was lyricist, composer, philosopher, whose musical legacy will always be a musical landmark of unimpeachable integrity, we have seen an extraordinary elaboration of the materials of musical expression. Developments have been chiefly on intellectual lines. Tonal commentary, in some instances, has become a wild sort of phantasm of chromatic cacophony; loud, complicated, restless, chasing the shadow with tyrannical persistence, finding repose nowhere. Admirable as is the clever invention, technical skill, and the astonishing effects, it must be confessed that this kind of modern music does not transport one into the lofty concepts of truth we feel so stern a need of, and for which we rightfully supplicate at the altar of the arts.

It appears that in contemporary music the conflict of passions and emotions has been exploited almost to the point of exhaustion. They thunder, hum, and stew, and whine, and when it is all over, we are as wise as before.

No doubt, this modern taste in music with all its emotional beauty and masterly eloquence — and, it is granted, with truly fine ideas also — is evidently much less concerned with the possibilities of the deeper penetration into ultimate truths of which music is capable, than with evanescent felicities and with the perfection of the expressed apparatus. As to final stability it does not promise for posterity the permanent internal influence that has obtained from the inspired works of the musical classics.

If it be true that within the will of man there is another will, vastly greater — then we have to look to the inspired arts and pre-eminently to music as the possible channels through which we may become conscious of its import. There are signs a-plenty that men's minds and hearts are really craving for an understanding of the mysteries of life, and, since there is no official source or science daring enough even to approach the subject, the people are reduced to resources within themselves and to the aid that the arts can give.

In spite of our somewhat barbarous civilization, a rising wave of spirituality is abroad; the cycles insisted on by the Theosophic Leaders are actually upon us; we are in the midst of a universal ameliorating social impulse where sympathies are enlarged, where mutual

confidence has grown stronger, and where the faith in supersensuous realities is happily a true instinct.

When a psychological impulse like the present is abroad, we shall not have long to wait for some genius to arise who shall put the people's ideals and longings into articulate form. In truth, it is not the genius that comes *after* the impulse, but seems to precede it, as it were, to give voice to the more or less undefined ideas latent in the subconscious mind of the people. Thus it was with the Theosophic Movement, which with its universal impulse has given an impetus to more than one department of culture; and being essentially concerned with the spiritual potencies of mankind, it was the forerunner and originator of the sanely mystic wave which now more or less pervades the consciousness of all peoples in every walk of life.

Already we have poets whose works are of absorbing interest: Maeterlinck, (Belgian), Yeats (Irish); and musicians: Debussy, d'Indy, and Ducas (French). All these move quite confidently in profound mystic regions and in a thought-atmosphere wholly new to the present age, adventurous, unprecedented; tending strongly towards the very heart of humanity's spiritual aims; seeking to interpret them through poetry and music.

When reviewing events in the history of music and the dramatic arts, it is curious to note in them the foreboding of the sentiments which were to prevail afterwards among the people. The Greeks molded their life after the ideals of their Pantheon and their classics; the martial Romans became more sedate after the manner of their drama and arts; Spain, France, Italy, at a later period became religious-sentimental like their music; two centuries ago, when musical sentiment reigned supreme in many countries as in early opera, the people reveled in the sensitively emotional. During the 18th century, the classic writers, Bach, Gluck, Spohr, Beethoven, Mozart, gave the keynote to a serene, semi-religious state of mind; the romantics, Schumann, Schubert, Berlioz, Weber, presaged a more restless trend; Wagner in the 19th century, who had no contemporary, espoused insatiable inventiveness, masterly lyrics coupled with brilliant intellectualism, precisely that which became the likeness of the people immediately afterwards.

Undoubtedly, to Wagner must be given the credit of having had the widest range of vision, inasmuch as he built with undeviating fidelity on the classic to which he added a new musical rhetoric. One

of his notable plans was the creation of perfect Music-Drama. He strenuously insisted that drama and music should be intimately blended; music should be subservient to plot and text. In this he succeeded only in minor points, although the plan was correctly conceived in theory. He had so much else to tell, and while so doing had to invent his own materials of musical expression; and in the stress of stupendous innovations he could not successfully resist the seductions of his exuberant and inexhaustible genius for lyricism. We must be content therefore to regard him as the incomparable dramatic symphonist and lyric enchanter par excellence.

The enthrallment of the senses in all lines of thought, especially in music, had no doubt reached its climax towards the end of the nineteenth century; other arts have also borne its mark. Since then the achievements in the perfection of the expressional apparatus created by Wagner have been seized upon with great avidity by some of the modern music-makers and have given rise to the later elaboration of the sensuous element, amorous flights, and sex-colored emotionalism. This latter direction has finally culminated in overwrought richness of the musical vocabulary, as it was elaborated by the ultra-moderns: Richard Strauss and his followers.

And now, while we are witnesses to a surfeit and decline of these forms, we are at the same time being initiated into new harmonic utterances of a substance quite absorbing. This new school, whose place of origin is France, is already clearly individualized, and speaks a strange tongue of mystic eloquence.

Surely then, the musical coloring of our time had its legitimate place in the progress of evolution of this art. And we are rich indeed for having had elaborated for us a medium of expression at once so intricate and so complete. It will minister to the speedier development of our spiritual potencies waiting at the threshold of our consciousness. Its voice is already heard through the subtle mysticism of the French School of Music.

"Its persuasions perhaps, shall lead us closer to the gates of our being — where are the fountain heads."

PEACE: by Grace Knoche



IS it not true that most people are so hypnotized by the fancied necessity of war and its supposed inevitableness that they only half respect the ideal of Peace? They think of it as the absence of war; they can see in it only a meek and lowly *minus* sign, which, even though they may despise it, yet seems to them less objectionable than an iron-gauntleted *plus*. But is that Peace? Not according to Theosophical interpretation, nor the interpretation of the Nazarene, nor that of any of the Great Teachers who have striven for Peace to the world all down the ages.

Some who will read these lines may have heard the fresh, young voices of the Râja-Yoga International Chorus in their wonderful rendering of the "Ode to Peace" that was written, words and music both, by Lomaland Students for the Twentieth World Peace Congress held at The Hague last year. In every line rings out the note of dominant, positive triumph, the warrior-note of strength, virility, spiritual valor, and Divinity, the note of that Peace that passeth understanding because it includes all understanding within its heart of hearts.

Why tarriest thou, Peace, O flame-fashioned
One, Child of the Gods and the Stars,
That are star-fire and God-fire impassioned
And stronger than Mars?

Men have deemed thee a meek, pallid maiden,
Weak-handed, and girt thee in gray;
We hail thee, the victory-laden,
And the branch of thy sway
Not a signal of sloth for the nations
To bring dulness and slumber and ease,
But virile and quickening elations,
Like the surge of strong seas.

That is the Peace-ideal of Theosophy, the only Peace-ideal that can cope with present conditions, commanding respect even from the materialist. And it exists. It is, in truth, the Christos-spirit of the world, waiting to be brought forth from the brain-mind sepulcher in which it is entombed. It has not to be manufactured for the occasion. It is powerful and wholly alive, but fettered, unrecognized, separate from its throne of compassion while the War Spirit has its way.

The great question with everyone who feels any sense of his

responsibility as a member of God's great family must be, at the present time, "What is my duty?" Surely, the first duty must be to accentuate true Peace, potent, positive Peace; to build it up in the mind as an inalterable ideal, to picture it forth in other minds, to imbue our atmosphere, our environment, with its splendid confidence and power, so that one spot on earth, at least, shall be de-psychologized of the war spirit, to become a contagion-spot of rationality and true hope. The brain-mind may seek for a way to end the strife, the heart may bleed in compassion as Walt Whitman's bled when he stood over the wounded in the darkest hour this country ever knew, and simply said, "I do not ask the wounded person how he feels; I am the wounded person"; the opportunity to serve at the front or to hold up the hands of those who do serve, may be eagerly seized; we may be doing all in our power to mitigate the awful horror of this time — but are we doing enough? If we do not take a further positive step, is there not danger that even the most devoted may be psychologized by the despair of it all and that the power may be lost to do the work that the Higher Law most needs? If Katherine Tingley has any insight into human nature and world conditions, the danger of this is extreme; it is imminent.

Is it not logical? If we blur our sight and insight with the fog and death-mists of these war-pictures, how can the Sunlight of Truth pierce through? We are as fettered to a thing we intensely hate as to a thing we love; as much its slave. But there is a middle ground and it is that which the great Teachers have always tried to point out. It is that which Katherine Tingley has pointed out in her teachings again and again and which is the burden of many a talk to her students. It is the great high vantage-ground of Service made potent by the power of Imagination. The artist who would paint a picture must first create its image in his own mind; so must he who would set down in notes of music any original theme. The columns of the great Temple of Ammon, first existed as an imagining in the mind of some old Egyptian builder — a dream only, a fancy, if you will. But he wrote out that dream in stone and for millenniums they have stood a witness to the power of man.

If these things are possible, is it not equally possible to create an actual visible Temple of Peace — a Life of Peace throughout the world, an Era of Peace and Good Will on earth? Indeed, is it not our duty to *do* just this, for the sake of the many who have not our

present good fortune, who are prostrated under calamities which they can neither endure nor understand, who have not the clear sight of those who look to the sun; who have, perhaps, no clear idea of what Peace really may be, perhaps even no faith that Peace can ever be more than some lonely heart's fugitive dream. We are either our "brother's keeper" or we are not. If not, then let us send no more physicians and nurses over the water, nor ships of food. Let us be logical. But if we are — then is not our duty at this time something more profound, more far-reaching, more germane to the Soul of Things, than we ever thought it was before?

One of the French poets gives us the key in this exquisite sentence:

If I had but two *sous* in the world, with one I would buy bread, with the other hyacinths, for hyacinths would feed my Soul.

Have we no duty to the Soul of these suffering nations, the Soul of a suffering world? Food, clothing, nursing, medicines — these things can meet the needs of but one part of the nature — and that is not the higher part, by any means. They fill and heal the body and can quiet the mind for a time — but only for a time. The hosts of despair will rush in, the blackness of lost hope settle down, if hatred and revenge have been harbored they will return and becloud the reason and strangle the Soul and the conscience. Where is our medicine for this? What food have we to offer the Soul in this extremity? Fancy! If we could make Hope and Peace as actually real to the minds of the crucified nations of Europe today as a bandage or bowl of hot soup is to the physical sense! Would there not be a transformation, and would not the Karma of all the world be lightened, incalculably lightened?

The touch of sympathy that Europe already feels, the knowledge that there are across the water compassionate hearts waiting and longing to serve — all that will do much. But it will not do all, by any means. There is the menace of the future. What Temple can we build to shelter these agonized nations from the dread of that? For the nations are in travail and in their agony cannot see the hour of their deliverance, may even despair that there is such an hour. The wise physician at such a time infuses courage, new hope, with the quiet assurance of one who knows and whose service inspires trust. The body may writhe in suffering, but it is the mind that is the departure point — it is there the anxiety lies. Despair would

ruin all, it would be fatal. Hope, a living vital hope, is the medicine of the Soul.

The Peace spirit that alone can bring order out of hell and all chaos must be evoked, disentombed, enthroned once more, vigorous and kingly, as real and powerful as the War spirit has been these many ages, a true Warrior for the Right, helmeted in Knowledge, its shield Purity, its sword the Spiritual Will.

But is it possible to do all this? The world as a whole has been thinking about Peace only very lately. We have been fighting since Noah built the ark and long, long before. The five or six thousand years of so-called authentic history record over eight thousand wars; and the people have patiently cleaned up after these wars, patiently borne the burden of them in blood and toil, in sin and shame and crime, in heartache and despair, without its ever dawning upon them that there might be another way. At any rate, it seems so. The first Peace Society in the world was founded as late as 1815, in America. But great gaps marked the course of its work. It was in the midst of a long *hiatus* of nearly forty years that H. P. Blavatsky founded the Peace Organization of which the basic principle was Universal Brotherhood, and which aimed at the destruction of those prolific causes of war, "the barriers of race, caste, and creed."

Is it not too soon to look for any general expression of peace sentiments? Not at all; for as soon as we really want Peace enough to believe in it, we will have it. The truth is that we have war today because we have never wholly made up our minds that we did not want it, certainly most of those who are outwardly in power, although they may not sit on thrones, did not want it. As soon as an appreciable number of people make up their minds that war must go, it will go. But those should not ask for converts to Peace who can not offer something in place of war that will be equally forceful, equally masterful and virile.

We no longer tolerate duelling, nor black slavery, nor the working of women in mines, although we did once and not a hundred years ago. These things are obsolete because we would not have them any longer. Reactionary sentiment became so strong that legislators were aroused, legislation was affected, the public mind refused to endure such affronts to its intelligence and these things went. It is no farther up a hill than it is down, although it probably is true that to fall is easier than to climb. But the distance is the same in both

cases, the path is the same, yet should go to still greater heights.

This war did not spring from nothing at all. It is the upas tree grown from a tiny but well-nourished seed. The beneficent oak, the majestic cryptomeria, the kindly beech and elm, grow equally from tiny seeds, but seeds of another kind.

Supposing we were to try seeds of another kind; that, instead of a propaganda of war there should be started on its way a nation-wide, world-wide, propaganda of Peace; that instead of engendering false patriotism, suspicion and hatred of one's neighbor, there should arise enough splendid Peace-workers to cover the earth with an atmosphere of Peace and good will, coming indeed, as was prophesied of old, "in the clouds with great power and glory." The most materialistic will not deny that such an effort is perfectly possible. Through it, little by little, the pyre of Peace would lift its head skyward, the tinder of good will and love would pile up. And just as, when the psychological moment arrived, the war fires burst forth, so there would arrive the psychological moment when Peace would flame out in its radiant light and glory, to transfigure the earth and its dwellers, wrapped in the Golden Sheen of Spiritual Life. H. P. Blavatsky declared that such a time would dawn *providing* Universal Brotherhood as a fact in nature could take root in the general consciousness as something to be lived and made actual. Katherine Tingley has declared, and every aspect of our higher life today bears witness to this, that the idea of Universal Brotherhood as a working hypothesis for life *has* found a lodgment in men's minds; that the wonderful moment when, to quote an expression often used by her predecessor, H. P. Blavatsky, Peace will descend upon earth "in the twinkling of an eye," will come of a surety, and that ere long; that even before our eyes close in death many of us shall see the beginning of this Divine Transmutation.



IF ONE wishing to lift the burdens of life, would spent fifteen minutes every day in reading our Theosophical Literature, beginning with *The Key to Theosophy*, by H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the original Theosophical Society, and continuing with the *Theosophical Manuals*, before many months he would find that new and helpful ideas of life and its meaning had been absorbed, and would acquire such knowledge as would enable him to meet life's battles more understandingly and courageously. — *Katherine Tingley*

QUEEN ELENA'S EXCAVATIONS AT CASTEL PORZIANO, AND THE ORIGINS OF ROME:

by **Anton Giulio Bragaglia** (Special Correspondent in Rome of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH)

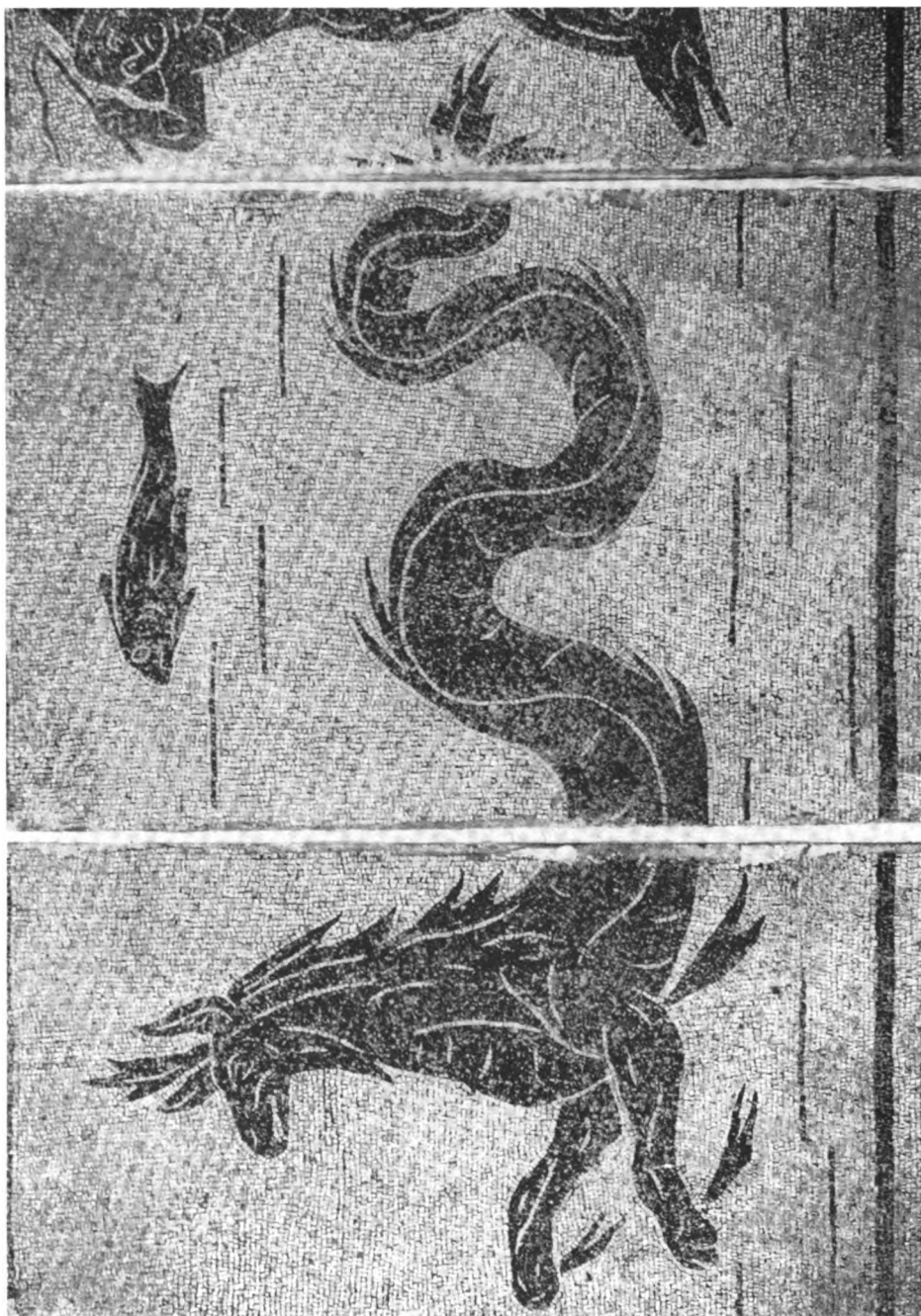


WHEN he left the ships and the sea which Juno's wrath had lashed into fury, Aeneas, carrying with him the Trojan Penates, advanced with his companions from his landing-place on the banks of the yellow Tiber and camped in a vast forest. The next day a hundred Trojans, crowned with olive and bearing gifts from Aeneas, started on an embassy to the capital of the old Latin King. And the legend, which still lives in Virgil's poem, relates how a great battle was afterwards fought near the "Vasta Palus," not far from Laurentum. Here the venerable King had started in his sleep at the voice of the God announcing the advent of an unknown son-in-law coming from the sea. How many centuries have passed since these events, that link this region with the founding of Rome!

A forest of magnificent trees still waves over the ancient territory, and if all be silent and deserted, ancient tombs and traces of old cities and houses still speak eloquently of former populousness. The forest covers once opulent cities, and in the whole seventy miles from Civitavecchia to Anzio, only four villages break the solitude of a land that is sometimes wonderfully beautiful, sometimes aridly desolate. The old Latin region lying within the bounds of the royal preserve of Castel Porziano and Castel Fusano is entirely deserted, and only at Paterno do the walls of the ancient buildings tower over the huts of today, walls of imperial buildings that succeeded the huts of the shepherds who saw Aeneas. No accurate research had been made in the Laurentian territory to ascertain its history or verify the Trojan legend. No one knows where the old cities and roads lie buried. These wastes had, for hundreds of years, lost all trace of the life of other days; and the beginnings of Rome, not, after all, so far removed that they should defy research, are only known through a confused tradition, interwoven with fable.

It was Queen Elena who in 1903 initiated the study of the Latin Land.

At first it was supposed that the King was the archaeologist of Castel Porziano but it is now known that the honor belongs to the Queen. When the best existing copy of Myron's Discobolus was



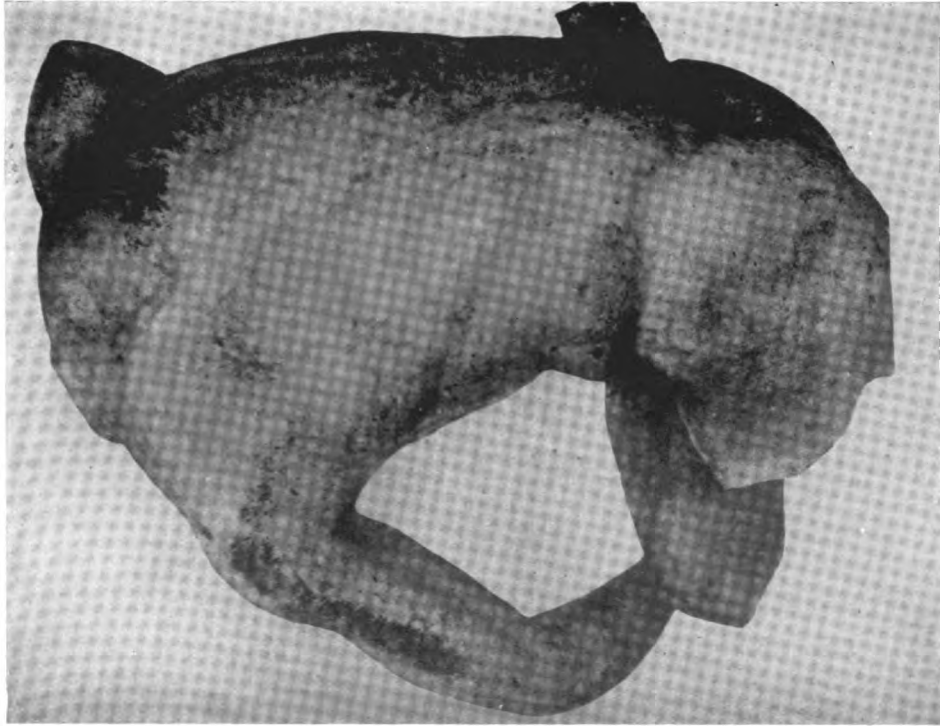
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MOSAIC REPRESENTING A MARINE MONSTER. CASTEL PORZIANO, ITALY



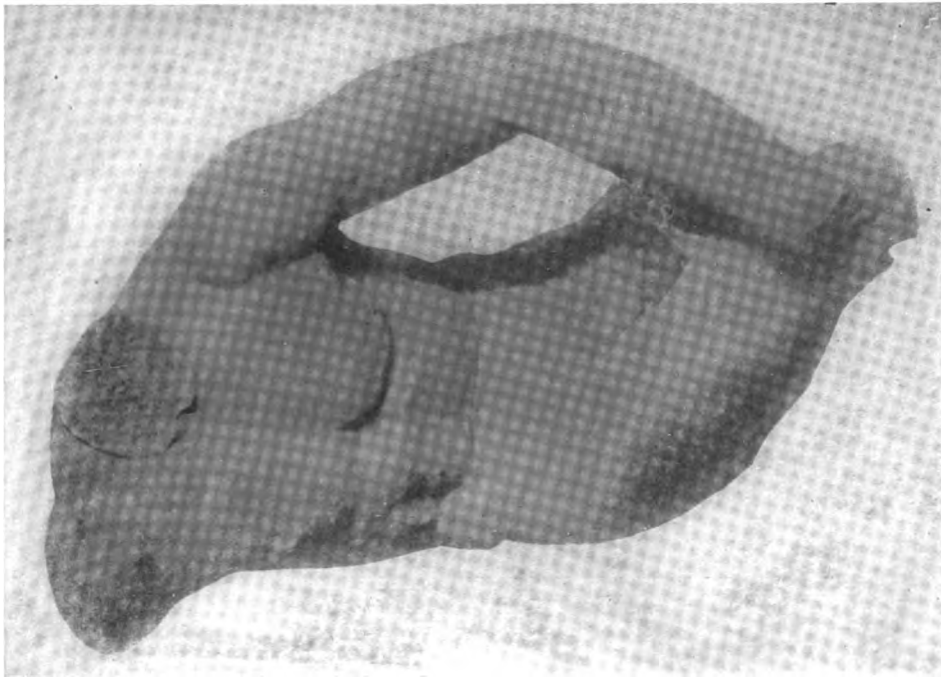
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BASE OF A COLUMN. CASTEL PORZIANO



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THE DISCOBOLUS AS SEEN FROM THE BACK



THE MUTILATED STATUE OF THE DISCOBOLUS
RECENTLY DISCOVERED



FOUNDATION OF THE "VILLA OF THE DISCOBOLUS"



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FOUNDATIONS OF BUILDINGS RECENTLY LAID BARE. NEAR PATERNO

found, public attention was called to the excavations that were going on in the royal domains, but no one realized that they were anything further than a passing experiment to satisfy a dilettante curiosity which had moved the King to dig a little in a spot that promised interesting finds. The lack of further notice had confirmed this opinion and no one thought of inquiring how the excavations were progressing because they did not even know that there were excavations. But the Queen was far from having suspended the work; on the contrary, her ardor increased. The late Professor Dante Vaglieri, the enlightened director of the excavations at Ostia, in speaking of the researches at Castel Porziano, told me that they were carried on systematically and scientifically and that many things of interest had been found. He said: "The Queen has stopped only for brief periods, and her excavations are conducted according to the most scientific methods. She herself studies the limes, separating the material, cataloging even the smallest objects, making plans and water-color drawings of the sections excavated, copying pavements, frescos, and statues, and keeping an exact daily register of the work. All that," he went on, smiling at my surprise, "seems incredible to you. But to me it is simple. It seems to me natural that their Majesties should understand the science of excavation as well as I do and that in those of Laurentum they should know far more than I do. We must not forget that in this science the Queen is a professional and that the King studies archaeology as keenly as he does numismatics."

"How is it," I asked, "that so little has been heard of these researches?"

"Their Majesties did not care to make their private studies known. No one but Professor Lanciani, Senator Pigorini, and myself, has visited the works, for a special permission is necessary from the King himself."

"And is there a regular bureau of excavation at Castel Porziano with a technical staff?"

"To a certain extent. The statues, mosaics, frescos, and glasses, are dealt with by experts because a sudden transference to the open air damages them. Lately the King asked me to send him an expert in frescos. However, my office at Ostia, which is conveniently near, serves in part also for the work at Castel Porziano."

The territory in the royal preserves is extensive and that it is rich in material that would serve for the reconstruction of history

has been proved in the course of the Queen's researches and by accidental discoveries. At the same time little has been found as yet belonging to the pre-Latin races. The shape of their huts is a matter of conjecture and we are ignorant of how their cities were built and even of their sites. This is not so surprising when we remember that the site of Alba Longa, which survived to a much later period than Laurentum, is not certain. Numerous burying-places have been found with their hut-shaped urns, but it would be rash to affirm that the huts of the living exactly resembled these. Altogether, although the discovery of some villages near the shore has given some useful hints regarding the pre-Latin races, nothing can yet be positively affirmed regarding the ancient history of this region nor of the events that led to the foundation of Rome. According to Senator Pigorini, it is not the cemeteries but the dwellings of the ancient peoples that should be sought for, for even if they yielded but few objects, these would be of the greatest value to students. The funeral rites are comparatively well known; it is the habits of the living that are now of interest. In huts, comparatively few things are found, merely some broken crocks, and refuse. But from these many facts may be deduced that help to verify legend and reconstruct history. Much research and diligent study are necessary, for the material for pre-historic archaeology is scant in comparison with that available for Roman archaeology.

The life of the people is known with tolerable exactness after the foundation of Rome, but we have only legend intermixed with fable. Therefore it is necessary to investigate the Latin territory to find out the records of these first beginnings which are as interesting to historians as those of the later greatness. Naturally this task is not an easy one. From the first the Queen realized its importance and though at present the excavations are mere trials in various places, directed to the exhumation of monuments of later times, this does not exclude the hope of realizing the larger aim later on. The system at present is to make experiments in many localities with a view to finding out where the best results are to be expected. A preliminary superficial survey is necessary in order to determine where more thorough excavations should be undertaken. But this preliminary work though superficial, is being carried out with the utmost care, and the monuments of a later period, which reward the efforts of the workers and add excitement to the exploration, are handled as scientifically

as though they were the chief object of the excavations. As this district is rich in imperial remains, it is not surprising if the desire to find works of art should sometimes overpower the interest in the more difficult task of searching for the faint traces of prehistoric times. It is for these reasons that the discoveries as yet made by the Queen in the territory of Laurentum belong to the period when that city had long been extinct, rather than to the more interesting time when Aeneas landed with the Penates of Troy. So that little is known of primitive Laurentum. Nevertheless, enough is known to make it permissible to advance certain conjectures, partly founded on general facts drawn from other sources. It is true that the history of a territory should be based on material found within its bounds, but supplementary evidence may be gathered from surrounding districts. It may thus be deduced that the ancient Laurentum, at the date when legend places the landing of Aeneas, enjoyed a more or less advanced civilization, partly due to the influence of its neighbors the Etruscans, and if it had not rich marble palaces such as that described by Virgil as being the dwelling of the venerable King, grandson of Neptune, it had at least a type of hut more advanced than those as yet discovered. These were large, oval or circular in form, hollowed out of the ground; the walls were made of stakes interwoven with branches and plastered with clay, and the roof was straw and clay. Steps or an inclined plane led down to the entrance. Each hut had its *haeredium* or field, and the enclosure for the flocks. Such were the huts of the Frigians described by Vitruvius, and such are the dwellings of the inhabitants of Kazan in Eastern Russia. The remains of dwellings found in the old cities consist of part of the walls, a few implements, and the *débris* of the kitchen. These poor remains are sufficient to reveal to us the life of the inhabitants.

The discoveries in the tombs speak of their funeral customs and their belief in immortality, while those of the huts enable us to penetrate to their home life. Many holes found together show the site of a village. These were built in a square with one wide street and many smaller ones cutting it at right angles, dividing the groups of huts regularly, as in some of the modern cities. Such villages are not only found all through Italy, but in many other countries of Europe. In the time of Aeneas, the inhabitants of Laurentum were shepherds, tillers of the ground, hunters and warriors, and remains of pottery and other imported articles show, that if not themselves

traders, they had relations with other peoples from beyond the sea. The discoveries already made in the territory of Laurentum have given rise to a discussion of exceptional importance on the question as to what these relations were. The founders of the city of Lavinium must have established themselves on the lower slopes of the hills, where there are traces of escarpments made by the hand of man, and in their tombs articles are found that clearly came from the Aegean. Somewhere here must have stood the rude sanctuaries that sheltered the Gods and the Penates; and the hut, still existing in the time of Dionysius, where the sacrifice of thirty pigs was made, a sacrifice at which no stranger might assist. Senator Lanciani who assisted the Queen in her excavations, divides the archaeological remains found in this territory into three classes: those of the archaic period, consisting of the finds in the primitive necropolis; those of the middle period in which the Etrusco-Campanian art made itself felt; and those of the imperial Roman period, rich in inscriptions and sculptures. In the archaic period, most of the material is of the early iron age, contemporaneous with that of the oldest tombs of the Septimontium, somewhat more modern than the oldest tombs on the Latin hills. The swords are of the Aegean pattern, which eventually spread from the coast towns through central Italy and as far north as Norcia. And Professor Lanciani's conclusion is: "The discovery of arms of this special pattern in these old tombs, confirms the tradition of the founding of Lavinium by strangers coming from the Aegean. And this is something gained." But Senator Pigorini, who is the greatest living authority on prehistoric questions, denies the coming of Aeneas and the founding of Lavinium by strangers, maintaining that the arms found in the tombs had been brought by commerce. He says in fact: "It seems to me that all the evidence is against the legend. The only immigration into the district was an Aryan one, and it came by land. At the date at which legend places the coming of Aeneas, no strangers landed in Italy. The arms were brought as merchandise, just as Cyprus exported copper to Sardinia, and Spain exported silver." This would prove that our ancestors were traders, but that the travelers were not the Latins but other nations. But on the other hand, the fact that the inhabitants of this district traded with peoples across the sea does not exclude the possibility of the landing of Aeneas. Commerce may have brought Trojan arms to Italy, and Aeneas may have been a semi-piratical trader who land-

ed and fortified himself against the indigenes in order to push his trade. Other students are of opinion that the legend was invented by Greek historians to flatter their Roman conquerors by linking their origin with the Odyssey. At the same time, one of these students, Signor Pais, does not deny to the legend some historic foundation. He holds that the battle between Aeneas and Turnus, sung by Virgil, was a real battle, but that it took place in the seventh or sixth century and that the poet antedated it in order that it might have as its heroes the grandsons of Venus and Neptune. This disagreement between students makes the excavations for which the Queen is preparing the way all the more important; they may be expected to throw light on the history of the region and to clear up the point as to whether its rapid advance in civilization was due to the immigration of strangers. "By means of research in the pre-Roman ages, undertaken without preconceived ideas, the problem should be solved, for if a new people intrude themselves into a land already inhabited it necessarily leaves a clear imprint of its arrival; the division between the old and the new will be marked in many ways. Language and tradition may be modified in the course of centuries and therefore do not furnish sure grounds on which to base conclusions regarding events of which there is no written record.

"But no race passes over a country without stamping its imprint on what it leaves in its dwelling-places and deposits in its tombs. Thus if those tombs and dwellings can be found, the clue to the origin of the race will be found." So says Senator Pigorini. The remains of Imperial Laurentum extend along the old coast line; the sea has retreated three miles since the days of the empire, so that the old seaside villas are now quite a distance inland, and the forest has covered the old sands. The place where Laurentum stood takes its present name of Paterno from the Torre Paterna near by. This tower was built by Marcantonio Colonna as a defence against the corsairs who made frequent descents on this coast during the middle ages and until as late as the 17th century. The city of Laurentum, perhaps so named from the laurels that scented the air around it, lost its importance after the foundation of Lavinium, as this latter city, named, according to the legend, from Lavinia, daughter of the Latin King and wife of Aeneas, was situated in a much healthier position, "in regioni pestilenti salubris." The two cities formed part of the "nova respublica." Towards the end of the Republic, it met the same fate as

Antemnae, Tellenae, Bola, "propter infrequentiam locorum," and instead of a town, became a villa, and later, an imperial residence.

The excavations made by the Queen have revealed more of the extensive and grandiose remains which were already visible in Nibby's day, and which might have been a large salon; it is the only one that shows first century construction; it is of *opus latericius*, [brick work] analogous to the Neronian structures on the Palatine. The rest of the buildings are of the time of the Antonines, cut up and spoilt by later additions. Beyond the reservoir in which the aqueduct ended, there was a square enclosure that may have been a garden, made in the fourth century. At the foot of this garden, towards the east, is the large salon of primitive construction, that is built of triangular sharp-cornered bricks laid with little lime and perfectly regular. Towards the west there is another room shaped like a triclinium facing the sea, and to the right there is a room which closes the series at this side of the buildings. Between the wall of the enclosure and the triclinium there is a little church dedicated to St. Philip, before which an Ionic capital of good style records the decoration of the old building. Other capitals like it are to be seen at Borcigliano, having been taken from here. The little church is built against the wall of the large room and occupies an old recess flanked by two other recesses and rooms.

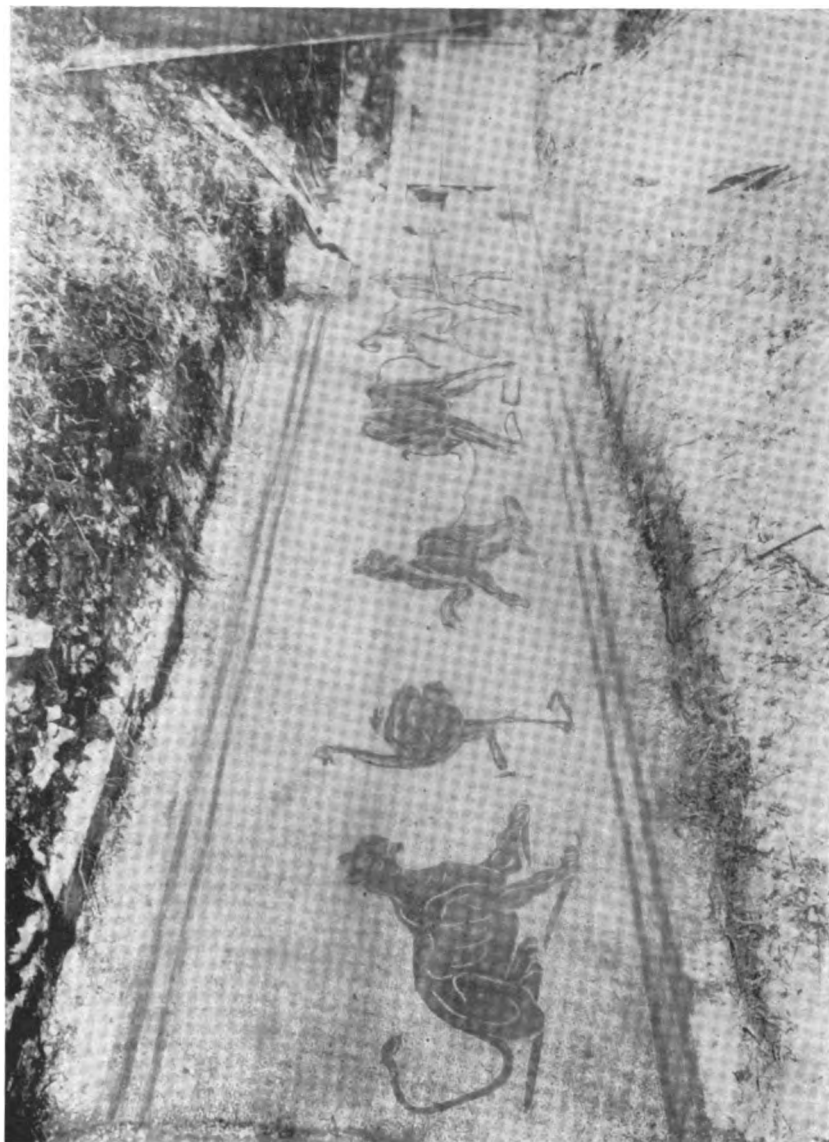
The extraordinary richness of the whole building and the beauty of the decorations, columns of the rarest marbles, statues of the finest workmanship, beautiful capitals and vases, cameos and medallions, and terra-cottas, show how great was the luxury of its fittings. Indeed, all the buildings discovered in the course of the Queen's excavations show the luxury of the imperial settlement. The mosaic pavement in the atrium of the large baths is unusually beautiful. Some of the designs are those frequently used, but others are new and very well drawn. The animals are specially successful, full of life and motion, and well colored; the most characteristic motion of each is seized. The growling dog with his arched back, the heavy torpid bear with its air of sleepy menace, are effectively rendered. The ostrich, the galloping horses, the panthers, the lions, are all happily caught, with a certain savor of savagery that is not displeasing in such subjects. The designs are repeated, but as the pavements are many, the result is not monotonous. In some, stories are told, as when a beast of prey springs at a horse and the next scene shows

the horse in full flight pursued by its assailant. The shadows are curious and are represented in a very primitive fashion. In some of the particulars there is an ingenuousness that is the more remarkable because the art is in many respects sure and expert, and anything but primitive. The sea-scenes with monsters show less originality. The motion of the water is well rendered, and streaks of light are introduced to show the reflection of the sun's rays on the waves. The anatomy is strong and true, from which it may be gathered that the drawer of the cartoons was a good artist, better than the mosaic workers. In fact the technical execution of the mosaics is careless. The work appears to have been done hastily and carelessly, as is the case also in some of those at Ostia, perhaps by the same workmen. Those of Laurento date from the second century, the age of Trajan and Hadrian. It was about this time that most of the buildings were erected or at least modified and decorated. The villas are numerous and extend beyond the ancient pagus, and together with the remains of houses along the old shore reveal the old Laurentian life. Between Ostia and Nettuna there are traces of thirty-five Roman villas which were rich in marbles and works of art. The life of the sea-side is mentioned by old writers but not many particulars are known regarding it. Amongst the notable objects found is a pedestal of exquisite workmanship belonging to the Flavian epoch.

An alto-relievo representing Venus and Cupid is curious, for while it professes to be an antique piece of sculpture with its non-Roman Palace in perspective behind Cupid, it seems really to be an imitation of ancient work, done in the sixth or seventh century, and it is puzzling to account for its presence in the Laurentine territory, which was a deserted waste at that date. In imperial times there were fourteen cities and many villages in this region, and the population was more than 150,000. The Latin coast had ports capable of accomodating all the military and commercial ships of the Empire, so that the shore of those days might be compared to the Ligurian Riviera of today. Along the Via Severiana, which united the cities of the coast, the luxurious life of the rich Roman nobles flourished in the villas with their extensive parks, ornamented with statues and vases, gleaming white under the trees of their shady alleys. The Via Severiana and the Via Laurentina have been minutely studied by Senator Lanciani, who, in tracing them through the woods, has come on many ruins and remains of the old villas. One on the old shore-line not far

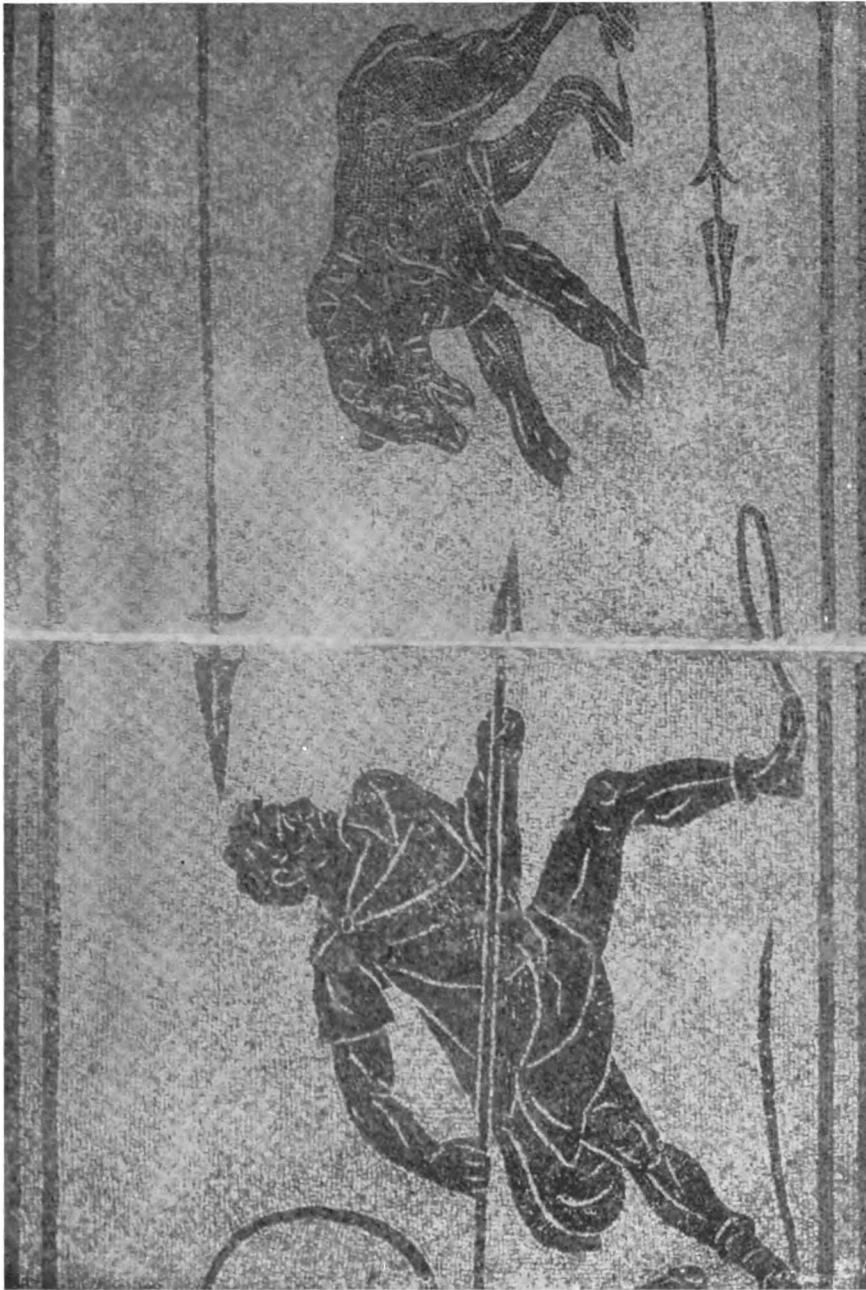
from Tor Bovacciana has been proved by her Majesty's researches to be the one that Pliny the Younger describes.

Professor Lanciani, who has made a special study of the topography of this part of the coast, confirms her conclusion. It is now called "della Palombara," and is in the grounds of Castel Fusano belonging to the Chigis, but rented by the King. As it is on the old shore, it is now three miles from the sea, which, as we have already said, has retreated that distance since the time of Trajan. Some time ago, excavations had been made in this Villa, uncovering some walls, a round room, some remains of what were perhaps two towers, and a few lead pipes, and other trifles. But these excavations were not serious. Lately the work has been done scientifically and the earth has been removed from a room with hot-water pipes in the walls. The Queen has arranged for the protection of the whole edifice. The next villa explored after that of Pliny appears to have belonged to the famous orator Hortensius, and it must have been one of the most luxurious, as its proprietor, who was very rich, loved splendor and was extravagant in his tastes. Varro recounts: "The wild boars and goats gather themselves together at the sound of the horn to be fed. From a high place, destined for gymnastic exercises, acorns are thrown to the first and vetches to the second. I saw this theatrically done when I was staying with Hortensius in the Laurentine territory, for as he told me, there was a wood of more than fifty jugera surrounded by a wall." "In this wood there was an elevated spot on which was a place where three persons could dine and to this Hortensius summoned Orphens." "He presented himself in a long robe bearing his zither, and having received orders to sing he struck the instrument; at the sound we were at once surrounded by a great number of stags, boars, and other quadrupeds: this spectacle appeared to me not less admirable than that given by the aediles in the circus when they represent a hunt; but without panthers." Always following the old shore-line, after the villa of Hortensius we come to a pretty little town, the Vicus Augustanus, small and elegant, with the Curia and the Forum and the Temple facing the sea, linked to the other cities by the Via Severiana, and flanked by the forest rich in game. A villa completely explored by her Majesty is the fourth to the east of Tor Paterna, and, like the others, lies on a little green hill. The excavations here at once yielded the best existing copy of Myron's Discobolus, and further research



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MOSAIC WORK UNCOVERED AT CASTEL PORZIANO



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MOSAIC REPRESENTING A BEAR HUNT. CASTEL PORZIANO



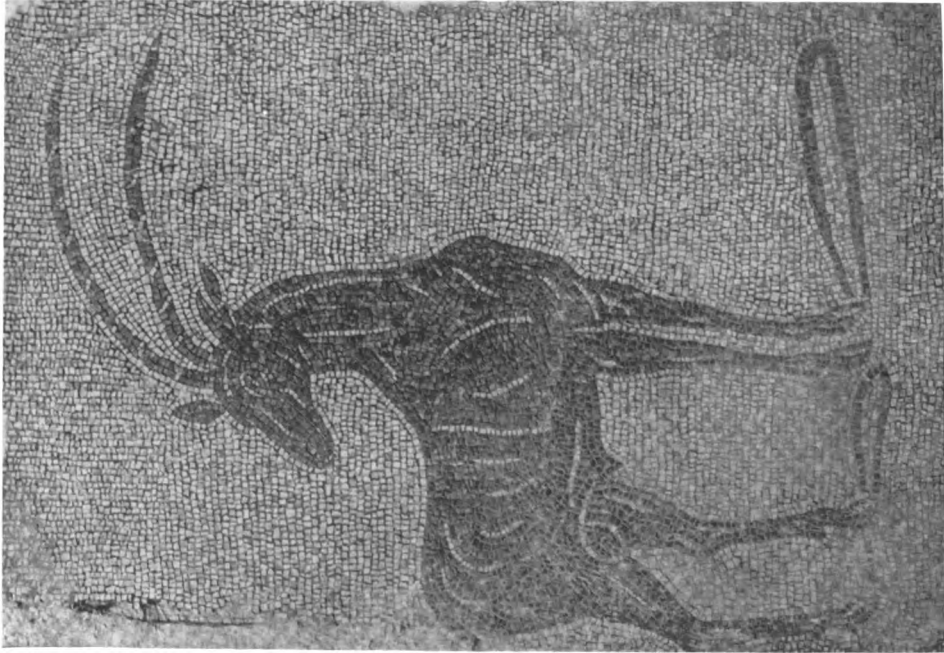
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MOSAIC REPRESENTING AN AFRICAN SCENE. CASTEL PORZIANO

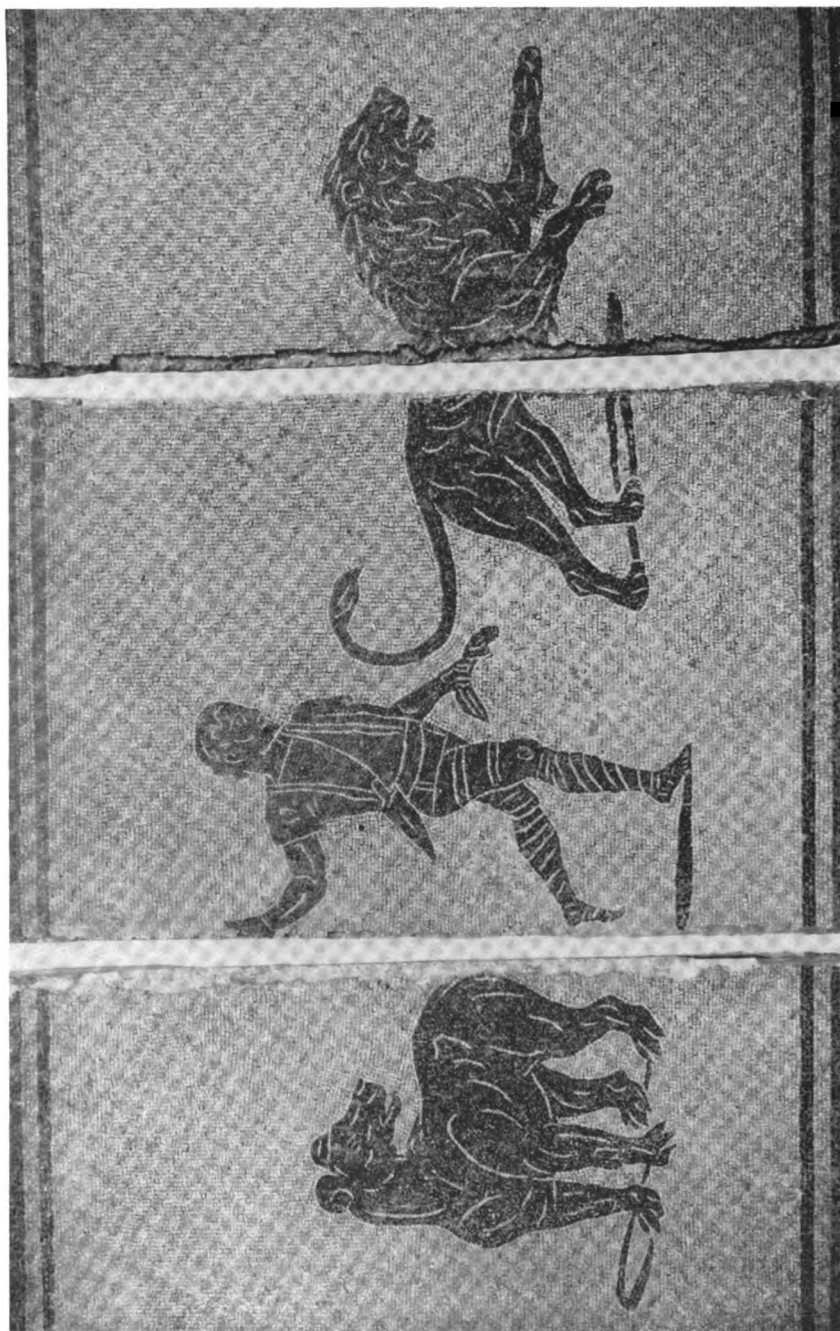


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A DIMINUTIVE GROUP OF VENUS AND AMOR



PART OF A MOSAIC PAVEMENT. SIMILAR
IN SUBJECT TO THE PRECEDING ILLUSTRATION



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A PORTION OF A MOSAIC PAVEMENT. THIS MOSAIC ALSO PROBABLY REPRESENTS AN AFRICAN SCENE



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MOSAIC SIMILAR TO THE PRECEDING

revealed this little house furnished with every comfort almost like a modern villa. Three flights of marble steps lead from the garden to the apartments; there are half columns of brick work beside them, meant probably for the support of statues or vases. A large glass corridor ended in a salon with a rounded end, rich in marbles; another corridor with a marble pavement led to three rooms behind the salon, probably bedrooms, with dressing-rooms, and with windows looking towards the sea. The pavements of these rooms are of mosaic well executed and of graceful design. In the inner walls three openings give air and light to other rooms, one of which is a caldarium fitted up with pipes. A large veranda more than twenty yards long, which perhaps had a pergola, with a pavement of black and white mosaic, finely wrought, led to the fragrant forest. The main walk from the house was to the sea, where there was a portico with eight columns. Some steps lead to a little side garden, where, beside a pedestal at the end of an alley — along which the disk might be thrown — the Discobolus was found. The Queen at once tried to put the pieces together, tying them with a cord.

In this straight alley with the Discobolus at the end, perhaps with cypresses cut into pyramids and monsters and pheasants, and parrots of boxwood, and amidst the flowers and the niches, and the mottos cut in the green, we think of Quintilian's saying: "What can be more beautiful than a place where everything is regular?" This little house with the luxurious fittings perhaps belonged to some court official whose duties obliged him to be near the imperial residence at Laurentum. Senator Lanciani thinks it was rather a summer residence than a winter one, though the hot-water pipes would make it habitable all the year round. Also there is a thick layer of broken stones under the foundations to obviate the fear of damp, and the terra-cotta balls have been found that were put in the middle of the tassels that weighed down the heavy curtains before the doors. The house was a one-story building about thirty feet high. The kitchens and servants' rooms, etc., were in separate buildings in the grounds. Water for the house, and for the fountains in the garden found in their original position, was brought by pipes from a large aqueduct of which remains still exist at a place called Quarticciolo. The large lead pipe is stamped with the name, "Aurelii Caesaris." When making one of the numerous avenues with which the King is intersecting the estate, in the locality of Capocotta, inscriptions and monuments

were found, the remains of another town similar to Vicus Augustus. The discoveries in this locality show that there was a large population, as there are many tombs along the avenue. Professor Lanciani is studying the inscriptions in order to find out if possible the number of the inhabitants, a question interesting not only to archaeologists, but to the students of the economic conditions of the Roman Campagna. He has demonstrated more than once that the cultivation of the land and the introduction of good water made this region a delightful place of residence both in summer and winter. Pliny, writing to a friend, vaunts the delights of his villa at all seasons, and Marcus Aurelius when living at "Bottaccia," a place now scourged by deadly malaria, wrote of the pleasures of his home. Not a year passes without the discovery of remains on the royal estate, of human habitations in the most malarious spots and with them the traces of the cultivation and draining of the land whereby the Romans made this district a healthy country resort. The northern ports of Ostia, Astura, Pirgi, Cere, Alsio, Punico, etc., were then also bathing places, where people came to enjoy the health-giving sea breezes. There are innumerable villas scattered through the forest, some excavated, others scarcely touched. The woods have covered the roads and buildings so that it is not unusual to find a dense thicket amidst the marble of an atrium. Columns and capitals and friezes lie under a thick carpet of moss. The villa of Macius, son-in-law of Marius, stood in a now malarious hollow at the present Trafusina, surrounded by rocks cut with the pick and pierced by caves. The Solonium of Caius Marius, which was at Castel Porziano, shows traces of very ancient origin. Macrobius writes that his estate was one of the four that the Laurentians cultivated rationally according to the Etruscan method. The Via Severiana and the Via Laurentina and all the smaller cross-roads, now buried in the forest or under cultivated land, led to inhabited places of which the remains are found amidst the fantastic beauty that strikes the eye at every turn. At Decimo, for example, there are fragments of sculpture, epigraphs, columns, cornices, tombs, monuments, sarcophagi, etc. A little further on, Lanciani discovered an enormous tumulus not yet explored, measuring thirty-five yards in diameter, which must be the tomb described by Virgil as that of the old King Dercenius. Every spot possesses traces, eloquent of the life of the past, and every group of ruins may have treasures of art. Strabo relates how the scourge of malaria destroyed

the ancient cities and monuments linked with the coming of Aeneas. Nothing now remains of the magnificent Aphrodisium of which Pliny speaks, which tradition says was founded by Aeneas as soon as he landed in Italy, thus confusing this tradition with the Latin temples. It stood at Campus Venerius, now Ieneni, between Ardea and Lavinium, and was erected by the Latins to Vecus, who being in Italy the goddess of spring, was confounded with Aphrodite the mother of Aeneas. Nibby speaks of an excavation made in 1794, and of a large room where many statues were found, one of which, a Venus, he says was sent to London, but now these remains have disappeared.

Many fortuitous finds have been made, but the Queen's excavations are directed to the verifying of facts that can only be discovered by scientific study. It is to be hoped that a clear light will be cast on the history of this region, which was the cradle of Roman civilization and power. Some facts have already been established; Ardea has yielded pottery similar to the oldest found on the Latin hills; and the tombs contain the same material as those of the Roman Forum, thus proving that the primitive Latin immigration reached it. The pages of the earth are being turned over and read here and there and the Queen's researches are furnishing material for the history of the origin of Rome and also for the solution of the question of the economic and commercial development of the modern city.

They have shown that if it wishes to become a busy center, it must again make roads, found cities, and build ports in this once-smiling region.

POLARITY IN STRUCTURAL THOUGHT: by W. A. Dunn



THE antagonisms which appear to exist between ideal and practical knowledge are symptoms of a mentality divided against itself. The culturist who etherializes all objects of sense into a fabric of a dream, and the practical man wholly absorbed in worldly affairs, represent extreme polarities that in a healthy mind unite in a midway fact of momentous import. *Efficiency* in any profession, art, philosophy, or religion is *realized* alone through a complete blending on the field of action of ideal thought with the forces and material of physical life. Ideal and inventive thought is the intelligent principle that causes and guides all progress in art, science, and religion — the Ideal

being buried, as it were, within the manifestations it brings about. The will to serve and work, even when associated with a high grade of feeling, is utterly powerless unless it knows *how* to work and *what* to operate upon. No one can will to play the piano, or paint a picture, or operate a railway, or live a spiritual life, without correct theoretical knowledge acquired through careful study and organized thought. Will is the motor-force behind all grades of action — the *forms* it energizes being first outlined as theory or ideal — hence the tremendous importance of correct knowledge properly arranged in structural thought.

The divided segments of character over which the personality is spread, deflect the main stream of the will into separate tendencies and desires which in their multiplicity cause the mind to forget its fundamental state of unity. This state of a mind divided against itself is redeemed by loyalty to the moral sentiments, accompanied by an active process of structural thought whereby the separated segments of thought and feeling are riveted together as integral parts of an inner mind-body, in which the Soul may exist as the self-conscious director of its material instrument of expression. And not only does the mind regain its original unity in self-knowledge, but the body becomes refined and glorified by reason of the directive power proceeding from the awakening Soul. This return of the mind to itself is like the action of a general who leaves the ranks of his army for a station wherefrom he may survey the whole field of action and gather data for intelligent guidance of the forces under his command.

Structural thought is not to be confused with ordinary processes of observation and perception, nor with information gathered from books. All these represent material for the soul to work upon and are possessed in abundance by all intelligent men and women. Structural thought refers to a higher mode of direct insight *within* and behind, that builds its surrounding material into a mental structure of its own, in which the will and imagination operate in a powerful and orderly manner upon the data gathered by the ordinary organs of perception. But structural thought is not an end in itself.

In studying the laws which govern structural thought we find it necessary to understand and control the forces that exercise polarity between related objects. Every active condition in life, whether mental or physical, has two poles — a positive giving pole and a negative

receiving pole, of equal values. Between them is the neutral point of equilibrium in which thought and its object are comprehended as aspects of a higher unity. Any given activity is energy moving from one condition to another, the line traced by the transition having terminals of positive and negative polarity, or cause moving to its corresponding effect. Throughout nature, the law of polarity governs every degree of attraction and repulsion operating between bodies, or parts within a body. All possible movement is *to* or *from* a correspondent object of attraction or repulsion. This is clearly indicated in human affairs by the polarities that operate between our personal desires and the external objects with which they seek union. These two poles as between our personal forces and their external objects, are the active agencies which constitute the world we each feel attachment to. When independent thought is not cultivated, the infinite variety of polarities that relate us to diverse objects in environment operate according to *their* elemental tendencies. In other words, that deeper aspect of the thinking principle which is rooted in the law that governs polarity between all pairs of opposites is not consciously known or used. In the plane of opposites we move in thought to or from objects of attraction or repulsion, generally ignorant of the fact that a point of equilibrium governs the two extremes, at which point self-consciousness may take its station and develop a *power of self-control* that comprehends cause and effect in one unity. In constructive thought, self-control is the state of equilibrium in which the receptive and giving forces of human life are comprehended in a higher unity — passivity and assertiveness not appearing as such because of being fused into a higher synthetic power. No human being can avoid the fact that the surroundings which present opportunities for growth affect us as truly as our acquired capacities affect our surroundings. That is to say, we and our surroundings are tied together by an infinite variety of polarities — the seat of self-control being the neutral point that as a pivot links them all, and also radiates an interpenetrating unity of consciousness. On that pivotal point all distinctions as between inner and outer, of subject and object, are superseded by a direct insight and power of volition from a plane above that in which the polarities operate. Thus mere introspection is not sufficient to explain the objects by which we are confronted — nor is objective investigation by itself adequate. The two attitudes must be thought of as being coexistences of a higher fact. They

really manifest in a circle that returns on itself. Communion with nature is not a discourse which we deliver if merely assertive, or receive if merely passive — but an ideal conversation in which question and answer are mutually exchanged to the end that a mutual *understanding* be established that translates polarity into unity. By each giving and receiving from the other, nature and the soul become one in their higher source — a principle that remains hidden on the lower levels of existence.

The ordinary division of philosophy into antagonistic camps of materialism and idealism is an illustration of polarity. The materialist asserts that man is the final product of physical evolution; the idealist asserts that the world is a mere mental creation. Both are relatively true as *contrasts* on the plane of polarity, but if considered together, as mutually adjustable in a higher comprehension, they unite naturally as the force and substance of constructive thought.

Now the question naturally arises:—What are the factors in human evolution that unite the separate notions we possess of body, mind, and soul? That such higher insights are possible to man is obvious — and it is equally clear the exclusive materialistic or ideal explanations cannot adequately formulate them. Naturally we turn to midway thoughts that embody a reflection of a coexisting unity which knows and feels them as integral parts of one spiritual self. The segments of life, like notes of a scale, yield harmonious values when played upon by a perceptive faculty that is held free from limited points of view. Ideas and impressions of any nature, that are considered as separate from the totality of life, are as truly obstructions to the eye of the soul as is a finger interposed between the eye and the sun.

Among the broken lights of the lower mind we are apt to lose thought of the spiritual self that is the one source of all light in consciousness, as the sun is the one source of every reflected color and tint in nature. We may group impressions and ideas into forms without number, and still the light of the soul remains unchanged, illumining each notion as it evolves, the broken colors being brought about by changing phenomena of evolving thought. When constructive thought ultimates in unity of the mind as between its many aspects — its separate colors must necessarily unite in the full white glory of its parent source.

For easier study, the mind may be divided into three aspects:

(1) Elemental impressions received by the senses, such as sound, light, touch, etc.

(2) The working up of these into thoughts and feelings that are polarized by desire to separate external objects, and

(3) Constructive thought, in which the Soul progressively gains consciousness of the divine Self, and knows itself as the sustaining power behind all forms of experience.

Language corresponds to this division in (1) its elemental letters; (2) its separate words as compiled in dictionaries, and (3) in its works of literary art in which the soul mirrors itself in its various phases according to the individual characters it informs. Constructive thought is shown at its worst in literature that represents the lower passions in their contrasting polarities; at its best in such literature as the Vedas and Upanishads of India in which are reflected the Universal Self of Humanity. It should be noticed that in constructive literature the elements of language are common to all grades — their differences being shown in the various *modes of their construction*. Similarly, in lifting the mind from one state of evolution to another, we do not add or subtract from its contents — but alter its present setting to a higher form of construction to enshrine the ideal shining overhead. In other words, we take the words of life out of their present setting of polarized thought and desire and plant them as integral parts of a poem that yields the overtones of universal life.

In the first volume of the *Theosophist* it is said: "To fully define Theosophy, we must consider it under all its aspects. The interior world has not been hidden from all by impenetrable darkness. . . . Plato and Plotinus called 'Noetic work' that which the Yogas term Vidyâ. . . . By reflection, self-knowledge, and intellectual discipline, the soul can be raised to the vision of eternal truth, goodness, and beauty — that is, to the Vision of God. . . . Plotinus tells us that the secret gnosis or the knowledge of Theosophy has three degrees — opinion, science, and illumination. The means of the first is sense or perception; of the second, dialectics; of the third, intuition. To the last reason is subordinate; it is absolute knowledge founded on the identification of the mind with the object known. . . . Theosophy develops in a man a direct beholding of that which Schelling denominates 'a realization of the identity of subject and object in the individual;' or, as Emerson says, 'becomes recipient of the Soul of the World.' . . . Ideal laws can be perceived by the intuitive faculty

alone; they are beyond the domain of argument and dialectics, and no one can understand or rightly appreciate them through the explanations of another mind, though even this mind be claiming a direct revelation."

In Vol. II of *Lucifer*, Madame Blavatsky states: "The three Egos are man in his three aspects on the astral, intellectual, and the spiritual planes. . . . When the astral reflects only the conquered man, the still living but no more the longing, selfish personality, then the brilliant Augoeides, the divine Self, can vibrate in conscious harmony with *both* the poles of the human entity — the man of matter purified, and the ever pure spiritual Soul — and stand in the presence of the Master Self. . . . He who would profit by the wisdom of the Universal mind has to reach it through the *whole of Humanity*."

Thus the search for truth is not furthered by the formation of mere ideas and opinions, but in *attuning the mind* to truer and higher modes of thinking that may reflect and embody the truth already existing. In other words, perception of truth is relative to the mental lens through which it is viewed. Reconstruct the mental instrument through which the Soul views its world and increased sight must necessarily follow. Sight (that which goes out) and insight (that which goes in) are relative to each other, and remain fixed until the organ of perception is raised by discipline in constructive thought. Higher unities, progressively attained in Self-knowledge and self-conquest, are opening doors, through which the individual Soul feels its identity with superior levels of existence. In reference to this thought Madame Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, page 40: "Whatever plane our consciousness may be acting in, both we and the things belonging to that plane are, for the time being, our only realities. As we rise in the scale of development we perceive that during the stages through which we have passed we mistook shadows for realities, and the upward progress of the Ego is a series of awakenings, each advance bringing with it the idea that now, at last, we have reached 'reality;' but only when we shall have reached the absolute consciousness, and blended our own with it, shall we be free from the delusions produced by Mâyâ."

And as confirmatory of the teachings of Râja-Yoga which sets forth the need for balance as between body, mind, and Soul, Madame Blavatsky states in Vol. II of *Lucifer*: "Nowhere in the Theo-

sophical teaching was it stated that a life of entire devotion to one's duty alone, or a contemplative life graced even by 'fine selfishness,' was sufficient in itself to awaken dormant faculties and lead man to the apprehension of final truths, let alone spiritual powers. To lead such a life is an excellent thing under any circumstances. . . . But to expect that leading the best of lives helps one — without the help of philosophy and esoteric wisdom — to perceive 'the Soul of things' and develops in him 'a physical command of the forces of nature' . . . is really too sanguine."

Thus in constructive thought every aspect of man's threefold being is taken into account, and dependence on others is replaced by a rich feeling of co-operation. This awakening of individual responsibility brings home the truth of Madame Blavatsky's words: "Man acts on this, or another plane of consciousness, in strict accordance with his mental and spiritual condition."

THE "SEX-HYGIENE" FAD: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



NE is glad to see that a certain well-known psychologist has spoken strongly against the prevalent fad known as the "teaching of sex hygiene to children." Katherine Tingley, the Leader of the Theosophical Society, has always protested against this and other fallacies of the kind, which, however well intended, are fraught with danger. And now we find her views receiving confirmation from authoritative quarters in the scientific world.

The professor naturally bases his objections on his own familiar ground of psychology, and his observations have certainly stood him in good stead in this case; for what he says commends itself to the judgment as simple common sense. He has put into reasoned scientific language certain facts well known to us all, but especially to those engaged in the care and education of the young, the feeble-minded, and the impressionable. These facts are summed up in the statement that the influence of example and of suggestion are far more potent in the formation of character than are arguments.

The sex hygienists argue that, because it is wise to teach children about the danger of dirt and infection, so that they can guard themselves against disease, therefore it is wise to teach them all about the sexual functions. But a great fallacy creeps in here, as the profes-

sor shows. The cases are by no means parallel; and if we assume that they are parallel, we shall be led to disastrous conclusions. In the case of the dirt and the disease germs there is no question of morbid imagination, seductive mystery, powerful instinctual propensity, or romantic fantasy; but in the case of sexual matters these factors are of paramount importance. This makes all the difference and renders the argument futile; what is true in the one case is certainly untrue in the other.

The learned psychologist rightly points out that the danger of initiating a girl into these mysteries is much greater than any dangers that could result from keeping her uninformed. To exaggerate the former dangers is impossible; the latter can be, and have been, greatly exaggerated. What, he sagely asks, are we to think of the wisdom of those who expect by their reasoned arguments to overcome the overwhelming force of the *suggestions* which they implant in that hitherto virgin but prolific soil? One is reminded of the schoolmaster who, on taking leave of his boys, said: "Be sure you do not pump down the back of each other's neck." One knows what those boys did directly his back was turned; what chance was there that they would have done it if he had not warned them?

The sex hygienists argue that sex evils are due to neglect to teach sex hygiene; and that they can be removed by teaching it. We disagree on both points. The dangers are not so caused, nor can they be so removed. And not only can they not be removed by that method, but they will be greatly increased thereby.

The customary reticence observed by the old to the young is a wise rule, thinks the professor, based on the psychology of the question; and again we entirely agree with him, basing our opinion, however, on still broader grounds. "The faint normal longing can be well balanced by the trained respect for the mysterious unknown"; but, on the other hand, if we initiate the child, then we leave an enormously accentuated craving with nothing to balance it but a mere warning or advice. Obviously the balance of forces greatly preponderates, in the second case, on the side of danger. For we have added an overwhelming weight on the side of danger and removed a counterpoise from the side of safety.

We feel sure that the great majority of parents and teachers must feel instinctively that this is the case, and that their intuitions are borne out by the weight of their experience. Let them be assured that

they need not be alarmed or shocked out of their position by the speciousness of arguments so easily shown to be one-sided and fallacious. There is no antagonism between intuition and reason, nor does experience contradict wisdom. The antagonism is between sophistry and sense, between experience and theory.

We have stated that the sex evil is not due to reticence but to other causes. What are these?

First and foremost, the age is sex-mad. So morbidly do thoughts circle about this subject that it thrusts itself into prominence in all doings—literature, the drama, art, conversation, religion, philosophy, all. What wonder that our children reflect the atmosphere they are brought up in! Then these children are left to associate with those who will corrupt them, allowed to go loose on the street, read papers and trashy novels, confronted everywhere with suggestions; and, in short, are thrust headlong into an atmosphere thickly charged with the germs of moral disease. Here surely is cause enough! Is it not against this that our efforts should be directed?

Suppose a parent should send his child into a leper colony or typhoid ward, armed with a scientific book about germs, and should argue that this was better than keeping him at home? Yet this is what is done with children. And what is the remedy proposed? To shield and protect them from the contamination? By no means. To inject into their minds more germs, and to do this as a prophylactic! The sex hygienists will protest against this view of course; they will say that they do not sow germs in the child's mind. Here is where we take issue, and the professor above-named takes issue. The force of *suggestion* will far outweigh the force of the advice. People with the best intentions may be mistaken, and we think we shall have large support in saying that this is a case in point.

The dangers of reticence have been greatly exaggerated. A carefully brought-up child would have no difficulty in connexion with his physiological functions, for these would be normal and cause him no trouble. He (or she) would feel no undesirable propensities, any more than does an unspoiled animal. There would be no more need to instruct him as to this particular function than there is with regard to other vital functions, which fulfil their duties naturally, without interference. This is the ideal; and it should always be remembered that ideals govern conduct and are necessarily in advance of attained results; if they were not, they would not be ideals. Also, if

we reject high ideals, then their place will be taken by low ideals; for ideals of some kind man must have. The sex hygienists have set up their ideal; we set up ours.

But supposing the nature of the child is *not* normal — perhaps oftener the case than not — what then?

The answer to this question is very simple: the child is then a case for treatment. But what treatment? This is the crucial point, because one treatment may be right and another wrong. If a man has a bad leg, we do not necessarily have to cut it off. But to point to the diseases of society as an argument for a particular cure is no more logical than to point to the sores on a limb as an argument for amputation. Treat the child, we say; but *not* in the way proposed by the sex hygienists.

This leads us to the grave question of secret vice, which is perhaps the worst and most subtle foe. After all, it is like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, to make such a to-do about the "social evil," which, fearfully bad as it is, is *comparatively* natural; when there is this unnatural vice gnawing at the very core of youth. It may begin almost in the cradle and grow and flourish during all the years of childhood, so that the whole nature of the man or woman, including every cell of body and brain, every thought and habit, becomes warped and cast in a vicious mold, and the entire after-life is rendered a miserable failure. And this evil is almost ignored by parents and teachers. They do not even possess the means of knowing whether or not it is present; for it is subtle and often leaves no immediate trace that they know how to recognize. Moreover, their own prideful reluctance to recognize it in their own children is the surest kind of blinkers to fond eyes. And so the young hopeful leads a double life, until that becomes unconscious second-nature to him.

Now what, it may be asked, is the right policy to pursue in the case of a child known to be in difficulties and dangers with his lower nature? The child must be enlightened and warned — but *not* in the fashion of these sex hygienists. What need is there to arouse his curiosity and to thrill his imagination with new and exciting suggestions? Why cannot the matter be argued out on the score of health? Why not on the score of decency? It is surely easy enough to point out and to prove that the habits debilitate the whole nature, physical, mental, and moral; produce illness, ill temper, shyness, deceitfulness, and vanity; throw the child back behind his fellows in

his studies and in his games; and lead in the end to a broken life, often ending in premature death, suicide, or the asylum. All this can be impressed on the child, with telling effect, and without suggesting any ideas whatever about procreation. And what is the treatment? First and most important, to keep his mind off the subject. (And how can this be achieved by the method of the sex hygienists, which works in exactly the contrary direction, and concentrates his mind with renewed force on the very subject he should avoid?) The child has to be kept busy all day, especially with open-air work and exercise. His diet has to be studied and regulated. He has to be carefully looked after, so that he may have no opportunity of falling victim to his weakness.

One argument used is that other children or bad companions will initiate the child into evil, and that consequently it is better to forestall this by initiating him or her ourselves. What a sad lack of mutual confidence between parents and their children is here revealed! If the proper mutual relation existed between them, the parent would be the child's natural confidant in every slightest matter, and would instantly report any such mischievous conversation. Then would be the parent's opportunity to tell the child to cast all such ideas out of his mind and to avoid such company and conversation; a task that would present no difficulty to a cleanly-minded child. If, however, conditions exist which render these evils unavoidable, then the best we can do is to counteract them in every way by filling the child's life with pure, sweet, healthy influences.

Why not appeal to the divine nature of our children? Why not strive to evoke in them a power that shall resist and overthrow every impure suggestion and be to the child a sure bulwark against every poisonous dart? This is the method of Theosophy. But perhaps the reason is that we lack confidence in our own divine nature.

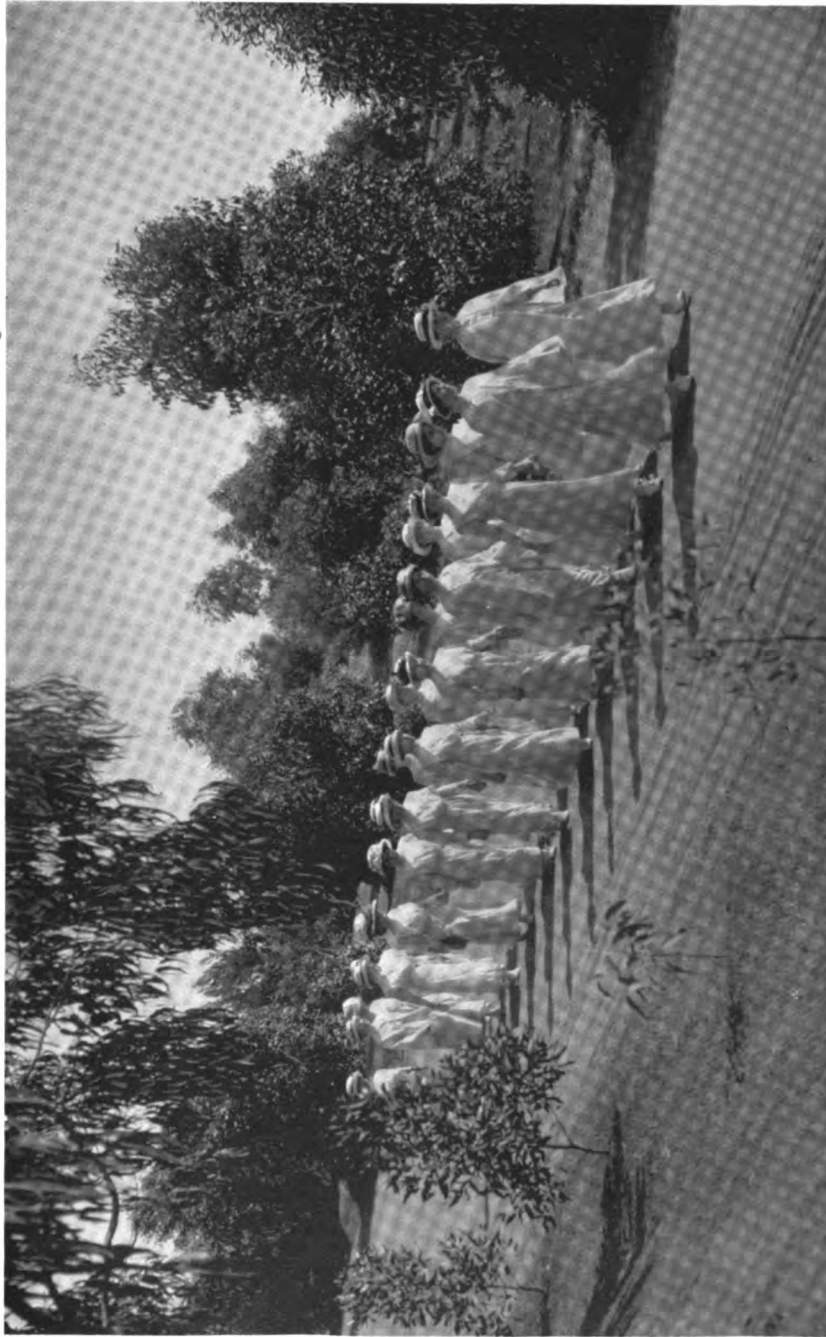
Many of the people, we shall be told, who advocate sex hygiene, are most worthy and estimable; and our strictures may therefore seem somewhat harsh. We admit their worthiness and the excellence of their motives, and can only add: "How mistaken!" But in any case, believing, as we do, that the policy is most harmful, we can only condemn it; regarding as an added danger the fact that names of weight can be cited in its support.

As Theosophists, we say: "Initiate the child into the mysteries of his *divine* nature, confirm him in the habit of self-command in

every deed, thought, and feeling; and then it will be time to see whether it is necessary to initiate him into anything lower." If those who advocate these mistaken views had any idea of the splendid possibilities of a child's nature, when encouraged to grow according to the laws of divine harmony, they could not for a moment entertain the bare shadow of such views. The mere suggestion seems a profanation. Let us ask you, parent, teacher, might you not be better employed than in teaching your daughter, pupil, by means of a flower pulled to pieces, certain well-known physiological things? Yes, it is possible that you might be better employed. Why see in the matchless rose nothing but a physiological arrangement of stamens and pistils? Why see in your own child nothing but a glorified animal with a negligible soul? And why could you not use the same flower as a symbol of the divine nature and use it as a means of inculcating the might, the beauty, the fragrance of the divine-human Soul and its invincible lordship over the things of the flesh? Truly you are neglecting priceless opportunities at your door.

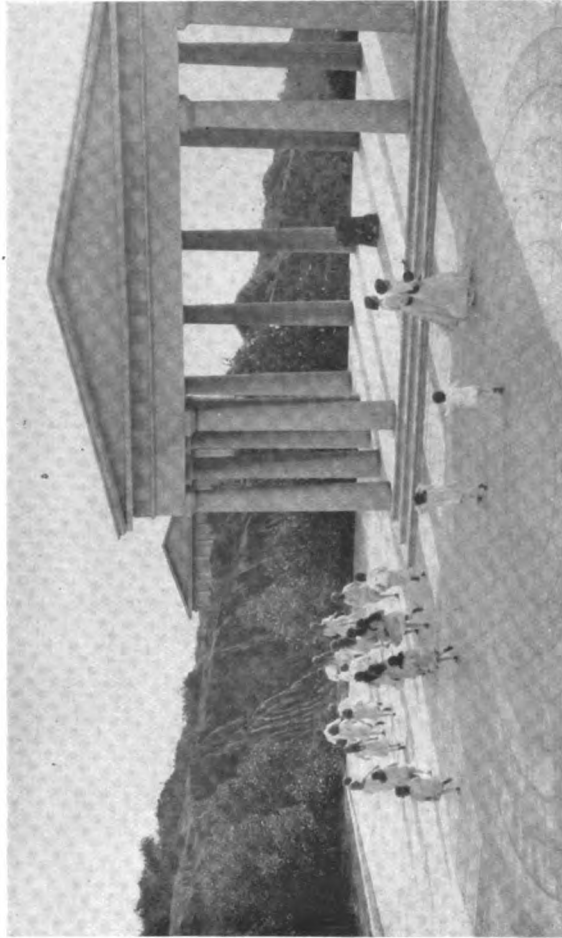
A marriage should be a sacred vow of chastity, truth, mercy, purity, nobility of life; a model for the harmonious living of the great human family. The family is the unit, the atom-soul of humanity. To achieve a harmonious family-life is to help on the whole of humanity to fulfil its own career.

If our daughters grew up in such pure unselfish ideals of their functions and duties, they would not need to be inoculated against dangers which for them would never exist. The purity and dignity of their own natures would be more than sufficient protection. We repeat: let our youth of both sexes be brought up in purity and self-command, their minds carefully kept free from all thoughts on the sex-question. And if their heredity has unfortunately rendered them prone to bad habits, treat them on the ground of health and decency. The plan of giving sex-instruction, no matter how delicately and carefully carried out, will do far more harm than good. It is *not* through want of this instruction that children err or incur danger; and therefore its bestowal cannot shield them. Its bestowal can, however, do additional harm and very probably will do it. The neglect to instruct a child as to his *higher* nature is a really serious neglect; and it is for want of just such instruction that people fall upon such desperate expedients as the one we have been considering above.



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A GROUP OF STUDENTS OF THE RĀJA-YOGA ACADEMY
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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RĀJA-YOGA CHILDREN DISPERSING AFTER SINGING IN THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GROUP OF RÂJA-YOGA CHILDREN OF THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT, RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY



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GROUPS OF GUESTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE GREEK THEATER

Photos taken during the reception given to the San Diego Federation of State Societies at the International Theosophical Headquarters, on August 20, 1914.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XII

MADAME DE GENLIS AND SAINT-GERMAIN



HE famous Madame de Genlis met Saint-Germain in her childhood. In her memoirs, (everybody wrote memoirs at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries) she gives us an interesting little sketch of him as she knew and remembered him. She protests against some of the silly gossip published about the time she wrote, but was not sharp enough to avoid some of the cunningly-sown details that were amiably spread abroad to catch such ears as hers. She calls him a charlatan. She knew absolutely nothing about the point.

What she says of her own reminiscences is doubtless correct enough, but when she goes off at the end into what she "heard," she is wide of the mark. The "dying terrors," "the terrible fear of an agitated conscience," and other details which she ought to have known enough not to repeat, have on them the stamp of overdoing that always betrays their origin. One thinks involuntarily of the last chapter of Mark, "verse nine to the end," where some pious hands cannot let us go without this same trail of the serpent, invented horrors and vague fears that actually found believers at one time. Now people know better and "some versions omit," etc. It is an old story.

One thing she tells us is especially interesting. It is about Saint-Germain's childhood as he described it. As in so many lives like his, it is possible to have facts which are facts and symbols too, or even symbols alone. In this case a wise student declares that Saint-Germain was talking the language of pure symbolism and obligingly gives us one meaning of what he said. We must not forget that even if he was much greater than his associates, he was still a Mason and could use Masonic symbolism legitimately. When that same student tells us that he was born at a certain place, he in his turn may be using symbolic language, and we shall have more to say upon the point later.

Madame de Genlis was born on January 25, 1746, and when she was a child she saw Count Saint-Germain in Paris. Judging from her account of him her acquaintance with him must have been about the year 1757 and before 1760, between the ages of eleven and fourteen.

In her *Mémoire*, published in 1825, she says:

But I have forgotten to speak of a very singular personage whom I saw almost every day for more than six months, before the departure of my father; this was the famous charlatan, comte de Saint-Germain. [Note. In the year 1813, in the *Journal of the Empire* for May, several characteristics have been quoted about this Count Saint-Germain, taken, they say, from the unpublished memoirs of a Baron de Gleinhau (Gleichen?); all these anecdotes are false and are related by some one who had never known this Count Saint-Germain].

He appeared then to be at the most forty-five years old, and from the testimony of people who had seen him thirty or thirty-five years before, it seems certain that he was much older; he was a little above medium height, well built and with a brisk step; his hair was black, his complexion deep brown, his physiognomy very spirituelle, his features regular. He spoke French perfectly without any accent, and also English, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He was an excellent musician; he accompanied from memory on the clavecin any song, with a wonderful perfection at which I have seen Phillidor astonished, as well as at his style of playing his preludes. He was a good physician and a very great chemist; my father was a well-qualified judge and greatly admired his work in this line. He painted in oils, not in the very highest style as has been declared, but agreeably. He had found a secret of colors that was truly marvelous, rendering his pictures very extraordinary; he painted historical subjects in the grand style; he never failed to adorn his female figures with jewels and precious stones; then he used his colors to paint their ornaments, and the emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, etc., really had the brilliance, the reflections, and the glitter, of the stones they represented. Latour, Vanloo, and other painters, have been to see these pictures and have admired greatly the surprising workmanship of these dazzling colors, which had the effect of leaving the figures in the shade, destroying their balance by the power of their astonishing illusion. But for ornamental purposes great profit could have been made with Saint-Germain's singular colors, whose secret he would never disclose. M. Saint-Germain's conversation was instructive and amusing; he had traveled a great deal and knew modern history with an astonishing amount of detail, which made him speak of the most ancient people as if he had lived with them; but I have never heard him say anything likely. His principles were of the loftiest, he complied with all the exterior duties of religion with exactitude, he was very charitable, and every one agreed that his morals were the very purest. Also, his whole bearing and discourse were serious. However, one must confess that this man, so extraordinary in his talents and the extent of his knowledge and all that can merit personal consideration, knowledge, noble and dignified manners, and an exemplary conduct, wealth, and beneficence, that this man, I say, was a charlatan, or at least a man exalted by some private secrets which have certainly given him a robust health and a life longer than the ordinary life of men. I avow that I am persuaded, and my father believed it firmly, that M. de Saint-Germain, who appeared at that time to be at most forty-five years of age, was more than ninety. If people did not abuse everything they would reach a more advanced age than even that

of which one sometimes sees examples: without man's passions and his intemperance, *the age of man* would be a hundred years and a very long life a *hundred and fifty or a hundred and sixty years*. In such a case one would be as vigorous at ninety as a man of forty or fifty years; thus, my supposition as regards M. de Saint-Germain has nothing unreasonable about it, if one admits the supposition that he had found, by chemical means, the composition of a potion, especially of a liquor suited to his temperament; one could admit also without believing in the philosopher's stone, that he was at the time of which I speak of a much more advanced age than that which I give him. M. de Saint-Germain, during the first four months of our acquaintance, not only never said an extravagant thing, but did not even make a single extraordinary statement; there was even something so dignified and worthy of respect in his person, that my mother dared not question him as to the singularities that were attributed to him; finally, one evening, after having accompanied me by ear in several Italian songs, he told me that in four or five years I should have a beautiful voice, and he added: "And when you are seventeen or eighteen years old, would you not like very much to be fixed at that age, at least for a great number of years?" I replied that I should be charmed. "Well," he replied quite gravely, "I promise it to you," and immediately changed the subject.

These few words emboldened my mother; an instant later she asked him if it was true that Germany was his country. He shook his head with a mysterious air, and giving a profound sigh, replied, "All that I can tell you of my birth is that at the age of seven years I was wandering in the depths of the forests with my guardian, . . . and that there was a price put upon my head! . . ." These words made me shudder, for I did not doubt the sincerity of this great confidence. . . . "On the eve of my flight," continued M. de Saint-Germain, "my mother, whom I was never to see again! . . . attached her portrait to my arm!" . . . "Ah Dieu!" I exclaimed. At this M. de Saint-Germain looked at me, and appeared to be affected at seeing my eyes filled with tears. "I am going to show it to you," he continued. At these words he turned back his sleeve, and detached a bracelet perfectly painted in enamel, representing a very beautiful woman. I contemplated this portrait with the keenest emotion. M. de Saint-Germain added nothing and changed the conversation. When he had gone, I was much annoyed at hearing my mother laugh at *his proscription*, and the *queen his mother*, because this *price placed on his head at the age of seven years*, that flight in *the forests with a guardian*, gave us to understand that he was the son of a dethroned sovereign. . . . I believed and I wanted to believe this grand romance, so that my mother's pleasantries greatly upset me. After that day M. de Saint-Germain said nothing remarkable of that kind; I only heard him speak of music, arts, and curious things which he had seen during his voyages. He constantly gave me excellent bonbons in the form of fruits, which he assured me he had made himself; of all his talents this was not the one I esteemed the least. He also gave me a very curious bonbon box of which he had made the lid. The box, of black tortoise-shell, was very large; the top was ornamented with an agate much smaller than the lid; the

box was placed before the fire, in an instant, on taking it away, the agate was no more to be seen but in its place one could see a pretty miniature representing a shepherdess holding a basket full of flowers; this figure remained until the box was again heated, when the agate reappeared and hid the figure. This would be a pretty way of hiding a portrait. I have since invented a composition with which I imitate all sorts of stones sufficiently to deceive any one, and even transparent agates; this invention has made me guess the trick of the box of M. de Saint-Germain.

To finish all that has any connexion with this singular man I should say that fifteen or sixteen years later, when passing through Siena in Italy, I heard that he was living in that town and that they did not suppose he was more than fifty years old. Sixteen or seventeen years later, being in Holstein, I learnt from the Prince of Hesse, brother-in-law of the King of Denmark, and father-in-law of the Prince royal (now occupying the throne), that M. de Saint-Germain had died at the Prince's residence six months before my arrival in the country. The Prince had the kindness to answer all my questions about this famous personage; he told me that he looked neither aged nor broken down at the time of his death, but that he appeared to be consumed by an intolerable sadness. The Prince had given him apartments in his house and had made experiments in chemistry with him. M. de Saint-Germain had made his appearance in Holstein not with the appearance of poverty, but without a staff of servants and without any magnificence. He had then several beautiful diamonds.

He died of consumption. He showed in dying horrible terrors and even his reason was affected by them; it went to pieces completely two months before his death; everything about him showed the terrible fear of an agitated conscience. This tale troubled me, for I had retained much interest in this extraordinary personage.

ACCOUNT OF SAINT-GERMAIN AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XV BY
MADAME DU HAUSSET, LADY-IN-WAITING TO MADAME DE POMPADOUR
THE KING'S FAVORITE

M. de Saint-Germain said one day to the King: "In order to respect men it is necessary to be neither confessor nor minister nor lieutenant of police." The King said to him, "Nor King."

"Ah, Sire," said he, "you have seen the fog there was some days ago. It was impossible to see anything four steps away. Kings, (I speak in general terms) are surrounded by still thicker fogs, which intriguing courtiers and unfaithful ministers raise around them, and all classes are in league to make him see things under an aspect different from the true one."

I heard this from the mouth of the Count Saint-Germain when he was visiting Madame de Pompadour who was indisposed and in bed. The King came in and the count who was very welcome had been received. There were there M. de Gontaut, Madame de Brancas, and the Abbé de Bernis.

One day Madame said to him before me at her toilette, "What did Francis I look like? He is a King I should have loved." "He was also very amiable,"

said Saint-Germain; and he then described his face and his whole person as one does of a man whom one has looked at very thoroughly. "It is a pity that he was too hasty. I could have given him a good piece of advice which would have protected him against all his misfortunes . . . but he would not have followed it, for it seems that there is a kind of fatality that attaches itself to princes and makes them close their ears, that is to say their mental hearing, to the best policy, above all at the most critical moments."

"And the Constable," said Madame, "what do you think of him?"

"I cannot say too much good or too much bad," he replied.

"Was the court of Francis I very beautiful?"

"Very beautiful, but that of his grandson infinitely surpassed it; and at the time of Mary Stuart and of Marguerite de Valois, it was an enchanted country, the temple of pleasures; those of the mind blended together there. The two queens were very clever, making verses, and it was a pleasure to hear them."

Madame said to him laughing, "It seems that you saw all that."

"I have a good memory," he said, "and I have read much of the history of France. Sometimes I amuse myself, not in making people believe, but in letting them believe that I lived in the most ancient times."

"But in any case you do not tell your age and you give yourself out to be very old. The Countess de Gergy, who was fifty years ago, I think, ambassadress at Venice, says she knew you there exactly as you are today."

"It is true, Madame, that I knew Madame de Gergy a long time ago."

"But according to what she says, you must be more than a hundred years old now?"

"That is not impossible," he said laughing; "but I agree that it is even more possible that that lady, whom I respect, is in her dotage."

"You gave her," she says, "an elixir of astonishing virtue; she claims that she has stopped at the age of eighty for a long time. Why do you not give some of it to the King?"

"Ah, Madame," said he, with a sort of fright, "I should be ill advised to give the King an unknown drug; I should be mad to do so."

I went to my room to write this conversation. Some days later the King, Madame, some gentlemen, and the Count de Saint-Germain were discussing the secret he had of making spots disappear from diamonds. The King sent for a medium-sized diamond which had a spot. They had it weighed, and the King said to the Count: "It is valued at six thousand livres, but it would be worth ten without the spot. Will you undertake to make me gain four thousand francs?" He examined it well, and said: "It is possible, and in a month I will bring it to your Majesty."

A month later the count brought the diamond to the King without a spot; it was wrapped in an asbestos cloth which he took away with him. The King had it weighed, and it weighed about the same. The King sent it to his jeweler, without saying anything to him, by M. de Gontaut, who brought back nine thousand six hundred francs; but the king had it returned so that he could

keep it as a curiosity. He did not recover from his surprise, and he said that M. de Saint-Germain ought to be worth millions, especially if he had the secret of making big diamonds out of little ones.

To this he said neither yes nor no; but he positively asserted that he knew how to make pearls grow and how to give them the most perfect appearance. The King treated him with consideration, and so did Madame. It is she who told me what I am going to say.

M. Quesnay told me in regard to pearls: It is a disease of oysters and it is possible to learn the principle of it. Thus M. de Saint-Germain can enlarge pearls; but he is none the less a charlatan, since he has an elixir of life, and he also gives people to understand that he is several centuries old; besides this the man is a little affected, and sometimes speaks of being of a high parentage.

I have seen him several times; he appeared to be fifty years old; he was neither stout nor lean; he had a fine manner and bright, dressed very simply, but in good taste. He had very beautiful diamonds on his fingers as well as on his snuff-box and his watch. One day when the court was in full dress he came to Madame's apartment with his shoe buckles and garters holding such fine diamonds that Madame said she did not believe the King had such beautiful ones. He went into the anteroom to take them off and brought them to be seen more closely; and in comparing the stone with others, M. de Gontaut, who was there, said that they were worth at least two hundred thousand francs. That same day he had a snuff-box of infinite value, and ruby sleeve buttons which were very rich and extraordinary; and the King never suffered any one to speak of him with contempt or jokingly. They say that he is a bastard of the King of Portugal.

The Count de Saint-Germain came to Madame who was unwell and who was on the sofa, and showed her a little box which contained topazes, rubies, emeralds. It appeared that he had enough of them to form a large treasure. Madame called me to see all these beautiful things. I regarded them with astonishment, but I made signs behind Madame's back that I thought they were all false. The Count having looked for something in a portfolio twice as big as a spectacle-case, he took from it two or three little papers which he unfolded, showing a superb ruby, and disdainfully throwing aside on the table a little cross of white and green stones. I looked at it and said: "That is not so much to be despised, either."

I tried it on and I showed that I thought it pretty. The Count immediately begged me to accept it; I refused and he insisted. Madame also refused on my behalf. Finally he pressed me so insistently that Madame, who saw that it could scarcely be worth more than forty louis, made me a sign to accept. I took the cross, very well contented with the Count's charming manners; and Madame some days afterwards made him a present of an enameled box on which was the portrait of some Grecian sage whose name I forgot now, to compare with himself.

I showed the cross to the others and they said it was worth fifteen hundred

francs. He proposed to Madame to show her some portraits in enamel of Petitot, and Madame told him to return after dinner during the hunt. He showed his portraits and Madame said to him:

"They are talking of a charming story which you told a couple of days ago when you were at supper with the Premier and of which you were witness fifty or sixty years ago."

He smiled and said:

"It is rather long."

"So much the better," said Madame, and she appeared charmed. M. de Gontaut and the ladies arrived and the door was closed. Then Madame made me a sign to take a seat behind a screen. The count made many excuses as to the possibility of the story being wearisome. He said that sometimes one could tell a story passing well and that at other times it was a different matter.

"The Marquis de Saint-Gilles was Spanish Ambassador at The Hague at the beginning of this century. In his younger days he had known very well the Count de Moncade, a grandee of Spain, and one of the richest lords of the country. Some months after his arrival at The Hague, he received a letter from the Count, who, invoking his friendship, begged him to do him one of the greatest of services. 'You know,' he said, 'my dear Marquis, the disappointment I have had in not being able to perpetuate the name of Moncade; it pleased heaven a short time after I left you to hear my prayers and to grant me a son; he has early manifested the inclinations worthy of a man of his birth, but unfortunately he has become enamoured of the leading actress of the troupe of comedians in Toledo. I shut my eyes to this vagary of a young man who until then has only given me satisfaction. But having learnt that passion had carried him to the point of wanting to marry this girl, and that he had promised it to her in writing, I petitioned the king to have her imprisoned. My son learning my procedure, anticipated me, and has fled with the object of his passion. I do not know his movements for the past six months but I have some reason to think that he is at The Hague.'

"The Count then begged the Marquis in the name of friendship to make the minutest search for him and to get him to return home.

"'It is only right,' said the Count, 'to set the girl up in life if she consents to give up the written promise of marriage, and I leave it to you to settle the amount she should have, and also the sum necessary to send my son in a suitable manner to Madrid. I do not know if you are a father,' said the Count in conclusion, 'but if you are, you can form an idea of my distress.'

"The Count gave with this letter an exact description of his son and his mistress. The Marquis had no sooner received the letter than he sent round to all the inns in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague, but in vain, for he could discover nothing. He was beginning to despair of his search having any success when he conceived the idea of employing a young French page who was very wide-awake. He promised him a reward if he succeeded in discovering the person in whom he was so keenly interested and he gave him the description. The page for several days went round all the public places with-

out success; finally one evening at the theater, he perceived in a loge the young man and a woman whom he was attentively regarding; and having noticed that struck with his attention, the young man and the woman retired to the back of the box, the page no longer doubted that he had succeeded in his search. He did not lose the box from sight and carefully watched all that went on. At the moment when the piece finished he went to the passage that led from the boxes to the door and he noticed that the young man passing him observed the livery he wore and tried to hide himself by putting his handkerchief to his face. He followed them unostentatiously to the inn called the 'Viscomte de Turenne' which he saw them enter together. Sure of having found what he was looking for, he ran quickly to tell the ambassador. The Marquis de Saint-Gille immediately put on his cloak and followed by the page and two servants, went to the 'Vicomte de Turenne.' After arriving at the inn, he asked the landlord for the room of the young man and woman who had been lodging there for some time. The landlord at first made difficulties in asking him to give the name of the one he wished to see. The page told him to observe that he was talking to the Spanish ambassador who had good reason to speak to these persons. The landlord said that they did not want to be recognized and that they had forbidden that any one should be taken to their room without giving the names; but out of consideration for the ambassador he pointed out the room and took them to the top of the house to a wretched room. He knocked at the door and there was some delay in opening; then having knocked again more sharply, the door was half opened and at the sight of the ambassador and his suite the one who had half-opened it wanted to shut it again, saying that there had been some mistake. The ambassador pushed the door violently open and made signs to his people to await him outside. Alone in the room he saw a young man, of very good figure, and whose features were exactly those given in the description. With him was a young woman, beautiful, of very good figure and equally corresponding to the description given by his friend the Count de Moncade, as regards her hair, her figure, and her features. The young man spoke first and complained of the violence that had been used to enter the apartment of a stranger in a free country, and who was living there under the protection of the laws. The ambassador replied as he advanced and embraced him:

"'It is no use pretending here, my dear Count. I know you and I have not come to annoy you nor this young lady, who appears to be very charming.'

"The young man replied that there was a mistake, that he was not a Count, but the son of a merchant at Cádiz; that the young lady was his wife, and that they were traveling for pleasure.

"The ambassador cast his eyes round the room, which was very badly furnished with a single bed, and saw the very meager baggage here and there.

"'My child,' he said 'my tender friendship for your father authorizes me to call you so — is this the proper place for the son of the Count of Moncade to live?'

"All the time the young man made as if he could not understand this language.

Finally, overcome by the insistence of the ambassador, he avowed, weeping, that he was the son of Moncade, but declared that he would never return to his father, if he had to abandon a young woman whom he adored. The woman, bursting into tears, threw herself at the knees of the ambassador, telling him that she did not want to be the cause of the ruin of the Viscount de Moncade, and her generosity, or rather her love triumphing over her own interest, she consented for his happiness, she said, to separate from him. The ambassador admired her wonderful unselfishness. The young man gave way to despair, blaming his mistress and did not want to abandon her at all, nor to have her turn against herself, in the sublime generosity of her heart.

"The ambassador tells him that the intention of the Count de Moncade is not to make her unhappy, and he announces that he is charged to give her a suitable amount for her return to Spain, or for her to live in any place she pleases. The nobility of her sentiments and the sincerity of her tenderness, inspire him, he says, with the greatest interest and obliges him to make as high as possible the sum which he is authorized to give her; and in consequence, he promises her ten thousand florins, about thirty thousand francs, which will be given to her the moment she returns the promise of marriage which had been given to her, and as soon as the Count has taken an apartment at the embassy, and promised to return to Spain. The young woman appears not to observe the amount, only thinking of her lover, of the grief of parting from him, of the cruel sacrifice which reason and her own love oblige her to make. Then drawing from a little portfolio the promise of marriage signed by the Count, she says:

"'I know his heart too well to have need of it.'

"She kisses it several times with transport, and gives it to the ambassador, who is surprised at such magnanimity. He promises the young woman that he will always take an interest in her future, and assures the count that his father pardons him. With open arms, he says, he receives the prodigal son returning to the bosom of his sorrowing family; the heart of a father is an inexhaustible mine of tenderness. What will be the happiness of his friend, so long afflicted, when he learns this news, and how happy he will be to know that he is the instrument of such felicity!

"Such is the discourse of the ambassador, and the young man appears keenly affected. The ambassador who fears that during the night, love may reassert its empire, and will triumph over the generous resolve of the young woman, presses the young Count to follow him to his mansion. The tears and the grief of this cruel separation are difficult to describe. The ambassador is keenly affected and promises his protection to the young woman. The Count's few belongings are no trouble to carry, and he finds himself installed that evening in the ambassador's most beautiful apartment. The latter is full of joy at having returned to the illustrious house of Moncade the heir of its splendors and of the magnificent domains of which it is the possessor.

"The next day, on rising, the young Count sees tailors, cloth-merchants, and lace-makers arrive, and he has only to choose. Two valets and three lackeys are in his antechamber, chosen by the ambassador among the most capable and

best of their class; they present themselves to him and declare that they are at his service. The ambassador shows the young Count the letter which he has just written to his father, in which he congratulates him on having a son whose sentiments and qualities respond to the nobility of his blood, and he announces his prompt return. The young lady is not forgotten. He avows owing partly to her generosity the submission of her lover and does not doubt that the Count will approve his gift to her of ten thousand florins. This sum was remitted the same day to the noble and interesting person in question, and she lost no time in departing.

"The preparations for the Count's journey were made; a magnificent wardrobe and an excellent carriage were embarked at Rotterdam on a vessel leaving for France, and the Count's passage was taken so that he could proceed from France to Spain. A fairly large sum of money was given to the young Count at his departure, with letters of credit on Paris for large sums, and the parting between the ambassador and the young nobleman was most touching.

"The ambassador awaited with impatience for the reply of the Count de Moncade and imagining himself in his place, enjoyed his friend's pleasure. At the end of four months he received the long and eagerly expected reply, and it would be in vain to try and picture the astonishment of the ambassador on reading the words:

"'Heaven, my dear Marquis, has never accorded me the satisfaction of being a father. Loading me with possessions and honors and yet making me the last of an illustrious race, it has rendered my life the more bitter thereby. I see with extreme regret that you have been deceived by a young adventurer who has abused the knowledge he possessed of our ancient friendship. But your excellence must not be the loser for it. It is very true that the Count of Moncade is the one you wished to oblige, and he must recompense what your generous friendship has advanced in order to procure him a happiness which he would have deeply felt. I hope then, M. le Marquis, that your Excellency will find no difficulty in accepting the remittance contained in this letter, of three thousand French louis, in accordance with the account you sent me.'"

The manner in which the Count de Saint-Germain made the young adventurer, his mistress, and the ambassador speak, made his audience weep and laugh by turns. The story is true in every point, and the adventurer surpasses in cleverness even Guzmán de Alfarache, as those who heard the story say. Madame had the idea of making it into a play, and the Count sent her the story in writing. So I have copied it here.



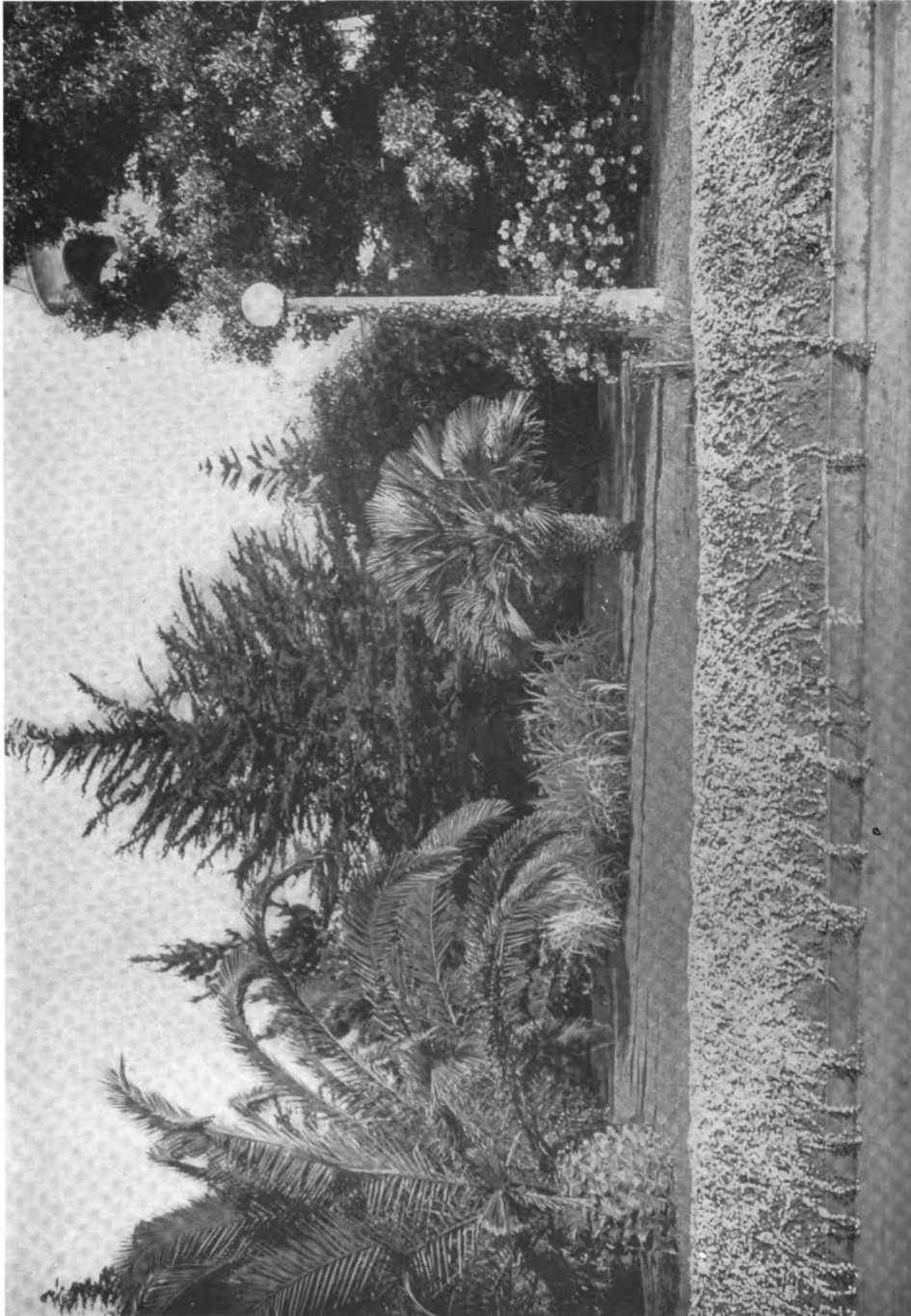
As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has tracked the game, a bee when it has made the honey, so a man when he has done a good act does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act.—*M. Aurelius Antoninus*



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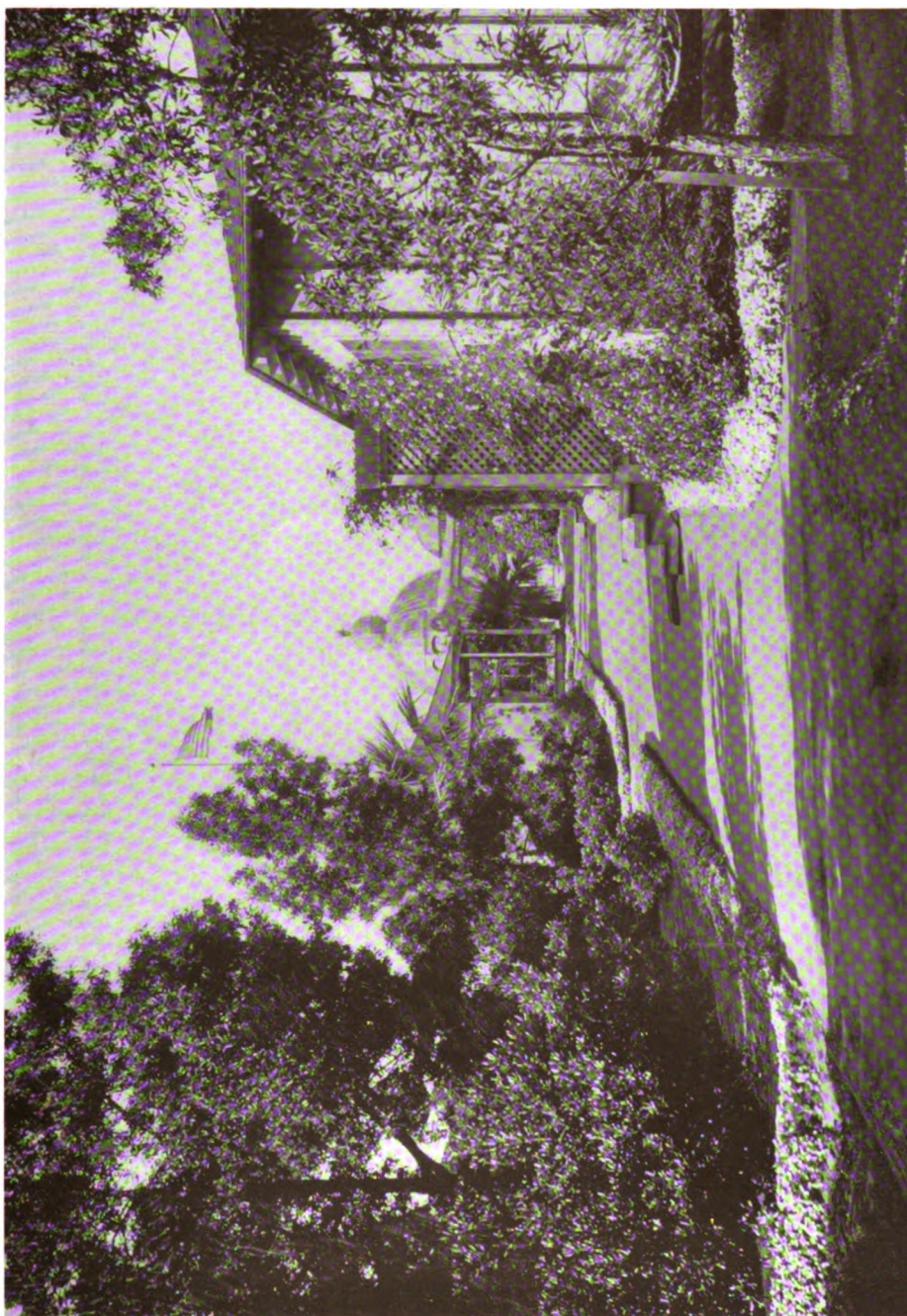
A VIEW ON THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The main building of the Râja-Yoga College in the distance.



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ATTRACTIVE VIEW ALONG ONE OF THE DRIVES OF THE THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS GROUNDS



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A WALK IN THE GROUNDS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Group-bungalows to right and left.



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ANOTHER OF THE BEAUTIFUL WALKS

SCIENTIFIC GHOSTOLOGY: by H. Travers, M. A.



A RECENT writer on the subject of Ghosts — Professor Schrenk-Notzing—thinks that modern thought is reverting to ancient necromantic practices.

He says that science is not telling the whole truth about psychic research; but is keeping silent about one matter which is the most important of all. What is this matter on which, as he charges, the investigators are keeping silent? To quote him:

We hear a great deal about the wonderful phenomena of “cross-correspondences,” by which, it is maintained, evidence is being furnished of the operation of one mind, independent of an external to the experimenters and the medium. We hear of wonderful occurrences. . . . We hear nothing at all about the effects, moral and physical, which attend the evocation of these phenomena —

And what are these moral and physical effects, as to which science is (according to the Professor) concealing the truth? We continue: — of the permanent undermining of health and character and well-being which result from them, and of the terrible disorder which the disclosures emanating from this source are apt to produce in the social and family life.

These are grave charges. To proceed to detail:

Sir William Barrett was constrained some years ago to declare that “he had observed the steady downward course of mediums who sit regularly,” and so open-minded an investigator as Sir William Crookes wrote, after his experiments with Home: “I could scarcely doubt that the evolution of psychic force is accompanied by a drain on vital force.”

Lombroso declared that, after a séance, the medium is overcome by morbid sensitiveness, hyperaesthesia, photophobia, and often by hallucinations and delirium, during which she asks to be guarded from harm. There are also serious disturbances of digestion, and paralysis of the legs, so that she has to be carried and assisted to undress. Another medium mentioned by Schrenk-Notzing awoke from the trance in a state of absolute exhaustion, having lost much blood. As a general thing, he adds, it was two days before the medium recovered from the prostration.

We are told that few men of science believe that the dead are trying to communicate with us. What poverty of imagination! This comes of living in a world of abstractions dubbed realities, till all the reality is driven out of life. The idea of a universe in which

the dead are experimenting and speculating on one side of a wall, while we are speculating and experimenting on the other, in mutual fatuous attempts to establish communication, is something that passes power of description. What a revelation it would be if the experimenters on this side could see the denizens of those murky regions that are holding out their hands to those so eager to grasp them. These denizens of the astral realm are not devils; neither are they human spirits. They are, in the vast majority of cases, human shells; or, semi-conscious elementals.

At times, in reading of such experiments and speculation, it flashes into the mind that a large and representative section of our thinkers positively do not realize what man is or what life means; the whole business seems conceived on so small a scale that one is reminded of the proverbial cheesemonger's outlook on life. Materialism has many facets, but it always narrows the vision; and to a considerable extent vision has been of the microscopic order — not adapted for viewing things as a whole. Too much living in an imaginary world has contributed to a limitation of vision that makes such speculations seem not absurd. But to people of imagination, poets, artists, historians, mathematicians, philosophers, to anyone who views human life on the larger scale, there is the greater, the larger world.

There have always been attempts at evocation and they have always been unseemly. For the only things that can be evoked are the decaying remnants or "shells" of what was once a human being. If there be any men competent to summon back *the Soul* from its place of rest to the purlieu of earth, such are not to be found among the adepts of physical materialism, nor among the dignitaries of churches. Nor is it easy to imagine what occasion could warrant such an evocation. Rather than seek so to drag down the liberated Soul, we should aspire to purify our own lives to the point of being able to understand the mysteries of life and death and *to live in those realms of thought where Death does not hold his sway*. For bereavement is a condition of our ignorance, and is inevitable as long as our conscious life is centered in the phenomena of the physical plane and restricted solely to the concerns of mundane life.

In this connexion we may remember the vogue enjoyed a generation or so ago by hypnotism, and mark how it has since abated. The dangers have been found to outweigh any possible advantages.

The methods at present claimed by materialism as peculiarly its own are of their very nature unadapted to the discovery of useful knowledge as to the fate of the Soul after death, but eminently calculated to bring to light any purely materialistic phenomena that may be connected with the subject.

The present cycle of civilization has reached a stage in its evolution at which it has developed forces that are incompatible with each other; and the result has therefore been a catastrophe. The sequel may be either a change for the better, or, failing that, further catastrophes in the future. Fortunately the crisis may be expected to afford an opportunity for the aroused conscience and intelligence of our race, so that we may hope to see the beginning of a new order of life. This new order must involve the principle of discipline in the real sense of the word; discipline imposed, not by force, but by the common obligation recognized by everybody to respect those high ideals that constitute the essential vitality of a race. We have been living too much at hap-hazard; and liberty of action, so excellent in itself, has swung too far in the direction of license and non-control. Science has advanced so far that the question of *motive* becomes all-important for it, in order that its achievements be not perverted to ignoble and destructive uses. Those who have insight are aware that psychism is fraught with great danger to civilization, and all the warnings uttered by Theosophists in this regard have been justified by events; further justification can be avoided by heeding them now. For psychism, if pursued under the conditions that now obtain, must inevitably result in disaster. The pursuit is thrown open to all and sundry without the slightest safeguard or guarantee; while uncontrolled desire, self-love, idle curiosity, and ignorance, vie with each other among the motive powers that inspire the quest.

A greater self-knowledge and self-control in the individual is the one thing that will be needed in the immediate future for the up-building of a renovated and stable order of society; and so the question of education occupies the center of the field. The controlling power in man is his own higher nature; but this cannot act unless by his *mind* he effects a junction between the higher and the lower. At present he is not trained to do this. On the contrary, self-love is generally made the ruling motive; but luckily there has been enough naturally good and inherited stamina in the race to counter-act a good deal of the injurious tendency. But we cannot live for

ever on our capital, and the race will grow more sophisticated and morally infirm unless some change is made. Nor is the suggestion to abandon children to their natural caprices of any use; for these caprices are of a mixed nature, and it is the harmful ones that find the most fertile soil. We must be able to guide and protect our children morally, even as we guide and protect them physically. It is for this that they are intrusted to us as parents and guardians.

The above may seem like a digression from our original topic, but it is not so. What men want to know is how they are to avoid aimless wandering into mischievous bypaths, whether in psychism, vivisection, the invention of engines of wholesale destruction, or what not. And the answer is as above — by proper education.

There is but one sure way to obtain direct knowledge concerning the mysteries of life and death; and that is to awaken dormant *spiritual* (not psychic) perceptions. And these, as all Teachers assure us, cannot coexist with any form of blind selfishness or selfish passion. Such direct knowledge, therefore, is necessarily reserved for the wise and selfless. But ordinary intelligence, even though denied direct knowledge, finds the highest possible approximation thereto in the results of unerring logic applied to an unprejudiced observation of the facts of life. There is also the Secret Knowledge, the traditional philosophy, of the human race; but as this is not recognized, we do not more than mention it.

What is known to us as a human "personality" is an unstable compound, whose coherence is temporarily effected by the fact of its embodiment and by the terrestrial conditions pertaining to that embodiment. The decay of the body, the removal of the conscious entity from terrestrial life, means the break-up of the personality (*not* of the Individuality), as though the center-pin were knocked out. There is a genuine decomposition, which one might illustrate by a chemical analogy: from the stable compound, sulphate of copper, remove the copper; the remaining SO_4 group is no longer coherent, but splits up, and its constituents may enter into fresh combinations with extraneous matters. And thus it is the body that holds together the conflicting elements that go to make up man. Take away the body; and the self-conscious human mind, having now no fit physical vehicle through which to manifest itself and perform its functions, retires, and its lower vehicles decompose. The immortal essence is withdrawn and retires into ineffable peace; a vestige or

imprint of intelligence is left behind and for a while animates the "shell." If *natural* processes are allowed to act, this shell soon disintegrates, being cut off from its root—and this is the "second death." By vampirizing the living, it can temporarily recreate a simulacrum of the erstwhile personality, and thus perhaps pose as a lost relative returned; and this is *unnatural*, i. e., artificially induced.

It is easy to understand from the above how there *may be* enough left of a deceased one to constitute, together with the vital magnetism provided by medium and sitters, a plausible imitation of the deceased. But it is improbable that circumstances would bring together these factors, and it is much more likely that the phantom evoked contains nothing whatever of the departed one. The medium is a sort of vital reservoir or machine, ready to unconsciously impersonate anything; and the minds of the sitters contain the characters to be impersonated.

In *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 244) we find the author quoting a French Kabalist, Éliphas Lévi, and subjoining her own commentary, as follows:

The soul has three dwellings. These dwellings are: the plane of the mortals; the superior Eden; and the inferior Eden. (*Lévi*)

The Soul (collectively, as the upper Triad) lives on three planes, besides its fourth, the terrestrial sphere; and it *exists* eternally on the highest of the three. These dwellings are: Earth for the physical man, or the animal Soul; Kâma-loka (Hades, the Limbo) for the disembodied man, or his *Shell*; Devachan for the higher Triad. (*Commentary*)

Thus, apart from the Soul's eternal existence, it has three abodes of life. With its physically embodied life we are familiar, though perhaps we cannot be said to understand much about it. Its spiritual life is, in modern literature, a vagary of religious controversy. About the abode of the "shell," nothing is understood at all, but the facts have always been recognized by ancient races, as they are still by the races we call primitive. The ancient teachings, beliefs, and practices, relating to the *shade* and its Limbo, are often treated by modern scholars as though they represented beliefs as to the destiny of the immortal *Spirit*; and thus much learned ignorance is displayed.

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER III

THE GOVERNOR IS FOUND



GOVERNOR Milton had enjoyed an excellent dinner in the company of a number of guests, and they had retired to the library to discuss important political and business affairs.

Mrs. Milton with her friend Mrs. Weisman were conversing together in the drawing-room. They had been old school-mates and the closest sympathy and affection existed between them. They were just leaving the room to go up to Mrs. Milton's more cosy little sitting-room when their attention was arrested by a commotion at the door.

"What is it, James?" inquired Mrs. Milton.

"Why, ma'am, all these people are determined to come in. They want to see the Gov'ner, but I tell 'em it's no use, and they must go to his office tomorrow. But they will not listen to that."

"Why yes," said Mrs. Milton gently, to the woman who was forcing her way past the footman, "that is the proper time and place to see my husband."

"But I've waited there all day and couldn't see him," cried Mrs. Hewit; "an' tomorrow it'll be too late. It's about Jimmy, my boy, ma'am, an' they're agoin' to hang him for what he's never done. O lady!" she went on, emboldened by the expression on the sweet sympathetic countenance before her, "O lady, if you have a son you will know how I feel! They say your husband can save him — that all he has to do is jist to write his name on a paper. I'll kneel down in the dust and kiss your feet if you'll only persuade him to do it for us."

"Bring them in here, Agnes," spoke Mrs. Weisman from the drawing-room door.

They went in and the door was closed. Here the stricken mother poured out her tale of woe, and for the first time that day she wept; while the two ladies, each holding one of her rough, toil-worn hands, mingled their tears with hers.

"Shore, shore he'll listen to you," Mrs. Hewit concluded. "Take me to him an' let me tell him what a good boy Jimmy always has been. An' he's innocent of murder. Why it's a awful thing to kill my boy—my little Jimmy! An' Anne; they was goin' to get married."

"O Clara, what *can* I do?" said Mrs. Milton appealing to her friend.

"Do what she asks of you."

"But Robert — you know him — what will he say? How dare I intrude on him — and bring these?"

"Dear Agnes, we must dare many things for the sake of justice and right."

"I'll do it," said Mrs. Milton. "Come."

Mrs. Hewit and Anne both started forward eagerly, but Mrs. Weisman laid a detaining hand on Dave's arm, saying kindly: "Wouldn't it be best to let the women go alone?"

"Well, ma'am, I reckon it would," said Dave.

"Then you can sit here and wait for them."

"You've been kind — mighty kind to us, you an' the other lady. I hope you'll both git paid back for it. But thankin' you, I'll go outside and wait."

With a wildly beating heart Mrs. Milton led the way to the library. She was afraid of her husband; she always had been afraid of him. Frail in body, her gentle nature had ever been dominated and overborne by his strong obstinate masculinity. She trembled now at the audacity of her decision. But all the woman and the mother in her had been aroused, and she could not allow this wretched mother to miss even the shadow of a chance to save her son.

Without waiting to knock, Mrs. Milton opened the door and stepped into the room followed by the others. The gentlemen all rose; a frown gathered on the brow of the Governor.

"Well," he said, "this is a most untimely and I must say an unwelcome interruption of an important business conference. Who are these people? those who have been annoying me all day? And it is useless, perfectly useless; for as you well know I always refuse to interfere with the course of the law. I can do nothing for them."

"O sir," cried Mrs. Hewit, clasping her hands and taking a step forward, "you don't know what a good boy Jimmy has always been! He never killed nobody — he couldn't a done sich a thing. Why he'd never kill even a little bird; but tamed 'em so they'd come all round him. He's all I have left — my youngest boy. You shore won't take him from me!"

"I am not taking your son, madam; it is the law that does it."

"But you can change it: an' it's a wicked law that kills the innocent; an' Jimmy never hurt nobody."

"They all say that. I cannot do anything for him."

"O Robert," murmured his wife, appealingly, "can't you at least grant a short reprieve, or commute the sentence to imprisonment?"

A murmur of approval arose among the gentlemen present.

"O sir, let my boy live even if it's in prison," implored the mother. "Killin' him can't do anybody any good no more'n lettin' live can do any harm. Won't you jist let him have a little more time? Maybe something will come up to show he is innocent."

"Yes do, sir, please do," pleaded Anne, weeping bitterly. "Jimmy didn't kill the man; it was some one who swore it on him that done it."

"I have given my answer — I cannot change it," said the Governor. "Agnes, you are responsible for this very unpleasant scene. Please take these women away."

"Come," said Mrs. Milton, taking Mrs. Hewit's arm to lead her away. But near the door the latter stopped, and looking back wildly, cried in shrill tones:

"Isn't he goin' to do anything? All you gentlemen, you look like kind folks; won't you try to persuade him not to let Jimmy be hung tomorrow? O my God! it's tomorrow!"

"Agnes, take this woman away; or shall I call James to do it?"

But Mrs. Hewit turned, and holding out her hand before her like one suddenly stricken blind she staggered out of the room. Anne helped her through the hall and at the door Dave gave her the support of his strong arm.

While Mrs. Milton, weeping bitterly, was being comforted by her friend, the wretched mother was hastening blindly toward the prison where Dave had secured a permit for her admission into the building where her son was.

"O Clara," sobbed Mrs. Milton, "this thing will haunt me to my dying day. Just think if that poor boy should die innocent, and I believe he will. That woman is so certain — I believe her mother's instinct is true."

"Say rather her intuition. Yes, I am afraid a dreadful mistake has been made."

"And a mistake that can never, never be remedied. That poor mother! and we can do nothing — nothing to right these wrongs."

"Yes, Agnes, we can. We can direct all our mental and moral forces toward the abolishment of capital punishment."

"O, but think what we have to fight against! It seems as if all the weight of the world was arrayed in opposition. Clara, I never dreamed of the power of these political machines till I heard the conversation of people who come here to see Robert. It seems that they rule and dominate everything."

"Well, strong as they are, they will have to yield in the end to the power of truth and right. The time is coming when recognition of the great fact — a fundamental fact in nature — of the brotherhood of mankind will reign. Then, and only then, will these abuses be swept away."

"I know that is your belief — I wish I had your strong brain. You know, Clara, Robert dislikes all these opinions and disapproves of the meetings at your house."

"I am well aware of it; but I shall nevertheless continue my weekly evenings at home and invite whomsoever I choose to my house."

"But if he forbids my going what shall I do?"

"My dear," replied Mrs. Weisman, "that is for you to decide. I cannot interfere between a husband and wife. Each soul must decide what its own duty is, and walk in that path according to its own strength."

"But Robert is so obstinate in his opinions, so — so dominating."

"Perhaps, Agnes, you are somewhat to blame for that. You have always yielded to him in everything, have you not?"

"I have *had* to, Clara. You do not know him as I do. He will have his own way."

"But do you think it good for anybody to always have his own way?"

"I never thought of it in that way."

"But don't you think we should try to prevent people from injuring themselves and others?"

"Why, of course, if it were anything serious."

"Well, I don't think anything can more warp and spoil a character than obstinacy and a love of ruling exercised constantly and unchecked."

"You think we should oppose such persons?"

"When our *own* duties and responsibilities are concerned I cer-

tainly do. Each one is a living soul with whose growth and development no one has a right to interfere — not even those nearest and dearest to us. That inner sanctuary we must guard no matter what else we sacrifice.”

“I wish, Clara, that I were as strong and wise as you.”

“You are. If people only knew that each has within his own heart the unfailing source of all wisdom and power. But each must open up that fountain for himself; no one can do it for another. Goodbye, dear; I hear my auto at the door.”

“Come again soon and give me some of your strength.”

“Look for your own, Agnes, and you will find it.”

CHAPTER IV

JUSTICE IS SATISFIED

The fatal act had been consummated. Every part had been carried out with calm precision. Those appointed to the task had simply performed a duty; an unpleasant duty it might have been, yet they had all been willing to assume such duties — with the salaries and emoluments thereto pertaining.

The doctor was there to watch critically the death agony; to note the minutes and seconds of its duration; to count the last fluttering pulsebeat of the unfortunate youth.

The clergyman was there, the exponent of Christ's life and teaching, to give the sanction of the church and religion to the killing of a human being.

But Jimmy had up to the last rejected the consolation offered by the church. When the clergyman exhorted him to confess his crimes and make his peace with God, he steadfastly affirmed his innocence, and said that he would tell no lies to God nor to anybody else.

“I don't remember any great sins I ever done, an' if God lets me be hung when I didn't kill anybody what's the use of askin' any favors of Him any more than of Gov'nor Milton? I don't reckon He hears much about sich as me anyhow.”

“But my poor brother, you wish to enter heaven, do you not?”

“I don't want to go to heaven — leastways not now, I want to go home and take care of mother an' Anne. No, Mister, all I've asked for was a square deal an' I hain't got it; that all.”

“No, he hain't,” said his mother. “It's no use talkin' to Jimmy 'bout mercy an' forgiveness an' sich like. He don't want that — he

wants right an' justice. But they won't give him no chance. They wouldn't give him a little time, a month even. An' I do shorely b'lieve if I only had that time I could go 'mong them people an' git some of 'em to tell the truth of the matter. But they won't give me time — they won't."

"But my good woman we must abide by the law and be resigned to the will of God!"

"No, Mister, me an' Jimmy, we don't want to hear no sich talk. An' you call Jimmy yer brother! If he was yer brother or son you'd talk an' do diff'rent. Why don't you go to that man, with a heart like a rock, an' tell him *he's* the murderer for hangin' my pore innocent boy. Jimmy never told no lies about it. If you *are* a Christian why don't you go to them men that made sich laws an' tell 'em they're wrong? Thar'd be some sense in that stid o' comin' here tryin' to argy innocent people into bein' willin' to be hung. Maybe you mean well — but you can't do good here. You'd better go; we don't want strangers 'round now."

Before Mrs. Hewit went to her last interview with her son she had regained her composure and kept it to the end. For his sake she sternly put by all expression of her own anguish and despair. When the last hope was extinguished Jimmy also became calm and self-poised, and spoke quietly to his mother of her future now to be deprived of his care and protection.

"I told you t'other day that I was afeard — but I ain't now; nobody must think I was a coward. I want you an' Dave to tell the folks in the Hills that I wasn't feared at the last. An' tell 'em, mother, that I *wasn't no murderer*."

"They all won't never b'lieve you was, Jimmy," said his mother. "The Hill folks ain't like the folks here."

"I wish I'd stayed with 'em; but it ain't any good wishin' for anything now. Anne, don't you fret too much. I want you to stay by mother, jist as if we'd been married; won't you, honey? I'd love to see the spring under the big rock. An' the logs are there too, that I handled for the beginnin' of our house. We'll never build it now, Anne. Let 'em be — an' if somebody else wants an' needs to live there let 'em do it an' don't mind."

Poor Anne could only answer by clasping her hand more closely and bathing it with her tears.

"An', mother," the boy went on, "I want to be buried in that

little openin' under the big fir tree, the silver fir that shines so in the sun an' looks so pretty in the moonlight. I reckon they'll let you do that anyway. I can jist shut my eyes an' see the woods now — the prettiest time in the year. I was 'lowin' to be back for 'Thanks-givin'. Why, mother, I can't hardly make it seem real sometimes that I'll never go home, or marry Anne, or see any of the good old neighbors an' friends any more. If I'd really killed somebody it might be different — but to be hung *for nothin'* — it's hard mother — it shore is!"

Then Jimmy slid to the floor, and sat at his mother's feet as he had done when a child, and laid his head on her knees. Anne sat beside him, and the boy and girl who had been lovers all their brief, happy lives twined their arms about each other knowing that a violent and shameful death, sanctioned by law and religion, would part them in the morning.

Jimmy was the youngest and last of five sturdy sons. Two had sailed away on a ship that never sailed into any port. One had lost his life by an accident; and one had died when his father died of a virulent fever, contracted while attending some of his neighbors who were ill with it. Jimmy only was left, and with his gay smile and bright sunny nature, had become the pride and joy of her life. She had no daughter, but she loved Anne and looked forward to seeing her grandchildren growing around her.

All these memories surged through her mind as she sat staring at the wall while her rough, toil-worn hands caressed the bent head, and smoothed the silken curls so soon to be hidden from her sight in the gloom of the grave.

As if in answer to her thoughts, between intervals of silence, when at times he even dozed a little, the boy rambled on about childish days and memories, and of the things he had intended to do. And so the night passed and the sun rose in a cloudless sky. Jimmy knew how the hills and mountain sides looked today, arrayed in their gorgeous autumn coloring. He could see the flaming red and yellow of hickory and sumach; the gold and brown and crimson of the maple; the myriad tints of the oak, birch, and mountain ash. He thought of the still, shadowy pine woods, with their long aisles and dim vistas, shot with beams of quivering sunlight; of the frisky squirrel and chipmunk and the little birds who knew him for a friend, and came so fearlessly near him. And then swiftly rose the vision of the great

rock, of the clear spring, and of the logs to build the home for Anne.

The stir of life, of prison life, went on around him. They brought him breakfast and he drank some coffee and took a little food. His mother and Anne were sent away, and Dave, kind, faithful Dave, had said goodbye.

He was led out into the sunlight; he saw the gallows in black outline against the calm, blue sky. He mounted the steps and looked down on the faces below: there were the officers of the law; the teachers of the Gospel; physicians; invited guests to whom the killing of this boy was an interesting if horrible performance. He wished no prayers said; in a clear voice he once more asserted his innocence.

Then the frank, boyish face was hidden; the bright young life was quenched. To what purpose? To what end?

Mrs. Hewit had sat silently in her room, her face buried in her hands until the time had passed when they knew that all was over. Then she rose suddenly and prepared to go out. Without question or comment Dave and Anne accompanied her into the street.

To their surprise she walked rapidly toward the Capitol, entered, and made her way to the office of the Executive, her companions following in half-dazed silence. She opened the door of the outer office, passed in, and without a word or glance at any one made straight for the door of the inner room, which she had nearly reached before any of the clerks or numerous other persons now present thought of intercepting her.

Before she could open the door, however, it was suddenly thrown open and the Governor stepped out, followed and surrounded by half a dozen gentlemen with whom he had been in conference. They all paused at sight of the woman confronting them, his excellency frowning heavily.

Her face was pale and haggard, dress and hair disordered; but in her somber eyes was a look not good to see. Stepping in front of the Governor who would have passed her, and raising her hand with a commanding gesture, she spoke.

"You would not see me yesta'day, goin' out by back ways an' keepin' me all that time away from Jimmy. Las' night you drove me like a dog out of your grand house. You wouldn't listen to reason nor common human feelin' an' now it's too late. But now you've got to hear what I have to say. My boy was innocent an' you let them murder him; yes, I say *murder*! I prayed to you to wait, only

a little month till we could prove it; but you wouldn't — when it couldn't harm nobody — you wouldn't, you refused; an' I curse you for it.

"I pray God a mother's curse may follow you — that you may lose your money an' friends, and your place an' power. You're not fitten to hold it. If you have a son I pray that he may be trapped an' tempted like my boy was, an' that he may die as Jimmy has. I curse an' hope disgrace and shame an' grief may be poured out on your stony heart till it breaks as mine broke today.

"You had to hear me, an' you can't help thinkin' o' my words, an' the curse 'll come to you an' your'n; an' may neither God or man pity you."

When the woman ceased, she gazed at the man with dry burning eyes for a moment. Then her uplifted hand fell heavily at her side and turning abruptly she strode swiftly from the room.

By this time the hall was filled with a crowd of curious listeners who parted silently and made way for Mrs. Hewit and her companions, who went as they came and were seen no more. But many who heard her words that day had cause long after to remember them.

Twenty-four hours later two farm wagons drew up before the cabin in the edge of the pine woods where Jimmy had been born and had lived his brief happy life. A group of the mountain people from far and near, were waiting to receive their afflicted neighbor; the men with uncovered heads and the women silently weeping.

Friendly hands assisted Mrs. Hewit and Anne from one wagon, while the coffin was lifted reverently from the other. Then it was borne through the forest aisles with the shafts of golden October sunlight filtering through, and falling on it like fleeting touches from tender, loving hands.

The grave was ready under the silver fir, and there in silence, save from the low sobbing of the women, the body of Jimmy was lowered to its last resting place.

When Mrs. Hewit entered her desolate house the people noticed that her erect and vigorous form was now bent and trembling as of one stricken in years; and that her dark hair had grown white.

(To be continued)



THE SCREEN OF TIME

F. J. Dick, Editor

THEOSOPHY NOW AND TEN YEARS HENCE

Extracts from a public address given by Katherine Tingley
in Isis Theater, December 31, 1906.

Republished by request of a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

THE human family is moving towards a realization of great truths. There is a revolution in thought, quite definitely expressed in science, which is markedly proving many of the once unbelieved statements of H. P. Blavatsky. Not only will science and religion be "revealed" in a higher form, but the very heavens will in the course of ten years startle the world by their manifestation of wonders, confirming some of the deeper teachings of Theosophy. To meet these new conditions the human family must be prepared to live upon higher strata of thought and life.

Now in this connexion, we should commence to build on broader and more unselfish lines of effort; we should cultivate a divine courage; we should begin in the Home, with a sacred comprehension and a consequent pure living of the married life. We should make that home the Altar of Purity, and endeavor to accentuate what Theosophy teaches—that where two are joined together in the sacred ties of marriage no power on earth can separate them. Home Temples under the benign teachings of Theosophy will become schools for the parents as well as for the children. Here will be found wonderful evidences of the mighty force of righteous living. These achievements alone would create a higher expression of Justice in all the walks of life. It would take volumes and volumes to describe all that will follow in ten years—the rich harvest of the simple efforts of Theosophy; but the masses must be lifted first before all can be done *and this depends upon those who up to this New Time, 1907, have hitherto been careless and indifferent to the welfare of their brothers.* Theosophy alone can arouse them. Ordinary means, such as the majority have justified themselves in using hitherto, cannot accomplish the regeneration of man. Confessions, prayer-meetings, revivals, cannot take a real part in this great effort. Prayer, to the Theosophist, is the daily doing of life's duties, seeking the Father in Heaven in silence and in work incessant, not in lip utterances.

Another great factor that will make for a mighty change for the better within the next ten years is that life-giving teaching of Reincarnation, the beacon-light for the millions of people who sit today in the dread of death or annihilation. . . .

Despite the many appalling phrases of indifference and despair at present in the world, there is just behind all these shadows a bright light of hope. It will

manifest in a unique way; it will answer the spiritual yearnings of all who are not now comforted; it will demonstrate justice in all walks of life, and this great Light is Theosophy. Its pleading voice is affecting the whole world; it is opening the way for poor humanity to move out into a brighter and broader field of service, where abide love, and spiritual food for all mankind. . . .

In ten years, when the history of our Theosophical work is publicly known, and the life-service of those two noble Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, is understood, humanity will have a new Bible to read. It will find that the efforts of the noble workers in Theosophy have not been in vain. Even churches will tell a great story of this Theosophical influence, for they have been built by the tears and aspirations of human hearts, and even they have their mission, which will only be fulfilled when these temples of brick and marble are opened every day in the week for the study and application of this great Science of Life — Theosophy.

Many of those in the pulpits today, timidly looking towards the truth, will in ten years find that they love the light better than the favor of their people — better than worldly aggrandizement.

Now the signs of all these things that I have said, strange as they now seem to you, will be seen in ten years.



A SAN DIEGO CONTRIBUTION TO THE LITERATURE OF ROMANCE

THE good thing that comes out of Nazareth may be unexpected but it may also possess much excellence. Nathaniel's question merely implied doubt; not utter disbelief. Therefore if I answer the question in the affirmative it is with the intention of corroborating my own testimony with documentary proof. All of which relates to the hitherto vague possibility that San Diego might harbor somewhere within the arcana of its intellectual activities a genius for literary achievement superior to that of other places. I think I have found the good thing in Nazareth.

THE WELSH BARDS SING AGAIN

This good thing is a book by Cenydd Morus issued from the Aryan Theosophical Press at Point Loma. It is called *The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed*, and it is evidently a free translation of the ancient bard tales of the Welsh folk — a saga of romance to be sung to the music of harps responsive to the vibrant touch of minstrels. I doubt if the spirit of Cymric folk-lore and mythology was more palpably impressed upon the imagination of the Welsh themselves from the lips of Taliesin or Aneurin than it is in this collection of romances penned for the recreation and edification of a race as alien as the invading legions of Agricola. These stories from the Four Branches of the Mabinogi, out of the Red Book of Hergest, are like dim old tapestries picture-woven with the romance of a forgotten age, still clinging to the hoary walls of castles ghost-haunted by pre-medieval tradition and silently eloquent with wonderful legends of a time and a people that only exist in the dreams of poets. They are indeed tapestries

of Old Romance, wind-stirred in the twilight of the days that are dead, peopled by warriors, knights and heroes, ladies fair and maidens debonair, threaded and brocaded by fingers that ceased their loving labor centuries before Chaucer's Pilgrims journeyed to Canterbury. And these tales re-woven from the arras of Celtic legend by the hand of Cenydd Morus have lost nothing of their spiritual savor in the translation. The author modestly calls our attention to the symbolism of the beautiful myths, but far more apparent is the reality of the tale teller's own personality—a poet in every line, himself a part of what he relates, a minstrel as rapt in his song as any bard that sang of Pwyll and Rhianon in the halls of Cymric chieftains when the Druid priests still read their runic litany on the hills of Llandybïe or the cairns of Snowdon. In these tales the bard rides with the Princes of Dyfed.

A POET'S INSPIRATION

The work of Cenydd Morus is not in any sense a *réchauffé* of Lady Charlotte Guest's famous transcription of the thirteen-century Mabinogi. It is as original to the genius of the author as if he had himself invented the plots and created the characters. They breathe the soul of the poet inspired by the wonderful legends of a wonderfully creative age, and through it all runs the truth of nature that was in the beginning and shall perish only in the end. Lady Guest's translation was perfect of its kind in that it was literal rather than free; the work of a scholar rather than of a poet. The reader absorbs just as much of the subtle romance of the tales as his own imagination is capable of weaving into the narrative. He does not receive due assistance from the translator. In the rendition of Cenydd Morus, however, the romance absorbs the reader until he is lost in the adventure. The author has followed his own definition of the true function of Romance successfully, "proclaiming indestructible truth in terms of the imagination; using the symbols provided by the poetic or creative imagination to show forth those truths which are permanent, because they lie at the heart of life, not on its surface; and which belong to no one age, but to all ages, because all eternity is the birthday of the soul."

IMMORTAL TALES

I cannot say all that I would like to say in praise of this remarkable work. I can only recommend it to every lover of Romance, to every lover of the beautiful in art. These will find in it much that is akin to the essence of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*; for as the laureate knew how to make incarnate in living verse the ghosts of dead Romance, so this bard in prose knows how to revive the shadowy heroes of ancient singers who are themselves dim specters of age-worn Tradition. Especially do I commend *The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed* as a seasonable gift to the children. For in the hearts of children is born the truth of Romance. Children are nearer to the Soul of Things, and the pity is that they so soon outgrow their knowledge. But children whose imagination is nurtured on pure Romance, unalloyed with the dross of a sordid and demoralizing Realism, never wholly outgrow the Reality and the Truth of their childhood. They carry with them through the reek and dust of their life journey some portion of the beauty they knew in the plastic period, and when they have

come to the parting of the ways, where the past is a memory of hopes and sorrows and futile ambitions, and the future is veiled in mystery, they will see these things of Romance and Beauty with a clear vision; and it will be as a solace for all they have lost of the Reality of life. — *Yorick*, in the San Diego Union.



THE COMING CHRIST: CHRIST IN YOU

(By "Johanna." Garden City Press, Letchworth, England)

THIS is a book of mystical interpretation of the Christian gospel, somewhat on the lines of *The Perfect Way*, by Maitland and Kingsford, from which it frequently quotes. The author appears to have taken in a large range of reading, as she quotes copiously from many writers, from Gautama the Buddha to the alleged spirit of Emerson, and from H. P. Blavatsky to F. W. Myers and Prentiss Mulford. Thus she has laid everybody under contribution while confessing allegiance to none. The result has been a presentation of the doctrine of the mystical Christ, with reincarnation of the human Soul, the bipartite nature of the human intelligence, and many other familiar teachings comprehended under the head of theosophy and mysticism. It is curious to note the juxtaposition of this point of view with the quotations from spiritistic communications like that of the supposed spirit of Emerson given in the preface; especially in view of the fact that the author condemns those doctrines of a "coming Christ" in the personal sense, of which we frequently hear, being an old story, and draws a sharp distinction between genuine inspiration on the one hand and astralism and black magic on the other. For ourselves, we can but judge these communications by their intrinsic merits, allowing no additional weight to their alleged source. The author will have nothing to do with coming Christs whose manifestation she describes as due to a kind of obsession, wherein the individuality of the party concerned is ousted to make room for an overshadowing influence.

H. P. Blavatsky's *Voice of the Silence* is quoted with approval, and there is a symbolical and diagrammatic cosmogony reminding one of those in *The Secret Doctrine*. With real Theosophy the author is evidently in sympathy, but she does not hesitate to protest against the travesties of Theosophy that have so unfortunately been promulgated. This fact might lead a tyro to suppose that she attacks Theosophy itself. Though it is evident enough that it is the profanation she is attacking, and not the original, it is regrettable that the possibility of such confusion should exist. Needless to say, the great tide of renewed interest in the realities beneath the surface of life, on the waves of which this book floats serenely into publicity, was set in motion by H. P. Blavatsky herself, with whose appearance on the scene, for many years prior to her founding of the Theosophical Society in 1875, a notable change came over the atmosphere of Spiritism, and a mass of writers on mystical subjects appeared in many quarters.

The author regards Christ as the divine spirit in man and protests against the assumption that any spectacular incarnation of a world-savior will appear. Teachers, she says, are obscure and misunderstood in their own lifetime. As we understand, she looks rather to the progressive birth of the higher possi-

bilities in a greater and greater number of human individuals, until thus a true church of Christ shall be founded. The doctrine of vicarious atonement is usefully dealt with in a manner sufficiently familiar to readers of this magazine; and the importance of true Self-reliance—trust in our own Divine nature—is rightly insisted on. As a help to a truer and more reverential understanding of the Christian doctrine, this book will doubtless prove valuable to many Christians. The true Church is described as the actual inner perception of the truth, through the awakened understanding of its members, and is not an external visible church.

Z.



The Lure of London, by Lilian Whiting (Little, Brown and Company, Boston) is an interesting description of the great city. "Hyde Park Corner—Apsley House," "The Royal Institution," "National Galleries of Art," "Clubs, Societies, and Monuments," "Sports and Amusements," are some of the headings of chapters.



THE best of the children's periodicals which it has been our privilege to scan for some time is *The Râja-Yoga Messenger*, an illustrated monthly published by the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, Cal. The contents are of high literary standard, educational in character and of eminent moral tone. The typography is perfect, and the engravings on a plane with the excellence maintained by all other Point Loma publications.—From *Our Animals*, Sept., 1914

OBITUARY

DURING the last year several of our comrades have passed on into the realm of sunshine and rest where, freed for a time from the limitations and trials of earth life, they gather new strength, until they shall return once more to take up their duties on earth.

Among these was one of the Theosophical pioneers in this country, George Alpheus Marshall, who was born at Northumberland, N. H., Feb. 17, 1836, and died at Darlington, Wisconsin, July 5, 1914. Mr. Marshall was admitted a member of the Chicago Center of the Theosophical Society, February 18, 1889, though residing at Darlington, Wisconsin, and was throughout a most devoted and whole-hearted supporter of the Theosophical doctrines, and an ardent student. He enthusiastically supported William Q. Judge in 1895, when the Society was reorganized, and later supported Katherine Tingley, the present Leader, at the further reorganization of the Society in Chicago, in 1898.

By profession Mr. Marshall was a lawyer, having been admitted to the bar in 1862. He was a great student, and master of nine languages, including Hebrew, Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin. At different times he held various public offices, such as District Attorney, County Superintendent of Schools, County Surveyor, City Attorney, and Court Commissioner, discharging all his duties with fidelity and marked ability.

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.

**To the Members of the
Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society
throughout the World**

برادران

Dear Comrades:

Accept my greetings for this New Year, 1915, and my appreciation for all efforts that you are making to sustain the cause of Theosophy. To accentuate the spirit of Brotherhood means to lift the burdens of humanity. Make the example of your lives strong, pure, and unselfish; and thus you will sow the seed of noble service, not only for the present time, but for coming generations.

With earnest solicitude for your welfare, and very kindest wishes, I am,

Always yours faithfully,

KATHERINE TINGLEY.

January 1, 1915

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A VIEW OF THE PACIFIC TAKEN FROM WITHIN THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

This theater was built in 1900-1901 by Katherine Tingley, being then the only Greek Theater in America.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VIII

FEBRUARY, 1915

NO. 2

TIME and tale a long-past woe will heal,
And make a melody of grief. — *William Morris*
(*Earthly Paradise*, ii, 23.)

THE INFLUENCE OF MIND ON HEALTH:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



THE subject here proposed is a large one. The influence of the mind is a much more important factor in disease and the cure of disease than it used to be, because we have grown more sensitive and finely organized and our ailments are more of the nervous kind. Consequently, in therapeutics more attention is given to the influence of the mind.

But before we can begin to discuss the subject profitably, it is essential to define our terms a little more accurately. The word "mind" is rather vague, as it stands in the above title, and needs closer definition. A little attention will show us that there are at least three factors concerned: the body; the mind, which is to be used as an agent; and the man himself, considered as a personality governed by will and motives. The man proposes to control and modify his thoughts and emotions in such a way that they will act beneficially on the body. For instance, he will (let us say) attempt to cure his indigestion by issuing to himself a command or strong wish that he shall not so suffer; and this strong wish may take the form of a mental assertion that he actually does not suffer but is in good health. This constitutes an attempt to use the power of suggestion. It is well known that such a power exists and can be used to produce desired results; so much is admitted by every physician; but there are varying degrees in which this belief is held. The most extreme of such views are those which hold that all ailments can be cured by

this method, without any other help. A more rational view holds that this method is only one of many, all of which contribute their share to the result, surgery, pharmacology, diet, regimen, sanitation, etc., being equally important.

The question of mental healing is at present in an exceedingly crude and experimental stage. Ordinary medicine is well organized and in the hands of a competent professional body with a vast accumulation of records and experience behind them. But mental therapeutics are the subject of indiscriminate experimentation by all and sundry. Hence it is important to observe the following point: that mental healing in itself, and mental healing as practised, are two entirely different things; and that it may be quite proper to extol the former while condemning the latter. It will be agreed that surgery and the prescribing of drugs, if left in the hands of quacks, ignorant persons, or the public generally, is a grave and dangerous abuse; but this is saying nothing against medicine itself.

Competence, therefore, is seen to be a matter of prime importance; and we may well begin by asking who is competent to practise mental healing. To this question we challenge anybody to give a satisfactory answer. The kind of psychology-knowledge needed for such a competence is nowhere to be found in public; but instead thereof, infinite speculation and contradictory views. Anybody whatever, with sufficient self-confidence, may and does set himself up as a reliable authority on the subject, sure of a plentiful audience among a public to whom the satisfaction of gullibility seems to be a necessity of their life. Any doctor who has experimented in hypnotism seems to be at liberty to publish his views broadcast without discrimination, and to advocate the virtues of his own performances. Any clergyman may do the same thing; and we have mental healers of various grades, ranging from literary and philosophical writers on "new thought" to old men with long hair and beards and a superficial resemblance to the reputed likeness of that great Healer whose powers they profess to have inherited.

In short, we are proclaiming no new or unpopular view when we declare that the whole subject of mental healing is a complete chaos; and that even though the art itself is or was of divine perfection, in its present condition it is bound to work probably far more harm than good.

The powers called into play in mental healing are more delicate

and important than those which ordinary medicine uses; and the risk and responsibility connected with them is correspondingly greater. Granted that the public in general, and unqualified persons in particular, are not to be trusted with the prescription of powerful drugs, or with doctoring themselves and others; we can but infer that the case is much stronger where psychological forces are concerned. Hypnotism, once loudly proclaimed as the coming power in medicine, has now dropped out of repute altogether; the warnings of competent advisers having proven true — that far more harm than good would result from dabbling in it. The same is undoubtedly true of mental healing; time and again we hear warnings and protests issued by physicians and others of the subtle dangers arising from this kind of psychology.

An illness is often the manifestation of an evil which is on its way out of the system, having been thrown off from the mind; in which case the attempt to stop it would resemble the stopping of a discharge, and the impurity would be thrown back. It might be thought that such an argument would apply to the case of medicine in general, and that consequently it is not right to cure disease by any method at all. But such is not the case, for there is a marked difference between ordinary medicine and mental healing. In the former we use physical forces, in the latter psychological. Consequently a different set of natural laws comes into play, and these have to be considered. It is one thing (1) to go to a doctor to cure a disease, and another thing (2) to invoke powerful internal forces, or (3) to pray to God for relief. In the first case, the doctor knows, more or less, what he is about; but in the second there is no doctor at all, and the healer (ourselves or another) is in hopeless ignorance regarding the nature of the problems that confront him. If the appeal is to divine power, what answer could one reasonably expect to get, except that divine power knows its own business better than we do, and that what we desire is not always (or often) what is best for us?

But this article is not intended to be wholly condemnatory. The protesting against a misuse of mental healing is only one part of its purpose. For there is a sane and legitimate aspect of the question. To illustrate this, let us imagine two contrasted cases. A person has a diseased body and (1) he proposes to cure it by deliberately sitting down and desiring that it shall be cured; (2) he realizes that his bodily disease is the outcome of mental disease, and determines to

reform his mind and to bear the physical disease patiently, but with ordinary help from medicine and hygiene, until the evil force has exhausted itself, and his renewed mind has built up a new body. The latter is the right method, the former is the wrong.

Habitual indigestion may be the result of habitual carelessness in diet; in which case, ordinary mental healing would obviously be out of place; for, if successful (and any success could only be temporary), it would allow the patient to continue with his self-abuse. What he ought to do is clearly to reform his habits, by changing his mental attitude of weakness and sloth. The principle, so easily seen in this extreme case, is of general application, and should be applied in those subtler cases where we cannot so directly trace the cause of the complaint. The indigestion may be the result of some other bad habit or of a whole army of bad habits. In this case, the proper thing to do is to correct the habits; to attempt to stop the disease while continuing its evil causes would be to violate all rational principles of therapeutics. Still again, the chronic dyspepsia can be the result of bad mental and emotional habits, such as anxiety, fear, desire, or anger. Most probably it is the result of indulging two opposite and incompatible mental states at the same time; or, in other words, it is due to our nature being complex, as though we were compact of several distinct personalities, each striving to run the bodily machine to suit its own purposes, and the result being conflict. In this case, again, short of ordinary medical treatment and precautions, intended to assuage the immediate consequences and to help the patient to cure himself, deliberate mental healing would be out of place, and the proper course is to seek out the cause and remove it.

We have thus taken the one instance of indigestion, but only as a typical example. We cannot cover the whole field within any limits less than those of a large treatise. To understand the question, we must first study the relations between mind and body.

We cannot think even the slightest thought without producing a physiological effect. The body and mind react on each other; but the mind is the first sinner, the originator of the chain of cause and effect. The body is composed of little organisms, varying in size and complexity from the minute cell to the complex organ, which tend to repeat whatever impressions have been stamped upon them. Each of these little organisms has its own brain, and they are all creatures of habit. Hence the body may continue to run in a cycle of bad

health by its own momentum long after the original cause in the mind has ceased to act. And further, the body may influence the mind and give rise to strong thought. These facts have to be taken into account when we consider the question of cure. We must begin with the mind, since that is the prime mover and the stronger influence; but we must not neglect ordinary medical art and healthy rules of life. It is necessary to exercise patience, because the evil tendency set up may be deep-seated, the result of much time spent in creating it.

The next point to be considered is, What rules the mind? To answer this question requires considerable analysis. It will be found that most people who try mental healing propose to try to cure one part of the mind with another part of the mind. It is necessary to have a clearer idea of what the mind is. And here comes in the question of the dual nature of man.

It is not generally understood that *the dual nature of man, so much insisted on by Theosophy, is an absolute fact* that has its physical counterpart and that enters into every question of physiology and hygiene. Man is, in very truth, a Man within a man. There is always the perpetual struggle between the higher and the lower natures; and this goes on, not merely in the heart and in the mind, but in the body and every cell of the body. The result is want of harmony and co-ordination. In some natures the struggle is not intense, but in other natures it is more marked. People are born with unbalanced natures, and science says that this is due to heredity; but what are the causes behind heredity? A human Ego has, in the course of its lives on earth, accumulated a host of diverse tendencies, and the result is a highly complex nature; and it is not possible for all these conflicting tendencies to be harmoniously accommodated in one body. It might seem from this that we are preaching the doctrine that disease is inevitable; but we are merely showing that it is due to ignorance, and this means that it can be successfully combated by knowledge. The immediate point is that heredity is largely the name of an effect, so that to attribute disease to heredity is merely linking together two effects, while the cause of both is *thought* — the creative power in the material world. Our bodies are the result of thought, and we are truly what we think. This however needs qualification, for the time-factor enters into the question; it takes time for thoughts to produce their material effects. The consequence is that we are now that which we have made ourselves by our *past* thoughts,

and that our present thoughts will make our future bodies. It will be noticed how this touches upon the question of Karma. People are misfits because their desires are not constant and are conflicting. By the time their desires have brought about one set of conditions, the people are desiring something else. Also, people desire several different and incompatible things at the same time. The typical case of misfit is that of the man whose aspirations are impeded or thwarted by his temperament and physique; yet this temperament and physique is what he made for himself by his own desires at some time in the past history of the Soul. This may seem "unjust," perhaps you will say; but the question is, Is it a *fact*? We have to try to understand the actual laws of life and remember that they must necessarily be framed in accordance with a far larger scheme of equity than we can readily conceive. And it is an undoubted fact that, when we think, especially with the added force of desire, we set in motion powerful creative forces. We may have tried to satisfy our minds with belief in some arbitrary providence or some mysterious dispensation, or even with the impossible theory that all is governed by blind chance. But we shall sooner or later be forced to the conclusion that natural law rules everywhere, and that man himself is both the creator and the experiencer of consequences. It is only because we have taken too limited a view of the range and duration of the Soul's life that we have failed to perceive this fact of the working of the law of cause and effect. What a man sows, that shall he reap, but a long interval may separate the seed-sowing from the harvest. Could we but see with the eye of the Soul, our life would appear a consistent scheme, and its purposes would be revealed.

As far as medicine is concerned, our duty is to apply this wisdom to whatever circumstances lie within our reach. Our past deeds cannot be undone, but their consequences may be palliated, brought to an end, and prevented from reproducing themselves, just as a doctor may apply remedies to diseased tissue in order to remove it and prevent it from spreading or growing again. Let us suppose that a person has grown up with a constitution debilitated and disordered by nervous complaints. These, let us say, are due to his having been suffered to fall into deleterious habits in youth; and the fact of his having been so treated in his youth is again due to certain unwholesome desires that he indulged in a previous life, whereby he sowed a seed that grew up along with the growth of his present body. The

practical task before him is to mitigate and bring to as speedy an end as possible the consequences which he is now undergoing, and to take measures against the reproduction of similar conditions in the future.

Before the mind can cure the body, the mind must itself be whole; for a diseased mind cannot cure a diseased body any more than the blind can lead the blind. This is a very important point, and this alone suffices to explain why we cannot endorse indiscriminate attempts to practise mental healing. Oftener than not, in such attempts, the force employed to do the healing is the very force that is most destructive to man's welfare — the force of desire. And so, though the experimenter may get rid, for the time at least, of his particular complaint, he sows the seeds of future greater trouble. Another thing is this: that such an attempt to heal disease by calling in the aid of desire will probably act like a stimulant or a drug — that is, it will make drafts upon the stored up recuperative powers of the body, thus depleting them and leading eventually, as is the case with these powerful drugs, to a premature breakdown of the basic vital functions, such as the heart and the brain.

Still another argument against the indiscriminate practice of mental healing: it forms a branch of "psychism," which, as is generally admitted, is fraught with serious danger to the health and sanity of our race. To do anything which may arouse the subtler forces of the organism is a very dangerous undertaking; for before this can be done safely, it is always necessary that one should undergo tests and training calculated to establish his fitness for such a responsibility. Now the great majority of people in our civilization live very carelessly, judging by the standards that have to be considered in this case. A very large proportion are afflicted with neurotic ailments and weaknesses of various kinds; and of very few can it be said that they have their desires and impulses under control. The effect of arousing psychic forces must therefore be highly disastrous, for it increases the susceptibility without increasing the power of control. It is well known that Theosophy is strongly opposed to psychism in every form, because Theosophists recognize that psychism is a great danger to humanity; so it will not be found surprising that we issue these warnings against indiscriminate experimentation in mental healing.

The desire to be merely physically well is, in fact, not the motive

that should or can be rightly appealed to. As said, such a desire could but result in a pampering of the body, thereby rendering it a greater foe to the true well-being of the man. What then, is the power to which we should appeal?

It is the *power of right motive*, the aspiration to realize the true meaning of our life and to live in it, rather than in our personal desires and pleasures. The satisfaction of personal desires not being the true purpose of human life, the attempt to achieve such satisfaction results in disappointment. If these principles be considered too lofty and difficult for the ordinary man to follow, then let the ordinary man give up the idea of mental healing. No one is bound to study the deeper laws of nature, but those who do embark on this study must be willing to observe the necessary conditions. It is the attempt to combine occultism with a life of sensual satisfaction or worldly ambition that results in disaster.

If we could only view the question of illness from the viewpoint of the Soul, we might see that a particular disease is actually a necessary part of the experience through which we are going. "It is the will of God," says the voice of pious resignation; but it would be helpful to be able to understand the "will of God" better. We now prevent or cure diseases that once were considered the will of God, because we know they are due to dirt or some other avoidable cause. A little deeper insight might enable us to perceive the cause of other ailments; and not merely the physical cause but the moral necessity. Even if we could trace cancer to its physical cause, we should still feel in want of an explanation of why a particular person should be called on to undergo that particular suffering.

It must be said that we cannot understand fully the meaning of pain and disease unless we recognize the truth of reincarnation. Any notion of human life which does not include this truth is a wrong notion, and therefore many of the problems of life will remain inexplicable to the person holding such a notion. Yet one almost dreads to use the word "reincarnation," because it is so apt to bring up erroneous ideas in the mind of those who are not familiar with this truth. It would be better to say that the man who wishes to understand the problems of life must accustom himself to thinking about the life of the Soul, and not merely about the life of a single one of the Soul's successive bodily tenements. Thus viewed, our present life appears as a part of a whole; and so it is incomplete in itself and cannot be

considered separately. We entered life with a certain heredity, and that heredity was predetermined by the affinities and predilections which we had engendered during previous lives. Were this not true, life would be unjust, and a mere farce without rhyme or reason. The seeds of a disease may have been sown in the present life or in one or more previous lives. The fact that the parents transmitted them does not affect the point at all, any more than does the fact that a microbe transmitted them. For the point is — *why* or on what principle of logic or justice did *we* receive *this* heredity or incur *these* liabilities? The relation between one life and the next is quite similar to that between one day and the next; and we know that our behavior today may influence most painfully our experiences on the morrow. If a day of debauchery brings a following day of illness, why may not a lifetime of dissipation and self-indulgence bring after it a lifetime of impaired health? — or worse!

To ascertain fully the rationale of any particular case of disease — say cancer — how thoroughly would it not be necessary to plumb the inmost secrets of the patient's daily life from the cradle up? And what doctor or confessor can do this? Who could say to what habitual self-neglect or self-indulgence, committed perhaps in total guilelessness, the actual cause might be traceable? Four meals a day, perhaps, with light refreshments in between; and many other things that would only be in place in a medical journal. And when we pass to mental causes, what about habitual worrying, habitual fits of temper, inordinate vanity, green jealousy, overpowering desire, and the like? All these are diseases of the mind or psychic nature, and must inevitably react on the body — perhaps long after the original cause has ceased to operate.

To cure a disease may be part of a process of general healing of the whole nature. If it is only a passing complaint, like a cold or a fever, or a mechanical injury, ordinary treatment may suffice. But we speak particularly now of those chronic complaints which are the very ones that most interest mental healers. Indigestion in its innumerable forms and remoter consequences covers a large field, and the phrase "nervous complaints" fills out another large area. Perhaps nothing is more influenced by the mind than are the processes of assimilation. If there were not a living, vitalizing soul within the body, no assimilation whatever could take place; what is assimilated depends on the nature of the living soul within the body.

These remarks may perhaps seem somewhat discursive, yet they are all directed to one chief point — namely that the deliberate attempt to cure one's illnesses or those of other people by a mental process is not likely to conduce to beneficial results and is not to be recommended. And the reason, as aforesaid, is that our minds need healing first — in fact our whole nature needs rectifying. In making such an attempt we are experimenting rashly, poking heedlessly into the unknown, endeavoring to bring about results which we think desirable, but which are probably not desirable. It might be objected at this point that the above reasoning applies to the physician's art in general, and that *all* remedial attempts are wrong and should be discouraged. But to argue thus would be to overlook the distinction between ordinary therapeutics and mental healing, which is a real and vital distinction. In the latter we enter into the domain of unknown psychic forces, and encounter therein new conditions; so that the same rules cannot apply to both cases. Ordinary medical science is a fairly well understood and carefully worked-out system, the fruit of much study and experience; but mental science is an unknown land. As regards the latter, we are in the stage of quackery and empiricism. Everybody thinks himself qualified, no matter how ignorant. Fancy such a state of affairs as existing in the domain of ordinary medicine! The public prosecutor would have to be busy. And in the case of mental healing the seriousness of the situation is not less but far greater. It will be understood, then, that we are saying nothing whatever against mental healing itself, but a great deal against the indiscriminate practice thereof; and who can deny that we have ample justification? But who is to examine and grant certificates for mental healing? Echo answers, Who?

It is worth while here to call attention to the fact that hypnotism, once hailed so enthusiastically as the coming savior in therapeutics, has now been found to be unreliable. The dangers pointed out by those who understood its real nature have proven themselves well-founded. Undoubtedly much harm is being done all the time by psychism and mental healing; such is the opinion of people qualified to speak — physicians and others who contact the intimacies of people's lives.

But this article must not be all of a warning and negative nature; let us turn to the brighter side again. What should be the conduct of one who is sincerely striving to live the true life? To intrust his

health to the care of a physician, to observe the ordinary and well-known rules of hygiene, and to leave the rest to the great Law that adjusts all human affairs with equity. Many such sincere workers in the great cause are afflicted with more or less uncomfortable and inadequate physical outfits — the result (as they know) of their own past building, in this life and in previous lives. Perhaps they had reached a mature age before they began to think seriously about life; and so, when they did begin to think seriously, they reversed the currents, so to say, and their old body forthwith became a misfit. What they have to do is to build a new and better body within the old, and keep up the process until the new is strong enough to drive out the old. The chief difficulty arises from the fact that the body reacts powerfully on the mind. While the mind is always the first sinner, the originator of the chain of action and reaction, yet the body is a creature of habit and tends always to repeat whatever lesson it may have been taught. The body is a collection of animals, each with its own little brain, each able to do one thing; and the tendency is for every cell, every group of cells, and every organ, to keep on doing what it has been accustomed to do. The result is the co-existence within us of a contrary will — or, rather, of a host of contrary wills, as St. Paul and others have so feelingly complained.*

The only way to stop this is to starve the old cells by refusing them their sustenance of thought; and then the process must eventually die out, however long it may take. And we should always remember that patience itself is one of the virtues; so that, in exercising it, we have thereby already attained part of our object. And time fights on our side. If it took time to build the bad habit, it will take time to unbuild it, but not so much time.

The question of food is one of the most important in the whole business and one most fruitful in instructive object-lessons for the wise physician. A certain part of the food goes to keep us alive, as is shown by the fact that, if we abstain altogether, we die. But the greater part subserves other purposes. Our body is, as said, a host of little animals; and in most of us this menagerie is unruly. When we eat we are actually feeding a whole zoological garden. A great deal of the nutriment is absorbed almost immediately from the stom-

* "We know that the law is spiritual: but I am carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do I know not: for not what I would, that do I practise; but what I hate, that I do."

— *Romans*, vii, 14, 15.

ach, and goes to create a feeling of "well-being;" hence hot and spicy foods and warm and stimulating drinks are so desired. There is more *nutriment* in plain food; but if we eat that, we do not immediately feel fed. We therefore take it with sugar or jam. Much of our feeding is, in short, a mere feeding of the little elemental selves that compose our recalcitrant lower nature.

Special diet alone, it will be inferred, may fail to achieve the desired result. It is *not what we eat*, but *what we absorb*, that feeds us. Yet dieting may be a valuable or even indispensable aid. But here again it is evident that our own morbid preoccupation with our ailments and their treatment may counteract any good effect, so that we become valetudinarians and faddists; which is an argument for submitting to the prescriptions of a competent adviser.

In conclusion something should be said about the bringing up of the young. A good deal of attention is paid nowadays to eugenics and prenatal influence, but it is overdone. So much of the subsequent results are due to what happens during the first year of life, that prenatal influences sink into comparative unimportance. At least we have to attend to the latter thing first, and then we may be free to deal successfully with the former. The bringing up of the young under the Râja-Yoga system is in accordance with sane views as to the composite nature of a human being; and thus many ailments are effectually checked at their outset. If the child can grow up without these failings, how much is thereby saved! While people are cudgeling their brains to find a way of suppressing tendencies which never ought to be there at all, the Râja-Yoga system secures the harmonious growth of the child from the outset, so that the problem does not arise. Tendencies supposed to be inevitable and even normal to the healthy human being are in reality abnormal; and when people say "You cannot alter human nature," the answer is, "But what is human nature?" Ordinary upbringing of children permits the growth of a secondary and intrusive nature within the individual — something parasitic, in fact; and this is what causes the trouble. This secondary nature is fed on self-will, vanity, indulgence, and other such weaknesses which parents permit and even promote. A certain genius whose career was ruined by his own actions is said to have been treated by his mother in early years as a girl, because she was disappointed at his being a boy. This is an extreme case, but is it not true that fond parents do create in their vain imagina-

tions an artificial dress which they force the budding soul to assume? Do they not deck us out in mental ribbons and try to make us fill the rôle of little gods on tin wheels? All this means the production of a dual personality; and the catastrophe arrives when the harvesting time comes on. Clearly there will always be plenty of disease as long as people go about with these dual natures, and half the cells in their body pulling one way, and half the other.

Enough has been said to indicate the scope of this subject and to interest any physician who is not already interested in it. Further advance in general knowledge on the subject is hindered by lack of progress in other directions; but it is evident that the true Theosophical life clears the way to a limitless vista of wisdom in the laws of health, mental, moral, and physical.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS: by F. S. Darrow, A. M., PH. D.

"Oh thou, our Athens, violet-wreathed, brilliant, most enviable city!"

I. THE PERIOD PRECEDING THE PERSIAN WARS (*concluded*)

(E) THE PELASGICON



THE picture of the early Acropolis, treated in a previous article, would be incomplete without a glance at the western approach which has always been the natural means of access to the summit. From earliest times the gradual slope of this end of the hill was fortified, at first by defenses at the top and an encircling wall below. At different periods these walls were multiplied at various levels, while the terraces were strengthened by nine gates and the whole was known as the Pelasgicon. The repeated destruction of these walls makes it difficult to follow their direction, though fragments at different points still remain to testify to different building periods. The later Propylaea, the magnificent gateway at the top of the slope, was never in any sense a fortification.

(F) THE EARLY PARTHENON

The rule of Peisistratus at Athens (560-527) marks an important epoch in the development of the city's greatness. Although the tyranny impeded the political progress promised by the wise constitutional

reforms of Solon, the tyrant was a man of wide interests, keen in his desire to increase Athens' greatness, and active in fostering art and literature. The splendor and culture of his court did much to raise what had previously been but a provincial town into cosmopolitan pre-eminence. Of his sons, Hipparchus was more nearly akin to his father in tastes and aims; but the other son, Hippias, who after his brother's murder became sole tyrant, lost sight of much of the broader interests of his father and soon degenerated into a typical representative of what the modern word "tyrant" implies. The year 510 B. C. in which the expulsion of Hippias, the last of the Peisistratids at Athens, took place, marked a new period in Athenian history, the re-establishment of the democracy under the guiding hand of the third of the famous lawgivers of Athens, Cleisthenes. The constitution of Solon, with further and more democratic reforms, was again restored, and hand in hand with the reanimated political life a new period of architectural activity was inaugurated upon the Acropolis. This activity, although very probably beginning under Cleisthenes, must have been carried forward by Themistocles, who was the chief statesman at Athens in the years just preceding the Persian Wars. Even the remodeled Old Athena Temple with its new colonnade and entablature failed to satisfy the demands of the citizens, who in the pride of their newly regained independence began a second temple of grander proportions. Proof of this has been disclosed by the excavations around the foundations of the Parthenon, which have revealed a substructure extending beyond the dimensions of the present building to the south. Also, some column drums have been discovered which cannot have belonged to the Old Athena Temple.

Formerly it was believed that this temple was begun about 465 B. C. when Cimon, the son of Miltiades, was at the head of the Athenian state; but traces of burning upon the drums and foundation indicate a pre-Persian date, i. e. earlier than the destruction of Athens by the Persians in the year 480-479 B. C. This early building, however, apparently was never finished and by 480 had reached only a height of two or three drums. Therefore presumably it was not begun until several years after the expulsion of Hippias, or if begun before 500 the progress of the work must have been interrupted by the Ionian Revolt (500-493 B. C.) in which the Athenians by aiding their Asiatic kinsmen drew upon themselves the anger of Darius, King of Persia, thereby causing the Persian Wars (492-479 B. C.).

The multiplication of cults upon the limited area of the Acropolis proved a source of considerable trouble to the architects of later times. A precinct once dedicated to a particular god or goddess could not be encroached upon by any new building projects. Consequently, when this new temple of large dimensions was projected it was necessary to build a colossal terrace of masonry and thus level the uneven surface of the rock to the south, and so avoid encroaching upon the ground already sanctified by the Old Temple precinct. This mass of masonry, which is of poros, differs greatly in depth in different parts; at the south some 18 or 20 courses rise to a height of over 30 feet, while the east corner of the foundation rests upon solid rock. The column drums of marble show incomplete workmanship, and no architectural fragments have been found, which facts would lend force to the theory that the early building was never completed. The plan of this temple was probably an exact reproduction of the cella of the old Hecatompedon, the official designation of the Old Athena Temple.

The victories of Salamis and Plataea raised Themistocles, the moving spirit in the Greek opposition against the Persian attacks, to a pre-eminent place at Athens. The city walls, destroyed by the army of Mardonius, had to be rebuilt, and the sanctuaries on the Acropolis which had been reduced to a mass of ruins were probably at once temporarily restored by Themistocles, after his unsuccessful attempt to persuade his countrymen to rebuild the city on the coast at the Piræus. But the proof of the treachery of Pausanias, the Spartan victor of Plataea, and the suspicion that Themistocles was his confederate, led to the ostracism or political exile of the great Athenian in 471 B. C. In the next ten years Cimon, son of the victor of Marathon, became the leading statesman at Athens. His character was so open-hearted and charitable that he freely gave his riches to assist the poor and to aid in the erection of magnificent public monuments and in beautifying the parks and gymnasia in and about his native city. But in 461 his friendship for Sparta caused the Athenians to vote him also an exile. The ostracism of Cimon marks the beginning of the Periclean Age, which properly speaking extends throughout the generation marked by the years 460-430 B. C., although Pericles' influence did not become supreme until about 445 B. C. It was the three statesmen: Themistocles, Cimon, and Pericles, who carried forward the work of development which resulted in making the Acropolis of Athens the art center of the world.

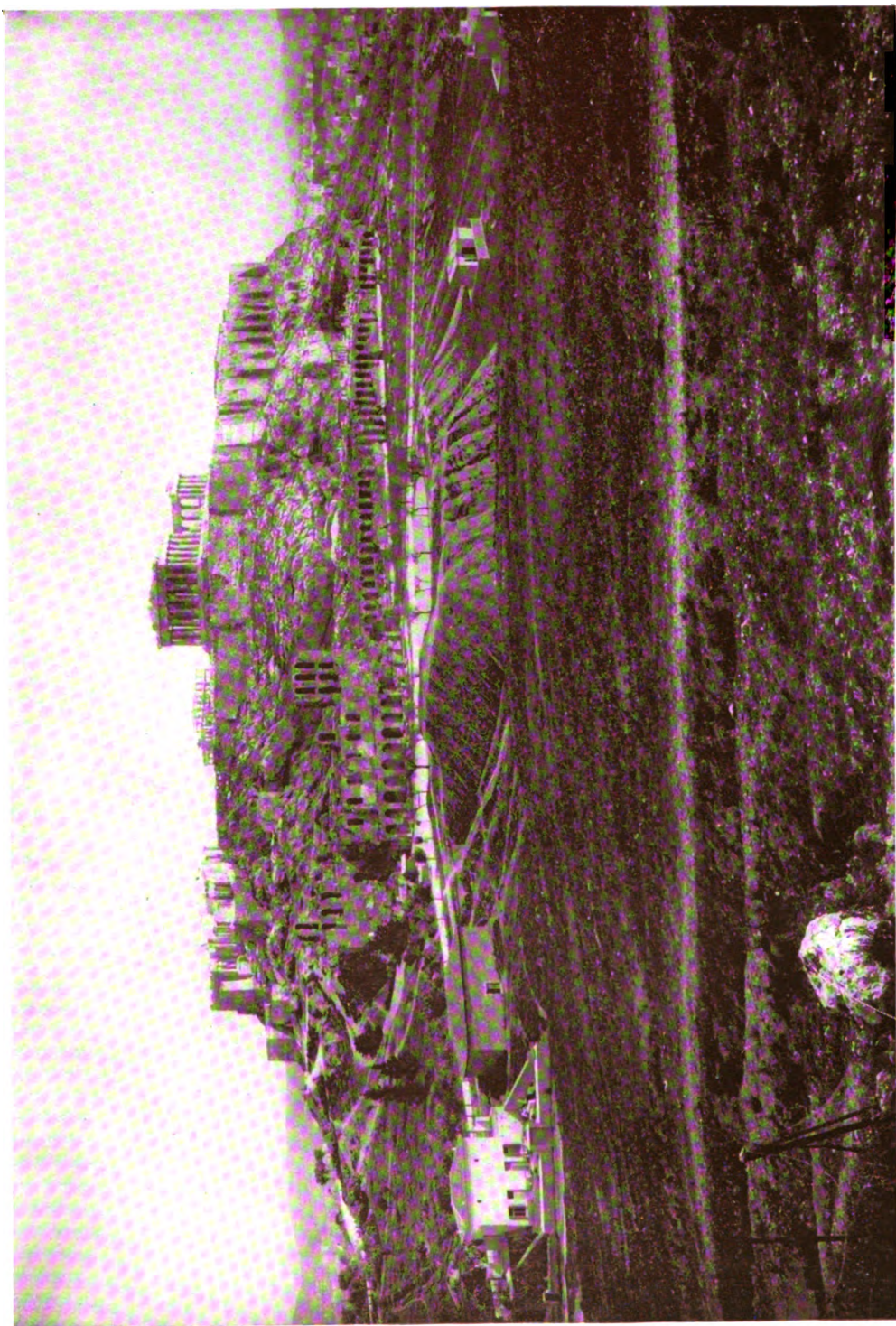
II. THE PERICLEAN AGE

Never within recorded history has the Golden Age of Athens been equaled. Pericles' authority did not rest upon any public office with which he was invested, but, as Plutarch says, he ruled by the art of persuasion and his throne was the platform. Although Pericles adorned all Attica with monuments of beauty, it was on the Acropolis that the most noteworthy of the Periclean buildings were built. In the words of Plutarch: "As the buildings rose, stately in size and unsurpassed in form and grace, the workmen vied with each other that the quality of their work might be enhanced by its artistic beauty. Most wonderful of all was the rapidity of construction. Pheidias managed everything, and was Pericles' overseer in all the work."

(A) THE PERICLEAN PARTHENON

It is said that Pericles in building the later Parthenon, was carrying out a promise made to Athena to rebuild her sanctuary burned by the Persians — presumably the partially finished older Parthenon. At the time this building was planned, two temples were projected, one to Athena the Virgin, to replace the Old Parthenon, and a second, the present Erechtheum, to replace the Old Athena Temple by housing the cults of Erechtheus and Athena Polias, and to cover the site of the old Cecropia. At this time it was determined that all the new buildings should be built of marble, so that all inferior stone was removed from prominent positions and used to strengthen walls, or for other inconspicuous purposes. Several column drums of earlier buildings destroyed during the sacking of the city were carefully placed in position in the newly built Acropolis walls, where they can still be seen. The foundation of the new building is not as long as the older one; it lies a little more to the north, while the division of the interior was altered to accommodate the colossal statue of Athena which stood in the eastern cella.

All attempts to describe the wonderful harmony of this most perfect monument of ancient art are as futile as an analysis of the impression made by the performance of a musical symphony; indeed, the faultless rhythm of line and perfect proportion of this building carried out in perfect technique, may be fittingly compared to a musical masterpiece. The underlying theme, which is developed about the life of Athena depicted upon frieze and pediment and which culminated in the colossal statue of the goddess herself, visualized to



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GENERAL VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS

Showing the Parthenon at the right; the Propylaea at the left, and the top of the Erechtheum in the center.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS. AT THE LEFT IS A PART OF THE MODERN CITY OF ATHENS



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FRONT VIEW OF THE PARTHENON

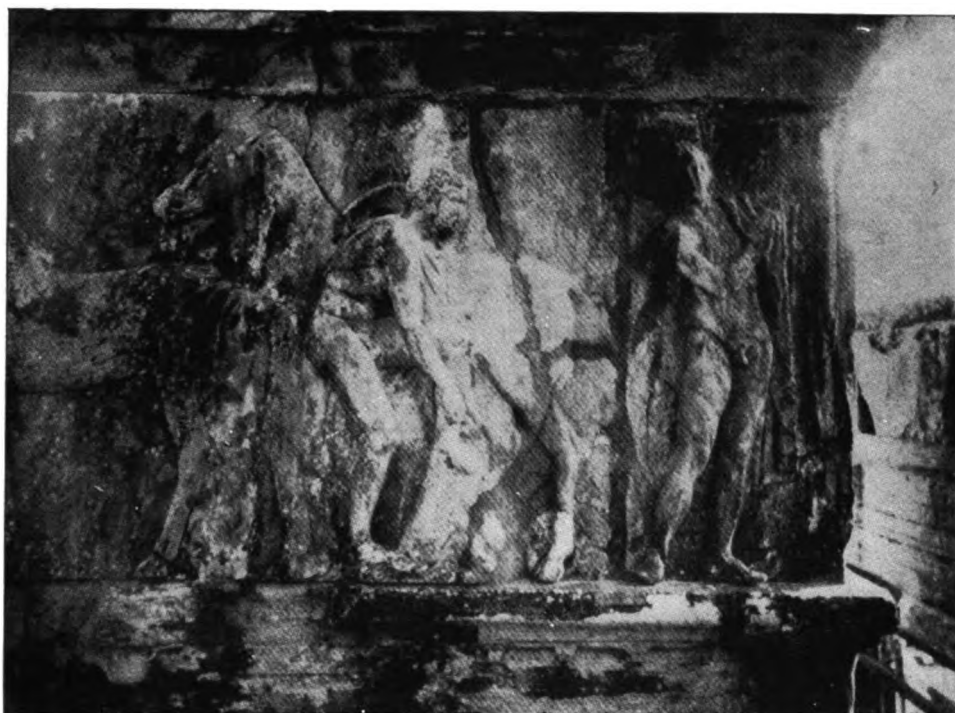


SLAB FROM WEST FRIEZE OF PARTHENON, ATHENS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept

SLAB FROM EAST FRIEZE OF PARTHENON, BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

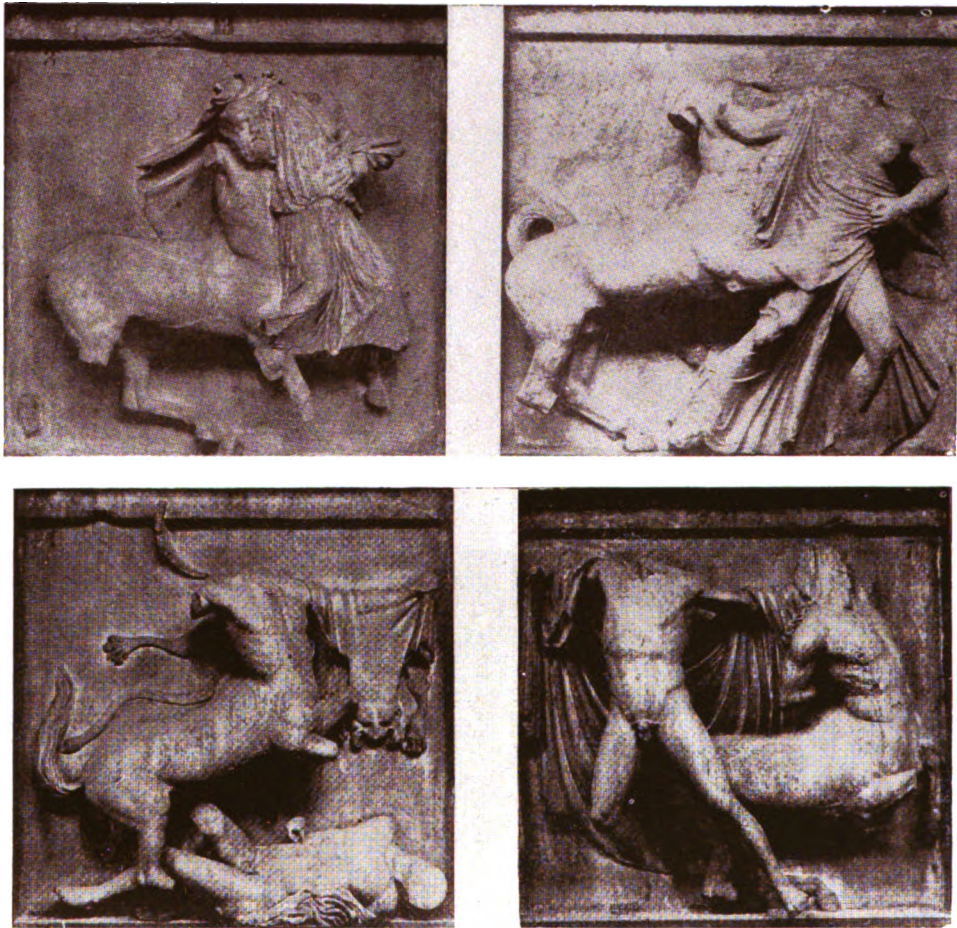


SLAB FROM WEST FRIEZE OF PARTHENON, ATHENS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept

SLAB FROM WEST FRIEZE OF PARTHENON, ATHENS



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METOPES FROM THE PARTHENON, BRITISH MUSEUM



"THESEUS," EAST PEDIMENT OF PARTHENON, BRITISH MUSEUM



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"THE FATES," EAST PEDIMENT OF PARTHENON, BRITISH MUSEUM



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ATHENA PARTHENOS (VARVAKEION COPY)
National Museum, Athens.

the Greek all that was highest and noblest in their civic life, while behind these conceptions lay the deeper symbolism which the goddess with her creative and protective genius represented.

The custom of visualizing abstract ideas and conceptions of divinity was dear to the Greek artist and appealed to the imaginative tendencies of the people. In its purity Greek religion did *not* encourage the worship of statues, a bald statement too often made in textbooks today, which is no more true than that the American nation worship the statue of liberty in New York harbor. It is true, doubtless, that the higher symbolism which the statues represented was later lost or buried in ignorant superstition, and that the masses came in time to connect their conceptions of divinity with the statues themselves, in a manner similar to that with which people may venerate, and even kiss, the toes of the statues of the saints.

No greater proof of the purity and high aspiration of the Greek religion at its best could be demanded than the unity of purpose, harmony of conception, and grandeur of accomplishment, exemplified in this temple. Further, there must have been an ideal co-operation existent amongst the workmen themselves toward the fulfilment of this work, a unity of effort which savors of the highest competition to excel in accuracy, united with a love of the work. It would be difficult to imagine these creators of a national monument shirking work or responsibility, and we can be sure that the ruined temple today, like many another ancient monument, represents the height of development and ideal which made that nation great.

The Parthenon stands alone amongst Greek temples in that delicacy and finish which distinguish it from the heaviness of other ruins, as, for example, the so-called "Theseum," which is well preserved, within a stone's throw of the Acropolis. A dissection of its construction is a great help towards the further appreciation of the building, in the same way that the study of technique and theory aid the mind in an intelligent study of a symphony. The Parthenon also excelled all other buildings of ancient Athens in the brilliancy of its polychromy and plastic embellishment.

STRUCTURE OF THE PARTHENON

The architects of the Periclean Parthenon were Ictinus and Calliocrates. As we know that the statue of Athena was dedicated during the Panathenaic festival in 438 B. C., it is reasonable to suppose that

the building was completed at that date; 447 B. C. is the probable date of the beginning of the work. Except for the hard limestone steps and the roof tiles of Parian marble, the temple was built of Pentelic marble, 228 feet long by 101 feet in breadth. The extensive flooring though apparently level, rises in the center and slopes gradually towards the sides. The side lines rise $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the center, while those of the ends are $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches higher in the middle than at the ends. This rise in the horizontal courses is characteristic throughout the structure. The entablature of the front and back of the building measures 2 inches higher in the middle, and that of the sides $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Many theories have been expounded to explain this feature, one being that the eye demands a strong center, for in a structure of such massive dimensions the straight surfaces would apparently sink in the middle; but the more probable purpose was purely aesthetic, as in the curvature of the columns (entasis) to tone down the severe effect of the straight lines. It is certain that this refinement was one of the subtle means employed by these master architects towards obtaining that graceful elasticity of line which is so apparent in this temple. These modifications certainly required the most perfect mathematical calculations and great skill in execution.

Naturally, the uneven flooring presented difficulties at once when it came to placing the massive columns. This problem was overcome by varying the height of the lower sections, or drums, of the columns from 3 to 17 millimeters. The encircling colonnade of the temple presents 17 columns upon the sides and 8 on each end, counting the end columns twice. They are 6 ft. 3 in. in diameter and 34 ft. 3 in. in height, and built up in most cases of 12 sections, including the capitals, so carefully jointed together that the stones seem grown together. It has occurred in chipping near a joint that both sides have broken off together as if of one stone. The articulating surfaces of the drums, with the exception of the top ones which support the horizontal entablature, are somewhat concave so that only about nine inches of the drums are in actual contact, around the circumference. The edges of the lowest drums are raised slightly to prevent uneven contact, and it is possible to slip a piece of paper under these first drums for a short distance. Holes were drilled in the center of the drums to admit of wooden pegs (dowels) which helped to keep the different courses in position. As the courses were built up the uppermost drums were turned and ground upon the lower ones until the joint

was almost invisible. In some cases this work was so perfect that the wood of the dowels has been preserved in the airtight cavity. Unfortunately, earthquake shocks and explosions have shifted many of these joints.

The uprights of the columns show a bulging toward the middle (entasis) and taper towards the top, so that the greatest diameter of the column occurs somewhat below the middle of the shaft. The twenty grooves or channels were started upon the top and bottom drums before erection but the rest of the drilling was finished, from below upwards, after the columns were in place. These channels diminish in width but not in depth as they approach the top, a fact which deepens the shadows and softens the lines as they ascend. The sharp lines which divide the channels (arrises) although today they are badly damaged in many cases, originally must have shown beautiful workmanship.

The capitals, which consist of a square plinth (abacus) on top of a circular cushion (echinus) were carved from one stone, a fact which made them more secure; the transition between the capital and upper drum of the column is marked by four rings (annuli) cut in the marble and were painted, thus converting what might have been a blemish into an ornament. The oval molding, or surface of the echinus, was probably painted with a wreath of leaves. The square plinth supported the cross blocks of the entablature, which show the most exquisite joints in the building. All the columns lean slightly inward, while those at the corners lean toward the center also, to avoid the slight tendency to diverge at the top, fanlike, the natural consequence of the sloping flooring. These corner columns also are one and one quarter inches larger in diameter, which fact ensures an appearance of strength and solidarity to the whole.

The entablature consists, first, of three blocks of marble, placed edgewise, one behind the other across the columns, with their vertical edges a little wider at the bottom than at the top. Above this is the characteristic Doric triglyph and metope frieze, which in this case is finished both inside and outside, as it is visible under the colonnade. It is thought that this frieze construction is probably an imitation in stone of the ends of beams and spaces of earlier wood construction. In early temples the spaces between the triple beams or triglyphs were sometimes left open, but later it became customary to fill the intervals with slabs, either plain or sculptured, which were slipped

into place by grooves. In the Parthenon, the ninety-two spaces were filled with sculptured slabs or metopes, worked in very high relief. It is customary to disparage the workmanship of these slabs, which show more faulty design, and less delicacy of finish than other parts of the building. Possibly some allowance should be made for their position and use as an architectural finish rather than as separate artistic units. The subjects treated on the different sides of the building in these metopes were the conflicts of the Gods and Giants, Athenians and Amazons, the Lapithae and Centaurs, and possibly the siege of Troy, but the last is uncertain because of the fragmentary condition of the slabs preserved. The whole theme was the triumph of civilization over barbarism. The background of these metopes was red, while no doubt the figures were colored.

The problem of fitting the triglyph frieze to the columns was a difficult one, as the Greeks were not satisfied to have half a metope at the corners of the building. Many devices were resorted to in early buildings; that used in the Parthenon was the alteration of the axial distance of the corner columns by diminishing the distance from eight feet two inches to seven feet four inches, with a result restful and pleasing to the eye. The grooves of the triglyphs were painted a deep blue, in fact the color scheme of the entablature apparently was one of alternation in red and blue, with occasional green, while clear white and gold were supplementary.

The overhanging cornices present lower surfaces cut in shallow rectangular slabs (*mutules*) which were red, against a blue ground with drops (*guttae*), imitation perhaps of nail heads, which were gilded. Painted borders increased the elaboration of this handsome entablature, that crowned the simple columns, which may have been painted yellow, though this is uncertain.

The walls of the cella, or temple proper, taper slightly as they ascend and were built of oblong plinths of marble (header and stretcher construction), the separate courses being bound together by clamps of welded iron fastened in place securely with melted lead; the edges were carefully beveled and the surfaces beautifully finished. The separate courses were leveled with great care; a straight-edge smeared with red earth and oil was used for the purpose, and the process was continued until the whole surface was covered with the pigment, traces of which have been observed. The side walls of the cella projected at front and back, forming vestibules finished with six columns to sup-

port the ceilings. The front vestibule (Pronaos) made a convenient shelter for receiving votive offerings.

Encircling the cella walls, under the colonnade, at a height of 39 ft. above the stylobate or floor of the colonnade, was a continuous frieze of sculptured slabs, forming the masterpiece of bas-relief representing the Panathenaic procession. This wonderful piece of work was 524 ft. long and 3 ft. 3½ in. in height, the portion preserved showing 350 human figures. Here again we see that the technique was governed by a master-hand, for though the figures were carved in very low relief, they show several planes from one and a half to two and a quarter inches high, and the design is carved deeper at the top to counteract the slope of the wall and increase the effect of light and shade in the subdued light, for the frieze was only visible when standing under the colonnade or upon the steps of the temple. The whole effect was heightened by color and by the addition of metal details such as reins, staffs, and regalia carried by the figures, which were probably gilded.

A few slabs of this frieze still remain upon the building, twenty-two slabs are preserved in the Acropolis museum, while the majority are in the British museum. The difficulties, presented by the immense subject of the Panathenaic procession which took place at the annual religious festival, are ideally treated. The portion of the procession on each side of the building, while a natural continuation of the whole, forms a complete picture by itself. The energetic action is arrested at intervals by standing figures which have been termed "punctuation points," and these effectively serve to keep the subject within bounds. The action increases constantly from the ends to the center, when it again slackens towards the opposite ends, like the crescendo and diminuendo of a cadence in music.

The groups of figures start from the western end of the temple, that first seen upon approaching the building from the entrance of the Acropolis, where horsemen are preparing to mount, and as the procession advances the column divides upon the two sides of the building to meet again at the east, where the seated deities await the approach of the procession with the yearly dedicatory offering of a richly embroidered robe of saffron color. This robe, which was used to protect the ancient image or xoanon of Athena Polias, was the work of the chosen maidens of Athens, and the embroidery depicted the battle of the Gods and Giants.

The procession is headed on the north by a group of elderly men followed by matrons, and maidens carrying baskets, censers, libation vases, and other insignia. The sacrificial oxen and sheep led by young men are followed by men bearing water vessels, trays, and other objects. Next come the flute and lyre players followed by bearded men and armed youths, while the main portion of the side walls depict a company of youths on horseback. The grouping upon the north and south walls correspond in main features though the details are very different, the artist's idea being, presumably, to convey the idea of a single column, which again shows a unity of conception in the plan of decoration. Monotony of lines is avoided by variety in drapery and by clever transitions in the position of the figures. The small size of the horses has raised the question whether a special breed was used in those days. It is more probable that the archaic law of isocephalism was not entirely departed from, wherein the heads of men and animals were represented practically on a level whether sitting or standing—a means dear to the early artists to avoid gaps in the design. In the case of this frieze, however, the lack of proportion is not noticeable until attention is drawn to it.

Above the horizontal entablature, at the east and west ends of the temple, were the triangular pediments, 96½ ft. long and 11½ ft. high in the center, with a depth of nearly 3 ft. from the enclosing cornices. These spaces were filled with scenes sculptured in marble; some portions of the figures have been preserved—and they are the most perfect sculptures we possess. The eastern group, as we are told by Pausanias, represented the birth of Athena, as she issued fully armed from the forehead of Zeus, while the western group represented the contest between Athena and Poseidon for the possession of Attica. It is impossible to overestimate the beauty of these superb sculptures, for when taken individually or collectively they embody all that is admirable in the Greek ideals of physical beauty. They show a breadth of conception and grandeur of proportion executed with an unrivaled delicacy of finish, and this proves a wholesome religious conception of the ideal man, far different from the emaciation and mortification of the flesh which permeated the art, for example, of the Middle Ages. There is still much controversy regarding the position and identity of the figures. We may be very sure that the central figures of the deities, of which we have little knowledge, early attracted the attention of fanatical marauders,

who destroyed them, so that the figures we treasure are those of lesser importance in the groups. We know of the deplorable attempt made by Morosini, in 1687, to carry away the figure of Poseidon and the horses from the chariot of Athena, which stood in the eastern pediment, when, through the carelessness of the workmen employed, they were allowed to fall and were broken in fragments.

In the eastern pediment group, Zeus was probably the central seated figure, with Athena rising fully armed from his forehead, after the blow which her brother Hephaestus has just smitten with an ax, while Nike steps forward to crown the goddess, and Iris starts outward to proclaim the news. The reclining figures, cleverly designed to look natural in the diminishing spaces of the pediment, are most probably figures of Olympic divinities interested in the spectacle, though here there is the most difficulty of identification. The so-called "Theseus" and the "Three Fates" are the best preserved of these superb figures. The chariot of Helios rises from the waves in one corner as Selene disappears in hers at the opposite end. The horse heads are masterpieces.

It is thought that the olive tree figured in the center of the western group, with the god and goddess on each side, though just what moment in the contest was represented is conjectural. Horses and chariots with attendant charioteers probably stood on each side, with supplementary figures beyond, whose identity has been suggested as that of Cecrops and his daughters and his son Erysichthon, with Erechtheus and his family on the opposite side, besides other figures, only fragments of which are preserved.

Although the decoration of the temple was elaborate, the building was of such massive proportions that the effect of the decorations collectively was subordinate, for the embellishments were governed by that balance and refinement characteristic of the order of the whole plan. The sculptured themes upon the building have been likened to the parts of a Greek drama. The first act could be compared to the eastern pediment; the theme of the metopes — that of the powers of light over the powers of darkness — might compare with the chorus; while the second act is seen in the western pediment — the contest for supremacy in Attica. The frieze, with its joyous anthem of gratitude for peace and plenty, is like a song at the end of the play.

Greek temples, with few exceptions, were oriented towards the east, and were probably lighted only from the eastern entrance, though

there is a possibility that a clerestory, or raised portion of the roof perforated with openings, may sometimes have been built to let in light. It is thought that the roof of the Parthenon was composed of tiles of Parian marble which were somewhat transparent; from literary references to the temple it is fairly certain that the light was subdued within the sanctuary except when the doors were opened to admit the rays of the rising sun which threw the colossal figure of Athena into relief against the dark red walls. The eastern chamber was nearly one hundred feet long and sixty-three feet wide, and was divided by two rows of columns, which formed side aisles. Traces of these columns can be found upon the worn pavement, and are of such small diameter that in all likelihood there were two stories of columns, one upon the other, crossed through the middle by a horizontal entablature, such as was customary in many temples.

Near the center of the flooring can be seen a large rectangle of poros stone, which is the almost certain position occupied by the statue of Athena. Numerous dowel holes in the stone around this square of softer stone probably show where the slabs of marble which formed the pedestal were fastened. This space is approximately 12 ft. wide and 24 ft. long. The statue is reported to have been 26 ells high — about 39 ft. — thus it is seen that this basis is none too large. Pausanias describes the statue of the goddess "as formed from ivory and gold, with an image of a sphinx placed on the cone of her helmet. On each side of her helmet, too, there are griffins. The statue is erect, with a garment reaching to her feet. There is a head of Medusa fashioned from ivory on her breast, and a Victory of about four cubits supported by her right hand. In her left hand she holds a spear, while a shield lies at her feet, and near her spear there is a dragon, which may perhaps be Erichthonius. At the base of the statue is depicted the birth of Pandora." The small statuette illustrated, unearthed when the foundations for the high school were being excavated in Athens, seems to follow the description very closely, though the distorted proportions, small size, and crude workmanship, give a very inadequate idea of what the statue was like. This statuette is preserved in the Athens museum and is known as the Varvakeion copy of the Athena Parthenos.

In all chryselephantine statues, the inner kernel consisted of a scaffolding of wood, which was covered with some plastic material, upon which the precious material was fastened. The nude portions

of the statue were of ivory and the garments and accessories were of gold. The value of the gold used in this statue has been estimated at \$750,000. There are surprisingly few references to this statue in classic literature, although it probably existed for about eight centuries.

Behind the main sanctuary was a smaller room separated by a partition which was known as the Parthenon proper. It was 44 ft. in length and probably served as a treasury. Its stone coffered ceiling was supported by four Ionic columns.

There is no direct statement in the ancient authors to the effect that Pheidias made any of the Parthenon sculptures except the cult image, and it would have been a physical impossibility for one man to have chiseled the two pediment groups, the 92 metopes, and the 524 ft. of the frieze, besides the other works attributed to him. Therefore at most Pheidias can only have furnished the drawings for these last, and we must not forget that even to associate him so closely with the architectural sculptures is conjectural. Despite these facts, however, it is certain that he represents the culmination of Greek art, and so do they. He was at the height of his career during the Periclean Age, and was the general artistic supervisor of the works of art of that age. No one can deny that the pediment statues are the greatest extant sculptures, and they are living, breathing Greek originals — not cold and lifeless Roman copies. In fact today we can echo the words of Plutarch, who in the first century, writing his appreciation of the works of Pericles, says: "There blooms upon them a certain freshness untouched by time, as if there dwelt within them an ever-animating spirit, a life that never grows old." (*Life of Pericles*, XIII).



A SWEDISH writer on meteorology explains the cloudless hot summers of 1901 and 1914 there, by an anticyclonic air circulation around the country, at some distance above the earth, while the natural cyclone (due to the earth's rotation) of the lower air throws it outward, preventing the heated air towards the center from rising. The action can be illustrated by slowly rotating a glass-walled vessel containing colored fresh water superposed on a salt water layer, while the surface is blown down on with a pair of bellows.

D.

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC: by E. A. Neresheimer

II

THE NEW FRENCH SCHOOL OF MUSIC



RANCE has more than once surprised the world with epoch-making changes which favorably affected the welfare of humanity; and there now emerges from that gifted country a new school of music which is more universal than national. A new interpretative value is given to the musical estate; it is masterly in its originality, substance, and ideas, inasmuch as its chief characteristic is a subtle mysticism which touches the borderland of spiritual consciousness in no uncertain terms; it is commanding in its message and entirely independent of the emotional forms of that other school of modern music that still revels in the passional conflict, sex-influence, and in overstrained illustration in contrapuntal devices.

Achille Claude Debussy, born in St. Germain, 1862, may be said to be the most consistent exponent of the characteristic trend of this new school. There are in France a host of followers, all of whom achieve the singularity of their effects by the same typical design. The departure is so radical, so independent, and so well fitting the rising wave of spirituality, that we wonder — in the absence of special musical antecedents in France that could have led up to such a remarkable demonstration — whether this is not the visible effect of the culmination and synthesis of the latent mysticism long dormant in the French nation.

It is claimed that the technical structure of this new school is tending towards a simplification by the use chiefly of the diatonic scale. But this is not borne out by the works themselves. While they are not so profusely chromatic and polyphonous nor so voluble of orchestration as the compositions of the latest German School headed by Richard Strauss, Schönberg, etc., they are by no means simple.

The most important and far-reaching change made by the French is of course in the music-drama; herein the departure is the most radical, consequently, perhaps, the most important. It amounts to a complete overthrow of traditional operatic notions. Melody, in the form to which we are accustomed to hear it, is practically absent in the parts given to the voices. Whatever melodic substance is made

use of is for the purpose of thematic illustration of the drama and placed in the orchestra.

It is held that thought, action, and emotion of the characters in the drama are too fluidic and too rapid in mental concepts to admit of such inevitable retardation as is experienced by the necessary slow movements of melodic contours. This is perfectly true; ordinary speech of the characters is not amenable to the confines of melodious declamation. It will be of interest to note the composer's own remarks concerning the voice parts in "Pelléas and Mélisande" which is at present the most noted music-drama of the French School by Claude Debussy:

I have been approached because in my score the melodic phrase is always found in the orchestra, never in the voice. I wished — intended, in fact — that the action should never be arrested; that it should be continuous, uninterrupted. I wanted to dispense with parasitic musical phrases. When listening to a musico-dramatic work, the spectator is wont to experience two kinds of emotions: the musical emotion on one hand; and the emotion of the character (in the drama) on the other. Generally these are felt successively. I have tried to blend these emotions, and made them simultaneous. Melody is, if I may say so, almost anti-lyric, and powerless to express the constant change of emotion or life. Melody is suitable only for the song (*chanson*), which confirms a fixed sentiment. I have never been willing that my music should hinder the changes of sentiment and passion felt by my characters. Its demands are ignored as soon as it is necessary that these should have perfect liberty in their gestures as in their cries, in their joys as in their sorrows.

There are no arias, much less ensemble numbers or chorus in the score. The object and plan of this new music-drama is the perfect blending in actual practice of action, scenery, stage-craft, text, and music, with the subject of the drama. Another aim sought to be accomplished is a completer illumination of the ideas by the aid of all the arts that are accessory in its service, none of which is allowed to dominate, least of all personality at the expense of plot and substance. Actors and singers are to be less assertive, "declamation throughout is founded upon the natural inflection of the voice in speaking — virtually only a heightened form of speech"; neither is the music more than a harmonic background, employed for the purpose of clarifying, heightening all that would remain obscure by speech alone. The music never rises to independent climaxes of its own, except in so far as the dramatic ideas warrant their employment. Instead of lyrical or orchestral outbursts in emotional ecstasy, they are often repre-

sented by moments of significant silence, evidently the better to arouse a natural impulse in the mind of the auditor, and induce him to make his own deductions, from suggestions rather than from prepared, individually biased interpretations.

In a more recent drama entitled "Blue Beard" (of old fame) by Ducas, the musico-declamatory confines are still more marked in the sense that the natural flow of the dialog is represented by almost unbroken continuity, with especial regard to time in which a certain number of words, phrases, and sentences would be delivered by natural speech. It will thus be seen why formal melody is not, and cannot be placed in the voice-parts; but nevertheless the structure is so contrived that a sympathetic, electrifying passage or subject enunciated by the singer is adequately supplemented by a telling eloquence in the melodies and harmonies placed in the music of the orchestra. Harmonic modulations occur sometimes in every beat of a measure and continue until the musical story is told. There is no resemblance to the melodramatic effect nor to the intrusive insatiable sweetmeats of the amorous musical romanticism. Fidelity to subject, unswerving religious adherence to the ideal, delicate restraint of the grossly emotional, are the virtues of this new school of music.

The principal exponents are Debussy, Duparc, Ravel, Vincent d'Indy, de Bréville, Charpentier, Ducas, Loeffler.

The entire musical structure is based on a six-toned progression consisting of the intervals C, D, E, F-sharp, G-sharp, A-sharp. This may be termed a scale, but as such has no precedent in musical history. Otherwise all the tones of the chromatic scale are used. A persistent use of the chord of the augmented triad, for example: C, E, G-sharp, in positions of the chromatic scale is also one of the characteristics; in fact, the frequent use of augmented intervals is a typical distinction of the structural elements of this school.



FEAR nothing, for every renewed effort raises all former failures into lessons, all sins into experiences. Understand me when I say that in the light of renewed effort the Karma of all your past alters; it no longer threatens; it passes from the plane of penalty before the soul's eye, up to that of tuition. It stands as a monument, a reminder of past weakness and a warning against future failure.

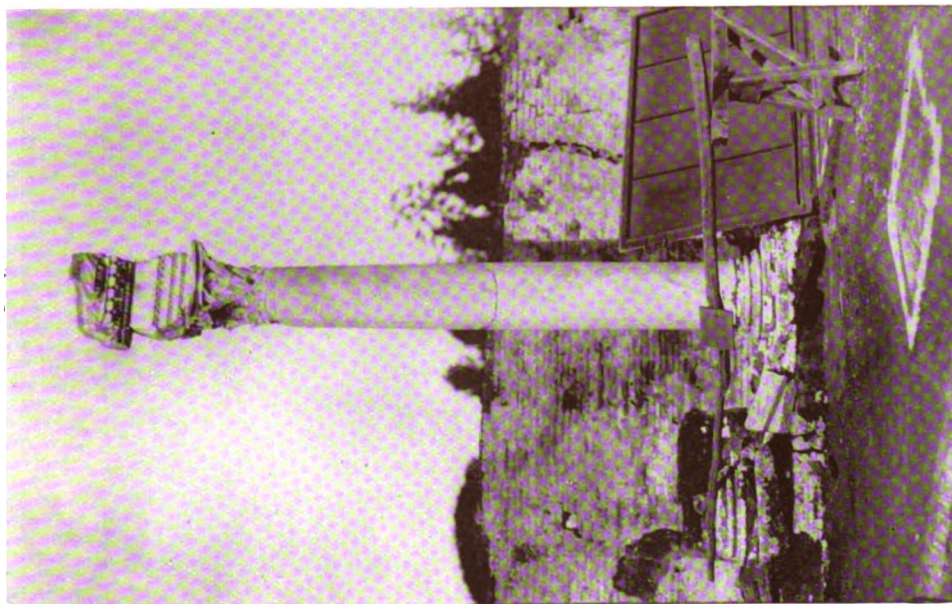
Katherine Tingley



NEW DISCOVERIES BY PROFESSOR BONI ON THE PALATINE HILL, ROME

DETAILS OF ALLEGORICAL SCULPTURE
CASINA FARNESE, PALATINE HILL

(Compare these and the following illustrations with those published in the article
"Recent Discoveries on the Palatine Hill," in this magazine, for August, 1914.)

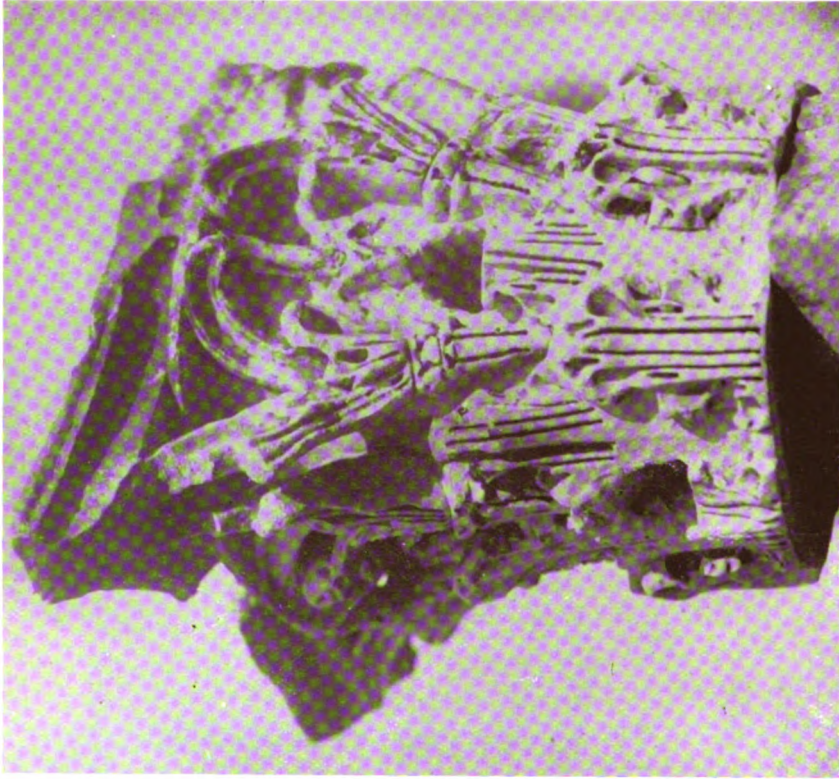


Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CORINTHIAN COLUMN IN A BASILICA (?)
PALATINE HILL



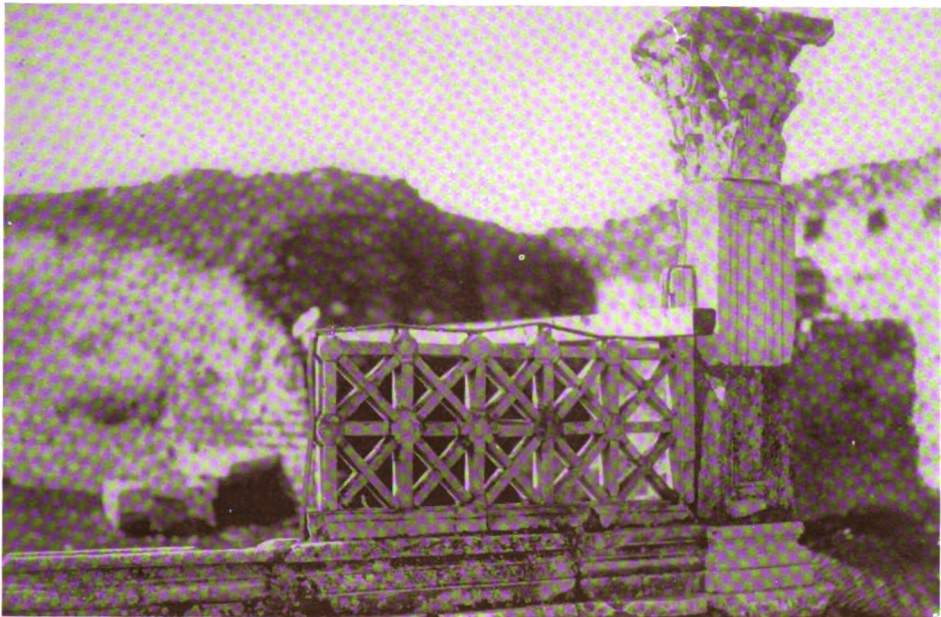
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
 FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF HERCULES
 PALATINE HILL



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
 A BADLY BRUISED CORINTHIAN CAPITAL, PALATINE HILL



THE "VESTIBULUM" ON THE PALATINE HILL



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept

A COLUMN AND PART OF A RAILING, PALATINE HILL,

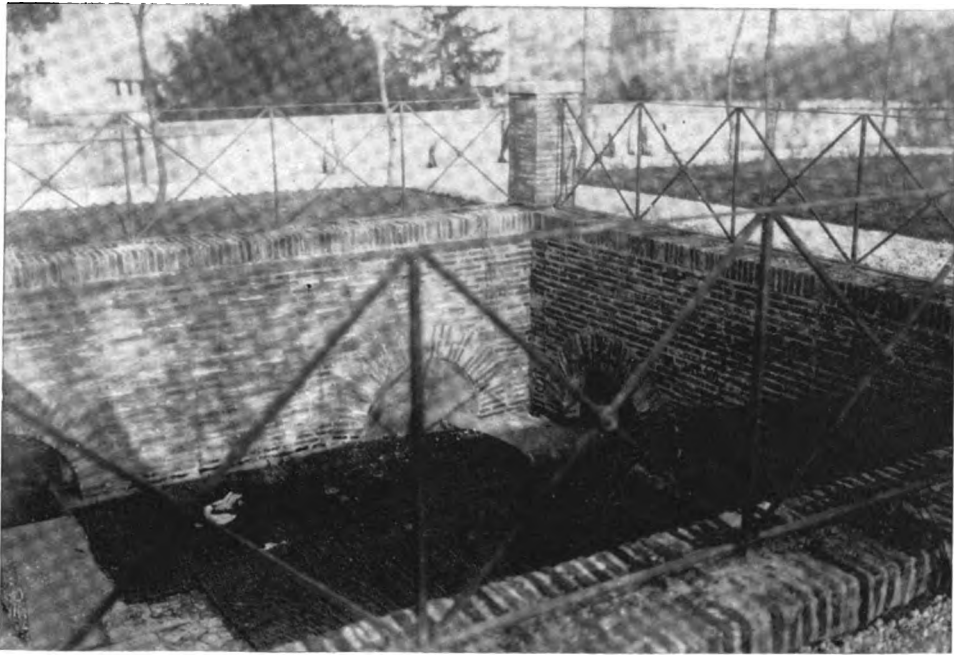


RUINS OF A BASILICA, PALATINE HILL



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VIEW OF A PART OF THE PALATINE HILL



ONE OF THE LATEST DISCOVERIES, NEAR THE FARNESE GARDENS
PALATINE HILL



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE NYMPHÆUM (?) IN THE PALACE OF TIBERIUS, PALATINE HILL



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CORINTHIAN COLUMNS IN THE "LIBRARY," PALATINE HILL

A glimpse of modern Rome in the distance.

THE ANCIENT AMERICANS: by T. Henry

III

THE CREATION

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void: and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.—*Genesis*, i, I, 2.



REFERRING to the *Analytical Concordance* of Dr. Robert Young, we find that the Hebrew word *rûahh*, translated "Spirit" in the above passage, is given the meaning of "spirit, wind." The same authority tells us that the word which is translated "God" in both cases, the Hebrew *'elohim*, is a plural word, whose meaning is given as "gods, objects of worship." In quoting from the cosmogonies of the ancient Americans we must bear in mind this more exact meaning of the original Hebrew text—namely, that the *breath of the divine powers* moved upon the face of the waters, or that a *divine wind* breathed over the deep.

The author of the *Myths of the New World* (Brinton) reminds us first that in the Finnish epic of *Kalevala*, the bird floated over the waves and hatched the land; and that in the Norse *Edda* there is a similar legend, as also in the Chinese. Then, passing to America, he cites the case of the Muscokis, who say that before creation 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. Dry land followed. The Athapascas trace their descent from a raven,

a mighty bird, whose eyes were fire, whose glances were lightning, and the clapping of whose wings was thunder. On his descent to the ocean, the earth instantly rose.

The Quichés say:

The face of the land was hidden. There was naught but the salient sea and the sky. . . . Nothing was but stillness and rest and darkness and night; nothing but the Maker and Molder, the Hurler, the Bird-Serpent.

Over this passed Hurakan, the mighty wind, and called out, Earth! and straightway the solid land was there. And the Zuñis say:

With the substance of himself did the all-father Awonawilona impregnate the great water, the world-holding sea, so that scums rose upon its surface, waxing wide and apart, until they became the all-containing earth and the all-covering sky.

We might quote much more, but it would be tedious and the above

will suffice for illustration. Also, were we not dealing specially with the Americans, we might quote from the Mythologies of many other lands, to the same effect. What has to be considered is the meaning of this universality and identity of form in the creation allegory. It all points back to remote days when the teachings of the great Wisdom-Religion or Secret Doctrine were universally diffused, in the ancient mystery-language, which taught in symbols. As the races became scattered, the tongues confused, and the offshoot peoples scattered abroad and at enmity with each other — all of which took place when the dark cycle in history came on — each people embalmed its recollections of the sacred teachings in a collection of myths or religious epics; and so we have the Finnish *Kalevala*, the Norse *Edda*, the myths of the New World, the Hindû cosmogony, and the Chaldaean ("Bible") scriptures; and doubtless such epics as the Trojan War are of similar origin though dealing with a different subject. This we believe to be the true and only rational explanation of these phenomena.

As to Creation, one might well ask whether it is easier to assume, like the most uncultured tribes, that the world never had a beginning, but was always as it is now; or to imagine that it was created at some epoch out of wind and water or the divine breath and the eternal substance. If we suppose the latter, we are still face to face with the old irresolvable difficulty as to the beginning of time. The Secret Doctrine teaches that the worlds are remanifested anew over and over again, relapsing after immense cycles of time into chaos once more, and again being reborn. All our thoughts, in our present stage of development, are conditioned by space and time, and we cannot eliminate from our thinking processes the notion of a succession of events; hence we cannot get to the bottom of the mystery of eternity. To do the latter, we should have to stand outside our own mind, so to say. For the present, therefore, we must be content with lesser objects.

The "end of the world" is also symbolized in the same kind of language as its beginning; and the reference is to the end of a great cycle of evolution, when the manifested has returned again to the unmanifested, the expansion has given place to contraction, and the period of a *Pralaya*, or state of abeyance and rest, has set in.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN

Man's mother is the Earth; the Earth-Mother bore him. Such a goddess is to be found under innumerable names — as Demeter,

Gaia, Cybele, Isis, Mâyâ, Eve, etc. This much will be admitted by modern evolutionists, though they may consider the language too pictorial and prefer their own jargon. Needless to say, this "Earth" is not the ball of cosmic dirt that ordinarily goes by that name; it is much more like the "Protyle" of Crookes, the "Hyle" of other philosophers, the "Ether" of science, or the Primordial Matter or Root-Substance of some philosophies. It is the rudiment of matter, the parent-substance from which all concrete forms are produced. A mother implicates a father; and, since this duad or father-mother requires the postulation of a precedent monad, we get the Trinity; or we can obtain another Trinity out of father-mother-son. In the philosophy of modern biological evolution, it would seem as though the Earth-Mother was endowed with parthenogenetic attributes, since we find little mention (if any) made of a "father." In other words, the Divine Thought plays no part in this evolutionary philosophy. The more ancient and enduring teachings, however, recognize that man (not less than other beings) is the manifestation of the Divine Thought; and they have been logical enough to surmise that the plan which we see unfolded in man must have pre-existed *as a plan* in some mind, even as the form of the jar has pre-existed in the potter's mind. Perhaps the limitations of many modern evolutionists would not have mattered much if they had not attempted to build a philosophy of life on their biological views and to force that philosophy on the acceptance of the world. But as this is just what they did, the result has been disastrous, for man has been represented as a purely terrestrial being, the lower side of his nature has been overemphasized, and a materialistic perversion of his ideas and his morals has resulted, from which we are now suffering. Hence the importance of recognizing that Earth is man's mother; for that may serve to remind us of the Father. We are reminded in this connexion of certain information that recently appeared in the papers to the effect that, in one of the ancient Oriental Creation stories lately discovered, the Deity was represented as a female. One might also mention the very much altered symbol of the Virgin, so characteristic of one particular form of Christianity; undoubtedly this can be traced back to the classical cult of the Earth-Mother; while philologically and mystically the relationship is shown by the names Maria, (the Cosmic Virgin or the Sea or Great Deep), and the Sanskrit root MÂ, which appears in the Sanskrit *Mâyâ*, the Greek *meter*, the Latin *mater*, the German *Mutter*, our own

mother, etc. It will be superfluous to give quotations from our author illustrating the legends of various American tribes on this point, as that can be left to the diligent student. But we must emphasize this ancient belief in the dual parentage of man, as it constitutes one of those lost keys, for the want of which we have wandered so far in the mazes of fruitless speculation.

THE DESTINY OF THE SOUL

The next point shall be the destiny of the Soul. It is not surprising to find that there has been universally a belief in the immortality of the Soul, for it is difficult to see how a philosophy of life can be founded on the contrary hypothesis. There is no argument as regards "proof" to be brought against the belief in immortality which cannot equally well be brought against the sceptical attitude; while the former belief has in its favor all the real evidence. In the list of contents of a chapter, we find the words: "The future world never a place of rewards and punishments;" and turning to the text, discover this:

The typical belief of the tribes of the United States was well expressed in the reply of Esau Hajo, great medal chief and speaker for the Creek nation in the National Council, to the question, Do the red people believe in a future state of rewards and punishments? "We have an opinion that those who have behaved well are taken under the care of Esaugetuh Emissée, and assisted; and that those who have behaved ill are left to shift for themselves; and that there is no other punishment."

Neither the delights of a heaven nor the torments of a hell, we read, were ever held out by the priests as an incentive to well-doing or a terror to the evil. Such devices, it may be added, are not proper to any religion in its pure state, but are introduced into most religions when the strength goes out of them. The motives appealed to — those of cupidity and fear — are certainly not of the highest. And we read further that the abodes to which the departed soul took its journey "were not always his everlasting home." This quite agrees with the teaching as to *Devachan*, or the state of bliss wherein the freed Soul rests between incarnations; and we may recall in the same connexion Cannon Farrar's book, *Eternal Hope*, in which he bases his views on what he regards as the correct translation of the word *aeonian* (*αιώνιος*), translated in the Bible as "eternal," but, as he says, meaning "age-long"; Gladstone's ideas about indefinite progress for the Soul in the future life; and the views of many prominent divines of the present day. People have, in short, practically given up former

crude ideas respecting eternal bliss and punishment; so that in endeavoring to impress these upon the aborigines of America, we were throwing a boomerang, so to say, and have been forced to adopt ideas more conformable with theirs.

HOW MANY SOULS HAS MAN?

There was very little of the ancient Wisdom-Religion (based on man's purified perceptions or intuitions) in our old theological notions; but a good deal of it in the ideas of these "primitive" Red Men. For instance, we find a page in our author's book headed, "The Multiple Soul." The idea that man has only one soul is rather elementary, to say the least. The idea that he has more than one may help to explain the sepulchral rites of many ancient and still-existing races, as also the theories of certain eminent scientific men who have been experimenting in psychic research and emitting ponderous disquisitions on the results. The Egyptians speak of *seven* souls, according to Gerald Massey; and Brinton recalls that the Rabbis taught a threefold division. This was into: *nephesh*, the animal soul; *rûahh*, the human soul; and *neshâmâh*, the divine soul; corresponding (as Brinton says) to the Platonic *thumos*, *epithumia*, and *nous*; while in the Epistle to the Romans we find Paul speaking of the bodily soul, the intellectual soul, and the spiritual gift. Now which of these souls is immortal? Evidently the soul can be mortal or immortal, or both at once, according to what we mean when we say "soul." It is not to be expected, however, that every humble Red Man would have a clear idea of the mysteries of his own religion; or that those who had such an idea would be willing (even if they were able) to impart the same to a missionary. So that altogether there is plenty of ground for confusion and misunderstanding. The fact remains, however, that these tribesmen do possess relics of a religion that dates back to the ancient Secret Doctrine, and whose symbolism both veils and discloses its profound origin and character. We would do well to study it better.

THE "SHADE" AND THE SECOND DEATH

In this connexion is mentioned the custom of interring with the body of the departed such objects as he used while on earth, for the alleged purpose of supplying the wants of the discarnate soul. Needless to remind the reader that this custom is world-wide and by no means confined to the American Indians. Yet, by studying their

beliefs in a spirit of sympathetic and therefore intelligent inquiry, we find that these are by no means consistent with the childish and superstitious notions assigned to these peoples by their unsympathetic critics. The explanation of course is that the soul which was accommodated by these sepulchral offerings was not the immortal incarnating soul — the intelligent part of the man — but the mere shade or spook. The teaching on this point will be found in Theosophical manuals; and Theosophy was referred by its expounder, H. P. Blavatsky, to the beliefs of all mankind in all ages, which beliefs she has so ably collated and digested in her books, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*. The result of this comparison has been to sift out the essential truth from the various forms in which it was guised, and thus to arrive at the teaching of the Secret Doctrine. Briefly, we may say here, that subsequent to the death of the body, there is a *second death*; for the complete separation of the various principles composing man does not take place all at once. On the death of the body, the immortal part is withdrawn, leaving behind the “shade” or “spook,” which survives for awhile and slowly disintegrates. We shall find this fact referred to everywhere; in the Greco-Roman mythology, for instance, where the postmortem abodes were three — Hades or Erebus, Tartarus, and Elysium. The first of these is the abode of shades, where, in Vergil, (Bk. vi) the father of Aeneas, as well as several other persons, comes to address him. Tartarus is the place where the evil passions go to be purged out — the lowest *Kâma-Loka* in the Theosophical terminology; and Elysium is the abode of the liberated Soul, whence after long years it returns. All ancient nations seem to have recognized a necessity for certain rites intended to “lay” or put to rest the shade; which otherwise might infest the living to the detriment of the latter; a thing which undoubtedly happens in our own neglectful civilization.

With regard to future punishment, one cannot but speak feelingly of the disbelief of these aborigines in that infliction, and of the painful contrast offered thereto by the teachings of a narrow dogmatism in our own lands. Truly, all who have lived through half their life and have been cultivated enough to think and feel deeply, know well that we have affliction enough in this life, and that what the poor distraught Soul needs after death is rest and peace and joy. And we have learned a truer sympathy with the wicked, knowing, as we do, that the eye of Wisdom can make but little distinction be-

tween one man and another on the score of guilt; all being alike hard-pressed. The worst sin is selfishness, and there is no need for a deity to punish this, for it brings its own retribution. A merciful deity would do all possible to save a man from reaping this woe by hindering him in his course of selfishness. The statement that a consuming fire awaits those who set their will against the order of nature, is true enough; but there is no need to make a special region of sulphur for it. Often while on earth we have been "in hell."

Certainly the narrow dogmas which we have inherited from dark days in our religious history do not belong to the genuine old teachings of Christianity or of any other religion in its pure state; and least of all to the Universal Religion. A soul tortured by its own evil desires and reaping their bitter fruits, whether in this life or after death, must win through some time. And as for eternal bliss, surely it is the state of the Soul which has emancipated itself from all selfishness and the source of all woe.

IDEAL MEN

We conclude with a reference to the subject of ideal men, such as the great Teacher Quetzalcoatl; to the belief that such great Hero-Gods lived on earth in the past and taught men, striking the key-note for subsequent cycles; and to the conviction that such men can live in the future; — in a word, we refer to the subject of human perfectibility. Such a belief constitutes for the believer a complete answer to all the pessimists; for he refers all man's present helpless ignorance to the circumstances of his imperfection. We have not yet learnt how to use the life that is ours. We live in temporary purposes, which are necessarily frustrated because they are not in accord with the universal scheme of things. We find it hard to realize that suffering is incurred by the Soul for its own purposes. Christians recognize an ideal man — Jesus Christ — but have added the dogma that he is unique and incomparable, whereas his own recorded teachings declare that he believed his followers could and should follow in his footsteps. Moreover we have taken the backbone out of our ideal of a Christ-like man — made it too effeminate and wishy-washy. A false antithesis between "Pagan joy" and "Christian humility" has grown up, dating back to the days when Paganism was corrupt and licentious and Christianity bigoted. And the virtues of Chivalry have found themselves at variance with the virtues of religion. So that

it really seems we can learn valuable lessons from ancient peoples who, however reduced from their former greatness, have not succumbed to the same set of failings that we have. We can learn these lessons if only we will give up the patronizing attitude we can so ill afford to assume and be willing to learn what can be learnt even from the humblest. The true province of archaeology should be to unearth the buried wisdom of our ancestors.



THE MIND-MIRROR: by A Student

(FROM THE ARABIAN)

AS I stood in my tent at night making ready to stretch out my tired limbs upon the rug, there came suddenly a silver radiance upon the tent wall and a sense as of a spiritual presence, and I knew that I was not alone.

But I saw no one. Yet a voice said, "Look upon me."

The voice came from behind me and I turned to see. But the presence moved likewise and in no wise could I get mine eyes upon it.

The voice said, "Thou mayest behold me in thy mirror." But though I held it up I saw him not.

The voice said, "The mirror faces forward toward the tent door and reflects but the palms and the camels and men moving outside. Moreover it is unpolished and rusty and trembles unceasingly in thy hand."

The radiance departed and there was silence.

Next day and for many days I polished my mirror and perfected its surface and practised till I could hold it steady.

In the stillness of another night the radiant presence came again. I held the mirror so that it imaged his form behind me and I knew it for mine own soul. And upon the steady silver surface he threw many pictures of my own forgotten past and all that I had done of sin therein, so that I knew how that which I now suffered, and how that by which I was now tied and bound, had my deeds of the past for their sole cause. And he showed me my path of duty, and the peace and growing joy of the future if I went steadfastly by that path.

All this I saw and was humbled and rejoiced and made clean.

So it was; so it was.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES: by Helios



PECULATION concerning the greater universe beyond our relatively insignificant solar system is greatly increasing of late owing to the accumulation of new and unexpected information about the stars and nebulae, largely derived from spectroscopic observations. In giving attention, however, to ingenious and fascinating theories of universe-building based upon these data, we must never forget that they all are but tentative, and are strictly limited by the conceptions of physics accepted at the moment. It must be remembered, too, that the accuracy of spectroscopic observations is powerfully affected by the light rays having to pass through the Earth's atmosphere. First-class authorities sometimes disagree on the interpretation of the information given by the spectroscope. For instance, by analysis of the light reflected by our waterless and airless Moon as compared with that of Mars made in dry air at great heights, Professor Lowell and his staff are convinced that they have demonstrated the existence of large quantities of water vapor and oxygen on Mars. But other careful observers such as Professor Campbell and Professor McAdie, who have made elaborate spectroscopic observations of the same nature at still greater heights, declare that they find no essential difference between the spectra of Mars and the Moon as far as water vapor is concerned, and that the quantity on Mars, if any, must be extremely minute. Such contradictions as this lead to the suspicion that some unknown factor in the surroundings of our globe vitiates one or both of these observations and that the testimony of the spectroscope about the constitution of the almost infinitely distant stars and nebulae is, to a degree, unreliable. It seems likely, however, that the spectroscopic method of measuring the speed of objects moving in the line of sight, by the "Döppler principle," is trustworthy, for it has been tested upon the planets whose rate of motion is known. By means of this ingenious analysis of their light, the speed of a large number of stars has been measured, and, during the last four years, that of over forty nebulae, a triumph of skilful observation which seemed incredible a little while ago. The rate of motion of the nebulae is enormous, the average of those measured being twenty miles a second. Some reach the speed of two hundred miles a second. Twenty miles a second is a much higher average speed than that of the stars, and a consideration of this has given rise to a revolutionary hypothesis, just announced from the Lick Observatory, that the neb-

ulae, instead of being younger than the stars and planets, are far older!

To make this clear we must recollect that an unexpected relationship has lately been discovered between the spectra of certain stars and their velocity in space. At the present moment it is generally accepted that the relative age of a star in its development from infancy to middle age can be detected by analysing the light emitted from its surface. Roughly speaking, the theory is that the stars which show the characteristic spectrum of helium are the youngest, those that are a little older display the presence of hydrogen, and the oldest are notable for a great development of the vapors of the metals. There are also intermediate types, and others which do not clearly fit into the general scheme. The helium stars are the slowest in movement, and the velocity increases as we approach the metallic stars, which are the fastest, and according to the new hypothesis, the oldest. The Lick observers, having found that the average velocity of the forty nebulae examined greatly exceeds the average of the stars, have drawn the natural deduction that the nebulae may be older than the most developed stars. If so, they cannot be the *prima materia* out of which the stars have evolved, but must be at the other end of the scale, and the Nebular Theory in any form may be relegated to the scrap-heap! Certainly the discovery of the high velocity of the nebulae is a very important and a very unexpected one, but the inference drawn that they are of greater age than the stars may not be sound, for it depends only upon the acceptance of the order of development mentioned above. Suppose the order to be inverted, and, taking the *slackening* of speed to be the criterion of increasing age, we should find the nebulae of high velocity taking their accustomed place at the dawn of evolution, and the development proceeding from the quick-moving stars with metallic vapors towards the slower helium stars and then to *stationary, inert* nebulae, and ultimately to final disappearance from this plane of perception. We should then have to look for intermediate links between the high-velocity nebulae and the moderately rapid metallic stars. Another point worth considering is this: many of the exceedingly brilliant helium stars, the so-called primitives, are involved in a shining nebular haze and so are considered to have a close connexion with the nebulae (in which helium is usually found). Now we know that helium is produced (on earth) by the disintegration of radium; how then can these helium stars be at the

beginning of evolutionary development? May they not be in the last stages of the cycle of necessity, their atmospheres disintegrating from denser matter and becoming more brilliantly white as they etherealize? There may be something even in the literal teaching of the *Vishnu-Purâna* where it says that the end of the age will come by the expansion of the Sun into the blaze of Seven Suns, for we know that the ancient Hindûs had observed the heavens for countless ages and had a profound knowledge of astronomical cycles.

But whether the high-velocity nebulae are the oldest bodies in the sky as the Lick observers suggest, or otherwise, there can be no doubt, at least to the student of Theosophy, that some kind of nebula is the first form of manifestation. H. P. Blavatsky definitely states that there is a large substratum of truth in the general principle of nebular origin for the stars and planets, though she does not endorse the Laplace or any other nebular theory. To those who are interested in this stupendous question, the chapters devoted to it in *The Secret Doctrine* will prove of great service.

While astronomical research and speculation have been increasingly directed in recent years to the greater universe outside our solar system, the study of the planets has not been neglected, though comparatively few startling discoveries have been made for some time in this branch of the subject. Among the more striking observations recently announced those concerning Uranus are specially interesting. Spectroscopic analysis of the light reflected from that planet proves that it rotates on its axis in about thirteen hours, and that the direction of its rotation is backwards when compared with that of all the other planets, except probably Neptune. This confirms what has long been suspected in consequence of the reverse movement of the satellites of Uranus. Uranus is now in a favorable position for observation and the existence of belts parallel to the equator has been definitely established. The planet has been seen to have a pronounced bulge at the equator, and it has been proved that one of its satellites always turns the same face to its primary, just as our Moon does to the Earth. The largest satellite of Saturn, Titan, has lately been found to do the same thing.

Nothing conclusive has been discovered of late about conditions on Mercury or Venus, comparatively near though they are; even their period of rotation is yet in dispute. Long-continued observations of Jupiter's belts have at last established the fact that his year (equal

to twelve of ours) is marked by a distinct change of color in the northern and southern hemispheres according to the season, a reddening of the belts becoming visible as the spring advances in either hemisphere. This is an exceedingly interesting phenomenon for it suggests the possibility of there being some form of life on Jupiter which awakens after a winter's sleep. It is the more remarkable because the inclination of Jupiter's axis is very slight ($3^{\circ} 4'$), hardly enough, one would think, to produce any noticeable effect.

It has long been known that there are tremendous currents on Jupiter; the equatorial belts taking six minutes less time to rotate than those nearer the poles. In this Jupiter resembles the Sun. From the year 1879 the equatorial current gradually decreased in speed till 1889, after which it remained the same for about twenty years; now it is returning to the original rate of 1879. This mysterious phenomenon is quite unexplained, but it offers another example of the great law of periodicity whose full comprehension is one of the most important factors in the study of the teachings of Theosophy.

Dr. Slipher of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, has lately claimed conclusive corroboration of his and others' observations of the so-called "canals" on Mars and particularly of their seasonal change of color. In the *Scientific American* for Oct. 17, 1914 Dr. Slipher vigorously defends himself and the other distinguished astronomers from the criticisms of those who deny their conclusions about the "canals." Dr. Slipher does not suggest that these fine dark lines, double or single, are the actual waterways, but he thinks it practically certain that they are irrigated tracts of growing vegetation which become visible as the martian spring advances and the water begins to circulate through the small channels leading from the melting ice or snow caps. Eye observation and photography have both confirmed the change of color in the "canals" according to the season. As the northern summer advances and the snow cap melts the northern lines intensify in color and in some cases become double; the southern ones do likewise in their season. Dr. Slipher says: "We are no longer concerned with the discovery of new markings, but are pursuing a more detailed study of their appearance and behavior in search of the key to this most engaging riddle of the solar universe." He seems to hint that there is some insincerity of purpose in the minds of the critics who decry the possibility of the "canals" being irrigated tracts. But lack of imagination might fit better.

In connexion with the possibilities of intelligent life on Mars as urged so strongly by Professor Lowell, Dr. Slipher, and others, a passage in *The Secret Doctrine* quoted by H. P. Blavatsky in a letter from one of her Teachers has given rise to speculation on the part of some. It runs: "It is quite correct that Mars is in a state of obscurity at present . . ." (*Secret Doctrine*, p. 164, Vol. I) Obscurity being a condition on which planetary life is at a very low ebb, some have imagined that this passage implied that Mars is quite devoid of inhabitants. There is no reason to assume this, for the same Teacher casually mentions that "the Jovians, Martians, and others, can perceive our little world." (*Secret Doctrine*, p. 166, Vol. I) In a special article in one of her magazines, H. P. Blavatsky published this remark written by a student: "It will not be easy to understand the doctrine under consideration completely until the nature of the Obscurements and the periods of the duration of the different races of the planets are clearly ascertained. Nevertheless, I can state here that a planet may be said to be in a state of Obscurity when a small portion of it is inhabited." (*Theosophist*, June 1883, p. 232) The problem of life on Mars is a very interesting one, but it is not likely that astronomers with their present means of investigation will be able to settle it.

New spectroscopic evidence from the Lowell Observatory has just been announced, more completely confirming the probable presence of water-vapor and oxygen in the atmosphere of Mars. On the Earth the greatest quantity of moisture in the air is found in the tropical regions, but in Mars those parts are the driest. In Mars the polar regions are most heavily charged with moisture, produced apparently by the melting of the snow caps. As there is nothing but dry land in the middle belt little evaporation can be expected there. If the spectroscopic evidence is to be trusted, this distribution of moisture in the atmosphere of Mars strongly supports the theory that the planet depends upon the melting of the polar snows for its water supply.

A startling suggestion in support of the belief in the injurious effects of strong moonlight has lately been offered. In tropical and semi-tropical countries, where moonlight is far more intense than in northern climes, it is widely believed that among other uncomfortable properties, the direct rays of the moon have the power of rapidly decomposing meat and fish. This has been derided and ridiculed on *prima facie* grounds (as usual!) by some who have not examined the

evidence. A correspondent to the *Chemical News*, writing about certain experiments recently made in South Africa, offers a probable explanation in the fact that the light of the Moon being reflected light is polarized to some extent and that possibly polarized light exerts some hitherto unknown chemical action. The London *Lancet*, in commenting upon this, admits that the experiments were very striking. In one case, slices of fish were hung in ordinary light and others from the same fish in polarized light; the latter decomposed first, though the polarized beam was not so warm as the other. According to the teachings of Theosophy there are many influences due to the Moon which are not yet suspected by modern science, yet which are of great importance for our welfare.



YET in the prognostication of *such* future events, at any rate, all foretold on the authority of cyclic recurrences, there is no psychic phenomenon involved. It is neither *prevision nor prophecy*; no more than is the signaling of a comet or star, several years before its appearance. 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 of 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. The reliability of the information depends, of course, on the acceptance or rejection of the claim for a tremendous period of historical observation. Eastern Initiates maintain that they have preserved records of the racial development and of events of universal import ever since the beginning of the Fourth Race—that which preceded being traditional.—H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I. p. 646 (written in 1887-1888)

ANCIENT AMERICA AT THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA: by Edgar L. Hewett (Director of the School of American Archaeology).



FOR the first time in the history of Expositions an entire building is devoted to Ancient America. Not one for which no other use could be found, but the noble California building, greatest of all in the Exposition city.

Here will be seen the most important works of the ancient peoples of Central America. They present a picture of an age in America of which Americans generally are not well informed, namely, that which immediately preceded the coming of Europeans to the western continent. Knowledge of American history usually begins with the period of discovery and conquest, and follows down to the present time. Here we begin at the usual point and looking back, view the history of a civilization that reached its zenith and went down before it was known to white men.

The cities that have long lain buried in the tropical jungles have been the subject of much misleading romance. Fantastic theories about these people, their Oriental or Egyptian origin, their empires, kings, queens, and courts, the mystery of "Vanished Races" — all this may be dismissed. There is nothing mysterious about it. The ancient temple builders of Central America were American Indians. All the characteristics of the race are seen in these ancient monuments. Like other races they slowly struggled up through a long period of evolution, matured, for a time expressed their mental and spiritual power in great works, ran their course and died, as is inevitable with individuals and races when they grow old.

It would be misleading to pretend that any connected history of the Central American Cities could be written at this time. Their records, in the form of hieroglyphic inscriptions, are a sealed book, except as they relate to numeration and chronology. None of the characters used in the writings of the Mayas bear any resemblance whatever to those of the Egyptian or any other ancient people. All reports to the effect that Orientals have been able to interpret the symbols of the Central American monuments, or understand the language of the native people, may be put down as false.

For the study of the hieroglyphic writings we must depend mainly upon the inscriptions carved on stone. These, found on monuments,

walls, tablets, and lintels, have survived the ruin of ages. Sacred books, or codices, were once numerous, but now only three are known to exist. Large numbers of them were destroyed at the time of the Spanish conquest of Yucatan on account of their supposedly pagan character.

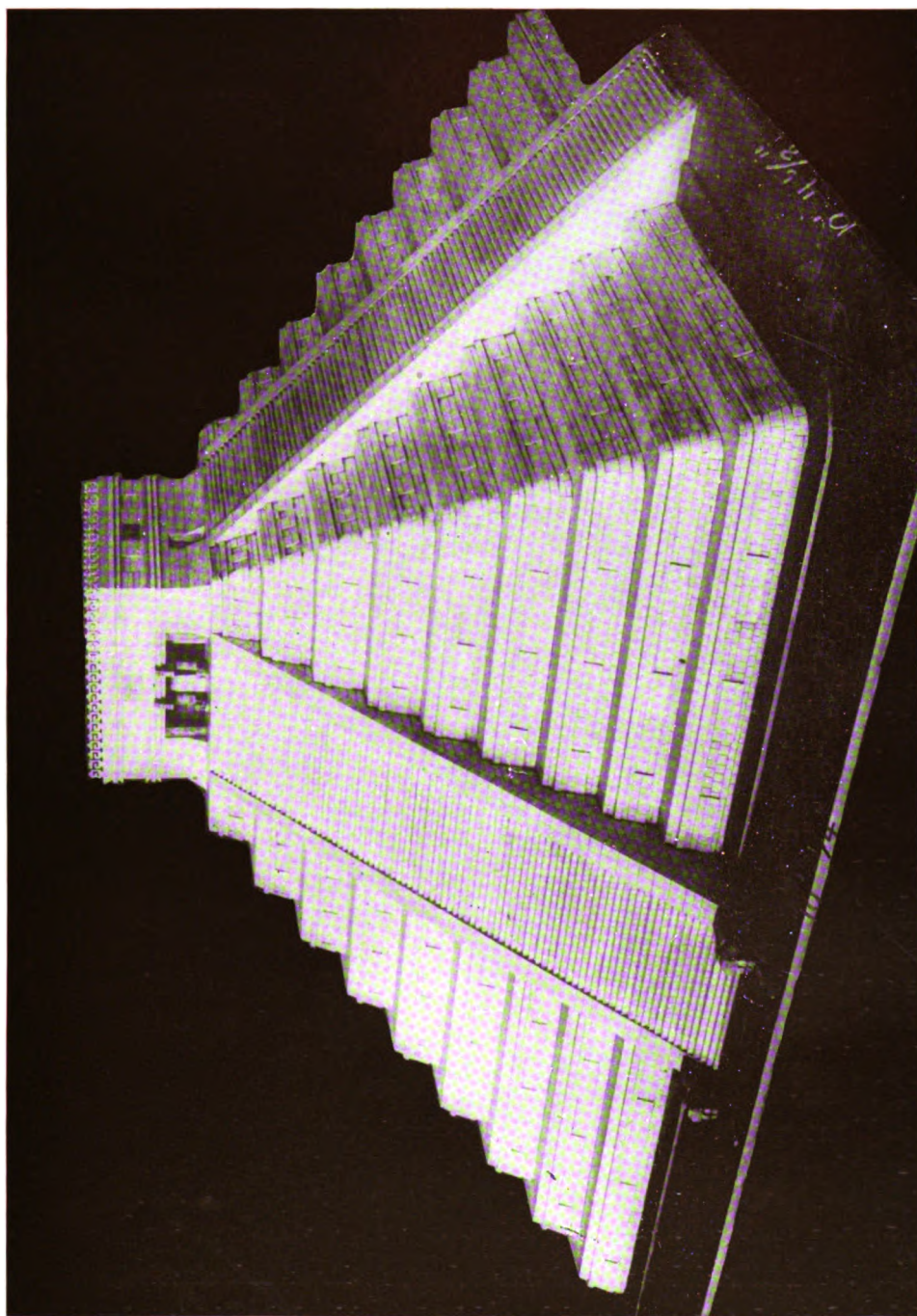
Nothing could be set down as final with reference to the date of any Central American city in terms of the Christian calendar. In the subject of Maya chronology there is little agreement among students. Certain authorities, who are worthy of the highest respect, date the Maya cities as early as the twelfth century B. C. Others place them in the early part of the Christian era.

Without entering upon a discussion of this subject, the writer is disposed to fix the period represented by the monuments in this exhibit, within the first thousand years of our era. During the first half of this millennium civilization flourished in Central America, attained its zenith, and during the latter half, through causes unknown to us, decline occurred.

Among the older cities are Copan, Quirigua, Tikal, and Palenque: the later are Chichen Itza, Uxmal, and other cities of Northern Yucatan. When America was first seen by the Europeans, the Central American cities lay in ruins in the jungles, as they do now.

Evidences of a long period prior to the setting up of the sculptured monuments and the inscriptions of hieroglyphic tablets are now being found in Guatemala. No proof exists to show that this civilization was derived from Egypt or the Orient. On the contrary, it appears certain that during a period of many centuries it arose, flourished, and declined upon the soil of Central America. In this it resembled the Egyptian, which ran its entire course in the Valley of the Nile.

It is customary to speak of the people of all the Central American cities as the Mayas, but that they were all of one stock cannot be claimed with certainty. It could not be proven that the people of Copan and Quirigua in the Motagua Valley spoke the same language or that they were the same stock as the people of the cities of Yucatan or the Usamacinta Valley in Mexico. The fact that they used the same architectural principles in building and the same hieroglyphic symbols is not conclusive of linguistic or ethnic identity. In the Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico it is not uncommon to find two Indian towns less than twenty miles apart where the people speak entirely



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MODEL OF THE TEMPLE OF SACRIFICE, CHICHEN ITZA, YUCATAN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SCULPTURAL MONUMENT, QUIRIGUA, GUATEMALA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

STELA H, COPAN
From Maudslay's *Archaeologia*



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

TABLET OF THE SUN ALTAR
Bas-relief from the Temple of the Sun, Palenque, Mexico

different languages, yet build their houses and sanctuaries in the same way, and use the same symbolic characters.

The ancient cities of Central America may properly be spoken of as "Temple Cities." Among the ruined buildings there is little to suggest residential use or domestic life. It is probable that the ancient people lived much as do those of the present time, in houses of bamboo, or other light material, thatched with palm. This civilization was profoundly religious in character, a trait of the entire American Indian race. With probably no other people known has religious ceremony been so generally intermingled with all the activities of life. As the condition of society called for nothing elaborate in residence building, so, also, the political organization was such as to require little in the way of public building for civic purposes. Monarchy was unknown. The government was theocratic and republican in character. There was no splendor of courts and no state government to provide for.

But religious life was highly organized. Everything else was subservient. The mysteries of the priesthood necessitated sanctuaries, shrines, altars, gorgeous vesture, and representations of gods. Imposing ceremonies, processions, and rituals demanded temples, sacred precincts, and facilities for the display of magic power with which to awe the populace. The building of a city meant the erection of temples and statues and their embellishment with images, inscriptions, and symbolic decorations.

Never before have the noble works of the Mayas been given such a setting as here in the Exposition of San Diego, and never before have they been presented in such perfection. Some of us dare to hope that this is the beginning of a general awakening to the importance of a great people, possibly to the opening up of a veritable treasure-house of knowledge, long obscured but not destined to perpetual oblivion.



WHAT with the great war, and the serious earthquakes in Turkey and Italy, some predictions regarding the years 1915-16 look in a fair way of fulfilment. What causes earthquakes? Tectonic action, in most cases, would be the reply. And what causes that? Readjustments of stress on fault lines. But what is the cause of these? Oh, we don't really know, you know! F.

LA FORCE MYSTÉRIEUSE*: par J. Charpentier

(Rédaction de *La Vie*, Paris).



SOUS ce titre, M. J-H. Rosny, dont nous avons eu l'honneur de préciser ici l'œuvre et son caractère scientifique, vient de publier un nouveau livre, qui — indépendamment de sa beauté littéraire — s'impose à l'admiration par l'originalité de son sujet, l'intérêt supérieur du problème qu'il soulève.

Nous sommes en plein XX^{me} siècle, en pleine efflorescence de cette civilisation, tout entière édifiée sur les découvertes de notre génie pratique et qui aveugle à ce point notre orgueil que nous croyons, enfin, avoir asservi la matière. . .

Nouveau Prométhée, l'homme s'affirme désormais le maître des éléments. Nul miracle ne saurait s'accomplir qu'il n'ait provoqué, et seulement enthousiaste de ceux qu'il réalise chaque jour, il cesse de s'étonner des plus prodigieux, tel celui de sa naissance et de la perpétuation de son espèce. . .

Mais voilà qu'un soir, tandis qu'il s'apprête à aller rendre visite à son maître — le vieux physicien Langre —, le chimiste Georges Meyral s'avise, devant son miroir, que son image est traversée de zones brumeuses et que la lumière semble atteinte d'une maladie indéfinissable.

Dans le laboratoire de Langre, le prisme, interrogé, décèle un empiètement du rouge sur l'orangé, du jaune sur le vert, comme si la lumière était dédoublée sur tout le parcours du spectre. . .

Perplexes, les deux savants hésitent à admettre l'hypothèse d'une intervention énergétique extérieure, hypothèse que semble cependant justifier l'exaltation croissante des gens dans les rues. Des passants, pris de colères aussi soudaines qu'inexplicables, se précipitent les uns sur les autres et se livrent à des pugilats. Bientôt, un vent de révolte soulève en tourbillons furieux la populace des faubourgs. Toutes les haines accumulées par le prolétariat éclatent: l'émeute s'enfle en révolution; pelotons de police et escouades de cavalerie se heurtent aux foules ouvrières; le sang coule, les cadavres jonchent les ruisseaux. . . Et, par toute la planète, le même délire tragique qui secoue Paris provoque d'effroyables tueries. Tout entière, l'humanité subit l'effet de cette perturbation de la lumière que Langre et Meyral ont constatée sans pouvoir en déterminer la cause.

Et l'évolution du phénomène continue. . .

* Librairie Plon, Paris.

Après la période de fièvre qui les a jetés en assassins les uns contre les autres, les hommes entrent dans une phase de dépression profonde et meurent par centaines de milliers. . .

— Il y a une anomalie dans le violet. . n'a pu qu'observer Meyral. Un peu plus tard, il note un accroissement de la zone verte du spectre, accroissement auquel correspond un réveil de l'humanité.

La vie reprend, et c'est par toute la terre une véritable résurrection. La gamme du spectre chante comme par le passé: vert, bleu, indigo. . .

— Le soleil!

Le feu reparait dans les foyers éteints, les hauts fourneaux se rallument; trains et navires sillonnent encore une fois notre vieux globe, encore frémissant de ce cataclysme qui a failli détruire l'espèce animale et sur laquelle les savants ne peuvent hasarder que des conjectures. . .

Cependant, des signes bizarres et qui, jusqu'alors, ne s'étaient jamais produits, se manifestent et, peu à peu, se précisent. . . Bêtes et gens éprouvent l'impérieux besoin de se grouper. Une anomalie nouvelle se déclare. Non que le flux qui a déferlé sur la planète agisse encore. . . Mais parce que les forces interplanétaires en s'attaquant aux forces terrestres et solaires ont suscité chez celles-ci, par réaction, des énergies potentielles, dont l'espèce humaine va avoir à subir les effets. Des taches *vivantes*, apparaissent sur la peau des hommes qui deviennent incapables, non seulement de s'éloigner au-delà d'une certaine distance, les uns des autres, mais de se séparer des animaux de leur entour. Dès lors, l'impossibilité de se nourrir de viande s'impose, et cette impossibilité provoque une nouvelle crise — *la crise carnivore*. Avides de sang, les individus d'un groupe s'attaquent à ceux d'un autre groupe pour les dévorer, sous peine de mourir en proie à d'affreuses souffrances. Quant à Meyral, s'il lui faut, au prix d'une résistance meurtrière, défendre ses compagnons contre l'assaut des gens d'un village voisin, du moins les sauve-t-il du carnivorisme en les nourrissant de champignons dans la forêt. Il a découvert qu'une même substance, une même forme d'énergie — celles, justement, que semble réclamer l'organisme humain — se trouvent être commune à la viande et à la plante parasitaire, et il en nourrit les individus de son groupe, leur permettant ainsi d'attendre par ce moyen le rétablissement de l'équilibre planétaire. Celui-ci ne tarde pas à avoir lieu. Assez rapidement la vie normale reprend. Les journaux reparaissent; les

hommes cessent d'éprouver le besoin de se grouper, il leur redevient loisible de se détacher de leur entour et les relations les plus lointaines se rétablissent entre eux. Cette fois, le cauchemar est bien fini. Un congrès scientifique qui rassemble tous les savants du monde se propose l'étude des redoutables phénomènes dont l'humanité a failli mourir. Ce congrès, Langre le préside. Il y précise, avec tant de bonheur, les causes de la maladie de la lumière, qu'on l'acclame et qu'il connaît enfin la gloire qui l'avait jusqu'alors oublié. Dirai-je que, de son côté, Meyral qui aime la fille de son vieux maître, a le bonheur de la voir partager ses sentiments à l'issue de la crise que vient de traverser l'humanité?

Il importe peu, en vérité. Le triomphe intellectuel de Langre, le triomphe sentimental de son élève, nous paraissent des incidents bien mesquins, comparativement au formidable cataclysme auquel nous venons d'assister.

C'est comme une espèce de grâce que la destinée leur accorde, et dont on serait presque enclin à sourire. . .

Le drame, ici, est en dehors et au-dessus des passions humaines. Il les domine et les commande. Il repose sur une hypothèse qui s'appuie elle-même sur les données les plus rigoureusement scientifiques, et cette hypothèse est celle-ci: Une énergie interplanétaire peut-elle, en s'interposant entre le soleil et nous, provoquer une maladie de la lumière?

Malgré tout ce que nous savons, ou ce que nous croyons savoir de l'immortalité ou de la stabilité des manifestations physiques et chimiques de la nature, celles-ci sont-elles susceptibles de perturbations comme les phénomènes organiques? En d'autres termes, y a-t-il ou n'y a-t-il pas différence d'*essence* mais de *degré* seulement, entre la matière et les êtres organisés; et son équilibre peut-il ou ne peut-il pas, comme le leur, subir d'accidentels bouleversements?

Il le peut, répond M. J-H. Rosny. Et de cette supposition qu'il se plaît à faire et qui n'a d'égale à sa hardiesse que sa simplicité, il tire, avec la puissance d'imagination, la rigueur de logique que nous lui connaissons, les conséquences les plus inattendues et les plus considérables.

Supposition hasardeuse! Supposition vaine! se récrieront dédaigneusement les hommes de laboratoire. Hasardeuse, soit! et peut-être M. J-H. Rosny est-il le premier à la trouver telle; mais vaine. . .

il suffit d'y réfléchir un instant pour voir quelles perspectives elle ouvre immédiatement devant l'esprit.

Admettez, en effet, que l'hypothèse de M. Rosny se réalise et considérez quelles conséquences peuvent résulter pour les habitants de la planète d'une altération de la lumière: voyez comme leur état physique et mental, comme les conditions de leur existence se modifient brusquement parce que les rayons violets du spectre se défendent mal contre les vibrations hélicoïdales qui les frappent. . . C'est l'écroulement de toutes les certitudes sur lesquelles notre science et notre philosophie s'appuient. . . Si la maladie est la règle, pourquoi le monde physique et chimique y fait-il exception? Quelle est la cause ou la raison de cette exception et comment évoluerions-nous sans elle? Ne peut-on la faire valoir pour affirmer l'existence d'une harmonie universelle et la possibilité du libre-arbitre? . . . J'abrège. Aussi bien, M. J-H. Rosny ne pose-t-il aucune de ces questions. Il suffit qu'il ait conçu l'hypothèse de cette rencontre de notre univers avec un univers différent de forme et de composition pour qu'elles se posent d'elles-mêmes devant nous. Et telle est la grandeur du rôle qu'assume, vis-à-vis de la science trop prudente et de la philosophie souvent hésitante, le génie hardiment spéculatif du savant-poète. C'est à lui, comme nous le disions ici même, puisque la science se refuse à sortir de l'observation la plus stricte et de la classification la plus rigoureuse, qu'il appartient de s'évader par l'intuition des banales certitudes et de découvrir à l'intelligence de nouvelles possibilités, de nouveaux rapports. Ceux que nous pouvons dégager de *La Force Mystérieuse* et des méditations qu'elle nous inspire, sont infinis.

Par la poésie sublime, *philosophique* de cette dernière œuvre M. J-H. Rosny aîné s'affirme le *Vatès* de la littérature française de ce temps.



THE myth [of Prometheus] belongs to neither Hesiod nor Aeschylus; but, as Bunsen says, it "is older than the Hellenes themselves," for it belongs, in truth, to the dawn of human consciousness. The *Crucified* Titan is the personified symbol of the collective Logos, the "Host," and of the "Lords of Wisdom" or the HEAVENLY MAN, who incarnated in Humanity. — *The Secret Doctrine*, ii, 413.

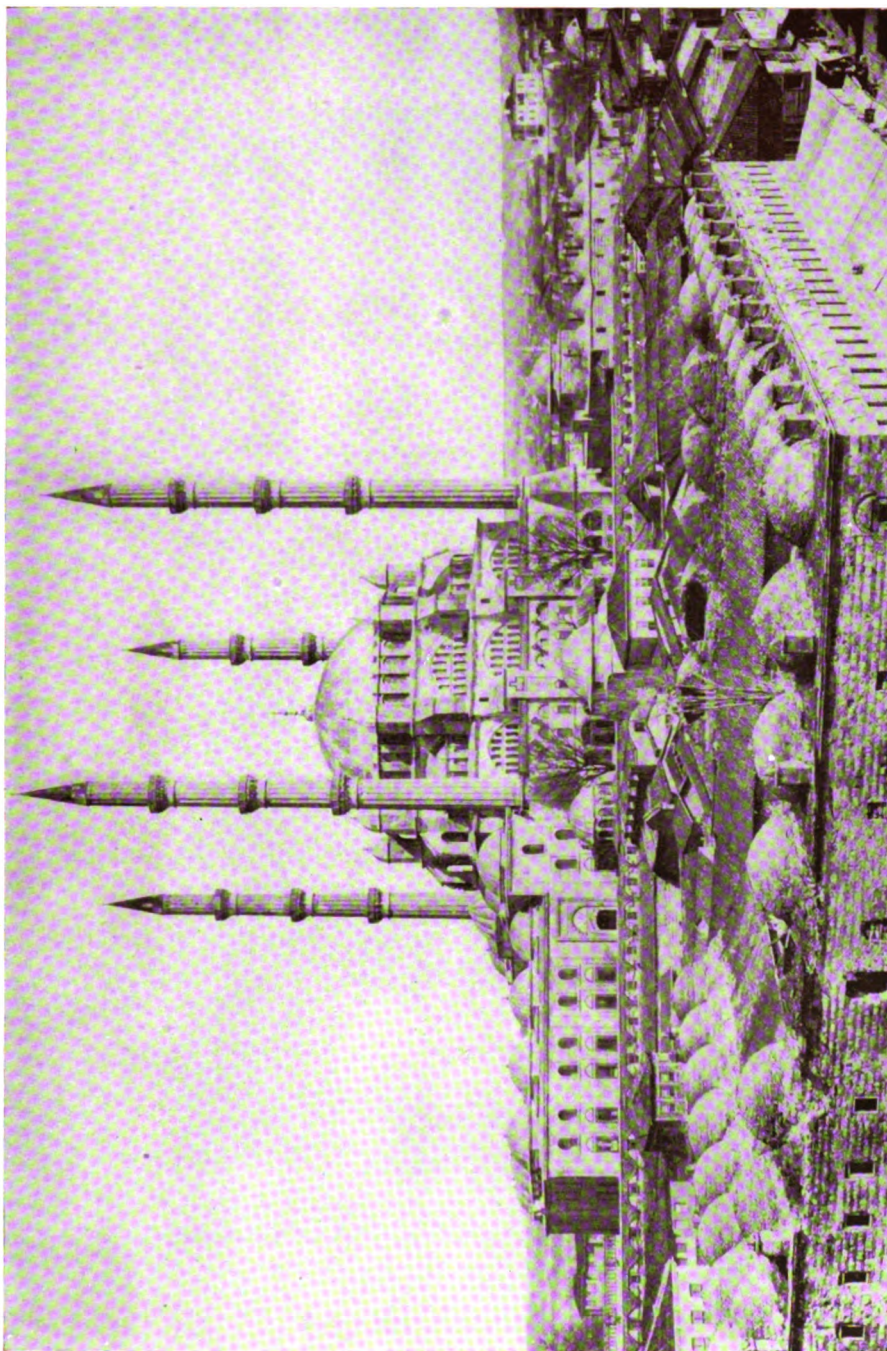
THE MOSQUE OF SULTÂN SELIM II AT ADRIANOPLE: by C. J. Ryan



THOUGH comparatively few tourists or students visit Adrianople, it is, next to Constantinople, the most important city in the Turkish empire. It possesses several interesting mosques, one of which, that of Selim II, is considered to rank among the finest buildings in the world. Adrianople is of great antiquity and has seen many changes in ownership; it narrowly escaped passing out of the hands of the Turks after its capture during the late Balkan war. The Roman emperor Hadrian altered its name from Uskadama to Hadrianopolis and greatly improved the city. Taken by the Turks in 1360, it was their seat of government from 1366 to 1453. The city is an important manufacturing center with an active general trade, and the surrounding country is very fertile. The population is about 150,000.

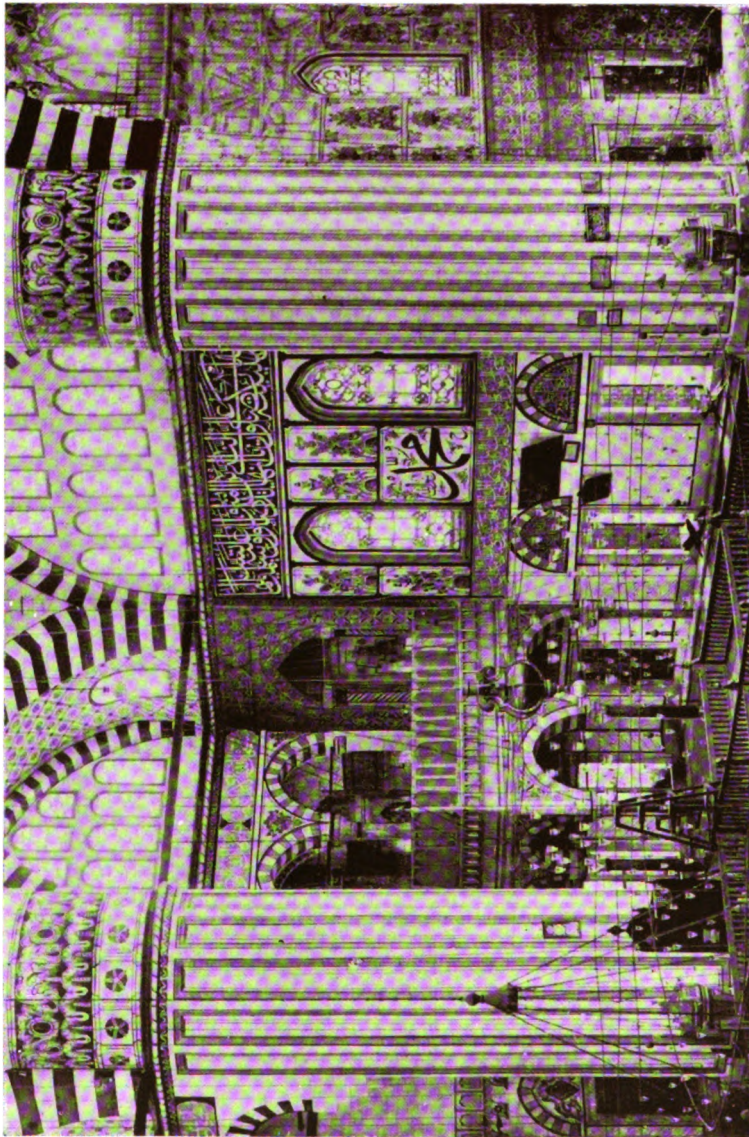
The great mosque of Selim II was built in the sixteenth century and its general principles of design follow those of the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople. Its four slender minarets are of the usual Turkish type, with sharply pointed "extinguisher" roofs. It is considered remarkable that the Turks should have persevered in adhering to this type of minaret after so many more beautiful forms had been introduced by their co-religionists in other countries, particularly Egypt.

The primitive types of mosque consisted of an open platform with a wall at the end towards Mecca which became more ornate when the mosque developed into a court enclosed by four walls. Then a domed porch or recess was added, usually containing the tomb of the founder, and a *mihrâb* or niche marked the exact direction of Mecca. A fine example of this type is the mosque of Sultân Hassân at Cairo. In northern climates a roof became a necessity, and, after the taking of Constantinople in 1453 the transformation of Byzantine churches into Mohammedan mosques introduced a new style of mosque design. It is a striking testimony to the intelligence of the Turks and their appreciation of good art that, after the capture of Constantinople, they recognized the beauty and fitness of the original and unique church of St. Sophia, built by Anthemios for Justinian in 537, and used it as the prototype of their own places of worship. Practically all the hundreds of mosques erected in and around Constantinople since it became Turkish are nothing but variations of the melody composed by Anthemios in his fine creation. In strange contrasts to this it



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THE GREAT MOSQUE OF SELIM II, ADRIANOPLE. VIEW FROM THE WEST
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INTERIOR OF THE GREAT MOSQUE OF SELIM II, ADRIANOPOLE
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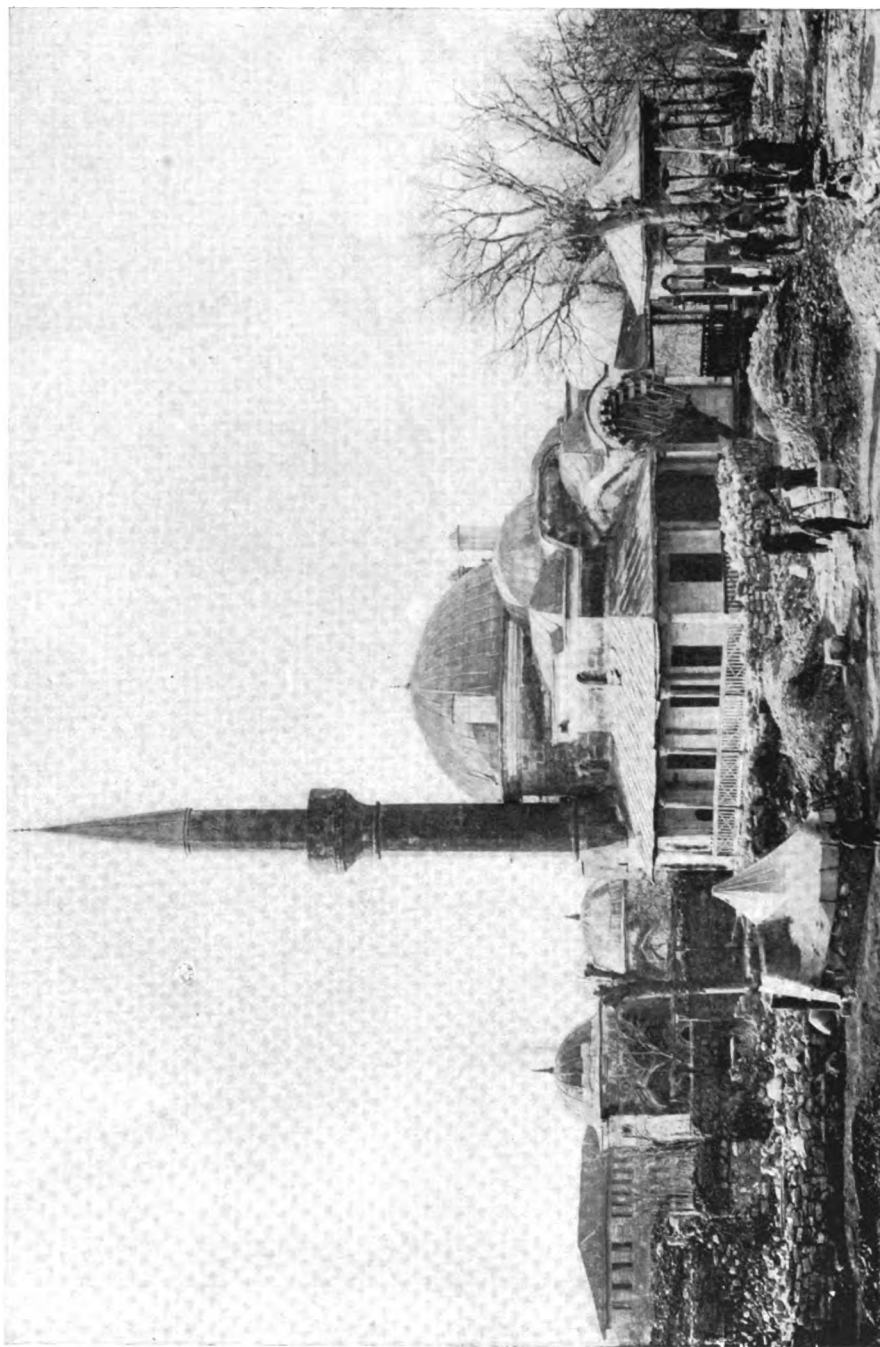


UETSH SHIEREFLI TEMPLE, ADRIANOPLE. VIEW FROM THE NORTHWEST



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THE MOSQUE OF SULTÂN MURAD II, ADRIANOPLE
By permission from *Orientalisches Archiv*.



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HURADI TEMPLE, ADRIANOPIE.
By permission from *Orientalisches Archiv.*

is noteworthy that the Christian architects do not seem to have appreciated the remarkable beauty and originality of St. Sophia's, for no direct copy of it by Christian hands exists. When, after the troubles of the seventh and eighth centuries, the Greeks again took to the building of churches, they chose entirely different forms. Even St. Mark's at Venice, which is often spoken of as a church of Oriental design, has far too many western characteristics associating it with the indigenous French and Italian styles to allow it to be considered a near relative of St. Sophia's. The Venetian cathedral is built on the plan of a cross; the five great domes which give it a superficially Asiatic look outside are not part of the original design but were added late in the Middle Ages, and there is no trace of the half-dome and pendentive principle which is so characteristic of St. Sophia.

An important part of the furnishing of a mosque is the drinking fountain, for the distribution of water is one of the "good works" which form an indispensable part of the practical religion of Mohammed. A fountain is necessary for the ablutions which must precede prayer. It is usually designed with great taste, covered with a domed roof and shaded by ornamental trees. The sentence from the Qu'rân "By water all things live," a text which contains more than a superficial meaning, is found on many of these fountains.

The services held in the mosques are very simple, in fact they are little more than convenient and quiet places for prayer and meditation, though of course sermons are delivered in them at times. But there is no elaborate ritual, for Islâm is not controlled by an ecclesiastical priesthood in the Western acceptation of the term. Mohammedan ministers of religion perform no act that could not be as well performed by any man in the congregation. It is somewhat different with the dervishes, who have instrumental music, incense, and ceremonial, at some of their services, and who provide the element of poetry and emotion for their devotees. The dervishes are, however, the most advanced and liberal of the followers of Mohammed. In the most important Orders the candidate for full enlightenment cannot take the higher degrees until he is prepared to abandon formal ritual worship for inner communion with his divine nature or higher self, and to recognize that the dogmas and formulas of exoteric creeds are only necessary for those who are on the first steps of the Path and are not illuminated interiorly by meditation and the practice of virtue and charity to all men. A lesson some others might well follow.

COUNT SAINT-GERMAIN IN VIENNA: by P. A. M.

XIII



COUNT Saint-Germain knew Vienna very well indeed. In fact, his "official" entry into France and his personal intimacy with the kings was due to an introduction by a powerful Viennese nobleman to the French Marshal de Belle Isle. But his French history is a story in itself.

What was he and what was his business? He was an occultist, but not of the bogus variety so well known in these days. His occultism was chiefly his humanitarianism. All he did led to humanitarian ends. He was also a Freemason. But his object was to help these people to help the world. He knew what was "true masonry" and and the "unknown master" of the same.

It is not our purpose to manipulate the records of this remarkable humanitarian and so we give them as they stand, merely taking the occasion to make a few remarks, by way of guidance, elucidation, and suggestion.

There is extant a book of sketches of Vienna life published by Franz Gräffer at Vienna. This man speaks much of Count Saint-Germain the "Wonderman." There were two brothers Gräffer, and Franz says that his brother Rudolph was rich. They seem to have kept a bookstore on the same lines as the famous one in Paris in the days of the Revolution, which was a literary and news club and the journal of which furnishes us with much interesting history of the day. Being a bookseller did not mean that Gräffer was not one of the prominent men of the capital in his own sphere.

The brothers were really disciples of Saint-Germain and it can hardly be doubted that they knew much more about him than he permitted them to tell. There is a suggestion of this in one of Franz Gräffer's sketches, which he writes because he feels the impulse after many years, not because he did not know that he had an interesting story to tell long before. His pictures are dramatic and striking and one is inclined to suspect that the peculiarities of style are intentional — repelling those who look upon what he has to say as mere literary entertainment, and attracting those who know how to gather a hint here and there to put into the mosaic of the inspiring and symbolical life of that great character whose name when published at his death was to "astonish Europe."

It is a long time ago; more than a hundred years. And yet the

picture is true, as it is true to every age. The genuine "Helper of Humanity" surrounded by the gold-mongers, the bogus alchemists, the fantastic enthusiasts, the dabblers in the weird, which they mis-call the "occult," the unhealthy seekers after moon-magic which leads to lunacy indeed, mentally and otherwise.

It may not be out of place to indicate one or two of Saint-Germain's purposes. A Knower of the universal science, he could express it in the universal way — a language which is of no country. His production of a magic forest and magic deer from their "seed" is a beautiful ideogram of the creative genius of which men are capable. But it had the remarkable effect of bringing the great von Swieten a humble suppliant to the teacher. Von Swieten was no fool — and he seems to have thought more than he said.

It is interesting to note that Linné was honored with Saint-Germain's friendship. Who knows how much the world owes to the Count in the knowledge of botany through the famous Linnaeus?

The story of Montaigne about Maria Germain who was such a hoyden that she turned into a boy during her romping, is amusing as an anecdote, and none better than Saint-Germain would have known how to use it in half a dozen different ways. He was a great joker with people who were not serious, and what easier than to turn off with a laugh — against himself, perhaps — awkward questions? It is evident that there was some foundation for his reputation for an immense age. His private pupils, under the seal of secrecy, would know well the doctrine of Reincarnation. His memory of former lives would be vaguely put down as memories of his actual life; his age really was remarkable also; so remarkable that those who suspected the truth were none too anxious to lay themselves open to their friends' badinage by asserting their belief too loudly. Then again this half-concealing, half-revealing of the great truth of Reincarnation had a double effect. It made people think, and those who knew enough to think, frequently knew enough to seek what other teaching he had to give them. Fortunate they if they could also give the passport of a clean heart and devote their knowledge and energy to humanity's welfare alone! His store of knowledge for such was unlimited.

We glimpse another phase of his character; that of preparing the seeds of character which were to blossom later in world-flowers. He kept his eye on Mesmer, on Louis XV and Louis XVI and on the unfortunate daughter of Maria Theresa, Marie Antoinette. It was a

strange situation: Saint-Germain protecting the daughter of the Empress.

There was a strange puzzle about the Count's industrial experiments and inventions. He had diamonds and jewels worth millions, and yet he busied himself with inventions which some said were of untold value to industry and others said were always failures. The secret seems to have been that they were opportunities and that they succeeded or failed in exact proportion to the student's own worth. As one writer said, he declared that the failures were due to faulty manipulation, while the writer *knew* (!) that the ingredients were to blame. We shall have more to say of this elsewhere.

No apology would be needed for quoting a dozen times the remark "Let all these gentlemen (there is an army of them) study men more than books and they will discover secrets which are not to be found in Homer's golden chain."

The true explanation of the remark about the cessation of time and the "destruction of the world" scarcely comes within the province of the science of today, but the scientists of tomorrow will realize that it is based on sound knowledge. One has to remember that the Count was talking to a "Companion." There are more senses than one in which it may well be said that "time" has been compressed into a fraction of its eighteenth-century scope and that the old order has passed or is passing away, giving place to the new. "Behold I make all things new," says the Mystic of a former age.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE XVIIITH CENTURY

Among the famous group of physical and chemical researchers who distinguished Vienna in the eighteenth century, and who worked privately to avoid the humbugs and frauds so inevitably associated with this work, were the brothers Franz and Rudolph Gräffer, as above said. Franz leaves us some curious details of one or two picturesque incidents connected with the group. His brother was rich, a successful inventor, and acquainted with all the people of note who visited Vienna, and he himself was a literary man of some reputation. The natural secrecy of their experiments was very well kept for many years, but long afterwards Franz tells us some of their proceedings. He says:

"My tale . . . is entirely from memory. A peculiar, irresistible

feeling has compelled me to write the preceding once more after so long an interval, just today, 15th June, 1843.

"One more remark: there is reason to believe that no one has yet been able to report this incident. . . ."

No actual date is given for the occurrence recorded, but it should not be difficult to trace it, since the details give enough to form a good idea. It was roughly before or about 1775 or 1780 and almost certainly before 1785.

Speaking of the motley pack of seekers, genuine, fanatical, and fraudulent, Gräffer says:

"An unknown man had twice been present at the proceedings of that group; unintentionally contributing to their unmasking. . . ."

"A noble enlightened spirit, one of the highest men in the country, had received instant news of this proceeding. It approached midnight."

He entered a sedan-chair, two torchbearers in front, two following.

At the "Wildmann" hostel in the Karntnerstrasse they halted.

"Where is the room of the stranger who is to leave early in the morning?"

He mounted a wooden staircase. . . . The room was without light, but a manly figure could be distinguished by a faint, peculiar light. He rose, moved a little candlestick and the room burst into flame. . . .

"No danger, mein Herr; it is combustible air, gas. You will have it in the next century; it will be common. What you see here is only an anticipation."

On the table, which was covered with writing materials, there was a layer of thin rectangular plates of silver.

"I am not here to inquire who you are," the visitor said, the picture of the Empress (Maria Theresa) shining forth from his breast in its bediamonded frame. "I could and perhaps ought to do so, but it is not that, honored Sir. The Man, as such, is of little importance, but his spiritual or moral power makes him remarkable and distinguished."

"We understand one another, mein Herr," replied the stranger. "You wish for information as to my power."

"Yes, your knowledge must be extraordinary."

(There follows a remarkable account of many things shown to

the visitor and then as a little excuse for taking so much time the stranger said:)

"In order not to be surprised by the ladies, I will make you a keepsake for them of my portrait."

With these words he took one of the thin silver plates and looked steadily at it close by the light of the candle, as one looks in a mirror. He handed the plate to the cavalier; it was an exact portrait of the magician.

How much astonished the latter was!

But the stranger said: "This discovery is also merely an anticipation, like all my inventions. People are struck only by the yet undiscovered, the yet uninvented."

The cavalier was quite absorbed in contemplation of the picture.

"Inexplicable! incomprehensible!" he exclaimed repeatedly. "You are right: Everything is only anticipation, priority alone makes the distinction: the first time, the beginning. The mythological gods were men centuries before the others discover things in physics."

"Yes, and you will have Daedalus and better in the next century. Every child has long known how to make thunder and lightning. This art of facsimile portrait-making will be discovered by a Frenchman. The people of Vienna, always full of talent, will carry it to the point of producing them in color." . . .

The magician said, "You have now seen and heard something of the things that are possible. How long and happily would men live if they had this before their eyes:

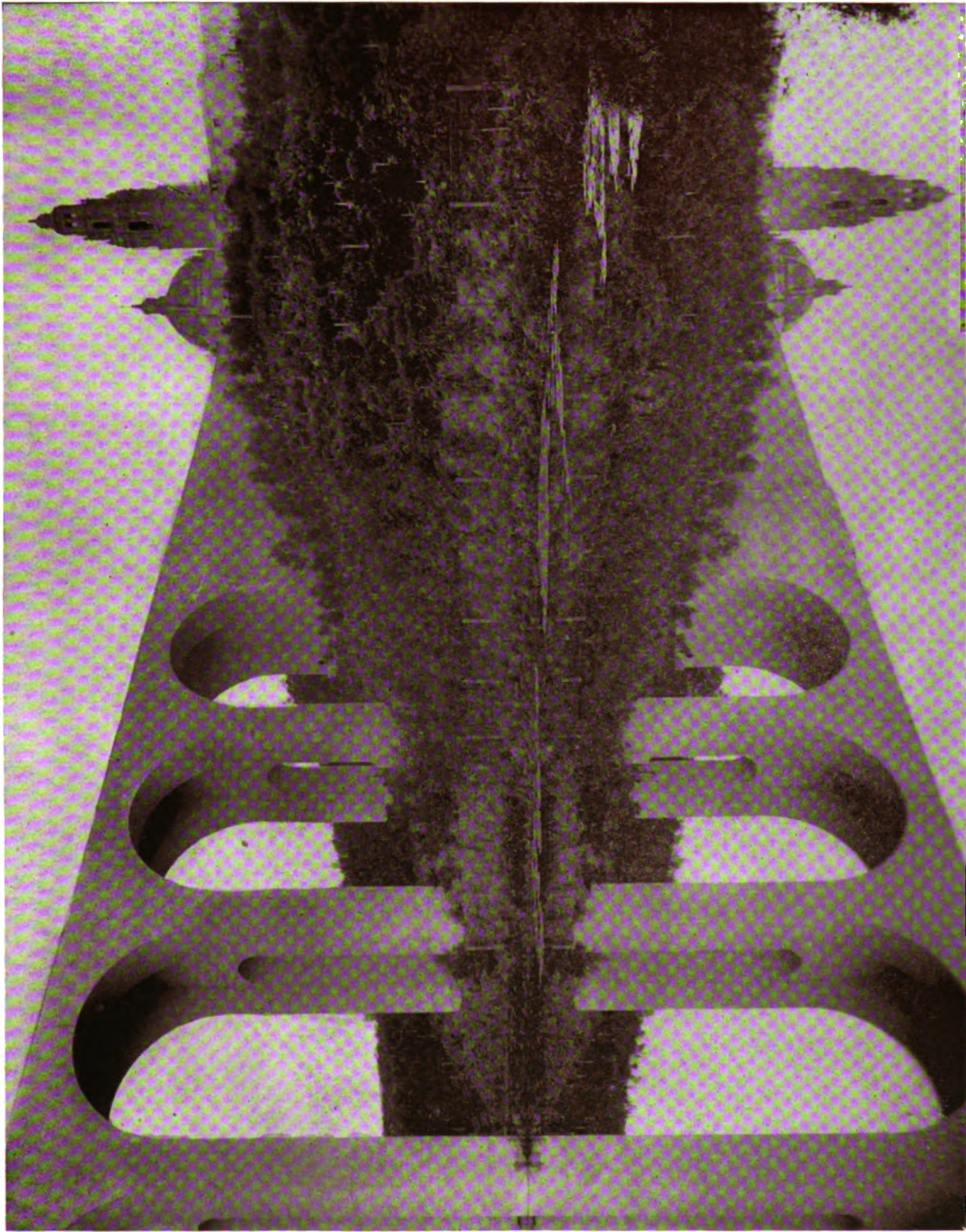
"Animal and spiritual, the highest thing in life is strength alone. Educate and beautify yourselves, your lives."

Having said this he stepped into the recess. The cavalier left.

Next day, the landlord said, "Last night, a gentleman from the Imperial Court was with the wonderful Unknown. . . ."

The great Swieten, whose ashes rest by those of Kings in the chapel of Saint Augustine. . . .

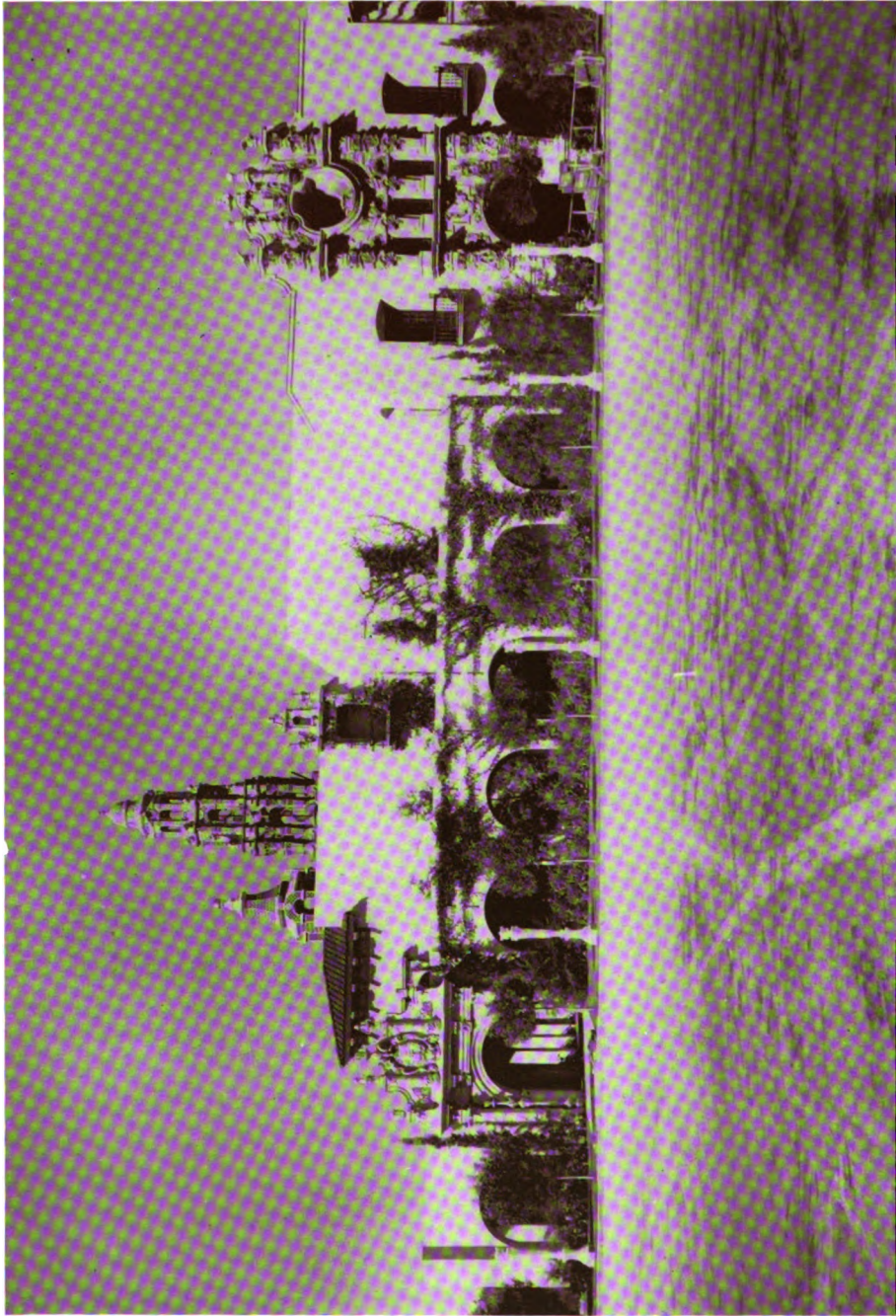
Comment should hardly be necessary, but we may say that the "process" does not pretend to be the same as any commercial process ever used; it was a symbol in fact, and there is reason to believe that a similar thing has been done in recent times. Nor does it pretend to be described by a scientist. For the rest it may be sufficient to say that the Unknown was the misrepresented and misunderstood inventor and master-musician, "Count Saint-Germain."



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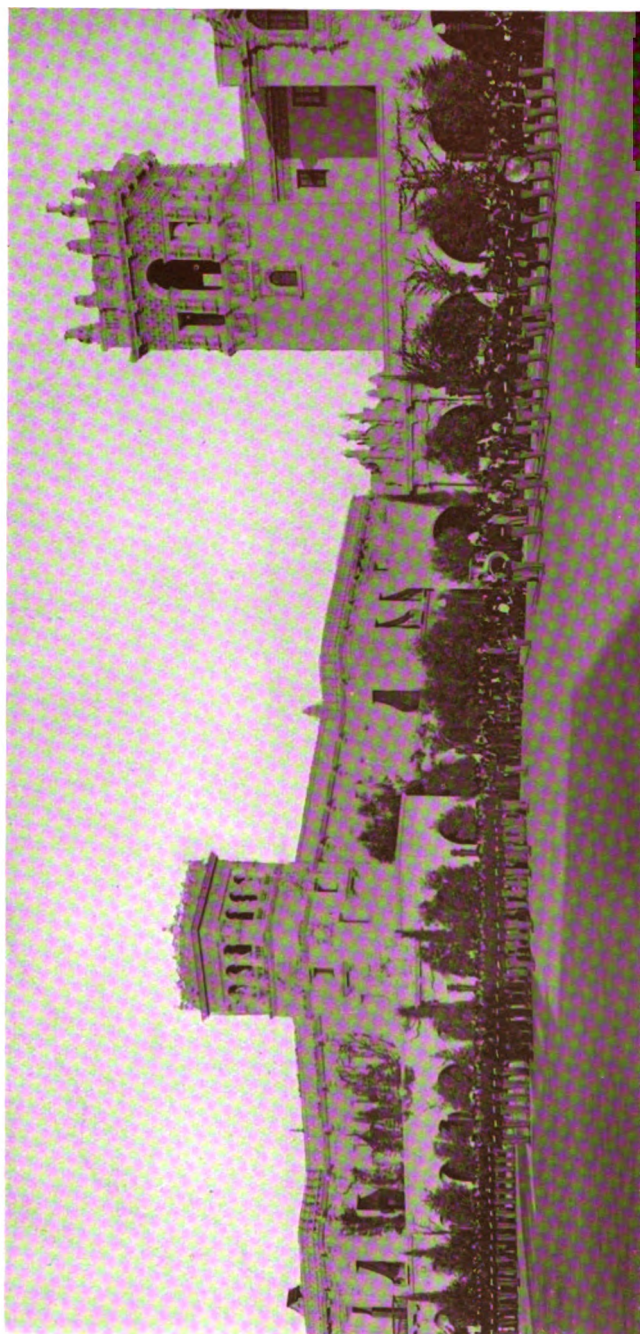
VIEWS OF THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
THE LAGUNA CABRILLO



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SCIENCE AND EDUCATION BUILDING, FROM THE EAST



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A PARADE OF U. S. MARINES IN THE PLAZA DE PANAMA



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FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN THE PLAZA DE PANAMA
(Photo. by Stineman)



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IN THE "PAINTED DESERT" OF THE SANTA FÉ, ON THE GROUNDS OF THE SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION
THE SANDSTONE CLIFFS IN THE DISTANCE



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LOOKING WESTWARD IN EL PRADO

THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, 1915: by Observer



EVER has an Exposition begun with such a happy augury as did the Panama-California Exposition in San Diego on the night of December 31st, 1914. The soft balmy air of Southern California, the exquisite brightness of the full moon, the incomparable site, and the handsome buildings all complete (and this is the first Exposition in the United States of which this can be said on the opening day), the distinguished guests, the gay throngs, of whom thirty thousand passed through the gates on the opening night — all contributed to make the event memorable, and worthy of the occasion which it celebrated, namely, the opening of the Panama Canal.

New Year's Day dawned bright and clear, not a cloud in the sky, the birds were singing, the flowers were in bloom — for all the world it was like a day in June, and the city and the Exposition gave a right royal welcome to their thousands of guests. At the Exposition there were speeches and congratulations, and then more congratulations. San Diego had taken her place as a new-world Mecca, she had won her right to be regarded as one of earth's most favored spots.

Among the distinguished officials who were present at the Exposition were the following: Hon. William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, representative of President Wilson, Mr. G. A. Davidson, President of the Panama-California Exposition, John Barrett, Director-General of the Pan-American Union, representing the American republics, Count Del Valle de Salazar, representative of the King of Spain, Hiram W. Johnson, Governor of California, Oswald West, Governor of Oregon, William Spry, Governor of Utah, William G. McDonald, Governor of New Mexico, representatives of the Governors of Arizona and Nevada, the Mayors of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, San Diego and other cities, as well as other distinguished people.

The Exposition site is magnificent, and large advantage has been taken of it. That upper part of San Diego, that looks back on to the mountains, none so fair, and forward over the lower city to the sea, to the promontory of Point Loma, and to certain dim violet islands afar — well, it has wonderful and exquisite possibilities. The views are beautiful, in quite a whole-hearted and soul-satisfying way. Then Balboa Park is peculiarly blessed in the possession of its many canyons,

Plant the slopes of these with trees; span this one with a bridge; set a balustrade along the brink of that one, and a walk behind the balustrade: and — you have really produced very wonderful results, of a kind you will not readily obtain elsewhere. One may go further and say that outside Southern California, and inside the United States, nothing like them are to be obtained at all.

So that this Exposition is a thing to see, really so, by those who hunger and thirst after Beauty: who long for deeper and more luminous revelations of it to enter into our sordid and foolish civilization and redeem that from the curse of greed and strife. There is something promising, something surprising and hopeful. The grounds are saying a very great deal indeed.

California has in truth a tremendous revelation to make to the world. In addition to what has already been said this is borne in upon one also in the many interesting exhibits of the products of Southern California. In the Art Galleries one notes that painter after painter has been constrained to try to paint rather with light than with pigment. You must roll a million kinds of glories into the one word *Romance*; such is the paucity of our language, due to the poverty of our perceptions. There is a wonderful wizardry of the sun in California; an inwardness in the mountains and wide valleys; an ancient mysterious beauty behind the outward glories of form and light and jewelish color. One can look forward a thousand years, and imagine man here, grown to the stature of his surroundings: under the influence of spiritual ideas, having laid aside the modern restlessness, jerkiness, angularity, crudeness and intense greed, and grown *quiet* a little, reverent and sincere, with the beauty of the sunlight and the mountains soaked into his consciousness. Then there will be great Art, great and astonishing poetry, a civilization worthy of the name. Our descendants may attain to the majestic dignity of the Egyptians, the clearness and poise of the Greeks, the magical insight into nature of the great old Chinese of Tang and Sung times — plus something peculiar and Californian of their own: in all, a richness and beauty of culture of whose like history has no record. It is a long way ahead, to judge by the screaming, tearing, scragging ugliness of our present life; but there is promise of it. Such thoughts are borne in upon one at the San Diego Exposition; and therein, perhaps, lies its greatest value. The present writer must confess that he beheld in the exhibit from the Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, the core and

assurance of this promise; because nothing but the vigorous spirituality, the fundamental spiritual ideas, of Theosophy, can act as the leaven to bring California life up to its high possibilities.

When the idea was first broached of holding an Exposition in San Diego to commemorate the opening of the Panama Canal, Madame Tingley was among the first to give it support. Madame Tingley not only heartily endorsed the plan, but also gave it financial support. Adding her congratulations to those of others at the success of the opening, Madame Tingley sent the following telegram to the President of the Exposition.

Point Loma, California, January 1, 1915.

Mr. G. A. Davidson, President,
Panama-California Exposition,
San Diego, California.

Permit me to congratulate the Promoters, the Directors, the Officers, all of the Craftsmen and the Citizens of San Diego for the great achievement and splendid success of the Panama-California Exposition.

The establishment of the State and other permanent buildings and what they mean to the educational life of Southern California in general and to this community in particular is a promising augury for the future.

And the great open-air organ is a wonderful feature which must inspire all who hear it. The Exposition and the City are to be especially congratulated on Mr. Spreckel's generosity. Beyond all question the Exposition is an assured success for 1915.

(Signed) Katherine Tingley.

The following is the reply which Madame Tingley received in response to the above.

San Diego, California, January 2, 1915.

Your kind telegram of congratulations is deeply appreciated and the receipt of such spontaneous tribute as yours makes the Exposition officials feel that their labors have not been in vain. Best wishes for a prosperous New Year.

(Signed) G. A. Davidson, President.

The Theosophical Bureau at the Exposition is located in the Science and Education Building, next to the archaeological exhibit. It is like a bit of Lomaland transported to the Exposition Grounds. One of the features which attracts most attention is the paintings which Madame Tingley has loaned for the occasion from her Lomaland collection. These include three of the symbolic paintings of Mr. R. Macchell, former member of the Royal Society of British Artists, and now one of the directors of the Râja-Yoga College. These pictures,

entitled *The Path*, *'Tis Love that Makes the World go Round*, and *Parsifal*, have a wonderful coloring, while their symbolism, particularly that of the first named, draws one's gaze to them again and again.

Of a totally different character, but equally demanding attention, are the beautiful flower studies by Miss Edith White, one of Southern California's most noted flower artists. Miss White is also one of the art directors at the Râja-Yoga College.

There are also noteworthy pictures by Mr. Maurice Braun and Mr. Leonard Lester. Mr. Braun has for many years been exhibiting at the National Academy of Design, New York, and in the other large picture galleries throughout the country. In a masterly way Mr. Braun has put into his pictures, which are mainly landscape studies of Southern California, the sparkling atmosphere and brilliant sunshine that are so characteristic of this favored spot, and which so few artists have succeeded in catching.

Mr. Lester's work is represented by one painting of San Juan Hill, Cuba. This beautiful spot was purchased by Madame Tingley several years ago as a possible site for a Râja-Yoga College, and has since been laid out as a beautiful park. No attempt has been made to have a picture gallery, but the paintings just referred to have been loaned from Madame Tingley's collection to enhance the beauty of the Theosophical exhibit.

Here is also an exhibit of literature, the product of the Aryan Theosophical Press, which it is interesting to note received for its exhibit of Printing and Graphic Arts the gold prize at the Leipzig Exposition held from May to October, 1914. However, it is impossible to give any adequate idea of the work that is being carried on there. To do this one must visit and see for himself the International Theosophical Headquarters in their own beautiful setting at Lomaland. Here in a sense is a permanent exposition, and the many thousands of visitors who attend the Panama-California Exposition in San Diego will do well to include the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma as one of the points of interest not to be missed.

No description of the Panama-California Exposition would be complete without mention of the splendid open-air Organ, the gift of Mr. John D. Spreckels, one of San Diego's leading citizens, and of his brother, Mr. A. B. Spreckels, of San Francisco. The tone of the organ is magnificent, and the Exposition is indeed to be congratulated on having such a superb instrument. One of the prettiest sights

of the whole Exposition is the hundreds of pigeons in the Prado. On seeing them one's thoughts turn naturally to one of the most beautiful sights in Europe, the pigeons in St. Mark's Square in Venice. Except for the fact that the surrounding buildings are different one might imagine oneself in that old-world city.

Then, too, for both beauty and interest the Japanese exhibit and the rooms devoted to Indian life, ancient and recent, on this continent, should have special mention. Of the antiquities from Central America, we should say the most valuable feature of the whole Exposition, nothing need be said here save that their intrinsic educational value, and the method of their arrangement etc., are beyond praise. An article from the pen of Dr. Edgar Hewett, the Curator of this section, appears in this number of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. Then no one should miss seeing the Taos Pueblo in the Painted Desert, and the Indians themselves in their own surroundings.

Altogether it is a great achievement for a city the size of San Diego; it would be a great achievement even in a city of the first rank. There is much that is beautiful, much that is interesting, to be seen.

Other views of the Exposition, and additional notes will be published in future issues of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.



IN a recent remarkable address to the American Mathematical Society the speaker concluded by saying: "There was a time . . . when to speak of indestructible energy would have been rash. It was a glorious epoch when she first appeared in the full dignity of her conservative and infinite continuity. In contrast with this, the energy of the present day is scarcely recognizable. Not only has she possessed herself of inertia, but with ever stronger insistence she is usurping the atomic structure once believed to be among the very insignia of matter. Contemporaneously, matter itself, the massive, the indestructible, endowed by Lavoisier with a sort of physical immortality, *recedes ever more into the background among the shades of velocity and acceleration.*"

Confessedly, then, the science of physics now moves among shadows and abstractions, while yet proclaiming that metaphysics lies beyond the purview of science! One may recall the words of Tyndall: "The first marshaling of the atoms, on which all subsequent action depends, baffles a keener power than that of the microscope. . . . Through the pure excess of complexity, and long before observation can have any voice in the matter, the most highly trained intellect, the most refined and disciplined imagination, *retires in bewilderment from the contemplation of the problem.* We are struck dumb by an astonishment which no microscope can relieve, doubting whether we possess the intellectual elements which will enable us to grapple with the ultimate structural energies of nature." J.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL
A STUDY OF THE THEOSOPHICAL MANUAL NO. XII VOL. I
by **H. A. Hentsch**

THE duality of man's nature is one of the primary teachings of Theosophy, but the study of this duality is bewildering rather than illuminating if we for a moment lose sight of the fact that man is a divine being.

H. P. Blavatsky writes:

Let us study man; but if we separate him for one moment from the universal whole, or view him in isolation, from a single aspect, apart from the Heavenly Man, we shall either land in black magic or fail most ingloriously in our attempt.

It is at all times necessary for the student to stress and emphasize this teaching of H. P. Blavatsky. The trend of modern thought is emphatically towards the identification of man with his lower nature — or with some aspect or aspects of it. Both theology and science emphasize the idea. The race-consciousness is saturated with it. Hence it is difficult to "break the molds of mind"; and unless we are ceaselessly on guard our thinking will constantly tend to assimilate itself to that of our nation and race.

This tendency finds frequent expression amongst students. Mostly we admit our own divinity — as an abstract proposition; at other times we go so far as to admit that there is a spiritual something within us — with which, aeons hence, we may perhaps assimilate ourselves. But our mental eccentricities generally find full expression when we attempt an analysis of man's make-up. The particular results vary from time to time. Sometimes we conceive ourselves as a congeries of beings; in this state we have (or think we have) various *possessions*; "A Higher Self," "A reincarnating Ego," "A human Soul," an "Animal Soul" — and so forth. At other times we conceive ourselves as some particular aspect of this occult managerie; we are, for the time being, "Manas," "the Lower Manas" — and so on; it varies with the mood of the moment.

Yet the teachings of Theosophy are perfectly clear and they neither vary nor involve any self-contradiction. Man is — quite literally — a part of the one Eternal Life. He always was; he always will be.

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

This, and no other, is the Man.

Knowledge of our own duality is spiritual knowledge; and in pursuing this study we are studying not merely our own duality, but also the means by which we may arouse in mankind generally a knowledge of human duality. How is this to be accomplished? Is not the knowledge of our own divinity a pre-requisite for the task? Katherine Tingley says:

The knowledge that we are divine gives the power to overcome all obstacles.

And speaking of spiritual knowledge she says:

We have been trained so long on lines of false education that our very blood is teeming with its poison. It is in the very atmosphere of our breathing life. It is all around us, and our brain-minds are so permeated with the false teachings of the age that we imagine it is difficult to take up our simple possibilities, grand as they are, and to feel that we can actually have spiritual knowledge that shall reveal all things—all the secrets of life. Under the pressure of this urge and the consciousness of this power, the Law is revealed, and the closed memories of the past are opened to us. We shall not only look backward into the past but forward into the mighty future, and when this moment comes in all its joyous fullness it will require all our will—ALL our will—to hold ourselves in and not reveal too soon the secrets of our discovery.

We read in *Light on the Path*:

To all who are seriously interested in occultism I say first—take knowledge. To him who hath shall be given. It is useless to wait for it. The want of time will close before you, and in later days you will remain unborn without power.

And again we read:

Intuition . . . is a faculty which indwells in the soul, which is inherent. The would-be disciple has to arouse himself to the consciousness of it by a fierce and resolute and indomitable effort of the will. I use the word indomitable for a special reason. Only he who is indomitable, who cannot be dominated, who knows he has to play the lord over men, over facts, over all things save his own divinity, can arouse this faculty. "With faith all things are possible." The sceptical laugh at faith and pride themselves on its absence from their own minds. The truth is that faith is a great engine, an enormous power, which in fact can accomplish all things. For it is the covenant or engagement between man's divine part and his lesser self.

The use of this engine is quite necessary in order to obtain intuitive knowledge; for unless a man believes such knowledge exists within himself how can he claim and use it?

In the concluding pages of the above Manual we read:

There is a slowly growing body of men on earth who have pledged themselves

to the light to work without pause for human welfare. To the world at large they are not so known, though some of them, of various grades of progress, live and work in the common life. Their progress lies in the evolution of faculties and powers, which, though latent in all men, are as yet not generally believed in, and of whose application in human service it would therefore be useless to speak. Their body has been in existence for many ages, and those who have fully entered its membership return to it with each rebirth. . . H. P. Blavatsky and her successors W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley are of this body and in pursuance of its work founded and sustained the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

We must each of us judge for ourselves what is our own relationship to the body in question; but it is pertinent in this connexion to cite the following from an address by Katherine Tingley to her students throughout the world:

Comrades, difficult as it must be for you to believe what I say, yet it is true that the Kingdom of Heaven is nearer at hand than you can realize, and that all the storms, trials, and sorrows that we now see raging in human life are but indications of the passing away of the old order of things. All that we have to do is to seize our opportunities, do faithfully our duties as they lie before us, ingrain in the very atmosphere in which we live the finer vibrations of the Higher Law, study and work, work and study.

Let us no longer crucify the Christ in ourselves! Bid Him come forth and enter upon his noble work *now*, for the woes of humanity are great! Say ye not Comrades: It shall be done! Well do we know our own lower natures have too long kept the doors of the sanctuary closed, *and the light shut in*. Well do we know, because we have failed in doing our part, that the world cries out in pain and demands of us that we pay our debts, and that quickly, lest we be shut in for ages before like opportunities present themselves.



KNOWLEDGE of Karma gives the conviction that . . . man 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 unmarked from guilt to punishment. . . .

—which are now the ways and the highroad 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.—*The Secret Doctrine*, i, 644 (written 1887)

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER V

A PROPOSAL



RS. VINING, seated alone at the lunch table, rang the bell with some impatience. A trim maid duly appeared.

"Go upstairs, Lucy, and tell Miss Vining that lunch is served."

"Yes, Madame," said Lucy, melting away between the folds of the portière.

Presently Florence Vining appeared, and with a slight gesture of greeting took her place at the table. The meal proceeded in silence, which the mother was the first to break.

"What a crush the reception was last night. Did you find it enjoyable?"

"Not particularly so; you know I do not care to be one of a crowd."

"Perhaps not, but there were many people there worth meeting."

"I met few whom I thought at all interesting."

"Mr. Vandervert is surely worth meeting," replied Mrs. Vining. "He was very attentive to you; so much so that many remarked it."

"Oh, he was as tiresome as usual."

"How can you speak so, Florence? The impression is very general that you and he are already engaged. Several said as much to me."

"Then I hope, mother, that you dissipated that impression; for it is utterly groundless."

"I made no such attempt, Florence. Why should I? If he has not yet he surely will propose."

"No, mother; I hope he never will —"

"What do you mean? You will accept him?"

"No, I will not," said Florence, with flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes. "I have told you, mother, often, that his attentions were not agreeable."

"He was near you all last evening; and you seemed pleased enough."

"I was not; but how could I avoid him?"

Mrs. Vining regarded her plate in silence. "Is Mr. Vandervert calling here today?" she inquired.

"No, mother."

"No?" she repeated, lifting her eyebrows.

"I asked him not to come."

"You *asked* him not to call today? Then you *are* engaged but wish to keep it quiet for awhile. I think openness is safer."

"We are *not* engaged, mother," cried Florence desperately, and feeling that she had been indiscreet in saying so much.

Mrs. Vining studied her daughter's face for a few moments and then a thought dawned in her mind that caused her to sit up stiff and straight with a little gasp.

"Florence," she cried sharply, "you have not refused him?"

The girl was silent, her fingers trembling as she nervously folded and unfolded her napkin.

"Well, can't you speak?" asked her mother.

"What do you wish me to say?"

"You know well enough what I *don't* wish you to say. Did Mr. Vandervert propose to you last night?"

Suddenly Florence looked up and met her mother's eyes steadily. "Yes, mother," she replied, "he did."

"And do you mean to tell me you were insane enough to refuse him?"

"I could do nothing else, mother."

"You could; you could have accepted the offer. Have you *no* regard for me? I never could have believed that my own child would have been so selfish and inconsiderate."

"O mother!" pleaded the girl, "but you do not seem to consider what it means to me at all."

"You know how much it means to me," her mother replied. "To you it means everything that a woman could desire: the best position in society, fashion, wealth; every luxury that the earth affords would be yours."

"Yes," said the girl bitterly. "Everything but happiness and self-respect."

"Happiness! I do not know what your idea of happiness can be; but this I do know, that money is the one thing absolutely indispensable, and this is the thing you are so foolishly rejecting. Neither can I see how you could lose your self-respect by marrying a man who has an unlimited supply."

"But I do not like the man himself, mother."

"Silly sentimentalism! Too much fondness is not desirable and is often the cause of jealousies and unhappiness."

"I could not possibly marry a man I did not care for," said Florence wearily.

"But what are we to do?" cried her mother. "As you know, my annuity is scarcely enough for the two of us; and at my death it ceases entirely. Then if you are not married you would be left penniless. I have brought you up and educated you carefully with the sole hope of seeing you make a good marriage."

"I wish instead that you had brought me up to earn my own living."

"What ingratitude! What a disappointment you are to me, Florence."

"I am not ungrateful, and I am sorry to disappoint you, mother."

"Then how can you refuse to accede to my wishes in this matter?"

"O mother, how can you ask me to sell myself for money? The very thought of it is horrible to me. It is wrong — it is immoral."

"Where did you pick up such ideas? No such thoughts should enter the mind of an innocent young girl. When I was young, girls did not concern themselves with such questions; they were content to obey their elders."

"And then awaken to a lifetime of misery and degradation. Girls are wiser in this generation; they do and ought to think of what so nearly concerns themselves. They ought to consider the future, the welfare of their children and of the race."

"How unmaidenly! Think of a young girl not even engaged talking about her children! To me it seems so — so indelicate."

"Why should it, mother? Somebody must consider these things; every one ought to do so."

"Let the married do it then."

"But you will not consider these things for me; and after marriage it will be too late. No, it is before marriage that both young men and young women should consider the kind of fathers and mothers they wish to give their children."

"Florence, you positively shock me."

"I am sorry, mother, but I only speak as I think."

"But you give no reason for your rejection of a brilliant offer of marriage."

"Every word I have uttered is a reason. I could say much more than I have already said if it would not shock you too much."

"Oh don't! After what I have heard, I think I could bear anything. Is there any more about your consideration of your future children?"

"Yes, there is much more. But it's no use talking; we should never come to any understanding."

"Well, Florence, I do wish you could only think and act as other girls of your station in life do."

Florence made no reply. She had long ago learned how useless it was to argue any point with her mother, and how persistently she would, in spite of every reason, come back to her first position. After a short silence Mrs. Vining said:

"We are going to the Furgussons' tonight you know."

"I am not going," replied the girl.

"But you must; I have accepted for you."

"I wish you had not, mother, I told you I did not intend to go there."

"Is there any other reasonable thing you intend to do?"

"It is not reasonable to go there. We were only asked at the last moment because some one else failed them. You despise them as much as I do."

"I do not like them, certainly. But it is the thing to be in their set. We are sure to meet people there whom it is well to know."

"Oh mother," said Florence, rising wearily, "I've heard nothing all my life but planning and scheming for social advancement. I am so tired of it all. Why cannot people choose the few friends they really like, live their own lives, be themselves without troubling about this society muddle?"

"As I see it you are the only one making any muddle."

"Well, mother, I cannot help it."

"You mean you won't help it. Ada Furgusson would give anything to obtain your chance with Adolph Vandervert."

"I only wish he'd take her and leave me alone. He'll be there, I suppose."

"And you will not. Nothing could serve the plans of Ada and her mother better. Will you go?"

"No, mother. Why should I go where you yourself say I am not wanted? I hope they'll all be happy."

"What excuse shall I make for you?"

"Tell them the truth. It might do them good to hear it for once in their lives."

"How impossible you are, Florence. What will you do this evening?"

"I am going to Mrs. Weitman's."

"What can you see in that uninteresting invalid? Her conversation bores me to death."

"It does not bore me; I like it. Hylma Desmond will be there and I have not seen her since her return from Europe."

"I do not like you to be with that set," said Mrs. Vinning. "You are queer enough now and I fear you will be taking up all their foolish fads."

"But they are more than foolish fads, I know," mused Florence as her mother left the room.

(To be continued)



At a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science recently, the President said: "A few years ago the possibility of investigating by direct experiment the internal structure of atoms, or the topographical grouping of hereditary units in the germ-cells, would have seemed a wild dream. To-day these questions stand among the substantial realities of scientific inquiry. And lest we should lose our heads amid advances so sweeping, the principles that guide scientific research have been subjected as never before to critical examination. We have become more circumspect in our attitude towards natural "laws." We have attained to a clearer view of our working hypotheses — of their uses and their limitations. With the best of intentions we do not always succeed in keeping them clear of metaphysics, but at least we have learned to try. We perceive more and more clearly that science does not deal with ultimate problems or with final solutions. . . .

"And after all, science impresses us by something more than the cold light of her latest facts and formulas. The drama of progress, whether displayed in the evolution of living things or in man's age-long struggle to comprehend the world of which he is a product, stirs the imagination by a warmer appeal. Without it we should miss something that we fain would keep — something, one may suspect, that has played an important part at the higher levels of scientific achievement."

True — where there is no enthusiasm, science perishes. We welcome the signs, visible on almost every hand, that science is becoming more generous in its attitude towards the problems of Man and Nature, although it has not yet learned to look whole-heartedly into the more advanced and far-reaching analysis of such problems, brought before the world by H. P. Blavatsky. D.



THE SCREEN OF TIME

F. J. Dick, Editor

DISTINGUISHED LITERATI VISIT POINT LOMA

JOHN BARRY AND CHARLES P. SQUIRES ENTERTAINED AT THE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

ON the evening of January 2, 1915, Katherine Tingley, assisted by the faculty and students of the Râja-Yoga College, entertained Mr. John Barry of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, who has been making a strong fight for prison reform and for the abolishment of capital punishment, and whose ethical studies are deeply appreciated by readers all over the country; and also Mr. Charles P. Squires, editor of *The Age* of Las Vegas, Nevada, and Honorary Director for the State of Nevada at both the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and at the Panama-California Exposition.

After seeing the beautiful grounds of the Headquarters, and attending a supper party at the Lomaland "Guest House," Mr. Barry and Mr. Squires were entertained by the Râja-Yoga students with a program consisting of Tschai-kowsky's interesting and extremely difficult *Italian Caprice*, played by the Râja-Yoga International Orchestra; action songs by the little tots; piano solo, *Dedication*, (Schubert-Liszt); violin solo, *Légende*, (Wieniawsky); two numbers by the Râja-Yoga String Quartet, *Moment Musical*, (Schubert), and *Träumerei*, (Schumann); addresses on the Râja-Yoga system by two of the students; and selections by the Râja-Yoga International Chorus.

Following the concert Mr. Squires and Mr. Barry made short addresses of appreciation, which we feel would be of interest to the members throughout the world. Mme. Tingley also responded to a request, and delivered a very brief but happy address.

Mr. Squires said in part:

"Friends: (For I feel that I have met with that kind of friendliness here which warrants me calling you by that name), I wish that I could command the eloquence to tell you what I feel in my heart. In learning more of Mme. Tingley and her work, I have come to love her and to admire her, and to regard her as one of the greatest women of our country. [Applause.]

"I have known of her work in a very casual way for quite a number of years. Many years ago I stood on this Point, perhaps before Mme. Tingley had been here herself, when there was nothing but sage-brush here; but there was the great Pacific on one side, and on the other the beautiful bay; and I thought then that this was one of the most beautiful spots on earth. And it seems to me a wonderful work which has transformed that wilderness, which I saw then, and which Mme. Tingley came to, into the beautiful spot which it is today.

"This place seems to me to be a center of beauty and culture and learning and inspiration for every person who comes to it. It has been a matter of intense interest to me to learn a little of your system of education and what you are doing for the young people who come to you.

"I have been impressed with two things in particular. One is the strong manliness, the character, the self-poise and fine address and appearance, which your young men present. Another is the womanly sweetness, and dignity of your girls. I think it is remarkable that any school could place those qualities so fully in the young people, as you have done.

"Another thing that has pleased me more than I can say, is the children. I am a passionate lover of children. To me they are as beautiful as flowers; and it brings tears to my eyes to see the happiness in the faces of these children here, and to see how they enjoy the work that they do.

"I wish to thank Mme. Tingley and all of you; for today has been one of the pleasantest of my whole life. I am sure that as long as I live I shall never forget it; and I will make a strong effort to do something to show to the Madame and to all of you, that I sincerely appreciate the kindness which you have shown me in permitting me to come here." [Applause.]

Mr. Barry spoke in part as follows:

"Mme. Tingley and Friends: It is a great pleasure to me to have a chance to tell you of what a happy time I have had here, and how very glad I am to know about this work. Of course education is not forcing things into young people; that is a mistake which has been made for a long time; but it is to bring out the latent powers within them [Applause]; and I have had several indications in my experience here today that convince me that you are working on the right lines. . . .

"It has been so beautiful to me to see how close you are to Mother Nature, not only in your teaching, but in your living, in the physical aspects of your life, which are so stimulating, and clean, and pure. I do not see how anyone could help being influenced by that. And your personal relations seem to me to be so fine, and so generous. That surely must be one of the ways you help these young children; and they must help you too.

"One thing which I have noticed about the work here, that seems to me so important just now: it does not seem to be competitive. A few weeks ago I was talking with President David Starr Jordan, and we were talking about peace, at this time when the world is so full of war; and I asked him if anything could be done to control this awful scourge of competition, which lies at the basis of all war, which lies at the basis of the war that we so often mis-call peace — the cause of so much misery and wars that bring disaster to so many people — of battles which have none of the glory of the battlefield. I asked him if anything could be done to meet that fearful force in the world — the force of competition, the desire of one person, or one group of persons, or one nation to get ahead of others . . . which is turning men into madmen.

"Dr. Jordan said that that was one of the things that he had been thinking of for many many years, and that he had been trying to control, if not absolutely

destroy, in his own sphere of activity; and he said that he looked forward to the time when the spirit of competition would vanish from our educational systems; that he recognized that education and competition are not friends; that much of the education of today was sending people out into the world, not to be humanitarians, not to be great, fine, noble, unselfish people, inspired by high ideals; but that we were sending people out to fight one another, to weaken one another, to decry ideals; and that he hoped that the time would come when all education would turn against that spirit. Now it seems to me that you have here the beginning of the right kind of education; you have made a start through the example of your lives — of that finer way of living, that way of living which is much more lovely, that is the easy way; and it has been a great joy and privilege to me to be here today and to see some of your life, which is so close to the ideal. I thank you."

Mme. Tingley spoke in part as follows:

"It gives me very great pleasure to receive our guests tonight, and to have them enjoy our program and meet with us. I was very much impressed with what Mr. Barry said the other night: that almost all speakers are very fond of speaking. I was somewhat troubled about that, because I have never been fond of speaking; but I have learned a lesson from his suggestion. I believe all who have high motives and a real love for humanity, do have an urge at times, which pushes them on; and so in that sense we do love to speak, that we may convey our message of helpfulness to our fellowmen. So I have followed that suggestion tonight, and find it a very great pleasure to say just a few words.

"It is always a very interesting thing to come in contact with the thinking minds of the age — those who are working for the uplifting of humanity out on to the broad lines of thought, unsectarian in their tendencies, and who are ever seeking to live up to some of the highest ideals that we know do exist in the real nature of man. The moment we get away from ourselves, it is not difficult for us to find that there are two wonderful forces in our natures: there is the lower, which is the animal; and then there is the higher, the ego, the soul-power that is ever moving us to better things.

"I am certain that when humanity can become acquainted with its latent powers, recognizing the divine nature which works always with the Higher Law, then shall we see that the whole world can be changed for the better — possibly not in the twinkling of an eye, as I used to say and hope — but it can be changed; the human mind working on merely conventional lines, though inspired by the heart, but unacquainted with itself, has not the knowledge sufficient for it to meet the battles of life understandingly; but when a man becomes conscious of his Higher Self, his higher ego, of that quality that is present at all times, if we would but invoke it — that part of our nature which thrills us when we hear the sweetest music, when we read the loftiest and most beautiful ideas, when we look out upon nature and enjoy the beauty and glory of the sun, the sky, and the sea, and the song of the birds — it is then that the soul speaks; and it is that warmth and flow of spiritual life that I would speak of tonight.

"It is this divine nature that men must arouse, if we are to solve the prob-

lems which confront us today. In speaking of competition, how easily that could be done away with, if men could realize their responsibilities in a truly spiritual and moral sense, understandingly, not merely believing, but absolutely knowing, that as they sow, so must they also reap. If they did that, they would go back generations for the causes of present difficulties, and they would see that what we are meeting today in our struggles—not only on the other side of the water, but right here in our own civic and national life—all comes from the seed which we have sown—seeds of discord and ignorance in past ages. We are reaping the karma now; and it is to be hoped that out of these lessons which we are gaining—out of this unrest and despair and unbrotherly spirit—there will come an enlightenment; for suffering brings true and wholesome self-analysis; and when that comes the light will break in upon our lives and our minds, and we shall know. Then we shall be better able to serve, and to find more happiness for ourselves and our fellows. Thank you.”



NEW STANDPOINTS OF THOUGHT

IN “The Higher Anthropology: a Defence of ‘Personality’ as the Central Conception of Philosophy,” by F. H. Johnson, the writer shows that the real problem of philosophy is to understand the nature of “personality,” or—to use a word which he seems to regard as equivalent—to understand what is *Man*. This is getting back to the old maxim, “Know thyself.” He points out that modern science, with its frank acceptance of physical objectivity as the reality, has left mind out of account; but that, on the other hand, metaphysical idealism, in examining the processes by which mind has become possessed of its fundamental conceptions, finds they have no reasonable basis, and the external world assumes the vagueness of a *terra incognita*. The pan-mechanical philosophers have taken one half of a concrete experience and made that the center; the metaphysical idealists have taken the other half and made of it the impotent effigy of a God. Each has constructed from its half a universe which is unworkable. We must unite these two sundered halves of experience and regard the universe as a mechanism which is the product of mind; and we must seek the common factor to these two in *personality* or *man*. Evolution he defines as “the working out of a problem in organization and education by a Mind of immeasurable resources, through and by means of a resisting medium.” Our highest possible conception is that of Man—man in his highest aspect as the thinker, creator, purposer, organizer, artist, helper, inspirer. “Man is the measure of all things,” as Protagoras says; and, as says the Bible: “God created man in his own image.” Against this he sets the saying that, “Man has created, and is creating, God in his own image.”

And truly, what can we do but study Man? Both the physical objective universe and that other universe that we contemplate within are objective to some inner contemplative faculty, and behind all stands the mystery of Self, or I. The danger is that we may unwittingly exalt some lesser function of our mind to the position of Self or I, and describe as Man that which is less than

Man. For it is not my separate self that is the Lord; there are many other men who likewise have this feeling of a separate self. It is *the Self*, or that larger individuality which is manifested alike in all men—it is this that is the Lord. Here we come upon the mystery of the many selves and the One Self.

H. P. Blavatsky says that everything in the universe tends toward the production of Man, the crowning self-manifestation of Deity. This does not refer to any individual man, of course.

This hinges on to the question of higher powers latent in man—a view which is surely in accordance with any scheme of evolution. The difference, however, between Theosophy and modern theorists on this point would be that, for Theosophy, these higher powers are not merely a future prospect but something that has been attained before. Nor do higher powers mean simply faculties or greater personal attainments, but a fuller realization of what we are—a truer life. If Man is the central fact of philosophy and of evolution, it is not the pygmy man of our conventional ideas, but a higher Man that must unfold as from a chrysalis. The true student of life and its mysteries can but strive ever to understand himself and to realize his best; recognizing personal ends, however seemingly potent, as mere obstacles to his quest, and aspiring to graduate from the plane of self-infatuation to that of untrammelled perception and untroubled serviceableness.

H.



NOTES FROM INDIA

EVEN so lately as 1890 very little was known of the independent State of Bhutan, on the border of India. A writer in a recent number of the *Geographical Magazine*, Mr. John Claude White, C. I. E., a high Indian official, has given a fascinating account of the country and the people. He has had exceptional facilities for exploration in Bhutan, and gives it as his opinion, in opposition to that of previous writers, that this native State is most interesting in every respect. He says the people are fine, tall, well-developed men, sober, polite, and exceedingly clean. The women are good-looking, well-dressed, and excellent house-keepers. Drunkenness is practically unknown. The religion is Buddhist, and there are innumerable lamas, who owe spiritual allegiance to the Grand Lama of Tibet. The author was greatly struck by the resemblance between the gorgeous rituals of the great Buddhist festival services in the temples and those of the great cathedrals of Spain. Unfortunately there are far too many lamas for the population (which is only 400,000), and they are, he says, dragging down the country by living at its expense. The majority lead a rather worldly life and enter the profession mainly for the profit and easy times they can have. There are, however, some who are thoroughly high-minded men, acting up to the noblest ideals of their ancient faith; capable men who are worthy of great respect. The King of Bhutan has adopted a method of reducing the numbers of the idle lamas by leaving vacancies unfilled as they arise. Mr. White was entertained by the King on several occasions, and

had excellent opportunities of studying the home life of the court, the high officials and the general population, which he found to be simple, dignified, and thoroughly well conducted. The King, Sir Ugyen Wang-Chuk — for he has been knighted by King George — takes a great interest in general subjects, foreign and domestic, and is a student of the literature of his country. Mr. White tells many pleasant stories of the kindness, hospitality, and good-nature of the Bhutaneese, and gives an occasional glimpse of the deeper qualities of the heart which appealed to him very strongly. The article is illustrated with a remarkable series of photographs, many of them showing the public buildings, private dwellings, forts, and bridges, all of which are of a most picturesque and interesting style of architecture. Many of the bridges are built on the cantilever principle. It is clear that in Bhutan architecture is a living thing, beautiful in itself and harmonious with the landscape. None of the pictures show factory chimneys or hideous slums.

The State possesses complete local self-government, but is not permitted by Great Britain to interfere in foreign affairs.

✽

We learn that the *Handelsblad* of Amsterdam has published a report from Christiania saying that the Board of Directors of the Nobel Institute have decided to give the peace prize for 1914, amounting to about \$40,000, to the Netherlands government to be applied toward the support of refugees in Holland. The distribution of this prize usually occurs on December 10th, the anniversary of Mr. Nobel's death, and there can be no question but that he would have cordially endorsed this action. And certainly all workers throughout the world for Peace and Universal Brotherhood must congratulate the Directors on their decision.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

Den Teosofiska Vägen. (*Illustrated. Quarterly*)

Editor: Gustav Zander, M. D., Stockholm, Sweden.

The October issue on its title-page gives a noteworthy utterance of the great Swedish author, Viktor Rydberg, on Karma, from which but a few sentences can be quoted. "On firm ground stands the teaching in regard to Karma. Man cannot escape its sacred fire. It shall break out in world-historic flames. . . . The teaching of Karma springs from depths of Righteousness, which are likewise those of Truth." "True Education the Right Method to found World-Peace," "Katherine Tingley on Capital Punishment," "The Health-giving Power of Music," "The Misunderstood," are among other subjects presented.

El Sendero Teosófico. (*Illustrated. Quarterly*)

Editor: Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

The January issue has articles on "The Origin of War, and the Morality of the Twentieth Century," "The Piræus," "Appreciation of the Râja-Yoga System, by a Cuban Teacher," "World-Champions of Peace," etc.; and we also note the first of a fascinating series on Alphonse de Lamartine, the great French patriot of the early nineteenth century.

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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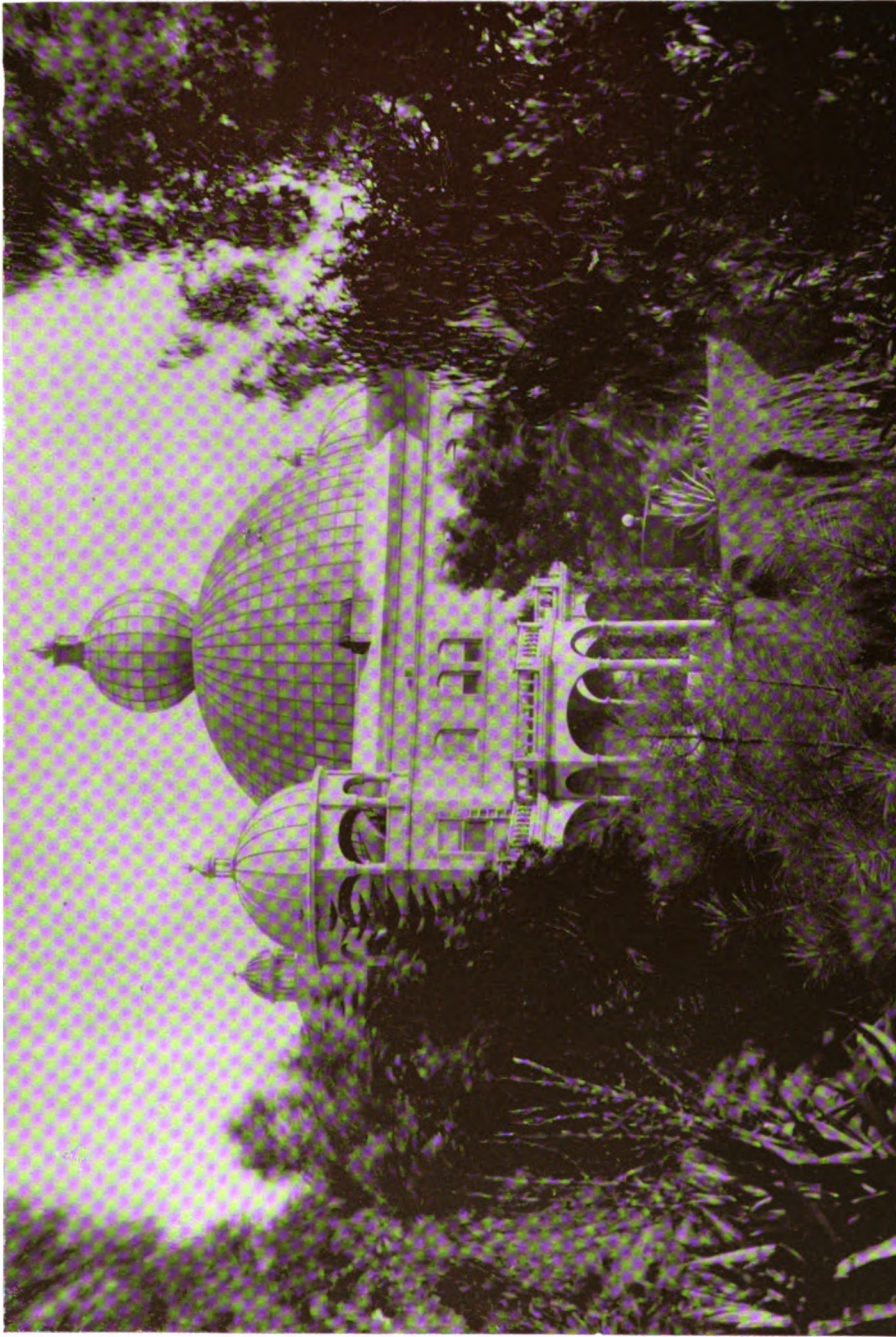
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THE DOME OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY, ONE OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VIII

MARCH, 1915

NO. 3

He who does not feel irresistibly impelled to serve the Race, whether he himself fails or not, is bound fast by his own personality and cannot progress until he has learned that the *race is himself* and not that body which he now occupies.—*William Q. Judge*

MAN'S PRESENT OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE OUT A NEW LINE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



IT is sometimes said by people in a mood of despondency over the condition of the world, that humanity moves in a perpetual circle, and that mankind spends vast labors in acquiring things, only to fall back into barbarism. And these people refer us to the "lesson of history."

But when, we may ask, within our historical knowledge, has the world been as it is now? Are not the conditions brought about by our progress in science and other things different from any that have existed within our knowledge of history? If so, how do the lessons of history apply to these conditions? May we not reasonably suggest that perhaps *now*, this time, humanity will not lapse back? And then again, the period we call historical is very small compared with the actual duration of man's past life on the earth.

There is no real reason why man should go round and round the circle, nor why he should not take the opportunity to rise to a new level. Let us consider the case as it applies to man the individual, with a view to applying it also to mankind in the mass.

The reason why so many geniuses fail is because they try to keep up their energy by perpetual stimulation of the brain, a process bound

to result in gradual deterioration and eventual exhaustion. Having achieved success in one direction, they try to repeat the process in exactly the same way; but each time the result is less successful. Thus their efforts become more violent, and their achievements less excellent; and the condition is analogous to that of a drinker who has to increase his dose of wine. More than this, they repeat themselves and thus weary their public. The natural laws of progress are violated, and they stagnate instead of progressing. And this is because they lack the necessary courage and aspiration to pass a certain critical point. They become so attached to the sensations they have cultivated and the ideas that are so familiar, that they cannot give them up. But the striking out of new paths must always involve sacrifices.

It is certain that, if we are to attain the higher, we must give up the lower; and this is where the difficulty comes in. For, if we seek to attain to the *real* life, we must rise out of the unreal life which all the while we have been mistaking for the real. And the first steps of this process will necessarily seem intolerably blank and dreary. It is stated by great Teachers that the moment when the world looks hollow and unbearable to a man is the very moment when he has a chance to step out into the real life; but that usually, when reaching this crisis, he succumbs to his fears, and instead of taking the step in advance, he rushes back to his old familiar sensations. So this is what makes the great genius repeat himself and strive hard to keep up in himself the sense of life. He does not realize that he can no longer achieve what he achieved before, that the past cannot be recalled, and that he ought to go on instead of trying to stand still in one place. And often he fails to keep up the illusion at all and gives way to despair, and we have the case of a genius who breaks down.

But one reason why individual men should thus fail is that they stand so much alone. The spirit of the age drags them back. For men are not so isolated from each other as we think. In order that great geniuses may flourish, it is necessary that there shall be many men all striving in the same direction as that in which the genius is striving. It has been truly said that great geniuses stand on the shoulders of their contemporaries.

This also explains why life is such a mystery to us. The mass of mankind has so persistently refused to soar out towards the illimitable sources of knowledge, to sound the depths of its own nature — has so

continually kept its thoughts and desires chained in a narrow circle — that a great illusion has been created. But how different it would be if a large mass of people were living in continual aspiration towards the higher possibilities of life! Then curtains would rise, and dark mysteries would be mysteries no longer.

There is great hope for humanity at the present hour. We have but to consider how long the dark shadow of lifeless creeds and all-denying theories has brooded over our minds, to realize that the mere purging away of all these would of itself be a great lift to humanity. And when we add that these delusions will be replaced by a belief — a sure faith — in the essential divinity of man, we feel still more confident of the great change that can be wrought in the mental and moral atmosphere of humanity — a change that may well be spoken of as a coming of the Christ-spirit.

Speculative people who imagine Utopias always find a difficulty in giving us an idea of what the people would do with themselves in those Utopias. A perpetual round of eating, drinking, sleeping, working, studying, and playing, does not seem to satisfy the aspirations of the soul; and the more well regulated this round might be, the more intolerable it would certainly become. Human perfection does not mean this; it must mean something more than a mere perfecting of the present notions of life. The blissful spontaneity and unquestioning acceptance of life which we see in the animal or very young child — these would be left out of such a Utopia, all filled as it would be with uneasy self-conscious people wondering what to do with their life. All the sublime hints of a grander life that we receive through music, art, and all expressions of the elusive spirit of Beauty — these too are unprovided for in the imaginary Utopia.

The stress of a highly complex life brings individual people to the point where they ask for something more than they have hitherto found in life. That is when they should have at their command the teachings as to the dual nature of man. That is the time when they have their best opportunity to take a step onward to life's larger possibilities. Theosophy has helped many people at this point, and it will help an ever-increasing number. Through the sublime teachings of the ancient Wisdom, more and more minds and hearts will be directed towards the light, and a great new force will stir the mental atmosphere of mankind, as though a new planet had dawned in the firmament. This force will overthrow the older forces, and the light will

dispel the mists. Such a state of affairs might well be expected to produce a violent state of unrest in the world; and perhaps that is what is happening now.

But the important thing is that mankind shall not fall back into the old grooves. Perhaps it will find itself so sorely perplexed by the task of avoiding this retrogression that it will seek good advice where it can be found and listen to the message of Theosophy.

If a man has reached that ripe point of experience where he feels that his life is of no more use to himself — then surely it is time that he dedicated that life to a nobler object. This would be better than blowing out his own brains or trying to drown grief in sensuality. And there are many people whom the trials of life have brought to such a point. Let them know that something better awaits them than an early tomb to be followed by eternal duration; let them try to think that they are just at the beginning of life, instead of at its end.

The continual search for satisfaction drives us ever to sound the depths of our being in the endeavor to trace joy to its source; and we find that that source is not within the personal man at all. We have the choice between giving up the quest or pushing on to something beyond the personal man. In other words, the only way to escape from the never-ending bitterness that comes from the attempt to achieve personal satisfaction, is to follow an impersonal motive. In fact, dedication to a noble object is the way out.

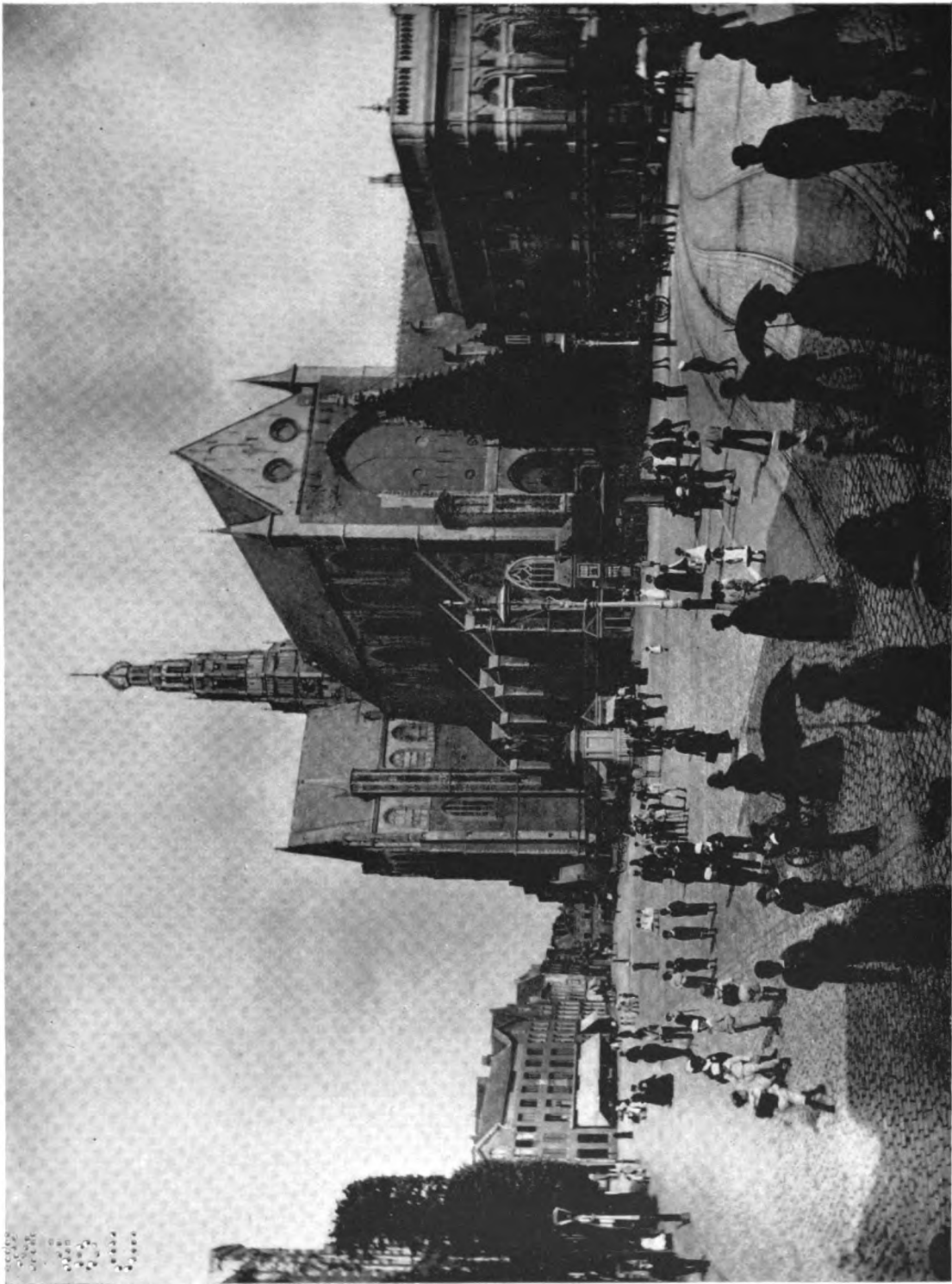
Though there will be a majority of people to whom the time of choice has not come, and who will continue to find satisfaction in ordinary ways of life, the case is otherwise with more highly developed people; and it is of the greatest importance for the welfare of the race that these leaders of thought should be on the right road. As it is, their superior energy has been venting itself in useless and even harmful directions. So much has been done in organizing the affairs of the animal man, and so little in organizing the interests of the higher man, that the possibilities of improvement in the latter give abundant promise of new hope for humanity, when its present troubles are over.



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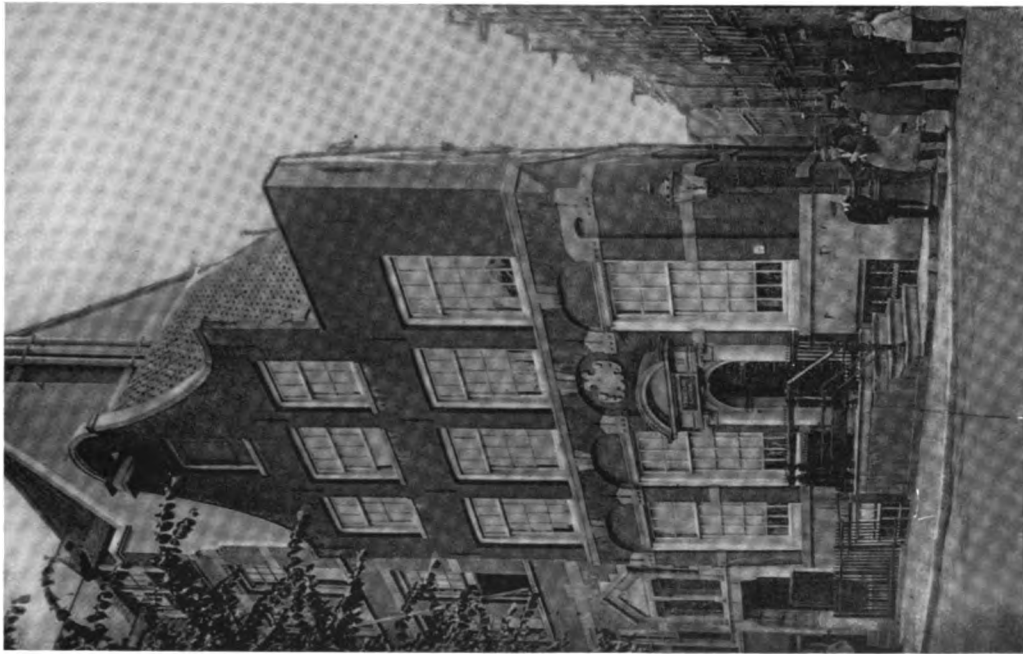
WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS

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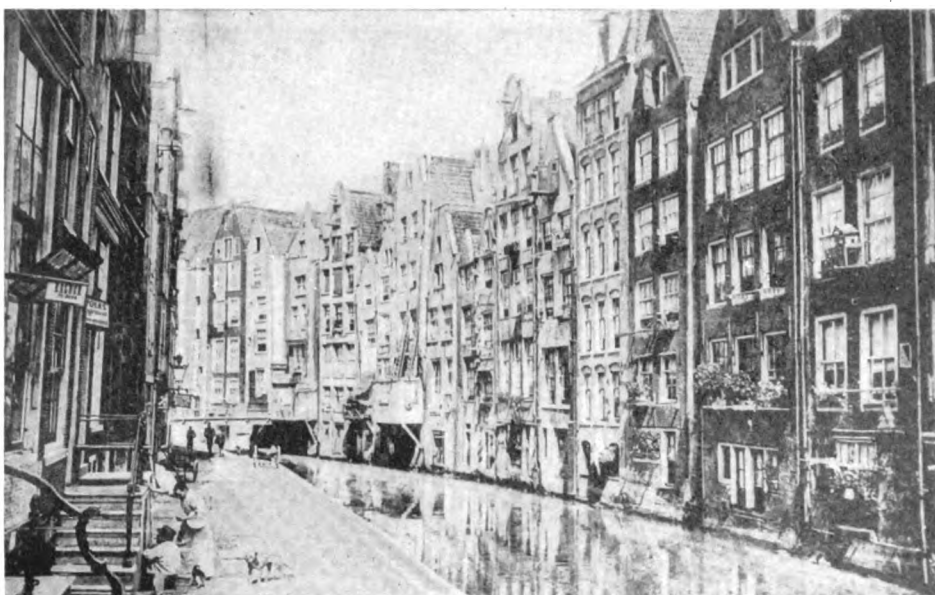
THE "GREAT CHURCH," HAARLEM, HOLLAND



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
A TYPICAL STREET CORNER IN AMSTERDAM



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A SHADY WALK IN SONSBEEK PARK, ARNHEM



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EAST-SIDE CANAL, AMSTERDAM



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PALACE OF INDUSTRY, AMSTERDAM

ART IN CHINA AND JAPAN: by C. J. Ryan

Part II



IN his delightful study of Oriental art,* Mr. Fenollosa treats Chinese and Japanese art as closely related methods of looking upon Nature, and by his historical method of treatment he keeps the reader's attention occupied with the great tides of national life which sweep backwards and forwards, carrying the crest waves of art to the highest levels and then dropping them for a while. According to the author, Japanese art, which appeared later in time than the Chinese, did not rise to a single overmastering wave like that of China, but appeared in five successive and distinct culminations of almost equal creative vigor. Having briefly considered some of the chief points in the development of Chinese art in the earlier part of this paper (see *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* for July, 1914), we must now confine our attention to Mr. Fenollosa's appreciation of Japanese art and life.

The careful observer, who disregards the superficial differences between Eastern and Western art which arise from the variations in physical types and material conditions, soon learns that the Eastern artist is chiefly occupied with the soul of things; he suggests rather than portrays, whenever possible; he trusts to the intuitive or imaginative capacity of the spectator. The Western artist is more interested in the outer aspect of the casket, the physical vehicle, through which he presents his message. Not that the great Orientals could not render the true character of objects with immense force in their own manner, when they wished; some of the Chinese and Japanese portraits are marvels of characterization; but, while the Western artist is inclined to emphasize the material side, the tangible and the *personal*, the Eastern leans, as a rule, to the impersonal, the symbolic, and the typical. In the East the human body was seldom made the predominant feature; outside Nature was more fully recognized; Nature and Man were considered as a unity. Landscape and its allies took a place as free and independent arts a thousand years before Europe conceived of such things. To understand Oriental art we ought to realize fully and intelligently the true meaning of Mysticism, of Impersonality, not as a vague sentiment but as the key to the deeper laws of life, in the appreciation of which the East has always been ahead of the West.

* *Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art; An Outline History of East Asiatic Design*; by Earnest F. Fenollosa (London, W. Heinemann)

With the advent of Buddhism from China and the consequent transformation of Japan in the 6th century A. D., came the rapid development of the arts, and from that time till the 20th century there has been a fairly steady stream of creative artists with fresh and original ideas reflecting the changing spirit of the times. The special qualities of Japanese art may be considered to be delicacy, grace, dramatic feeling and movement, reticence and self-control, and nearly always a keen sense of beauty. Only occasionally, and then only as a passing heresy, did the imitation of Nature as the basis of pictorial art exist in Japan. The Japanese actually accomplished what some of the more comprehensible of the "Cubists" or "Futurists" are straining themselves convulsively to attempt, i. e., they used the medium of art to convey interior mental states and spiritual ideas, but they never asked, as does the extreme modern Futurist, "What has Art to do with Beauty?"

In opening his consideration of primitive Japanese art, Mr. Fenollosa says:

Japan! What romantic thoughts and memories arise at the name! Set uniquely along the coming paths of traffic between East and West, endowed by temperament to become the interpreter of East to West and West to East, we have here an illuminated corner of history's scroll, a flash of human genius at highest tension, which in our records only the sensitively organized Greek, and that only for a few centuries, ever reached. The land itself—a fitting casket for the soul—is broken into islands, peaks, and promontories as the Greek archipelago, but swathed with a far richer garment of semi-tropical foliage.

The traces of what the author calls "Pacific art," a substantial unity in decorative design which we find widely scattered round the Pacific Ocean and in the islands, are seen as clearly in early Japanese art as in Chinese. Very little is known of the semi-civilization of Japan preceding the advent of Buddhism in the 6th century A. D., but what artistic relics have been found show the "Pacific" forms blended with some patterns derived from Corea and Go, the Eastern provinces of Southern China. A profound impression for subsequent ages was made when the Chinese written character was introduced in 285 A. D.; and when in 552 the Emperor Kimmei received a partial set of Buddhist scriptures and some images, probably bronze, from Corea, the beginning of the new age was apparent.

The reign of the great Empress Suiko (593-629) marks the first rapid rise of Japanese culture, and these thirty-six years may be spoken

of as we speak of the age of Elizabeth or Victoria in England. Suiko and her brilliant son Prince Shōtoku (who did not live to ascend the throne) resolved to make Buddhism the religion of the State and succeeded in establishing it and its art upon enduring foundations. Shōtoku built the enormous monastery-temple at Horiuji (616) some of which, though made of wood, still remains in good condition. A marvelous collection of art treasures is preserved there, including the exquisite Tamamushi Shrine from Corea, presented to the Empress Suiko (see *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, July, 1914, for illustration). The first bronze statues made in Japan are at Horiuji; they are rather formal and stiff but dignified and possessed of qualities that soon developed finely. Mr. Fenollosa says that one of these, the Chuguji Kwannon, shows great spiritual beauty and is obviously the work of a master-mind, probably Prince Shōtoku.

During the 7th century Japanese art rose by leaps and bounds. Some of the bronze statuettes of this period strangely resemble the Greco-Buddhist types which we find in China, but the definite and unmistakable Grecian wave had not reached Japan yet. Mr. Fenollosa thinks that although some roundabout impression of Greek art had possibly reached Japan from Bactria, it is more probable that the classical treatment was an independent discovery of Japanese genius.

The next chapter of Japanese history opens to our view the enormous influence upon Japan of the great Tang Empire of China, and now we find towards the end of the 7th and continuing through the main part of the 8th century, the unmistakable and dominant effect of the Greco-Buddhist canons of art which China had adopted for the time. Many splendid works of sculpture, showing the indirect influence of Mediterranean art very plainly, were imported from China and Corea. The Udzumasa clay Buddha, (illustrated in the July *THEOSOPHICAL PATH*) is a noble example. About this time copper was discovered in large quantities in Japan and so it became easy to cast large bronze statues. The gigantic Daibutsu statue of the Buddha of Light at Nara, belongs to this period. It was decreed by the Emperor Shōmu in 746, in Japan's first age of really imperial splendor, when Nara, the capital, had more than a million inhabitants. Wooden statues also became popular, and a new material for plastic sculpture, consisting of a mixture of Nara earth and finely shredded paper fiber, was invented. Hollow and very light figures of lacquer juice and powdered bark were introduced later in the Greco-Buddhist period. All these

materials have lasted wonderfully well. The height to which this first magnificent flowering of Japanese art reached — accompanied by a great literary activity — may be conceived from Mr. Fenollosa's remark that only to see the great bronze group at Yakushiji, near Nara, consisting of a Buddha flanked by two Bodhisattvas, is worth the journey from America to Japan. In his opinion the Bodhisattvas are "perhaps the finest standing bronze figures of the whole world"! The sculptor, Giōgi, called "Bosatsu" or Bodhisattva on account of his marvelous wisdom, was a great Buddhist prelate and statesman, the adviser of Emperors.

The author shows a remarkably just appreciation of the meaning of the word "Bodhisattva." He says:

The general Buddhist idea of a Bodhisattva is of a being who has advanced so far in the scale of wisdom and insight, and the renunciation of fleshly ties, as to be just on the point of entrance into Nirvāna and salvation. Spoken of human beings, it means their last earthly incarnation. But it comes to have a much more special sense in Northern Buddhism: namely, a being who, though having the right to enter Nirvāna, *deliberately renounces it*, electing to work under the conditions and possibly renewed temptations of the world, for the love of one's fellow-man or of the whole sentient world. It thus denotes a new kind of renunciation, the renunciation of renunciation, or rather the renunciation of salvation. In so doing it ceases to be negative and self-seeking, entering upon a positive and masterful path of love and help. The Bodhisattva vow in Northern Buddhism, especially in the Tendai sect, as we shall see in the next chapter, is a vow made as early as baptism to lead the strenuous path of battling for the right, to consecrate one's career throughout any number of necessary incarnations to loving service.

Now if such a soul should, not rising in evolutionary course from man, but descending in special dispensation from a paradise already attained, devote itself to such loving service without the need of more than occasional incarnation, it would become a Bodhisattva of a higher type, still more Christlike — a perpetual Bodhisattva, so to speak — a great spirit making for love and righteousness, invisible to man, but assisting him, whose answer to man's prayer comes with every accelerating throb of human devotion. Such a Bodhisattva would become worshiped as a sort of personification of the great moral or spiritual principle for which he specially stood. Such a Bodhisattva would be Aizu, the spirit of love; Bishamōn, the spirit of courage; Jizō, the spirit of pity, particularly of care for little children; Manju, the Bodhisattva of wisdom, or spiritual interpretation. . . ."

Even faintly to trace some of the spiritual beauty suggested by such a noble conception of semi-personal Divinities required extraordinary genius, but some of the great Chinese and Japanese painters and



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JAPANESE BODHISATTVA FROM THE "TRINITY" AT YAKUSHIJI
Graeco-Buddhist epoch. Bronze.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE "KAGENKEI," OR HANGING BRONZE GONG, AT NARA, JAPAN
Graeco-Buddhist epoch.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SEATED FIGURE IN LACQUER, JAPANESE
Graeco-Buddhist epoch.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WOODEN IMAGE OF FUDŌ, "THE UNMOVED," THE BODHISATTVA OF
THE WILL, OF SELF-RESTRAINT. SEATED ON A PYRE.
Carved by Kōbō Daishi; Japanese painter and sculptor. Ninth century.

sculptors of the serene presences of the Bodhisattvas have fulfilled the task with admirable success.

The Emperor Shōmu, who ordered the colossal Daibutsu Buddha, has earned a deeper gratitude by the bequest of the total contents of his palace at Nara to the new Buddha. A great storehouse was put up in 749 to hold the extraordinary variety of treasures collected, and it stands today in good condition, the contents being looked after most carefully by the government. The daily life of a civilization of twelve centuries ago, as represented by thousands of articles of daily use and of aesthetic beauty, lies open to view. It is practically another and more complete Pompeii.

Some of the finest stone carvings in Japan belong to this period, and a series of mural paintings, semi-frescoes, at Horiuji, possibly painted by an imported Chinese master or an artist from Khotan or Turkestan, had a dominating influence upon the Greco-Buddhist style in Japan.

But the Greco-Buddhist style was not destined to last very long, though its indirect influence can be traced for centuries. Shortly after the middle of the 8th century a decline of virtue began in Nara, the capital, and rapidly spread; the good laws of Taihō, which guaranteed the land to the people, were falling into disuse; many abuses crept in; and in sympathy with the descending cycle the art became coarse and merely traditional. A great uplift was at hand, however, for with the accession of the powerful Emperor Kwammu a new spirit entered into the national life. To break the evil spell which seemed to have fallen upon the land, Kwammu took various drastic measures. He built a new capital at Kiōto and let Nara fall into partial decay, and he studied and endeavored to transplant the wonderful new civilization of China in order to create a new Japan. Mr. Fenollosa points out that at that distant date the Japanese were as willing to incorporate the best elements of a foreign civilization as they were in the 19th century. In his day Kwammu was what the late Emperor Mutsuhito was in ours.

While Kwammu was meditating his sweeping changes several distinguished apostles, sent from Japan to study the tenets of the mystical Buddhist sect whose center was on the Tendai mountain in China and which was then dominating the life of the people as described previously, returned with new ideas and hundreds of pictures and other works of art. The Tendai sect, which was inspired by the Indian philo-

sophical teachings of Nâgâjuna and others, was essentially practical, and was an expansion of preceding religious forms in the direction of healthy moral and social service. In both China and Japan it succeeded marvelously as a spiritual, intellectual, and moral impulse for many succeeding centuries. It stands out as an illuminated period in the drab history of the world. Included in the new cycle of achievement is the famous "Engi" period (901-922), generally called the high-water mark of Japanese civilization. In Japanese art, however, it is only the second of five nearly equal culminations. Mr. Fenollosa says:

In general culture . . . perhaps not in the world was there ever again anything so exquisite. Shōmu's day in Nara had been great, but it was a childish though overgrown patriarchy. Genso at Lōyang and Pericles at Athens had seen stronger, more daring creation. The later Florence of the Medici was to surpass it in sheer intellectual force and the Hangchow of Sung in naturalness and vitality of art. But in a delicate aristocratic culture on a scale comprising a vast city, and whose finest essences are original poetry and music, nothing before or since probably has possessed a more perfect flavor. It was like the production of a wonderful, unique, and unheard-of flower whose shape and color transcend the limits of all known species.

The age in which the Engi culmination was the most brilliant part lasted from about 881, when the head of the great aristocratic family or clan of the Fujiwara, Mototsune, became Prime minister, until the twelfth century. It is called the Fujiwara period because that family really controlled the Empire: its daughters were given in marriage to a long line of Emperors. In literature, as well as in art and music, great perfection was reached. The *Geni Monogatari*, a romantic novel by the Lady Murasaki, is —

almost the most perfect picture of refined contemporary life that the literature of any age has left us. Without any deep-laid plot it contrives to describe every phase of public and private life, showing especially how men and women are almost equally educated and stand on terms of perfect social equality. It may seem strange to some that any race of Oriental women can ever have been as free as are ours today. . . . The very individual training of the new Buddhism allowed women to essay the spiritual emancipation.

Influenced by the mystical and yet practical Buddhist Tendai school, religion became a powerful agency in the life of the people, and the art of Japan followed in the footsteps of the glorious Chinese Tang. Of the Fujiwara period Kanawoka is one of the leading figures, a *professional* painter, one of the first to appear. The age was more one

of painting than of sculpture, for the new Buddhism, with its interior form of worship or meditation, required no great altar-pieces with large carved figures, but rather small shrines with medium-sized pictures. Religious subjects were still dominant, but in some of the pictures of the Buddhist Hell, we can see, in their battle scenes and incidentals, the approach to the secular subjects that became characteristic of the next, or Feudal period. Towards the close of the Fujiwara age the mystical tendencies of the people were reflected in a new style of painting in which the splendor of gold was used with great effect to suggest the blazing glory of the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas of the Boundless Light. A new school of sculpture arose also, headed by Jōchō, the first great sculptor of lay origin.

The bitter feuds which arose in the 12th century and reduced the Fujiwara family to obscurity, swept over Japan like a hurricane and changed the whole current of history. New conditions arose, and with them a new art. The later periods of Japanese art must be considered in the final part of this paper.

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER I — THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY



WHEN you have to do with Man, it is time to walk warily; heaven knows in what sacred precincts you may be trafficking! Here, it must be owned, he is commonplace failure enough: a poor wingless biped — two-legged pig, fox, ass, or tiger, often: a thing walking erect and offending heaven. Even so; but beyond this *here* there is a *there*, internal and supernal: wherein you shall find him at one with the Hosts of Angels and the embattled stars. An animal, something lower than the others; and behind that a mind of sorts; and behind that — aeons on aeons, winged and flaming hierarchies; Olympus and Mount Meru and Sinai; Apollo, Angus Og, and Balder the Beautiful; Golden Age and Millennium and the whole Glory of God.

So when we come to the story of him, which we call History, we are to expect all manner of impossible incongruities. Here, Zeus

will be jostled by swineherds; there, out of a reeking, raving mob, Juno steps forth majestic, or Minerva with untroubled eyes. Take crown and purple from this one, or herdsman's smock from that other, and you shall find that it was reincarnate Osiris enthroned, or that Phoebus, banished from his mansions in the sun, was feeding the kine of some new Admetus. And human destiny was in their hands the while!

The Aryans, it has been said, sought and saw God in Man and in the Universe; the Semites, in the unfoldment of history; or, the field of research for the first was space, and for the second, time. We might, however, turn Aryan eyes on to the Semitic province; and behold the Divine crowding down into the affairs of men: events, as well as the starry systems, falling into a grand architectural plan; and a drip or seepage incessantly, of immortal waters into this mortal world.

The Tapestry of History — at first glance would not one call it a kind of futurist fandango of unfinished forms? High lights and dark shadows: a deal of lurid crimson for crime and bloodshed, lust and cruelty: bilious green plentiful; hard metallic bice, flarings of loud vermilion and scarlet, all the harsh pomp and externalities of color — God's truth, it is hard, unpromising work enough! Kings and dukes at it with mace and battle-axe, bishops lending a mailed hand on occasion; wars civil and uncivil; the appearance of some ambitious war-king, eager to subdue this people and that; Lollardry and Smithfield fires; headsman's axe, and great activities therewith on Tower Hill; hangman's rope, and an eternal procession to Tyburn — it is a garish, crude, unbeautiful tapestry surely. And you may take this as typical; what you shall garner in other lands will be a little better or a little worse; but the proud figure of headsman or hangman will still be stalking in sinister glory across the picture; here we shall do our work with the stiletto or Borgias' ring; there with gentlemanly rapier; there again with brutal smashing mace or pole-axe; but be very sure the work will be done, whether by Latin, Gaul, Saxon, or Teuton. We shriek at Spain, France, England, in turn, for their successes; while we are very weak, we are mighty virtuous; while our hands are bound, Lord, they know nothing of picking and stealing; *Meum and Tuum* is rigid, and if our eyes wander covetously in secret, our fingers move not openly to transgress. Then comes the day when we slip the handcuffs; and lo, those same fingers begin to

show a strange facility for searching in the pockets of *Tuum*. The picture is not exaggerated, is it? It is all very true . . . ?

Yes, it is all very true, but —. Some will see nothing but crude blue of sky, brown of earth, and green of vegetation in any landscape. The light will be mere white for them; the shadows no more than black or brown or gray. Others, looking out through eyes more instructed, will see wonder and glory everywhere: the darkest shadows, for them, glow amethystine, and where the sunlight falls, there will be flashing and whirling myriads of intoxicating colors. Magic is not dead for them; they will not walk abroad without expectation of happening upon some faun or nymph or fairy — indeed, dear knows whether haply between this and the post-office, one might not run against one of the Olympians themselves. In our excursions into history we must be alert, lest things transcendental and unearthly should escape us. They are there: he that has eyes to see, shall see. Let none wantonly accuse the Golden Age of having perished traceless, or the Woods of Arcady of being dead.

Let us say at once that we need Plato's method, and to understand the universal plan before examining the details. Aristotle-Bacon will not do, if only because too few of the particulars are ever available; beyond that there is the inherent imperfection of the logic of the brain-mind. All of which smacks of heresy, but no matter. Reinforce your reasoning with intuitive imagination: take that for telescope to the star-worlds, and quit peering upward through microscopes of inductive argument. "Except ye become as little children," says the Teacher. . . .

Could we but conjure men's minds into a healthy, glowing imaginative state — childlike, not childish — unperverted with dogmatic superstitions, not cribbed and cabined in materialism; we should have Archimedes' lever at our service, and straight might give this old world a fillip to send it careering gaily among the stars. We might dwell in altitudes that have a pure, spiritual ozone for atmosphere; our commonest clowns and clodhoppers might be poets, enchanters, heroes, proud kings. After the old theories which confined human existence in within the limits of six poor little thousand years, or let out the walls for it grudgingly by a meager millennium at a time, how lovely is that teaching of Theosophy which gives man freedom of the last eighteen million years, and bids us forget Adam and the apes, and behold ancient divine dynasties, and an ancestry of Gods, Sons of the

Fire Mist, and of Will and Yoga! Such a doctrine would be orthodox and proper to the great creative ages: which we might hurry back, indeed, by a return to generous conceptions, casting off the niggardry of current theories.

We can get no true historic perspective in the mere story of Christendom and the decadent pagan and Jewish ages immediately preceding: which is all the history we study, commonly. How are you to judge the merit and meaning of a drama, who have but watched one corner of the stage during the process of one scene? Plot there was, although you saw none of it: the cyclic evolution of man;—all that sound and fury, were it interpreted, is the eternal warfare of the Angels and the Demons. What seemed a stupid hodgepodge of lies, brutalities, and barbarism, could you see it all, and in perspective, would appear an orderly, intelligible unfoldment: a pageant of men and Gods marching; a decent, reasonable warfare of real opposites. Where you saw only hell's broth stirred by the witches: "eye of newt and tongue of frog," etc., in reality was Ceridwen's Cauldron, into which all essences and poisons are thrown, that at last the Three Drops of Wisdom may be brewed. We are at heart reasonable beings; Children of Cosmos, as you might say; although running wild here in chaos, and with perhaps an accidental dash of chaos in our veins. Look too limitedly, and it is only the workings out of this wild streak that appear, as in the helter-skelter story of Christendom; yet even there, could we look with anointed eyes — Where we sensed no more than the rude, obstreperous buffetings of kings and barons, had we the ken to penetrate to realities, we might catch glimpses of lights and shadows more than earthly; hear, not too faintly, echoes of the war-shouts of Heaven and Hell; and read our own internal struggles in Froissart or Macaulay or Carlyle.

For here is one thing we know, and theories and argument have no place in it: Good makes war on evil, light upon darkness; and we ourselves are the battlefield. Search within, and you shall surely learn to know where flames the sword of Michael; what champions, golden-mailed and winged with lightnings, lead the cohorts of Heaven; and where the princes of Tophet surge and gather in the gloom. And these intimate parts of man are the integrals of history. That force which, whispering within your heart, used your tongue this morning to sneer or speak traduction, brought down in its day empires in Anahuac and the Andes; stole provinces in Africa; forced opium

on reluctant China; warred with, burned, and slandered Joan of Arc. Within the silence of one's own heart at any time, one may hear the trumpets of the Gods ring out: who will, may ride with me this morning to Roncesvalles, where the Paladins shall not fall now; who will, may man the topless towers of Ilium, or go forth breaking the battle of the Achaeans; or, maybe, fight that last dim, weird battle in the west again to such a purpose, that Arthur shall not now be smitten through the helm, nor need rest beneath the trees of Avalon and Mystery. For the Battle of the World endures —

There hath been nothing else since time began:

The battlefield is earth and sky and sea;

The battle day is time, till God and man

Dreaming, forget to be.

On Kurukshetra, Camlan, Marathon,

Still the two Hosts their endless warfare wage:

Still splendid surge the Sun-God legions on,

And still the hellions rage.

Truce hath not been since first the worlds were made,

Nor any moment passeth, but therein

The Angels in their battle-cars arrayed,

Or else the demons, win.

Harken, this day God's Trumpeters do call

His old time heroes forth to new renown;

This day the Red Branch and the Paladins fall,

And Troy's high wall goes down,

Or conquering Heaven sweeps on Hell's hosts entrenched,

And Xerxes' fleet, and Philip's, break amazed;

Lutzen is won, and Balor's eye is quenched,

And Orleans' siege is raised.

One is the Host of Light, that shall not cease

Nor suffer time forget his flame-bright goal;

Ho, slumberers, rise! Shake off your bonds of peace;

Ye are not dust, but Soul!

One is the Horde of Darkness: all the years

Have drawn their sorrows from one fount of woe;

But now the dawn of liberation nears,

Sing, moments, as ye go!

For lo, the fields of dawn are all athrong

With flaming champions; we may drift no more,

Poor human froth and flotsam, whirled along

Where hell's dark torrents roar.

Yes, in spite of all the *blessings* of modern civilization! In spite of this great black sacrament of Satan, at which our western nations kneel celebrant, with slums and sins for bread and wine, and ignorance for the inward and spiritual disgrace: ignorance, educated, highly cultured and refined, or the common brute sort with bludgeon and jemmy; ignorance begetting materialism, money-lust, armaments; sordid doctrines of expediency, when nothing worse, in politics; unilluminated realism in art and literature; here and there even Bacchanalian worship of the flesh! In spite of the weariness of humanity; the imagination of the world poisoned, perverted, or paralysed; and that we, the heirs to the haughtiest thrones, to destinies transcendental and supernal, go wallowing in the mire, filling our bellies with the husks which the swine do eat. Even if the glory of life has departed, and we cry not *Ichabod*, but rather take pride in our fall: are all materialists, and delight in dulness, so that no stars shine for us, and we hear no music in the winds and waters; even if we fall to deifying machinery; build nasty cities for souls to wither and grow sick in; and for the scepter of our spiritual kingdom, have little left but our cheating yard-wands —

Arthur, Arjun, Cucullain, Charlemain,
Still flame immortal through the immortal fray;
Glyndwr's bright Dragon takes the heavens again,
No more to wane away.

Oh beautiful, and past endurance bright,
They break and burgeon forth on the ages' gloom,
And at their song the bastioned walls of night
Go crumbling down to doom.

A thousand reckonings have them dight in arms,
Innumerable, lightning-sworded; ne'er of yore
So rang their battle-anthem o'er the alarms
Of kings on kings at war.

For now no more will High God stand denied
To see fulfilled His oath and compact, ta'en
When Julian fell; when bright Hypatia died;
When Joan of Arc was slain.

— He that has ears to hear, let him hear. We cannot despair, but instead are called upon to hope with the lustihood of giants refreshed. For this was ever the way with us, perverse creatures that we are: when all looks most hopeless, trashy, woe-begone, thoroughly smug

and mediocre, out of this swamp of unhuman humanity, suddenly will be appearing some Maid of Orleans, some Julian, some Blavatsky to confound the probabilities; and there where we thought all was placid, unshakable Gehenna, and ugliness comfortably enthroned on a throne of reinforced concrete — there suddenly revolting Heaven breaks through, Eternal Beauty leaps up flaming, and the world rings again with the gayety of the irrepressible Gods. No, no, there is something fiendishly persistent about the Soul! Though you bury it fifty cubits beneath the mountains; though you clamp it down with adamant and steel, and pile Pelion on Ossa on top, think not that you shall rest o' nights for its rumblings! Think not that you are safe from the Soul! — it will out yet, and gloriously overturn your dirty empire. Bury the Gods; level Olympus; shout on all the winds that Great Pan is dead; blaspheme the glory of Apollo; — and then look to it, you are not safe! Gather where you will in your Synods and Ecumenical Councils; scream down your opponents in the name of *homoousion* or *homoiousion*; to it valiantly, Athanasius and the Arians; Constantinople; Nicaea; loud-mouthed African Tertullian; astute Eusebius, refashioning the past; to it with your wrangling, your anti-heretical thunders, your burning-eyed, narrow-browed, hoarse bigotry! You Saint Cyril and your ragtag and bobtail mob of saints armed with oyster-shells, to your Eastertide murder in the Serapion: tear to pieces the Good, the Beautiful, and the True! No doubt ye be mighty warriors, mighty champions of the unlovely; but your terrible flaming zeal has become an object of scorn and pity; your machinations are all wasted away! Though you have torn up every bloom that blossomed by the Mediterranean, was there no vast and fertile Orient? no seeds winged with gossamer, nor winds to bear them eastward? You have built a rampart of sand on the seashore; you have raised a little hedge to exclude the wandering swallow! Now that the tide is ebbing; now that the bloom is dying on the thorn; consider your work very efficacious, praise it and magnify it forever! But the great waters will flow again, the daffodil will bloom again; and we shall hear again the old booming on the cliffs, the familiar sweet twittering under the eaves. A few centuries are to pass, and in place of waning Alexandria we shall have noon-bright Athens reborn in Florence; and meanwhile there are to be Bagdad and Cairo and Cordova —

The cypress groves of Rukhnabad, the rose gardens of Musalla,

— all the tulip plots of Persia, starred and lovely with Saadi, Hafiz, and Khayyam. Aye, and there are to be wonderful gardens in Cathay also: Willow-plate-pattern gardens at Loyang and Honanfu, where the poets of Song and Liang are to bloom, and the Tang artists are to make a splendor the like of which time remembers not elsewhere.

*Out of the seas and out of the mountain,
And from the waves of the rivers,
Some god is always appearing —*

and the gods you banished shall return, for gifts bringing beauty, art, learning — all those things that you tried so valiently to hustle and rout away over the edge of the world.

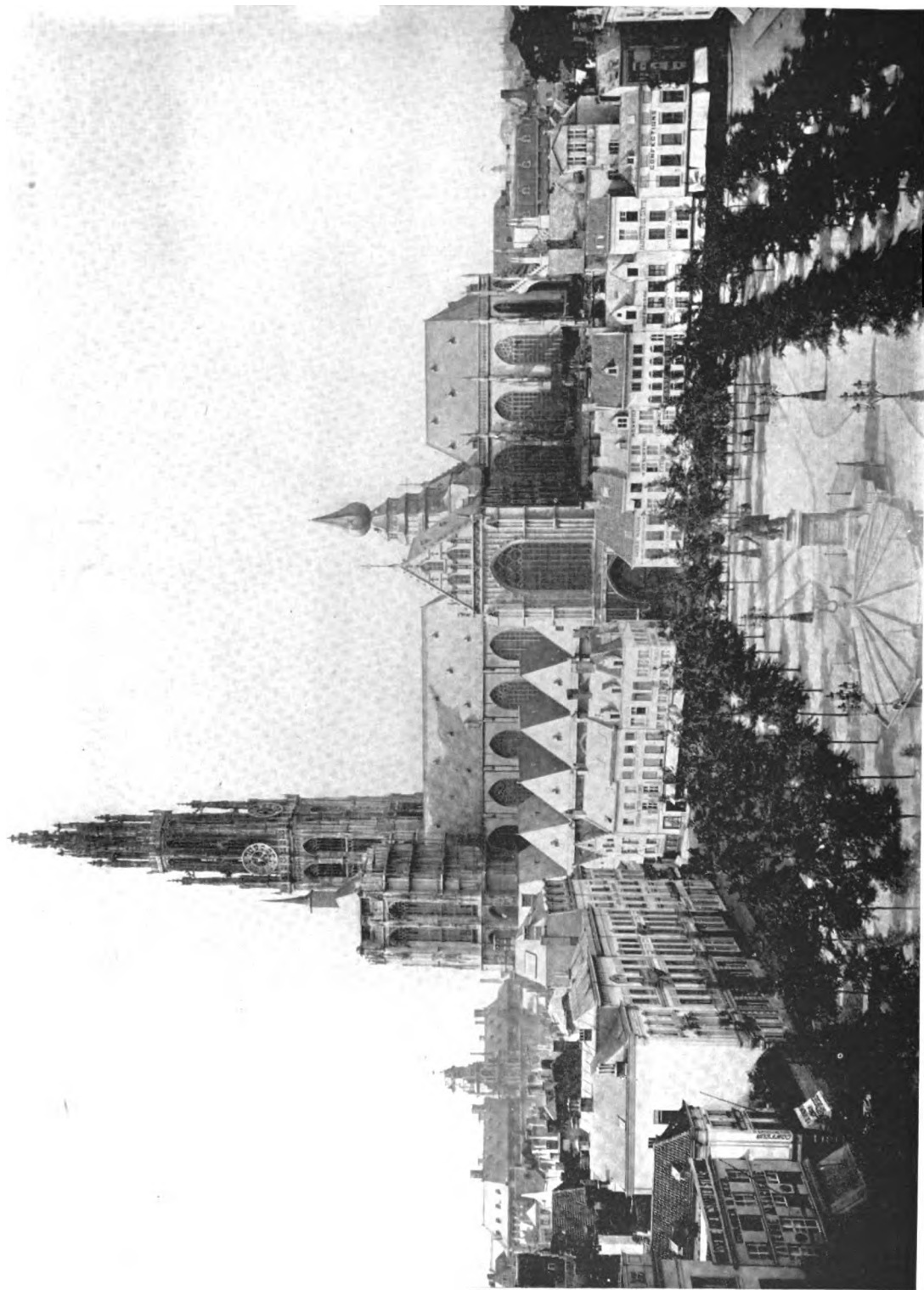
And then up in the north there is to be that strange bluff monk of Wittenberg, with a dash, surely, of the old 'Tacitus' Germans of Woden in his veins: no great apostle of the beautiful he; yet too, I think that Thor's hammer must have swung and pounded the anvil at the forging of him; for he comes with gifts from Valhalla and the Asgard; he opens somehow the gates of Europe, and it is a cold, boisterous, but disinfecting North Wind that blows in.

So too, this dark age of ours will pass. Our armaments and tomfooleries will be swept away; great god Mammon will go by the board; the bright hours will return, and the blue sky ring again with song. For endless machinery we shall have once more the sweet, bright enchantment of the soul, and a humanity made clean and illumined. The Olympian Lords of Beauty will have their say, and the Warrior Gods of the North, thundering forever on the walls of Niflheim; the Celtic Doniaid and De Danaan Races, robed in mysterious sunsets and dawns, and wielding the potent magic of song. O world, world, you shall awake and know great purity and delight by and by! You were a most complete fool to think that this present age of sordidness was destined to endure!



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THE "BELFRY," BRUGES, BELGIUM



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A GOOD VIEW OF A PART OF ANTWERP, BELGIUM

THREE KINGS MEET: by H. T. E.

"The conference of the three Scandinavian Kings and their Ministers at Malmö has," says the Copenhagen correspondent of the *Telegraph*, "ended after two day's proceedings. It has been very successful. All parts of Scandinavia are greatly satisfied. The meeting has strengthened further the ties and good understanding between the three countries and proved the three Governments' strong determination to keep neutral. . . ."

The *Pall Mall* says, "We believe it to be the case that such a meeting has not taken place since the Middle Ages."—(*Clipped from the Press*)



In the long march of time, forgotten history fades into legend, and again legendary lore often proves prophetic. About the ancient town of Vadstena, on the shore of Lake Vettern, Sweden, cluster many famous legends. One of the most interesting of these tells of a future day when

SEVEN BEECHES WILL GROW FROM A COMMON ROOT, AND SEVEN KINGS WILL ARRIVE FROM SEVEN KINGDOMS AND FASTEN THEIR HORSES, ONE AT EACH TREE. UNDER THE CANOPY OF THE BEECHES THEY WILL CONCLUDE AN EVERLASTING PEACE ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE SEVEN KINGDOMS WHICH THEY REPRESENT. AND THIS WILL COME TO PASS AT THE END OF THE PRESENT AGE.

In the summer of 1913 was solemnized the International Peace Congress which Katherine Tingley had convened, and which met on the historic island of Visingsö, in this same Lake Vettern of the above legend; where its meetings were held under the auspices of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and under the direction of the Leader and Official Head of that organization — Katherine Tingley. No hint of the present European war was at that time in the thoughts of men, no idea of any particular significance attaching to Sweden as the locality for the Congress. But now, after a year and a half, circumstances then veiled from the eyes of the world are becoming apparent. This Congress was no ordinary meeting, such as are held in numbers every year in connexion with peace and similar causes. It had behind it the full force of Theosophy, the only philosophy which gives reality to life and furnishes the clue to the unsolved problems that confront us at every turn. The addresses by many prominent speakers of various lands at this Congress showed that the teachings of Theosophy point the way to the solution of the problems which, in most conferences, are merely stated but without a hint of solution. Moreover, Katherine Tingley was accompanied on her journey by a band of the famous Râja-Yoga students, whose match-

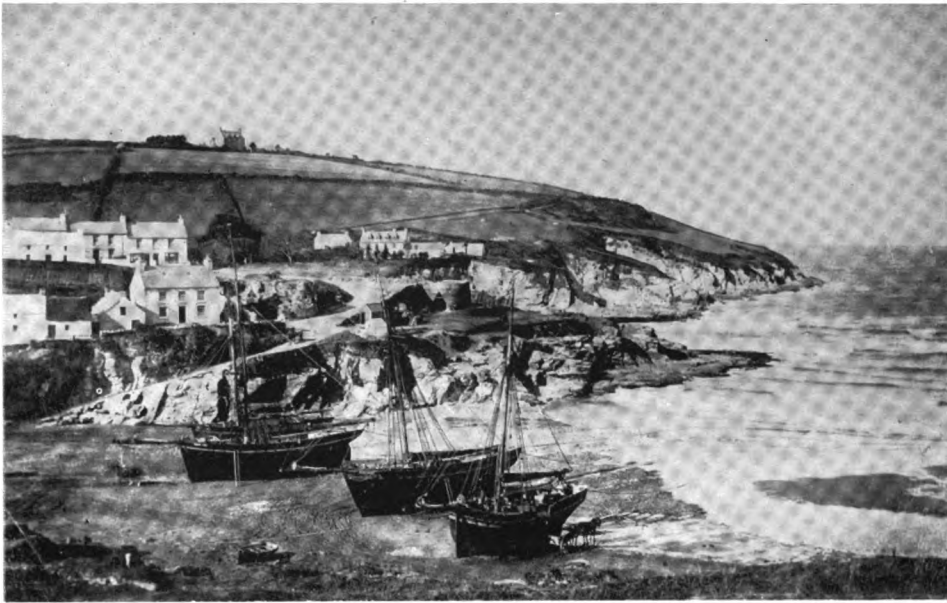
less bearing and exquisite music and songs spoke to the heart a message that penetrated where mere spoken words cannot go. Katherine Tingley and her party undertook what may well be called a crusade, visiting many places, notably the Netherlands, and evoking everywhere a most enthusiastic response from people who till then had never dreamed of the mighty possibilities that lay in the Theosophy of which heretofore they had only heard vague rumors, or (worse) travesties and perversions.

All who have seen the Râja-Yoga pupils or any department of the work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, realize that some mysterious and mighty *power* lies behind it all. It is the power of many sincere and devoted lives lived in mutual accord with each other according to the principles of Theosophy. Undoubtedly that force, thus carried to Sweden and Holland — especially to the romantic and historic spot of Visingsö — lit up there one of those sacred invisible *fires* of which the ancient bards speak, and awoke once more the slumbering chords of a harp that, like the harp of Tara, in former days “the soul of music shed.”

Three kings already have met in the land of the prophecy, to confer for the future peace nations, and no such meeting has taken place since the Middle Ages. May it but be the preliminary to other meetings, so that the prophecy be fulfilled in its entirety!

There are sacred spots on this earth still, as there have always been; nor was it without significance that Sweden was chosen as the site for the Congress and that it has witnessed this memorable meeting of kings. No doubt Point Loma, that spot of wondrous beauty on sunny California's Pacific shores, is such a nerve center of old earth's electric organism; and no doubt but the work carried on there year after year with such devotion by the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society under the capable direction of their trusted Leader has thrilled the soul of the world and is producing far-reaching results that will eventually initiate a new order of ages.

It was at Visingsö that the celebrated Earl Per Brahe, in the 17th century, built and established his unique school. This spot has been preserved in its natural beauty and sequestered charm, free from the corrupting hand of cities, to be once more the scene of like labors. For on that very spot Katherine Tingley has spoken of founding a branch of the Râja-Yoga School, on a site already purchased.



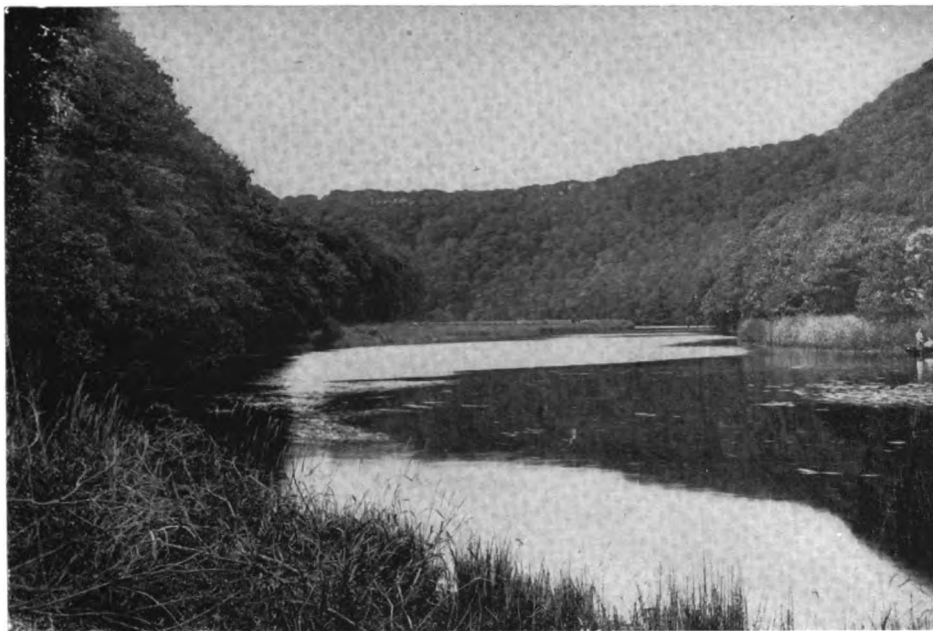
ABERPORTH



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CARDIGAN

INTERESTING SPOTS ON THE WELSH COAST



TEIFY RIVER, CARDIGAN



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CORACLE FISHERMEN

OTHER WELSH VIEWS

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC: by E. A. Neresheimer

III

MYSTICISM OF THE NEW FRENCH SCHOOL OF MUSIC

"There is a kind of knowledge whose acquisition is not restricted to experiment."



THE rising wave of spirituality of our day had its inception in the religio-philosophical truths given by the Masters of Wisdom through their privileged exponent, that genius and reformer, H. P. Blavatsky, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, whose work *The Secret Doctrine* contains more wisdom to the square inch than any contemporary book of any language. Nearly one-quarter century was spent in meeting the contemptuous antagonism which followed the publication of Theosophic philosophy. The teaching of the self-evident truths of the essential Divinity of man; the spiritual kinship of mankind with all that lives; the fundamental identity of all souls with the Over-soul; were too shockingly mysterious for a world steeped in sensuous concerns.

However, things have changed since then; a new order of mysticism in literature, poetry, painting, pregnant with these ideas, already holds a permanent place among us; likewise the younger French School of Music asserts its prerogative with uncompromising courage.

We do not contend that this new music is a universal solvent, nor that it is entirely free from the ravishing seductions of emotional flavor of the contemporary school, but it contains a message of no mean import. Imagination has taken on new flights into a domain suggestive of more enduring states of existence, wherein the mysteries of life are approached with great confidence and reverent solicitude. Deeper secrets of spiritual consciousness are explored and unfolded with no uncertain assurance and persuasion.

Claude Debussy and Vincent d'Indy are the originators and the foremost exponents of the school. Numerous works of the same character by other composers have appeared during the last decade in quick succession, whose style and construction similarly contain this mystic element and the same characteristics of structure.

At first, Debussy's orchestral compositions in their new form and substance were to his contemporaries an eccentric and curious phenomenon; his intentions could not be discerned; but now he is indus-

triously imitated. After twenty years the chorus of critics still hold aloof from mentioning it. His works consist of choral compositions, chamber music, piano pieces, songs, and orchestral numbers. Of the latter, the following are the best known: *Printemps*, (Poème Symphonique); *Trois Nocturnes*, (Nuages, Fêtes, Sirènes); *Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune*; *La Mer de l'Aube à midi sur la Mer*; *Image*, (Gigue Triste).

In all his compositions there is a haunting beauty, a sort of dreamy subtlety, but of commanding distinction. There is no ostentation, no unwieldy complexity, no departure for an instant from the idea for the sake of purely musical effect, but an absorbing poetic phantasy and contemplation of transcendental reality. It resembles a sensitive and truthful record of inner vision, which gives us at once the sense of dwelling in a mystic atmosphere of purity, truth and beauty. His musical painting and phenomena of nature, landscape and sea, are marvels of truthfulness.

There is something wonderfully fascinating in this new music; we feel that we are adrift in another world, and at the same time are sensibly conscious that our own ideas are being illuminated, though their actual realization is beyond the ken of our ratiocinative faculties.

The most important departure, however, is in the form and substance of the music-drama of which *Pelléas and Mélisande* by the same composer is an example. Here the mystic element is more pronounced than in his purely concerted music. A more perfect blending of music and text was never accomplished. The play itself (by Maeterlinck) is deeply mystical, yet animated by flowing action and logical dramatic unfoldment of incidents and plot, but leaving a certain reality suspended and undeclared. The music has a peculiarly suggestive persuasion and spiritual flavor which is as profound as it is evasive.

In conception and design the music is so intimately interwoven with the ideas and the unspoken feeling of the play that they seem inseparable and have the effect of inescapable fascination.

The voice parts are treated as a continuous recitative resembling speech, with due rise and fall of pitch, with little regard to set rhythm, though highly flexible in forms of eloquence, but without either Leit-motif or Melody. Orchestration is by no means simple, but with all its rhetorical power it is reticent and discreet, and particular effects are produced by mere harmonic hints and sometimes by moments of

complete silence. M. Maeterlinck asserts that the reservoirs of silence lie far above the reservoirs of thought. In his essay on "Silence" he says: "It is idle to think that, by means of words, *any* real communication can ever pass from one man to another . . . were I to speak to you at this moment of the greatest things of all — of love, death, or destiny — it is not love, death, or destiny that I should touch; and my efforts notwithstanding, there would always remain between us a truth which has not been spoken."

Richard Wagner, too, realized the limitations of language. He said: "The profoundest essence of our thoughts is unconveyable in direct ratio as they gain in depth and compass and thus withdraw beyond the bounds of Speech—of Speech, which does not belong to our own real selves but is given us second-hand to help our converse with an outer world, that, at bottom, can only understand us clearly when we place ourselves entirely on the level of life's vulgar needs. The more our thoughts depart from that level, the more laborious becomes the effort to express them. . . . Now music is indisputably the fittest medium for the thought that cannot be conveyed by speech, and one well might call the inmost essence of all vision, Music."

The New French School of Music without doubt aims at a higher degree of interpretation by means of its original tonal coloring (founded principally on the major triad with the augmented fifth) which latter is eminently suitable to the expression of solemnity and deep thought.

Of the sincerity of the movement there is no doubt, nor is the appreciative recognition hardly in doubt by a majority of the people who have a chance to become well acquainted with it. Its structure is artistically successful. What its future stability will be we cannot guess, but we know that there is a relation between the rising spiritual wave and the phantasies of truth which arise at the threshold of the borderland approachable through the arts, and especially through the most incalculable of arts — music.

The truth can never be wholly revealed; still there is much scope for that mysterious agent — music — to approach closer and closer to the uninterpretable things behind the veil, that the Sphinx — Silence — shall perhaps finally reveal in its utter glory.

THE ISLE OF ANOMALY: by A. L. Terego



IT was a small island in the midst of the great ocean. In many respects it was different from some of the other islands, in that certain magnetic currents prevented its inhabitants from going very far away from it, though they had devised birdlike mechanisms that enabled them to make short flights.

The island was well watered and so far as nature went a pleasant enough place to live in, capable of producing ample sustenance for all its dwellers.

Naturally, however, what interested me most was the people, their philosophy, belief, conduct—in short, their civilization.

The people lived mainly in groups of families, in clans or tribes, with different distinguishing features of language, dress, or custom, and in many cases of tradition and belief. Then, too, between certain of them there arose at times strong jealousies and even enmity.

Now I did not know this until I had lived with them for some time, as I shall presently relate.

It seems that in ancient times, as time is counted by the island dwellers, and as far as their historical records go, such jealousies and enmities had existed between many of the separate families, and in consequence there was much strife between them, often productive of great misery and wretchedness and even famine. After a long period the heads of the families came to see that such strife was the height of folly, destructive of all the finer fruits of industry and thought which they held as the marks of their progress.

Thus it came about that the tribe or clan was formed as a self-governing, and in most cases peaceful body, so far as internal conditions were concerned. Thereafter many of the clans also lived for long periods at peace one with another, though at times there arose friction and much jealousy between some of them, which caused tension and apprehension of danger, leading sometimes to open and terrible warfare.

As already said, however, I did not come to know this until some time after I began my sojourn on the island.

II

Now, a word about myself, though I can say but little, for the reason which will be presently seen to be good and sufficient,

I am an inhabitant of another land, albeit our race is not altogether alien to the people of the Isle of Anomaly.

Just previous to the time when this narrative begins, I was a student, still at school, though the time had arrived when my studies there were completed and I was looking forward to taking an active part in the life of the people. What this should be, however, did not lie entirely with myself, for obedience to our preceptors, even as to their slightest suggestions, is ingrained in our very natures.

The preceptors of our youth are chosen from among the wisest of our people, and although every occupation is considered honorable and worthy of the employment of our highest faculties, yet a peculiar reverence is paid to those whose duty it is to instruct the young.

One immemorial custom of our people, very different as I afterwards learned from that in vogue among the inhabitants of the Isle of Anomaly and also of other lands, is that our preceptors advise what occupation or line of work shall be followed by our youth after they leave school. In no sense is this given as a command, but the advice is invariably followed by the pupil and gladly acquiesced in by his parents; for it is beyond question with us that no one is so qualified to know what a youth is best fitted for as the preceptor who during all his early years has had charge of his training, comprising as it does his whole nature, physical, intellectual and moral.

Although fairly proficient in my general studies, yet I knew there were some traits of character that needed rounding-out and developing. I was not surprised therefore when my revered preceptor called me to him and said that while I had finished my course in the school, I was not yet fully prepared to take up the active duties of life among the people. He advised therefore that I should travel to other lands, and first to the Isle of Anomaly. In this way, he said, I should have the opportunity for that experience which would enable me to gain the knowledge and development which I lacked.

I knew that many others before me had received the same advice and had followed the same course in order to complete their education, but as yet I knew nothing about the Isle of Anomaly beyond its name, which for me had no meaning or significance, being untranslatable into our language. I learned afterwards that its history and the mode of life of its inhabitants, their manners, customs, intellectual life and morals, are well known to our wise men, though these things, interesting enough in themselves, are not taught in our schools.

III

My preceptor gave me many instructions and much helpful advice regarding my journey and my mode of life on the Island. Somewhat to my surprise he informed me that none of our people are permitted to go there except in the disguise of an inhabitant of the Island.

On my arrival I was to be met by an old man with whom I was to live until I had perfected myself in the language of the people, and in particular I was advised to study their sacred writings, philosophy, and science. I was also to keep a record of my experiences down to the minutest detail. That record I am not permitted to give out in full, but only the briefest generalization, to the end that such of the people of the Island who may read this writing may know that there are other inhabited lands, and that their own thoughts and deeds are not wholly unknown to the inhabitants of those lands.

Finally as a parting instruction, my preceptor bade me remember this injunction:

If thou would'st know the truth of a matter, look not at it onesidedly; regard it from within and from without and from all sides; consider not only the matter itself as it appears to thee, but its causes and its effects.

IV

The old man met me on my arrival on the Island, as I had been told. I went with him to his dwelling which was in a secluded spot, and very quickly came to look upon it as my home. From the first the old man's face seemed familiar; and I felt as though I had known him all my life, as if he were an inhabitant of my own land and a member of my own family. Yet not once did he speak of the land I came from, and as I had received the most positive instructions regarding my disguise, I could not speak of it to him. Still, he knew my language, and I quickly learned from him that of the Island.

For several years I lived as a recluse, seeing no one but my aged host. I easily mastered the language and became proficient in several dialects of different parts of the Island, so that it would have been impossible from my speech to detect that I was not speaking my native tongue.

Partly on the advice of my preceptor, and partly because I myself felt that to understand a people one must get into sympathetic touch with their best thoughts and aspirations, I set myself to study their philosophical and religious teachings.

It was with the deepest interest that I learned that in past ages

certain Wise Ones had come to the different tribes of the Island, and had given them moral and spiritual instruction. Some of these Wise Ones were held in high reverence as having been inspired and having spoken the very words of Deity. Their sayings were therefore held sacred and were handed down from generation to generation as embodying the highest wisdom.

Let me now enumerate a few of these teachings which are held in such high reverence among the people of the Isle of Anomaly, and are regarded by them as divine commands:

"Thou shalt not kill." "Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not commit adultery." "Thou shalt not covet." "Thou shalt not bear false witness." "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Many of these were in no way unfamiliar to me, although at first I wondered why they should require divine sanction to make them effective, or be regarded in the light of religious teaching. Among the people of my own land they are held as embodying the most elementary principles of morality and conduct upon which the whole superstructure of civilization is based. These principles we recognize as being as self-evident and in the very nature of things, as that $2+2=4$, and as no more requiring constant reiteration than this simple mathematic formula, or that it is the nature of fire to burn, or water to seek its level. One statement is as fundamental and as scientifically provable as the other, albeit on a different plane.

Such were my musings at the time, but of my later conclusions I will speak anon.

Now there had been one great teacher, who, among the most powerful tribes of the Island, was spoken of and worshiped as the very Deity. He had not only reiterated the commands which I have just referred to and gave them his own sanction, but had taught his disciples many deep spiritual truths, though only fragments of these have been preserved, and but little is known regarding his life and mission.

From all that I could learn of this noble teacher, I was much attracted to him, and, I thought, happy indeed must be the people who are under his protection and guidance. And the name by which his worshipers most loved to speak of him was "The Prince of Peace." Another name by which he was most frequently called was "The Christ"; and his followers and worshipers, as if to accentuate their love and devotion to him, called themselves "Christians." Among the

teachings which were often on his worshipers' lips and were taught to the children were these — also well known to the people of my own land, and the very foundation of our happy and peaceful life:

“Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” “Blessed are the pure in heart.” “Blessed are the peace-makers.”

And one which I will put in the words of my own land, as I think them more forcible:

“Not words but deeds are the mark of the upright man.”

Above all he taught that all men are brothers.

But it was not only the religion of these people that I studied; I read also the writings of many of their most learned men on philosophy and science, for I desired to know their teachings in regard to man and nature, and to compare them with those of the wise men of my own land. Many treatises had been written regarding the evolution and development of the race inhabiting the Island, of the dawn of reason in primitive man, and how that godlike power had given him dominion over the whole of nature. Reason, their wise men declared, was the distinguishing mark of the civilized man; no longer was he swayed by the brute impulses of the savage; the pen was mightier than the sword. Disputes were no longer settled by personal combat; if a man felt himself aggrieved he must bring his grievance before a court of justice and the judge would render his decision upon the justice of his plea.

One of the greatest of their temples was called the Palace of Peace, and here the representatives of the different tribes would meet to decide any differences that might arise between any of the tribes.

Considering all these matters, I congratulated myself at my good fortune in coming to such a friendly land, and among such an enlightened and peace-loving people. I pictured to myself the glories of their civilization and their well-ordered and happy lives.

It was only later that I realized that I was forgetting my preceptor's parting injunction and was looking at the matter one-sidedly; and it was only later that I fully understood the wisdom of his advice first to study and become acquainted with the noblest thoughts and aspirations of these people; for in this way I learned their possibilities at least, even though, as will be seen, I received a rude shock when I contacted the people directly and witnessed their conflicting interests and antagonisms; in short, the accepted standards of ethical conduct by which the most of them actually governed their lives.

V

After some years of study, the old man with whom I was living, told me one day that the time had come when my secluded life as a student was to end, and that I must mingle with the people of the Island and see for myself the conditions of life in their cities.

I shall not now dwell upon these experiences or express my thoughts in regard to them, save to say that the truth of one of the aphorisms of my own land was brought very forcibly to my attention, viz., "The sins of a people are proclaimed by its laws."

In fact, I came to see a peculiar significance and force in the commands, said to have been divinely given: "Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not bear false witness; thou shalt not covet." The necessity for the constant reiteration of these as a part of the ritual of their worship, to which many of them give only one or two hours on one day out of seven, was all too plain.

But while my observation led me to this conclusion as regards the people in general, I am indeed happy to say that I found many individuals of noble character and pure lives, to whom this conclusion did not apply, and these not only among the cultured and wealthy, but also among the poor. I further found that this conclusion, based as it was on my own observation and from direct contact with the people of the Island, was fully borne out by the records which were kept by these people, who spent much time in compiling statistics on every conceivable subject. These statistics dealt with crimes, diseases, lunacy, degeneracy, as well as with education, religion, natural and manufactured resources, and other things too numerous to mention.

I have made reference to the poor, and in view of all that I had read of the high philosophy and religion of these people, the existence of this class was at first one of the greatest puzzles to me. It was only when I came to see the many contradictions, exhibited by the people in general, between their professions and their practice that I realized the inevitableness of poverty among them. All the time I saw it was possible for the Island to produce enough for the welfare and happiness of all, and I was filled with a profound sadness.

To their honor and credit, however be it said, there were many among each of the tribes who heroically sought to amend these conditions, and who endeavored to put into practice the precepts of their

ancient sages, not only in their own lives, but in the collective life of the people. Many also *pretended* to do this, demanding and receiving money in return for their professions, and even accepting payment for rendering service to the distressed; but the true followers of the sages were few, very few. So slender, it seemed, was the thread that held back the people of the whole Island from slipping into the abyss of utter barbarism.

But, as said, I must pass by all this for the time, for while seeking to understand these strange conditions — totally unknown in my own land — there occurred an event which concerned and indeed threatened the destiny and well-being of the whole Island, and which gave me an unprecedented opportunity to observe some of the peculiar characteristics of its inhabitants.

It was one of the strangest and most terrible experiences that had ever come into my life. It seemed as though the inner character of the people was suddenly unveiled, and they stood out as they really were, with the veneer of conventionality ruthlessly torn away.

VI

The event that I have just referred to was a terrible war, so great, involving so many of the tribes, and so fearful in its slaughter, that no war in all the historical records of the Island could compare with it. It came therefore to be known as the Great War. Several of the most powerful clans were ranged on each of the opposing sides, engaged in a death grapple.

When I sought to learn the causes of the war, so many conflicting opinions were presented by the opponents that it appeared impossible at the time to determine what were the true ones. So terrible was the strife and so prolonged, that the lands they fought over, and back and forth, were devastated, and their cities, villages, and hamlets destroyed. Most appalling of all was the heartrending suffering that was caused to aged people and to women and children. Famine and pestilence stalked through the lands.

In spite of my recent experiences of the everyday life of the people, I had to confess myself puzzled at the fearful picture, when I recalled the story of the Prince of Peace, and the learned treatises of those who in each tribe had been looked up to as wise men, with the oft reiterated proclamation that reason was the dominant factor in the life of their people and that brute force was merely the resort of

savages, meriting forever the scorn of the enlightened and the civilized.

But, thought I, although temporarily these warring clans have dethroned reason, and forgotten the distinguishing mark of true manhood, it cannot be so with the other clans which have not become involved in the strife; for it must be known that several powerful clans took no part in it. So it was with profound interest that I sought to learn how they were affected, what was their attitude, and what they were doing. These other clans or tribes were mostly separated from the warring clans by a great water, and one of them in particular was regarded by its own people and also by some of the other peoples as one of the most powerful and enlightened of all the clans on the Island. In fact, so powerful was it and so great its influence that the opinion generally prevailed that in any action that might be taken towards a restoration of peace it rightly should take the lead.

In the language of the people of the Island those tribes which were not engaged in the fighting were called neutrals.

One other distinguishing feature of the people of the Island which should be mentioned, was that they were inordinately given to speaking and writing, and many of them appeared to do little else than spend their time in debating and arguing. The value of silence and of few words seemed to be utterly unknown. At the same time, let it be understood that some of their leaders were men of earnest purpose, who, according to their knowledge, sought to guide the destinies of the people wisely, looking oftentimes beyond the good of their own clan to that of the whole Island.

So I turned to see what the leaders of the great neutral clan, of which I have just spoken, and their wise men were doing. Surely they were devising some plan to recall the people of the warring tribes to a state of reason and to put an end to the fratricidal combat. But let me tell what I found.

First it had become evident that the war was affecting the whole Island and not alone the people of the warring clans. Both trade and finance suffered. Some of the smaller neutral clans even found themselves face to face with ruin and starvation. Even in the great neutral clan it seemed as though some of its industries would suffer irreparable loss. The leaders of the great clan realized this; they held many meetings and published many writings discussing it. They said such a great war must never happen again, lest it mean ruin to

the whole Island; and they gravely discussed what they should do after the war was ended, and how such a terrible strife should never again occur. And yet all the time even their own land was becoming affected and the people beginning to suffer, although as yet in a minor degree. And I became greatly discouraged, for I had made many friends in nearly all the tribes, both the warring and the neutral; and I asked myself, What are they doing to end the war? Why do they make no friendly effort, even if it fail?

I investigated further. I found that many kind-hearted people were contributing money to equip nursing expeditions to care for the wounded, and many even themselves volunteering to go as nurses. Great quantities of food and clothing were collected to be sent to relieve the suffering and supply the needs of the destitute. But the war still continued; each day the number of the sufferers was added to; more villages destroyed; more people rendered homeless, driven out without shelter or food. And not one direct word to show that the great neutral clan or the other neutral clans had moral fiber enough or courage to demand that the unhuman and insane slaughter and devastation cease; not one direct word to remind the warring clans that they were reasoning men, and not wild beasts that they should rely on brute force to settle their differences.

Some of the leaders of the great neutral clan were busily engaged, even while the terrible slaughter was going on across the great water, in drawing up writings with the intent of cementing bonds of friendship between their clan and other clans, including not only the other neutral clans, but those engaged in the war. A laudable endeavor! And yet there were some, also regarded as leaders by certain of the people of the great clan, who declared such writings as useless, and they had no faith in these new writings.

It came to my knowledge afterward that the head of the whole clan, a learned and good man, had signified to the warring clans that he would gladly offer his services to adjust matters between them when they were willing.

But in the meantime the slaughter went on; every day more and more of the aged, of the women and children, often homeless and desolate, were facing not only starvation but despair.

Regarding all these things with sadness in my heart, a picture drifted before my mental vision. Instead of the tribes and clans with their many thousands, I saw a number of families all joined

together by ties of relationship, having the best aims and interests in common, and many of the members of the different families mingling one with another and forming the closest ties of personal friendship. Suddenly a quarrel arises among some of them who range themselves some on this side, some on that. All the aims and interests that they had held in common, and they were the noblest and the best in life, without which life is as naught, were thrust aside and forgotten, nay contemned. The quarrel grew more and more bitter, until the men of the opposing families fought savagely with one another. And the other families who did not take active part in the quarrel looked on. It was not their affair, they said.

That was the picture that came to me in my musings, and I thought, What are the tribes and the clans of the Island if not great families? Now in my own land it is well known that "*the same law that governs the small governs also the great.*" Can it be, I thought, that the people of the Isle of Anomaly are so ignorant that they do not know this, or are they so deluded by the miasmatic mists of evil, that they forget the teachings of their sages that all men are brothers?

And the worship of their God, "The Prince of Peace," was it all a sham, a pretence? I went into their temples, I heard their priests pray for peace; but not once did they call upon their fellow-Christians among the warring clans to remember that they were fellow-worshippers with them of this "God of Peace"; not once did they call upon them in compelling tones to remember that they were brothers. Was it that they had not the moral power and courage to do it, or that they lacked sincerity and their worship was a sham? True, their warring brothers had lost their balance and had renounced reason for brute force, but then surely there was all the greater necessity for those who still held that reason was the mark of a civilized man to, at least, protest — and protest.

Who is there that has not seen a calm strong man, not in brute strength, but in character and moral power, come into a room where men are quarreling, and by a word, spoken with authority born of moral power and high motive, recall the combatants to a sense of their dignity as men? Aye, but he must have moral power, his motive must be high and pure; still, if he have but a sense of his duty to his fellow men he will at least *try* to utter the word; and if he do that he will have done his duty.

For a moment, thinking thus, I forgot my own land, my own her-

itage, the object of my visit to the Island, I felt the despair of utter desolation creep over me and begin to numb all my faculties, as there came before me the picture of the devastation and the horror of the war. Is there no one, thought I, who can arouse the people of the neutral clans to this golden opportunity, to this responsibility that is theirs? Is there no voice to cry, Halt! and in the name of Humanity and Mercy demand that the warring clans shall cease their strife; that they shall bethink themselves of their divine heritage of reason, and take counsel together *as men*, and not fight as do wolves and wild beast?

And yet bodies in the warring clans held strong to their belief in humanity, held to their trust in the sublime teachings of the sages of all time, later repeated by their Prince of Peace. In the midst of their agony and tribulation, "If these divine teachings be true," they called out to the noble-hearted among the powerful clans across the great water, "why is not the word spoken that shall end this strife?" "Come," said they, "it is you that must speak, it is you that have the power to act. Will you forever let this golden opportunity pass?"

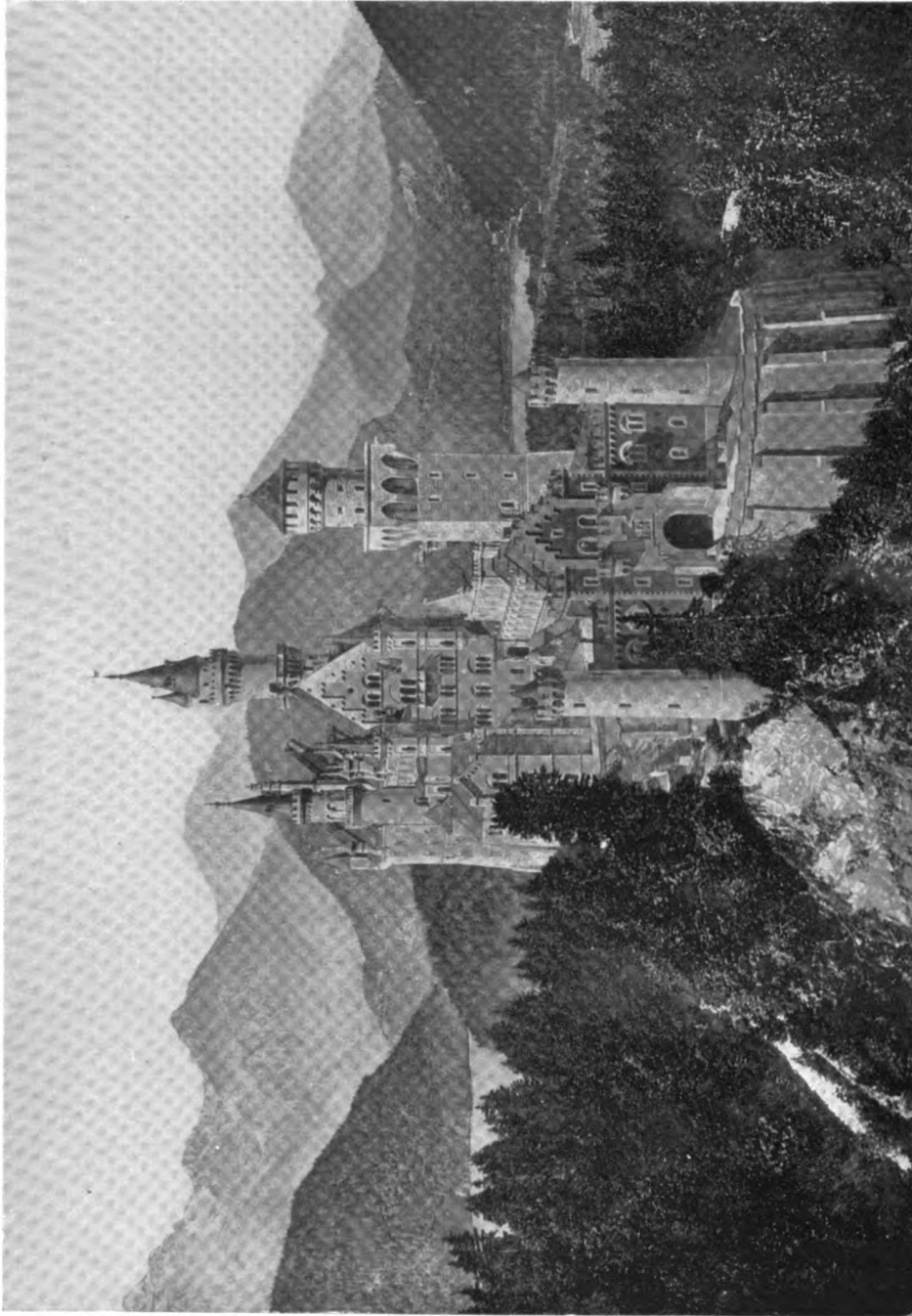
And I heard a mighty appeal, gathering new power, as others and still others took up the refrain. "Peace!" it said, "Peace! This insane war must cease. Those with whom you strive in deadly warfare are your brothers."

And my heart took new courage and new hope. The head of the great neutral clan was called upon, in tones that would not be denied, to call all the peoples of the Island to take counsel together and to meet as men and brothers in the Palace of Peace.

How that call was responded to, how the Great War ended, and how finally a new era was begun for the whole Island, is fully told in the archives of its people. My task is done; and here I end this brief record of my visit to the Isle of Anomaly.

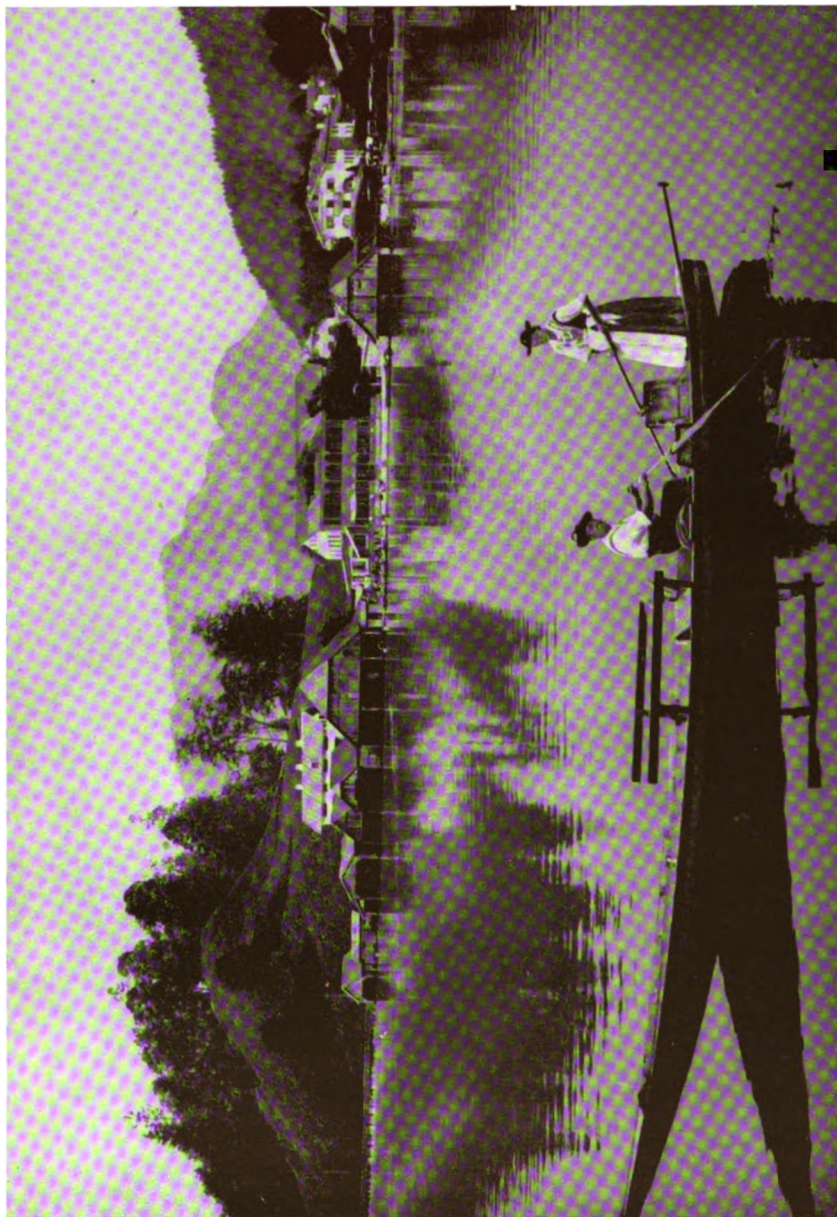


ACCORDING to some recent estimates of the age of sedimentation on the Earth, it lies between about eighty and a hundred and thirty million years. From other considerations based on radioactivity, it seems to lie somewhere between one hundred and seven hundred million years. According to occult data, the true age of sedimentation is 320,000,000 years. At the time this was published (1888) the extreme estimate accepted by science was about a hundred million. J.



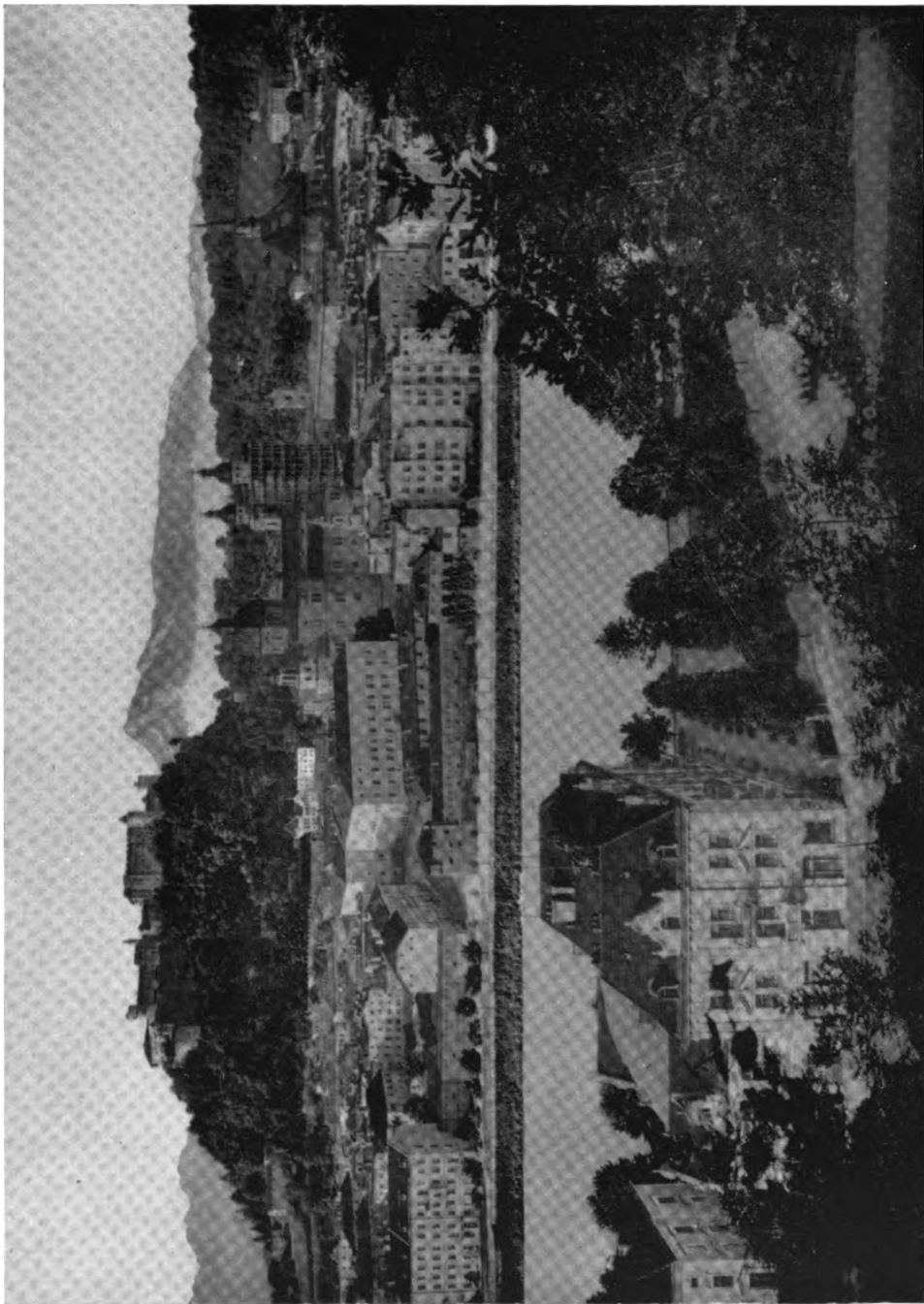
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THE ROYAL CASTLE OF NEUSCHWANSTEIN, IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS, GERMANY, AND THE SCHWANSEE BEYOND
This remarkable structure was built by King Ludwig II



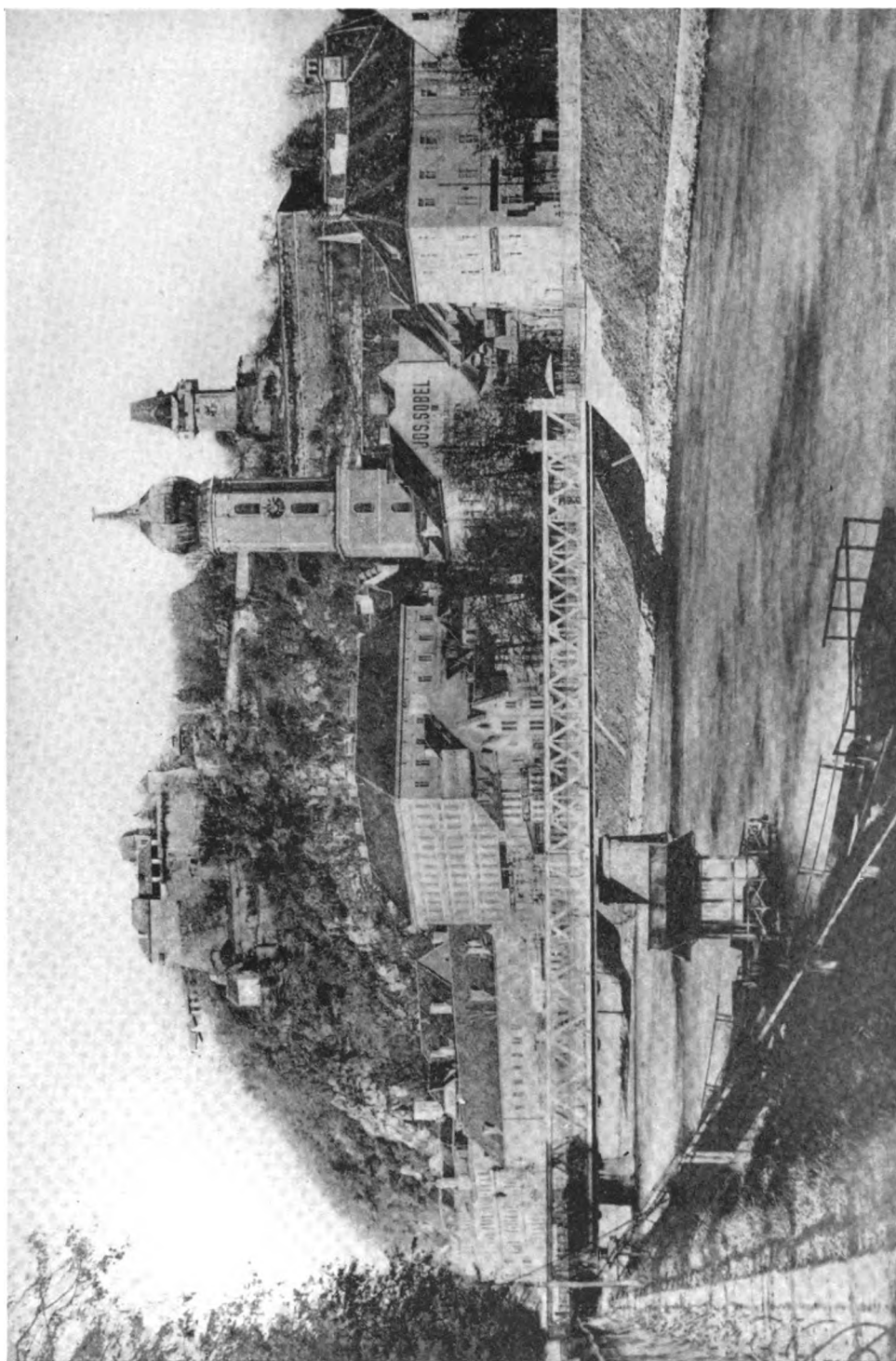
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THE VILLAGE OF KÖNIGSEE, BAVARIA, GERMANY



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SALZBURG, AUSTRIA. A VIEW OVER THE RIVER SALZACH, AND ALSO SHOWING THE OLD CASTLE
Taken from the Kapuzinerberg



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A VIEW OF GRAZ, AUSTRIA: SHOWING THE SCHLOSSBERG

PLATO'S CONCEPTION OF THE FUNCTION OF TRUE ART: by F. S. Darrow, A. M., PH. D.



ACCORDING to Plato, each man is born furnished with innate ideas — the inheritance garnered by the Soul during former existences. The object of education, then, is to uncover these ideas, or in the words of Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society:

The real secret of true education is rather to evolve the child's character than to overtax the child's mind: it is to bring *out*, rather than to bring *to* the faculties of the child. The grander part is from within. . . . It means no less than the development of the Soul, with all the capabilities which belong to it. . . . It is the power to live in harmony with our environment, the power to draw out from the recesses of our own nature all the potentialities of character and divine life. . . . *It is not so much a something which is imparted. It is a liberation from the powers of the lower forces which hinder and check a growth which ought to be unchecked and spontaneous.*

This characteristically Theosophical attitude of Plato toward life and education makes it imperative, in interpreting the philosopher's statements, *to read between the lines*. Consequently, his conception of the function of true art has been sadly misunderstood even by excellent scholars, for not a few have gone so far as to declare that he showed himself entirely unacquainted with the essence of art by accusing the arts of being imitative.

The truth, however, is that Plato did not criticise the arts from any misunderstanding, but, strange as the paradox may at first seem, because of the very keenness and intensity of his appreciation of the artistic ideal. To realize Plato's position, his declarations regarding art in the *Phaedrus*, the *Philebus*, and the *Symposium*, are fully as important — if not more important — than the criticisms contained in the *Republic*. In the *Republic* he criticises the degenerate arts of his own day, but in the *Phaedrus*, the *Philebus*, and the *Symposium*, he reveals glimpses of his conception of the ideal or heavenly art.

In Plato there are two men, the man of imagery, the poet; and the man of fact, the moralist. Temperamentally he was endowed with the keenest appreciation of art, and his real doctrine as to the function of true art, that of harmony within and without, is both moral and aesthetic. His criticism of the arts, as ordinarily practised, arises from no indifference to beauty but in very fact from his great love of beauty. His idealism goes hand in hand with his criticism.

Although Plato's idea of the Good was influential in determining the character of his criticism of the arts, he did not confuse ethics with aesthetics, for in the *Republic* he says:

The man is a fool, who laughs or directs the shafts of his ridicule at any other sight than that of folly and vice, or seriously inclines to measure the Beautiful by any other standard than that of the Good. (*Republic*, Book V, 452, e)

The same thought has been nobly expressed by Katherine Tingley:

Only that art is true art that leads the student daily nearer the golden portals of the Life Beautiful.

An important factor in Platonic philosophy is the recognition that human nature is essentially imitative, naturally assimilating itself to its surroundings.

Did you never observe how imitations beginning in early youth, at last sink into the constitution and become a second nature of body, voice, and mind? (*Republic*, Book III, d)

Man is like a plant which having proper nurture, grows and matures into all virtue, but if sown and planted in an alien soil, becomes the most noxious of all weeds, unless saved by some divine help. (*Republic*, Book VI, 492, a)

Let our artists rather be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of beauty and grace; then will our youth dwell in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, will meet the sense like a breeze, and insensibly draw the Soul even in childhood into harmony with the beauty of reason. (*Republic*, Book III, 401, c-d)

To the ancient Greeks, and to Plato pre-eminently, rhythm and harmony, law and order, were closely allied to reason. Thus the outer world, when rightly interpreted, speaks in the same language as the inner; and the inanimate, so-called, holds communion with the animate. Environment has a suggestive influence upon the Soul. Hence the importance of art and the necessity for an ethical censorship over all the arts from painting to poetry. The arts, rightly regulated, must express something worth expressing, and poetry and music, ordinarily regarded merely as accomplishments, become integral parts of education. This is one of the great lessons of Hellenicism, which Theosophy is re-incorporating into the life of today, for Katherine Tingley has said:

Music is usually regarded as an amusement, a relaxation, and nothing more. At Point Loma it becomes a part of life itself, and one of those subtle forces of nature which, rightly applied, calls into activity the divine powers of the soul.

There is held to be an immense correspondence between music on the one hand and thought and aspiration upon the other, and only that deserves the

name of music to which the noblest and the purest aspirations are responsive. Music is a part of the daily life at the Point (Point Loma), not merely as an exercise which occupies its stated time and seasons, but as a principle which animates all the activities.

There is a science of consciousness, and into that science music can enter more largely than is usually supposed.

The Theosophist, therefore, agrees with Plato who conceives of art "not as a collection of canons of criticism, but rather as a subtle influence, which pervades all things."

Is not this, I said, the reason, Glaucon, why musical training is so powerful: because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, bearing grace in their movements, and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated and ungraceful if ill-educated; and also because he who has received *the true education of the inner being* will most keenly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over, and receives into his soul the good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason of the thing; and when reason comes he will recognize and salute her as a friend with whom his education has made him long familiar? (*Republic*, III, d; 402, a)

Therefore Plato, the Theosophist, maintained that all true education has for its object the improvement of the soul, and conceived of it as consisting of

all the spiritual influences by which the Higher nature is nourished and quickened. (L. R. Nettleship: *Plato's Conception of the Good*, page 383)

It should be noted that this conception of Plato is in entire agreement with *art as practised at Point Loma*, where in the words of Katherine Tingley:

It follows faithfully upon the lines of the Science of the Soul which it is our mission to revive. Under this Science it becomes the true expression of the Soul ideals, and both art and decoration are no longer adventitious or capricious additions to our environment, but they become integral parts of that to which they belong.

Whatever has in any way a right to exist must contain within itself the possibility of existing beautifully. The power of beautiful expression is not an affair of custom, nor convention, nor from books. It comes from the arousing of the inner powers of the Soul which are in sympathy with whatever is high and pure.

L. R. Nettleship has pointed out that

Two feelings struggle in Plato: the feeling of what art may do for men, and the feeling of the evil that is often associated with it; and the result of this

conflict is the idea that art can only be made serviceable in the world by limiting it. (*Lectures on the Republic of Plato*, page 169)

In this limitation it is the artistic Greek who is dictating — the man in whom the principle of proportion and moderation is predominant — the man swayed by the sentiment of “nothing too much.” The idea of limit, of defining principle, pervades all Greek thought, and is a strong motive influencing Plato in his criticism of the arts, which he sought to purify by the aid of the ideal art which instinctively discerns “the true nature of beauty and grace.” Therefore the arts are of superlative importance in Plato’s eyes because of the imitative character of human nature and because of their inherent power.

By nature Plato was an artist, by reflection a moralist. Therefore in his criticism we have an artist criticising the arts and his judgment is that of an Initiate. Since the philosopher possesses the wonderful and rare power of a double imagination, an imagination which is both sensuous and metaphysical, the proverb is right: “if Zeus should descend to the earth he would speak in the style of Plato.”

The wise man will always be desirous of preserving the harmony of the body for the sake of the concord of the Soul. (*Republic*, IX, 591, d)

A conclusive proof that Plato is no harsh and unsympathetic critic of the arts, no narrow-minded Puritan, is given by his Hellenicism, his liberal-mindedness, for Hellenicism is the consideration of the essential interests of man, the distinguishing between accretions and organic members, a lesson in rationality. Says Emerson: “Perpetual modernness is the measure of merit in every work of art,” and this quality is pre-eminently Plato’s, whose “broad humanity transcends all sectional lines.”

Plato arraigns the arts, as ordinarily practised, on two bases: first, philosophically, because they are imitative; and secondly, practically, because they over-stimulate the emotional element of the Soul at the expense and to the detriment of the rational element. He declares that the proper end of art is ethical, and that the artist stands in the position of a teacher. Therefore he condemns in no uncertain tones the deteriorated forms of the arts on the ground that they are governed by no rational principle. Consequently they must be limited and must act as handmaidens to philosophy, the love of wisdom, for the function of the Soul is to synthesize life and to exercise rationality.

“Since the interest of each of the arts is the perfection of each of them, (*Republic*, I, 341, d) — a profound thought of great beauty —



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A HEAD OF DIONYSUS

This is a bronze in the "archaistic" style, preserved in the Museum of Naples, and was formerly supposed to be a bust of Plato.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THIS MUTILATED STATUE IS THE SO-CALLED "APOLLO WITH THE OMPHALOS"
(A CONICAL STONE), THUS NAMED FROM A STONE LYING NOT FAR FROM
THE FIGURE WHEN FOUND

It is probably not an "Apollo" at all, but more likely the statue of some ancient
athlete. The probable date is the Fifth Century B. C.

the science of life, which stands supreme over all the arts, must be in itself the art of life, and the function of the true artist is to express the beauty of the world as a rhythm and a harmony expressing rationality. Platonic ethics are inseparably linked with Platonic aesthetics. The true art of life is to live well, and not, as some have supposed, to do away with all art. The ultimate is not only the Good but it is also the True and the Beautiful. Plato's aim is to establish the heavenly beauty on earth.

Therefore he criticises the existent arts because of their lack of principle and their aimless variation, their miscellaneous empiricism and their failure to conform to a standard of truth and nobility. He applies four criteria in purging the arts, namely, the standards of consistency, truth, proportion, and simplicity. Art which merely panders to pleasure and which is not under ethical jurisdiction is a specious flattery, a false rhetoric.

The only true art in Plato's ideal is the art of living, which, when practised, will produce the all-beautiful. He protests against the arts as disconnected features in experience, and declares that they must be organized, synthesized.

The function of true art is to convey a knowledge of the truth. (*Phaedrus*, 262)

The outcome of this censorship of the arts is to make mind the king of both heaven and earth. (*Philebus*, 28, c)

Knowledge is one; yet the various parts of knowledge have each of them a particular name, and consequently there are many arts and sciences. (*Sophist*, 257)

If we are not able to hunt the good with one idea only, with three we may take our prey: beauty, symmetry, truth are the three. (*Philebus*, 65, a)

The mind of the philosopher alone has wings. (*Phaedrus*, 249, c)

He is a lover of the sight of truth, (*Republic*, V, 475, e) and unlike the mere sight-seer or curiosity-seeker has a vision of absolute beauty. (*Republic*, V, 476)

Therefore he alone, who is able to perceive the eternal world where ideas dwell, is the true artist, and art should be subordinate to philosophy or the love of wisdom.

Beauty is certainly a soft, smooth, slippery thing and therefore of a nature which easily steps in and permeates our souls. And I further add that the Good is the Beautiful. (*Lysis*, 216)

At length, the vision is revealed — of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere. (*Symposium*, 210, d)

COUNT SAINT-GERMAIN IN VIENNA: by P. A. M.

XIV

(From Franz Gräffer's work)



HAT is understood by Alchemy was a disease of the time at the end of the past century, especially so in Vienna.

One of the most zealous adepts was the bookseller Rudolph Gräffer, a man of many acquirements, an experienced traveler, universally informed. He was acquainted with the most notable men, not only of Europe, but also of other countries as well. His services in regard to general knowledge, literature, and national book-lore were at one time much valued by writers on travel. Among other things he was the first in Austria to manufacture silk paper. If one sees, tastes, or rubs this "Albert Denis" between the fingers, the paper really does seem to be "skin." So much for Rudolph Gräffer, but one ought to add one point which is not the least important in this connexion. He was what people call rich.

Next was a Baron Linden, a tireless genius in technical matters; he had a passion for Turkey red, practised medicine, published all sorts of arcana, and also "Handbooks for the Friends of the Secret Sciences," etc. He was a terrible gourmand and the keenest and most inveterate skater who ever laughed at Klopstock as such; day and night he skated on the Danube canal, on the Vien, in the Belvedere, and even on the canal harbor Tialfisch. On moonlight nights that was his "bed."

Besides, there was a certain Calvi or Calve, no longer a young man: big, lean, dry as a hedge, but voracious as a wolf; he had the face of a hyena; eternally sighing, gesticulating, dancing, making faces like a lunatic. Calvi was a man of spirit, but a poor devil, a charlatan, one of the worst and most interesting tellers of boastful stories. He was a male witch, full of astonishing tricks; he was what people call in a respectable sense, a "damned smart fellow." He himself did not know what was his native country; I always thought he was a Portuguese Jew, but I don't know why. However I must say this: Calvi was also a fool who was smart enough to be able to pull out the teeth of people who stopped in the street with his thumb, in a jiffy, without their knowing it. But he used his own talents to the full. He and the Baron invited themselves to dinner with Gräffer twice a week to feast on poppyseed rolls and honey! Each of them devoured a peck.

Then there was a certain Stubitza, a pretended Baron, who died a few years ago in the Vienna charity-house; an imaginative sort of man, not without information, of unlimited experience, but also a fool, and a poor fool; at least he ended up as such, which is the fate of most fools. Stubitza could set people by the ears; in the Seven Years' War he literally caught a Prussian battalion on a birdlimed twig. But he was really well versed in metallurgy and in lithological matters. He showed a carbuncle of the size of a gaming die; and there was another. A man with a rage for collecting pictures, named Lammer, had one of them. Twenty years ago this fantastic pair met by chance in my shop, chattered about old times. Lammer drew the stone out of his pocket; he wanted to sell it for 4000 ducats. Stubitza was a tall lean man, with the face of that

ancient eagle in Schönbrunn, which has not been dead for so very long, that eagle which Prince Eugene used to feed daily in his Belvedere Menagerie.

These men had their laboratory in the Landstrasse behind the Invalidenhaus (properly Invalids'-*Palace*; for the retired defenders of the country are so honored amongst us, that they live in a *Palace*, in an old house standing in its own grounds). There they worked away their ducats. Meanwhile there came also a tall, stout, customs officer, Bacciochi, Gräffer's father-in-law, a man of insight who even now was renowned for making gold-salt, a little invisible bottle, for two florins. Bacciochi had an idea that later on he was destined to become a prince, if not a duke or something more; he was very nearly on the point of becoming related to Buonaparte. Bacciochi wrote to the Buonaparteish Bacciochi: Bacciochi and the Gräffers, all of them, were already nothing less than great noblemen, at least Gräffer, already Gräffer, and not yet Graf (Count). But things did not go quite right with the genealogical probation; they all remained just what they were. Bacciochi helped in the laboratory in the Landstrasse and took his delight in the ducat-factory.

Many a time too, the poet Blumaur slipped into the company at Gräffer's book shop, not to work, but to sample a glass of Tokay and to laugh over the crucibles and retorts. He peeped into every corner, bending and stretching over the different instruments; nosing and stretching his neck, he found all sorts of faults, scribbled verses on the walls with his pencil; drummed with his fingers on the window pane, and if he saw a chambermaid such as Rautenstrauch described, he was out on the instant, with his sword to the front, tripping and hopping like a dancing master on tip-toe.

Also Councillor Born was there, but not often. He really came more to be able to make experiments on his own account in a regularly appointed laboratory. He frequently gave good serious instruction from his own great physical knowledge, on which account they all thought him very courteous, without ever following his advice.

One day the rumor spread abroad that the Marquis Saint-Germain, the most enigmatical of all incomprehensibles, was in Vienna. An electric shock passed through all who knew his name. Our adept circle was stirred to the innermost. Saint-Germain in Vienna!

Saint-Germain! Without doubt he is known to our readers. But what am I saying? I mean, most of our readers have without doubt already forgotten him. What is to be done, then? Nothing less than to prompt their memory a little.

First as to his age. Well, Saint-Germain had no age. He is indeed sixty years old, that is he looks like a man of sixty; but he was already sixty a couple of thousand years ago. He has been a contemporary of the very oldest men in the history of the world; in his autograph book, Tiberius, Josephus, and Charlemagne have written with their own hands. Saint-Germain has been all over the world; Saint-Germain knows everything: he does the most wonderful things. He makes gold, but out of nothing; not nothing out of gold like the others; from little diamonds he makes big ones; he prepared an Elixir of Life which

he himself apparently does not use, although he is already a couple of thousand years old. He has a quite private secret, all to himself, a little arcanum. He takes it every hundred years or so, lies down to sleep, and sleeps as a rule for fifty or a hundred years. There you are; Montaigne, who lived three hundred years ago, speaks of him as of a contemporary. What more can you want?

Something of that more which may be demanded I leave to the unforgettable Max Lamberg to tell. This learned, much-traveled man knew him personally. Here are some extracts from his "Memoirs of a Man of the World."

"A person worth seeing is the Marquis of Aimar or Belmar, known under the name of Saint-Germain. He says he was born at Vitry. Cardinal de Lenoncourt, the then Bishop of Châlons, gave him the name of Germain. The story is related in the 'Essays of Montaigne' thus: All the inhabitants of Vitry had known and considered him as a girl until his twenty-second year, and called him Maria. Then he grew a great beard, became manly and vigorous. When one day in running he exerted himself somewhat, he suddenly became a man. There is also among the girls there a song still in vogue, in which they warn one another by turns not to jump too much in play from fear of turning into boys like Maria Germain.

"This Marquis Saint-Germain has lived for some time (1769) at Venice, and is occupied with a company of a hundred women whom an agent employed for him, making experiments with flax, which he bleaches and makes to resemble the red Italian silk. He thinks he is 350 years old, and gives out, perhaps that he should not seem to exaggerate too much, that he knew Thomas Kulikan in Persia.

"When the Duke of York arrived in Venice, the Marquis desired the Senate to give him precedence over this Prince, and gave as the reason that they already knew who the Duke of York was, but that the titles of the Marquis de Belmar were still unknown. He has a balsam which restores youth. A lady of a certain age who had a greater portion of it applied than was necessary, became an embryo again.

"He gave one of his friends a jewel; a money-changer who did not even know the Marquis paid him 200 ducats on the spot for it in cash. I asked him if he would return to France? He assured me with a positive look that the flask which maintained the king's present health, must be nearly finished; later on he would again appear on the scene with great éclat, and have himself recognized by the whole of Europe.

"He must have been in Pekin without having any name at all, and when the police asked him to give his name he excused himself by saying that he himself did not know what he was called. 'In Venice,' he says, 'they call me the man with his hand on his chin, in Hamburg, Mein Herr, in Rome, Monsignor, in Vienna, Pst! Pst!; at Naples they whistle for me when they want me; in Paris they direct their lorgnettes towards me and at this sign I approach those who are looking at me. Don't seek for my name, MM. Mandarins; as long as I remain with you I will behave as though I had one of the highest renown; whether I am known as Kunz or Benz, Piso or Cicero, my name must

be a matter of indifference to you.' He received at Venice letters which had only the single word 'Venice' on the envelope; the rest was unwritten. His Secretary had only to ask at the Post Office for letters which belonged to no one.

"When the king presented him on the death of Marshal Saxe with the Castle of Chambord, he embraced him at his departure. Saint-Germain was received in all good houses with distinction and especial pleasure. He very often called on her Serene Highness the Princess of Anhalt, mother of Her Majesty the present Czaritza. 'Princess,' said he, 'I must certainly find your company delightful to find myself forgetting as I have done that my carriage has been waiting for me these two hours, to take me to Versailles!' No one knows who this wonderful man is; he is taken for a Portuguese; he has a thousand talents, which are not easily to be found united in one man; he plays exceptionally well on the violin, but behind a screen; and then you think that there are five or six instruments playing together.

"He speaks much, very well, and asks of all he speaks to such cleverly posed questions that they are at first astonished.

"He showed me in a kind of autograph book, in which there were the signatures of several famous men, two Latin words written by my grandfather Kasper Friedrich, who died in the year 1686, with his painted arms and the following inscription:

"'*Lingua mea calamus scribae velociter scribentis*,' Psalm 44 & 2. The ink and paper, which were very brownish and faded, appeared to me to be very old. The date is 1678. Another extract from Michael Montaigne is of the year 1580:

"'There is no man so honest that if he put all his actions and thoughts in the scales of justice he would not deserve the gallows ten times at least in the course of his life; even those whom it would be a great disadvantage and the greatest injustice to punish and fully judge.'

"I conclude from all this that it is just as easy to make two specimens of writing so much alike as it is to find two men exactly similar in their actions. Herr le Vayer produces examples which would make us believe that there was once a time when it was a merit to be able to imitate handwriting. Antonius possessed this talent, as Cicero reproaches him with it in his second Philippic, *habes scientiam quaestuosam* (You understand the art of falsifying writing). Being in doubt I will withhold my opinion. *Id est verius, quodcunque prius; in omnibus veritas imaginem antecedit*. Whatever precedes action is therefore considered to be true, because the action always follows such combinations, as are considered infallible; the truth in every thinking head has already preceded the image in the mind.

"Consequently by the two inscriptions in question one almost ought to believe the age of the Marquis, if the nature of the man did not prove the opposite. With all the ideas that he brings forward one is seldom in a position to be able to tax him with an error; he supports everything with well-founded data of every sort and asserts nothing with conceited arrogance; he is a strange man who awakes your wonder, and what creates the greatest enjoyment—he holds his ground; he unites the art of convincing with a critical spirit; and with a

learning that is not to be encountered every day he has a wide though detailed memory.

"Saint-Germain says he taught Wildmann the secret of taming bees and making serpents attentive to music and song. Both of these things, if they are supported by definite facts, give the peculiarity of the Marquis no other luster than that which the novelty of the matter produces; an advantage he often likes to take from others. I have copied a very interesting letter which he wrote to me from Mantua in the year 1773.

"‘I saw him (Wildmann) at the Hague,’ says Herr v. Belmar (Saint-Germain); ‘when I was arrested there I insisted before I gave up my sword that I should be allowed to speak with Herr d’Affry, the French Ambassador to the States-General. They took me in my carriage in company of the officer who was appointed to keep watch over me. The Ambassador received me as if he were astonished to see me; but very soon he told my guardian to go, and above all to inform the mayor that I enjoyed the king’s protection, and consequently had extended to me the protection of His Majesty while I stayed in Holland. I thought I might offer this officer a diamond of the finest water and of a weight such as are seldom found, but he refused it; and since neither my offer nor my insistence bore any fruit, I smashed the stone into many pieces with a hammer, and the lackeys picked them up to their own profit. The loss of this diamond, which in Brazil and in Mogol was considered as such, was not a matter of indifference to me, especially as it had cost me an infinity of trouble to prepare. Count Zobor, Chamberlain of the high-souled Emperor (his sublime qualities and the protection which he granted to the arts, make him immortal) made it with me. Prince T—— paid 5500 louis for one which came out of my factory about six years before; he has since sold it to a rich fool for a thousand ducats profit. One must indeed be a King or a fool, says the Count von Barreto, to spend considerable sums in the purchase of a diamond. Since the Fool (“bishop”) in Chess stands next to the King, no one is any more annoyed at the Greek proverb, (βασιλεὺς ἢ ὄνος), “either a king or a donkey,” or the other “*aut regem aut fatuum nasci oportet*,” (one must be born either a king or a fool).

“‘Frau von S—— has a similar one with bluish color, which was cut just as badly as the first and appears to be made of a rough Bohemian glass with triangular marks. But now, mein Herr, a man like myself can often be uncertain in the choice of his acquaintances, and if the first is decided that they alone are fools or kings who can offer one a large diamond, then I deserved this refusal on the part of the officer, and all the fault was mine.

“‘He who leaves himself to fate gives meanwhile to Nature a certain amount of play in artistic matters, which is peculiar to the artist alone. A Pot . . . , a Marggraf . . . Rouelle . . . choose anyone from Dreyfuss down, none of them have made diamonds, because they did not know the basis, the principles that must be followed. Let all these gentlemen (there is a big army of them) study men more than books and they will discover secrets which are not to be found in Homer’s golden chain, nor in Albertus Magnus or Parvus,

nor in the secret-laden volume of Piscatrix and so forth. Important discoveries reveal themselves only to travelers. . . .’

“A talent which the Marquis von Belmar alone possesses and which deserves to be learned and cultivated in all families is that of writing exactly in the same way with both hands; I read to him about twenty verses out of Zaire which he immediately wrote down on two sheets of paper at the same time. One would have been able to say that the two papers when placed together exactly coincided: ‘I am not worth much,’ he said to me, ‘but you must acknowledge that I do not support my secretary in vain. The Arts are slow in their growth and they are making experiments with me from which a System can be finally built up.

“‘I have seen a spinning wheel with two spindles, which were used with both hands at the same time; our organs accustom themselves to everything, and if the habit is the cause from which they originally sprang, then that which formerly was amusement becomes a necessity.’

“The *Notizie del Mondo* for July 1770, informs us that Herr v. Saint-Germain was traveling in Africa at the time that Herr v. Belmar wrote to a friend in Leghorn from Genoa that he intended to proceed to Vienna to see Prince Ferdinand Lobkowitz again, whom he had known in the year 1745 in London.”

So far Count Lamberg.

So “to travel to Vienna.” There we have it. The “when” is not expressed. The when is now. Good.

Scarcely has Gräffer recovered from the astonishing news, when he flies to Himberg, his family mansion, where he has his papers. Among these papers there is a letter of introduction from Casanova, the genial adventurer whom he had become acquainted with in Amsterdam, addressed to Saint-Germain. He hastens back to his shop (the present Tauersche Local), and they told him: “An hour since there came a gentleman whose look astonished everyone. This gentleman was not tall, nor was he short; his build was full of pleasing harmony; nobility was stamped upon him. His face was beaming with charm and nobility of character. His nose was long and curved, the full mouth was godlike; the dark eyes full of inexpressible animation. His suit was of silver-gray silk; the great buttons were of single brilliants. He walked three steps into the room and without taking notice of any of those present, as if to himself, spoke in French only these words: ‘I live in the Felderhof; the room where Leibnitz lodged in 1713.’ We wanted to speak, but he had already gone. So you see us, sir, we have been in a state of astonishment for the past hour.”

Meanwhile the post messenger brings a letter. It is from Casanova’s brother, the famous battle painter, written in the swamp at Modling, where he died in 1805. The letter had an enclosure addressed: “To pst, pst!” Very well!

In five minutes we were at the Felderhof. Leibnitz’ room is empty; nobody knows when the “American gentleman will be home.” Of baggage there is nothing to be seen but a small iron chest. It is dinner time. But who would then think of dinner? Gräffer mechanically goes to seek Baron Linden; he finds him at the “Ente.” They drive to the Landstrasse; a certain something, a dim premonition, tells them they must drive instantly along the Landstrasse at full

speed. The laboratory is unlocked; a simultaneous cry of amazement is heard from both; at a table sits Saint-Germain, quietly reading in a folio; it is Paracelsus. They stand staring on the threshold; the mysterious guest slowly closes the book and slowly rises. The two surprised men well know that this apparition can be no other in the world than the "Wundermann." The description of the clerk was a shadow in comparison with the reality. It seemed as though a bright illumination surrounded his whole figure. Dignity and loftiness of character were marked. They are powerless to say a word.

The Marquis steps forward to meet them; they enter. He says slowly, without affectation, in French, but with an indescribable, harmoniously sonorous tenor, which charmed the very heart, to Gräffer: "You have a letter of introduction from Herr von Seingalt (Casanova), but there is no need of it. This gentleman is Baron Linden. I knew that they would both be here at this minute. You have still another letter to me from the swamp. But the painter is not to be saved; his lung is gone; he will die on the 8th of July 1805. A man who is still a child, and is called Buonaparte, will be indirectly responsible for it. And now, gentlemen, I know what you are doing. Can I be of use to you? Tell me!"

But we had nothing to say. Linden prepared a small table, took confectionary from a cupboard, placed it before him and went into the cellar. The Marquis signed to Gräffer to sit; he sat down himself. He says: "I knew your friend Linden would go out; he had to do so. You alone will I serve. I know you through Angelo Soliman, whom I aided in Africa. If Linden comes in again I will send him away." Gräffer shakes himself together. But he is still too much affected to do more than utter the words, "I understand you; I have an inkling."

Meanwhile Linden comes back and puts two bottles on the table. Saint-Germain smiles at this with an indescribable loftiness. Linden offers him refreshment. The smile of the Marquis becomes a laugh. "I ask you," he said, "if there is a soul on earth who has ever seen me eat or drink?" He pointed to the bottles, and remarked, "This Tokay is not direct from Hungary; it comes from my friend Catharine of Russia. She was so pleased with the paintings of the battle of Modling made by the sick man that she sent him a case of it." Gräffer and Linden were astonished; it was actually so; the wine had been bought from Casanova.

The Marquis asked for writing materials. Linden brought them. The Wonderman cuts two quarters from a sheet of paper, lays them side by side, and takes a pen in each hand. He writes with both hands at once, half a page, signs it, and says: "You collect autographs, mein Herr; choose one of these sheets; it does not matter which; the contents are the same."—"Now that is magic!" exclaimed the two friends. "Stroke for stroke both the handwritings agree, there is not a trace of a difference. It is unheard of!" The writer smiled, laid the two leaves together, held them to the window; people would think they were looking at one writing, so exactly did they fit one another. It was as if they were printed from one and the same copper plate. They were dumb.

Now the Marquis says: "I want this one sheet taken to Angelo as quickly as possible. In a quarter of an hour he is going out for a drive with Prince Lichtenstein; the one who takes it will receive a little box."

Linden goes out with the letter. The Marquis bolts the door, and says: "Mein Herr, understand that I have long known and I see from the condition of your chemical apparatus and arrangements that you will not accomplish much with your gold-making. I have something different for you. Look at this pearl."

With these words he drew out a cravat pin in which was set a pearl as big as a hazel-nut.

"This jewel," says Gräffer, who had looked at it for quite a long while, "must be worth more than the famous historical pearl of Cleopatra."

The Marquis replied, "In any case I could dissolve it in vinegar without having to grieve much over the loss. Even more. A coming poet of the German nation, whom people will sometime set almost above all poets, is already carrying in his head the plot of a drama in which a Princess Eboli will say: To the rich merchant even, who unmoved by the gold of the Rialto, returned the rich pearl to the richer sea, too proud to let it go at less than its value.—That very pearl was produced by me. In short I, alone among living men understand the art of making mussels produce pearls as large as I wish."

The astonishment of the listener was boundless. But suddenly he remembered something; he says: "Master, when I was in Sweden, they told me that the great Linné understood this art." Saint-Germain replied, with a light smile: "I was his friend. I let him copy my recipe; but he did not take time to compare it with the original. The copy was inexact, the thing could not succeed. Meanwhile the report of the arcanum spread abroad. When Linné died, the widow took it to the Government. They could not agree. The widow with her goods and chattels was already on board ship, on a voyage abroad. Then the Government sent after her and paid her the whole price. But as I said, the recipe is not right."

The Marquis now drew from his breast-pocket a quarter sheet of paper and gave it to Gräffer to copy. Then he compared it with the original. "Good," said Saint-Germain, "good, you have a calling in that direction, it is quite correct. In four minutes Linden will return bringing the little box. Only keep the powder to use as the instructions say." Gräffer found no words to express his astonishment, his gratitude. He had looked at the time. It was still half a minute to the time. He looked to the window; Linden was only some steps away. He brought the little box.

Saint-Germain gradually had passed into a peculiar mood. For a few seconds he became still as a statue; his usually energetic eyes become dull and colorless. But soon his whole being took on an appearance of animation.

He made a gesture with his hand as a sign of departing; then he spoke; "I am leaving you. Refrain from visiting me. You will see me once again. Tomorrow night I shall travel. I am needed in Constantinople, then in England, where I have to prepare two discoveries — railways and steamships. They will be inventions which you will have in the next century — railways and steam-

ships. In Germany they will need them, for the seasons will gradually lengthen out. First the spring, then the summer. It is the gradual cessation of time itself, as the announcement of the destruction of the world. I see it all. The astronomers and meteorologists know nothing, believe me. One must have studied in the pyramids, as I have done. Towards the close of the century I shall disappear from Europe, and go to Asia in the neighborhood of the Himâlaya. I want rest; I must rest. Precisely in 85 years people will see me again. Farewell! I love you!" After these solemnly spoken words, the Marquis repeated the sign with his hand. The two adepts, overpowered by the power of such unexampled impressions, left the room in a condition of complete stupor. At this very moment there fell a shower of rain, accompanied by a thunder clap. Instinctively they return to the laboratory to seek shelter. They open the doors. Saint-Germain was no longer there.

The next day they went to the "Stephanshof."

Here I end my tale. It is entirely from memory. A peculiar, irresistible feeling has impelled me to write the preceding once more after so long an interval, just today, 15th June, 1843.

Yet another remark: there is reason to believe that no one has yet been able to report this incident.

And with this I have the honor to bid you good-day!



THE recent transmission of telephonic speech between New York and San Francisco was an event of considerable importance and possessed some features that ought to be better known. One was the fact that the instruments actually used at both ends for sending and receiving the transcontinental messages were those in use forty years ago. This proves that whatever advance has been made by the transmission of speech over 3400 miles of wire was not due to the instruments at the ends, the original work of Mr. Bell.

The unprecedented feat is in fact due entirely to the work of Professor Pupin, of Columbia University, who, by simple and inexpensive arrangements, made long-distance telephony a possibility. Moreover, simple though the devices are, their design was only reached after the most painstaking and elaborate mathematical analysis. Thus while the final result is thoroughly practical, it is based on work of the highest order in pure mathematics.

The reflection, however, occurs that the great majority of the real workers and inventors in applied science remain in the background. That is to say, the men who conquered the enormous difficulties connected with the inception, design, and development of the wonderful appliances in the industrial arts, and those which have linked the outer world, across land and ocean, in marvelous ways during the past century, are mainly utterly unknown. Mostly men in subordinate positions, their sole reward was pure love of their work. F.



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NEW DISCOVERIES BY PROFESSOR BONI. 'SCULPTURAL FRAGMENTS FROM THE
PALACE OF DOMITIAN, ROME

(Compare these illustrations with those published in the article *Recent Discoveries on the Palatine Hill*, in this magazine, August, 1914; and with other views of the same subject, printed in February, 1915.)



FRAGMENTS FROM THE PALACE OF DOMITIAN, PALATINE HILL



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SCULPTURES IN THE PALACE OF DOMITIAN,
RECENTLY UNCOVERED BY PROFESSOR BONI

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER VI

DR. DESMOND'S PATIENT



Y dear," said the doctor to his wife one morning at the breakfast table, "I am going to have another patient in the south wing for a few days or perhaps weeks."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Desmond, "I wish you would not bring your patients into the house!"

"Hardly into the house; you know I added the south wing on purpose to keep them out of the house as much as possible. You need not be troubled in the least with them."

"Oh, you say that! But there is the nurse to care for, or meals to be sent. I don't like strangers eating with us, and it all increases the care and worry of housekeeping."

"Is that so very heavy, Louise? I am sorry if you have too much to do."

"Oh, of course you never think I have anything to do! You are so interested in other people that you never have any time to think of your wife."

"My dear, I do all for you that is necessary; I have told you often that all you need is more care in your diet and plenty of exercise."

"Is that what you tell other ladies who come to you for advice?"

"Most certainly, if that is the advice they need."

"And that is the way you have driven away your wealthy and best-paying patients."

"Well, Louise, I am too busy to waste time on the fads of foolish women; women whose lives are aimless and useless and who employ a physician to prescribe for fancied ailments, just to while away idle time."

"But other physicians grow wealthy on just that class of patients; and become very popular, too."

"They may if they wish; but I hold my profession as a sacred trust, and I cannot degrade it in that way."

"Oh, dear! That all sounds so foolish to me," exclaimed Mrs. Desmond. "Sacred indeed; it is simply a means of making as much money as possible, as any other profession or calling."

"O mother, don't let us talk more about it! It isn't pleasant to Dad," said Hylma.

"No, Louise," said the doctor, "it is useless to argue this question, for we shall never agree."

"Well, Hylma," said her mother, "you may be thankful that Edgar has no such silly scruples about his profession; and he is rapidly rising in it. I suppose we shall be having a wedding soon."

Her father looked at Hylma and she looked at her plate.

"Daughter," he said, "I am going to ask you to assist me in the care of the new patient, who is a young lady of education and culture. Though of course we must have a nurse. I expect good results from your attentions and companionship; that is if you can spare the time."

"O father, I shall be so pleased to do anything to help you," replied Hylma. "I should so like to be useful in some way."

"What nonsense!" interrupted her mother. "Hylma will find enough to do in fulfilling her social obligations. She scarcely accepts half her invitations, and doesn't wish me to give a dinner, dance, or reception. I believe college spoils girls."

"I do not feel, mother, that I have any serious duties in that line."

"Oh yes!" said Mrs. Desmond. "I know; Miss Edison's slum work and Mrs. Weitman's fads. But after your marriage you will have to give up those absurdities."

"I am not thinking of marrying, mother."

"Well, Edgar is thinking of it; and I must say I think he has waited long enough. He was ready to marry a year ago, if you had not decided to go to Europe. He behaved very nicely about it. We have all expected the wedding to take place as soon as you returned; what is there to hinder?"

"It was certainly very praiseworthy for him to behave himself when I chose to travel a year. But I am in no more haste to marry now than I was then."

"Well, of all stubborn and unmanageable people, I think I have the worst lot to deal with! It's first your father and then you. And all this about nursing a patient; it's simply absurd."

"I'm going to help nurse this one for Dad, anyway. I think I should like to be a trained nurse. Dad, why couldn't I study with you and be a physician? Would you let me do it?"

"Why, daughter, you are of age and have a right to choose your own life-work. At any rate if such as we should approve."

"O Husband!" cried his wife. "How can you encourage Hylma in such foolish notions. It is wrong."

"I do not think so, Louise. I can see no reason why a woman shouldn't wish to do some good and benefit her fellow creatures as well as a man."

"Father, I really do want to do something useful, something worth living for."

"I wish I had a family who cared just a little about being useful to *me*," sighed Mrs. Desmond.

"Now, mammy," said Hylma rising and leaning over her mother's chair, "you know I want to be useful to you as well as to Dad. Shall I go to the cook and order dinner for you?"

"No indeed!" cried her mother also rising. "I think I can manage my own household. You had better go with your father. His fads and your whims seem to suit each other."

"There now," said the girl, "just see how you put an extinguisher on my good intentions! and you also imply that you couldn't trust me to order a dinner. Dad, will you take me with you?"

"Surely; I should like to have you come. I am going to put up some prescriptions and you can put on the labels for me. I should like to have you see that the south wing is put in order, too."

"Who is the lady, Dad, and what is the matter?"

"She is Miss Hazel Reade, and her ailments are more mental than physical, though she needs treatment on that plane, too."

"Do you mean that she is insane, father?"

"No, not insane; but she has become the victim of a hypnotist, and has, in a measure, lost the power of controlling her own mind and actions."

"How shocking; but what can you do for her, Dad?"

"I do not know yet; but I shall try all possible means. I wanted her to come here so that I might have a better opportunity of studying the case. These things are becoming unfortunately common. I think laws should be enacted to prevent the practice of anything so dangerous as hypnotism."

"But father, I read the other day of clergymen who were hypnotizing all who came to them, not only for the cure of physical ailments but to turn them from evil thoughts and ways to those which were moral and upright."

"I have heard of it, too; but if those men knew anything about

the real inner man, the mind, soul, and constitution of the human being, they would stand aghast at the consequences that might and must ensue from their meddling. Miss Reade is a case in point. I wish all those who ignorantly believe hypnotism to be a beneficent power could see to what it has brought her. Its effect upon anyone who yields to it is evil, and only evil."

"Even if it cures them of sickness and pain?"

"Yes. It does not cure — it only makes the patient think he is cured; or rather it drives out his own thought and substitutes for it the thought of the hypnotizer. Besides, if they *could* cure diseases would it be well to heal the body at the expense of the mind and will? Yet even reputable physicians are advocating the practice. It is a pity they cannot go beyond the study of the body and bestow some attention upon the real man, the mind and will."

"Father, I don't see how I am going to be of any use to you or to Miss Reade. I am altogether ignorant on all these matters."

"You will have opportunities of learning. I think you can help to divert and interest Miss Reade in many ways and direct her thoughts into wholesome channels; keeping her from dwelling continually on her own condition and troubles."

"Has she had great troubles, Dad?"

"The death of her mother was a great trial to her. They were living in New York and Mrs. Reade was an invalid for several years. The daughter nursed her with the greatest kindness and devotion. One evening her mother insisted upon her going out with some friends for a little change and recreation as she was well enough to remain alone and quite able to attend to her own wants.

"According to her mother's wishes Hazel went out; but during her absence, by some mischance, a lamp was overturned and Mrs. Reade was so severely burned that she only survived a couple of days."

"Dreadful!"

"It was. To Hazel the shock was so great, and her self-reproach for leaving her mother alone was so agonizing, that a complete nervous collapse followed."

"But, father," said Hylma, "I don't see how she was at all to blame. She only did what her mother wished her to do."

"That is true; yet she could not help thinking that if she had remained with her mother the terrible accident would not have happened. There is no torture like that which an extremely fine strung,

sensitive nature can inflict upon itself. Under this strain loss of appetite and insomnia followed. In order to relieve her the attending physician resorted to hypnotism."

"Did that help?"

"It was apparently successful for a time; but, as must certainly happen in every case, in the end the remedy proved worse than the disease. After the death of her mother she resided with an aunt and in a few months, to the terror of both, they found that the girl was becoming a prey to all sorts of strange influences. She did not know from what or whom they emanated; but suddenly she would find herself urged on by an impulse which she found more and more difficult to resist, to say or to do things which in her normal state would have shocked her.

"One day when she was shopping with her aunt the latter observed that a good-looking, well-dressed man had kept near them for some time and that Hazel was showing signs of uneasiness. She immediately left the shop with her niece, intending to hasten home. But the man was at the door and to Mrs. Forest's horror Hazel refused to accompany her, but turned to the man and followed him down the street."

"Why, father, the girl was crazy! What did Mrs. Forest do?"

"When she found she could not restrain the girl she took her arm and walked with her. She clearly perceived that she was acting under the influence of this stranger. He led them to the side entrance of a theater and turning around paused as if inviting Hazel to enter. In her terror and anger Mrs. Forest seized his arm and shaking it violently ordered him to leave them instantly and never approach them again."

"Why, Dad, what a thrilling story!"

"Well, I am telling it as Mrs. Forest related it to me. She said the man had a most evil look. He smiled triumphantly at her, freed his arm and disappeared within the building. He had evidently released his victim for that time; for when she turned to the girl she was standing with the dazed, frightened look of a sleep-walker who is suddenly awakened. When she recognized her aunt she clung to her and begged to be taken home.

"When questioned afterward she had no recollection of anything that had occurred after entering the shop where Mrs. Forest had first noticed the stranger. Probably she could not even identify the man."

"Well, that is the strangest thing I ever heard," commented Hylma.

"It shows the peril of this baneful power," replied the doctor. "If she had not yielded to her physician willingly at first, neither he nor any other could ever have gained such an influence over her. Her aunt thought it best to remove her from New York so they came here. From her grief and anxiety, and the constant watchfulness she has been obliged to maintain, Mrs. Forest has become almost a nervous wreck herself. Then, owing to this baleful influence, the girl often seems to regard her aunt with suspicion and dislike. So she has begged me to bring her here; and of course I shall employ all proper means for her recovery."

"I do wish, Dad, I could help the poor girl."

(To be continued)

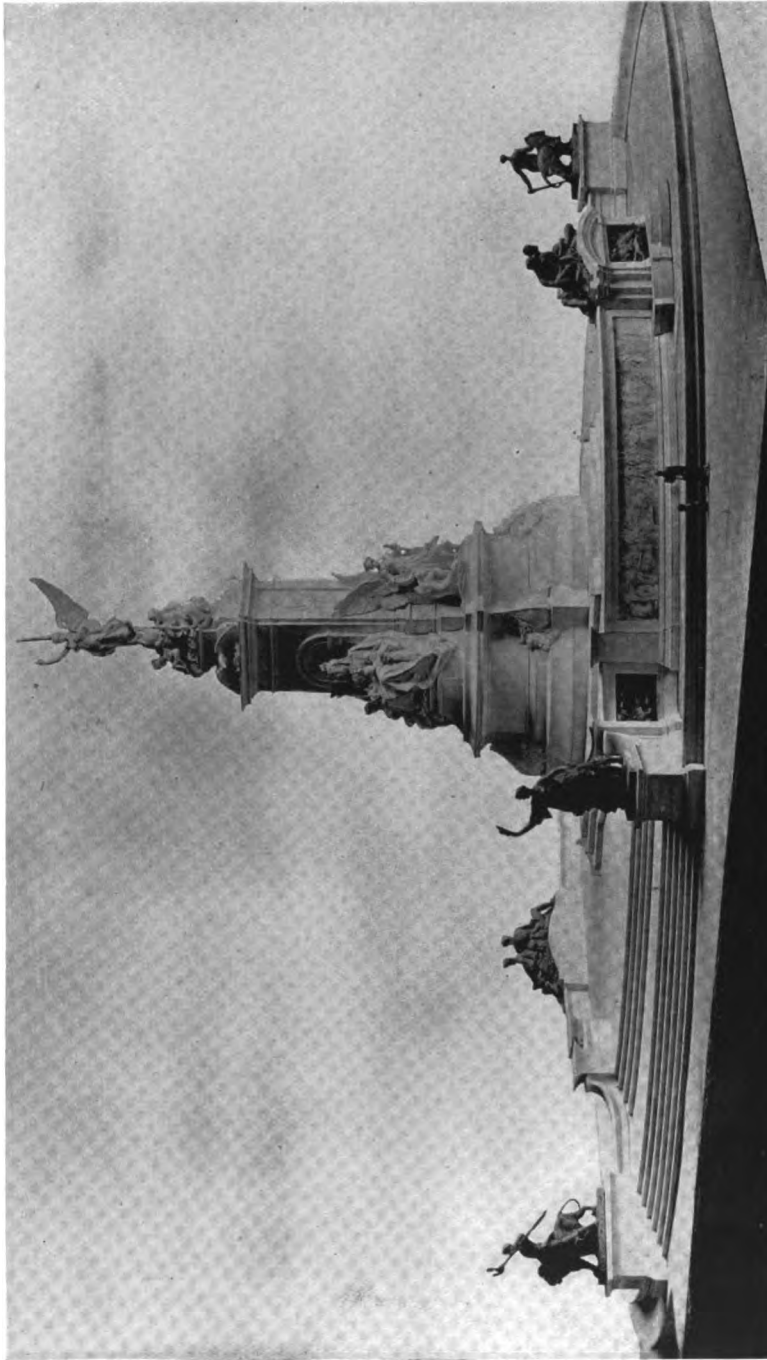


THE object of the Neo-Platonic School, founded by Ammonius Saccas, was to prove a system of Theosophy antedating Ptolemaic dynasties, and which at the beginning was essentially alike in all countries; to induce all men to lay aside their strifes and quarrels, and unite in purpose and thought as the children of one common mother; to purify the ancient religions, by degrees corrupted and obscured, from all dross of human element, by uniting and expounding them upon pure philosophical principles. Hence the Buddhistic, Vedântic and Magian, or Zoroastrian, systems were taught in the eclectic theosophical school along with all the philosophies of Greece. Hence also the pre-eminent feature among the ancient Theosophists of Alexandria, of due reverence for parents and aged persons; a fraternal affection for the whole human race; and a compassionate feeling for even the dumb animals. While seeking to establish a moral discipline which inculcated the duty to live according to the laws of each one's country; to exalt people's minds by the study and contemplation of the one Absolute Truth; Ammonius' chief object in order, as he believed, to achieve all others, was to extract from the various religious teachings, as from a many chorded instrument, one full and harmonious melody, which would find response in every truth-loving heart. Theosophy is, then, the archaic *Wisdom-Religion*, the esoteric doctrine once known in every ancient country having claims to civilization.—*H. P. Blavatsky* (in 1879)



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STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA
FROM THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL, LONDON



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA, ERECTED IN 1911 IN FRONT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON
Designed by Sir Thomas Brock, R. A.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PLYMOUTH (ENGLAND) BREAKWATER

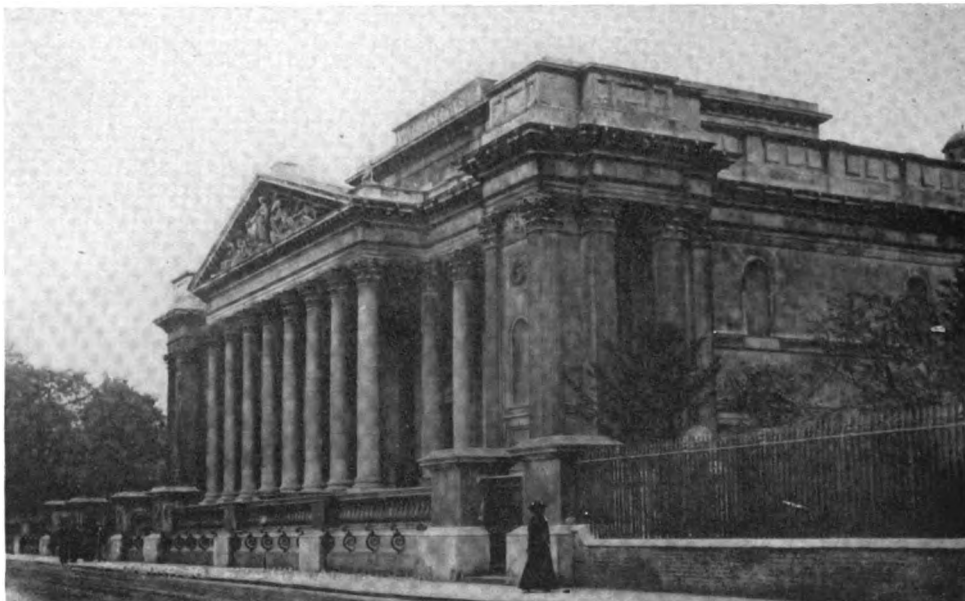


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COCKINGTON VILLAGE, TORQUAY, ENGLAND



WESTMINSTER ABBEY FROM DEAN'S YARD



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

FLING WIDE THE GATES: by W. D.



N opening gate has long been figuratively used to represent the experience of entering upon new and untried conditions of life. You come to a closed gate; willingly approaching and knowing very well what you are about, or pushed along, somewhat against your will, by the force of the progress of those human affairs of which your doings are a part. The gate opens. A change has come to you.

There are the silver gates of beautiful wise speech by which a teacher leads you into new places; and the Greeks left stories of the ivory gates of sleep. There are the black portals of hell and the white doors of the morning. There are gates of iron that shut one in with affliction; and there are gates of gold that bar us from the light.

A gate pictures change. You cannot open a door without the consciousness that you are about to let go a portion of your former ways of life; you cannot close a door behind you without becoming in some respects a different human being from the one who, within the moment, turned the knob. You go from room to room, from house to house, from city to city, opening a new way for yourself with the opening of every door.

The human body has been compared to a walled city, within whose lonely barbican sits the Soul, stern judge of the gates but a prisoner as well. He looks upon sun-gold and sky-blueness; knowing that out beyond the walls there is for him free passage; remembering that once he came in as he would and went out as he willed, the companion in swiftness of the wide-circling winds.

The gates stand closed. Within the porters sleep, their keys lost or misplaced. A throng of thoughts pulse through the city's streets. Passing and repassing, they surge now to this gate and now to that; and a few at times taking to themselves strength from the strength of the silent One whom they all obey, press up to the very bars; but the drowsy old gatemen nod their heads, and, even if they open their eyes, will be too sleep-besotted to turn the locks.

On a day when outside there is a fuller glory of light and a deeper call of song, there rides up to the ancient eastern gate of the city of the body's life one whose face and raiment proclaim his recent journey from the sun's heart. Striking his sword upon the solid walls he calls in ringing, thrilling, piercing-sweet tones:

"Fling wide the gates!"

The cry resounds; the porters wake and seek their rusty keys; thoughts that ran disordered find they have each his place; even those that crept in darkness grow bold in protest: Not yet! *Not yet!* NOT QUITE YET!

The judge of the gates arises; he who is lord of the city puts on his robes of office and descends from the gate-tower whose loneliness he has almost learned to love. Calm, somewhat triumphant, resplendent too with a long-forgotten, suddenly remembered majesty, he goes out to meet his guest. Hark! he answers now, echoing the lately challenged cry:

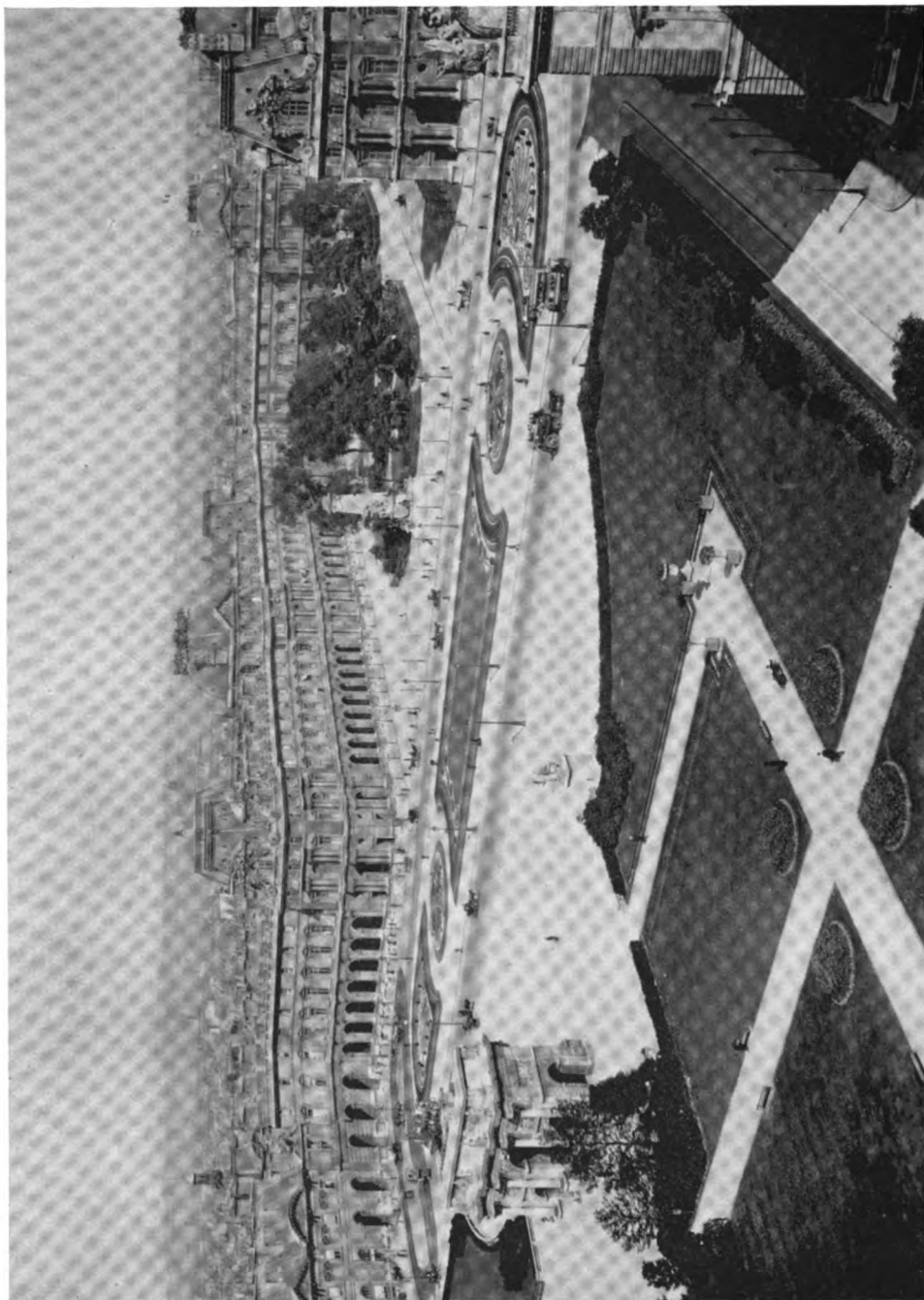
“Fling wide the gates!”

Pass out, O thou long-held Soul, to meet that change! Death stands there at the portals of the city of life; and as was known from the beginning of the beginning, before the world was, the new has just grown old; the old has come to its new again; and all is sweet with change and growth and life and light. Pass out! Pass on! Fling wide the golden gates!



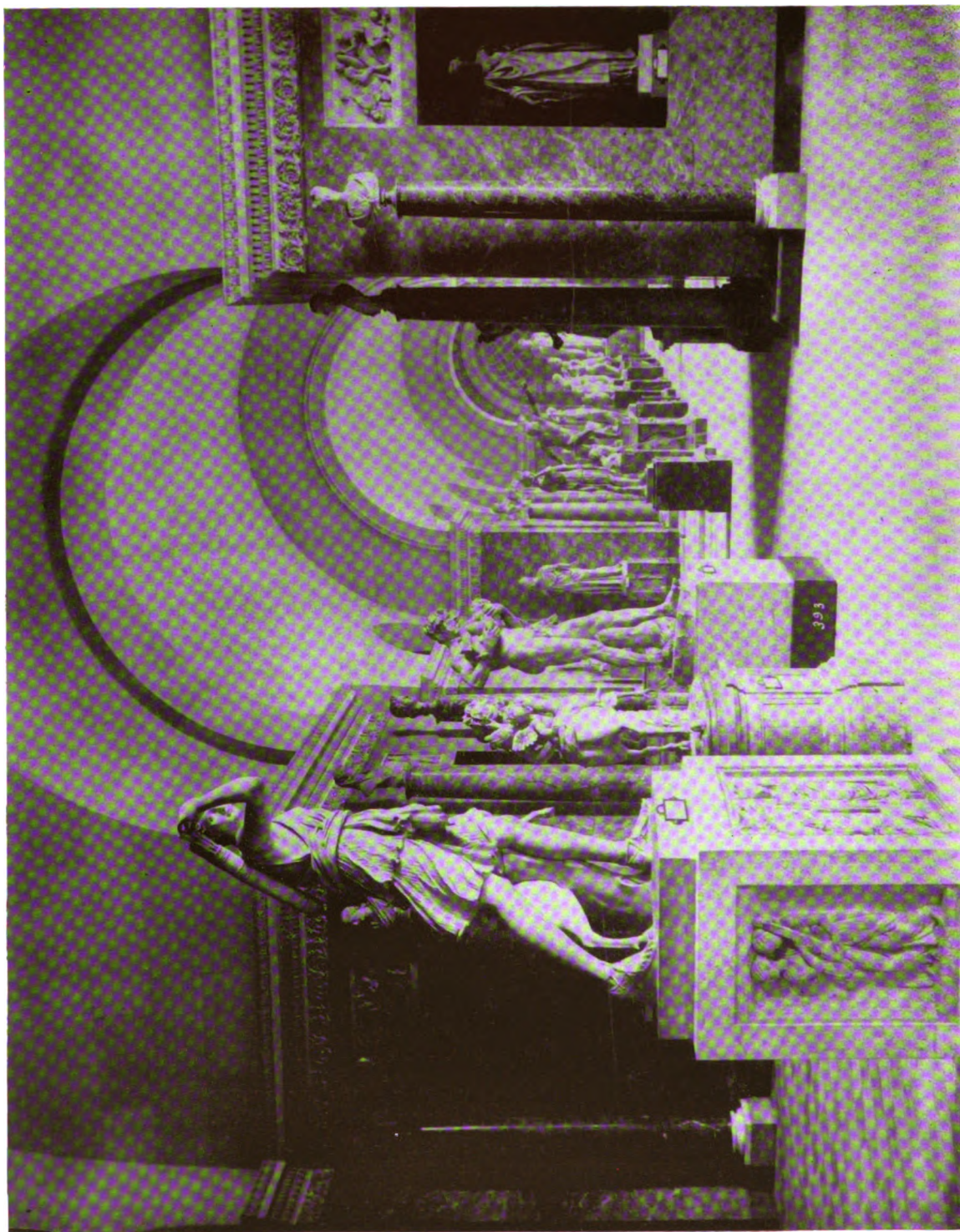
It is due to the unremitting labors of such Orientalists as Sir W. Jones, Max Müller, Burnouf, Colebrooke, Haug, St. Hilaire, and so many others, that the Society, as a body, feels equal respect and veneration for Vedic, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, and other old religions of the world; and, a like brotherly feeling toward its Hindû, Sinhalese, Pârsi, Jain, Hebrew, and Christian members as individual students of “self,” of nature, and of the divine in nature.

Born in the United States of America, the Society, which is also called the “Universal Brotherhood of Humanity,” was constituted on the model of its Mother Land. The latter, omitting the name of God from its constitution lest it should afford a pretext one day to make a state religion, gives absolute equality to all religions in its laws. All support and each is in turn protected by the state. The Society, modeled upon this constitution, may fairly be termed a “Republic of Conscience.”—*H. P. Blavatsky* (in 1879)



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THE NEW LOUVRE, PARIS



Lowland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE GALERIE DES SCULPTURES, IN THE LOUVRE

LECTURER DEFINES WOMAN'S MISSION

Present-Day Human Life Unnatural Declares Mme. Katherine Tingley

(From the San Diego *Union*, February 8, 1915)

A large and appreciative audience again filled Isis Theater last night to hear Mme. Katherine Tingley speak. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Woman's International Theosophical League. Several of the officers and members of the League were seated on the stage, which was beautifully decorated in front with acacia blossoms, with an altar in the center festooned with white roses.

The program opened with the singing of Schubert's "Omnipotence" by the girls' special chorus of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy. Then followed the reading of quotations by the members of the League, all bearing on the Theosophical teaching of Reincarnation. These included selections from Browning, Whittier, Shelley, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Sharpe, Whitman, and Longfellow.

Mrs. A. G. Spalding, President of the League, gave a short address regarding its foundation and its international and unsectarian character. She was followed by Mrs. W. A. Dunn, principal of the girls' department of the Râja-Yoga College and hostess of the League, who told briefly the story of Mme. Blavatsky's life, of her travels, in all of which she had one purpose: the search for the true knowledge of life.

Mrs. Oluf Tyberg was the next speaker. Her theme was the main purpose of the League and the opportunities that had come to its members of finding through it the realization of their highest ideals, enabling them to step out and fulfil their highest aspirations.

Mrs. J. F. Knoche spoke of the wide influence of Mme. Blavatsky's message in its special application to women.

Dr. Gertrude W. van Pelt, vice-president of the League, spoke of the necessity of study if women were to learn the meaning of life. In particular she urged the reading of Mme. Blavatsky's work, *The Key to Theosophy*, written especially for students, and the Theosophical Manuals, which had been prepared under Mme. Tingley's direction.

After a brief selection on the organ Mme. Tingley came upon the stage and was greeted with continued applause. She took as her subject, "What is Woman's True Mission?" She spoke of the way woman had failed to realize her true position and her power in life, due mainly to lack of knowledge of herself. The conditions of human life today, the speaker declared, are to a great degree unnatural. Neither men nor women realize what is their true position, and the result of this ignorance falls upon the children. Mme. Tingley held, therefore, that woman must first seek to understand herself and the laws governing her life. By living in accordance with these she would become transformed, physically, mentally and morally.

Mme. Tingley spoke of the yearnings that all women have, the glimpses that

they catch of their possibilities; she said that again and again the great majority of them fall under the shadow of their own weaknesses, doubts and despair. She declared that a great battle, a terrible struggle, was going on in woman's life, but that through it all, through the holding to duty, she would gain a new conception of life, she would find her true position, and then man would find his. She would find that she holds the whole world in her keeping.

ADDRESS BY MRS. ELIZABETH SPALDING

THE work of the Woman's International Theosophical League is to solve practically the modern problems by the knowledge of that ancient philosophy of life which H. P. Blavatsky restored to the Western world. That the message brought by this remarkable woman has a unique power in adjusting human affairs is daily demonstrated by the success of the League in meeting conditions for which this Teacher's prophetic insight so ably provided.

When, in New York, in 1875, Mme. Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society among her students, her avowed purpose was to establish a nucleus for a Universal Brotherhood. This beginning of a world peace movement, has developed with magical vitality, until the unifying influence of the present organization has encircled the globe with its inspiring touch.

At the present moment, when the European upheaval is a dramatic picture of the selfish passion, the confusion, and the questioning despair, which mock our civilization, the illuminating teachings of Mme. Blavatsky are made the more manifest because of this darkened background upon the screen of time. No misrepresentation of this great Teacher's work can longer obscure the fact that, in a world distraught by its own moral helplessness, Theosophy is the one sane, confident, adequate note that rings true to the needs of the hour. Well did she foresee that when an incredulous public would no longer tolerate mere theories and creeds, there would be an impelling power of belief in the living examples of right living. From the first, her students were taught that "Theosophist is who Theosophy does"; or, as the Nazarene said: "He who lives the life, shall know the Truth." She clearly stated that love of fellow-men would insure a measure of the priceless teachings, not to be acquired by mere culture and education.

From the many who became interested in Theosophy with Mme.

Blavatsky, there was organized the nucleus of a society that would espouse truth for truth's sake. With undaunted courage she taught and toiled and suffered, leaving a rich legacy of literature for future use, and a body of loyal students. She saw the superb service which women could render humanity, and she builded the sure foundation upon which, in later years, the Woman's International Theosophical League was to rest. Her successor, Wm. Q. Judge, though handicapped, betrayed and persecuted, carried on the work, firm in the belief that those who would unite in the spirit of true brotherhood could *not* fail. With peculiar ability to organize, and to harmonize the disturbing elements of personality, he inspired the loyal members by his example of devoted effort. He took infinite pains to train men and women for unselfish service, knowing well that he would not live to direct it. His parting words to "Hold fast; go slow," are eloquent of his boundless faith and endless patience. He left to his successor, Katherine Tingley, a body of earnest students all over the world, more or less prepared to undertake practical work.

Immediately new and wide-spread activities followed. Upon returning from her first crusade around the world, she laid the cornerstone of the School of Antiquity at Point Loma, of which institution the Woman's International Theosophical League is a recognized department. Every year the needs and possibilities of men, women and children were met in a new way. Especial emphasis is put upon the responsibility of women, and the inherent power of motherhood to raise the standard of all life. The sanctity of the home relations is the pivotal point of civic and national character. Peace and purity here, are the vital antidotes for all sin and strife.

The world-wide membership of the Woman's International Theosophical League touches women of all classes and the conditions of all countries. Men who have become honorary members, through sympathetic interest, bespeak a human co-operation along the higher levels of attainment. In the better understanding of themselves which has come from our Teacher Katherine Tingley's educational training, all members have advanced to a better understanding of the many problems which confront their brothers and sisters in the human family.

The first object of the League is to help men and women to realize the *nobility* of their calling and their *true* position in life. This body of international character, which recognizes the essential div-

inity of all, is doing a humanitarian world-work, which is profoundly affecting the lives of men with its sanctity and uplifting influence.

ADDRESS BY MRS. ETHEL DUNN

IT is nearly fifteen years ago that Katherine Tingley gave an opportunity to the citizens of San Diego to hear the teachings of Theosophy given from this Theater. And it is safe to say that during these twelve or fourteen years not one Sunday evening has passed without the guests and those in the audience having heard the name of Madame Blavatsky.

The history of the Theosophical Movement, in the early days particularly, is the history of Madame Blavatsky's life. She was born in 1831 in Southern Russia, and as a child she had all the comforts and refinements of a delightful home. She was a child of Nature, loving the silence of the woods and the wild animals and the flowers. She gave sympathy; she saw opportunities for helping and serving others. At the early age of fourteen she was taken to Paris and London by her father, and during that same year, or possibly later, she visited the different countries of Europe and also Egypt and India. After returning, at the age of twenty we find Madame Blavatsky in America. She came as far west as California; crossed the Pacific, visited Tibet and India again, and then on to France and Germany, and back to Russia.

To all students of Theosophy who have studied the life of Madame Blavatsky and her journeys over the earth and in the different countries, is made certain the mission of her life. There is no question in the minds of Theosophical students that Madame Blavatsky was conscious of an urge; and she carried that urge out unselfishly.

We find her visiting America again in 1873, and about that time she met William Quan Judge, who became her pupil and her co-worker. In 1875 she founded the Theosophical Society in New York, and after that published her first book, *Isis Unveiled*, and a few years later the two volumes of that stupendous work, *The Secret Doctrine*.

To those students who perhaps have studied the life of Madame Blavatsky with an unusual sympathy, the fact is patent that had Madame Blavatsky's urge not been right, had her motives not been pure, she would not have courted and sought, as it were, the persecution and slander of those who were jealous of her and the teachings, or

the enmity of those who could not understand them. But she was persecuted only by those whose small minds could not understand her large and great character, and by those who could not grasp the meaning of her life or the reason why she was willing to be persecuted for the truths of Theosophy.

It is significant when one knows of Madame Blavatsky traveling around the world and visiting these various countries so many times, that at last she established the Theosophical work in America; and this is explained in her writings, for she tells us that America is to be the home of the coming race.

At Madame Blavatsky's death William Quan Judge carried on the work of the Theosophical Society, and he was sustained to a large extent during the latter part of his life by the woman who became his successor — Katherine Tingley. Katherine Tingley felt that the time was ripe for the teachings of Theosophy to be given a more practical turn; so, she changed the Theosophical Headquarters from the environment of crowded city-life to Point Loma, California, in the country of her dreams — the Golden Land. And at Point Loma, as you know, she has established an institution of learning, and it is there that the students are attempting to put into practice the teachings of Theosophy.

Another point that shows Madame Blavatsky's modesty is the fact that she stated that she brought these teachings not as coming from herself; that she had merely garnered and collected them and given them as coming from those who sent her. And in paying tribute to that noble woman, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, I can do no better than to read from the Point Loma Edition of *The Secret Doctrine*, Katherine Tingley's Foreword describing Madame Blavatsky's mission.

What then was her mission? She herself described it as "to break the molds of mind"; it was to plow into the current thought-forms and to sow new seed, seed from the harvest of ancient Wisdom garnered ages ago and kept inviolate by the Helpers of Humanity. A few of such seeds had been sown by the noble Sage of Palestine, but the tares had grown up and choked them. Her mission was to restore to Humanity its lost ideals; to point out once more the pathway of true knowledge, and the gateway of a pure life; it was to sound once more the keynote of Truth to reverberate throughout the coming cycle. It was to teach once more as living realities the facts of Man's divinity, of the higher and lower natures in him, and the eternal warfare that must go on until the lower is subjugated and controlled; to show that Karma, the law of strict Justice, of exact retribution, that we reap what we sow, is the law that

governs all life, absolute, unfailing; that the knowledge of it and the doctrine of Reincarnation is the great hope for humanity; and that the life of altruism, based on a true Wisdom, is the only sane life, on which all true progress depends. If the student will accept these primary truths of Theosophy, and will seek to live according to them, every page and every line of *THE SECRET DOCTRINE* will have its message for him. But mere book study will avail little; something more than that is required and demanded of the student of Theosophy; the full understanding of the teachings of all Theosophical works, and pre-eminently of *THE SECRET DOCTRINE*, is only possible as the life conforms to those teachings. The true doctrine is secret, hidden; not by the teacher, but in the very nature of the teaching itself, and to gain it, the student must enter by the only door which, gives entrance.

ADDRESS BY MRS. OLUF TYBERG

THE Woman's International Theosophical League is an unsectarian body, and this has a special significance. The members of the League have not all throughout their lives been thoroughly unsectarian in their attitude, for many of them were brought up to accept the creeds and dogmas that are taught at present, and for a time at least, accepted these as truths. They found however, that they did not receive from these religious teachings that were given them the conception of life and of human destiny that satisfies their intellects; and they did not receive the spiritual truths that could meet the cravings of their hearts.

And so after years of doubt and questioning and much experience and long search in many cases, they found Theosophy. And when they studied the works of Madame Blavatsky and William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, they learned about the great truths of life and being, the essential truths that underlie the religious teachings of the world. And they learned from their studies to distinguish between these essential truths and the mere garbled versions of these truths that some of the presentations of creed and dogma really are.

In those days they felt isolated; they felt that the deeper side of their natures found nothing in the world to call it forth. They later took up the study of Theosophy; these inner strivings and aspirations grew as they went on with their studies, and they found that in place of feeling what one would believe was a barrier between them and the women of this country or that country, or this belief or that belief, they had found the truth that was the basis on which they could stand in unity with the sincere believers of truth in whatever form

it might be presented. They found that by the recognition of these broad truths of life and these teachings concerning destiny and the constitution of man which Theosophy gives, they were brought face to face with themselves and with all others in a different way; that their conceptions deepened and broadened; and that their efforts to apply the Theosophical truths in their lives told.

They more fully realized what the significance of these teachings was when they became identified with the Woman's International Theosophical League, and had further opportunity to work unitedly. It has been an intense realization that has come to the women through working in this League. They have found that a rare quality of unity pervades all their work, because the ordinary walls and barriers that stood between women on account of their beliefs, their creeds, and the dogmas that they held, have disappeared; and therefore it is possible to feel a rare comradeship with all the women of the world — a comradeship that is inspiring, that is challenging, that is based on the heroic side of woman's nature and brings forth strength and vitality and energy that had not been brought forth into active life before. They found that in place of feeling separated from women of different countries, that women of different countries who had had very different environments, found themselves at home in this League, and were able to add their energy, their sympathy, and their work to the work of the League without having to overcome any of the obstacles that generally exist. They found that life had a new significance, because of this broad basis of understanding of the principles underlying life which they had gained from Theosophy, and which, be it noted, can be communicated and felt independently of words.

They have discovered this great secret of united work and of close association in noble efforts; they found that obstacles disappeared, when they undertook to perform work. They found the resourceful part of their natures which they had believed in at times and had hoped for a chance to develop, and which, under ordinary circumstances, they had not had the chance to bring forth. They discovered many things in this resourceful part of their natures, which had been quickened and challenged by these great truths of Theosophy, and by the challenging comradeship of women who are awake to the possibilities of their divine natures.

So now with what the women of the Woman's International Theosophical League have, with this knowledge of Theosophy, of these

essential truths, of the unity with which women can act, we feel that we can stretch forth a hand to all the women of the world which will encourage them and enable them to make of life a triumphal progress towards the realization of these ideals, higher than they have ever known.

ADDRESS BY MRS. GRACE KNOCHE

FRRIENDS: Did Mme. Blavatsky have a special message for the womanhood of the world? And if so, what was that message?

In thinking over conditions in the world, and in women's lives in particular, are we not conscious first of all, of the fact that a great gulf exists between women and their real possibilities — a great gulf between life as women live it, with rare exceptions, and life as they know it ought to be lived?

H. P. Blavatsky came to this generation as a Torch-bearer, but she came also as a woman to women, and with a special and unique message. In the priceless teachings of Theosophy, which, as you have heard tonight are not new, but are as old as the hills, ancient as time, and only seem new because they have been obscured and forgotten for centuries — in these priceless teachings she left to the womanhood of the world a great heritage of power.

For in the study of them a woman gains the power to look her own life in the face, to discriminate between the real things and the illusions of life, to discriminate between those things which stop and perish when the body stops and dies, and those things which we carry across the gulf of death with us. She gains the power to protect her loved ones and to protect her home, and to see the dangers that menace, before it is too late. She gains the power to make her home what it ought to be — a center of peace, a spiritual altar, a real anchorage for the loved ones — the brother, the father, the husband, the son, who are out all day battling with the storms of outer life, which she does not have to meet. She gains the power to solve the problems of daily life as they come to her; she gains an insight into the needs of those who look to her for help, whether they are young or old.

To give a single instance, how many mothers have not looked in perplexity into the faces of their little children when they have asked the old questions that we all know so well: Where did I come from? What am I? What is God? For in the study of Theosophy, in the

teachings of Karma and Reincarnation, and cyclic laws, so important and so little understood, and the divinity of the soul, the mother knows what she has to meet, and she knows how to meet the demand that is made upon her; for she has found that her child is something more than just a little body to be fed and clothed and sheltered — something more than a brain to have facts put into it; she realizes that it is a soul, as she is a soul, coming to her “not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory” from a mighty and illimitable past. As Katherine Tingley has said many times, coming to her, traveling down the ages to the present time; not her creation, not her property, but loaned to her, entrusted to her by the Great Law, the Higher Law.

Think too of the inspiration afforded by Mme. Blavatsky's life to the women of the world today. One loves to dwell upon the picture so well presented of this girl starting as she did a little cycle of unselfish effort, but she kept it revolving; she never dropped the thread; she never let it stop, and it grew and grew and led her to those world travels which in themselves would have made her a woman of power; the travels that she undertook year after year in search of truth, and because she sought unselfishly she found abundantly, and she garnered the ancient truths and brought them back to the world; gave them freely and opened them as she had received them. “I would rather starve in the gutter,” as she wrote to a friend, “than take one penny for my teachings.”

It is true that she was an old soul, that she must have passed through many experiences to have brought her to that point of wisdom and compassion which we know of today. But are we not souls too; is it not quite possible that she may stand to us as an example of what we may become in degree, with the same sacrifice and with the same effort? And if we have little to offer in comparison with what she had, is it not time for us to stop and consider and ask ourselves the reason why — why it is that we have been wasting our opportunities all down the ages, as we have been doing?

The object of the Woman's International Theosophical League is to help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life. H. P. Blavatsky brought to the womanhood of the world the knowledge of her true position in life, the knowledge of her true place in the great evolutionary plan, the great divine creative scheme of life. She brought to us the knowledge of

what she is in her own essential nature. This is the heritage of power that H. P. Blavatsky brought to the women of the world — to you and to me and to all women. And every woman today, even the humblest, if she will take the pains to look into these teachings and study them sympathetically and apply them to her life, will make plain that heritage.

ADDRESS BY DR. GERTRUDE VAN PELT

IN line with those who have preceded me, I would like to add a few words. It has been intimated that the women of this body have found the key. The Woman's International Theosophical League feels itself strong as a body, because it has had such great opportunities. It is impossible to guide one's life intelligently without knowledge pertaining to it.

Now it is just this knowledge that Madame Blavatsky brought to the world. She, of course, did not evolve it, (it has always existed) but she made it *accessible* to the modern mind. As a woman to women, she brought especially the knowledge that will enable them to find their true place in nature, and that will unmistakably indicate the right way in which to work.

It might be said that all have this knowledge within themselves. This is quite true, but it is buried so deep that it is not available. Even those of deeper insight, those who have really caught some of life's truths, have only done this in a fragmentary way, and have not been able to relate the different phases of life to each other. Madame Blavatsky, however, had reached that point of evolution, which enabled her to attain it and to present it to the world; to translate it, so to speak, into modern thought. Without the work that she did, this book would have been closed to the present century. Imagine then, the gratitude that those who sense to a degree her priceless gift, feel to this woman who made such wonderful sacrifices to help the world in this way.

All women feel that they need this knowledge, but all do not realize it. From among the number who do, we are often asked what course to pursue, what steps to take to attain it. We answer: *Study Theosophy*. Read first *The Key to Theosophy*, by Madame Blavatsky. It was written for you. It is so arranged that it will open the mind naturally to be ready for a deeper study of Theosophy — this wonderful philosophy which is said to be so simple that a child can

grasp it, and yet so profound that the greatest intellect cannot compass it. Follow this reading of *The Key to Theosophy* by a study of the Manuals, a series of books which has been especially arranged to present an outline of the philosophy in a simply way, so that anyone reading them may have a comprehensive view, which will enable him to study still further.

Unfortunately for the world, Theosophy has been much misrepresented, but those who study the books I have indicated, will learn not only what Theosophy is, but what it is *not*.

ADDRESS BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

THEOSOPHY is the thread which passes through and strings together all the ancient philosophies and religious systems, and what is more, it reconciles and explains them.—*H. P. Blavatsky*

PEOPLE frequently reject great truths; not so much for want of evidence, as for want of an inclination to search for it.—*Anonymous*

I HAVE but a few minutes to speak to you, and the thoughts that have come to me as the result of the addresses that have been made here tonight, and from your heart-yearnings and your silent questions, are varied indeed. In order to keep to our subject, "Woman's Mission," I shall touch on the questions involved in that theme. What is woman's mission? It is to find Herself; it is the evolution outward of the god within. How many women are there in the world today who know their mission? How many women do you suppose there are who are acquainted with themselves, in the very truest sense? And how many women are there who have a full realization of duty, in the highest sense of that word?

Woman has been slowly losing her way along the ages, beyond a question, as has also man. Woman has been deprived of rights which are naturally hers because of her immortal nature. The same may be said of man. The obscurations and stumbling-blocks that woman has found in her path, as also man has, have been many and great, and have brought into woman's life an unrest that few men realize. I believe that men know very little about the inner life of woman; unless man is acquainted with himself, with his essential divinity and his possibilities, how can he judge? And if woman is unacquainted with herself and in her turn knows not her essential divinity, how can she understand life or her duty? How can she become the ideal

woman that her heart is craving to be? This is the problem for her to solve. And it can be solved. Its solution is easier than is the bearing of the present burdens of ignorance. False education and the errors of ages, have surrounded woman with environments, unreal and unnatural; and these environments in their turn have crippled her genius and forced her into a life that is not hers. If even two thousand years ago, woman could have discovered herself, in all her natural dignity and power, man too would have found himself. Woman would be in her true place and man in his, and the spiritual and intellectual force and power emanating from them would by now have brought us to fashion for ourselves almost an ideal world. Had this been achieved, we should now have the ideal woman; that is to say, we ourselves would be far closer to the ideal of perfection we all hold in our hearts, than we are. Thus would woman have found her mission, which is Herself; and this means releasing from bondage the Real Woman within. Woman would walk in the light understandingly, knowing herself and the divine laws which govern her. She would understand the science of life, which is the science of sciences; she would know how to apply its lessons, not only to her own life, but to that of her associates less fortunate than she, and to her children.

It is the unnatural conditions or rather environments of human life today that are hemming women in and holding them down and causing unrest and consequent unhappiness. This reacts upon the men; their unrest in turn reacts upon the women; and the combined influences of their mutual unrest and of their doubt of each other, and of their discouragement, fall upon the children, the homes, and the nations. I repeat with all my strength, that if woman is to find her true place in life, she must first know herself, for this is her true mission; she must understand the mysteries of her own being, and in the finding, in the revealing, in the living, she will become transformed physically, mentally, morally; elevated to a higher expression of womanhood. She will then no longer be limited to the small mental life in which she now lives; for her soul would not bear it; her aspirations would be so high, and her ideals so much higher and her knowledge so much greater, that, living in the light of these, and under the inspiration of them, she would broaden her views, broaden her life, broaden her sphere of usefulness. Thus we should have not only the ideal woman, but the international woman.

The strength that would come to a woman seeking the light, finding it, and applying the knowledge realized from it, would be such, that one nation would not be enough for her, but she would yearn and work to hold the whole world in her sympathy, in her love. Can anyone say that this is not possible? All the women here tonight would answer me, if they had the courage to speak, that this word-picture has touched the hidden depths of their natures; that they do know of these yearnings and of these aspirations and of these hopes; and that they do know that they sometimes catch glimpses of the Eternal Laws, and of their own possibilities; but they fall back under the shadow of their weaknesses, of their doubts, and of their despair.

There is being enacted on the mental plane a great battle in woman's life — a terrible struggle. It may not be openly written in history, but it is recorded in the very atmosphere of the world today; it tells its story in the silence, and it comes in upon us at times, into our hearts, so greatly, that while we feel it we cannot always explain it. But if we stand away from the environments of the moment, we realize that something is the matter with womankind, that the world, in a sense, is awry.

I believe in the equality of the sexes; but I hold that man has a mission and that woman has also a mission, and that these missions are not the same; the difference is due in part to lines of evolution. If woman is to understand the duties of real wifehood and motherhood, and to reach the dignity of ideal womanhood, she must cultivate her femininity. She was born a woman and she must *be* a woman in the truest sense; and the contrast between man and woman exists in life. There must be a balance of the sexes — the heart yearnings perhaps different, but both man and woman reaching towards the same goal; the intellects somewhat different, developed under different conditions and environments, yet reaching towards the same goal; for these contrasts hold within themselves, in the very under-current of human life, a superb and glorious harmony. Woman in her place, her true position, hand in hand with man in his true place, would bring about such a new order of things, that we can hardly speak of, much less realize, the resulting possibilities. This picture shows us what would be a new life, for it is a rebirth; it is a resurrection of the spirit; it is the shining forth of the inner, higher, and eternal quality in the human soul.

When woman has reached the point of understanding that I have

spoken of, then she shall receive a clearer knowledge of duty, and she shall hold it more sacred than duty is now held even by the most devoted. When this stage of evolution has been attained, she knows; she can discriminate between duty and false ideas of duty; and in her further spiritual development, in her endeavor to advance and reach the real goal of womanhood, and self-knowledge, she begins to realize that emotion, false sentiment, vanity, and self-love, often play too great a part in woman's life.

Woman is of a different make-up from man. She is more sensitive; she is perhaps more highly strung; and she is more intuitive; she is in some ways altogether different and in those ways she should be altogether different — because she is a woman. And unless she is eternally vigilant and cultivates discrimination, the faculty of knowing the difference between the true and the false, between real duty and merely supposed duty, she is bound to lose her way. Duty is of course what is due to others; and the unspoiled mind has little difficulty in knowing its dues to others.

Woman is today in the shadows through lack of self-knowledge — knowledge of her divinity. With all her hopes and her possibilities, she is unable to realize them; for the psychological influences of the age have overwhelmed her in her ignorance of her better self. There was a time when she might have found her way, but she now thinks it is impossible. She either lives her little, lonely, isolated life in suffering and patience, and tries to do the best she can, or goes out of her proper sphere, in seeking her freedom; or she gives up the struggle and loses hold of the better, nobler part of her nature — she then simply exists. Oh, the tragedies in women's lives! These are the pictures we have in contrast with what might be, if the real woman could find herself, discover herself, and become the diviner part of herself.

These earnest word-pictures of mine to some minds may seem far-fetched; but let me assure you that they are not so. I know (and I presume to tell you this) the possibilities of women through my contact with the different phases of a woman's life in my public work, and also through my knowledge of Theosophy. I know that if the men and women of the present time could be startled into the doing of what they have never before done, if they could be forced into some position where they would feel that they *must* do something or be lost, where they would put in their proper places the merely material ef-

forts in which they are actually sacrificing their lives, the temporary benefits, the so-called pleasures and enjoyments of the world, and could turn about and stand still and dare to face the eternal truths in themselves, they would find an echo in their hearts, and a wording in their minds, of the inner glory, of the everlasting source of knowledge within themselves, the source of their aspirations.

The mission of woman, then, is to discover herself, to find her true place in life. The greatest work that woman can do today, is to become so sweetly feminine, so sweetly spiritual and strong, so grandly compassionate and helpful, that she will hold the whole human family in her keeping. She will make the home her altar, her kingdom; and from that kingdom shall be sent out the gospel of life to all people. The proof of the gospel shall be in the living it.

A few more words. The Wisdom-Religion, the teachings of Theosophy, are the essential truths of all religions and were splendidly adapted to our times by that wonderful woman, Mme. Blavatsky, one of my predecessors, and Foundress of the Theosophical Society. These truths remove the obscurations from the natural religion of the human race, the philosophy and science of being, which has been so sadly hidden and obscured by creeds and formulae. For ages we have been forced into an early spiritual death, stifled by these errors of the past, until humanity has been brought to a point where it does not think in the deepest sense. But it must be aroused to think and to know; and this was the mission of Mme. Blavatsky and is the mission of all true Theosophists. It is a noble cause and a work of joy to all who participate in it. I thank you.



**Thoughts Suggesting Reincarnation, from
Robert Browning's *Paracelsus***

At times I almost dream
I too have spent a life the sage's way,
And tread once more familiar paths. Perchance
I perished in an arrogant self-reliance
An age ago; and in that act, a prayer
For one more chance went up so earnest, so
Instinct with better light let in by Death,
That life was blotted out — not so completely
But scattered wrecks enough of it remain,
Dim memories; as now, when seems once more
The goal in sight again.



F. J. Dick, Editor

AN International Exposition of Printing, Bookbinding, and the Graphic Arts, was held in Leipzig from May to October last year. We understand that the daily attendance was sometimes as high as 20,000; that the exhibit of Standard Theosophical Literature, which was awarded a gold prize, attracted much attention during the earlier months, before the war; and that it led to many inquiries anent the Theosophical Movement. The exhibit included numerous examples of work turned out by the Aryan Theosophical Press and the Lomaland Photographic and Engraving Department. Some special albums, etc., were handsomely embellished by the Women's Arts and Crafts Department, Lomaland.



The village of Cloyne, to the south of Cork, Ireland, whose old round tower is seen in the illustration, gave the title of bishop to George Berkeley, of whom Pope said that he had every virtue under heaven. Berkeley's love for the diffusion of education led him to America nearly two centuries ago. He presented his farm at Newport to Yale College, and also made munificent gifts of books to both Yale and Harvard. He it was, it may be remembered, who penned the famous lines:

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offering is the last.



MAGAZINE REVIEWS

Der Theosophische Pfad. (*Illustrated. Quarterly*)

Editor: J. Th. Heller, Nürnberg, Germany.

THE NOVEMBER-DECEMBER issue contains a splendid lecture delivered at the Luitpoldhaus, Nürnberg, in October last, on "What Theosophy has to say in the Present Crisis"—a historical document truly, showing that the pioneers of



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

EXHIBIT OF STANDARD THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE WHICH RECEIVED A GOLD PRIZE AT THE EXPOSITION OF PRINTING, BOOKBINDING, AND THE GRAPHIC ARTS, HELD IN LEIPZIG, MAY TO OCTOBER, 1914

This exhibit included examples of Printing, Illustrating, Bookbinding, etc. from the Aryan Theosophical Press at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma; and also of the literature published at the National Centers of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE ROUND TOWER, CLOYNE, COUNTY CORK, IRELAND

Theosophy in Germany held aloft its banner amid the most trying circumstances. "Life and Death in the Light of a New Time" presents a helpful elucidation of the subject. Other articles are: "Archaeology, a Practical Study," "The Augoeides," "The Elixir of Life," "The Psychology of Suicide"; and there is also a charming little poem, entitled "Christmas, 1914."

Râja-Yoga Messenger. (*Illustrated. Quarterly*)

Conducted by Students of the Râja-Yoga College,
Point Loma, California.

THE JANUARY NUMBER, beginning a new cycle of effort, is much improved in size and general appearance. Primarily, this is a Peace number, and it forms perhaps the most beautiful contribution to Peace literature that has yet appeared. Children love pictures, and the fifteen full-page illustrations include three Lomaland scenes connected with the recent Peace-Day celebration; nine of life in and around the Râja-Yoga School, Lomaland; one of Exposition Architecture in Sweden; three of old temples in Rome; two related to the Story of the Pacific; and two taken during the recent visit of Katherine Tingley and party to Arizona.

Following New Year's Greetings, a series of articles on "Râja-Yoga in Education" is commenced, which will prove of the utmost interest to thousands of parents and inquirers. "A Symposium of Universal Peace — conducted by (Girl) Members of the H. P. Blavatsky Club" presents a first contribution, dealing with America's Torch-bearers of Peace. "The Baltic Exposition," held at Malmö, Sweden, May to September last, is well and sympathetically described. The sixteenth instalment of "Architectural Styles and their Meaning" excellently sustains the historic and artistic theme, and is of high educational value. "Khimar, and the Story of the Harpist" (*illustrated*), by a Râja-Yoga Student, is a telling symbolical study of the inner life. In "The Story of the Pacific" the main outlines of discovery are traced, and we are promised further details in future issues. Other articles are, "A Râja-Yoga Hero," "With Katherine Tingley in Arizona," "Wild Animals at Play," "Economy," poetry, etc.

Scientia (Bologna, Italy)

THE NOVEMBER issue announces that instead of remaining passive amid the tragic realities of the present hour, it has invited the most eminent scientific authorities, chosen with the strictest impartiality from the ranks both of belligerents and neutrals, to treat thoroughly of the conflagration and its causes. There is no intention to apportion blame, and the attempt will rather be to analyse those powerful sociological factors "which have rendered the cataclysm inevitable," in a dispassionate and scientific way, so as if possible to see under what conditions or in what manner this war could possibly subserve the greater good of mankind, or tend to prevent further wars. In order to facilitate this program the magazine will appear monthly, instead of bi-monthly, during 1915.

OBITUARY

FROM time to time, as the years go by, it happens to one or another of our old friends and comrades to pass through the great change that leads to regions of light, of joy, and of peace. So it has been with one who for years had been a true friend and staunch supporter of Katherine Tingley: Colonel Indalecio Sobrado, Governor of the province of Pinar del Río, in Cuba, who died in Havana, after a protracted illness, on December 2, 1914. A brave, loyal, and energetic citizen, a just and wise administrator, and a simple, unassuming, and compassionate gentleman, his loss is one which his country can ill afford at this period of national reconstruction.

The unwavering confidence in Katherine Tingley shown by Governor Sobrado — his absolute faith in her and in her work — was most inspiring. This trust was born on the day when for the first time he met the Leader, and continued unshaken until his death. When the Râja-Yoga Academy was established in Pinar del Río, he was one of those who helped most whole-heartedly, and at once enrolled his then only son as a pupil. Several years later he sent the boy to Point Loma to be educated at the Râja-Yoga School, where he remained until called to attend the bedside of his dying father.

The memory of Governor Sobrado evokes in the mind of the writer many striking pictures. Among those that perhaps best portray the man, are the two following:

A terrific explosion has just wrecked the formidable old Spanish barracks at Pinar del Río. Hundreds have been killed and wounded; many lie buried under the ruins and beneath tottering walls. A huge cloud of gray dust is settling down over the scene, from which the people are fleeing with blanched faces.

Suddenly on top of the hot and smoking mass there appears a short, slender figure, black amidst the gray dust; a face all afire with the awful import of the moment. With impassioned voice he implores the dazed and trembling crowd to come to aid in the work of rescue. But the people hang back at a safe distance; they fear a second explosion. Now he lashes them with words of burning scorn, his eyes blazing the while — only to fill with tears as a revulsion of feeling sweep over him. Beseeching and commanding, chiding and imploring — and working away the while with his hands — he succeeds at last. One by one, then by twos and threes, they come: Cubans and Spaniards and Americans; white, black, yellow, and brown; the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the educated; until the work is well under way. Only then does he turn away to take up the next duty. . . .

In those minutes — those agonizing long minutes, when it seemed as though men had lost their manhood, and that chaos had come again to encompass the earth — Indalecio Sobrado stood revealed as one raised above the common level of his kind. This was the same spirit that had made him a colonel in the Army of Liberation; this was the same indomitable will that had carried him through

the privations and suffering of the sanguinary campaigns of Vueltabajo; the same noble disregard of personal safety that had earned him the love and admiration of his people. There spoke the soul of the man; and the crowd heard, and responded.

Another picture: It is five o'clock, the hour religiously set apart as the "children's hour." Pressing indeed must be the duty that could call him away at that time.

One enters unannounced, and here is what he sees: the governor, coatless, on all fours, serving as steed to his little daughter, aged three; the little son on his hobby-horse, having a glorious race with papa; and the baby, perched above them in his "perambulator," crowing with glee, his feet and hands all going at once in his excitement. . . .

There again stood out the real man: the kindly, warm-hearted father, whom the most abject among his people never hesitated to approach when in need of help; the true father, who understood instinctively many of the secrets of a happy home-life, as he understood instinctively many of the needs of his country and its people; the wise father, who could make himself "like unto a little child," and yet, at the slightest transgression, could instantly become so stern that even the baby comprehended — just as he was capable of all needful tact that his office demanded, and yet, on occasion, be as firm as adamant.

Indeed, one was often conscious of a flaming sword, so to speak, somewhere about the man, ready to spring forth and strike down all manner of unclean things: all injustices and wrongs, all meannesses and hypocrisies: lies and the progeny of lies. . . .

Such a soul, born on earth amid the conditions of our civilization, must needs suffer greatly; and in truth the sufferings which Indalecio Sobrado underwent, especially in his later years, were many and great. But assuredly the joy of release too, has been great, the strength gained beyond price, and the rest well and nobly earned. And when the time shall have come for his return to earth-life, we know that we shall find him still one with us, a noble warrior in the host of light that does eternal battle for man's liberation.

K. R—N.

A new feature among the manifold horticultural activities in Lomaland has been the formation, by the Floral Committee of The Woman's International Theosophical League, of an international flower-garden of considerable extent along either side of the main avenue of approach to the Râja-Yoga College and the International Headquarters. Full details of what has so far been accomplished are not yet to hand, but we are credibly informed that an excellent consignment of plants for the same has just arrived from old Ireland, including about forty varieties of *Arbutus Unedo*, *Dabacia Polifolia*, *Erica Mackania*, *Saxifraga Geum*, *Inula Salicifolia*, *Sisyrinchium Angustifolium*, *Erica Mediterranea*, Irish ferns, roses, etc. There was even a specimen, alive, of insectivora, *genus* coleoptera, among the ferns, who must have felt it was a "long way to Tipperary."

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

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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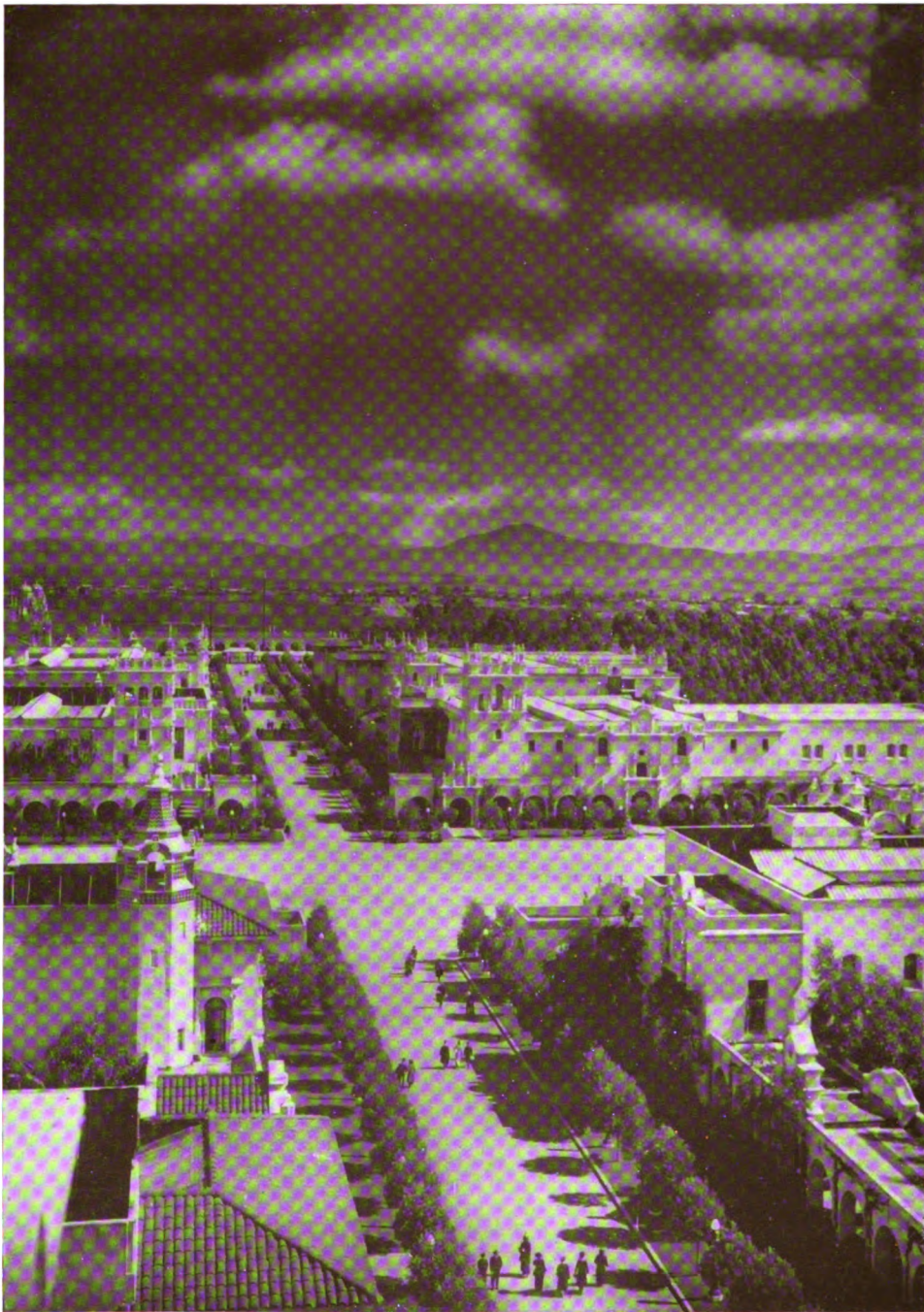
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VOL. VIII No. 4

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Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LOOKING EAST, DOWN THE PRADO, PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION,
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Taken from the tower of the California Building

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VIII

APRIL, 1915

NO. 4

NOTHING in this world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.— *Shelley*

THEOSOPHY, MYSTICISM, AND REACTIONISM:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



“THE Maze of Modern Mysticism” is the title of an article by O. W. Kinne in the *San Diego Union*, and it would seem to be inspired by a fear that the people are getting off the beaten tracks. They are “dissatisfied with the old, established, scriptural order of things,” he says, and they are “trying to assimilate something additional, something more plastic and pleasing; something that can be more easily adjusted to time and place and circumstance.” But this seems to us quite a reasonable attitude on the part of these people; and we would like to know just what is the “old scriptural order of things” and what is the matter with it, if (as he says) it fails to satisfy the needs of the people. Perhaps it is not sufficiently plastic and adapted to circumstances. If so, the people may well be seeking for something more adaptable to the life which they are called on to lead. But we feel sure that the writer has misused the word “scriptural.”

Then he goes on to speak of “mysticism,” under which head he includes both Theosophy and its imitations, while he mixes up mysticism itself with every kind of charlatanism that trades under that abused name; thus showing his incapacity to deal with the subject on which he is writing. This, too, when he more than once makes a particular point of the need for logic!

Now we are quite at one with him, as our intelligent readers must well know, in decrying psychism, blind fortune-telling, sham theosophy, and other such foolishness; but we cannot consent to a depre-

ciation of the whole subject of spiritual powers in man and their corresponding subtle forces in nature. Nor can we allow that, because there are many people who run after fads and delusions, therefore there are no subtle forces in nature and no higher powers in man. The writer says: "One would think that spiritual realms and kindred worlds were waiting just beyond our reach, ready to be recognized and appropriated the moment we come in contact with one who has become illuminated with universal truth. Is there any foundation in fact for all these claims — for all these assumptions of superior insight into the hidden recesses of nature? Is there any substantial basis for all these supposed powers, properties, and influences? Is there a spiritual domain into which certain adepts, masters, and mediums may roam at will? Is there a spiritual side to the universe — an impalpable part to all known existence?"

These rhetorical questions, which are intended to suggest the answer, "No," outline what is generally understood to be the position of materialism and scepticism and what is miscalled rationalism. How then does this philosophy come to be associated with "the old, established, scriptural order of things"? the intelligent reader will be tempted to ask. Does that old order deny the existence of a spiritual side to the universe and an "impalpable" part of all known existence? Does the old established "scriptural" order deny the existence of higher powers in man? We too can ask rhetorical questions and leave them to be answered by our readers according to their notions of what "scripture" does teach.

Is it not the fact that people feel and know that they have higher powers, and that they are seeking for knowledge concerning them? If the old established order does not provide them with this knowledge, but, instead, leaves them to run after psychics and quacks, there must be something the matter with the old established order. Evidently the only right thing to do for the people is to give them something that will steer them clear both of the "old established order" and of the psychic quacks; since neither of these two latter alternatives seems to satisfy them. And this is just what Theosophy does.

If our writer had been content to break a lance with the psychic quacks and wonder-mongers and pseudo-theosophists, he would have done some good; but he has quite ruined his own case by running atilt at all things spiritual and mystical in general. He is the kind of man who would keep us in leading-strings and feed us on pap all

our lives for fear we might get our feet wet or eat something unwholesome. But what we need is to learn to walk and choose our food.

Then he says that, if there really were any of these higher and subtler realms in nature, science would have discovered them. "But science recognizes none of them." This is not our idea of science, for which we have too much respect. All scientific men worthy of the name admit that their studies are purposely confined to the outer world and that they do not presume to argue about what may lie beyond. That is not their domain, they say. Any scientific man who goes beyond this and presumes authoritatively to deny the existence of things about which he himself professes to know nothing, is not a true scientist but a bigot; and bigots are to be found in every walk of life. Thus it will be seen that we make a sharp distinction between real Science and pseudo-science; and such a distinction is necessary if we are to argue logically, as the writer bids us do.

At this point the reader will perhaps find himself somewhat in doubt as to the writer's precise attitude — whether he is arguing as a religious man or as a scientific man; also whether science (as he understands it) belongs to the "old established order of things" — "the old, established, *scriptural* order of things" — or not. There seems a sort of league to keep people back in this old established order of the writer's, and he is ready to cite religion or science indifferently in support of his case.

After this, the writer's views on things spiritual and mystical might not seem worth quoting except by way of enforcing the contrast. But here is one of the things he says: "Spiritual affairs are so far beyond our conception and mystic matters so foreign to our comprehension that the normal mind will be unable to frame a system with them from which to draw sane conclusions."

Now the writer has spoken of this old order as being "scriptural." But what about Paul and his epistles? Was Paul, or was he not, a mystic? To the best of our recollection, in those epistles, he analyses the nature of man elaborately, discriminating finely between the heavenly, divine, or spiritual man and the earthly man. His whole system is based on the idea of the development of a finer and spiritual nature, whereby we become endued with grace and faith and other spiritual powers and are able to escape the bondage of flesh — or, to put it another way, though still in language familiar to Paul —

to escape from the *old order*. We are to put off the old man and put on the new. And what too of the Galilean Master? Does he not again and again speak of the acquisition of spiritual powers by faith in the Divine Spirit and by devolution to the higher law of compassion? Does he not speak of a second birth, of the fire and of spirit, superseding the natural fleshly birth? It seems that our scriptural apologist has temporarily overlooked these matters, but it is by no means the first time we have found scriptural apologists deficient in a comprehensive knowledge of their own scriptures. The "scriptures" are a dangerous weapon for any but a strong hand to wield. Nor do we, as Theosophists, require to be instructed by such a writer as to the teachings in those scriptures which a study of Theosophy has taught us better to understand than ever before.

The writer says that people should have more lessons in logic, as logic is the lever by which the stumbling-stones of error are removed. Yet he tries to prove logically that mysticism is delusion because its claims cannot be proven by the methods of modern science, which are avowedly the antithesis of those of mysticism! Mysticism demands a faculty above reason, as the writer in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* tells us; and mysticism relies for its evidence upon perceptions beyond those of the physical faculties. The argument therefore amounts to a statement that mysticism is a delusion because it is not science. Put in another way, the writer's argument amounts to an assumption of his position; for he first assumes that the scientific method is the only criterion of truth, and then proceeds to argue on this basis that all other methods are nonsensical — an argument which was totally needless, seeing that its conclusion had already been assumed!

We beg to suggest that the utility of logic depends altogether on the reliability of one's premisses; and that, in order to have reliable premisses, one must have a good deal more information than the writer seems to have. To begin with, one should have some notion of philosophy, so as to be able to know what mysticism is before arguing about it. Also the man who undertakes to argue on these subjects should have thought deeply enough to know that the great bulk of our knowledge comes to us through channels other than the physical senses, and that therefore a science built solely upon the evidence of those physical senses cannot (and does not even profess to) dictate to us upon things in general. The writer himself seems to admit the existence of something which he calls "scriptural," and if this is not

identical with science, it must be different. One may be permitted to ask, Upon what data is this scriptural knowledge based, and can it be proved by science? The above is enough to show, without going further into the question, that his ideas are hopelessly confused.

The world cannot get along without mysticism — always understanding that that word is used in its proper sense, for mysticism does not mean mystification. It means the science of mysteries, and mysteries are truths that lie deeper than the ordinary ken of humanity. Man knows perfectly well that all his knowledge is based on something else that he does *not* know; and it would be difficult to imagine a logical system of philosophy built upon any other hypothesis. Nor can man help inquiring and aspiring after this hidden knowledge; for so is he constructed. Unlike the animals, who can rest content with what they have, man must ever be striving after higher attainments; for he has to fulfil the law of his being, whether he will or not. He simply cannot remain in a state of ignorance and indifference; this may be possible for some of the people all the time, or for all the people some of the time, but not for all the people all the time. This being so, it remains for religion or science or whatever else undertakes the task of teaching and helping man, to satisfy the longings of his nature. Today all the creeds and sciences and philosophies are on their trial, and man is the judge.

H. P. Blavatsky saw that humanity was floundering in a bog of confusion and false philosophy, that the age was materialistic and sordid, just as Carlyle and Ruskin and so many other great Victorians had tried to tell us; and she saw terrible dangers ahead from a new tendency towards psychism that was springing up, amid an atmosphere of personalism and materialism. Her crusade was to endeavor to give humanity a new hope, to lift it out of the thralldom of creeds and -isms and -ologies, and to remind it once again of man's Divine origin and spiritual nature. Her work, carried on with all-efficient power, was a menace to all influences that batten on man's mental slavery; and she was persecuted. But she sowed the seed entrusted to her and founded an uplifting movement whose momentum has continually increased and which has leavened the thought of the entire world.

She said that mere good intentions and commonplace ideals of goodness were not enough alone to lift humanity; and that, though the loftiest morality must ever be the foundation of all our efforts,

there was also needed a real sense of our Divine and spiritual nature, and a real knowledge in the reality of higher powers in man and higher forces in nature. She proclaimed Occultism, most carefully distinguishing it from the occult arts and psychism. The former she compared to the glorious noonday sun, the latter to a feeble rushlight. And now we see the difference; for all around us flourish flickering rushlights of psychism and astralism, while the true Theosophy of H. P. Blavatsky alone claims the attention of serious and earnest people, alone exhibits the bountiful harvest of a crop well and wisely sown.

Mysticism unfolds for man the glorious secrets of his own better nature. Science, as we now see, has not been able to guard its attainments from the extreme limit of profanation; for all its resources are at this moment being strained to the utmost in the work of destruction. It is therefore clear that science alone — if indeed *this* be science — will not suffice. As to Christianity — it has either been tried and has failed, or else (as some say) it has never yet been really tried. In the latter case, we must try it — not go back to the old beaten track that led us so far astray, but find the new track, whether Christian or not, that is to lead us on.

What will teach us how to rule our lives? Only Mysticism, Occultism (in the real sense); only Theosophy, as taught by its founder, H. P. Blavatsky, and by her successors, and by the Ancient Teachers. Only that which can and does give man confidence in his own Divinity and thus enables him to master the infirmities of his complex lower nature. And as for “proof” — there is abundant proof of the reality of Divine and spiritual powers for all who will stop blinking and simply look. The world itself, with all its marvelous harmony, order, and intelligence, is proof enough that every atom is teeming with Divine and Spiritual powers. The world is not limited by what we can put under a microscope or into a test-tube. If we were limited to what modern science concerns itself with, we should lose practically the whole of our life. Science cannot analyse a mother’s love or a friend’s unselfish devotion; yet these things exist, and are mighty powers.

We need a greater Science — one that shall explain to us the nature of our passions and how they may be ruled, and the nature of that Spiritual Will that is in all men, as well as the origin, course, and destiny of the Universe and of man. If we do not have this Science, but are left to the mercy of that “old order of things” that

has shown itself so inadequate, nothing will prevent our civilization from continuing with headlong speed down the descent on which it seems to have started. For the race is decaying from subtle disease engendered by youthful ignorance and indiscretion, usually unknown and usually disregarded by the parents and teachers, called by the doctors "consumption," and treated with serums; nor does there seem to be any way known to the "scripturo-scientific old established order of things," of stopping the momentum of this dreadful decay. The present chaos in Europe, also shows the inadequacy of our past foundations and the need of surer ones.

The manifested world cannot rule itself, but is ruled by the Unmanifest, just as man's complex outer nature is ruled by his invisible inner nature; and neither materialistic sciences nor materialistic creeds can teach us the laws of that invisible higher nature. Therefore we must have a Spiritual philosophy — Occultism and Mysticism in the true sense of these words.

The grounds upon which certain people so bitterly oppose and dread the work of Theosophy are hard to discover; but it may be suggested that the old order of things has gripped them hard and will not let them go, so that they become its unfortunate advocates. The work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is to establish the foundations of a new, strong, noble, healthful type of humanity — men and women — and to create an order of life based on a peerless philosophy, that shall match the matchless climate of California, the chosen headquarters of this noble work.



THE TOUCH OF MUSIC

ONE night a few weeks ago the Leinsters (who had recently had sheep-skin coats served out to them) had a sing-song in the trenches to the accompaniment of their pipers. The concert began with "A nation once again." The Germans, however, must have been good Orangemen, as they greeted this opening song with a terrific fusilade of rifle fire. The next item on the program — suggested probably by the new winter kit — was "Brian O'Lynn."

At the first "hrrup" in the first verse came another volley from the Germans; but, caught by the lilt of the tune, when the second verse came on they joined in the "hrrup" and with the skirl of the pipes, and swelled the chorus of every verse to the end of the song. Then they applauded the performance so vigorously that an encore had to be given, when both sides cheered the pipers and one another again and again.— *Irish Times*, Dec. 11, 1914.

RECENT DISCOVERIES AT ABYDOS, EGYPT

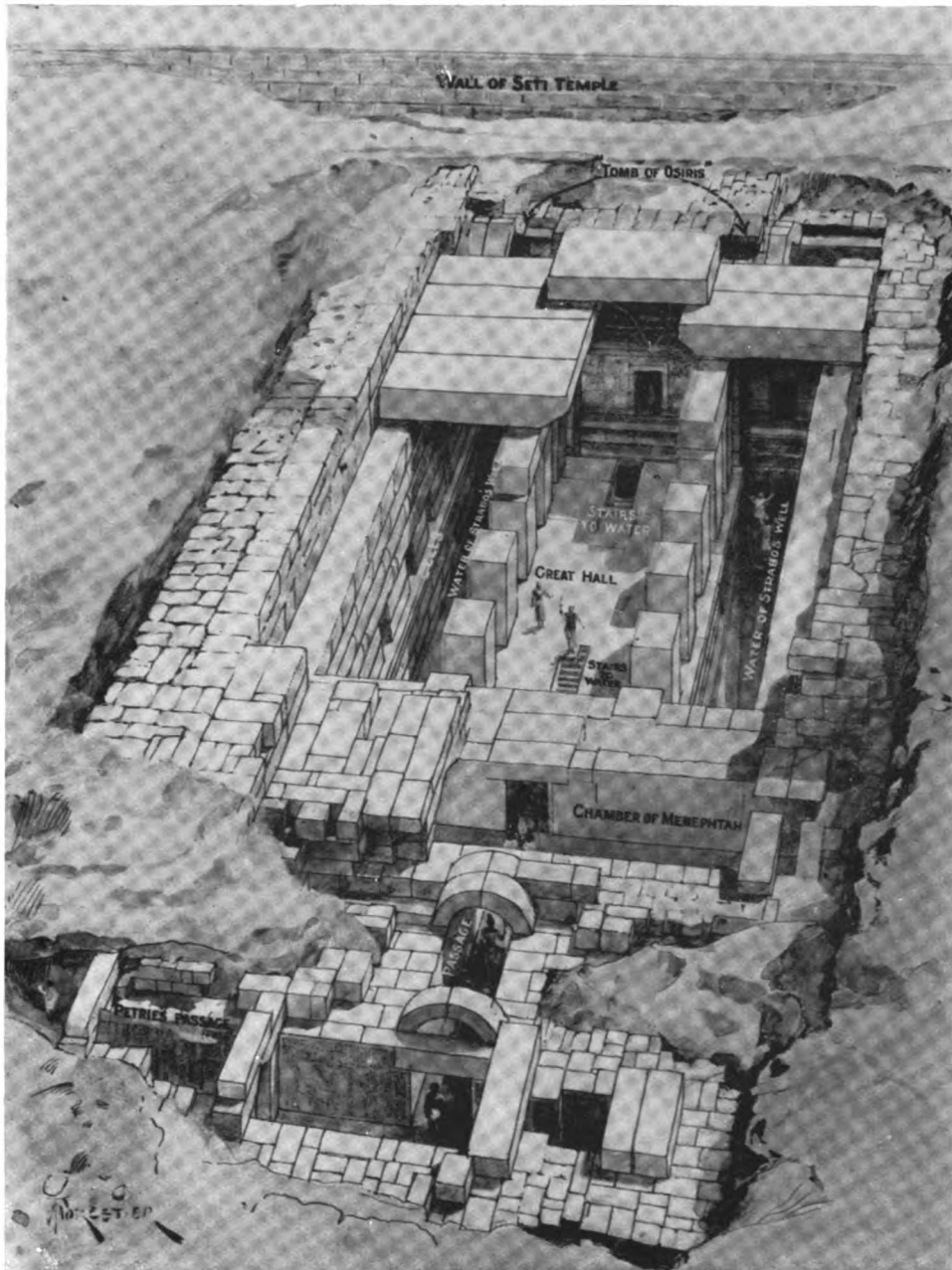
The following descriptions of these illustrations are taken from the
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, May 30, 1914

For a fuller narrative, see THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for October 1914

PLATE A. The great pool with porches and the "Tomb of Osiris" are behind the western wall of the Temple of Seti I, at Abydos. The building consists of a rectangle, the inside of which is about a hundred feet long and sixty wide. "The two long sides are north and south. . . . The enclosure wall is twenty feet thick. . . . The middle nave ends on the east side, the side of the Temple of Seti, with a high wall on which are religious sculptures. . . . They represent offerings made by Merephtah to Osiris and other gods; and the two important amulets which were generally worn or are found on the mummies. This showed that there was behind the wall something of a funerary character, the tomb of Osiris. Osiris, although he was a god, was supposed to have been torn to pieces by his enemy, Set or Typhon, and his limbs had been scattered among the chief cities of Egypt. Abydos being the residence of the god, its share had been the head, which was buried in his tomb."

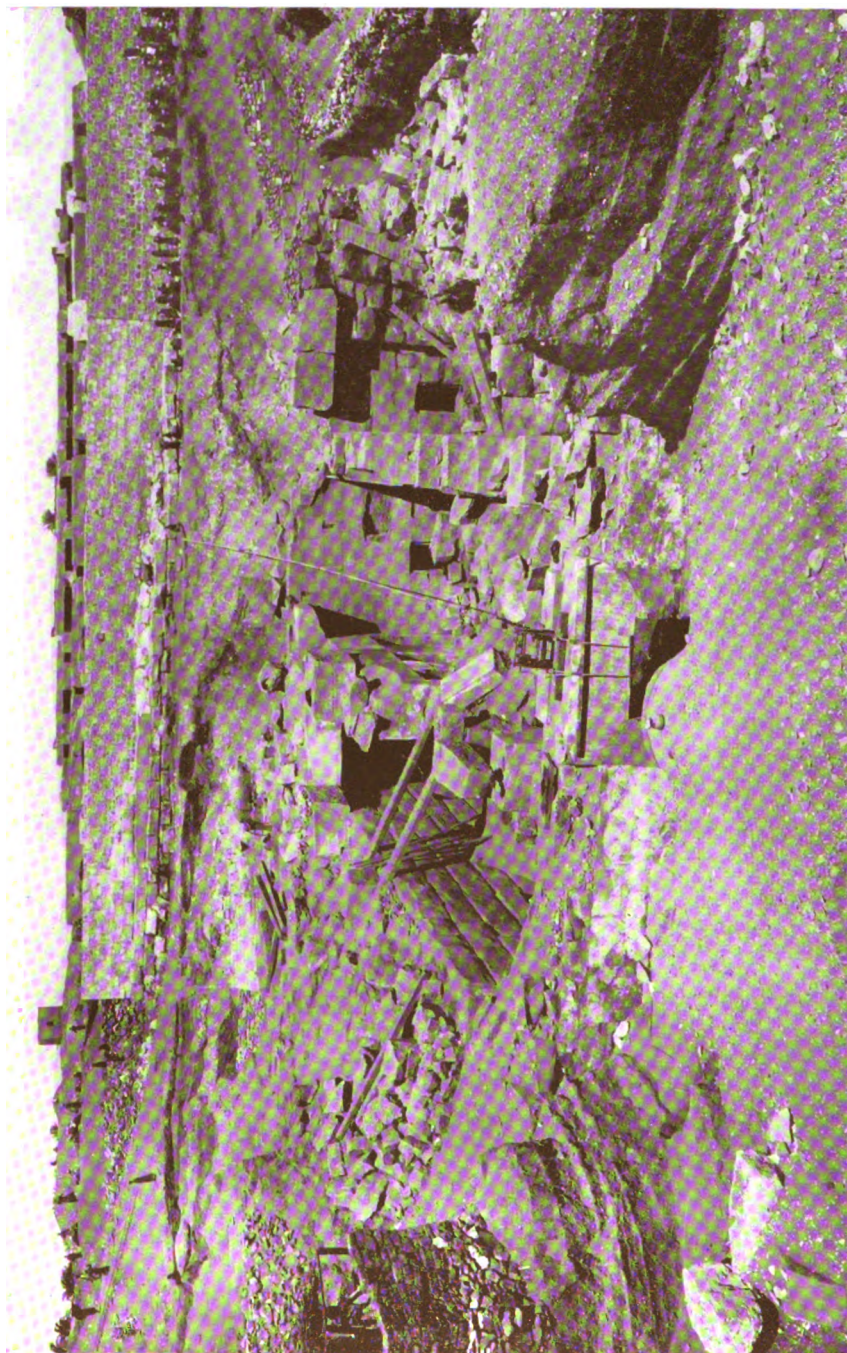
PLATE D. On another page it is written: "The whole structure has decidedly the character of the primitive constructions which in Greece are called cyclopean. . . . When the work reached the lowest layers of the enclosed wall, a very extraordinary discovery was made. In this wall, all round the structure, are cells about six feet high and wide, all exactly alike, without any ornament or decoration. They had doors, probably made of wood, with a single leaf; one can see the holes where they turned. Such cells are not seen in any other Egyptian construction. . . . They open on a narrow ledge. . . . Under the ledge . . . the beautiful masonry goes on, and at a depth of twelve feet water was reached. . . . There is no doubt that it is what is called Strabo's Well, which he describes as being below the temple, and like the labyrinth at Hawara, but on smaller proportions, and with passages covered by big monoliths. Was there a canal coming from the Nile, as the Greek geographer says, or was the pool filled by the subterranean sheet of water which flows under the desert, the so-called underground Nile . . . ?"

PLATES E and F. To quote from a special article in this issue: "The excavations made during this winter at Abydos . . . have given quite unexpected results. They have led to the discovery of a building which at present is unique of its kind, and which probably is one of the most ancient constructions preserved in Egypt; a great pool with porches and the tomb of Osiris. It is situate behind the western wall of the temple built by Seti I, which is the chief attraction of Abydos for travelers. It was entirely subterranean, at a depth of more than thirty feet below the temple, and nothing revealed its existence. . . . The whole structure has decidedly the character of the primitive constructions which in Greece are called cyclopean, and an Egyptian example of which is at Ghizeh, the so-called Temple of the Sphinx. . . . When the work reached the lower layers of the enclosure wall, a very extraordinary discovery was made. In this wall, all round the structure, are cells about six feet high and wide . . . they open



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PLATE A. A RECONSTRUCTION SHOWING THE GREAT HALL; THE POOL WHICH IS STRABO'S WELL; AND THE "TOMB OF OSIRIS": THE UNIQUE BUILDING LATELY EXCAVATED AT ABYDOS
By courtesy of Egypt Exploration Fund



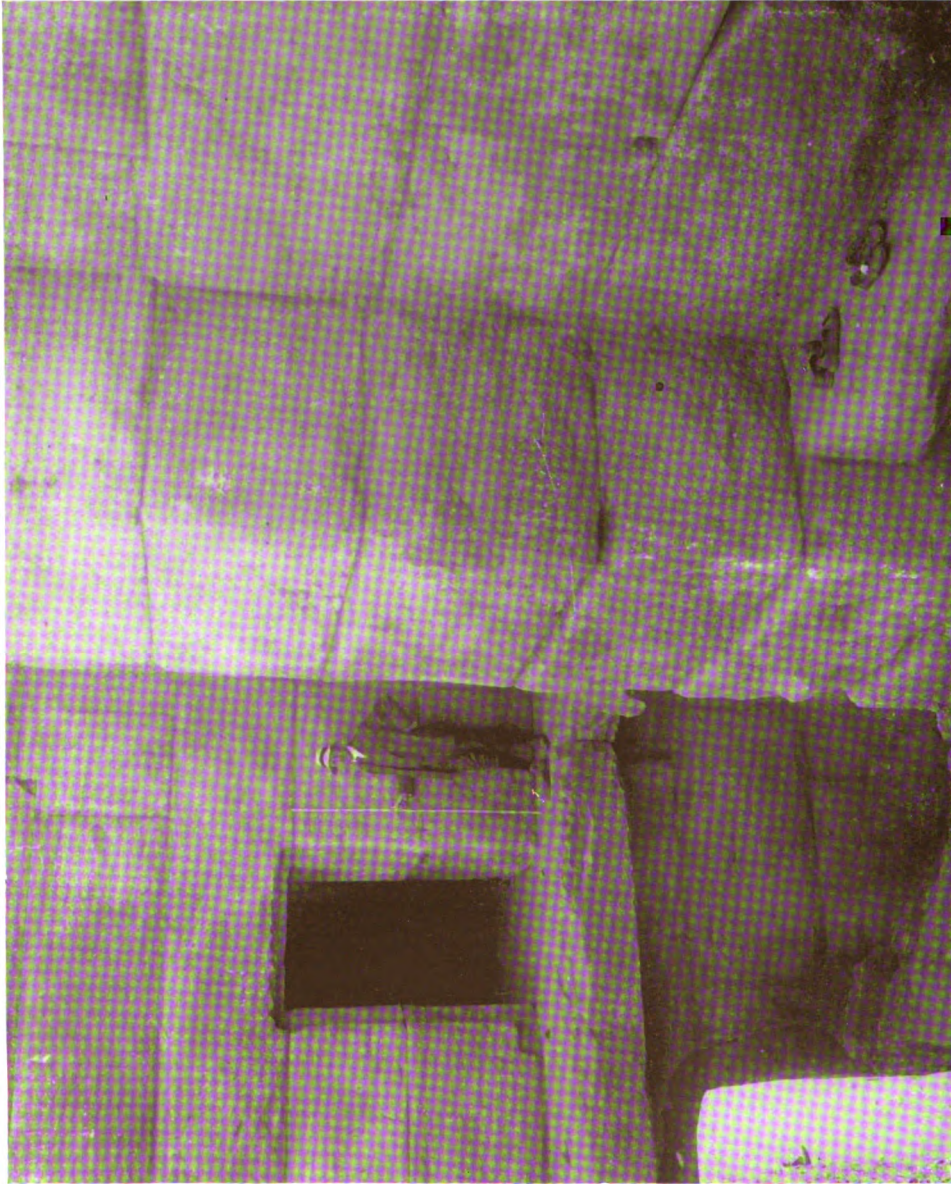
Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PLATE B. VIEW OF THE ENTIRE EXCAVATION
By courtesy of Egypt Exploration Fund



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PLATE C. NORTHEAST CORNER OF THE BUILDING
By courtesy of Egypt Exploration Fund

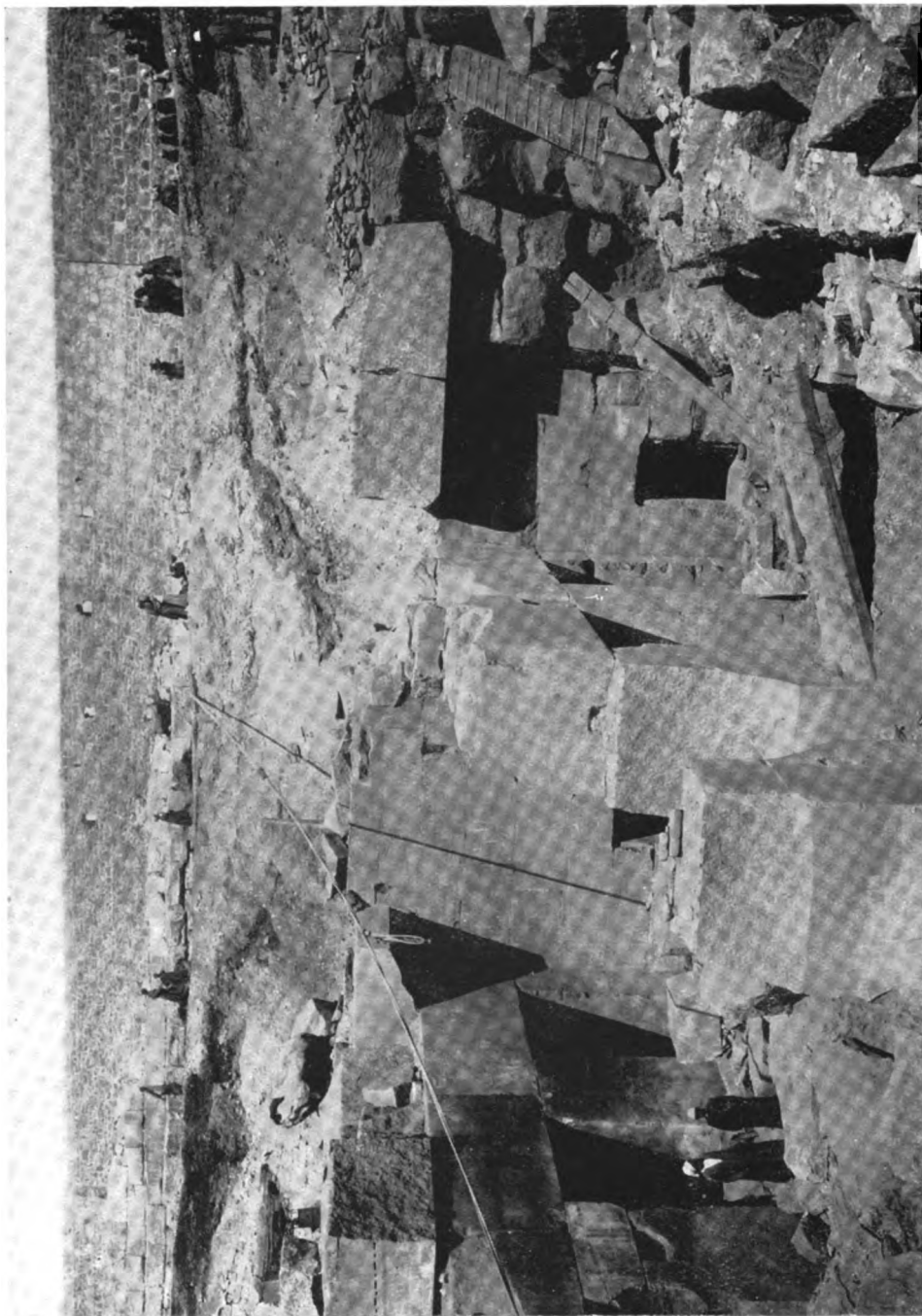


Lyndland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PLATE D. HUGE MASONRY OF A BUILDING UNIQUE OF ITS KIND AND ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT CONSTRUCTIONS PRESERVED IN EGYPT: BY STRABO'S WELL

On the left and on the right remains of the ledge; on the left the entrance to a cell, above the ledge over the pool; on the right great blocks of the wall (B. on the plan)

By courtesy of Egypt Exploration Fund



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PLATE E. SHOWING THE CYCLOPEAN NATURE OF THE MONOLITHIC PILLARS AND ARCHITRAVES

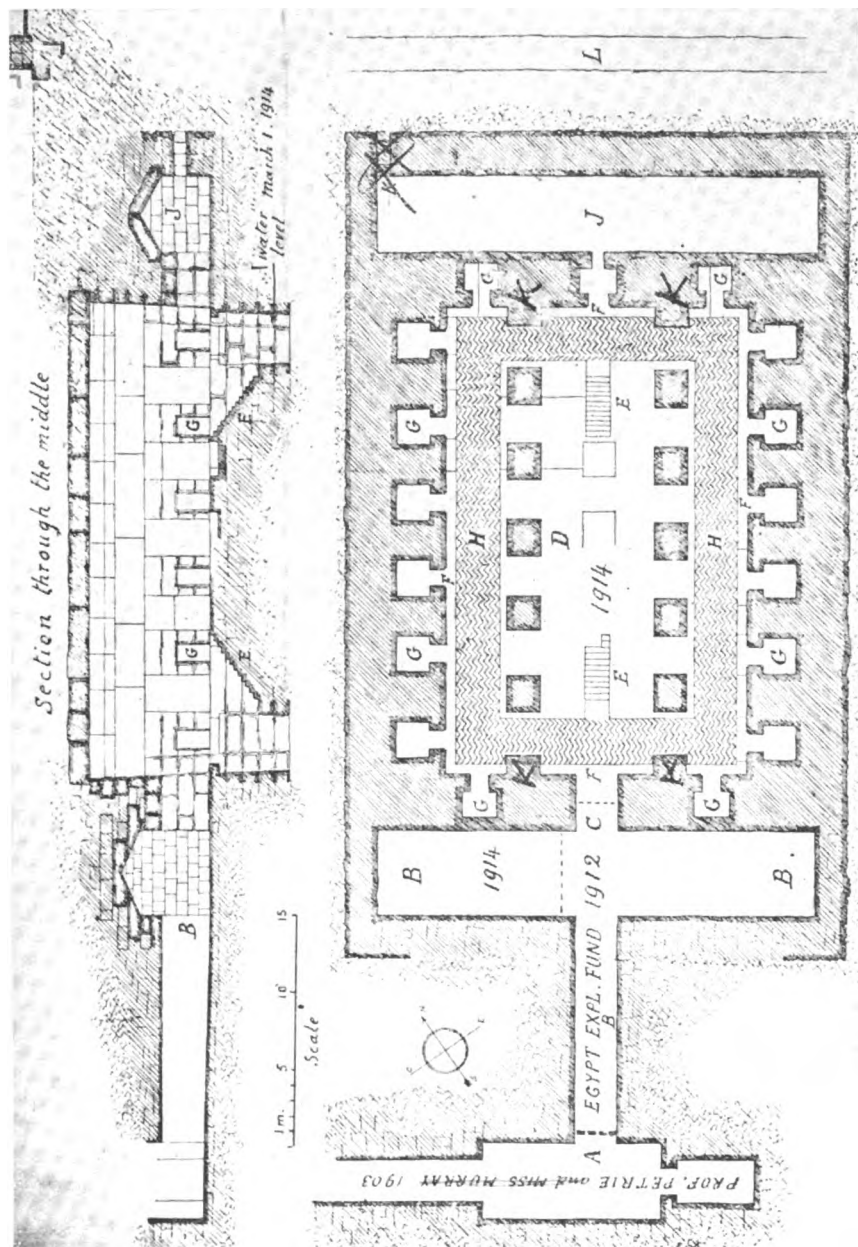
Background, the modern boundary wall of the Seti Temple.

By courtesy of Egypt Exploration Fund



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PLATE F. THE UNTARTHING OF STRABO'S WELL AND THE "TOMB OF OSIRIS": A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS
By courtesy of Egypt Exploration Fund



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PLATE G. PLAN OF THE OSIREION

- A. Descending Passage, Hall and Chamber
- B. Passage and Chamber of Merenptah
- C. Doorway
- D. Platform
- E. Stairs leading to the water
- F. Ledge
- G. Ccl's
- H. Water
- J. Inner Chamber
- K. Engaged Piers
- L. Wall of Seti's Temple

By courtesy of Egypt Exploration Fund



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BAS-RELIEF IN THE TEMPLE OF SETI I AT ABYDOS

on a narrow ledge which ran on both sides of the nave. There was no floor in those aisles; under the ledge, which is slightly projecting, the beautiful masonry goes on, and at a depth of twelve feet water was reached. . . . The Tomb of Osiris is of a later date than the pool with its cells. . . . As for the pool, it is probably one of the most ancient constructions which have been preserved in Egypt. . . . Was the pool in connexion with the worship of Osiris? Did the sacred boat of the god float on the water? Since the boats of the gods are always towed with ropes, the ledge on both sides would be a very appropriate path for the priests who did it. What were the cells made for? Were they reproductions of those which the Book of the Dead describes as being in the celestial house of Osiris? Was the water supposed to have a curative effect; was it an Egyptian Pool of Bethesda? . . . There is no doubt that it is what is called Strabo's Well. . . ."

FROM WAR TO PEACE: by the Rev. S. J. Neill

From age to age
Prevails the universal lust of death
And vulgar slaughter: war of all bad things
Worst, and man's crowning crime, save when for faith
Or freedom urged. . . .



THE world must prepare for Peace. If half the thought and energy which have been expended on war had been given towards preparing the way for peace, there would be no war. The hope for a great and perhaps lasting peace is now greater than ever before, and for this reason: All former wars have been local, and most of the world has been but little affected; now, nearly all the world suffers, and will suffer much more, consequently the lessons which war will impress on mankind will be well nigh universal. Men will be compelled to think and feel as never before. The unity of the human race will be recognized as a prominent fact, and not a mere theory. Men will think for themselves as to what war is; what are the causes of war; and how these causes can best be removed. It is an accepted axiom — "Remove the cause and the effect will cease." The well-known scripture Jas. iv. 1. sums up the cause of war in a few words.

Whence come wars and whence come fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your pleasures that war in your members? Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and covet, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war; ye have not, because ye ask

not, ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may spend it on your pleasures.

It may be regarded as certain that causes which have become deep-seated in the human race cannot be removed at once in their entirety. Selfishness, in some of its many forms, is the cause of strife, and we cannot expect all men to become unselfish in a day. But everything which makes men think rightly: everything which shows clearly the folly, and loss, the sin and suffering of war, and therefore of selfishness, helps towards peace. Selfishness has its root in the lower nature, not in the intellect, though, as man is so strangely constituted, the intellect is made the tool of the lower selfish nature. The beasts fight with their natural physical weapons for physical gains, but man, at the behest of his selfish nature, employs the powers of his intellect to further the ends of his lower nature. Man, intended to rule over the powers of nature for good, often uses these powers, as far as he is able, for evil. This is the great sin of man, that he prostitutes his intellect to gain selfish ends. He not only plans and contrives to use the forces of nature for selfish purposes, he also, on the principle that "the wish is father to the thought," persuades himself that he is right.

In former times wars resulted not only from the desire of obtaining lands or valuables in the possession of some one else, but also from many other causes. It might be a question of honor, or of something personal — the chief, or some member of the tribe had been injured or insulted, and to avenge this the two tribes went to war. In modern times war is generally the result of selfishness manifesting in the domain of "commercialism." The same spirit which animates a single dealer, when he tries to gain advantage over his fellows, causes nations to strive for possessing more lands and markets to the injury of some one else. Sooner or later interests clash, and war is the result. Nothing could be more foolish, or wrong or costly. It is opposed to the eternal nature of things; for unity, harmony, unselfishness, brotherhood are the foundation of the universe, and when man runs counter to the Divine Law he brings suffering upon himself. If it is true, as we know it is, that we are members one of another, and if one member suffers the other members suffer with it, then we hurt ourselves when we hurt another. We are all parts of the "Grand Man," and if the hand injures the head each part of the whole body suffers. It would seem that cruelty or wrong

done to members of a lower race carries with it in the end a punishment especially severe. In spite of our foolishness and selfishness, Nature impresses upon us, even though with much scourging, that "we are our brother's keeper." It is also the law that those who are in front should help those not so much advanced—that is one cause why we are born.

The present war has already taught many lessons; and it is exceedingly important that men should learn from it all the lessons it is intended to teach. In that way good will come out of evil, and a step be taken towards the kingdom of righteousness and peace on earth. Strife is the result of broken law. Peace is the result of harmony. An orderly progress, in harmony with nature's laws, would not produce war, though it might be more or less strenuous at times. If man had progressed naturally his whole being would have retained proper balance, and the lower nature would have become absorbed in the higher, without strife, even as the night is absorbed in the dawn, and the dawn is noiselessly merged in the full light of sunrise. We cannot imagine what a sinless world would have been like. If the lower feelings, the desire for food, and all the other natural instincts, right enough in their places, had always been fully under the guidance of the reason, and of the better soul within, what a state of harmony and peace there would have been — "as in heaven even so on earth!" It is useless to lament that this is not so; and our duty now is to restore the broken harmony, to recreate the lost paradise. Poets, prophets, seers assure us of a Golden Age that we yet shall reach. Even science and philosophy hold out hopes of our outgrowing our present pettiness, and of our attaining to the measure of the stature of the perfect man — as far ahead of what we now are, as we are ahead of a beetle.

What the Sacred Scriptures of all ages and nations promise is not a vain hope. Not hate but love, not selfishness but a delight in doing good — even a divine joy in giving ourselves up for the welfare of others — this is possible. We are capable of this. Stray gleams of this divine light even now do sometimes pierce through the murky atmosphere of our selfishness. Then the common life is irradiated with heaven, and "stands appareled in celestial light."

The birds of the air and the beasts of the field have their highest pleasure in caring for their young, even though they themselves suffer. The dog will face death to save his master. Many men at

present are facing death for the sake of their country. Heaven is not so distant as we in our materialistic moments sometimes think. We teach the young child to freely give to others what is pleasant or desirable, and the lesson is not so hard. But the teaching is not kept up; and very soon the selfish example of adults sets aside the early lessons of unselfishness.

The grown man laughs at the writings which say that it is "more blessed to give than to receive"; that "love is the fulfilling of the law;" that "hatred does not cease by hatred, hatred ceases by love — this is an old law"; "overcome evil with good"; all such sacred teachings are foolishness to some men of the world. They scoff at pity, and compassion, and self-sacrifice: these are childish and must be outgrown, they think. "Get all you can for yourself no matter how many you have to trample underfoot to reach your goal." That is the worldly gospel. Nor is it in actual warfare alone that this gospel is put into practice. A war goes on in the midst of society everyday which is more cruel, and more deadly than that of shot and shell.

This great war, perhaps the greatest war the human race has ever known, *may be the last, if men so will it*. A great lesson pointing out the results of selfishness is surely being written large enough and red enough for all to read and lay to heart. If men do not learn wisdom there will be other wars, perhaps even more terrible, when still greater forces of nature will be discovered and used for destroying life. It is a disgraceful thing that man, who is a temple of God, should think of deciding the right or wrong of things by physical force. It is disgraceful that men should, for the sake of self interest, mislead their fellow men and bring about war, which produces such waste of life, and of the results of human labor. Everybody suffers, everybody loses, some immediately, but even those who are growing rich on the results of war will pay a heavy price in the end, for Karma is sure, though it tarry long.

Mere talk is not enough; everything just and possible should be used to stop wars, and bring about a true and lasting peace. Like most other great evils the problem should be attacked on every side. If we could eradicate selfishness by a proper training in youth, that would bring about peace. Everything should be done to keep ever before the minds of all, young and old, the folly and sin of war—unless of course it be war in the defence of our homes. The terrible waste

of war should ever be kept in mind. Men spend years and years in building homes and making bridges, in building ships and many other things, but the war of a few weeks destroys the labor of many years. Even in time of peace the preparation for war diverts a vast amount of labor from useful purposes. Then the terrible loss of life, and the vast numbers who are injured for years, perhaps forever! And when the war is over, what is the prospect? Most nations had quite enough to do before to live and avoid poverty. When this war is over all the combatants will be crushed with a weight of debt such as the world has never known. There will be fewer to pay the war debt; and besides that, all the waste of war will have to be repaired. The warring nations, as a rule, were good customers of each other, but after the war they will not be able to buy much from any one, a fact which will come home to the neutral nations. Again, many of the strongest and best men will have been killed, and several generations probably must pass before the lost vitality of the race has been made good. These and many other things should be kept in mind so that men might become thoroughly convinced of the crime and folly of war. The reason should be enlisted, and also the feelings, and the imagination, against war, and in favor of peace. We should remember that Life is One, and that we are all brothers. The fact should be kept in mind that things tend to reproduce themselves: a blow begets a blow, hate begets hate, suspicion begets suspicion, armament begets armament; while, on the other hand, trust tends to beget trust; a kind act tends to produce a kind act in return. At bottom it becomes a question of the divine government of all things. If divine justice, truth, righteousness, and love, are throned above the stars, then how puny and foolish are the attempts of mortals to fight against omnipotence with physical force.

Before beginning, and without end
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

Men should become impressed with a clear and fixed conviction that to be in the right is the chief thing, and this cannot be decided by blows, *but by reason*. When this terrible war is over all nations should agree to settle disputes by reason, by arbitration, and by readiness to act fairly to all, and even to suffer wrong rather than to inflict injury. It is here that we come to a critical point. Arbitration

has been talked of for a long time, but what power has an arbitration court to enforce its decrees? This matter should be one of the chief things for decision when the war is over. There will be many other things awaiting a wise decision, but none will be important than this. The nations will have to draw more closely together. Not only will they have to resolve to abolish war; they will have to remove the cause of friction as much as possible. They must resolve to keep the peace, as citizens do in a city or in a state, and the things which tend to provoke a breach of the peace must be removed as much as possible. Nevertheless, when all is done that can be done in our present stage of development, there will still be need for *force*. But this force should not be in the hands of any man, or any one state or nation. When a state becomes "civilized" it takes care of its citizens. It says to each person, Do not take the law into your own hands. If you have a grievance, bring it before the magistrates. They will try to judge fairly, and their judgment will be carried out by the officer of the law. This is much the wiser way, even though the magistrate may not always give the wisest decision.

Now, common sense teaches us that the nations should act in a similar manner. The wonder is they have not done so before. The weak point has been in the lack of the court of arbitration to find officers to enforce its decision. Arbitration awards have been accepted by some nations without much trouble, but the court has been powerless to cause the nations to bring their disputes before it, if they did not wish to; and powerless to enforce its decisions if they should be rejected by either disputant.

When this war is over it may be reasonably hoped that all nations will lay to heart as never before that war is a terrible thing, and that *any* decision of a court of arbitration will be much better than the ruin of war. They then should solemnly agree to refer ALL disputes to the court of arbitration, and to abide by its decision; and as *a guarantee that they mean to keep their promise they should clothe that court with power, if need be, to keep the peace, and to enforce its decision*. What a load this would lift from the shoulders of all nations; and the nations will need something to help them to bear up under the load caused by this war.

There would be no longer need for national fleets or armies. There would instead be an *international police, supported, pro rata, by all nations, and under the control of the supreme court of inter-*

national arbitration. There might be on the part of each nation some additional guarantee that it would keep its solemn promise, and obey the officers of the international court; a sum of money might be deposited, several millions say, which the court would have power to forfeit if the nation refused to abide by the law. There would, of course, be many matters of detail, but these could easily be worked out when the general principle was accepted. The trouble would be to know what to do with the numbers of ships of war, and the gun factories, and all the forts and armaments, but it would be cheaper to destroy them than to keep them, and there would be some chance for getting "swords made into plough-shares, and spears into pruning hooks," when men would learn the art of war no more.

Along with this there should come a closer and more brotherly relationship of the nations. Causes of friction would, no doubt, crop up now and then, just as is now the case in any state or city; but a feeling of greater oneness, of mutual helpfulness, and the impossibility of going to war would reduce all such things to small dimensions. A little brotherly love would make all occasional difficulties seem small. The vast mass of the people in any nation would be kindly disposed to people of other nations if they were not stirred up by a few who, acting through the newspapers, rouse a warlike spirit among the masses. It may be safely said that if the great bulk of the people in any of the countries now at war, had been left to themselves, there would have been no war. Many of them even now do not know what the war is about. On Christmas day they were ready to meet and shake hands, and exchange little presents, and join in concerts. The pity of it was that next day they had to fire upon one another.

There are some, perhaps many, who have thought along these lines, and one of these is no less a person than the Secretary for the U. S. Navy. The Secretary of State, as is well known, is a friend of arbitration, though he does not seem to have given out any opinion about the international police, which is a vital point in carrying out the decrees of an international court of arbitration. It would be a great step forward, and it would not be so difficult as some think. A bold, grand step forward would really be much easier and more likely to succeed than a timid, halting half-measure. If all the nations had the courage to act in this spirit for six months, or even less, there would be a new world not only as regards war, but as regards commerce, and all the many social relationships of man with man.

In truth we need a new reformation, a reformation that will permeate every phase of life. It will have to be grounded in the heart of the individual, in the family, in the city and country, and in all international relationships. As long as people act in an unbrotherly way to each other there will be *danger* of war. That danger now exists in nearly every community, but the unbrotherly acts are kept in some restraint by the force of general consent as embodied in law, and enforced by the officers of the law. We must pursue a similar course as to nations. We did not wait until all men were honest in the hope that highway robbery, and many other such things, should cease. No; men decided to keep down robbery by law, and by the power of law. The nations should meet together and act in a similar way as regards war, and some other things. It is a matter that concerns everyone, and everyone should live with all his might for the termination of all war, and for the beginning of the reign of peace. If we wait until all are saints, the end of war will be a long way off! But if we rouse ourselves into real earnestness, and put into practice half the religion we profess, we shall succeed beyond belief; beyond our hopes and imaginings. It does not require much clear-sightedness too see that humanity is now at a very critical time. A mighty step upward, or backward, may be taken. It is one of the characteristics of Kali-Yuga, or the iron age, that the rate of movement is very rapid. Advantage of this should be taken, and the whole world lifted to a higher plane. It can be done, and done far more easily than most people imagine. Not only would it be the wisest course to pursue, but even from the commercial point of view of the present age, it would be the best, even if all who are now engaged in the manufacture of war material were pensioned for life.

Peace is the end of all things — tearless peace;
Who by the immovable basis of God's throne
Takes her perpetual stand; and, of herself
Prophetic, lengthens age by age her scepter.
The world shall yet be subjugate to love,
The final form religion must assume.— *Bailey*

ART IN CHINA AND JAPAN*: by C. J. Ryan

III



IN following Mr. Fenollosa in his analysis of Chinese, Japanese, and Korean art, we have to adjust the focus of our mental eye, so to speak, to the conditions existing in those Far Eastern countries. At first the untrained student looks upon their art, from whatever period and by whatever artist, as if stamped by a general uniformity of style. The racial characters of the persons represented in the pictures or carvings, and certain conventionalities and general principles adopted by the artists being different from ours, tend to this misapprehension. By degrees, however, the individualities of the different cycles and of the artists themselves are found to be as well marked as those of the Italian, the Dutch, or any other schools of Western art, or of Rembrandt, Velázquez, or Michelangelo. Mr. Fenollosa has done his best to make the distinctions clear between the great schools of Chinese and Japanese painting and sculpture, and between the individuals in their glorious roll of great men. Not having lived long enough to complete the collection of illustrations which he desired, there are a few gaps in places, but, on the whole, the reproductions are illuminating. Students and lovers of art who live near our great cities have the opportunity of seeing originals in the public galleries; others must do the best they can with reproductions, some of which are practically as good as the originals.

The Feudal System, inaugurated in Japan in the twelfth century and not broken up till 1868, had a strong effect at first upon art. During the eleventh century the principle of loyalty to the heads of a few great clans increased; the Fujiwara oligarchical dominance was destroyed after tremendous fighting in which innumerable palaces, temples, and art treasures were ruined. Owing to the conditions of living in perpetual unrest and warfare, a change in ideals came about, and a demand for the realistic in art and the practical in religion was created; for something suitable to the needs of a rough-and-ready age which had lost most of the protection of the laws and conventionalities of quieter times. This period marked the beginning of secular art; individuality became the keynote; picture-painting became a kind of illustration; great battle scenes were produced, vivid with realism and passion. The towns became fortified, capacious citadels surrounded

* *Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art*; by Earnest F. Fenollosa (London, W. Heinemann)

by large enclosures were rapidly erected for protection against the enemies in civil strife. Owing to the disturbed conditions, the pictures of the feudal period — mainly historical and military — were not very numerous and only had a limited audience. They are, however, strong and full of life and movement, very different from those of all preceding ages in Japan. There was still a small demand for religious paintings for altar-pieces, and a revival of sculpture began towards the fourteenth century. On the whole, few great works were produced, and the Feudal Period, at least in its earlier centuries, cannot be said to be specially distinguished for its art. Among the few, the Military Procession picture by Keion, herewith reproduced from his great series of battle pieces, is a masterpiece. Mr. Fenollosa says of it:

The front of this fine procession tapers off like a cadence in music. A general holds a prancing white horse with taut rein; then come two staccato notes of foot-soldiers walking abreast; then an isolated captain far in advance, upon a fine black charger which rears in fright, as if he sensed an enemy in the grass beyond, then one last short note of a single archer ahead, who peers into space with arrow set on his half-drawn string. The pawing action of the white horse is fine enough, but what shall we say of the sudden leap of the black, which centers the whole van to the eye? If this one makimono had been destroyed, our conception of the range of Asiatic art — and even of the world's art — would have suffered capital loss. It is undoubtedly the greatest treasure of the thousand or more pictorial masterpieces which, under the name of the "Fenollosa Collection," I contributed, through Dr. Weld, to the Boston Art Museum in 1886.

The year 1368 was a momentous one for China and Japan. In that year the proclamation of the Ming dynasty in China coincided with the advent of the third Ashikaga, Yoshimitsu, as Shōgun in Japan, and the reopening of intercourse, after a long interval, between the two eastern Asiatic powers. Japan, tired of the generations of internal quarrels with their accompanying destruction of much of the splendid social life produced by long centuries of comparative peace, was looking for a new organizing principle at the very moment when China was able and ready to give its best, derived from the peaceful Sung culture and inspired by the exalted Zen Buddhism with its intuitive perception of the harmony and unity of man and nature. The age of Yoshimitsu (1368-1428) saw the inauguration of the Tea Ceremonies with their deep esoteric meaning, and the invention of the dramatic form called "Nō," as well as a brilliant development of poetry, architecture, and painting. Yoshimitsu pre-

sided over learned committees of art experts upon whose decision Mr. Fenollosa says we have to depend for our knowledge of the authorship and age of most of the best examples of Chinese art extant today. A little later than the Ashikaga Yoshimitsu came the Ashikaga Yoshimasa, "the Lorenzo di Medici of Japan," the ruling mind of the country for forty-one years down to 1490. As a matter of fact Yoshimitsu and Yoshimasa were contemporaries of Cosmo and Lorenzo di Medici. During the latter part of the fifteenth century the great painter Sesshu flourished. Of this wonderful genius our author speaks with enthusiasm:

The style of Sesshu is central in the whole range of Asiatic art, yet unique. Its primary vigor lies in its line. . . . Sesshu is the greatest master of *straight line and angle* in the whole range of the world's art. . . . The nearest actual touch to it in Western work is the roughest split quill drawing of Rembrandt. . . . But though Sesshu's line dominates mass and color, his *nōtan** taken as a whole — that is *nōtan* of line as well as *nōtan* of filled space — is the richest of anybody's except Kakei's. . . . One other greatest quality Sesshu possesses in large measure, and that is "spirit." By this first of the Chinese categories is meant the degree in which a pictured thing impresses you as really present and permeated with a living aura or essence. . . . This is the kind of force with which Sesshu presents his figures, his portraits, even his birds and his landscapes. They seize upon the impressionable side of the soul, and thus become far more real than could a world of photographs . . . the rocks and trees of Sesshu strike you with a sort of unearthly force, as if more real than reality. His range led him through every variety of Chinese subject . . . but it was in landscape — meet for the great Zen seer — that he realized supreme heights. Here no mood escaped him.

Throughout his criticisms Mr. Fenollosa shows a high appreciation of the real meaning of art, i. e., the rendering of the spirit or mood of nature as felt by a sensitive observer. Of all the schools of Buddhism he holds that the Zen doctrine of the Chinese Sung period was the most aesthetic, as it declares man and nature to be two parallel sets of characteristic forms between which perfect sympathy prevails. The Zen teachers went to the Book of Nature direct and asked their disciples to define what they saw for themselves, so as to develop their own individuality. The Zen philosophy saw Nature as the mirror of man; it keenly felt the "correspondences." Landscape, which had previously been used only sporadically, became of primary importance. As the Chinese Kakki (eleventh century A. D.) says in his

* *Nōtan*: the skilful arrangement of light and dark, beauty of line, harmony of color, and rhythmic spacing of the masses of color and form.

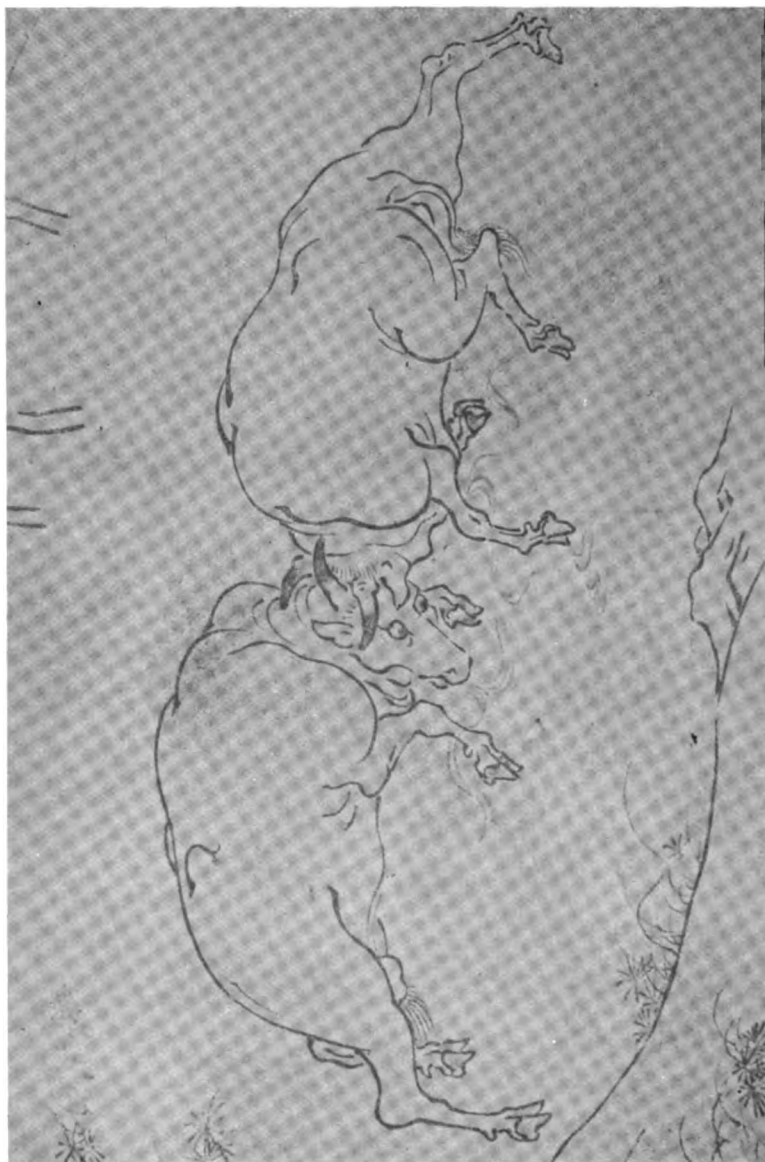
famous essay on Painting, "Why do men love landscape? Because it is the place where *life* is perpetually springing!" The Zen idealism strongly influenced Japanese life and art; in later years it was the foundation of the great Samurai school of honor. The Chinese Zen influence to a considerable degree suppressed the growing native Japanese characteristic style in art; the great Japanese painters of the Ashikaga period were more Chinese than Japanese in feeling. During subsequent centuries a more eclectic spirit prevailed, and, although certain very important "plebeian" schools of art became completely national towards the middle of the eighteenth century, Japan managed to keep the traditions of the Chinese Tang and Sung alive till our times.

In 1542, two very significant events happened; the first contact between Japan and Europe brought about by the landing of the Portuguese, and the birth of the Tokugawa Iyeyasu, the founder of the last and greatest dynasty of the Shōguns. According to Mr. Fenollosa a great danger threatened Japan when Europe stretched out its arm towards the farthest East, and he believes that some providential protection was exerted to save Japan from ruin. The importance of the policy of exclusion adopted by Japan in view of present-day conditions and future possibilities will be understood by a few extracts:

The problems of the coming age are to be complicated with the romance of Christian intrigue. It is all a part of Jesuit expansion in Asia. In 1549 St. Francis Xavier, one of the original incorporators of the Society of Jesus, lands in Japan as a missionary. By 1573 a great Catholic Cathedral is being built in Kiōto. Many of the daimiōs would like to import the new spiritual savor from Europe, as Yoshimitsu had imported the Zen from China. Powerful Buddhist monasteries, especially the old Tendai sect on Hiyeizan, take a hand at once in the dynastic disputes and against the new religion. In short, the nation is falling into anarchy.

Finally Hideyoshi, who had come to the top in the general scramble, decided to expel the missionaries on the ground that they were disturbing the national peace and loyalty.

It is a decisive moment for the history of the whole East and for the world. For had those arrogant and corrupt European Courts then succeeded in subverting Japan to their nominally religious exploitation, the great past of both China and Japan would probably have been crushed out of sight, the art certainly; the contact of East and West would have come before the East was ripe for self-consciousness or the West capable of sympathetic understanding. It would have been Cortés and the Aztecs over again. The great Japan that we know today, heading a peaceful reconstruction of Asiatic culture, would have been impos-



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THE FAMOUS DRAWING OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULLS, BY TÔRA SÔJÔ
Japanese artist. Thirteenth Century



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE VAN OF A MILITARY PROCESSION, BY KEION
Japanese artist. Thirteenth Century



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CLIFF SCENE, BY SESSIU
Japanese artist. Fifteenth Century



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WINTER LANDSCAPE, BY ŌKIO
Japanese artist. Eighteenth Century



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DEER, A MASTERPIECE BY GANKU
Japanese artist. Early Nineteenth Century



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THE WATERFALL OF YŌRŌ, BY HŌKUSAI
Japanese artist

sible. In all reverence, I would see the hand of Providence in the raising of the great barrier between Europe and Japan which enabled the Tokugawa Samurai to concentrate forces of culture and self-government which have guaranteed Japan equal competition, equal exchange, equal world-building with the West in 1853, 1868, 1898, and 1905. . . .

Commerce with the Protestant English and Dutch had grown up in the reign of Iyeyasu, for it was the disintegrating power of Rome that the Japanese chiefly feared. . . . In 1637 came the Christian revolt of Shimabara which convinced the authorities that Europe, through religious intrigue, might yet subvert native loyalty. Thus in 1639 came the policy of exclusion. . . . During the next hundred years, when the Jesuits were so triumphant in their policy with the Manchus, and Louis XIV of France could exchange letters of amity with the great Kanghi . . . Japan stood like a solid fortress frowning out of the past, defying the world. . . . Was it a blessing or a misfortune? I have already expressed my belief that it was the former, and providential. For how could the common people of Japan have come to study and understand the peculiar powers of their own minds and characters, how could the wonderful Samurai stoicism and honor have penetrated to the national consciousness, if the problem of absorbing European ideas and customs had been prematurely forced? This very long peace and isolation and self-study were necessary for Japan to rise into that state of self-consciousness and self-control which could stand the world-shock without crumbling under it.

If the feudal system had fallen too soon, under European influence, the study of the great periods of Chinese art would have undoubtedly ceased and the practical knowledge of the Eastern Asiatic art would have been lost to the world. The long, peaceful isolation of Japan saved this disaster.

It is impossible in the space at our disposal, to follow Mr. Fenollosa in his profoundly interesting analysis of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century schools of art — the Tosa, the Kanō, the Korin, etc. In his general consideration of the art of the period of the Tokugawa Shōguns we find it divided into two categories, the aristocratic and the plebeian. In earlier times the recognized systems of art were chiefly practised by priests and the lords and gentlemen of the Courts, though the mass of the Japanese people did not entirely lack culture at any time. But in the seventeenth century, great schools of art arose among the artisan and manufacturing classes in Kiōto and Yedo; the country farmers also had a share in these. Rising from the masses of the people we hear of the great realistic painter Ōkio, the animal painters, Sōsen and Ganku, and their schools, and many others who have carried the traditions of Ōkio's novel technique down to the present day.

Ōkio's brush-work, his quality of ink and pigment, the character of his chosen paper, the actual shapes of his strokes and washes, all these are absolutely new affairs, a special technique in which pupils would have to be trained. . . . In snow landscapes he reaches great heights. Snow takes utterly new forms under his precise brush.

The final chapter of Mr. Fenollosa's inspiring book deals with the popular Ukiyo-ye School of the last three centuries; it is the one that American and European students know most about because its work has been widely disseminated by prints and reproductions of prints. It was the revelation of Japanese art that the Ukiyo-ye phase brought to the West in the fifties, immediately after the opening of Japan to the world, that aroused the enthusiasm of Whistler, J. F. Millet, and other painters who were beginning to move on similar lines. Ukiyo-ye is specially important to us because it is so easily accessible for study, specimens being numerous.

But, if we take it in relation to its historical antecedents, we have to admit that, with all its merits, it is only one of several leading plebeian Tokugawa schools, which, with the aristocratic Tokugawa schools, compose only a fifth, and that probably the aesthetic lowest, of Japanese periods.

The Ukiyo-ye plebeian school is the foremost of those which in modern times have taken pure Japanese life as their motive. It is also the style which experimented and developed the art of color-printing to the highest pitch. It began its separate existence in the first half of the seventeenth century with Matahei, a master of graceful realism in figure painting. Japanese book-illustration began about 1608, but it was not till the middle of the century that it became fully Ukiyo-ye, and became characterized by drawings of rather tall young girls in home life. Further development in painting and color-printing rapidly followed. The separated life of the lower classes of the people, with their gayety, their instinct for freedom, and the growing interest in science, provided innumerable subjects for the new school, which became strongly contrasted with the Kanō school of the nobility, now entirely devoted to Chinese classical ideals. Towards the beginning of the nineteenth century a decline set in, and a curious affectation arose in figure drawing. A queer distorted proportion became popular, the figures became abnormally tall and thin, the clothes hung in shapeless folds, the eyes were elongated and drawn up in the corners and the mouth became a slit. Innumerable prints of these strange types were produced and sent abroad. It is necessary

for students to avoid attaching too much importance to this development of the Ukiyo-ye, which is not truly representative of Japanese ideals but is only impressive from its multiplicity of specimens. Utamaro started these extravagances, and his scholars went farther on the downward path.

Two great names stand forth amid the general decline of Japanese art in the first half of the nineteenth century, Hōkusai and Hiroshige. Of all the Japanese painters these two are the best known to the general public in the West. Hōkusai's enormous production of prints and his great originality have given him a tremendous reputation, yet Mr. Fenollosa warns us against over-admiration for his work.

Hōkusai's is the only school of Japanese drawing that never looks like anything in nature. We are so accustomed to his books from youth, that we suppose Japan to be a queer corner of the world that looks like him; but it does not. It was his own fancy, a world translated into Hōkusai-isms. And yet they are often fine as line, mass and color. Hōkusai is a great designer . . . though not even the greatest of the Ukiyo-ye artists . . . in matchless fecundity he is one of the world's most notable masters.

Of Hiroshige Mr. Fenollosa has a far greater admiration. He was pre-eminent in landscape, and as a painter of night effects he was unrivaled.

It is well known that Whistler built his nocturnal impressions upon Hiroshige's suggestions. In special atmospheric effects, such as moonlight, snow, mist and rain, he achieved variety of effects such as neither Greek nor modern European art had ever known. His impressions are so true that, even after the changes of sixty years, one can recognize much of the topography of individual scenes.

With his critical analysis of the work of Hōkusai and Hiroshige Mr. Fenollosa closes his two fascinating volumes.

Last spring a fine exhibition of Ukiyo-ye art was held at Boston, Mass., in the Museum of Fine Arts. It consisted principally of prints taken from the magnificent collection of Orientalia in possession of the Museum. A writer in the Boston *Evening Transcript* says:

With the spread of appreciation of Japanese art, to which the Museum is contributing in such an important way, individuals are beginning to loom up, as it were, and undoubtedly the time will come when the gallery trotter will as easily recognize the distinguishing characteristics of Kiyonaga, Shunsho, Kiyomitsu, Kiyonobu, etc., as he now does those of Hiroshige, Hōkusai and Utamaro. Diligent study of the styles of these artists will add immeasurably to the pleasure with which one looks over a collection of prints.

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER II — THE LIFE CYCLES OF NATIONS



YOU cannot study history sensibly without discovering the Law of Cycles. It really does repeat itself, as the proverb says; but spirally, ascending or descending; the repetitions are with differences. There are also tides in the affairs of nations. They journey through birth, childhood, youth, manhood, old age, death, and rebirth; have their days and nights, summers and winters. At every stage there is a tide which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune.

It is the nations, indeed, that are the units of history. The Mighty Mother, unconcerned with the fate of individuals, devotes herself to the education of these, with something we may almost call love. She plans for coming ages; calls her strongest sons into incarnation, and inspires them with the spirit of prophecy and the thoughts of her own creative mind. So some Columbus dreams a dream, and thereafter may have no rest for a lure from beyond the waters. Presently lands that have lain fallow for ages, feel the plowshare of the pioneers.

Some urge of the spirit brings together men from one or many races; passing by the tame and quiet of soul, it leads forth the restless to seek freedom or fortune in the new land. This is the time of seed-sowing; infinite is the need for leaders far-sighted now! The smallest action or influence shall bear effects a hundredfold in after time. You crossed the seas for the sake of religious freedom; take care lest the very intensity of your convictions make you prototypes of intolerance yourselves! Or you others followed a star of chivalrous romance and adventure, seeking in the Hesperides the light that never was on land or sea. Take care! Take care! You are the seed of nations to be, which your courage and nobility shall go to glorify perpetually, your cruel greed to damn. Chivalry shall lead you, a mere Spanish handful, to dare great empires; think what destinies depend on you and whether the hosts of evil will not be on the watch to lay hold upon your souls! Let not enthusiasm for the faith degenerate into bloody fanaticism; make not the noble Don Quixote a mere beastly luster after gold! All your actions are fateful: the seed of ages of bloom or blight; you live not for yourselves, but for your children's children; and within you heaven and hell are at war for the fate of nations to be.

It is the Mighty Mother calls forth the pioneers, and welds them into a kind of brotherhood, often international; for it is of much-mixed lineage that she can best form the races of which she hopes and expects everything. She has her own influences in the soil and in the wind to mold them; influences more potent, also, one suspects, in inner realms. These are to play upon the generations, so that each shall come nearer to the new national type she has in mind. This embryo people she will ring round with fierce foemen, that the inspiration of defensive war may temper and fuse their elements; creating an aristocracy, perhaps, and preserving traditions of noble life. These good things she has in mind when she sows dragon's teeth about their cradle; there will be evils incidental, too, against which she may cry out to the Gods to protect her. Or she may select a quiet land, fenced round with desert, sea, or mountains; nourish the young life in solitude, that an atmosphere of brooding calm may infect its growing years. From one she will desire romance, from another philosophy; from a third she must have a quick genius for invention; none can develop all the talents perfectly, but all the talents must be developed in *her*. Whatever harvest she desires, she prepares the ground for it, and sows the seed in its appropriate soil.

Time passes, with pressure of events and circumstance; until the children of the pioneers have grown into a raciality of their own. Political independence comes in due course, and all manner of political changes: an unstable and flowing time: the childhood of the race, when it must have education and go from class to class quickly. The Mother has chosen the school, and provided the books and paraphernalia of learning; but again, there is something beyond her power to provide. The Masters who shall direct and guard the young life — for these, too, she must call upon the Gods.

And her aim? To get perfection. She is the great nation-fancier; her whole being is set on developing perfection of types. As an artist before his canvas, whose will is to produce some flawless nocturne in blue and silver, or to set down in pigment the ineffable tulips of dawn; so she takes her stand before the canvas of the world, saying: *Now at last I will make a nation!* She made the sea and the mountains aforetime, and saw that they were very good. She made the rose, the daffodil, and the pansy; and looking at her work, said: *Here at least is perfection: here is NE PLUS ULTRA; the last glory of my dreams in rosehood, daffodilship, and pansiness is here. Beholding this blos-*

som, he that hath eyes to see may see the beauty of all worlds up to that of Brahma: may descry as much loveliness as Brahma dreamed "when first in yellow splendor" he rose out of the Lotus, and in wild delight of being sang the poem that is space and time.

Even such beauty she would create — supreme, indefatigable artist that she is — when she lures forth Pilgrim Fathers or Conquistadores; or calls Celts and Hellenes out of Asia to wander the unknown West, and set up proud bardic or warrior régimes in the Europe that is to be. She recks nothing of any man, unless he so tower up as to stand for a nation; so we call her the *Comely Mother, but stone-cold*. Stone-cold? — she that broods, dreams, toils incessantly, and will not be discouraged, after these eighteen million years of disappointment! For the petal, the corolla, forms itself upon her plan, and is lovely in response to her love; but these men are something a stiff-necked generation, and will not be molded; they have a mind of their own, the one fallible thing existing; they will go poking in dunghills and dustheaps after ugliness; and are kittle cattle to shoo behind, on the whole.

Centuries pass, filled with all manner of vicissitudes; racial homogeneity is attained, and vertebrate political being; presently it is really a Nation. It stands on the brink of adult life; its brain not immature: its faculties in the first generous glory of their full development. It is ready now for occupation by the Chosen People: poets, thinkers, and masters of things are to incarnate in it. Of all that the race has learned, and of its young golden enthusiasm, these are to take advantage; and distill the richness of this heredity into great works for the world. So there is a flourishing of art, enterprise, statecraft, and song: the nation feels genius coursing in its veins: brings down some Goliath with its sling; defies Philip or Xerxes. Now, O Mighty Mother, call upon the Gods to save your child! It is you that know, assuredly, what dangers are threatening! That young exultant life; that imperative thirst for action, expression, adventure — who shall guide it on the paths of wisdom? How near, now, to our own plane heaven and hell are surging and reeling in tremendous warfare! Not a month passes, but we may hear the warshouts, the ring of steel, the scream of chariot-wheels. High-souled, free and fearless Spain, destined inevitably for empire; daring, indomitable little England of the Tudor Lioness; what fates hung on the choice you should make! Isabella, could you but have withstood Torquemada, as your Tudor

namesake after you was to withstand Spain and France and half her own England, no nation in Christendom would have attained to greater things than yours. But with you, the Gods suffer a set-back and defeat; that enters the proud soul of Spain, which is to enlist all her grandeur not on the side of the angels. So Charles V shall rob her of her old proud freedoms; her great emprises in the Indies shall become mere coarse wallowings in blood; a gloomy tyrant Philip shall drain her of her life-forces; the Moors, her hold upon prosperity, shall be driven out in the name of fanaticism; her empire shall be taken from her, and her place among the mighty; she shall go down into ruin, and drink the dregs of Mara; and more than four centuries are to pass, or ever her horizon faintly whiten again.

None could claim that heaven was altogether victorious in Elizabethan England; there was a deal of evil there; and a deal that need not have been. But the great queen did at least snatch victory from the hellions, and made it possible for England to avail herself of coming cycles, going forward in the main. There has been much evil in English history; but much good too; it is easy to do this people less than justice. I care not what nation you may name: the wise thing is to insist on what is good in it, and rather blink eyes at the evil, which Karma will certainly attend to. We may say this: England would have lost all, and the world would have lost very much, in these last three hundred years, had Elizabeth failed. New causes are sown daily; she could not neutralize in advance the sins of the Stewarts or the stupid selfishness of the Georges; yet there are epocal periods when more may be sown in a year, than at other times in a century. Such was the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, in which rose that which damned poor Spain (but not forever); such was the age of Elizabeth, in which causes were set in motion that could not bring about such unmixed good, as the Spanish causes brought unmixed evil: because in this age Right wages war against odds, while Wrong runs down-hill, an easy course: but which have endured and borne good fruit; not allowing national selfishness altogether, or with any relative finality, to swamp the light of the English soul, or make progress impossible. Things might have been better; but they might have been much worse.

Tame adult years succeed the heroic coming of age; with more vicissitudes: a withdrawing from the front of the world stage; some kind of evening and night after the sunlit glory of the day. Then another

day is to dawn: Victorian, not Elizabethan; which may be a heyday of action, but is more a period of thought. The very creative art is reflective; and runs not, as formerly, in the tumultuous torrent-beds of action. Where Shakespeare whipped up his imagined world into deeds, Tennyson speculates, Browning dissects motives, Carlyle philosophizes. In Dickens himself, the truest Victorian analog to Shakespeare, there is a stream of conscious moral purpose not found in the latter. Where the Elizabethan dramatist taught by the symbology of action, purely spiritually, the Victorian novelist set himself to right wrongs and attack abuses: the one dealt with man as soul and personality; the other with man as social being.

This, too, is an age of choice, a great opportunity. I picture all the universe watching with strained anxiety, hoping against hope that now at last there may be complete success: and that this national entity, this organism whose cells are human souls, may not sink appalled into cowardice and materialism, but dare go forward, taking the beautiful heights of spirituality by storm. This is the time when we might assert our spiritual manhood, and do greater things than ever man has done; nation by nation, we are given this choice; nation by nation, we veil our eyes against the light, and go down into the shadows. . . . Dear God, what poems might be sung; how the Rose of Time might be made to bloom, and the beauty to manifest, that lies at the heart of things! How the ineffable majesty of the soul might be carved in stone for statuary; what flame hierarchies and aeons, looking down out of eternity, might be painted! And as for life, the common life of men: we might have Shakespeares serving in our shops; Platos driving our tramcars; our kings and presidents might be so near to Godhood, that you should come within a little of seeing upon their brows a light beyond sunset or dawn: the Crown of Thorns indeed; but the thorns, rays to illumine space and time.

Does not the Mother now cry out for help? Is it not the crucial time, for which all ages have been preparing? The help, now, must be of a new kind: no prince in action to guide political events: no Joan or Elizabeth: but a revealer of inward things: a conqueror, not of men, but of demons. Such were Martinez Pasqualis, Saint-Germain, Cagliostro, Mesmer, who came to France at the end of the eighteenth century; such was H. P. Blavatsky, who came to England (and to the world) at the end of the nineteenth. These are all to be vindicated, and recognized as great helpers of mankind. Coming at

more critical times than even their predecessors of the national youth-time; standing nearer to the Gods who sent them; being more consciously messengers, and bringing a deeper message, they are assailed with even more venom and persistence by the powers that would have Nature fail. They will be vindicated in time; their nobility and sacrifice will be recognized.

A night follows every day; nations, after the wane of their great cycles, have always to retire from the roar and bustle of the world; to seek a quietude, and brood on the lessons they have learnt. A *pralaya* follows the riotous years of their young manhood; another the prime of their powers. And there are winters, too, that quench and muffle their summers; and there are nights that eclipse their days: major cycles, as well as minor. Let but the people choose aright, when the grand opportunity is given to them; let them but assimilate something of the ancient wisdom proffered; and though they pass into darkness now, the noon of their renown shall return after ages. Nay, who knows but that their life may be extended beyond the limits we imagine normal? If we lived sanely, not squandering our vital forces, for the present three score and ten, perhaps a comfortable seven score years might be the length of life allotted to us; and who knows how many ages are the three score and ten of a nation? China has fifty hall-marked historic centuries behind her; how many have India and Egypt, that have not yet, with any definite finality, ceased to be? A nation lives, we may surmise, as long as it contains germs of life or possibilities of usefulness: though all its pride go down, and it suffer the frosts and rigors of foreign domination, let but the seed live, and the soil remain fertile, and after a thousand years there shall be reviving and a new spring. Winter there must be, but its length and bitterness are determined by Karma. Nature, that loathes waste, would have it short and mild: and to that end called in, before the first snows had fallen, those who could participate in her designs. If the path they showed was followed, a thousand dangers were evituated in advance; if they were crucified, according to the custom, unborn generations were to pay the price of it in sorrow.

Were the life of a nation one long ascending path, racial evolution would be as impossible, as for a flower to bloom eternally in sunshine alleviated by no night. Hence the cycles in national life. France must be now thundering on all the gates of Europe, now desperately defending the walls of Paris. Spain must swell from Don Pelayo in the

Cave at Covadonga, till she cover half Europe and the Indies; then shrink again slowly into peninsular and sterile bounds. Elizabethan day must fade into Cavalier and Cromwellian twilight, and that into midnight ignominy of the Restoration. The ignominy need not have been, but for the unclean living that caused it; but obscurity and quiescence, yes. Racial insomnia would result, were the fervor of noontide never to pass; and the stock would wear out and vanish quickly. Fail in your morning time of glory, giving way to vice and greed, and your quiet hours shall not be rest but shame; alas, we mostly do so fail. Not always; one contemplates Holland forgoing empire and losing mastery of the seas; but now with a staid dignity, the nursing-mothership of Peace; and Sweden, now that Europe may no longer be shaken with the tramp of her victorious battalions, turning her gaze inward, fostering a national life rich with promise in art and culture. We call these two second-rate powers; I doubt whether they have not made a better success of it than many that we call great.

Then turn to the history of Italy; that was quite done with, you would have said, when Rome gave place to Constantinople; yet were Romes of more splendid omen to rise in Florence and Venice; and the new Italian empire of the intellect was to be more magnificent than the old political imperium of the Caesars. A few centuries, and the glory of her cities passing, and the heel of the foreigner planted on her neck, who would have given an iota for her future? Dreamers only; of whom she had, fortunately, good store: a heroic Garibaldi; a wise statesman Cavour; a pure white flame of Mazzini, and a bluff patriot King Honestman — and lo, under their hands an Italia Redenta risen, to be proof of the eternal Law of Cycles. Proof of this also: what stubborn soul there is in a nation, to outlast defeats, contempt, and treading in the mire; and to know its own recurring vernal hours of opportunity.

There are ties between the earth and ourselves, more intimate, more spiritual than we dream. Vice destroys a civilization; and the very soil, that supported millions once, runs barren and malarial, and will hardly yield nourishment for tens. The Campagna, once dotted with villas, has long been all unwholesome desolation; now, they say, it is to be put under cultivation again; and war to be proclaimed against the mosquito. Vice brought Greece toppling down, almost suddenly, from Periclean glory into waste and shame; and malaria

and the mosquito have been holding the race impotent since. Before her society was rotten with evil practices, why were the Greeks untroubled by that disease, which so long has seemed to be breath of their soil, and inescapable? The universe is run from within outward; the finer forces play upon forces and material less fine. Man also is an agent of creation; and plays his part as such, if erratically. Could you trace back the rise and fall of civilizations to their first cause, you should find it in the Will of the Planet; of which our will also is an aspect. And how heartily sick the Planet must be, that her children, surrounded with grandeur and mystery and magic on all sides: souls themselves, of starry and sublime lineage: who have Gods for their forebears and Gods for their brothers: should go messing and pottering away their centuries in mechanical, unclean civilizations; ignorant — hideously, blatantly ignorant — of the beauty and wisdom they should know and be!

The Law of Cycles is the ground-plan of history: night and day is the eternal method. We need not mourn altogether for fallen peoples: death is as natural to a nation as to a man. *Altogether*, we said; because alas, one cannot but feel that nations generally die in a premature old age: die in (and of) their sins, not wholesomely nor naturally; who, braver and purer, might have lived ages longer, and passed venerably into a silvern and dignified sleep. Yet death at last is natural; and rebirth.

Rebirth . . . and here are the Druid lands reawakening; Italy resurgent, and Greece; Mesopotamia being reclaimed by the Turks, and made ready for an inrush of souls and a great population. That which hath been, it shall be again. I do not know why there should be no new Thothmes or Seti regnant on Nile banks, and the proud majesty of Egypt risen again to re-dignify the ages. Has the Sphinx vision into futurity, beyond all her orgullous memories of the past, that her gaze is so confident, inscrutable, and proud? Vanished glories, we will not mourn for you: we that know you are to come again! Not one jot, not one tittle shall pass away; there is no real brightness gone from the earth, that shall not in its time be recovered. *Seges est ubi Troja fuit*; yes, but where the cornfields are, shall be built again the topless towers. They that have spoken with Osiris, whose hearts are filled with Ra, they shall walk again in pillared Karnak, in the grand halls and porticoes; the desert shall bloom as the rose; what hath been, shall not fail to be again. Old lands and ideals

that we loved, we shall ourselves redeem you, or we shall see you redeemed! The rose withers and falls, but not Eternal Beauty; fell the Land of Khem, but not the everlasting grandeur in the soul of man. And beauty shall have her harvest next year from the same rose-tree; and the glory of the soul shall be known again in Upper and Lower Egypt; and there has been no dream since the world began, so beautiful that it shall not come true.

ELECTRONS — ETHER — MATTER — MINERAL LIFE:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



PIRIT-MATTER-LIFE is a trinity given in *The Secret Doctrine* as the key to Nature. These three stand in the relation of Father-Mother-Son. A still higher trinity is obtained when we imagine the duality of Father-Mother as having proceeded from an original unity. So these two trinities can be symbolized by two triangles, one of them inverted. Science is obliged to recognize the existence of the trinity of Spirit-Matter-Life; but it should be stated that what is generally called "matter" is not the "matter" enumerated in the above trinity, but is rather the "life." In other words, that which is ordinarily understood as "matter" is the offspring, not the mother. The word "matter," as enumerated in the trinity, answers more nearly to the ordinary idea of "space." With this proviso, then, we should expect to find that science postulates as its fundamental conceptions (1) *space*, (2) something equivalent to *spirit*, and (3) the product of the interaction of these two — namely, that which is perceived, that which is ordinarily defined as *matter*.

To take these three hypostases in order: What is space? It is necessary to say first that this word can be used in a much wider sense than usual, and is so used in *The Secret Doctrine*. For the moment, however, we take it as referring to physical sensory perception alone. According to Kant, space and time are the two essential conditions of sense-perception. They are not data given by things, but universal forms of intellect, into which all data of sense must be received. When we speak of space, we usually mean the spatial quality as manifested in physical bodies, and there is great

difficulty in the attempt to abstract the notion of space from that of the other qualities of the things "occupying" it or affected by it. The notion of an extended vacuum appears to represent the limit of our powers of conception, as long as we conceive in terms of sensory perception. It is contradictory, of course, for how can emptiness have parts or be susceptible of measurement? But we must necessarily come down to such a contradictory hypothesis; for at the root of our understanding on one plane of perception, must lie something which can be explained only on another plane of conception. Empty extension, then, is our unit of physical perception (and also of physical conception); like the number One it underlies all the other numbers. Naturally we subdivide the unit into fractions; a device whose analogs in the department of scientific speculation are obvious enough. It is essential then, that when we think of anything physical, we must think of it as being *somewhere*; and when we are lucky enough to see it, we must see it in some *place*. So much for space.

The other thing which science seems to have found is what it calls "energy." The physical universe, up to date, is resolved into energy and space. The atom was formerly the unit; but now that has been resolved into the electron; and the electron has been defined as "nothing but electricity." Its total mass is said to be due to its electrical charge. Not matter in the ordinary sense, it is a center of force, a concentration of energy. The properties of physical matter tend more and more to be defined as manifestations of energy. The separate idea of "mass" or "inertia" has become lost in that of energy. Energy and space seem now to be the rudiments in physical science.

But what of number one in the list — Spirit? This term is intended to denote that which operating in space causes the appearance therein of perceptible objects. The electron, therefore is not Spirit, but one of its progeny by mother-space. Evidently it will be of no use to look for Spirit and expect to find it with our physical senses. We can apprehend it by its effects alone. As an object of perception, it can be amenable only to the employment of senses other than those of the physical organism. Here again, therefore, we get down to an irresolvable rudiment; and we have now, as it were, the numbers One and Two, which must be given before we can make any other numbers. Physics begins with number Three, which is energy; and this energy is produced somewhere by something.

If we are to carry our analysis of Nature further than these

physical limits, we have to enter upon the study of interior Nature. This is a good reason why these mysteries are not solved by merely reading *The Secret Doctrine* or such writings. From this point on, the pursuit of knowledge becomes a question of moral principle and conduct; for, just as the physicist has to conform to the laws of physical nature, so the student in higher realms has to conform to the laws pertaining to those realms.

But, accepting the necessary limitations of knowledge as pursued by the methods of physical research, we can study the properties of physical Nature, and learn a great deal about its objects and its doings, even if their origin is in obscurity.

The ether is still in the stage of being a hypothesis. It is like the gap left by missing pieces in a jig-saw puzzle. Evidently, however, there may be more than one piece missing. Why should there be only one ether? Different brands of theorists demand different brands of ether, and call for different properties, many of which are rather contradictory. This difficulty might be gotten over to a large extent by postulating several different ethers. The ether cannot be space, nor can it be physical matter. Space has only one property — the power to contain — but ether has other properties. Then again, ether is what underlies physical matter, and so cannot itself be of physical matter.

Between matter and ether, again, we have the electrons. It used to be wondered how the vibrations of physical particles could “hitch on” to the ether, seeing that no friction or contact between the two can be detected. Now comes the electron and solves the difficulty by acting as the go-between for matter and the ether. It is supposed that the electrons can set up waves in the ether, thus causing the transference of various forms of radiant energy.

It has been said lately that matter is the most unsubstantial thing in the universe, being composed mainly of holes. The ether, on the other hand, is enormously the densest substance. This was stated by H. P. Blavatsky twenty-five years ago. J. J. Thomson makes it 2,000,000,000 times as dense as lead, but Professor Reynolds makes it 480 times denser than platinum. There is a great difference between these two numbers, but in either case the ether is very dense. How does the earth get through it so easily? Because the earth is like a bird-cage with very thin wires, says Thomson. Another thinker has compared the planetary orbs to bubbles running about in water. One

is reminded that the student of wisdom has to learn the "fulness of the seeming void and the voidness of the seeming full." This makes it easier to understand how things get about so quickly in "empty space." The space is not empty; and solid bodies, placed in the way, are more like gaps than obstacles. Also, if a force can get from one atom to the next, there seems no obvious reason why it should not be able to get to the sun by the same method.

It used to be thought that the molecules in chemical compounds existed as such, but now it is practically certain that they are to a considerable extent decomposed into their constituent atoms. A theory to this effect has long been out, in order to explain some of the phenomena of electrolysis. The molecules in a solution were thought to be in continual state of "changing partners," as it were. Thus, a solution of common salt, instead of containing nothing but fixed molecules, each consisting of one atom of chlorine and one atom of sodium, would contain couples that were continually throwing off atoms and taking on new ones, like couples in a square dance. The electric current seizes the disengaged atoms "on the hop," and carries them off to the positive or negative pole, according to requirements. The same theory comes in handy to explain some phenomena in osmosis, which could not be explained on the assumption that the substances existed in the condition of fixed molecules.

Chemical activity is now considered to be an electrical phenomenon, and it is the electric charges on the liberated ions of a molecule that produce the phenomena of affinity and that account for the changes in the distribution of energy. If the electron be, as mentioned above, "nothing but electricity," or if it be a small atom with a charge of electricity attached, still we must eventually get down to mere centers of energy, endowed with ceaseless activity and having a location in space. So we have the trinity — an unknown impulse, acting in space, and producing therein the manifestation to which we have given the name of (physical) energy.

It has been suggested, and with every probability, that chemical changes involving the decomposition of some molecules and the formation of others, may be attended by the formation of several intermediate and temporary compounds. This is confirmed by a certain photographic method employed by J. J. Thomson, whereby the flight of atoms in a vacuum tube is made to record itself on a film. In this way he showed the existence in oxygen of at least eight different

forms of atoms and molecules, from individual atoms up to molecules of six atoms.

The possibility of producing gold from lead, according to the alchemists' dream, has been suggested by the facts that uranium is spontaneously disrupted by the throwing off of helium atoms, until finally its weight is so lessened that it has become radium. Radium again throws off particles and goes through a series of changes, of which it is believed that lead is the terminus. All this suggests that there may be nothing very fixed about the chemical elements, and that a different assortment of elements may exist on different planets at the same time, or on the same planet at different times. For why should not physical matter, like the more highly organized kingdoms, be subject to evolution?

There seems no valid reason why the term "life" should not be applied to the electron. In obedience to certain laws it acts as the constructive agent in the mineral kingdom. It is a mineral "life-atom."



PROGRESS IN SEISMOLOGY

THE U. S. Weather Bureau has recently, with the authority of Congress, added seismological work to the scope of its activities. From the preliminary announcement made in the December issue of the *Monthly Weather Review*, we gather that, at first, particular attention will be paid to the Pacific coast and Rocky Mountain regions, the Mississippi valley, New York, New England, and South Carolina. The development of the work along instrumental lines, which will proceed as rapidly as funds permit, contemplates the establishment of a limited number of instrumentally-equipped stations that will serve to yield record not only of sensible seismic phenomena, but also of the great unfelt vibrations resulting from large distant earthquakes.

In the announcement it is pointed out that since a break, i. e., a geological fault, remains a weak place, earthquakes are most likely to occur just where they occurred before; and hence one should not place a bridge, aqueduct, dam, or other important structure across such a fault if it could be avoided. Thus it becomes desirable that maps of seismic frequency and severity should be prepared. The Weather Bureau, with its two hundred principal stations and its 4000 co-operative observers, has long been felt as the organization best fitted to collect the necessary data, both instrumental and non-instrumental. Moreover, that Department is fortunate in having for its chief one of the foremost seismologists, and in having the assistance of another equally skilled. J.



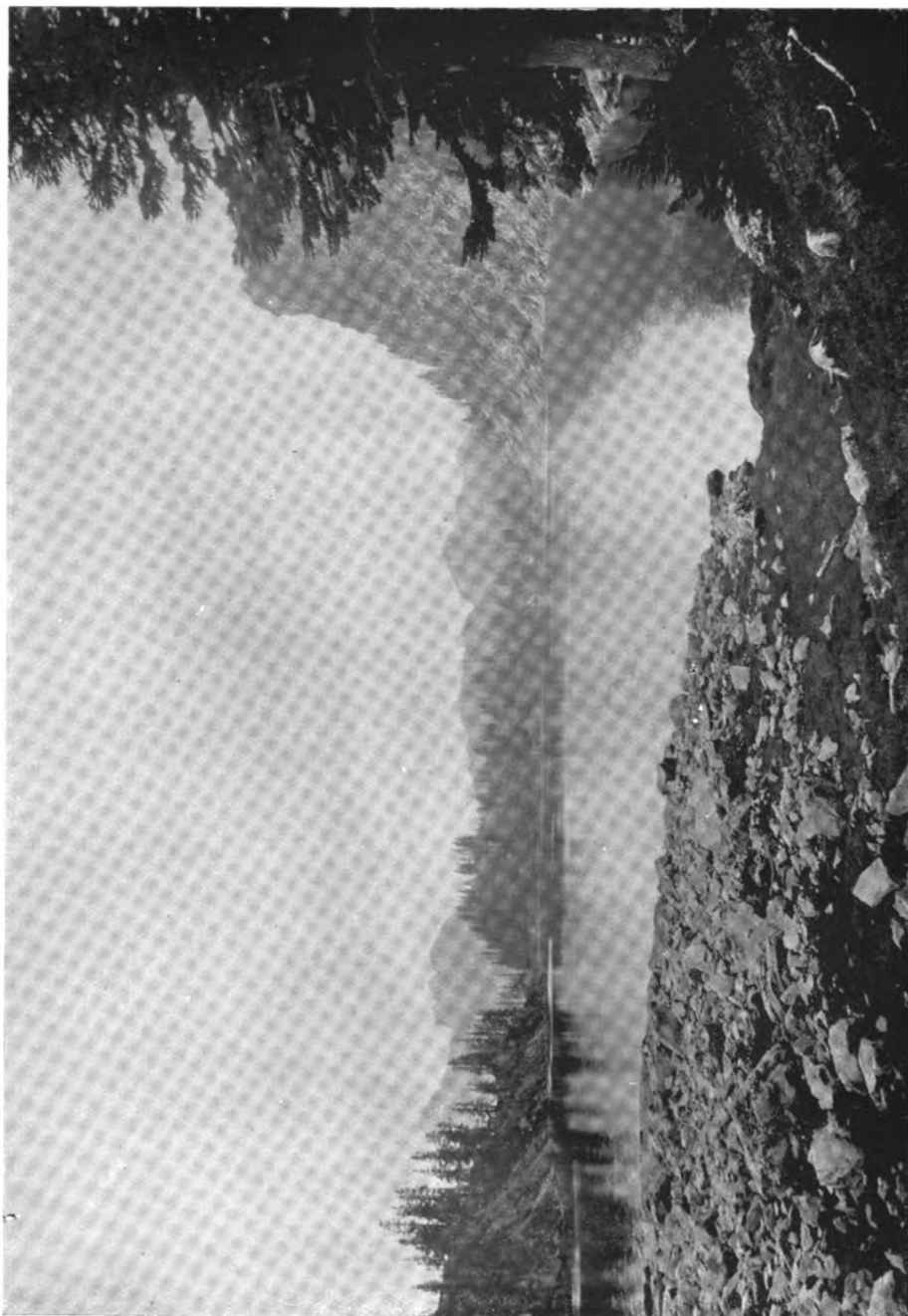
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PEAR'S BREAST PEAK, NORTH OF DUTCH MILLER PASS
Cascade Range, King Co., Snoqualmie National Forest, Washington



Lowland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

AMPHITHEATER AND CREST OF RANGE NORTH OF DUTCH MILLER PASS
Cascade Range, King Co., Snoqualmie National Forest, Washington



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIEW OF UPPER TWIN LAKE AT HEAD OF TROUBLESOME CREEK, LOOKING SOUTHWEST
Monte Cristo, Snohomish Co., Snoqualmie National Forest, Washington



MONTE CRISTO, WASHINGTON

REFLECTIONS ON THE ASCENDENCY OF MUSIC:

by E. A. Neresheimer



WHAT is the meaning of the sudden appearance in all western civilized countries of so many remarkable, musically gifted children? Is it the enthrallment exercised by the ravishing beauty of the tone colors in our modern musical vocabulary which attracts this influx, or a psychological wave of some ethical import sweeping over the masses inciting them to beseech the competent interpretative powers of the arts; or have we reached a period in the Cycle which marks an epoch in the path of human Destiny?

Whatever the cause, it betokens an unfoldment of some new intensity on lines which should unclothe for us great riches of the Inner life.

Music, it has been held, is chiefly emotional and intellectual. These attributes of the mind are not fathomable in their essential characteristics. However, it is conceivable that a vanishing point exists in which one of these qualities is distinguishable from the other, revealing the possible fact that both are but aspects of some one abstract, ideal essence. In music they are blended and inseparable.

Intellect considered separate from emotion is capable of assuming a phase of passionless quality; Emotion, if unguided by intellect, is liable to fulminate unsteadily in vacillating fancies without aim.

Restless mind, oscillating between emotion and intellect amid the reflections of the sensuous wonders of nature, unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and the joys and sorrows of life which are its faithful companions — the mind has little share in purely ethical development. The arts are the mediators between the prosaic world and moral attainments; and therefore are the inspiriting agents of other faculties. They are the pleaders for discrete Realities existing in consciousness. From these sympathetic mediators, the arts, each individual takes what he can according to his makeup, for they suggest more than they give, and one must learn how to supplicate in humility before their immaculate shrine.

Music, of all the arts, is the great persuader. Emotionally attracted to it at first, one can be easily introduced to new and genial impressions, which, when followed up, promptly develop into more ample forms of mental lucidity. That point of vantage begets a longing to win a peep into further regions where abide the profounder aspects of Nature, of Life, and of the Soul.

Music is an initiator into our own undiscovered potencies. Do we

not feel sometimes when hearing music as if we were in the midst of our own ideas, joys, woes — a veritable sea of reminiscences? Like reflections from a mirror these pictures come before the mind's eye, evoking new illumination of many a deep phantasy of ours. Some of these do not seem otherwise susceptible of interpretation. Whenever we experience them with music they seem satisfying and true.

Deep, silent cogitations, and half-conscious understanding of grave subjects and problems, the feeling: "I know it, but cannot put it into words, not even to myself," — these make up a large part of our inner life. There we build bits of our philosophy. Through the instrumentality of music we get sometimes very lucid glimpses of living verities of our own in an entirely new way.

While music is supposed to denote somewhat distinct ideas, intentions, designs, or images, it is but rarely that — unless text or dramatic action accompany it — these intended images are clearly identified in the listener's mind. In fact it is quite otherwise, for the rhythmic element, the mental picturesqueness and emotional suggestiveness, much too powerfully influence the mind of the hearer. All manner of potentialities are waked into action immediately to turn inward. What then could be more natural than harmonious covenant between the truths and ideas suggested by music, and the truths which we ourselves have harbored, but not quite understood?

This, of course, does not mean that mere day-dreaming or *laissez faire* — drifting — which is apt to supervene on hearing music, could in any way lead to such a vivid experience. A negative attitude provokes merely sensation and a mixture of emotions, while the positive attitude is almost sure to illuminate some of the vague places and give active color to deepest thoughts.

If it be granted that the facility of the mind to associate ideas is a very useful factor in our intellectual growth, how much more important then is the added facility given by the suggestiveness of music, whereby our inmost memories are stirred, reminiscences of remote periods — perhaps of past lives — are revealed and called forth?

Man himself is a vibrating instrument attuned with recondite truths. Music is a powerful stimulator through the fortunate combination of sound, rhythm, harmony, and design, and is therefore eminently fitted as a vehicle for transmitting to us grand ideas, which contain truth of which we have in us the seed.

Perhaps it is not at all necessary to have the meaning of any

piece of music described and made plain in so many words, which indeed no composer wishes to do. He rather prefers to leave it to the imagination of each hearer, who should naturally interpret according to his own light instead of trying merely to absorb such ethereal contemplations by fixed system and rule.

Hand in hand with the prodigious influx of musical talent noticed in both our own and in the rising generation, there is an astonishingly widespread interest in and receptivity for music shown by the public. The one is quite as remarkable as the other; it seems as though this wave were a flowering of vigorous seeds long dormant and suddenly awakened by a friendly sunshine. Further, the musical estate has been enormously enriched during the last fifty years, in volume as in substance, by a masterly expressional apparatus. The vocabulary has assumed new standards of freedom of form, insinuating subtlety and refinement. Changes have been so frequent and radical, that a comfortable slow assimilation is no longer possible; the wayward movements of the New are so rapid that even the critics have become unable to follow close with an exact sufficiency of conventional scorn.

Simultaneously with this great mutability of form — which seemed at first to have sprung from an independent impulse — have come the remarkable receptivity of the laity and the influx of talent, as noticed above. If only one of these had suddenly appeared and developed to its present intensity it would have been quite noteworthy; but the concurrent manifestation of these three phenomena is indicative of an immense mental wave, which is probably destined to open eventually to our eyes some new ethical horizon. May it not be that its cause is really the Ideas of the *Soul of Humanity* seeking expression and new interpretation?

The following speculations may aid in determining part of the meaning and probable causes of these unusual appearances:

It goes without saying that a reaction is due to occur in order to somewhat balance the forced repression of creative imagination exercised by the tyranny of mechanicalism during the last few centuries; secondly, a mental force released in the periodic pulsation of a minor cycle running its course, was destined to end when certain accumulated yearnings of the affected races had been balanced; and, as pertaining to musical prodigies, it is evidently an opportune period for the return of certain Egos, attracted into a congenial atmosphere and environment for the fuller expression of their special creative activity.

THE OPENING OF THE DOOR: by R. Machell

(With pen-and-ink drawings by the author)



HERE was silence in the room save for the occasional crackle of a log upon the fire, and for an occasional sigh from the old man who sat there looking vacantly into the embers. He saw no picture there, his sight was blind to outer images, but his mind pictured inwardly a seemingly unending series of unpleasant memories. They came uncalled, and forced themselves on his notice, flashing up vividly into apparent life, not as mere pictures that may be glanced at and then cast aside, or may be altogether disregarded, but as emotions to be keenly felt by one who was himself an actor in the drama they revealed.

Nor were they merely memories that time had dramatized and mellowed into an entertaining spectacle, but rather tragedies lived over once again with all their ancient sting and bitterness, and all their dark accompaniment of shame and scorn and misery.

The old man writhed beneath the lash of his own self-contempt, and the word "fool" escaped his lips.

It fell upon the silence of the room, like a stone flung upon the surface of a pool. The bitterness of the tone made such vibrations in the ether as the thrown pebble in the pool makes ripples in the water, and the ripples reached the walls where hung the portraits of his ancestors, who seemed to hurl it back with added scorn, re-echoing the one word "fool." The sound was almost imperceptible, and yet it crushed him with its bitterness; and his head sunk beneath the scorn of those, whose pride he had inherited, but whose superb serenity he lacked. They knew no self-contempt, they bore the memory of their follies and their crimes with haughty grace and dignified indifference; and yet he knew their record, and he thought his own was not unworthy of their code of honor; but he was born too late, or he was cursed with power to dream of higher things than those

that satisfied his ancestors. He was a miserable anachronism; a man too proud to bend to social laws that he despised and yet not proud enough to hear unmoved the natural results of his revolt against the ideals of his time. He was indeed a fool.

The silence deepened as the daylight waned; it was unbearable. He rose impatiently and left the room.

The sun was setting as he turned his back upon the house and crossed the fields in the direction of the village. The mists were rising in the hollows; he heard the tramping of the cows as they came home from the low-lying pastures; there was a quiet sense of satisfaction all around, as of a day's work done.

The path lay through the wood that fringed the park; and there the old trees dropped their dead leaves sadly, and the shadows spread themselves out into a general grayness that was colorless and cold and damp. It seemed to him the rooks cawed wearily, as if complaining of ancient wrongs, or presaging long years to come, all burdened with a load of useless memories. The wood seemed steeped in melancholy, that had its origin in the unfathomable abyss of time; it seemed a picture of his life; the dead leaves of the past lay round him as he walked alone amid his memories, and the aroma of their slow decay made the air poisonous as in a sepulcher.

The village people said the wood was haunted, and its owner felt that they were very near the truth; haunted indeed by memory even as his own life was.

The curse of memory lay heavy on his heart; he felt the weight of age beyond the span of human life, and in his soul rebelled. He longed at last for freedom from the life he once had prized so dearly; he cursed his weakness and his pride, and his submission to the despotism of memory. He longed for freedom and for life beyond the reach of the dead clutching fingers of the past. The Past!

What sense was there in endlessly repeating what was past? But was it past? He halted in the path and stood there looking on the ground. No! it was not. It seemed to him then there was no past, nor should there be a future; there was but an unending "now," in which a man must live eternally. The thought appalled him. It was as if the solid earth had given way beneath his feet, and shown him the abyss of chaos; wherein life seethed in horrible confusion, evolving forms that melted ere they shaped themselves into coherent entities, dissolving and resolving universes, interpenetrating one



another, inextricably interwoven with the gleaming web of life, that throbbed and thrilled through every part of the vast unimaginable pageant of beings. It was a picture of the mind of man with its kaleidoscopic phantasies; but life, he felt, was no kaleidoscope, whose pictures pass and perish irrevocably: the curse of life is memory; time crushes man with the appalling menace of eternity, in which there is no possibility of oblivion: for memory is time made cognizable to the mind of man. But man in his essence is superior to time, one with infinity; and for that reason all his dreams and memories are haunted with the awful sense of endlessness and unreality, that makes the universe appear a nightmare, an il-

lusion inescapable, a hideous mockery in which he shares whether he will or not, and which he seeks most passionately to perpetuate.

The vision passed; the old man raised his head and looked around in a half-dazed way, as if to take his bearings, though he could find that well-worn path in the darkest night. But today he seemed somehow to have lost his bearings in more ways than one: he had no ground to stand on that was not shaken by some doubt that made it seem as if he trod on quicksands which might at any moment suck him down into their loathsome depths. He could not separate his mental states from the conditions that surrounded him with visible tangible evidences of comfort and prosperity. The house was haunted by the ghosts he summoned from the past in his imagination, and the woods were steeped in melancholy bred by his brooding on his own infirmities. The people in the village caught his mood and whined about their petty grievances, yet their complaints were something of a change from his own thoughts. He let them

talk and gladly gave them all they asked for; new gates or fences, ovens for the cottage or a load of coal, a drain pipe here, a new roof there, and so on to the endless end of tenant's wants and tenements' dilapidations.

And for his pains they called him "fool" behind his back, to set themselves right with their own self-respect damaged in accepting favors from the rich.

The rich? These people called him rich, but he knew well his utter poverty in all that constitutes real wealth. He wondered if there was a pauper in the poor-house so utterly beggared and bankrupt as he knew himself to be. Often of late he had tried to find out what real wealth was. He knew it was not money, and he felt sure that it was not knowledge of the ordinary kind. It seemed to him that children were the richest people in the world, because they seemed to have a feeling of possession, a kind of natural right that was instinctual, but which they were carefully robbed of.

A child's sense of right to its parents' love and to its home is wealth; and the child's absolute possession of its doll is the most perfect realization of complete ownership, while it lasts. But these things fail as the child grows out of infancy. And, though the adult tries to guard his sense of right to this or that possession, time takes them all, or leaves the empty form of legal right, while robbing the possessor of the child's unquestioned sense of right. True, there were people who seemed little more than children all their lives, but they were self-deluded or just lacking intellect enough to understand, children who kept their dolls, but changed the doll's wardrobe and rebuilt its house from time to time, and died still in their infancy. Such people counted for nothing in his speculations on the mystery of life. Religion and philosophy seemed like a playground, where another class of clever children played with their intellectual dolls, and quarreled as to the right way to dress them. Science itself to him was hardly more than a well-furnished workshop where old dolls were made to look like new, and new games were invented for the children of the world, who have not wits enough to play the game of life without a formula.

So he disposed of life itself in all its various aspects in the search for life, and felt as a man might be supposed to feel, who strips the onion of its constituent skins down to the last, and finds at length no onion left, but only skins, when he has finished his analysis.

The dead leaves dropped upon the sodden ground as he passed through the wood, and they seemed to him just illustrations of the general decay and desolation of the world. He noticed that the dead wood fallen from the trees was well cleared, and knew who were the gatherers. They were welcome to what they found, but when he came upon a woman with a load of sticks upon her back, and saw among the fallen sticks some unmistakable pieces of fencing, he recalled the bailiff's grumbling about the way the people robbed the fences to get fire-wood. His answer had been to order more trees felled so that the people might have the "lop and top" for kindling and would not have need to pull out fence-rails, but the petty plunder still went on, and, as he came in sight, he noticed that the woman tried to hide behind a tree. He was glad the bailiff was not in sight, and said "good-evening" pleasantly, and got to talking with the woman, who put down her load and started a long story of her woes and what the neighbors said, and how her last pig died. He listened willingly and sympathized; her talk relieved him from the torment of his fruitless speculations and regrets.

Then, when she started to take up her bundle, having forgotten for the moment the compromising pieces of fencing, that stuck out and told their own tale plainly, he took a hand in helping her to get the heavy load upon her back, and held the wicket open for her as she passed out of the wood and took the narrow pathway leading to her cottage. He followed her; and she was glad enough to have the chance to show him what repairs the old house needed: the bailiff told her that it would be cheaper to pay her rent for her in another parish than to give her all she claimed as "necessary repairs"; and there was truth in that too: but the landlord himself cared little enough for such economies, and listened, glad to be taken out of himself even for a moment.

The children in the cottage were awed into silence, but the elder girl dusted a seat and offered it, while the children sat waiting for their tea.

The old man told them to go on with their meal and praised the girl for the way the house was kept; he praised the tea-cake and asked to taste it, and then he took a cup of tea and then a slice of toast, and then he got to telling stories of his childhood for the children, and the daylight died as they sat round the fire, while the old man talked and the great kettle sang its song upon the hob.

Later that night he sat before the fire in the old library and smiled a most unusual smile.

The room was very quiet, but the gloom was gone, and the old misanthrope himself wondered to feel no sense of solitude. The butler came and went, punctiliously performing his routine of little duties, and, glancing occasionally at his old master, thought "his time is not far off," and quietly went out to talk it over with the housekeeper.

Indeed a change had come. It seemed to the old man, who sat so quietly in his accustomed place, that something strange had happened; a door had opened for him, and he saw a light in which the shadows melted, and the mists of memory and regret glowed with the colors of the sunset, and the heaven of his mind was radiant with an afterglow that seemed to be the glorious entrance to a life where joy was life and all things were realities.



THE "TWILIGHT SLEEP": by M. D.



INVENTIONS do not appear fortuitously. They correspond to inner demands from the general mind of their time and collectively are a significant and legible picture of it. We do not live quickly because we have chanced upon the utilizabilities of electricity but have invented harnesses for electricity because we wanted to live quickly. The drug-stores do not create, they merely meet the general demand for narcotics, uric acid solvents, headache powders, and stomach tonics.

Especially do we nowadays demand instant relief from pain, and with our increasing intolerance increases the number of drugs that suppress it. Morphine and cocain are generating a family of derivatives, and a new "coal-tar" analgesic is heralded every few months. It rarely occurs to us that pain may be much less of an evil than the drugs used to relieve it, or that it is a pointer whose indications should be carefully searched for and studied.

So it was not to be expected that the pains of childbirth should any longer have their own way, nor that their manifest normality should be allowed to suggest that they may even have a designed and beneficent part in the process. Motherhood itself is grudgingly and decreasingly submitted to.

Of late the newspapers and magazines, with the medical journals behind them, have been heralding what is called the "twilight sleep" for women passing through the hours of parturition. Chloroform and chloral, and morphine, have hitherto been the palliatives for the birth-pains: resorted to, however, as sparingly as possible, for they hinder the muscular action upon which the whole process depends and often affect the new-born child very unfavorably.

So there has been search for other (and impossible) drugs, which, while destroying the edge of feeling, shall have no drawbacks.

We began to hear of a combination of morphine with another alkaloid, scopolamine. Each of them cut the claws and paralysed the fangs of the other, and together they produced a beneficent "twilight sleep," in which, while the activities of parturition went forward undiminished, the mother dreamed pleasantly and only occasionally became aware of the work that her organism was engaged in.

But there *were* drawbacks. Now and then a death occurred. There were sometimes difficulties with the circulation and respiration of both mother and child, and the physician had to be in continuous

attendance. To correct these the addition of a third alkaloid has been suggested, but there has not yet been time enough to know the results. Meantime we hear from Paris of an altered, fermented, morphine, which in its own solitary person is reported to have all the necessary virtues and no defects. The merits of the drug, or of the condition it induces, have been enthusiastically chanted for the public benefit, even with a touch of solemn and religious awe, by a writer in one of the popular magazines who went to Paris to see it at work in the hands of its inventor at a maternity hospital. It does what is wanted of it, that is, it relieves the pain; and though, it is true, one child out of three born under its influence is for a while voiceless, this is said to be the only manifest indication that the drug does any harm.

There is probably no question that what we call normal parturition nowadays even at best is abnormally painful, more painful than its nature necessitates. Neither the muscular nor nervous system is ever quite what it should be and in the average case is very far indeed from full efficiency. Ignorance or disregard of the laws of health and especially of those concerned with maternity, social and other difficulties in carrying out even those that are recognized, poverty, bad heredity — all combine to weaken and ungear the mechanism upon which this greatest physiological effort of the organism depends.

But there is nothing to indicate that even if all these were corrected pain would be abolished. After a certain point in the scale of health and development is reached the pains of parturition cease to be in the inverse ratio of them. Nature has not arranged that *this* normal physiological function should, like all the rest, be either subconscious or pain-free.

Why has she not? It would certainly not have been impossible.

But since she has not, should we make it so? Should we dull consciousness to it, free consciousness from it? Even if in so doing we should be able to avoid any manifest impairment of efficiency? To relieve the pain of a morbid condition, of neuralgia, of cancer, of a surgical operation, is one thing: to relieve that which is normal to a normally performed function is another. May not the demand for pain-freedom be here going too far?

Is the child only *physically* born at its birth? Is there a corresponding birth of *consciousness*? As its physical form detaches itself from that of the mother, so is its sentient consciousness detaching itself from hers, both becoming relatively independent of her.

The pains of parturition, connected with the necessary maximum efforts of the voluntary and involuntary muscular systems, arouse and engage the full consciousness of the mother in the work that is going on and in the result that will come of them, her living child. Must not the nascent consciousness of the child be lit and stimulated by her in these last critical hours and moments to a degree impossible if narcotics have loosened her attention or sent her mind half way into dreamland? Has not the child a right to this stimulation, to this degree of awakening and illumination? May that right not be the meaning of nature's refusal to put *this* physiological function below the pain threshold?

One in three of the "twilight"-born children are at first voiceless. That means, manifestly unawake to their new surroundings. The same must be true, though in less degree, of the others. Is not this exactly what we should expect from the absence of the final stimulus or send-off which they were entitled to but could not get because of the condition of their own nerves and those of the mother? That absence *may* mean a lack of something, of some energy of development, that will tell throughout the whole period of growth or even of life. But the suppression of pain may mean something more, another loss.

Throughout all the months, from the time of the first stir onward, the mother's mind has been with the child and her love for it growing. When the time comes and the hours of pain are in progress her nature rises to the supreme effort of work and sacrifice for the other. Through work and sacrifice is the only way by which love grows or can grow, and these hours contain the intensest appeal for them and need of them. They give the last point to the long-growing divine mother-instinct, that instinct which finally wells up and flows over in infinite tenderness at the sound of the infant's first cry. And it is this instinct, here reaching its intensest degree through the pains, the labor, the conscious acceptance of sacrifice, that give the finish and fulness to the child's awakening to sentient life. For those who can understand this the very knowledge of the availability of a narcotic will enable them to make the sacrifice more potent. Voluntarily refusing the proffered chance of unconsciousness, they win an added power to call to life. And they may be sure that the soul of the child, now entering upon the toils of another incarnation, will not only be helped for all the coming years but will be recognizant and grateful for everything that has been consciously done and sacrificed for it.



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A PANORAMIC VIEW OVER THE LAKE DI COMO, ITALY
The town of Menaggio in the central distance



AN ITALIAN LAKE SCENE



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VENICE: PANORAMA FROM THE CAMPANILE OF SAN MARCO



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VENICE: RIO VECCHIO DELLA FURATOLA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VENICE: PONTE DEI SOSPIRI (THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS)

OUR MOON: by the late **F. G. Plummer**, Geographer, Forest Service, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture



WHAT is that little world that we have always seen, month after month and year after year, rising and setting on our horizons, running high or passing low in many changing moods and phases?

The poet calls her "Queen of the Night." The mariner says she rules the ocean tides. The oriental sage tells us that our earth is her child, while the modern scientist with nebular theory insists that the earth is mother. To the astrologer she sends influences both good and evil, inclining us to enterprise and study, or making us sarcastic, obstinate, or wayward. To the ignorant savage she is a demon, devouring the stars, and her eclipses bring terror to his heart, and consternation to his mind. To lovers she is a mischievous Jack-o'-lantern, and the little child holds out tiny arms and cries because she is out of reach. Dogs bark at her, but she still continues to shine. As harvest-moon she brings joy to him who sowed the seed. To the true astronomer — ? — that is the subject of our story.

The jolly face of the "man in the moon" is only visible to the naked eye. In the field of an astronomer's telescope, or even as seen through a good opera glass, the details of the lunar surface take precedence, and a great opportunity for investigation is open to us.

If we are so fortunate as to be gazing through a very large and powerful telescope, it appears as though we are in a balloon suspended above the lunar landscape where great mountain ranges, walled plains, enormous craters, and old sea-beds are spread out like a relief map to invite our study.

It is fair to say, that of the lunar hemisphere which is turned towards us, we know more of the topographical features than we do of those of the earth which is now our home. It is a fact that we have better maps and have more detail information regarding the elevations and contours on the moon than we will have on the earth for many years. We might get a splendid series of maps of the United States — for instance — if they could be photographed from an elevation of fifty or a hundred miles. To get the best results, we would take the photograph near sunrise or sunset, when the shadows are long, and every hill and valley shows its outlines clearly. This is precisely what is done in the case of the moon, and as the length of the shadow of a mountain is proportionate to its height, it is evident that elevations can be determined. The Paris observatory has the finest series.

The darker areas which we can see on the moon are considered to be old dry sea-beds and have been named accordingly. It is interesting to note that these names typify periods in the human life of both woman and man. Taking them in sequence from south to north on the west side of the moon they are: Sea of Nectar, Sea of Fertility, Sea of Tranquillity, Sea of Crisis, Sea of Serenity, Marsh of Sleep, Lake of Death, and the Sea of Ice. On the east side are Sea of Humors, Sea of Clouds, Ocean of Storms, Sea of Colors, Bay of Rainbows, etc. Large mountain ranges take their names from similar features on the earth, such as the Alps, Apennines, and the Caucasus, and their highest peaks bear the names of great astronomers. History furnishes titles for the thousands of craters which are the typical features of the moon's surface and the student easily remembers those bearing the names of such philosophers as Plato, Copernicus, Tycho, Archimedes, or Aristarchus. Some others are expressive of the features themselves. One deep and uninviting crater is called Hell.

On the crescent of the new moon towards the upper or northern end we can plainly see a large circular dark area — the Sea of Crisis. Suppose we make a journey from this sea-bed across the moon and visit some of its points of interest. We will have to travel at the rate of seventeen or eighteen miles an hour to follow the line of sunrise, but this is easy enough when we are only "supposing."

We immediately notice that the ground is not even as bright as we would expect to find it — in fact it is not bright at all. When we had seen the bright moon from the earth, we saw all of it against the dark sky, and now we only see a small area. We are near Picard, a circular cup-like depression nearly twenty miles in diameter of which the edges are higher than the bottom of the sea-bed. It seems large to us, but it is a dwarf compared to what we shall see on our journey.

With the rising sun behind us we begin our trip, climbing a bench and then crossing a sharp ridge. Ahead is the precipitous shore of the sea-bed several thousand feet high, but we take advantage of one of the many passes, and are soon over the divide and on a more gentle but rugged slope. We pass to the left of a circular crater called Proclus and notice that the ground is lighter in color and is more rolling than rugged. Soon we are on another sea-bed — the Sea of Tranquillity, which is dotted here and there with little depressions as if it had just recovered from a severe case of small-pox.

As we approach the ring-mountain Vitruvius, we notice that its slopes are of a blue-steel color and being curious to explore, we scramble over the crags and scale the cliffs, and at last stand upon the ring which is a hundred miles in circumference. The surface of the moon is distinctly lower inside of the ring and in the center of the enclosure is a high peak. How did it get there? There is not time to explain — and besides, we don't know.

We turn a little to the northward and pass near the Argæus range of peaks and enter the Sea of Serenity. To our left and many miles distant, we can barely see the top of a great promontory called Cape Acherusia. After crossing a low ridge which lies across our path and extends in both directions as far as we can see, we notice that the sea-bed is of a decided green tint.

We waste no time at the little crater Bessel, but not so with another which we turn northward to see. It is a great mound of fresh "lava" (?) nearly eight miles in diameter. Formerly this was the location of a crater called Linné which was five and a half miles across, but about the year 1787 a change took place and the crater "overflowed." There is a darker spot in the center of this eruption which we can see from the earth with the aid of telescopes.

Still traveling northward we cross a spur of the Caucasus range and from a lofty height look down upon an old lake-bed lying near Calippus. Far over to our right is the Marsh of Sleep, which is a pale red color under the sunlight, and to our left the summits of the Alps are just being touched with light.

Passing Eudoxus we see the brilliant lines which radiate from Aristoteles: a ring-mountain fifty miles in diameter. Near it is Eged, which is not circular but more the shape of a piece of pie. Our route now lies across the Alps or rather through them, for there is a wide and nearly level valley crossing the axis of the range and as clearly defined as a railroad cutting. At one place it is somewhat choked with cosmic rubbish but we have little difficulty in selecting a path. The Alps cast long shadows over the great plain we are entering, and although we can see all the lunar landscape that is illuminated, we can see absolutely nothing when in these shadows. We cannot see each other nor even ourselves and the hand held up before the face is only an inky black silhouette against the distant illuminated plain, for there is no atmosphere to diffuse the light nor are there any varying grades of darkness. One may pass around any of the great rocks that lie

about into absolute night. The sensation is curious for we seem to exist only in consciousness, and we instinctively pinch our bodies to make sure they are there — even then we are not sure!

We next visit a walled plain, nearly circular in shape and over sixty miles in diameter called Plato, and which is of interest because it is as dark as the sea-beds and of about the same level, although almost surrounded by lighter-colored mountains. An isthmus two hundred miles long bordering the Sea of Ice leads us to Cape Laplace, where we climb a pinnacle peak and gaze out over the magnificent Bay of Rainbows. We cross over its mouth to the opposite cape which perpetuates the name of Heraclides, and then bearing southward, hasten over a barren region four hundred miles, for we want to be in time to see the sunrise on the central peak of Aristarchus. That is a grand sight even when viewed from the earth at a distance of 240,000 miles. As the sunlight touches the peak it looks like a clear white star in the sky. A minute later and it is almost as bright as Jupiter. In an hour the whole summit is brilliant with color and seems to be suspended 'twixt moon and heaven, for its base is still in the shadow and utterly invisible.

We would go straight ahead, but across our way is an enormous crack a quarter of a mile wide and ninety miles long, and of a depth that makes us dizzy, although we are hardened mountaineers. We therefore turn northward around this obstacle and make a hasty visit to the ring-mountain Lichtenberg, enclosing the Hercynian Mountains, which are a decided red color, and here our journey ends for the present. We have traveled over 3000 miles and have not witnessed a sunset.

THE ASTRAL LIGHT: by G. S.

A paper on Theosophical Manual No. 10, *The Astral Light*, read at the Regular Meeting of the William Quan Judge Club, Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California, February 23, 1915.



We are all familiar with the expression "Wisdom-Religion," as applied to Theosophy. One remarkable aspect of this wonderful philosophy is the manner in which it synthesizes Science and Religion — the eminently practicable, and the spiritual and in some respects, one must confess, impracticable, aspects of modern thought. This fact is strikingly illustrated in the Manual entitled *The Astral Light*. Here is a subject belonging

to an abstruse branch of science — metaphysics, which one would say, at first glance, could have but little application to man's moral development; and yet the Wisdom-Religion is such a complete whole — as anyone can sense, even with a primary understanding of it — that this scientific conception becomes of vital importance in explaining what is perhaps the most important moral concept that Theosophy has re-introduced to the Western World — the Law of Karma.

It is difficult indeed to gain a comprehension of what the astral light is. In the first place, it is referred to as the astral *light* because it manifests as such to man's inner vision. This is of course only one of its attributes; just as electricity manifests under certain conditions as light, although we know that it can produce other manifestations, such as heat, magnetism, chemical action, etc. Magnetism is another property of the astral light, more particularly what we call personal magnetism — the power that is exercised by the mesmerizer and hypnotist. It is this quality, inherent everywhere, which gives to localities and persons a certain peculiar feeling or "atmosphere," which sensitive people detect. But for our present purpose it will be sufficient to compare the astral light with electricity or with one of the best known scientific hypotheses, the ether, with whose properties we are all more or less acquainted — admitting the while that it may have many other properties which we can neither fully describe nor probably fully comprehend.

The first point to consider is that it is of the astral substance that our thoughts are made — remembering always that there are many gradations of astral, as of physical, matter. So we see that every thought we give birth to affects the astral light just as every breath of ours affects the common air. If we did not live so much on the material plane, we would be able to perceive this quite clearly. What a sight, then, to the eye of a Seer, must be the astral atmosphere of a great city! Most of us have learned a certain amount of self-control in speech, so that we can generally refrain from saying things that we would be ashamed to have others hear; but how many of us go through a day without permitting to enter or leave our minds a single thought that we would not be willing to have our comrades read? Yet these thoughts are no more devoid of effect than are the physical impurities which we breathe forth into the atmosphere. Unfortunately, on the astral plane there is no beneficent vegetable kingdom to absorb our impure thoughts and return again the energy which informed

them, purified, into the astral reservoir. Thus the astral light becomes saturated with thoughts waiting to enter men's minds and affect their action — all the impulses which drag men to crime and bestiality, and all the inspirations which fire them to heroism and compassion. And the choice lies entirely in our hands.

The astral light is also the great record-book of eternity. This is the Screen of Time upon which the Recording Angel writes inefaceable records. These records are open to all — any man may gain the power to read them. But if he is to have his eyes opened to this record, he must be prepared to face all the other sights which the astral plane presents — the vile as well as the beautiful. And in view of prevailing conditions, it is surely a blessed restriction which prevents us, with our weak wills, from having to face temptations infinitely more dangerous than those to which we are already exposed, and to which we so frequently succumb.

There is nothing "miraculous" about such a record. A few years ago an instrument was invented, by means of which a person, speaking on or against a diaphragm, produced fluctuations in the strength of the current exciting an electro-magnet. A steel ribbon passing between the poles of the magnet was so energized that on reversing the process, every word spoken could be distinctly reproduced. Such a record cannot be detected by any of the five senses, unaided, for the ribbon has apparently suffered no change; and it can be preserved almost indefinitely. Is there then anything to prevent our thoughts and even our acts from being registered and preserved in a similar way? As Whittier expresses it:

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own;
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

— and it is with warp and woof of astral light that we weave this eternal tapestry, which brings us back to the subject of Karma.

The astral light is the instrument through which this great Law acts. All our acts of will affect first the astral and then the physical plane. Science as yet cannot explain to us how a man has the power to raise his hand; since there is apparently no direct connexion between the thought existing in his mind and the actual motion of the physical matter composing his arm. This however becomes comprehensible when we accept the existence of the astral body of man. His

thoughts, being of the same substance as the astral body — though they may differ perhaps as a gas differs from a metal — they have the power to affect the astral body directly. This being the model upon which our physical body is built, any change therein is followed by change of the physical body. So in thinking, acting — in whatever we do, while we are weaving pictures on the screen of time, we are, so to speak, disturbing the equilibrium of the astral plane, setting up causes whose results can ultimately devolve on nobody but ourselves, which is what is meant by saying that the astral plane is the instrument of the Law of Karma.

We know that all laws must have instruments through which to work. The law of the land has its law courts, the “law of gravitation” has the force of gravity, and Karma has the astral light, for its instrument. And Theosophy goes a step further along the parallel, stating that as the law-court has its presiding human intelligence, in the person of the judge, so the force of gravity has its directing cosmic intelligence, and the astral light its guiding divine intelligence.

To the question: Ought a man to be able to control the astral plane? the answer is a most emphatic Yes — just as much as the material plane. But as we find on this latter plane that the first step towards such control is the ability to prevent the forces operating thereon from controlling us, so should we follow the same plan in our efforts to gain the mastery of the astral ocean in which we live. As matters stand now, we are entirely too much at the mercy of certain thought-currents, which float in and out of our minds as easily as do the bacteria into and out of our lungs; and as for virulence, the germs of physical disease are mildness itself in comparison with these astral plagues. It is perhaps well to recall in this connexion, that it is on this plane that the executed criminal’s passions and evil influence do their deadly work in affecting other weak minds, often inciting them to commit similar deeds. For Theosophists, this is one of the strongest arguments against the death penalty, from a purely scientific point of view.

The whole aim and effort of Theosophy is to make its students and all who contact its teachings, not merely wiser, in the academical sense, but *better* men and women. Hence the insistence with which all Theosophical books and literature point to the close application that these teachings have to the daily life of mankind. Each Manual contains a moral as well as a scientific lesson; and if one were asked to

characterize briefly the lesson brought out by Manual No. 10, I think no more fitting words could be found than those written in the *Voice of the Silence*:

Strive with thy thoughts unclean before they overpower thee. Use them as they will thee, for if thou sparest them and they take root and grow, know well these thoughts will overpower and kill thee. Beware, Disciple, suffer not, e'en though it be their shadow, to approach. For it will grow, increase in size and power, and then this thing of darkness will absorb thy being before thou hast well realized the black foul monster's presence.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XV

(The following anecdotes are taken from Gräffer's work previously referred to.)

A MODERN MAGICIAN



STRANGER had arrived at Vienna for a short time. But his stay became protracted. His business concerned a distant future, that is to say the twentieth century.

He had visited Vienna in reality on account of one single person. This person was Mesmer, who was yet a very young man. Mesmer was struck by the look of the visitor.

"You must be the man," he said, "whose anonymous letter I received from the Hague yesterday."

"I am."

"You want to speak with me at this time, as to my ideas on Magnetism?"

"I do."

"The man who has just left me is the one who in a fatherly way led me to these ideas. He is the famous astronomer Hell."

"I am aware of it."

"But my principles are still in a chaotic condition. Who can give me light?"

"I can."

"You would please me very much, mein Herr."

"I must do so."

The stranger signed to Mesmer to bolt the door and they sat down.

The gist of their conversation concerned the theory of securing the elements of the Elixir of Life from the use of Magnetism, as the result of certain reactions: as it were gathering, skimming, assembling.

The discussion lasted three hours. The art of exorcizing "spirits" found a new and firmer explanation in the varied conclusions drawn. The two men appointed a further meeting in Paris. Then they separated.

The Unknown stranger went to his lodging at the "Wild Man" hotel,

A groom was awaiting him with two horses. A note contained an invitation to Rodaun.

It was night. But in the note at the end, there was a little additional sign which decided the Unknown. In his shoes and silk clothes, just as he was, he mounted one of the horses. The groom did not succeed in overtaking him.

There was a great gathering in the building at Sehfels. The company was divided in several rooms. In one of them they were concocting a fluid.

The Unknown smelt it. Then he threw it to the ground and trampled it underfoot.

"What do you want with this Elixir?" he asked angrily. "This mess is only fit to shorten life, not to lengthen it.

"It seems, gentlemen, that you do not know that the basis of the Philosopher's stone consists in uniting in one and the same substance the finest elementary forces from each of the three kingdoms of nature. You shall learn where and how to find these, but not today."

The bystanders were confounded, speechless.

In another room they were busy generating gold. The stranger approached one of the braziers. He snatched a piece of real gold from the sleeve of the operator which the latter had intended to slip into the brazier and then boast that he had made it.

He approached a second brazier and extinguished the fire. Taking two of the largest pieces of coal he broke them with the poker and real gold fell out of them. The operator had himself brought them in the coal, which he had previously hollowed, in order to boast that he had made it.

He approached a third brazier and took a little powder out of his pocket case and strewed it on the lump of lead in the pan. In three minutes he cast it into a bucket of water. Then he threw it on the table and applied the touchstone; it was solid gold. He obtained a pair of scales; the gold weighed twelve pounds.

The bystanders were confounded, speechless.

In a third room there was a busy hum of conversation.

They were criticising the new divining rod which people used in places where hidden treasure should lie.

The Unknown took a little bottle out of his pocket case.

"Pour that, gentlemen, on to a hazelrod. On Maria-Trost Hill it will show you the place where a million Turkish gold coins lie buried, where in 1683 the tent of the Grand Vizier stood."

The bystanders were confounded, speechless.

A fourth room was full of smoke and there was a horrible stench.

Smoke and stench vanished as the stranger entered; a slight gesture from him and the room was filled with delicious perfume.

"What is going on here?" he asked.

"We want the spirit of Swedenborg," they answered dejectedly.

"How long have you been working at the matter?"

"A month."

"You shall have it."

The stranger vanished.

The bystanders were confounded, speechless.

There was a social gathering at the house of the young Count Max Lamberg.

"I wonder if he will come?" they whispered one to another.

And he sat in the midst of them.

They were talking of Spallanzani and spoke admiringly of his zoological experiments and combinations.

The Unknown said, "That is nothing! Spallanzani has talent, but he is still very young. Do you know Tavernier? Do you know what he saw among the Indians?"

"Yes, the Fig-Tree trick," replied the Count.

The Indian takes a fig, cuts a cross under his arm so that it bleeds. Then he rubs the fig in the wound, puts it six inches underground, a chip of soft wood in the same hole, and in three minutes there springs up a little fig-tree inch by inch so that one can see it growing by jerks.

Two ladies swooned. The remainder of the company clapped approval.

The Stranger laughed. "That is nothing," he said. "Please send me a lackey."

"My friend," said the Unknown, "let him get me some salad from the remains of the table, and a piece of venison."

To the company he said, "The room is too small."

They passed into the great ball-room close by.

The Unknown took a little earth out of his vest pocket and strewed it on the vessel, picked off a piece of the lettuce leaf, and laid it on top. Immediately a little delicate growth unfolded and shot up, and he cast the saucer to the floor, so that it broke into a thousand pieces. In an instant there sprouted, grew, shot up from every piece hundreds and thousands of shoots which quickly spread into bushes, bowers, trees, pine clumps; their scent perfumed the air, breezes whispered in the branches. He waved his handkerchief and the jungle took on an ordered appearance: there were flowerbeds, paths, lawns. A delightful forest was prepared.

"Here is your phantom park," he said to the Count.

There were exclamations of astonishment. The ladies sighed and stammered.

The Unknown tore off some shreds of venison, took some of the little bones of the deer, put them on a plate, poured out a thick broth over them from a jar, blew upon it and stirred the while. Then he threw away the plate.

He breathed three words and waved his handkerchief. Six tender roes leapt from the bushes and lay down at the ladies' feet.

The company also were about to throw themselves at the feet of the stranger and hastened after him into the thickest part of the forest. But he had gone.

The park lasted until the next morning. After the first sunbeam the gardener saw it vanish, gradually dissolving into light etheric vapors, and drawn out into long, thin figures like smoke, vanish away.

Nothing was left there but the broken pieces of the dish and the plate.

Count Zinzendorf, passing almost by chance, happened to be on the spot.

The comedy completely mystified him. He thought he was in his garden at Parchtholdsdorf, which he called Herrenhut. He ran to look for the Unknown, but in vain! The Count died shortly afterwards, there.

It was then time to appear in Rodaun. The exorcizers had already been assembled for some time.

The Unknown glided in. His face showed disapproval.

At the back of the room he noticed a man whose look displeased him. He saw through his coat an illuminated copper plate, Swedenborg's portrait. The man had this in his letter case. The man made a vapor of smoke to draw away the gaze of the new arrival.

This man was Cagliostro.

"There's some quackery going on here," cried the Unknown with a ringing voice.

He looked at the clock.

"There's some bungling going on!" he repeated in thundering tones. "Gentlemen, that man yonder brings you misfortune. Baron Swieten, the wise, is ready. Already you are replaced, quack, you are done with. Your bench is broken!"

There was heard the sound of soldiers approaching.

The Unknown disappeared.

ONE NEW YEAR'S EVE

A pack of chemists, treasure seekers, exorcists, charlatans, and smaller fry had been driven out of the Sehfelds House by the authorities.

Their workshops had been destroyed.

An unknown man, a magician, had twice been present at the proceedings of that group; unintentionally contributing to their unmasking.

Early in the evening of the last night, he had created in Count Lamberg's drawing-room a natural forest and had peopled it instantaneously with living deer.

A noble, enlightened spirit, one of the highest men in the country, had received instant news of this proceeding.

It approached midnight.

He entered a sedan-chair. Two torch-bearers before, two following.

At the "Wild Man" hostel in the Karntnerstrasse they halted.

"Where is the room of the stranger who is to leave early in the morning?"

Opposite the front door the gentleman mounted a narrow dirty wooden staircase. On the door of the Unknown's room was written with chalk: "Enter without knocking."

The cavalier entered.

The room was without light. But notwithstanding this, there could be distinguished in the middle of the room a manly figure in silver-gray, sitting upright in an armchair, shining faintly. The figure rose, moved a little candlestick, and the room burst into flame.

The cavalier started back astonished.

The magician says: "No danger, mein Herr. It is combustible air, gas. You will have it in the next century; it will be common. What you see here is only an anticipation."

No traveling baggage was to be observed with the exception of a little steel coffer. On the table full of writing materials there was a layer of thin rectangular plates.

The cavalier begged to be excused on account of the lateness of the hour.

The magician replied: "It is never night to me. I am used to doing without sleep, which is a dissipation of fully a third of one's life."

The cavalier referred to the laws of nature.

"A little grain of primordial force protects me from the necessity of submitting myself to it."

"I am not here to enquire who you are," the visitor said, the picture of the Empress shining forth from his breast, as though spontaneously, on account of its diamond frame. "I could do so and perhaps ought to do so, but it is not that, honored Sir. The Man, as such, is of little importance, but his spiritual or moral power makes him remarkable and distinguished."

"We understand one another, mein Herr," replied the stranger. "You wish for information as to my power."

"Yes, your knowledge, mein Herr, must be extraordinary."

"Only because it is so perfectly simple."

"I understand."

"I am glad of that. I will be quite open with you. You are great, morally great. Your dust will lie beside that of kings."

"My aim is the common good; it is practical. Immeasurable wealth is buried, slumbering on the waters. These treasures are dead. You, mein Herr, possess the art of making them live. But the hazel-rod (divining-rod) of Sehfeld has gone down in the turmoil of destruction."

"In this century there is money enough. In the coming century people will need it. The men of that time, impelled by, fermenting with technical discoveries, will learn to know the 'willing' rod as soon as the idea of magnetism is worked out to its highest potency. A young man here in Vienna is the first novice."

"You turn aside, mein Herr. I will retreat."

"You are tender, mein Herr. I honor that. But you should not find me ungenerous."

With these words the Unknown opened the steel chest. He took out a kind of needle case and then another and then a little snuff box of platina, and laid the two on the table. Then he took out two quite small bottles. In one of them he let fall from the box some drops of a viscous liquid, and handed it to the cavalier, saying:

"Here you have the power to find two masses of buried noble metal. The gold of the Hill of Maria-Trost where the grand vizier's tent stood, is however, no longer there. Let us now, if you please, leave this stuff."

"Let it be so," said the cavalier. "I thank you very much indeed. It is for

you now to command me. If it is possible, let us be of use to Humanity, in harmony with the highest powers of earth."

They agreed.

"Count Lamberg with his ladies," went on the cavalier, "will visit you again this morning, honored Sir. Everyone is still petrified with astonishment."

The magician replied:

"I see, mein Herr, you want to look into the matter. This snuff-box contains the explanation."

He opened the Charnier tobacco box. There was a brown dust inside like snuff.

Pointing to it, he said: "It is primordial earth."

The cavalier, as though struck by an electric shock, started back. He trembled and his face became deathly pale. He folded his hands. As one filled with holy fear he dared not again approach.

The magician looked at him with the greatest gravity. He spoke, he spoke with burning words.

"This utterance, man, is the key to me of your beautiful soul. It is genuine in fear and in love. A pure man!"

But the magician immediately changed his tone. Respectfully he continued: "I honor you, mein Herr. I permit myself to love you and I do love you. Take, I beg you, a little pinch of this dust. It is enough to change the Sahara Desert into a blooming paradise in three minutes. It is the Primordial Earth."

The cavalier was again most strongly affected.

The Unknown spoke further:

"It is from India. I myself received it a long time ago. Such a thing cannot happen a second time. Now you know the park of Count Lamberg. But here you see the deer."

From the second little box he dropped into a little bottle a few small flakes of damp greenish feebly-shining jelly, saying, "It is Primordial Mud."

The cavalier trembled again and became fiery red.

"Take it, mein Herr. Guard it," continued the Magician. "I honor you. I will ever love you, for you are sincere and pious."

"You see," added he, "that one, in order to bring forth appearances which are worthy of being admired by thinking people, must have studied nature herself, to know the spirit of things, else it is vain jugglery, prestidigitation, or mechanical contrivances."

"You are right," said the cavalier. "It is only vain jugglery, which can have no inner interest. Ordinary table tricksters understand nothing of natural knowledge; they are only men of outward routine."

Throwing a look of gratitude on the present, the cavalier added, "What a striking humiliating proof of the perishability of earthly things! How powerless is our earthly kingdom today! How helpless is our modern foulness, in spite of its wonderful productivity!"

"The essence of matter gets used up," replied the magician. "Its spirit leaves it; its power of manifestation wanes gradually. Yesterday, before I rode to Rodaun, I visited your sulphur spring at Baden. During the last fifty years

since I last observed it, its virtue and smell have considerably decreased. The beautiful Baden has no more volcanic eruption to fear. You see, mein Herr, I belong to the Vulcanists; I have always ridiculed the Neptunists. The globe will perish from congelation."

"To be sure it will," replied the cavalier. "The interior fires are dying; crumbling and falling to pieces."

He, the magician, laughed.

"In order not to be surprised by the ladies," he said, "I will make you a keepsake for them of my portrait."

With these words he took one of the thin silver plates and looked steadily at it close by the light of the candle, as one looks in a mirror. He handed the plate to the cavalier; it was an exact portrait of the magician.

How astonished the latter was!

But the stranger said: "This discovery also is merely an anticipation, like all my inventions. People are struck only by the yet undiscovered, the yet uninvited."

The cavalier was quite absorbed in contemplation of the picture.

"Inexplicable! incomprehensible!" exclaimed he repeatedly. "You are right: everything is only anticipation, priority alone makes the distinction: the first time; the beginning. The mythological gods were men centuries before the others discover things in physics."

"Yes, and you will have Daedalus and better in the next century. Every child has long known how to make thunder and lightning. This art of facsimile portrait-making will be discovered by a Frenchman. The people of Vienna, always full of talent, will carry it to the point of producing them in color."

It seemed to the cavalier that the Unknown's glance rested on the writing materials.

He took his leave.

The magician said, "You have now seen and heard something of the things that are possible. How long and how happily would men live if they had this before their eyes:

"Animal and spiritual, the highest thing in life is power alone. Educate and beautify yourselves, your lives."

Having said this he bowed and stepped into the recess.

The cavalier went out.

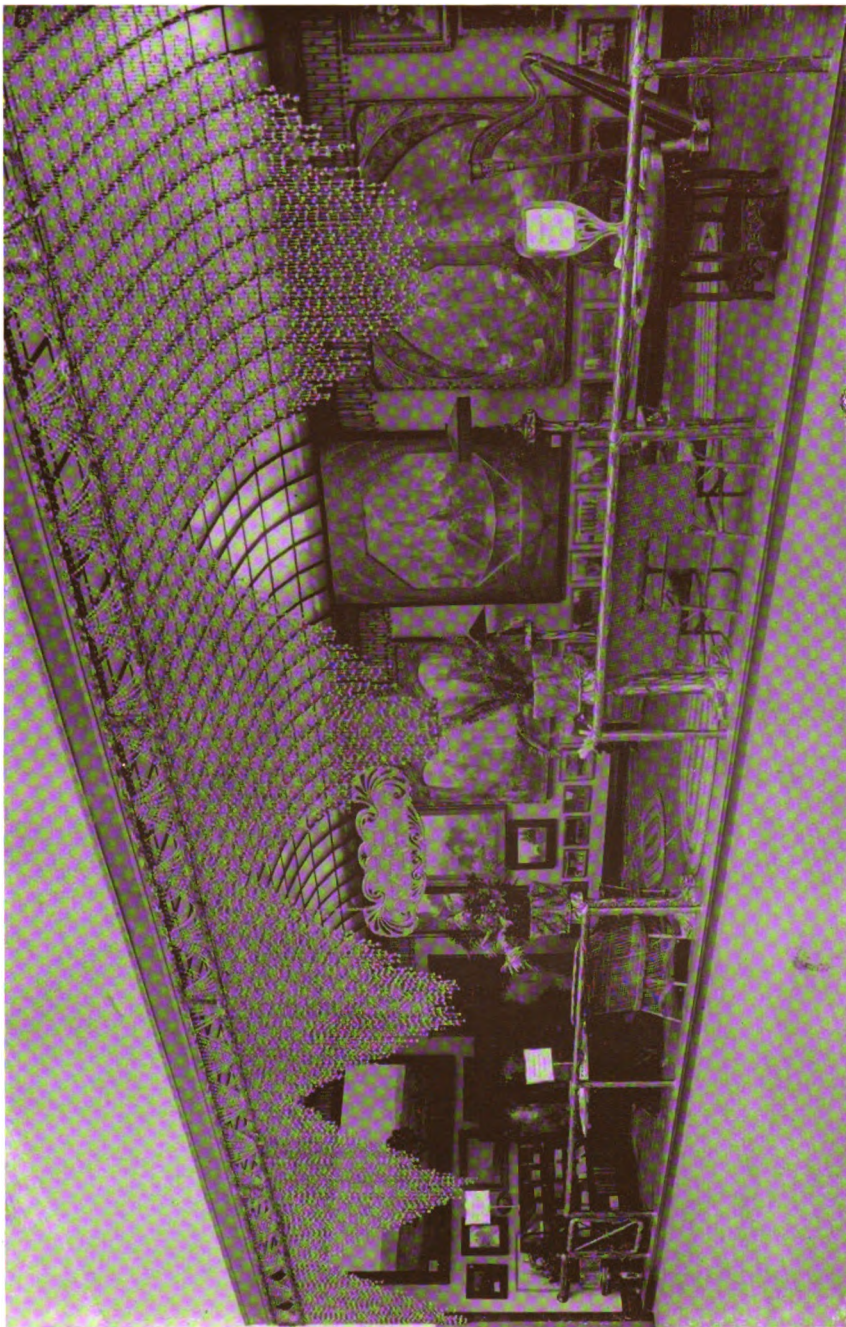
.

Next day the landlord of the inn said:

"Last night, a gentleman from the Imperial court was with the wonderful Unknown."

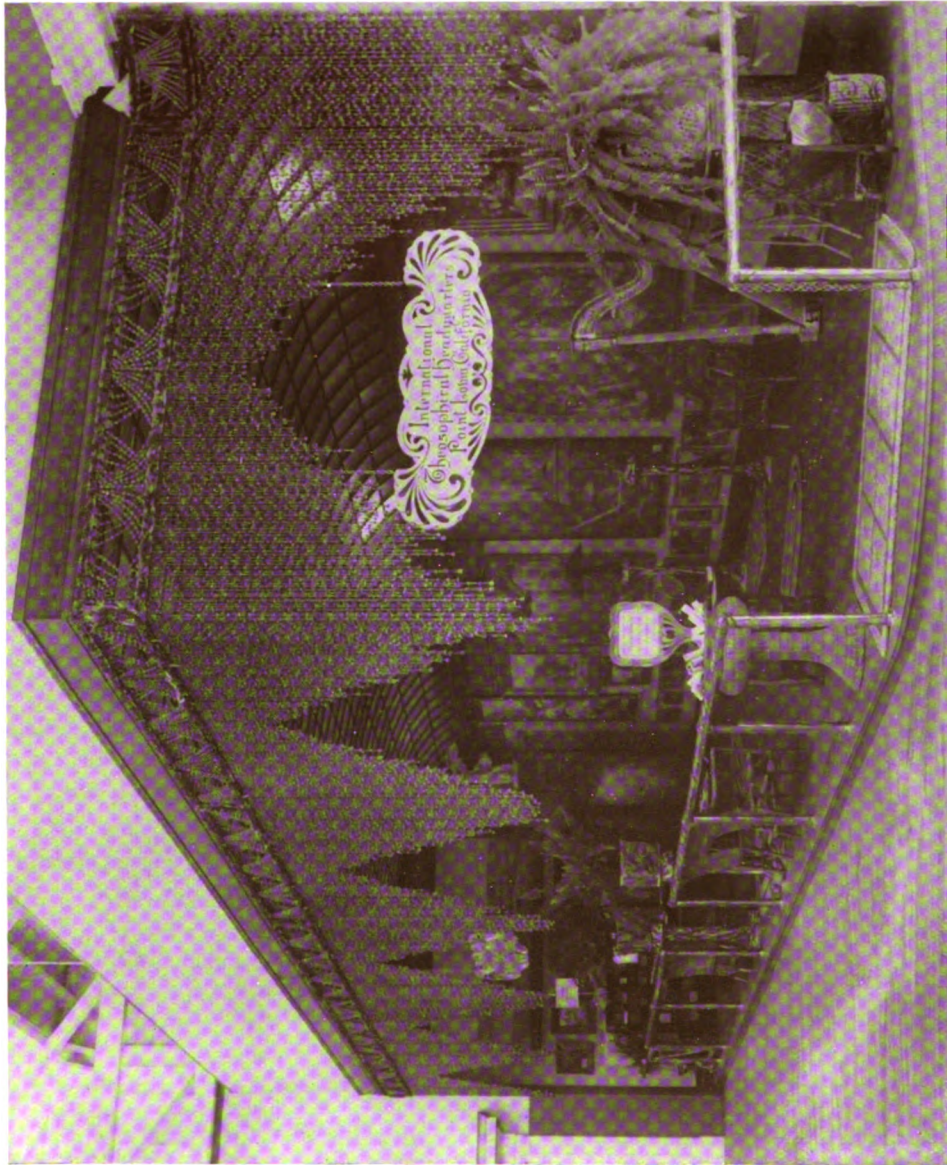
.

The great Swieten, whose ashes rest by those of Kings in the chapel of Augustine.



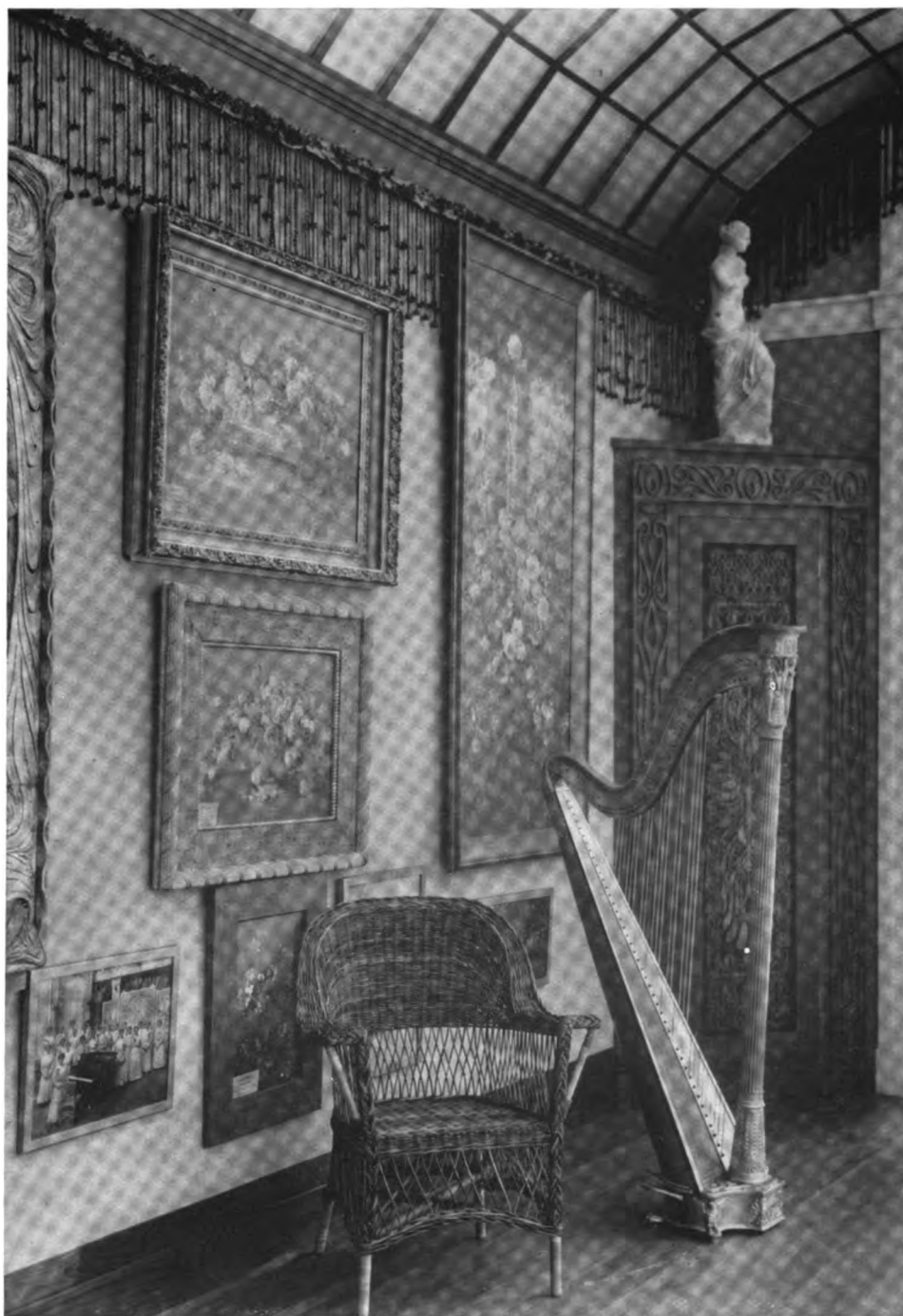
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A VIEW OF THE THEOSOPHICAL BUREAU AND EXHIBIT IN THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION,
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A VIEW OF THE THEOSOPHICAL BUREAU FROM ANOTHER ANGLE.



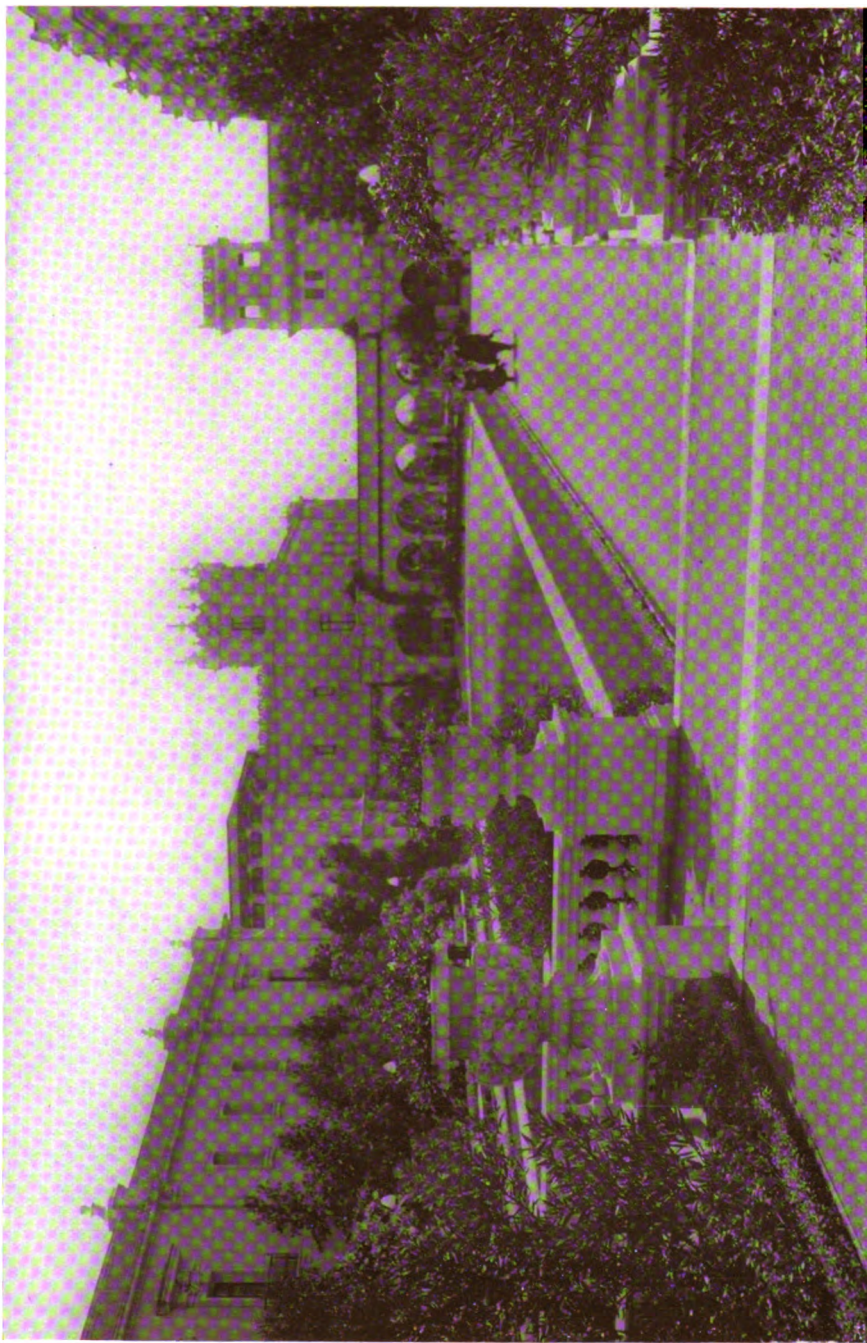
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A CORNER IN THE THEOSOPHICAL BUREAU



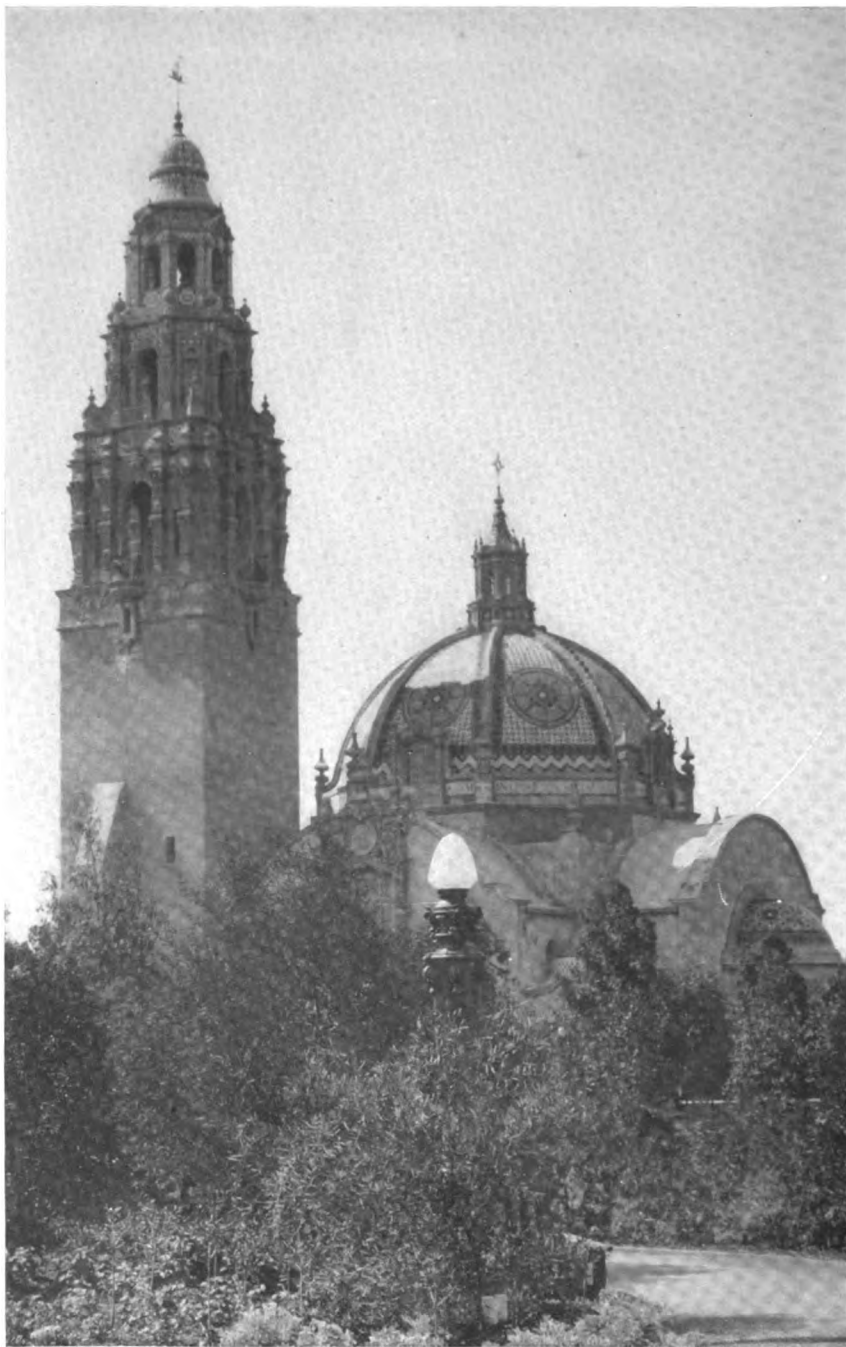
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

EXHIBIT OF STANDARD THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE AT MALMÖ EXPOSITION, SWEDEN, 1913



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ARTIFICIAL LAKE AND PROMENADE NEAR THE BOTANICAL BUILDING; PANAMA-CALIFORNIA
EXPOSITION; LOOKING SOUTH



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING AND TOWER, PANAMA-CALIFORNIA
EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER VII

MRS. WEITMAN AT HOME



UT there is another side," said Mrs. Weitman, continuing the conversation, "which few people ever seem to consider."

"Because," replied Dr. Desmond, who with a small party of friends sat around the fire in Mrs. Weitman's pleasant library; "because so few people know anything about it. The materialism of the age, to say nothing of the almost total ignorance of the inner nature of things, prevents people from thinking about or believing in the unbreakable continuity of life. Therefore to them there is no other side. They think and say that when life is extinct in the body the man is dead, and that ends it."

"Well, doesn't that end it?" asked Florence Vining; "at least for this time its all finished," she added.

"No, it does not end it all," said the Doctor thoughtfully. "In fact it is but the beginning of a new and more intense phase of life. That is why hurling a man suddenly and violently out of his body is not only a terrible mistake but a crime perpetrated against nature."

"To me," said Florence, "any kind of death is terrible. I have always been so afraid of it."

"That is because most of us," said Mrs. Weitman, "have been so misled about the real nature of death and the place it holds in the evolution of the inner self, which is the real man. The body is only the outer covering, the instrument through which it learns and works."

"Then why," asked Jasper Raymond, a young musician, "if the real man is so entirely apart from the body, is it so great a misfortune to lose it?"

"It is a misfortune for several reasons," replied Dr. Desmond. "The human being is made up of several distinct principles, yet so closely interlocked that they form one perfect whole. Nature has so wrought and interwoven these principles that they will each last and cling together until the period for which she intended them to endure has come to its end; and then by a perfectly natural process they gradually and painlessly separate. This is a natural death; the soul has finished its work in that body and is ready to leave it."

"But in the other case it is not ready — its work is not done; the principles cling tenaciously together, will not, cannot separate. Thus

the entire man minus his outer body, the physical, is violently thrust across the border from the material into the astral world."

"I have heard," said Mr. Rogers, "that neither drowning nor hanging were painful after the first moment or two."

"But," demurred Jasper, "no one who has been drowned or hanged could testify to that."

"But many have been almost drowned and then revived," said Dr. Jordan. "What do you say, Dr. Desmond?"

"Of course after the body has been killed, or stunned into insensibility it can give no outward sign of suffering. But the inner astral body, which is in reality the seat of feeling or sensation, has not been, cannot be, killed. Though it can no longer express through the body, how do we know how keen and agonizing its feelings may or may not be? And then there is the mental suffering to be considered."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Weitman, "it would be impossible to imagine the horror and despair which closes around and shuts in the doomed man. How terrible to count the days, knowing that each one is bringing him that much nearer to the last and dread act of his life. The thinking of and picturing that last forced act! And they do not know that though they are being robbed of the time that should be spent in redeeming the errors of the past, they must come again and in other lives do that work."

"But what is the result, Mrs. Weitman?" asked Florence. "Is that what you meant by the other side?"

"Yes, Florence; but Dr. Desmond can better explain it."

"Please do, father," urged Hylma.

"By the other side," replied the Doctor, "Mrs. Weitman meant what takes place after the criminal has been violently dispossessed of his earthly tenement. His condition is truly pitiable, for he cannot really die, and his lower part must wander about in the astral world until the time arrives at which he would naturally have died. He is also bound to earth because the astral body is the pattern or mold on which the physical is built. It is in it, enmeshed in every atom of its flesh, and to tear it from a body in its full health and vigor is like tearing the pit from a green fruit. In both cases nature resists a violation of her rigid customs."

"In the case of a natural death the astral body remains near the physical as long as a particle of it is left, excepting the skeleton. But in this case *the other principles have left it*, and it is what is

termed an astral shell, devoid of intelligence, and indeed of all life except that which it draws from its disintegrating physical body, and thus it gradually fades away."

"Can this astral shell ever be seen?" inquired Jasper.

"Under certain conditions," replied the Doctor. "We have all heard countless stories of ghosts and spirits being seen in and near graveyards. Naturally these astral shells hover around near their physical forms. We must remember that the coarsest form of astral matter is not very different from the finest layer of physical matter. In fact, where they merge into each other we can find no exact dividing line."

"I have heard persons solemnly affirm that they had seen graveyard apparitions," said Mr. Rogers; "but I never believed them. I supposed they were frightened and thought they had actually seen them. But now I can see how it might have been."

"It always made me feel creepy," said his wife. "Are there other circumstances under which they may be seen?"

"They often appear in séance rooms. They are drawn there by the magnetic currents of the mediums and sitters, because they are strengthened by these currents. Mediums often describe shadowy, half-forming, half dissolving faces and figures, and explain that they are spirits 'too weak' to fully form and show themselves. But the truth is they are the remains of decaying astrals."

"Well!" said another lady present. "That appears reasonable; but I thought that there was more than that at séances."

"Indeed there is," said Mrs. Weitman. "Dr. Desmond can tell a great deal more."

"But," said Dr. Jordan, "you have told us this about the astral shells of people who die naturally. What is the difference with those of men who are executed?"

"There is a great difference. With the person who dies a violent death before the natural time, the *lower* man, i. e., the personality, with its various inner bodies, remains intact and does not separate for many years perhaps, that is, until the period of his natural death has arrived. He is the same that he was in the body, but become worse by the measure of the anger, hatred, and revenge added to his nature by his trial and execution, which he deems cruel and unjust. All his passions, appetites, and desires are fully and vigorously alive; but without his body he has no means of gratifying them; and this

adds to his hatred of humanity and to his burning desire for revenge.

"He cannot escape from this lower astral plane. He is in torment; he wants to drink, smoke, eat, and indulge all the vices to which, perhaps, he has been accustomed. He soon finds that he can influence living men, persons of weak negative natures — and those popularly termed sensitives. Some he can influence more or less to do the things he wishes to do but cannot for lack of his body; so through their bodies he partakes of these 'pleasures.' He incites them even to crime, and thus by influencing a great many people to do evil his power is multiplied and he becomes a hundredfold more dangerous than when in his own body. This class of beings is called earth-bound souls."

"Doctor," said Florence, "these things seem so dreadful; they frighten me. I hope there are not many people so bad as these."

"My dear," said Mrs. Weitman, "every human being has a dual nature. Man is a twofold being, the lower part largely animal; the higher divine and capable of climbing to the heights of perfection. The weak and evil permit the animal to rule in them. The pure and good are guided by the divine."

"But how can people help being just what they are?"

"Why Florence," said Hylma, "every one has a will of his own and can choose which way he will go."

"Well, it seems to me," said Jasper, "that people can't always choose."

"No," said Dr. Jordan. "I think that often they do what they would not, because there seems to them no other way."

"Yes," added Florence, "and just think of those born in the slums. In such environments might not any of us be just what those poor creatures are?"

"Now, father," said Hylma, "how are you going to explain all these things?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Rogers. "How can the incongruities and injustices of life be explained? That has always been such a stumbling-block to me."

"That has been a stumbling-block to many," replied the doctor, "and has caused them to lose faith in divine justice and compassion. There is nothing that can explain it except the laws of rebirth and Karma."

"I think," said Hylma, "that it is good to know that we are not

limited to one brief life, but will have other lives in which we can rectify our errors and mistakes and go on, learning and growing."

"That is surely the only reasonable thing," said Jasper.

"I think I should hardly care to live at all if only one short earth-life was all there was of it," said Dr. Jordan.

"One could not hope to accomplish much," said Mrs. Rogers.

"Well," said Florence, "I never have really understood just what the law of Karma is."

"You know what is meant by cause and effect, do you not?" asked Dr. Desmond.

"Oh yes, we all know that what follows any given cause is the effect of that cause; and when we see any effect we know that there must have been an adequate precedent cause."

"Certainly every reasonable person must see that," said Mrs. Rogers. "Is that the law of Karma, doctor?"

"Roughly speaking, it is. Jesus said, as have all great teachers before him, that everyone must reap exactly what he sows; but never a word of promise that this harvest might be left for someone else to gather."

"But what of the atonement?" anxiously inquired a pale sad woman dressed in mourning.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Hadley," replied Dr. Desmond, "Jesus never taught that his death could or would atone for the sins of anybody else."

"But he said 'I am the way, the truth and the life.'"

"And so he was in the sense in which he used the words. It is simply a figure of speech likely to be used by all great teachers and divine helpers of the world. They have reached human perfection, or near-perfection, themselves, perhaps many ages ago, and then incarnate again, not for themselves, for they have nothing more to learn in this Manvantara, but to teach and uplift the mass of humanity who are toiling up the steep and rocky road which they once traveled to reach their present height. Therefore the Teacher says to his disciple 'I am the Way. Follow me and I will lead you to all truth and light.'"

"But doesn't he say he will *give* them light and knowledge?" asked Mrs. Hadley earnestly.

"I think that is a great misconception, Mrs. Hadley. He told

them that he had found the Way, thus becoming himself that Way; but he could not travel the path for another — no one can. Each soul *must* do that for himself. He must bear the toil, danger, suffering, and fatigue himself: and every grain of knowledge he gathers must come through his own exertions. The teacher can assist, and explain; but he cannot study for his pupil, or hand out his own knowledge and learning to him as he would hand him a book or a picture."

"Oh," sighed Mrs. Hadley, "that sounds so different from what we have been taught! It seems to me so disconcerting, too."

"Why, I don't see it that way," said Dr. Jordan. "Of course it's not easy, like throwing our ignorance, sins, and follies on Jesus, and feeling that we are rid of them."

"But what could he do with them?" asked Hylma. "If every cause has its equal effect, will not all these sins and follies have to be worked out or neutralized in some way?"

"They surely will," said Mrs. Weitman. "We see the effects of past sins, follies, and mistakes being worked out in our own lives and in the lives of others every day and all the time; and this is the law of Karma, which cannot be evaded by any one. As we sow so *must* we reap."

"Then," said Mrs. Rogers, "we can't help or hinder the law; it is fate — kismet."

"And," added Mrs. Hadley, "it is so cold, so hard, and cruel! How different from feeling that we have a loving and compassionate Savior to pity and pardon."

"But it is justice," said Jasper, "even though stern and unforgiving."

"I think," said Dr. Desmond, "that you all take somewhat wrong views. As regards fatalism it is not that at all. Though we must certainly meet the consequences of our past deeds, good or bad, the experience we gain is a very necessary teacher and if met in the right spirit will show us how to avoid similar sins and errors in this and in future lives. In this way *we can change* our Karma from evil to good.

"This is why we are taught that each individual is exactly what he has made himself."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Hadley, "I don't want to make myself! I want to feel that God made me, and that I'm his child."

"Dear Mrs. Hadley," said Mrs. Weitman, "you need not give

up that belief. You are the child of God and he made you, in a far deeper, closer sense than you have ever imagined. But God takes his own time and way to accomplish his work. The same Christ, a ray from the Father, is in you and in each one, that was in Jesus. Only he had developed his into the perfection of divine wisdom, while many of us will not be persuaded that we have it at all and are looking for God and Christ *outside* of ourselves.

"Why, you might as well look for your pulse-beats, the thoughts of your brain, the emotions of your heart, outside of and disconnected from yourself."

"All that Mrs. Weitman says is true," continued Dr. Desmond. "And what is there cold or cruel, Mrs. Hadley, in feeling that Christ is within ourselves, our very own, instead of being all centered in some other person who must act as mediator between us and our heavenly source? And it is our privilege, in our power, to gain perfect knowledge of this Christ within, and finally to become one with it."

"Well," said Mrs. Rogers, "I see now why you must believe in reincarnation. I don't believe I'd ever rise up to all this in a million years."

"Yes," added her husband, "it does make one little earth-life appear absurd, doesn't it?"

"It's fortunate that we have all eternity at our disposal," remarked Dr. Jordan.

"Well, friends," said Dr. Desmond, rising, "I have a patient to visit, so I must be going."

"I will go with you," said Dr. Jordan; and the party separated.

(To be continued)



REGARDING a recent investigation anent "plant autographs," the *Scientific American* says it "proves that the barrier long supposed to exist between plant and animal life is purely arbitrary. If all matter is alive . . . surely we must not speak of 'sciences,' but of 'science.' There is but one science, one truth, and all . . . are part of a great unity."

Like must produce like. Absolute Life cannot produce an inorganic atom, single or complex — wrote H. P. Blavatsky in 1888. (*Secret Doctrine*, i. 258) D.



THE SCREEN OF TIME

F. J. Dick, Editor

GARDENS OPENED AT POINT LOMA

HOURS SET FOR PUBLIC TO VIEW GROUNDS OF THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

THE grounds of the Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma are now open daily to the public from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. (Sundays 1 to 4 p. m.) and no visitor to the Panama-California Exposition should miss seeing this beautiful place — one of the chief show places of California. The many acres of gardens there are now at their best, a mass of bloom, while weather conditions make the views of mountains, coast and sea things which once seen are never forgotten.

Charles Dudley Warner once stated that the view from Point Loma was one of the three most beautiful in the world. From San Geronio and the north, and the snow-clad San Bernardino range, the eye takes in at one vast sweep from the Theosophical grounds two hundred miles of mountain line, extending to Table Mountain in Lower California and beyond.

Each day between 3 and 4 o'clock p. m., except Sunday, a charming out-door entertainment is given in various parts of the grounds by pupils of the different groups at the Râja-Yoga Academy. Among other items may be mentioned as especially interesting the singing of the famous Râja-Yoga International Chorus, which accompanied Madame Tingley on her European tour in 1913 and won fame in most of the principal musical centers of the old world, and especially at The Hague; selections by the Râja-Yoga Military Band; carols by the "Tiny Tots," given in the beautiful Greek Theater, the first, it is interesting to remember, in these days when open-air Greek theaters are becoming common, to have been built in America. Charming Swedish folk-dances are also given in Swedish national costume. In a few weeks the magnificent Aryan Memorial Temple, the architecture of its exterior already widely known, will be open to visitors.

Transportation facilities via electric cars on the Point Loma Railroad from Fourth and Broadway provide the most convenient service to people wishing to visit the grounds, as Ocean Beach cars now stop at the new Theosophical station, where visitors are met with automobiles.

— From the *San Diego Union*, March 23, 1915

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MANY among our numerous visitors, and especially the younger ones, may like to know that on an eminence within the grounds an alidade has been erected, similar to those at Berne and other places in Switzerland, which points out the mountains and islands visible, and gives their names, heights, and distances.

ABOLISHING CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE New Hampshire house of representatives did a humane act Tuesday when it voted to abolish capital punishment. The bill now goes to the senate and it would redound to the credit of that body if it would take similar action.

The day for judicially taking human life in the United States, in a settled section like New England, is past and gone. Where new sections of our country are being developed, where there is a great ignorant class, the same as in some sections of the southern states, it may be necessary still to keep upon the statute books the death penalty, as a means of dealing with crimes of an atrocious character.

But here in New Hampshire, with its law-abiding, God-fearing people, there is no longer need for such an inhuman and brutal statute or the carrying out of such a revolting custom.

As Representative Noonan of Enfield stated so well Tuesday, "our prisons and institutions should be places of reformation, not condemnation."

The sentencing of criminals for life of the St. Denis and the Comery type is to us a greater and more proper and fitting punishment and it is certainly more humane. Men of this class should not be pardoned, but made to pay the extreme penalty of the law.

Where murder is committed under great excitement or sudden fits of passion, there may be instances when the pardoning power can be exercised with judgment, mercy, and justice. But it is a power that should not be abused. There has been a tendency to do too much along these lines.

Men who have violated the laws of the land and have performed heinous offenses should not be pardoned until all reasonable doubt has been settled that they have reformed and changed their ways. Their change of heart must be sincere and not be the cunning trick of a distorted and diseased mind to obtain freedom, in order again to embark on an era of crime.

We are glad that New Hampshire has taken the initial step towards abolishing capital punishment. We do not believe that it will result in more homicides. It has not in other states. It is a step in the line of progress and higher civilization. There is no justification in these days in this state for judicial murder.

From *Manchester, N. H., Daily Mirror and American*, Feb. 24, 1915



ABOLISHING CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN NORTH DAKOTA

A BILL abolishing capital punishment in the State of North Dakota was passed on March 5, 1915.—*San Diego Union*, March 6, 1915



MERCY is the might of the righteous.—*Vishnu-Purâna*, Bk. I, ch. i.

BOOK AND MAGAZINE REVIEWS

The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed

EVERY Cymro is, of course, a cultured person. Every cultured Cymro should read that most fascinating book, *The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed*, written by Kenneth Morris, and issued from the Aryan Theosophical Press, at Point Loma, California.

Where thousands have heard of the Mabinogion, but one or two have read and admired even the magnificent translations by Lady Charlotte Guest.

Mr. Morris is not only a gifted and fascinating writer, but a faithful and conscientious Welsh scholar, and a poet of a very high order. Thus splendidly equipped, he has built his history on the Four Branches of the Mabinogion. From this source comes the main framework of the plot. But, because of this, think not that *The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed* means the Mabinogion rewritten. Far from it. Its great power is in its originality. The romance is not only charming, but the reader is fairly absorbed in the interest aroused by the book. He is carried back to the Gwalia of the thirteenth century, those glorious days of Romance. Speaking in his preface, Mr. Morris says:

The stories long survived the time when their real meaning had been forgotten. Druidism, as a state religion, might not withstand the legions and prescriptions of the Caesars; if it lived on, it was in secret. But the Druid-born stories that had been the amusement of the chieftains in the evenings of winter; that were for inculcating the traditional virtues in the young men and maidens — there would not cease to be a need for them. The winter evenings were no shorter than of old; the virtues taught by the new religion were of another order; the feast times would still be incomplete without bards and storytellers; and these must have their old capital to draw upon; they must have the outward and visible sign, if not the inward and spiritual grace. Perhaps all the ancient stories we have, Celtic or Scandinavian, Greek or Persian, or Indian, are but the retelling of the sacred Mystery tales, by bards who had forgotten their meaning: forgotten something of it, or most of it, or all of it. For nothing dies until it has lost its first virtue; if the religions of the ancients had been true to themselves, had remained uncorrupted, they would have not passed away. Does not history prove to us — this little fragment of history that we possess — that the history of religion is always the story of a waning of a Light, and its rekindling elsewhere when too dim for further utility?

. . . So in this attempt to retell the Mabinogi, the Gods had to be restored. For the endeavor has not been to bring the stories up to date, as down through the centuries so many have done with that other Welsh saga, the Arthurian legend; the endeavor has not been to make an acceptable modern novel of them, or to charge them with any criticism of life — twentieth century life; as Tennyson charged the Arthurian legend with criticism of nineteenth century life; or as Malory charged it with criticism of the life of the Middle Ages.

Malory and Tennyson both attained wonderful results, no doubt, from the literary standpoint; but I think that from the standpoint of a lover of ancient Wales and Welsh traditions and ideals, they both made a failure of it, on the whole. The atmosphere of our mountains calls for some older glamor, some magic more gigantic and august; you must have Gods, and Warriors, and great Druids, not curled and groomed knightlings at their jousts and amours. Those treasure-laden pages in *Culhwch and Olwen*, in which the list is given of Arthur's men — there you have an indication of the great things that were in

the ancient Celtic or pre-Celtic mind; voices call there from peaks which have since been wrapped in silence; in all Welsh and Welsh-inspired literature, I find nothing so Welsh as that.

The high lofty ideals and noble aim of the story are well reflected in this excerpt from the Preface. No Welsh student can boast of a complete library until it comprises *The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed*. Every page teems with interest. It is a standard work.

The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed, 335 pages, Royal 8vo, cloth, \$2.00 per copy, postpaid. For sale by The Theosophical Publishing Company, Point Loma, Cal., and by The Theosophical Book Company, 18 Bartlett's Building, Holburn Circus, London, E. C.—From *The Welsh-American*, Feb. 1, 1915



Den Teosofiska Vägen

Illustrated. Quarterly

Editor: Gustav Zander, M. D., Stockholm, Sweden.

IN "The Basis of True Peace," by Dr. Osvald Sirén, which opens the January number, he says the prevalent notion that war may after all be good because it calls forth heroism, etc., is much as if it were asserted that one must look through a more or less besmirched pane of glass in order to behold the beauty of the sky. The article is inspiring, and naturally proceeds to discourse on the greater warfare—waged in the silence—which is man's real business. "The foundation of peace is builded alone in the human heart, for there exists the reality back of life and beyond death." "Class-jealousy and its Cause," is an interesting contribution by Dr. G. Zander, treating mainly of the beneficent and corrective action of Karmic law. "While king and beggar stand alike before Eternal Justice, the fall from one life to the other can be so much the deeper for him who held the greater responsibility."

Other articles are: "Is Reincarnation Contrary to Christian Doctrine?," "The Treasure of the Fruit Garden," "The Christmas Bell," and in the section assigned to the Woman's International Theosophical League, "Why not Appeal to the Divine in Man?" "What are Dreams?" Six views in Uppsala are accompanied by descriptive matter, and there is an equal number of fine scenes in Norway and Denmark.



The New Way

Illustrated. Monthly. For gratuitous distribution in Prisons.

Editor: Herbert Coryn, M. D., Point Loma, California

THE March number has an article on "Freedom," read at a Prisoners' Debating Society. Then comes "Day Man and Night Man," in which our old friend Chris discourses in his plain vernacular. "A Letter to a Prisoner" makes one realize we are all, in a sense, prisoners. "The Day's Medicine" and the anecdotes are excellent. The "New Way Guidebook" and "Pass it Along" are bright and fresh as ever.

OBITUARY

ON Friday, February twelfth, 1915, Mrs. Theresa Stevens, an old and tried Theosophical Worker from Buffalo, passed away at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The following Sunday a most impressive service was arranged in her memory by Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world. In this ceremony all the residents and students of Lomaland, old and young, took part.

In vain might another attempt fittingly to pay tribute to our departed Comrade's memory, after listening to Katherine Tingley's beautiful words on that occasion. She said:

"This is a very sacred occasion to me, and is, no doubt, to you all. If each of us can learn our lesson from it, then we shall find that our beloved comrade Theresa Stevens, though seemingly dead, is alive and with us in the truest sense.

"I knew Theresa Stevens in the early days. She was one of the first women in the city of New York who met me when I came into the Theosophical Movement outwardly as a stranger. Our meeting was an unusual one; it was a whole-souled one; it was so truly cordial, that I felt not only the touch of her heart-life, but of her spiritual life. I sensed, so to speak, her aspirations and her splendid devotion, in the touch of her hand, and still more in all her efforts in defense of our dear Chief, William Q. Judge, when he was so persecuted; and in all the struggles that she had in Buffalo, working so faithfully with her husband, Mr. W. A. Stevens, the President of that Branch.

"There never was a time when she faltered. In that there is a lesson for us all, something to think about for a long time. There is something in the idea of 'Falter not' that can bring home to us a help and a power that we little dream of. *She faltered not.* She was truly loyal and devoted to the Cause of Humanity. Her trust was as great as any I have found in the Theosophical Movement. She impressed me from the moment I first saw her, as one who had been tried and not found wanting.

"I knew her as few knew her, yet there were many who knew her splendid, royal virtues. She was one of the first who responded to my call for helpers for the Children's Home in Buffalo. She was like a good angel to us. She gathered about her the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Buffalo, and imbued them to a degree with the same spirit that she had. She co-operated in the very truest sense. She never had time to think about her personality or to forget her duty. She simply moved along with a determined will to serve — that will which brought her here with her husband. And here together the two have worked hand in hand, and have done a large share in advancing the highest interest of humanity.

"From her there was never a murmur, never a complaint, never criticism of another. She always carried herself in the sunlight of life, in the light of noble service. She expressed joy in her service. It was quiet and unpretentious; she did her part, responded to the call of duty in every possible way, and stood firmly by her position as a Theosophist to the end.

"In her home-life there was a touch of the heart-doctrine that few have ever seen. I feel sure that if all of you who are living the married life could have looked on that home, you would have realized that she was most faithful and true to her duty there, for she had a broad comprehension of what the devotion of a true woman was; and she did nobly and well.

"In her illness we have another grand example. She was a very great sufferer. She suffered so much that I wondered how she could smile. But she kept on smiling. It was like an eternal smile; and I know that somewhere out in space, she is still smiling; looking back to us, and in the silence trying to tell us something of her love for humanity and her love for you and her hopes for you.

"This is indeed an occasion that we must not forget. And none of us must be so carried away with our personal interests at any time, that we lose sight of the time when we too must take our places in the silence and meet with our brothers in the same way as we meet today. If we are to be strong enough and brave enough to face death or rebirth in a manly and womanly way, we should have a greater knowledge of who we are, and what our duties are; and we should be reminded of what our duties are; and we should also be reminded that we cannot falter, that the great human family suffers when we falter, that our comrades suffer, and that we suffer unnecessarily ourselves, and that the new generation will suffer, if we falter.

"So I know that if she could speak to you, she would say: 'Comrades, falter not. You who sometimes lose sight of the great spiritual light of the Universe, of your highest duty to yourselves; you who sometimes fail to listen to the dictates of your hearts and the voice of duty, turn about! Take courage! Begin anew! Falter not, dear comrades!'"

A COMRADE



ANOTHER TOUCH OF MUSIC

A SONG into which a Welsh soldier put his heart and soul brought about a temporary truce during the fighting near Dixmudé recently. The one who writes of this incident says:

"We were unprepared for any break in the dull misery of our routine, when out of the darkness came a voice. It was a merry Welsh ballad called 'Hob y deri dando,' sung in as fine a voice as one could hear on the stage. It was the cheeriest sound I ever heard. At the end a round of applause came down the trenches. Thereupon the gallant Welshman gave us 'Mintra Gwen.'

"Meanwhile, we realized that not a shot had been fired by either side during the song. We had forgotten all about war. So a bargain was struck with the Germans that if the Welshman would give us another song, neither side would fire any more until daylight.

"The third song was 'Hen Wlad fy Nhadau.' It was perhaps the first time the Welsh national anthem was ever heard on this dismal Flemish morass."

—*New York Times*, Feb. 25, 1915

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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EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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DARJILING, INDIA. MOUNT KINCHINJUNGA AS IT LOOKS FROM THE MALL

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VIII

MAY, 1915

NO. 5

To THE true believer, truth, wherever it appears, is welcome, nor will any doctrine seem the less true or the less precious, because it was seen not only by Moses or Christ, but likewise by Buddha or Lao-Tse.—*Max Müller*

OUR COMPLEX PERSONALITY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



WE have heard of those cases where some one's personality has become broken up into several different parts, each part ruling the body at a different time. Such cases are reported by experimenters in psychological phenomena, where a Miss X (for instance) has had several distinct personalities, which were labeled A, B, C, etc., each having its own character, and each ruling in turn. Sometimes, again, we read in the papers of people forgetting the whole of their ordinary personality, and becoming (as it were) some one else for a time, and afterwards returning to their normal personality.

But these are only special and extreme cases of what is really quite ordinary; for our character is made up of a number of such diverse elements, though in healthy individuals they do not become separated in the above way. Complex characters often experience this multiplicity of the personality so keenly that they begin to wonder "which is me," and even to think that perhaps there is no real "me" at all.

The word *persona* means a mask, used by tragic actors on a large open-air stage, to represent the character they are impersonating and to give visible size to their features. It is no accident that the word "personality" should be derived from the word that means a mask. Shakespeare, among others, has compared life to a drama, and the world to a stage.

Many of the ancient philosophers have frankly regarded the human being as a composite creature, and have considered the soul to be multiplex. This view will have to be taken again, nowadays, and made into a working theory of life.

But the most important point is — Where or what is the *real* Self, if any? Who is the actor that plays the many different parts in life?

It is possible to get to a point where we seem to consist largely of an angel and a devil, the one sober and scrupulous, the other libertine, but neither of them genuine. Yet this is by no means a complete analysis of our character; for there are fortunately times when neither of these fictitious personalities is on the stage, and when we are natural.

The subject is recognized as of the greatest importance in the bringing up of children. As things are, the child is suffered to develop several of these different personalities; and in general it may be said that he develops a side of his character that is entirely concealed from his parents.

The fond parent sketches out an ideal part for the child to enact, and yet at the same time overfeeds and over-indulges the child; so that the unfortunate being soon acquires a double personality, one half for show and the other half kept out of sight. He is not a conscious hypocrite; he merely does the inevitable and accommodates himself as best he can to the situation. It is of no use his trying to explain matters to the fond parent, for the determination of that parent *not to see* interposes an adamant wall between parent and child. When the child grows up, the other side of his nature may come forth, and to the parent it seems as though the character had changed and the child had gone to the dogs.

There are some psychologists so confused that they would have us think that this suppressed personality is the real self (!), the voice of nature; and that we ought not to contradict it — if we do, we are guilty of hypocritical morality — and they talk of “human nature” and natural instincts and so forth. They say the passions of man ought to have vent, or else they will work dire mischief. But we see that these passions are nothing but weeds that were allowed to grow during childhood and youth. Save us from superficial psychology and fads and theories!

There must be a real self superior to these shifting personalities. Philosophy deals with attempts to find out what is the unqualified *ego* and to define it. In practice we always find the *ego* (selfhood) in combination with some quality or qualities, by which it is colored; we find the actor in one or another of his garbs. We may try to strip him of his vestments one by one, in the effort to get down to the original undressed actor — to find out what is the real Self. But such a search baffles us, because in prosecuting it we have to strip the mind of all that constitutes conscious thought. The Eastern method of

deep meditation seems more likely to succeed; and one might refer here to the *Yoga Aphorisms* of Patañjali, wherein the Eastern sage gives directions as to how the duly prepared candidate for such knowledge may proceed in his meditations, and describes the results attained by the process. In short, to attain the knowledge of Self, we must sooner or later, and in one way or another, go through such a process of profound self-analysis.

Patañjali, however, and other such works, are to be regarded as the advanced text-books of certain schools; and the rules of conduct they prescribe presuppose that the student has already passed through many earlier grades of self-study and self-mastery. This much can readily be inferred from the fact that these teachers make no mention of the numerous difficulties that would beset a Western and modern student who should attempt to follow out literally those rules without their necessary preliminaries. The question for us is how we ourselves, in this present day, may best set about finding the balance of our character and instituting a rational and effective system of education.

The key to the problem is to subordinate the *personal* to the *impersonal*. In other words — to subordinate the particular to the universal, and to make the principle of solidarity paramount over the principle of personal or class interest.

The personality of man weighs but little in the eternal scales, and if we aspire to something greater, we must look beyond the personal. The *source or fount* of the life we enjoy lies beyond the waters which we drink. A quenchless desire impels man to seek for the fount of his life and his joys, and this quest leads him towards the confines of the personal and towards the beginning of the impersonal.

Upon what firm and changeless ground can we set foot in order to find vantage wherefrom to sway the conflicting elements of our own character?

The young child has to be impressed with the indisputable truth that the great Life of which he is a part is far greater than the atom of that life in which his personality enshrines. In other words, he learns to make obeisance to the God within.

The saying of Katherine Tingley (Foundress of the Râja-Yoga education), that when a little hand is old enough to be raised in anger, it is also old enough to be raised in *giving* — gives the clue. Give a child a cake — and it may either eat it itself or hand it first to its

comrade. But what a difference between the two acts! Here surely is the parent's opportunity. Here is the point where two streams have simultaneous birth on the mountain top, to fall ultimately into opposite oceans. From *this* moment of time springs the future horoscope of that child, and the fond or watchful parent is the magician that rules the stars. No need to invent either gods or stars to explain fate when such influences as these are seen to rule so potently.

Fancy a child trained from earliest infancy to *give* rather than to receive, to think first of others, and of self afterwards! Contrast it with the way children *are* reared. Herein is the explanation of life's actual riddles and the promise of life's forthcoming possibilities.

When the kindly deed is done, the impersonal Self is the actor, and we here assert that this mode of action is the right and natural mode, such as the child's own true instincts would lead him to take, if it were not that the lesser and intrusive forces of his *animal* nature were suffered by his fond but not watchful guardians to interpose.

When this natural morality is thus allowed to grow, there is no need for an artificial and unstable morality to take its place.

Theosophy is a gospel of hope for humanity because it demonstrates that the obstacles in human nature are not insuperable and that many new powers lie ready to be evoked. Such a gospel is needed to counteract prevailing pessimism. In talking about war, for instance, people say that it is a necessary part of human nature, but they do not know what human nature is. Of what use is it to point to the evidence of history as conclusive, when the circumstances of humanity today are totally different from what they ever have been in history? And if war eliminates many evils that would otherwise have festered, so does a fever; yet if the disease germ had never been allowed to enter and grow, there never would have been need of the fever to purify the system. Is it essential to human nature that an outlet should be provided for the indulgence of strong animal propensities? Such is not the case with the animal creation, whose instincts are normal (except in some cases where domestication has modified them). And surely a well-balanced human being ought not to be troubled with inordinate lusts. The fact is that the standard human being is not normal, and what is called human nature is not human nature but disordered human nature. There are certain vices, largely fostered during unguarded school days, which get such a hold on the adult that they may *seem* irresistible. Is this human nature and should it

be provided with an outlet? And the same applies to the more natural but still inordinate forms of vice: they are not human nature but distorted human nature; they need to be checked in the start, not allowed to wax strong and then "given an outlet."

But what existing system of education, either by parents or teachers, has shown itself able to cope with the problem of youthful vice, either in secret and perverted form or in the more "natural" and open forms? The Râja-Yoga education can do it by instilling the principles of self-control and true poise from the outset, so that the vices never take root.

Genius is a flower that has but little chance to blossom amid the conditions afforded in our present age for its growth. Like a rose tree, sapped by a swarm of parasitic insects, it puts forth pitiful dwarfed blooms. So much is this the case that the word genius has become almost synonymous with instability, and people have argued that genius is a form of insanity. It is the unbalanced and neurotic conditions engendered in youth that furnish the soil upon which grows this distorted product; and the unfortunate being oscillates between the alternating states of inspiration and dire reaction.

Theosophy proclaims simple old-fashioned truths amid a turmoil of far-fetched theories. We are bid, on the one hand, to view our far ancestors naked, covered with hair, and armed with bludgeons; and the most degraded types in the animal kingdom are heralded as those who have transmitted their bestial lusts as a heritage to be squandered by our misguided intelligence. And on the other hand we have gospels of despair, wrongly called religious, which never tire of dwelling on the hopeless sinfulness of man. Theosophy comes to proclaim again the glory of man and the strength of the human soul — if only man will learn to distinguish his passions from his aspirations and follow the light of his better nature.

Whatever may have been the history of the evolution of man's physical body, it matters but little in face of the fact that our whole interest must center in the destiny of his soul. Deep within our nature is a great fount of grandeur and beauty that strives to express itself but is continually thwarted. There is a beauty on the face of the child that speaks of the soul-life; but this beauty soon fades as the grosser senses develop and the mind of the child becomes centered on the material world. But if that beauty could be preserved? Then we might know what life is. The inner harmony makes life beautiful.

We do not know, we cannot know, what life is and what its purposes are, until we have simplified our lives by removing those jarring distracting elements that fill us with doubt and turmoil. The purpose of life is a thing to be known by experience, as the bird knows it, and not by philosophical reasoning and theorizing. The joy of life grows in proportion as we can succeed in getting away from the personal. How gladly would many of us do this, if only we could! But we have cultivated habits of selfishness and personal thought that continually thwart our efforts to break from the prison in which we have shut ourselves.

Europe is bowed down with grief, and it would little become any people that should look upon this sorrow with an eye directed to calculating the possibilities of advantage to be derived therefrom. The quality of sympathy should make the smart of our fellow-man our own pain, and the impulse should arise in our hearts to make sacrifices that we may assuage the anguish. The strife was brought on by selfishness sowed in past years until a plentiful harvest of it was ripe; and shall we continue sowing the same harvest of appetite for private gain?

Theosophy does not propose to endow man with new powers until there is some prospect that he will not forthwith prostitute them all to the cause of internecine strife; for there is no doubt that such would at present be the fate of any higher powers that might be conferred. Theosophy strives to arouse in man those powers that cannot be abused — the Spiritual powers, the qualities of heart and of the awakened intuition.

How necessary, then, it is to study our own complex nature that we may learn to use the life that is ours. Our personality is truly an illusion, a set of habits, and a pretty dance these habits lead us! When our life nears its close — it is then that we realize that the purpose that directed it was not ours, and that we have fulfilled a destiny we had not planned. We may think we have failed; yet, though our petty ambitions have been thwarted, the purpose of the Soul may have been achieved. And it might have been possible for us to have realized better the real purpose of our life, so that, instead of trying to thwart it by chasing shadows, we might have helped it on.

And all this knowledge would become possible if a collective effort on a large scale were made by many people, all trusting in their divine nature and striving towards the light within, a never-failing guide.



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THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS, AS SEEN FROM VICTORIA, B. C., MOUNTAINS DISTANT SIXTY MILES
(Photo. by Fleming Bros., Victoria)



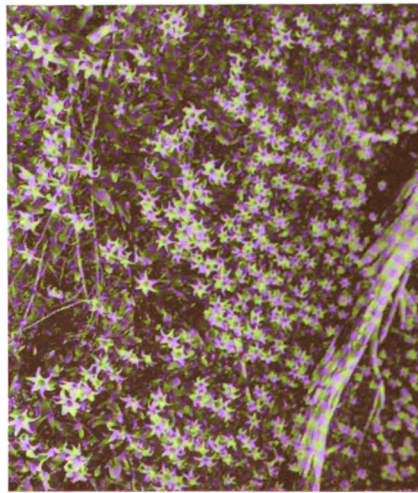
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THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS, LOOKING SOUTH, ACROSS THE STRAITS OF SAN JUAN DE FUCA, FROM VICTORIA, B. C.
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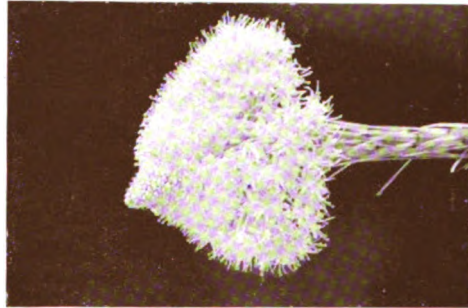


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PUYALLUP GLACIER, MOUNT TACOMA; ALSO CALLED MOUNT RAINIER
(Copyright, Prof. J. B. Flett)



AVALANCHE LILIES, OR DEER-TONGUES
 Found in abundance on all slopes of Mount
 Tacoma (Rainier)
 (Photo. by Prof. J. B. Flett)



THE MOUNTAIN LILY'S
 PLUME
 (Photo. by Dr. F. A. Scott)



ALPINE PHILOX
 One of the flowers conspicuous in the
 mountain park regions
 (Photo. by Prof. J. B. Flett)



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AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT TACOMA
REFLECTION LAKE; AN EARLY SUMMER SCENE IN INDIAN HENRY'S HUNTING GROUNDS
(Photo. by Prof. J. B. Flett)



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MOUNT TACOMA, WASHINGTON, FROM PARADISE PARK

THE COMMON SENSE OF THE DUAL NATURE OF MAN: by H. Travers, M. A.



THE teachings of Theosophy are old truths; but these are newly presented and in a form adapted to modern needs and modern ways of thought. It is curious that among the objections that have been urged against Theosophy by captious and superficial critics, there are two which contradict each other flatly: for some of these critics have tried to disparage Theosophy by calling it "new-fangled," while others have sought to depreciate it on the alleged ground that it is merely a rehash of old and familiar ideas. Theosophy is indeed new, though it may not be "fangled"; and it can be old without being a "rehash." So we see that both objections merely lie in the particular depreciatory form of phraseology used by the objectors. Another strange thing is that the eternal truths that lie at the root of life should be at once so vital and so little heeded. This is mainly because the forms in which they have been expressed have grown stale, and the truths themselves have become incrustated with festering masses of dogma and platitude. Hence they need to be expressed in a new way, free from the old associations that have rendered them ineffectual or unpalatable; and in such form as to appeal with immediate and striking force to the understanding of the man of today.

One of these ancient truths is that of the dual nature of man. No one can say that this doctrine is old or unfamiliar; yet never was greater need for its vivid presentation. For it is the neglect of this fact that is at the root of all our troubles; and for want of attending to it we fail to find the light we are looking for. This doctrine has been so wrapped up in dogma and mystical formula, or in intricate philosophical garb, that it has floated away out of practical life into the misty regions of some ideal heaven or visionary utopia. There is urgent need that it should be presented as a simple ordinary statement, pointed out as an actual fact, and cleared of all twisted mysticism and meaningless verbiage.

Man has a personal and an impersonal nature.

This is an obvious fact, and is the basis of all our calculations in political economy and every other kind of economy. Man's life is a perpetual adjustment and compromise between the demands of his personal and impersonal nature — between his individual needs and his social needs. Selfishness and unselfishness are clearly defined by this distinction, apart from abstract philosophy of any kind.

It is equally obvious that an excessive accentuation of the personal side of man's nature results in strife, while harmony and peace are promoted by the cultivation of impersonality and mutual adaptability. Why then are these obvious truths so ineffective? Because of the hide-bound formulas in which they have been incrustated. We have been bidden to be good because it will please a deity or secure us future bliss; but such an appeal misses the mark, and the result is that often an irreligious man will be more unselfish than a so-called religious one. Here one is reminded of a certain Teacher who came to save "sinners" and not "Pharisees." He saw more hope in the former than in the latter. Of course this fault of selfishness is not peculiar to religion, but is a defect of human nature, which crops up everywhere and mars whatever it enters into. Even the printed teachings of Theosophy could be made to feed self-righteousness.

The aspirant to perfection does not have to step out of life and enter a monastery, actual or mental. Goodness and the aspiration to perfection are not something artificial, painful, and unnatural. What a man should aim to do is to express whatever is best in him and to realize his true life.

The word "God" has been so much misused as to have lost its power. Everybody invokes "God" in support of his own particular cause; which looks as if the deity thus invoked were not the actual deity at all but only a personification of each man's own selfish ideal. The word "God" really means the deific essence in every man; and what higher conception of its meaning could we possibly reach? How can we reach higher than our own highest conceptions of truth, honor, justice, and mercy?

Great catastrophes in the affairs of men may be deplored; but when they have happened, the inevitable must be accepted, and then the thing to do is to set about learning the lesson they teach. The world is having a great object-lesson in the consequences of living by wrong ideals. Men are shaken out of their dreams by rude contact with reality. Might is not right, compassion is not a foolish weakness, the homely virtues are the only things that stand and fail not in the hour of need. Where preaching fails to impress this, more direct teaching is needed.

Personalism, wrongly called "individualism," is responsible for the catastrophe which is its culmination. We now see, demonstrated to the very limit, what an entirely useless and destructive thing is

personalism — worship of the personal self. Everyone who worships his personal self adds a little fuel to the great fire; adds his own little weight to the mountain of woe that is crushing the millions of his brother men. There is only one way to stop strife and inaugurate peace, and that is to dethrone the God of personalism. Dethrone it in your neighbor — in the other man? Nay, in yourself.

Those who, anxious to promote peace, neglect to make peace in their own lives, while they run about and try to make other people behave — how can they succeed? Are they not, in their very efforts for peace, making the same old mistake over again, by acting in a *personal* manner? To act thus is to run away from the field of battle, where the enemy is, and to flourish our valiant arms in places where he is not, leaving him to hold undisputed possession of the all-important throne in our own heart.

But the work of reforming our own nature ought to be welcome and natural; and would be so if we did not create imaginary difficulties. Everyone who holds high ideals and clings to them steadfastly, refusing to let them go and to settle down in humdrum resignation, has to fight hard for them — fight hard against selfishness. For it is Selfishness that is always the enemy, the obstacle. Selfishness mars the attainment of these ideals and is incompatible with them. The sacrifice of personal desires with such a motive is a willing sacrifice, a natural, healthy, true sacrifice — the abandonment of the false in order to attain the true.

The religion, the science, the philosophy of our times have all tended to inspire us with the idea that we are mere mortals, that we are hopelessly sinful and unable to help ourselves; that we have so little grace that we need some external power to save us; that we are descended from monkeys who lived in trees and came down to the ground because there were no more cocoa-nuts. Whether it is our own inherent wickedness, or the Devil, or our ape-ancestry, or our nerve-cells, that makes us act as we do, the case seems equally hopeless; and for a remedy we have to choose between embracing some creed or else going to a surgeon and getting our head trepanned. It is about time we paid more attention to our better nature. For our better nature is a solid fact, after all, deny it who may.

If only people were accustomed from the earliest years of their life to dwell upon the fact of their divine nature, that fact would become a living power in their lives. It is necessary to preach every-

where this doctrine of the divine nature of man, and to keep on preaching it until it spreads and spreads and overthrows the false doctrines that teach man's animality and his hopeless sinfulness.

Instead of personalism, we must cultivate Individualism. This means Individualism in the true sense — recognition of the Individuality — not the personality — of man. The personality is a little thing, the breeder of nothing but woe to oneself and to all. But the Individuality? That is our true, our real Self — the man in us that is always striving to burst his bonds and come forth into the light.

Is not this a noble ideal and one worth striving for? Self-realization in the highest sense. Poets, musicians, painters, dreamers of nameless dreams of rapture—all fall short of the bliss of attainment, and why? Because you have not *yet* learned life's great lesson—that no soul can enter heaven garbed in an earth-stained robe. And is this a religious dogma? Nay, it but means that the atmosphere of self-love is fatal to the flowers that bloom in the paradise of our hopes. And self-love often takes attractive forms, does it not?

All one is asked to do, then, is to step out from a narrow life into a large and unfettered one. One's own true interest is identical with the interest of humanity. In overcoming personal limitations we achieve our own ideal while doing our highest duty.

And if the divine nature of man is a fact and not a fancy, the cultivation of impersonal ideals ought to mean something in the way of definite results. And in truth there never yet has been a Teacher who has not insisted that the path of duty is the path of enlightenment and that knowledge and wisdom come to those who obey the law of compassion and divine harmony.

That there is a goal in life worth striving for, and that access thereto is near and not remote — these are things that the world has forgotten. The plight of the world is easy to understand, when we reflect how far the world has wandered from the light.

EDUCATION. Education is the key; that we all feel. People say *children should be taught the truth about their own nature*. But it all depends what people mean when they say this; and what some people mean is best left unsaid. Why not teach children about their *divine* nature? The thing is a fact, and all that is needed is to continually direct the child's attention to it. When a Soul enters into this life, the claims of the senses are strong; and its parents and teachers usually do all in their power to make these claims stronger. The child is

taught to think about its own personality. Naturally, it does not think about itself; it is unconscious and artless. But unwise flattery steps in and soon spoils all this, and the child is practically made a little cripple for the rest of its life. Thus our ideas of education are directed towards bringing out the personal nature of the future man or woman — in other words, judiciously cultivating his weaknesses. And we wonder at the result!

The phrase “biological fact” is one to conjure with; and if we were to say that the divine nature of man is a biological fact, it might impress some people, while others might accuse us of being materialistic. But there must surely be something in the very atoms of a human body that bespeaks the immortal divine seed and makes man so totally different from the highest animal.

Theosophy has not invented the dual nature of man, or any of the other natural facts; but it affords rational explanations of them. It directs people's attention to the obvious. What could be more obvious than the twofold nature of a child? And people are proposing to treat the child as if its nature were onefold. They will take all manner of precaution to protect its health with blankets, drugs, etc.—they do not leave that to nature; but, when it comes to the mind, the heart, and other immaterial parts of the child's make-up, they propose to leave all that to nature. Never interfere, they say. A child needs protection, guidance, and help, morally as well as physically; his impulses are not all good—some of them are quite bad, and will ruin him if not eradicated as disease-germs might be eradicated. All this is common sense, you may say, and wofully platitudinous; and so it is. But strangely enough, Theosophy has had to point it out to make people see it. Perhaps the chief trouble is that you cannot help a child morally unless you yourself are striving in the same direction; for hypocritical advice does not catch on. Hence the absolute need for teachers who believe and practise the doctrine of the dual nature of man. And even they could not do it successfully without a Leader to advise and correct their mistakes — a Leader whose authority rests on proved competence, not on assumed qualities.

To this article one might append a table of the Seven Principles of Man, as given in Theosophical handbooks, together with quotations from Theosophical and mystical works. But the inquirer can study these for himself. The important point is that doctrine and practice should go together, for neither is of any lasting good without the other.

WHAT IS WORK?: by Percy Leonard



SINCE work has been defined as the overcoming of resistance, it follows that each moment of a good man's life is occupied in work. His lower nature gravitates unceasingly towards material life and to resist this tendency requires continual effort, or in other words—work. Perpetual positivity is the condition of all moral advance; without it man is tossed like driftwood by the conflicting currents sweeping athwart his course, the pitiful plaything of the great forces around him.

Readers of their Bibles may remember that the so-called "curse of labor" was pronounced on Adam simultaneously with the acquisition of his "coat of skin." This is explained by Theosophy as an allusion to an early stage of human evolution when as a spiritual being he was slowly descending into material life. Man's lowest vesture in those early days was of ethereal substance; but as in strict conformity with cosmic law he sank more deeply in material life, desire for pleasures of the senses became more insistent, causing actual changes for the worse in the material of which his body was composed. Desire according to Theosophy is not an airy, unsubstantial fancy; but a potent force producing definite results, one of the most disastrous being a progressive coarsening of the body-substance of the man who lets it dominate the little cosmos he is meant to rule.

As human bodies grew more dense, their physical environment, losing its former plastic quality, took on a grosser texture as the result of man's increasingly material desires. Thus the fierce craving for personal sensation in the world of matter was the first transgression, causing "the loss of Eden" or the spiritual life. The coat of skin condensed around him as he sank more deeply into the material surroundings he had made and thus the motions of his will encountered growing resistance. His body now began to cast a shadow, and its need for food, felt for the first time, forced him into sordid competition with his fellows. Thus life became more difficult under the double influence of social struggle and the *vis inertia* of matter.

Each time we re-assume a body for the purpose of another life on earth, we fall under the sway of that necessity to overcome the stubbornness and opposition of material things, which constitutes the very essence of all work.

Seeing that work consists in forcing matter to adopt the forms which we prefer and to take on such movements as shall best subserve our purposes, it follows that the interval between one life on

earth and the succeeding one must be an interval of perfect rest for that particular working entity. The mind is living then in its own sphere and has completely broken free from all relations with physical things. In this condition, known as Devachan, to cherish an ideal is to see it realized without delay. The world in which the soul in Devachan exists is formed of mental substance so fine spun and yielding in its quality that it obeys the lightest movement of the will, so that an action barely formulated in the mind becomes without an effort an objective fact. Happy the storm-tossed mortals who after life's rough voyage ride safe at anchor in that haven of the soul when evening shadows fall. And yet it must be noted that while resting and regaining hope and confidence by their late struggle with material life, the egos who repose in Devachan really perform no work.

When Jesus said "The night cometh when no man can work," he must have had this interval of peace and rest in mind. He could not possibly have meant, as is usually supposed, that death ushers the soul into a state in which all progress by its own exertions is forever impossible. Such a doctrine of eternal stagnation would be at variance with all that we know of Nature's working and the deepest intuitions of the heart of man.

The faculty of speech is looked upon as the direct antithesis of labor and not without good reason. It is almost impossible to be present where a number of men are working in company for any length of time without hearing the inquiry "why don't you work instead of talking?" The lungs and vocal organs act with such remarkable facility that the chief labor in connexion with their use is not the starting into action of a reluctant mechanism; but rather its restraint when it is judged the time has come to stop. To resist the strong impulse to verbal expression is often a matter of heroic effort and justly deserves the name of work.

People of little discernment often refuse to give a man credit for working unless his back and limbs are occupied in rapid movement; but in an ancient Hindû scripture it is said that the truly wise can see "action in inaction," a somewhat rare accomplishment.

"Masterly inactivity" is a fine phrase, and calls up the picture of a true ruler of himself who restrains the tendency of mind and body to engage in furious action under circumstances when a steady poise and quiet observation are the duties of the moment. The power by which we hold in check the lower elements we call the will, is a form of

energy but little understood. It has however been defined as "the soul in action": a definition full of suggestion. It certainly conveys the valuable hint that much of our brain action which we have fondly imagined to be of high spiritual value, is nothing but a futile effervescence of the lower mind and mainly automatic at that.

If we observe the ordinary action of our minds we shall discover that the stream of thought runs of itself without the least assistance on our part. Such action of the mind scarcely deserves the name of work. As sight and sounds are carried inward to the mental field, thought-images gallop across the mind like moving-picture films gone mad. Such so-called thought requires no effort whatsoever; but try to stem the cataract or even moderate its flow, and the resistance is terrific. A driver who is holding in a pair of restive horses is occupied in strenuous work although his movements may be of the slightest, and he who resolutely holds his mind in check may help to sweeten and to clear the atmosphere of public thought, although to all appearances he remains at perfect rest. One who considers his responsibility for thought-control, and then determines to discharge it like a man, soon comes to understand that he is under sentence of hard labor for the remainder of his life. In moments of apparent leisure he must stand eternally on guard to challenge every vagrant thought that seeks admittance at the portals of his mind. And sometimes when apparently he rests in utter idleness he may be forcing back some foul, intrusive flood of thought which surges to the threshold and which if allowed to enter might undo the work of years.

On looking back over the various items touched upon we must admit that "the curse of labor" has operated for our benefit to no small degree. The effort to impress our will upon our hard intractable surroundings has stimulated all our latent powers enormously. Shut in and segregated in our "coats of skin," the "great dire heresy of separateness" has certainly acquired enormous power; but in what other way could consciousness of self have been produced? And now from this decisive turning point, when the fallacy of separated life appears about to crystallize into the false deception of the personal self, we have the joy of feeling it expand till it includes the lives of all other selves, until we rest in conscious unity with all that breathes.

HOMOGENEOUS CIVILIZATION:

by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., PH. D. (Editor of *The American Antiquarian*)

[Dr. Kinnaman, who is a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and whose interesting article *Whence? Whither? Interrogation Points in Anthropology*, appeared in the October, 1914, issue of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, contributes in the article which follows this note a series of questions which need more complete answers than have yet been given by specialists in the different fields of research mentioned. The author himself also suggests possible answers to some of them.]



ARCHAEOLOGISTS take one ruin and construct an entire civilization. Anthropologists take one footprint, or one femur, or one jaw-bone, and reconstruct a whole race. We speak of Rider Haggard as a man of rare genius as regards imagination, but he is as a child in comparison with some of our accredited scientists. There is still too much imagination, too much of the romantic among some of our writers; not all, but some give way to vivid flights. To illustrate: When, years ago, the subject of man's first appearance in America was rife, the Calaveras skull was put into our text-books as the oldest skeletal remains ever found in America. It was supposed to have been found beneath Table Mountain *in situ*. About two years ago Felix J. Koch, of Cincinnati, Ohio, proved the skull a fraud in that it is the skull of a modern Indian placed at the bottom of the mining shaft by men still living, having been intended for a *practical joke*. Whole libraries have been written about it by learned men.

The point is this: some scientists are prone to form conclusions too quickly. They have some pet theory that they wish to prove, and they proceed to bend each evidence to the support of the theory, being absolutely blind to the facts pointed out by the artifacts.

The unbiased, unprejudiced scientist must first marshal his facts, investigate the phenomena, and then when he has everything available before him, his next step is to arrange and classify; after this has been accomplished, he is at liberty to formulate his hypothesis.

But the truth is that our archaeologists and anthropologists have been working independently, professionally jealous each of the other, to the detriment of the science to which they profess to have dedicated their lives, thus retarding the proper advancement of the two sciences.

Of course, we understand perfectly that these sciences, together with geology, have had a hard and bitter fight with so-called ortho-

dox theology; not with the Bible as many suppose, but with man-made theology that has its root in medieval theology. It has been a bitter fight, and the end is not yet; but science has gained, or partially gained, at least, one concession from orthodox theology, viz.: that true science is just as much the revelation of the *idea* as the Bible itself. With this concession granted, the twin sciences, archaeology and anthropology, have a chance for untrammelled development.

Anthropology has builded a wall around itself by dividing humanity into three races; this wall is an isosceles triangle, each leg of which is a race, separate and distinct from the two others; yet who can tell where one leaves off and the other begins? In central Africa we have the negro who is not like his brother of the north coast; the Hottentot is different from all; the Indian of India differs from the Englishman, yet he is Caucasian; we have the blonde Eskimo; the blonde Indian of the west coast of Mexico. Where is the line of demarcation to be drawn? It is drawn upon certain physiological characteristics; but where is the absolute line to be made?

When we come to a standstill on the above, we are compelled to ask this question: "What is Man?" Did the Psalmist formulate this as a scientific question? I believe that he so formulated it. The so-called races do not functionally differ, for they readily interbreed. So this brings us face to face with the question: Are there three races or one? If one only, how account for existing differentiation? The writer sees that again he is asking questions, a thing he is ever prone to do.

But let us turn to archaeology and put the race question to it and see the answer.

Roughly, civilization is usually divided into the following degrees: (a) Rough Stone Age; (b) Polished Stone Age; (c) Bronze Age; (d) Iron Age. This classification is based upon the notion of utensils or artifacts. Do these divisions mean evolution ascending or descending? Are so-called barbarism and savagery a reversion or a development? If savagery is development, it is a development from what? Or does civilization rise and fall like a great tidal wave? Let us, for a moment, examine known history and see what conclusion may tentatively be drawn.

Go with me to the Tigris-Euphrates valley. To-day we find there wind-swept plains, sand-choked canals, countless unnamed Tels, and a few scattered, ragged, beggarly Arabs. Some few thousands of

years ago this great valley presented an altogether different aspect. It was studded with great cities, such as Ur, Nineveh, Babylon, and many others whose names are not now even known. The plains were blooming, smiling gardens, the canals flowing with water that was the life of the country; the great river swarming with commerce, the sea flecked with white-winged vessels; the libraries contained countless volumes; the mathematician solved his problems, and the astronomer more than laid the foundation of the science as we know it today; the historian chronicled events that challenge our credulity; the cities were so beautiful that they stand in our modern literature as the symbols of luxury and magnificence. We still read the military exploits of its kings with astonishment; we study its epics, literature and language with ever-increasing amazement. Yet where are those magnificent cities, those wonderful libraries, those conquering kings, those expert mathematicians, those studious astronomers, those smiling gardens, those life-giving canals, that great and flourishing commerce?

The cities are Tels, their magnificence vanished forever; the libraries broken and buried; the canals filled with sand; the gardens gone; the kings, armies, scholars, vanished; nothing is left but the river and the sea and the Tels. That civilization, that luxury and magnificence, is represented today by what? Nothing. Not even by the wandering Arab who pitches his tent upon a Tel and stakes his horses at its foot. Where are the Sumerian, the Akkadian, the Mede, the Persian? Where are the Hittite and the Hyksos?

Persia's conquering, you say, is responsible; Greece is responsible. Responsible for what? Why were men so forgetful of the benefits of the high civilization of that era as to raze the magnificent cities, destroy invaluable libraries, render a desert what was once a flourishing garden? When the curtain of history goes up in the valley, we find it civilized as we understand civilization today, and to such a degree civilized that it had reached the stage of crystalization. In other words, it was on the crest of the wave, and from that date to the Hellenization of that vast area under Alexander the Great and its final breakup, it was slowly but gradually sliding down into the trough of oblivion.

If we study the history of nations, history as it is written, we are forced to this conclusion: (a) a period of growth and development; (b) the zenith and crystalization; (c) degeneracy and fall. If this

be true, then is savagery so-called, a development, or is it a degeneracy and fall? In other words, do we travel in a straight line of constant development, or do we move in cycles?

If man has moved forward in a straight line in his development, then all mankind should be equally advanced, all other things being equal. But this is not the condition as the student finds it.

Theoretically the human race should have advanced at equal pace through the stages above mentioned; all should have been in the Rough Stone Age at the same time, and today all should be on a par with the European peoples.

There is a wide gulf between theory and the facts. Some branches of the race are in each of the stages above enumerated, and contemporaneously.

We have the Australian, the lowest type of existing man, along with the "savage" of Africa who is higher in the scale than the Australian. Thus the varying degrees up to the most "refined" and "cultured" European.

How account for this wide divergence, this great variation? Are all existing conditions continuations or resultants from former conditions? Is each branch of the race passing through a stage of evolution? If so, is the evolution ascending or descending? Or does it vary with the branch?

These are a few of the questions that confront the student who would solve the problem of man's civilization.

In the attempt to answer these questions, there have arisen several schools. The reader may choose the one that appeals to his reason or his fancy.

The writings and traditions of the Semitic people do not lend us one ray of light, for their entire body of literature is *not* original, but borrowed from the Tigris-Euphrates valley. If we follow closely the Semitic tradition, we find its central idea to be the fall of man. What is meant by the phrase? It is the hope of the writer to throw a little light upon the subject as a whole.

It seems to be the prevailing notion that man evolved from the simian, and by some means became the *anthropos erectus*, but just how no one ventures to state.

If man evolved from the simian, what sort of object was the first simian-man? How could he battle with his environments and survive? If he had to learn his environments through his five senses,

and had no knowledge excepting that which he acquired through his contact with the physical world, how was it possible for him to survive sufficiently long to reproduce his kind?

A certain school would have the first man exceeding low in mentality, so low, in fact, that he had no conception of the simplest tools; that man's first attempt to manufacture tools took the form of Eoliths. Just the use to which these Eoliths were put, the school does not attempt to state.

Whether the Eoliths were man-made or pressure-made through natural agencies is a much debated question, one which the writer will not attempt to answer. Likewise we will pass over the different degrees of stone culture.

The Egyptian, as we know, was an alien, not an aboriginal, of the Nile valley, for we find that the aboriginal inhabitant differed widely from the historic Egyptian, and his burial was interment in the sands of the desert, wrapped, perhaps, in reed matting.

The first great object that attracts the attention of the student-traveler in the Nile country is the Great Pyramid. This piece of architecture has been the cause of the writing of whole libraries in an attempt to solve its mystery. Every conceivable use has been assigned to it, but today its problem remains unsolved. There is positively not a thing *in se* to give a clue as to the date of its building nor by whom it was built, nor why, nor how. Problems of engineering enter the discussion. No modern machinery, no modern system of engineering, could lift the capstone into place. How was it placed there? I have never seen a satisfactory answer, but I offer the suggestion of S. S. Gray, a noted engineer, who has spent about eighteen years in Egypt studying ancient and modern problems. On board the steamship *Canopic*, bound from Naples to Boston, Mr. Gray, in discussing the question with the writer, suggested that the great capstone was cast *in situ*. Whatever the purpose of the pyramid, its form is found not only in the Nile valley, but practically over the entire world.

How account for similarity of architecture all over the known surface of the earth? In the first steps towards the solution of the problem, we must recognize the fact that the human race is far older than the wildest dreams of the romanticist. The second necessary step must lie in the hypothesis that man came into being as man and not as a so-called higher anthropoid. Third, that there is no such condition as savagery, and that civilization is of degree only.

The geologist attempts to convey to us some notion of the immense age of this planet, but does not attempt to set it forth in those terms we are pleased to designate as years, for measured time is degree only. A year of our time would scarcely constitute a month on Saturn, that far-distant member of our system. When we speak of time we mean and say absolutely nothing. If we do mean anything at all, we simply set forth a measured portion of eternity. Then, again, what do we mean by the term eternity? We can keep up this series of questions until we reach a *reductio ad absurdum*. When we have reached that point we can see how futile our discussion as to the age in years of the human race. We are in the same attitude as the philosophers who were wont to discuss the query: "How many angels can dance upon the point of a needle?" As a result, our attempt to measure human existence upon this planet by years is entirely futile and of no avail. Years really count for naught; geological epochs are all that can be used scientifically.

If the earth's surface had remained practically the same through the ages, if there had been no subsidence and no elevation, if there had been no great cataclysms in which whole continents sank beneath the waves, the problems before us would not be so difficult of solution.

On the now existing continents, and those remnants of continents we call islands, scattered in all the seas, there are monuments that speak with tongues eloquent of man's past history.

Let us trace the similarity of prehistoric monuments, and reason without bias or preconceived premise to a logical conclusion.

Perhaps the oldest form of earth-monument is the tumulus. The tumulus is found upon every existing continent, in fact, wherever man has set his foot sufficiently long to establish even a temporary residence. Tradition designates these tumuli as the tombs of chieftains, leaders of their fellow-men. What they really are is still a question.

We of America pride ourselves upon possessing the finest serpent-mound still extant. That may be true, but it is not the only one extant. This type of mound is found everywhere, typical of a civilization and a people long extinct.

Perhaps the pyramid is a special development of the tumulus; however, it is a *typical* form of monument found in different places over the entire world, regardless of what use it may have been put to. Architecture is typical. The temple-caves of India; the cliff-dwel-

lings of America; the temples of Egypt and Mexico; the palaces of the Tigris-Euphrates valley and of South America.

In language we find the similarity continued. The hieroglyphics of Egypt and Mexico (those of Egypt can be read, while those of Mexico can be partly guessed at from analogy); scattered over North America are found other hieroglyphs, also on the isles of the sea, in the midst of the African forest and on the veldt. When these can be read, what a wealth of information!

Again, closely similar burial customs seem to have been universal. The oldest form of burial appears to be that of the sitting posture, with the limbs flexed. Thus it is in the oldest graves in the Nile valley, in America, in Africa, and still common with the Bantu tribes of Africa.

With this small but powerful array of facts before us, for space denies us further enumeration, at what conclusions may we arrive.

In our consideration we have universally: (a) the tumulus; (b) the pyramid; (c) the serpent-mound; (d) architecture; (e) hieroglyphs; (f) burial customs.

This array of facts, to the thoughtful student, suggests: (1) universal religion; (2) universal language; combining 1 and 2 we have a homogeneous race; if a homogeneous race, then a like civilization. If there was a homogeneous race, a universal language and religion, where did it have its origin and development?

There has persisted through the ages the legend of a continent at present beneath the waves, which continent was the home of a far-advanced civilization. Plato calls it Atlantis; the American Indian names it Tula.

In the land of Tula a great cataclysm occurred that caused the inhabitants to flee, and the continent sank beneath the sea. Atlantis had a like history.

Investigators cannot agree that Tula and Atlantis are identical. Atlantis is placed in the midst of the Atlantic ocean, of which continent the Azores are a remnant. On the other hand, Tula is conceived as being partly sub-Antarctic, the site of which, certain islands and volcanic peaks of the Pacific, mark. The reader is at liberty to take his choice of theories; the writer does not take sides, he merely states them.

If Tula existed, then at the time of the great cataclysm that destroyed it, the race, or the individuals who escaped, fled eastward and

landed upon what are now the American continents; in the case of Atlantis, the people could have fled either eastward and arrived at the European or African continents, or westward to the Americas.

Dr. Curry finds monuments of the Tulans as far north as Washington; he finds their hieroglyphs from Canada to southern Mexico.

Whether Civilization had its origin in Atlantis or Tula, one thing seems to stand forth prominently, viz.: a homogeneous civilization spread over the now existing continents, leaving behind it monuments that testify to the high degree of its culture.

The curious reader may ask: To what race did these people belong? The answer must be, To that which is now called Caucasian. If this is not true, how account for the inherent genius of the white race? Otherwise how account for the blonde Indian on the west coast of Mexico; the blonde Eskimo; and countless other *hows*?

If we acknowledge a homogeneous race and civilization, how account for its degeneracy or fall?

Let us study by analogy. Athens, a small Deme of Greece, through her superior intellectual genius stands today as the symbol of intellectual greatness and attainment, the height to which the efforts of man can climb. For centuries she held the destiny of the civilized world in her hands. She reached her zenith. What followed? The cause of her degeneracy was internal. She forgot the hardy characteristics, the ruggedness that is necessary to buffet environment. She fell a prey and slave to the hardier Roman.

Rome struggled for existence, fought for her very life with Carthage, conquered, grew, expanded, rose higher and higher in the sphere of physical civilization until she stood without a peer, the mistress of the entire Western civilized world; but she had sown within herself, during her period of growth, development, and expansion, the seeds of her fall. The structure became so heavy that it crumbled through its own weight. Rome became effeminate, luxury-loving, thus being no longer able to grapple with the tasks with which she found herself confronted. The transformation was from within and not from external sources as once taught; the barbarian was within her body politic and social, and not from the woods of Germany. The transformation was so gradual that she herself did not realize her downward march. When she reached the nadir of her career, the more robust Germanic stock was ready to take her torch and carry forward the work of culture. But what a muddle! The torch almost went out,

and civilization was lost in the midst of barbarism for centuries, during the epoch designated as medieval.

Individuals forget their training and degenerate. Thus likewise do nations and civilizations. Rome's history ends in August, 608 A. D., with the erection in the Forum Romanum of the column of Phocas; from that time until 1453 Europe is shrouded in barbarism, so-called; then came the awakening and the ever-rapid advance to the present day.

Such, in a nutshell, is history as it is written from 490 B. C. to 1915 A. D. Suppose that we had not the history of Greece and Rome, but had the history of medieval Europe, what would be the conclusion *in re* medieval man?

If history teaches us anything at all, it certainly teaches that each nation has its epochs of origin, of development, of zenith, of degeneracy, and of fall. This seems to be an inexorable law; it is a law of nature: birth (origin), development, decay (degeneracy), death (fall). If it is a law of nature applicable to individual and nation, why should it not be applicable to the race as a whole? Individuals thrive, then utterly cease to exist; nations likewise. What is there to exclude races from so doing?

Within historic times we know of at least one "race" becoming extinct, the Tasmanian, whom anthropologists are prone to classify as a distinct race, perhaps far older than the Australian.

Then may we conclude that individuals, nations, and races, become extinct in accordance with a universal, fixed law?

What does it mean when a race has run the gamut of its career? Are the best attainments of that race perpetuated? Do these attainments serve as basic principles for the succeeding race?

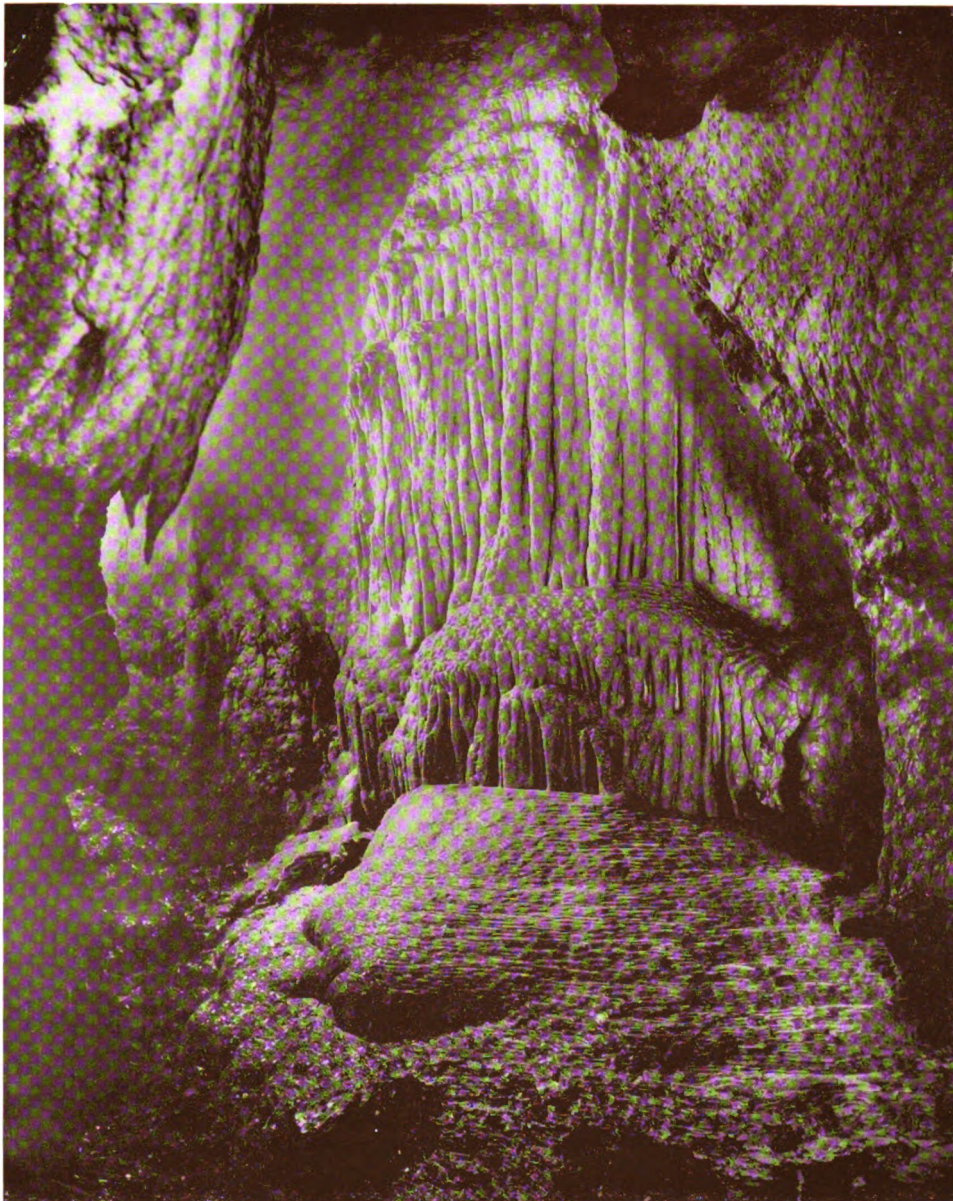
Whether the Atlantis race or the Tulan race serves as a root-race in our cycle of civilization, matters very little, though exact knowledge would be gratifying; yet the fact seems to remain that monuments so nearly identical had their origin in a homogeneous civilization developed by a homogeneous race that ramified from a common center to almost every known part of the globe. Whether representatives of that race are still extant or entirely extinct, the writer will not now attempt to say; neither will he attempt to answer several other questions that he has raised, among them whether so-called savagery is an ascending or descending aspect of evolution. These we leave for future consideration.

In conclusion, allow me to say, stating my position concisely and laconically, that the evidence of homogeneous monuments points to a homogeneous civilization and race, the original cradle of which is still a matter of dispute. Homogeneous civilization and race, if proven, settles nothing, absolutely nothing *in re* the origin of man, for, back of this world-wide civilization must lie origin, development, etc., etc., indefinitely, until we are still driven to the *when, where* and *how* idea. In other words, the wings of our intellect beat in vain against the wall of the Unknown. We are lost in the deep mists of an unfathomed past. There must necessarily be a limit to our knowledge, for there must be a limit to the remains of the human race and of its activities. Only by merest chance do the skeletal remains of man survive through the geological ages; likewise only a miserable few of his monuments survive the cataclysms and the destructive hand of man himself. Speaking geologically, that which is the bottom of a sea today may be a mountain top tomorrow, and *vice versa*; in the meantime the frail artifacts of man crumble to dust in the twinkling of an eye.

Then let us not flatter ourselves that we can ever reconstruct the full history of the human race by means of the monuments left behind. It is proper for us to search for every possible atom of truth and evidence, and read our history as far as we may, but question upon question will cry for answer and will not be stilled, because the answer comes not.



To know the truth, one must have a love for the truth, and a desire to work for it. To understand the Wisdom-Religion, one must study Theosophy. This study leads to real knowledge, and the knowledge gained establishes a foundation of royal principles, which serve as guides through life. Become as little children at the feet of the Master in your thoughts and acts, and you will then quickly gain the discernment that will lead you on and on to greater achievements. You will know how to adapt yourself to human needs, and also to realize that while today you may not understand all that is taught in the name of Theosophy, tomorrow the veil may be lifted; and that what you fail to grasp today may become tomorrow a living power in your life.—*Katherine Tingley*



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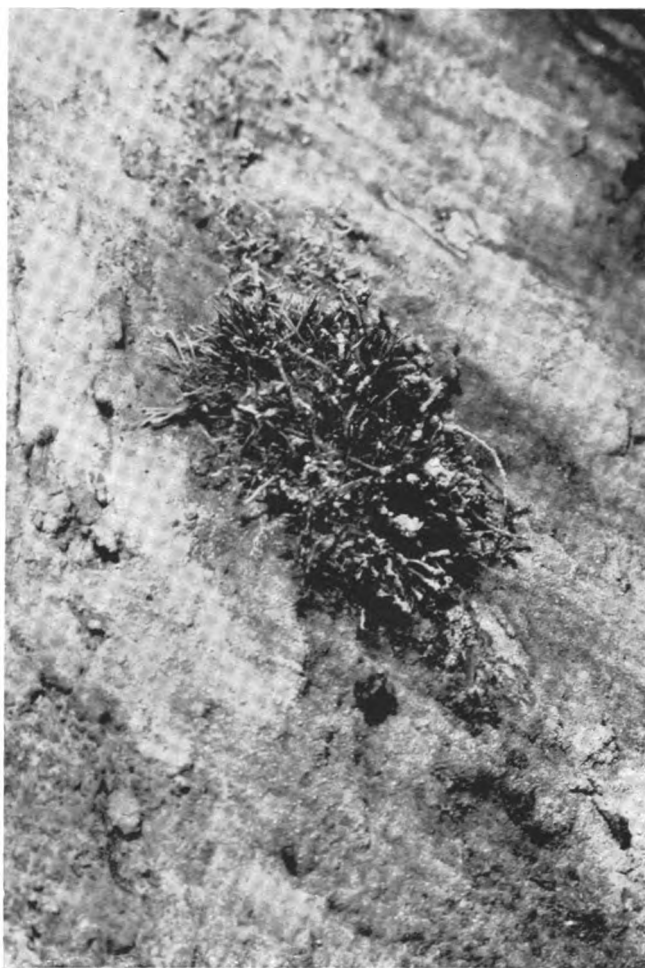
THE FROZEN WATERFALL, SCOTT'S CAVE, MOLE CREEK, TASMANIA

A remarkable mineral formation
(S. Spurling, Photographer)



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THE GOLDEN GATE, KING SOLOMON'S CAVES, TASMANIA
(S. Spurling, Photographer)



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THE FURZE BUSH, KING SOLOMON'S CAVES, TASMANIA
(S. Spurling, Photographer)



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CRYSTAL CORNER, KING SOLOMON'S CAVES, NEAR MOLE CREEK, TASMANIA
(S. Spurling, Photographer)



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IN BALDOCK'S CAVES, MOLE CREEK, TASMANIA
(S. Spurling, Photographer)



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IN SCOTT'S CAVES, MOLE CREEK, TASMANIA
(S. Spurling, Photographer)

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY:

by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER III — EVOLUTION, REINCARNATION, AND THE GODS

DYING from the inorganic we developed into the vegetable kingdom. Dying from the vegetable we rose to the animal, and leaving the animal we became men. . . . The next transition will make us angels; and thence we shall rise and become what no mind can conceive.— *Jelaluddin-Rumi*

WHOSE aim is to recruit

Auxiliar Godhood from the ranks of men.



ALL very well to say that Nature does this or that; the question is, with whose hands does she do it, and through whose eyes has she sight for the work? If you want the real reason why flowers bloom, wind blows, or rain falls, you had better reinstate the fairies. Pass the best education laws in the world; and if you have no builders to build the schools, nor teachers to teach in them, you have not much advanced the cause of learning. Our laws express the will of the nation; to make them effective, they need as agents all society and the police. First you have the Will, then the Law, then the Agents. So, too, there is conscious Will behind the Laws of Nature; and there are conscious agents on every plane to carry those Laws into effect.

We are ourselves among these agents, although we transgress so incessantly. There is that in us which is universal, and shares in universal will; it is only our lower selves that are so personal, cocksure, pushing, and eager to have their own way. In the long run we defeat our personalities, and accomplish universal ends. Even though all men be tainted with selfishness, all are in league against the selfish man; if you sin, though never so secretly, the whole universe conspires to punish you — your fellow sinners first of all. But beside these human ones, the Law has agents subhuman and superhuman; both are better for the work than we are: the first because they obey implicitly, and have no power to choose their own course; the second because they have gained the power to choose invariably aright. All these have to do with history; which is, to say the truth, vastly more than human.

Reincarnation gives a new meaning to the phrase *human family*. For "family" implies a hearth and home; and were this earth but a temporary place of probation, in what sense could we call it home? Why should we bother with its past and future? Birth would intro-

duce us to it; the deeds of its old-time inhabitants could cause us no thrill or shame. Death would rob us of all interest in it: let posterity go hang; we shall be elsewhere, or nowhere at all! Yet at our coming in, we have already a concern in the earth, not to be evaded. We take up threads which are waiting for us, and which someone must have dropped; and begin at once to reap harvests, which someone must have sown. Then, dying, we leave things in a tangle which others, apparently, must unravel. What, you are to leave this world a worse place than you found it, and incur no responsibility? You have been doing evil here for seventy years, and expect to get off with an eternity in hell? Fool, what would the poor world you injured be the better for that? Let us have none of this vicarious nonsense, but save or damn ourselves like men. The newborn child finds a harvest waiting for him to reap; the dying man leaves fields and fields sown. Very well; let us reinstate decency and justice, and say that none could have sown for the former but himself; and that only himself shall reap the latter's sowing.

The earth is far too dear and familiar for the skimpy theories to fit, which we apply to our relations with it. We have been native here during millions and millions of years, and shall be during other millions; the men of old were ourselves and our companions, and we shall be the races that are to come. We shall be comrades again with those we love now, and with many we loved of old time whom we now know not. Destiny holds for us a rich and beautiful intimacy with all that is excellent in all souls.

Of course there is no such thing as a fool-proof doctrine. The sublime is never so sublime, but that shallowpates can make it ridiculous by merely believing it. Do but mention reincarnation to some, and they fall to "remembering" being Hypatia, Caesar, Confucius, Mary of Scotland, and "all such folk as that." Best lay such spooks at once with a plain statement: you can't remember anything of the kind; if this is how you are to use the idea, you had better go back to your eternal damnation. That in you which lays to itself such flattering unction, has no element of eternity in it, and does not reincarnate; you are about as likely to have the same organ of memory in any two lives, as to wear the same hat. Personal memory, that is; for the soul has a memory of its own, which is character; in respect to which, such vanity argues a silly and commonplace status. Hypatia! — If you had claimed, now, to have been the maiden aunt of some nonentity,

or a respectable grocer's wife in the suburbs of Alexandria —.

What you were is decreed forgotten, and does not matter; is there nothing in this life, which you would be a braver man if you could forget? What you are is the whole past of yourself: your character, a poor thing maybe, is still your own, fashioned by yourself in many lives. We made ourselves in Rome, Egypt, Babylon, and in empires older still, whose last traces have been lost. The Andes have been upheaved over cities in which we were kings or slaves or merchants; we have gone on our ways dryshod, where now the Atlantic and the Pacific roll; we shall labor and triumph in our day in continents to emerge from the solitudes of the sea. Always we have been contacting life, learning; what we have learnt, some day we shall fashion into wisdom of proof. This earth and all its ages are our province; every soul of us must be enriched with all the experience they can provide.

To gain real knowledge of anyone, is to win a new treasure for one's own spirit; there being a peculiar light proper to every soul: a ray of diverse color and beauty, whose sun is Godhead. Each of us is potentially a supreme and original revelation; God! there is no limit to the glory and magnanimity you or I might be. That we should all inherit our own at last, and come to know and to swell the light of our souls with the splendor of all souls native to the earth — here is elixir for the mind; here are wings for the imagination; here is a wind, sweeter than with heather, blowing from the peaks immaculate! Consider it; dwell upon it; reject it, by all means, if you must; and yet if fortune so favor you that you may grasp and believe it —

This world, in which you rioted senselessly, fought snarlingly for your own hand, or were settling down dull-eyed into torpor, becomes a great palace of Aladdin and kingdom of enchantments: nothing is so small now, but it shines with paramount interest. Life with a wizard's wand has touched things, and the common duty of your days takes on the hue of some Quest of the Golden Fleece or adventure into the realms of faerie. All the world is your El Dorado; the field you must plow, or the floor you must sweep, is Tom Tidler's Ground; you may pick up kohinoors in your workshop daily, or in your back-garden. Every day you shall ride forth golden-armored, if you will, against the Hellions; you shall be Hercules and Galahad and Cid Campeador; you shall have your commission, if you will, in the army of Michael, and go forth constantly about the high business of God.

You shall cease to marvel at human inequality: the ages of the

past explain all. What wonder if so-and-so is a poor inept fool; since he has had many lives in which to waste his soul's substance in riotous living? What wonder if to this man's coffers half the gold in the world seems fatally attracted; since he may have dreamed of of lucre and ensued it since before the Pyramids were built? That Velazquez, Milton, and Napoleon were supermen at painting, poetry, and war; since each had graduated at his science a hundred times in the school of old lives? Call out no more against injustice, but learn to see a wise justice in all things; hail reverently those stern, gray-eyed Teachers, Sorrow and Pain and Adverse Circumstance; above all, learn from their ministrations all that is to be learned. So each dawn shall bring in for you a supreme opportunity; duty shall become sword and key and magical password; you shall see in front of you the Golden Age for a goal, wheretoward you shall labor and struggle.

The world is a school of souls, in which races and civilizations are the classrooms; there are brilliant scholars and dunces; and others also that have passed all grades and are masters of life, well qualified. There is no waste anywhere: time is a garden intensively cultivated, wherein all empires and epochs bloom, for humanity to plunder them of their honey of experience. So, great ages in ancient China, though we may know nothing of them, are as important as our own Tudor or Bourbon times; in them also the Soul was riding a-quest, experience was being gained, and Godhood was winning recruits from the vanguard of humanity. Inca and Aztec culture vanished, we are apt to think, and left no sign; it is not so; their records are written in the souls of men. Then, as now, man might conquer self and attain divine status.

Perfection is the goal that awaits us; and for its sake we return and return to life; why not, when here is this delightful and wonderful earth, prepared, desirous of us, and in every way suitable? You can get all the heaven you deserve, and all the hell, in your native village. It is experience that molds and fashions us; have you won all of it that the world can offer? Man by man, we are driven to search out the secrets of existence, and to find the divinity within ourselves. Suffering is but the fruitage of our errors; and a merciful medicine to purge us of the desire to err.

Hence those countless grades among men, who may be Napoleons or village idiots, Joan of Arc or Messalina. Heredity fails to explain the grand vagaries of the Soul; the will that strikes in sometimes

into a corrupt line and redeems it, profiting by the visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the child. Hence, too, the vast realms that remain to be explored inwardly, and the fact that we are so infinitely complex, inexplicable by scientific theories, immeasurable in centimeters or feet; capable of better and worse things than God or man could have expected of us.

For there are common murderers hidden in you, and breakers of all the commandments; also embryo heroes, martyrs, and flaming-souled redeemers of mankind. Heaven and hell are at conflict in you; in deeper depths than you are conscious of, they wage grand wars for possession of your soul. I am myself indifferent honest, says Hamlet; yet could unfold you such a tale — I could find within myself all the brutes that perish: here are the Gadarene herd and the devils that entered into them; here are footprints of the tiger, here the trail of the serpent. And yet, too, here the creative and exultant moods: moments when some ancestral divinity stirred, and I looked out on the world with masterly compassion. These lofty things, also, might be made the actuality of our lives. We and the Universe have our God-moods and our fiend-moods. The moods of the Universe are Gods, souls, men, intelligences of all kinds.

There are living men viler than the vilest thing you have found in your heart, even if you are a deep searcher therein; and living men more excellent than the best. Break battle upon your lower self now, and consider what victories may be awaiting you. Your warfare is not to end with life: the truce of death shall be broken, and you shall come forth into the world to wage it again and again. Sow one good deed and cultivate it; let it follow the fashion of all wilful action, and re-sow itself season by season, tenfold, twentyfold, a hundredfold; and what shall be the harvest after a dozen lives? How supremely worth while, now, is all upward effort; since it shall have scope to expand majestically; and since to whatsoever a man may aspire, unto that shall he attain. Perfection is but a method of speech: reach it, and there will still be infinities soaring beyond. So we begin to perceive the meaning of evolution; and all things journeying on a highroad from the infinite to the infinite. "The next transition shall make us angels."

Life circles and mounts through phase after phase of existence; it began in worlds lower than the mineral, and does not end with man; whose status is but a halfway stage, and not the summit of attainment.

Beyond this human kingdom there are yet realms and realms; which, too, we are destined to traverse.

We are microcosms of the vast macrocosm, and have within us all elements and possibilities. We reflect and summarize the universe. Our desires and passions have their prototype in the animal world; where the principle of desire has full sway and development. The intellect of the planet is the sum total of human minds; and as there are qualities in us higher than the intellect, must there not be kingdoms of nature higher than the human? Intuition, creative imagination, and all the divine things in the soul, are manifested but fitfully in humanity: we know they are there, and deal in them at times, but perfunctorily; but there are hierarchies and orders of being, ruled by them as completely as the animal is ruled by desire. Where and what are they, these hierarchies?

Consider that there is room for all manner of things in this big universe of ours! For everything, in fact, except waste or purposelessness; consciousness is gathering experience everywhere and always. Travel outward past Sirius and the Pleiades; lay the whole galaxy under your spiritual microscope, and you shall find no corner of it but is the throne of consciousness, singing and vibrant with life. Will there be nothing higher than man? Are we ourselves evolving towards nothing? It is boundless existence with which we are dealing: wherein must be boundless consciousness, boundlessly varying in degree and kind.

We have explored some reaches of the human mind: the littoral of a vast unknown interior. Pass those little limits, and we merely guess and boggle and are confused. What do we know of the mind of ant or spider, that, sharing this physical world with us, have their inward being — where? Of mind and passions like ours they know nothing; of their fields of consciousness, which are neither, we are as ignorant. And if they, animate like ourselves, are far and unknown, what of the grassblade, the oak, or the pebble? The cloud, the wind, and the rain? Our Mother Earth herself, and her companion planets? What of the far stars, the systems, the galaxies, the myriads upon myriads of universes? Never doubt that life is crowding in them all, consciousness singing through them all! And of that consciousness, will there be no grades superhuman? Minerals, vegetables, animals, men — then Gods — ?

A Jacob's ladder is this evolution, and humanity a few rungs of

it! Acquire the habit of stepping upward persistently, and your eyes shall get vision at last of what bright Auxiliar Figures are ascending and descending. And since you and I are capable of rising, and are seized on by compassion at times; may we not dare believe that those above us, above humanity, are all-compassionate? Nietzsche was abominably wrong as to the nature of the Superman. Give way to desire, your sub-mental self, and you are at one with the brutes, whose kingdom is the next below ours; rise up to compassion, your super-mental self, and must you not be breathing the air of the kingdom next above? If ever you stretched a helping hand downward, you made yourself for the moment one link in a chain of hands: attracting help to yourself from someone, that had been helped by some other, wiser and stronger; that had been helped by —. You should find, could you trace the whole sequence, that you had received a message from the Mighty Ones. We may entertain angels unawares, it is said; God knows who it was that you met in the street this morning! Who has put humanity through a fine sieve; or when was a census taken, that sorted out the statuses of souls?

From this mankind that we see, we may argue all the Pantheons. We know men who have taken themselves in hand seriously, and are out to conquer self; and men who have won great victories in that internal warfare. Others there are, self-conquered long since, who stand far confirmed in their divinity; others again, attained godhood in older worlds than ours, and extinct periods of evolution. Forever is a long day, and the infinite a wide field; evolution has been going forward forever, and crowding the limitless with its activities: they that were human ten billion years ago, do you suppose they have since ceased to be and to evolve?

The great heroes that championed God's cause of old time are not lost to the world, nor quite beyond possible reach of our own cognizance. Death, you see, is such a relative and partial thing: by no means the finality one supposed! So, Joan might come again in our own age; one might warm oneself at the genial humanity of Cervantes; one might hold converse with the old bards and prophets. Not knowing their identity, we should be none the less thrilled, comforted, and lifted up. There has not been a soul that we revere, but the same is in existence now; and further, note well, in touch with this quaint humanity of ours. Glory be, they still labor for mankind: the Gods, who are above them, still watch over the destinies of the

world! Proof? It is much too good not to be true! Is not the sun shining; are there no stars, no marvelous beauty of nights and days; is not the sea peerless and exultant; the mountains, are they not princely of glory, august in their lonely pride? Ah then, prove it, prove it, prove it, you who say that there are no Gods! Up and down these systems, in and out these planes of being, they must be, as we say, like blackberries on a hedge in September; like the sands of the seashore for multitude. Thirty-three crores of them, says the Hindoo — with great moderation! Do not scruple to believe in Eternal Beauty; hesitate not flauntingly to uphold this sweet Truth against the World! There are Gods whose charge may be the destinies of a nation or a planet; Gods to captain each his star through the spaces; Gods to be admirals of the constellations, or Regents of the Milky Way. Below us are innumerable grades of consciousness: the infinitesimal electron is a world: amoeba and protozoon stand at the summit of aeons of evolution. Above us, must there not be grades as infinite? And who shall say where humanity ends, and Godhood begins? It is a Jacob's ladder, is evolution. Between this and Asgard or Meru or Olympus there is no great gulf fixed.

How came civilization to be? We are wont to "guess it grewed"; and in sooth, in the form in which it is, it is somewhat a topsy-turvy affair. But no such thing; in point of fact, for every revelation there has been a revealer,

*Descending spirits have conversed with man
And taught him secrets of the world unknown.*

— Every great cultural period, when we examine it narrowly, we find supremely in debt to one man, or to a small group of men; and the Gods have one means of manifestation, by incarnating in human bodies.

There is a deal of talk, nowadays, about one *Homo Primigenius*: a hulking hypothetical lout supposed to have swung from bough to bough in forests primeval. A poetess hymns him with unction; an enterprising sculptor has given him form and substance in stone; pictures of him galore appear in our illustrated magazines. Thus airy nothing comes by local habitation and a name. It is true they have found the remains of prehistoric degenerates in Europe; which proves that there were degenerates in Europe in prehistoric days; but not that Homer and Hector, Arthur and Tennyson, were des-

cended from arboreal baboon-men, or even that you and I are. You do not expect the Andamanese, or the homely Congo Gorilla, to be progenitor of a great civilized race. When those big-jawed gentry from the Suffolk substrata were snaring mammoths in the coverts and spearing dinosauri in the streams — and all, perhaps, in defiance of primeval game-laws — humanity was still some millions of years old; and odds and ends of bye-races had had long ages in which to decline into savagery. Your Paris apache may have the blood of Bayard in his veins; your hooligan may be descended from Plantagenets or Caesars. But colonize Tristan D'Acunha with the dregs of Paris and London, and leave them to themselves for ten thousand years; and old Neanderthal shall be a paradise to it.

There are stone-age men in the world today, as a matter of fact; plenty of men with big jaws, and plenty with practically no jaws at all. They are on the road to extinction. Their descendants will not write poems or build cities. They will do little but catch the vices of the civilized; acquire illicit liquor from their white brothers, forgo their old wars and huntings, and die off at last of drink, measles and mumps. Were there enterprising distillers in Atlantis, we wonder, who bartered fire-water for skins at Piltdown and Cromagnon? Did Poseidonian traders and missionaries contend over the supposed soul of the Heidelberg man?

We may not be much of a silk purse; but we were not made out of that sow's ear. Look now on this other picture:

Mankind a shadowy, spiritual, but mindless race wandering in dumb wonderment over the young earth, whose vaporous substance had hardly solidified yet into the rock and soil and sand we know. The form of him, and of the globe, growing more material with the passage of time as spirit draws down into matter; the untroubled consciousness waning in brightness; the spirit in him becoming in need of a means of cognizing the physical stuff it approached and informed. The moment arriving when it was time that mind should be awakened, to be such an instrument of cognizance. Lords of Mind descending then; incarnating, lighting the fire of human mentality in the mindless, as one man with a torch may give flame to thousands. Great Gods coming upon earth, who had passed through human existence aeons since; becoming Kings of the nascent race to rule and guide it: Teachers, revealing language, arts, sciences, and literature.

You must go to Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* for any in-

telligible account of those early days and stages; here we can but indicate the great facts. They explain ancient and universal tradition: the Golden Age, the Divine Dynasties that were our first kings. Space is not trackless; there are secret paths of the Spirit; who knows how far it is from here to Aldebaran, not in miles, but in thought pulsations of the Universal Mind? The Gods came down to earth from finer spheres, more spiritual planes of being, which may have their correspondent and representative globes scintillant in the night sky, but whose farness or nearness must be counted in leagues of consciousness, not of spatial distance.

Self-abnegation is the keynote of Godhood, as self-consciousness is of humanity. Spirit, circling through the worlds of being, becomes self-conscious, and is man; becomes compassionate, and is superman and God. So in their proper motion the Gods descend; and their descent is the cause of evolution. What they contact is inspired with an upward tendency; where their influence is felt, there grows the ferment of aspiration. But their world has its own orbit, which periodically touches that of ours; and it is only at the intersection of our ascending, and their descending cycles, that they may come among men. They come, make their revelations, and must go; being no less than we bound by cyclic law. The high Planetary Spirits who reigned in the Golden Age, having struck the keynotes of all future human evolution, returned to their own supernal realms; the cycle which brought them usward, shall not recur while earth is the habitation of man. But what they did on so vast a scale then, has been repeated since again and again by their deputies: Gods nearer to humanity. With the birth of every nation, at every significant and epocal time, Men have appeared who have been more than men. The greatest of these would have been conscious members of the Grand Companionship of the Gods: men who had learned long since all that earth could teach them, and but remained within her sphere out of compassion. Others again, great national heroes and saviors, would have been conscious of their origin only in part. There are many degrees; but the one concern of all is that the work of redemption should be accomplished.

The greatest, of course, have been few; yet history does flare up now and again with the names of them. Age by age they appear: bearers of transcendental ideas, who set in motion forces that remain beneficent for ages. They are familiar with inward regions un-

known to us; their lives and teachings illumine for us the obscure caverns of the soul. Krishna, the Buddha, Laotse, Confucius, Jesus, Mohammed; note how they come always with some such message as this: My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me; I teach the Noble Eight-fold Path of the Buddhas, my predecessors; I bring you the Religion of all the Angels and all the Prophets; this exhaustless doctrine was formerly taught —.

— We with our common mentality guess and argue; these speak as having authority, and not as the scribes. Standing on a peak high above life, nothing is concealed from them by the clouds of birth and death that hide infinity from us. Conversing with the Mighty Ones, and having knowledge of the descending Aeons, they bring humanity again and again the Fire from Heaven. The mere white light and burning effulgence of their souls transcends all human brilliance of mind. Their genius of character is to the genius of intellect, as the brightness of the sun to the wanness of moon or planets. They have been born, they have lived; history resounds with their beauty and glory. And how should they pass from the earth-sphere, who were so compassionate, and without interest save in the salvation of men? Is there not indeed a Pantheon, a Grand Companionship on high, a Choir Invisible?

The story of mankind is the story of the Gods' warfare upon chaos and hell. Great kings and statesmen are often but marionettes, or

*a moving row
Of magic shadow shapes that come and go
Round with the sun-illuminated lantern held
In midnight by the Masters of the show,*

who, bringing subtle influences to bear, guide history, so far as they may, upon its course. For they are not omnipotent; and we that be fools more love to ally ourselves with darkness and the demons. Thus we crucify the Masters that come to us: they foresee all that, and count their torment but a little incident, so they may accomplish the work they came to do. Yet we are not to think of them as meek, weak, or humble, but proudly compassionate and strong: they are the Mighty, they are the Wise, they are the sole great lordly exultant potentates; they have power over external forces, because internally self and passion lie mastered; they direct the growth of nations, because they have learned long since to direct evolution

within themselves. There are golden threads in the tapestry of history; it is not all vulgar flaunt and scarlet, or soul-wearying drab monotony. Golden threads of great glory appear; also deep violet of sacrifice, and the royal purple of compassion. When these are seen, and the picture glows and deepens towards divinity, look for traces of the presence of the Gods.

So humanity is not forlorn or orphaned entirely, but cared for by sun-bright Principalities and Powers. It is they who preserve that mystical Truth, by whose alchemy we can transmute life's leaden metal into gold. We call it Theosophy in these days: an appropriate name enough. It comprises all those fundamental spiritual ideas on which the religions are based; which are the spring-sap and renewal of civilization, the North Star of human progress.

Brain alone could never have evolved them; they are not to be proved in test-tube or crucible. Transcending logic, they are logical; appealing to that greater thing, the soul, they cannot be shaken by the shifty cavilings of the lower mind. Proud doctrines they are, these that the Gods have revealed and handed down to us; proud, lofty, suitable to the high divinity of Gods and Men! The non-materiality of things; the non-inevitability of this hard and sordid régime; the world, the flesh, and the devil not omnipotent, nor tyrants tamely to be endured; the Soul of Man a divine thing; an irrepressible, indomitable, glorious thing, going forward eternally, life after life, against all obstacles towards its starry goal.

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MANY earnest people say, "We know that unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age. We see all these deplorable conditions. But how are the people to be awakened to the needs of the hour? How could all people be made to voice the needed heart-notes for the one great hymn of Universal Peace?"

My answer is that I can see no way to arouse the people for immediate action, unless they could come to their senses through the consciousness that possibly in twenty-four hours America was to be visited by a cataclysm, that would deal death and destruction everywhere.

Under such menacing conditions, possibly in their alarm and fear, people would throw aside all differences of creeds and dogmas, all selfish interests, and would come together for self-preservation, if for nothing else. . . .

Possibly now, ere it is too late, higher motives may move us to action.

— *Katherine Tingley*



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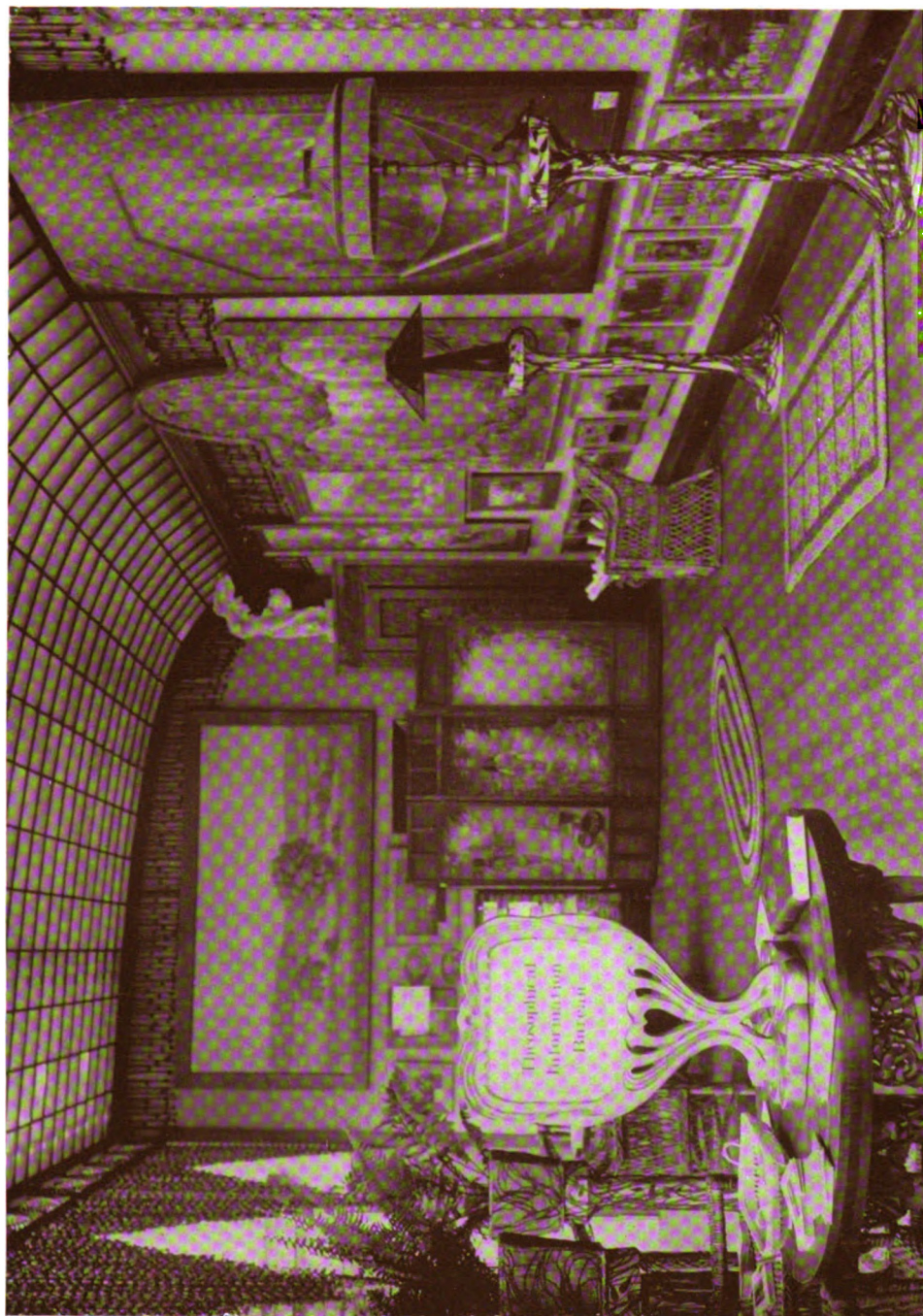
A FINE VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING, PANAMA-CALIFORNIA
EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The splendid open-air organ is seen on the right



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A CORNER IN THE THEOSOPHICAL INFORMATION BUREAU, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION BUILDING
PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A LARGER VIEW OF THE THEOSOPHICAL INFORMATION BUREAU
PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE MAIN OUTER ENTRANCE (FROM THE PRADO) TO THE SCIENCE
AND EDUCATION BUILDING, PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, IN
WHICH IS LOCATED THE THEOSOPHICAL INFORMATION BUREAU

A THEOSOPHICAL INTERPRETATION OF EASTER:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



BEFORE speaking about the significance of Easter from a Theosophical point of view, it will be desirable to recall to our minds certain historical facts relating to that festival; although these facts should be well known to people who annually celebrate or otherwise recognize Easter, and especially to devout followers of the Christian religion who attach so much importance to the celebration. And with regard to this statement of historical facts, one should bear in mind that it is not qualified in any way by the Theosophical viewpoint, but is simply a brief summary of what is well known to all students of the Christian rites and symbols. One may also remark that it would be better if Christians knew more and thought more about these facts connected with the religion they venerate.

Easter is a curious mixture of three different sets of tradition: these are the Jewish, the Christian, and the ancient Scandinavian. Let us first take the word "Easter" itself. It is an Anglo-Saxon word, the original being *Eastre* or *Eostre*, and in German *Ostern*. It is a survival from the old Teutonic and Scandinavian cosmogony and theogony. Eostre was the goddess of Spring, and the month of April was dedicated to her. Yet undoubtedly the present festival is Christian. How, then, do we find this curious blend of ancient Scandinavian tradition? The answer is very simple and pertains to other Christian customs besides Easter, as, for instance, Christmas, with its Yule-log and Old Father Christmas or Santa Claus. The early Christian Church in England adopted many of the names, symbols, and festivals of the Scandinavian and Teutonic peoples among which it was planted; and these borrowed elements were welded and incorporated with the Christian beliefs and rites.

Another name for Easter is the Passover, and among the Latin nations of Europe it is called *pâques*, *pasqua*, and *pascua*, names which come through the Latin and Greek from the Hebrew. The festival of the Passover was also celebrated in the Spring. There is no trace, we are assured by learned divines, of the celebration of Easter in the New Testament or in the writings of the apostolic fathers. It was not until a later date that the Christian church deemed it advisable to adopt the universally prevalent custom of celebrating certain annual festivals at particular seasons. All the nations by whom the early Christians found themselves surrounded did so; and the church

could not permit itself to be behindhand. One of the annual festivals was that of the celebration of Spring; and this the church matched by instituting at the same season a celebration of the resurrection of Christ. It would take too long now to go into the question of how this festival became associated with that of the Jewish Passover, and subsequently with that of the Scandinavian Eostre; but these questions of scholarship have been adequately gone into and can be looked up by anyone who desires information.

It has been said that Easter is a medley of three different traditions; but this fact need cause us no concern, for in truth it sinks into insignificance beside the far more important fact that the celebration of Easter is a *universal* custom. The ancient Romans used an egg as one of the symbols in their celebration. Wherever we look we shall find in every system of symbology that the rebirth of the year was celebrated as a great festival and that the egg was used as a symbol of this rebirth.

But it is not of the rebirth of the year that Christians think when they celebrate Easter. They are thinking of the Resurrection of Christ. And is it to be thought that all the ancient civilizations, when they celebrated their Spring festivals, had nothing more in mind than the celebration of an astronomical phenomenon? Some scholars have tried to make themselves and us believe that all antiquity was so dumbfounded over the marvels of Spring and the Dawn, and so filled with thankfulness and fear over the bounties of summer and the hardships of winter, that they instituted these rites with a view to expressing their feelings and currying favor with the Gods lest these should withhold their bounties. This is what is known among the learned as the "solar myth theory." But let us try to take a worthier and more sensible view of the mentality of our ancestors of all nations. Let us at the same time try to take a loftier view of the Christian faith. What is the great fact that is really and actually celebrated and commemorated in both the pagan Spring festivals and the Christian Easter?

This is the important question and the one that concerns Theosophists, as being an eminently practical class of people, and that cannot fail to interest all who prefer practical useful truths to the dry husks of mere dogma.

The thing celebrated is *Resurrection* — Rebirth.

Rebirth or resurrection is one of the most fundamental laws of

nature. The familiar phenomena of the sun's rebirth every morning when he rises after the night, and every Spring when the cold dark mantle of Winter passes from the earth — these are but symbols of a universal truth. The nations did not worship the sun or the Spring any more than the Christian worships bread and wine. They are all symbols. One use of symbols is to impress the mind and strengthen the will by calling up in us the reality for which the symbols stand. But there is more than this. There is a fitness in times and seasons, and the best season for bringing home to our hearts the significance of the great truth of Resurrection is that season when all nature, and our own bodies with it, is filled with renewed life after a period of decline. For this reason Spring was always the time when it was felt to be appropriate to hold sacred ceremonies for the impressing on men's minds of the eternal truth of Rebirth.

And for Christians this idea of Rebirth is signified by the Resurrection of Christ. But they ought to make more of their sacred teachings than they do. Jesus' whole life was symbolic, typical, emblematic. It was meant for an example to his followers. It is the aim of all good Christians to follow in the footsteps of their Master and to strive to be Christ-like, so far as in them lies. The passion and the Resurrection, along with the other acts and events of Christ's life, are emblematic. He triumphed over death and the grave; and his resurrection typifies the triumph of the Soul over the body, of that which is eternal over that which is perishable, and of good over evil.

Now the whole of a man's life is a drama of continual death and rebirth, just as the drama of surrounding nature is full of continual decay and renewal. The Theosophical view of life is full of hope and inspiration; and so ought the Christian view to be; and so it is when they do not allow the narrowness and selfishness of the carnal nature to creep in and obscure the glorious truth handed down to them from their great Teacher. There is never any need for despair for any man or for any moment. *Every moment can be made a starting-point.* A moment is a point in time and can be made the beginning of a new line of effort and achievement. What is needed is the virtue of knowledge — knowledge of the power of that Divinity which was breathed into man when he was created, and on which Jesus taught his disciples to rely.

This Easter is the season when the Sun in his annual course through the signs of the Zodiac enters Aries, which is the beginning of

the celestial circle. At this time all nature is renewed, the flowers bloom, the trees are new-clothed, the birds are busy with their family projects. And as man himself has a physical body, he to that extent has to fall in with the customs of nature, and so he too feels the sap rising anew in his body. At this time, he is apt to find his mind filled with new hopes and energies. How important that he should see that his beginning is a good beginning. Beginnings are so very important. It makes all the difference how we begin the day — whether by springing up at the sound of the alarm, or by turning over for another weakening slumber. And all the more ought we to begin the *year* well.

This is the right time for thoughts about Rebirth. Theosophy teaches that all death is the prelude to Rebirth; and so has Christianity taught, but the teaching has been obscured. Christianity itself, indeed, may be said to have been in the tomb and to be in need of resurrection. Think of the centuries of bigotry and wrangling and hatred and persecution through which Christianity has had to live, and you will cease to wonder that its teachings have often been twisted and obscured. But the Master, when he departed, so we are told, left behind with his disciples the Holy Spirit as a Teacher and reminder; and to that Divine Spirit we may still appeal. For the real teacher of man is that Divine nature that was implanted in him. And so the death of the body does not mean the death of the Soul; and for the Soul there is a resurrection. But what is of more immediate importance to us is this — that for you and me there can be a resurrection tomorrow — tonight — if we will.

Perhaps the Divinity within us has been long in the tomb, sent there by its enemies the lusts and delusions that come from our inability to understand how to rule our nature. And perhaps tonight it may come forth from that tomb, summoned from its grave by the urgent bidding of a new resolve in our heart. We may at this Spring cycle start a new cycle in our own life, that may lead us, ere another Spring comes — who can tell whither? Why not resolve to use our Spiritual powers? That symbol of the Easter egg, which we keep up so faithfully, obeying some inner instinct, is full of meaning for us. It is an emblem of the Spiritual power of regeneration. The seed, also used in Spring festivals, is just such another emblem of regeneration. And how full of meaning! What is the use of a symbol if we are only to stick it up on a wall and hold learned discussions about it? A symbol is meant to be used. We can, if we will, use the great

powers of imagination and aspiration and resolve, with which we find ourselves endowed, and from these powers cause something new to be born at this season within ourselves.

We can create our ideal — bring our ideal into life, just as the germ in the egg or seed is brought into life. And what is our ideal? Do we not all long to be at peace with ourselves and the world, to be happy and harmonious, strong, true, generous, and beneficent forces in the world? And we can be so. But it is no use beseeching heaven to make us what we are expected to make ourselves. It is through the human will alone that God can work in man. The gift of grace cannot be poured into lazy natures as if it was so much food or money being poured in. We must ask for it, and to ask means to act. And this is the true kind of *prayer*. "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small."

We all know today that human life is suffering from the exercise of the lower and selfish animal powers in man; and we do not see how a continual repetition of the calamity is to be averted. It can be averted, but only through the exercise of our Spiritual powers. That means that we must make human welfare, not our own personal desires, our object in life.

It may truly be said that Theosophy teaches Resurrection, for it has given renewed hope to many a weary soul that had thought there was no more to be gotten out of life. They have found that a new joy comes from a life of service to the cause of humanity; and that a new birth verily takes place in all loyal natures, even as the great Teacher said to Nicodemus. Try to reach down in your nature for something that is pure, strong, and eternal; try to find your own Soul, your own true Self. Why are you unhappy and in doubt and at variance with yourself? Is it not because you have generated all sorts of fictitious selves and imaginary beings, each with a different will, all pulling you different ways, and giving you no peace with their multitudinous demands upon you? Yet deep within your nature, beneath all this outer crust of cross-purposes and unwise desires, there is the Soul, with its own eternal purposes, full of wisdom and might, striving to make its voice heard amid the din. And you are bidden be silent and listen for that voice. For you were not born with the birth of your body. You are the eternal pilgrim. Your Soul has been buried in the tomb, but it can rise again. It awaits the summons of your lofty aspiration and your strong resolve. Then this will be a true

Easter to you; not the kind of Easter that has meant nothing but a few rites and ceremonies or the paying of debts.

Surely this must have been what Christ meant. He would have lived in vain if he had failed to enable a few at least to realize their own Divine responsibility. It is yours tonight to discover the real message of the great Teacher and what his resurrection signified.

Take that symbol of the egg again. Every thought you think is a germ, potent with the forces of germination. It will grow. And so every day and every moment you are dying and being reborn, never for two consecutive seconds the same man. The only question is, Which way will you grow? What kind of seeds will you sow?

Henceforth, you may say, I will strive to find the inner guiding Light, and it shall show me how I may live the life of grace and be a blessing to myself and to all in all my comings and goings. You do not need to wait until you know more. For knowledge comes with progress and is the reward of effort. "I do not ask to see, The distant scene, one step enough for me." Prove yourself worthy of further light by taking the step that lies nearest to you. Every moment of life is a moment of choice between two alternatives, and you will quickly find yourself at such a moment of choice; then is your time to act. You know which is right and which is wrong.

Perhaps you may think yourself too old to begin, but there is such a thing as the secret of perpetual youth. There is a part in you that never grows old, because it cannot. Seek out and find that part. Maturity is a time of balanced judgment and prudence — a fine time to begin. Every age has its duties and its peculiar powers. At your age, I do not care what it may be — you can do something that could not so well be done at any other age. Never say too old or too late. People let themselves fall back, but this is one of the delusions of life. Among certain nations old age has been considered the most honored period, the season when a man, having done with lesser matters, can enter the path of wisdom. And remember that death is only an incident in the Soul's career; also that you do not live for yourself alone, but for — and in — every Soul that lives.

Let this then be our Easter message this year. Let us join ourselves with all antiquity in celebrating once more, and in the true spirit this time, the eternal truth of regeneration and resurrection. Let there be a veritable resurrection of the Christ-spirit in our hearts, inspiring us with a new joy and a new power of action.



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BY THE POND. JAPANESE DOMESTIC SCENE



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ONE ASPECT OF LIFE IN JAPAN



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TORII (GATEWAY) AND TEMPLE LANTERNS, HAKONE



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PART OF THE GARDEN OF THE KAMEIDO TEMPLE, KYŌTŌ



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ENTRANCE TO THE SHIBA TEMPLE, TÔKYÔ

"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR!": by R. Machell



"HITCH your wagon to a star." Such is the advice of a man who said so many wise and beautiful things, that a mere mortal is inclined to wonder whether all his sayings are safe axioms upon which an ordinary person may base his rules of life.

It was just such an ordinary man that lit upon this excellent precept and adopted it for his own use. He argued that it was surely well for man to aspire, and, if so, the higher the better. From a wagon to a star may seem a "far call," but he understood that poets speak in metaphors, and as he owned no wagon and knew of no hitching-post among the stars, he interpreted the saying, adapting it to the needs of the case. Why not? What else was there to do? And yet! well . . . the adaptation of poetic philosophy to practical life is a work requiring the rare faculty of perception. That this power of perception is the fine flower of human evolution did not trouble this very ordinary man, for two reasons, one of which was cogent, while the other was merely potential. The first was that he knew nothing of such a faculty nor of his own lack of it; the other was that he never doubted but that he, as man, was himself the finest flower that evolution had produced. You see by this how very ordinary a man he was.

"Hitch your wagon to a star!" That was a figure of speech, an allegory, that could have but one interpretation to a man brought up under the shadow of the "fear of God," which he, like many other ordinary men, thought he had quite outgrown. He was very modern. It obviously meant that there were guardian agencies (he was too modern to think of them as angels) ready to take charge of men's affairs, and to relieve them personally of all responsibility or allegiance to the moral law, that rules or seems to rule the vulgar herd. The ordinary man with aspirations has a fine contempt for those he classes with the "vulgar herd." Scorn is the hall-mark of vulgarity, the small man's substitute for self-respect, a parody of pride, as one might say; for even vices may be liable to imitation.

Ambition in the very ordinary man develops pride of a particularly vulgar kind; and this small vice he looks upon as the unfailing indication of superiority. 'Tis very common and extremely modern: I think the ancient Chinese sages said so some five thousand years ago; modernity is nothing new.

And so this very foolish person reasoned that, if his wagon were

securely hitched to a star, he could himself feel free to follow where his star should lead him, without a thought of how such conduct might affect the world he lived in. There was some difficulty in deciding which star he should select, but on considering deeply he saw that in such matters he possessed a guide he could rely upon, to wit, his own desire, (he called it intuition, being really very ignorant).

His own desires he felt were Nature's indications of the path that he must follow, and he knew no other guide so constant and so clear in all its promptings.

He was ambitious and he longed for power, but he hated work. He had a noble scorn for all who worked. Gold was too ordinary an object of desire for him to covet its possession; besides, he saw that, as the multitude was almost wholly occupied in its pursuit, he would be badly handicapped in such a race by his sincere dislike of ordinary occupations and of even necessary exertions. What he wanted was the power to dominate the minds of other men, to make them serve his purposes, and obey his will, unconsciously at first, but ultimately recognizing him as their superior: how much superior he hardly ventured to decide; the limits of ambition are not known, nor are the depths of human imbecility.

His faith in occult powers was vague and ill-defined but it was well supported by his vanity, that assured him he was not one of the vulgar herd, but one who stood apart already poised upon a pinnacle of mysterious superiority, as yet unrecognized, his natural greatness hid behind the veil of mediocrity. He felt that he must have help to lift the veil in order that his light might shine and dazzle the beholders. He must find his star. Clearly his star must be incarnate in some human form. How should he find her? How recognize her in that form when found? He thought of his star as feminine, and, if he had but known it, his wagon was already hitched to a star of the first magnitude, but it was one that shines from out the nether world of passion, that the wise call "hell" symbolically.

The star he sought was just an incarnation of the force that urged him towards the path, on which he was already well advanced, the path of self-indulgence: such incarnations are not difficult to find; they are abundant everywhere on earth. So much so, that it has been wisely said "There is no hell except upon a man-bearing planet"; (H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*) or words to that effect.

And so the search began; and Nature aided him, as Nature does,

showing him various paths, but leaving the choice to him. So first he met a woman wise beyond his conception of the range of wisdom, a woman selfless in action, impersonal in her determination to assist humanity "the great orphan," and inflexible in her obedience to her mission. She seemed to welcome all who came to her for teaching in the mysteries of life, regardless of their social status or their reported piety. Indeed the promiscuity of her social intercourse was somewhat of a shock to one, who felt he was not of the generality. He thought his latent greatness should be visible to her who was to be his teacher. But this woman showed him little preference. She seemed to fling the pearls of wisdom freely at the feet of those he scornfully regarded as "the swine;" and, seeing this, he prudently selected here and there some of these gems of wisdom that took his fancy, pocketed them in his memory for future use, and finally abandoned his great opportunity, when he discovered that, for all her seeming prodigality, she carefully concealed from him the keys, without which her teachings could not well be made to serve his selfish purposes. She took his measure at a glance, and gave him all he was entitled to. But he, incapable of measuring her greatness, thought he had exhausted her small stock of really valuable information; and, following the impulse of his own desire, he refused submission to the discipline, that she declared imperative for those who sought admission to the secret stores of wisdom hidden in the ancient mysteries. The path of discipline was not for him; he looked for a short cut, a secret path, by which he might avoid the difficulties, that the teachers seem to place deliberately in the way of aspirants to knowledge. His vanity persuaded him he was exempt from the necessity of discipline and purifying exercises, which might detain him for a life-time and leave him still unrecognized, uncrowned, and even unenlightened, a mere probationer, and even a disciple, he, whose ambition was to rule.

And so the door closed on him, as he turned and left unrecognized the opportunity of a life-time. And so from door to door he wandered searching the various temples of occult learning that he found profusely scattered through the world; and came to look upon them all as traps for the credulous. But everywhere he gathered specimens of mystic jewelry such as he thought worth adding to his store of knowledge; a sparkling collection, calculated to astonish and impress, but powerless to instruct or aid a seeker for the light.

As his experience ripened he found his favorite maxim capable of

a wider and more mystical interpretation. The star he sought was not perhaps incarnate in a single individual, but might be shedding rays of occult wisdom variously through many human forms of femininity; so it was obviously unwise for him to pin his faith to one, or let a woman fetter him with bonds of any kind; he must have freedom to follow his star wherever it might lead: and he had no reason to complain of any lack of leading: his star shone brightly there where his passion lit. The wagon of his life hitched to his guiding star made wheel-tracks so erratic, that some were scandalized, and others, following his lead were lost, and many were bewildered by the extraordinary vagaries of this very ordinary person, for a while raised by an unquenchable desire for power above the mediocrity he loathed, but which clung to him like the black mud of a swamp, in which he floundered on from one small slippery foothold to the next. The mud of mediocrity was what he struggled most of all to free himself from, but it clung: he tried to hide it, he turned the soiled garments inside out, and wore them so that he was constantly reminded of their filth, which others could not see so easily; but even so the odor of the mud hung round him like an aura of offensive emanations, warning the pure to shun his company, but contaminating many with its foul infection. He became a center of infection spreading impurity and moral pestilence around, attracting to himself a heterogeneous following of doubtful elements. So he attained some prominence, and was hailed by a coterie of interested ones as a great teacher.

It seemed as if the wagon he had hitched to his particular star were sinking in the swamp, above whose treacherous surface floated waveringly the deceptive gleam of marsh-fires only visible at night, when the true stars were hid by clouds, so that not even a reflection of their brilliance could be noticed on the uncertain surface of the slimy pools dotted about among the rank luxuriance of the vegetation rooted in the mud.

Some say the swamp is haunted by strange creatures, with weird powers of fascination and delusion, capable of taking human shapes to hide their elemental formlessness; and that the marsh-fires are the flames they wear for crowns in place of stars, in imitation of the heavenly host. And those, that follow where they lead, sink out of sight beneath the level of mere mediocrity into insanity, and an underworld, where human failures gradually disintegrate.

"Hitch your wagon to a star!" Aye! but beware of self-deception. If your wagon seems to travel slowly or to be halted by the roughness of the road, there is another maxim, that may stand you in good stead, and that, some say, is actually a practical interpretation of the other. It is "Put your shoulder to the wheel!" If you would travel on the hard road of evolution you must be willing to "get out and push behind:" for the ethereal hitching rope, that connects your wagon with your star, cannot be used to save you from the necessary hardship of the road. Far from it: the higher the aim the longer the trajectory: the loftier the ideal the harder will the journey be. But hardship is a joy to all but "shirkers;" and difficulties are not obstacles, but aids, as steps are means by which we rise, if we surmount them. And the traveler who seeks to hitch his wagon to a star must be prepared to climb as high as heaven to reach that hitching post.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XVI

COUNT SAINT-GERMAIN'S FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND



IN the Sloane collection of manuscripts in the British Museum there is a letter signed by P. M. de St.-Germain, dated November 22, 1735, and written from the Hague. It is about an extremely rare book of great value, offering it for sale. If this is the well-known Count Saint-Germain the date is interesting, and more interesting still is this glimpse of the collector of rare books taken in connexion with the explanation suggested in *The Secret Doctrine* of Madame Blavatsky (and now published at Point Loma), of the "disappearance" of certain works from circulation. Such organized withdrawals would need the services of "collectors" who might snap up rare editions of other works, useless to them, but valuable from a market point of view. Was this man such a "collector"?

Doubtless he would have offered the book to the British Museum if that institution had existed at the time, but as it was he had to offer it to a private collector.

In any case, if this was the same Saint-Germain, it shows that he already had communication with England at that early date. The

initials P. M. may or may not mean anything. Dr. Oettinger, who studied his life, gives his initial name as Joseph. There was some talk of his being the son of Prince Francis Rágótsky of Transylvania; but the elder son Joseph was well known and the younger son also seems well accounted for. Some suggestion that there was a third son, not legitimate, is baseless, except for the remark that someone supposed there was such a son, and in any case this man's name was not Joseph. Since, however, Saint-Germain was a real title and not a family name, the initials might have been anything.

The first authentic information we have of Saint-Germain's adventures in England commences with the year 1745, the period of the last invasion by the Pretender. We give Horace Walpole's letters describing the incident, and it is hardly necessary to add much comment. The Prince of Wales was a "bad lot" and there was the whole explanation.

At this time Saint-Germain was in his usual concentrated way of being one thing at a time par excellence, the musician, the marvelous violinist, the composer. When he wished he could make his violin do anything with his audience. As H. P. Blavatsky tells us, he was compared to Paganini by those who had heard both. He was said to play behind a screen and then produce the effect of half a dozen instruments at once. Elsewhere we hear of an extra quality which Paganini possessed over and above the average musician, which Saint-Germain doubtless also had. When he wished, he could play indifferently enough and then it was reported that he was just an ordinary player. But he would gain his end of not attracting that particular hearer to seek a closer acquaintance.

He composed much at this time and we still have two or three of his drawing-room songs and some of his violin music, preserved in the (British) national library.

A note should be made that he knew Prince Ferdinand Lobkowitz in London at this time. This friend enters the story again, later on.

A LETTER FROM HORACE WALPOLE TO SIR HORACE MANN,
BRITISH ENVOY AT FLORENCE

Arlington Street, Nov. 29, 1745

A small ship has taken the Soleil privateer from Dunkirk, going to Montrose, with twenty French officers, sixty others, and the brother of the beheaded Lord Derwentwater and his son who at first was believed to be the second boy. (Charles Radcliffe, brother of James, Earl of Derwentwater, who was executed

for the share he took in the rebellion of 1715. Charles was executed in 1746, upon the sentence pronounced against him in 1716, which he had then evaded, by escaping from Newgate. His son was Bartholomew, third Earl of Newburgh, a Scotch title he inherited from his mother.—*Dover*)

For bravery, His Royal Highness, (the Duke of Newcastle) is certainly no Stuart, but literally loves to be in the act of fighting. His brother (the Prince of Wales) has so far the same taste, that the night of his new son's christening, he had the citadel of Carlisle in sugar at supper, and the company besieged it with sugar plums. It was well imagined, considering the time and the circumstances. One thing was very proper; old Marshal Stair was there, who is grown child enough to be fit to war only with such artillery. Another piece of ingenuity of that Court was the report of Pitt being named Secretary of War. The Prince hates him, since the fall of Lord Granville. He said Miss Chudleigh, one of the Maids, was fitter for the employment; and dictated a letter, which he made her write to Lord Harrington, to desire he would draw the warrant for her. There were fourteen people at table, and all were to sign it: the Duke of Queensberry would not, as being a friend of Pitt, nor Mrs. Layton, one of the dressers: however it was actually sent, and the footman ordered not to deliver it till Sir William Yonge was at Lord Harrington's — alas! it would be endless to tell of all his Caligulisms!

There never was so melancholy a town; no kind of public place but the playhouses, and they look as if the rebels had just driven away the company. Nobody but has some fear for themselves, for their money or for their friends in the army; of this number am I deeply; Lord Bury and Mr. Conway, two of the first in my list, are aid-de-camps to the Duke, and another Mr. Cornwallis, is in the same army, and my nephew Lord Malpas — so I still fear the rebels beyond my reason. Good night.

A LETTER FROM HORACE WALPOLE TO SIR HORACE MANN

Arlington Street, Dec. 9, 1745.

I am glad I did not write to you last post as I intended; I should have sent you an account which would have alarmed you, and the danger would have been over before the letter crossed the sea. The Duke from some strange want of intelligence, lay last week for four and twenty hours under arms at Stone, in Staffordshire; expecting the rebels every moment, while they were marching in all haste to Derby. The news of this threw the town into great consternation, (the consternation was so great as to occasion that day being called Black Friday) but his Royal Highness repaired his mistake, and got to Northampton, between the Highlanders and London. They got nine thousand pounds at Derby, and had the books brought to them, and obliged everybody to give them what they had subscribed against them. Then they retreated a few miles, but returned again to Derby, got ten thousand pounds more, plundered the town and burnt the house of the Countess of Exeter.

They are gone again and got back to Leake in Staffordshire, but miserably harassed, and, it is said, have left all their cannon behind them, and twenty

wagons of sick. The Duke has sent General Hawley with the dragoons to harass them in their retreat, and dispatched Mr. Conway to Marshal Wade to hasten his march upon the back of them. They must either go to North Wales where they will probably all perish, or to Scotland, with great loss. We dread them no longer. We are threatened with great preparations for a French invasion, but the coast is exceedingly guarded, and for the people the spirit against the rebels increases every day. Though they have marched thus into the heart of the kingdom, there has not been the least symptom of a rising, not even in the great towns of which they possessed themselves. They have got no recruits since their first entry into England, excepting one gentleman in Lancashire, one hundred and fifty common men, and two parsons, at Manchester, and a physician from York. But here in London, the aversion to them is amazing: on some thoughts of the King going to an encampment at Finchley, the weavers not only offered him a thousand men, but the whole body of the Law formed themselves into a little army, under the command of Lord Chief Justice Willis, and were to have done duty at St. James's, to guard the royal family in the King's absence.

But the greatest demonstration of Loyalty appeared in the prisoners being brought to town from the *Soleil* prize: the young man is certainly Mr. Radcliffe's son; but the mob, persuaded of his being the youngest pretender, could scarcely be restrained from tearing him to pieces all the way on the road and at his arrival. He said he had heard of English mobs, but could not conceive they were so dreadful, and wished he had been shot at the battle of Dettingen where he had been engaged. The father, whom they call Lord Derwentwater, said, on entering the Tower, that he had never expected to arrive there alive. For the young man he must only be treated as a French captive; for the father, it is sufficient to produce him at the Old Bailey, and prove that he is the individual person condemned for last Rebellion, and so to Tyburn.

We begin to take up people, but it is with as much caution and timidity as women of quality begin to pawn their jewels; we have not ventured upon any great stone yet! The Provost of Edinburgh is in custody of a messenger; and the other day they seized an odd man who goes by the name of Count St. Germain. He has been here these two years and will not tell who he is, or whence, but professes two very wonderful things, the first, that he does not go by his right name, and the second, that he never had any dealings with any woman. . . .

(In the beginning of the year 1755, on rumors of a great armament at Brest, one Virrette, a Swiss, who had been a kind of toad-eater to this St. Germain, was denounced to Lord Holderness for a spy; but Mr. Stanley going pretty surlily to his Lordship on his suspecting a friend of his, Virrette was declared innocent, and the penitent Secretary of State made him the *amende honorable* of a dinner in form. About the same time a spy of ours was seized at Brest, but not being acquainted with Mr. Stanley, was broken upon the wheel.)

He sings, plays on the violin wonderfully, composes, is mad, and not very sensible. He is called an Italian, a Spaniard, a Pole; a somebody that married a great fortune in Mexico, and ran away with her jewels to Constantinople; a priest, fiddler, a vast nobleman. The Prince of Wales has had unsatiated curiosity

about him, but in vain. However, nothing has been made out against him; he is released; and what convinces us that he is not a gentleman, stays here, and talks of his being taken up for a spy.

I think these accounts upon which you may depend, must raise your spirits and figure in Mr. Chute's loyal journal.— But you don't get my letters: I have sent you eleven since I came to town; how many of these have you received? Adieu!

No further light is thrown upon this episode until 1760, some fifteen years later. In Read's *Weekly Journal* or *British Gazetteer* for May 17th of that year, there is a note which says:

The author of the Brussels' *Gazette* tells us that the person who styles himself the Comte de St. Germain, who lately arrived here from Holland, was born in Italy in 1712. He speaks German and French as fluently as Italian, and expresses himself pretty well in English. He has a smattering of all the arts and sciences, is a good chemist, a virtuoso in musick, and a very agreeable companion. In 1746 he was on the point of being ruined in England. One who was jealous of him with a lady, slipt a letter into his pocket as from the young Pretender (thanking him for his services and desiring him to continue them), and immediately had him taken up by a messenger. His innocence being fully proved on his examination, he was discharged out of the custody of the messenger and asked to dinner by Lord H. Those who know him will be sorry (says M. Maubert) to hear that he has incurred the Christian King's displeasure.

We have seen what a sensation he caused at this time in England and at the Hague by his diplomatic relations. At present we are concerned only with the incident of '45.

What was this love affair, and why was it smoothed over? Evidently the testimony brought out the declaration that he had never had anything to do with a woman. Someone was jealous of him and obviously supposed that he had supplanted him in some lady's good graces. We read that the Prince of Wales was mightily curious to know more about him without obtaining satisfaction. Putting two and two together we are not likely to go far wrong if we suggest that the Prince of Wales was the offender and perpetrator of the mean trick that might well have cost the Count his life. Having due regard to the Prince's position, the Count seems to have done just the right thing by pretending to be "mad, and not very sensible," also in talking with apparent tastelessness, of being "taken up for a spy," to mislead gossip by keeping it busy in another direction. It shows also his lack of resentment.

This view is not unsupported, for we have evidence of its accuracy

in the Records of Hardenbroeck, published in Holland in 1901 by the Historical Society of Utrecht.

I have been told that . . . by the late Prince of Wales (who was a bad character) he was treated very meanly, but that not being guilty, he was again set free and accorded due satisfaction.

This Prince of Wales died a few years later, and the Count used to tell a story of his travels in India in 1755 and 1756 when he went out with Clive and was entertained by Admiral Watson in the flagship *Kent* during his stay in those waters. He was received everywhere as Watson's equal by the nabobs. One of these had such an admiration for the English that he gave his children English names and titles. Quite pathetically he tells how "the Prince of Wales is dead." Saint-Germain had his son with him on this occasion and the nabob gave him the name of "Lord Bute." It is an odd little picture, and knowing the real "Prince of Wales" to his cost, Saint-Germain must have thought more than he cared to say when he heard of this hero-worship expressed in just that way!



THE GREAT TONE

By M. G. GOWSELL

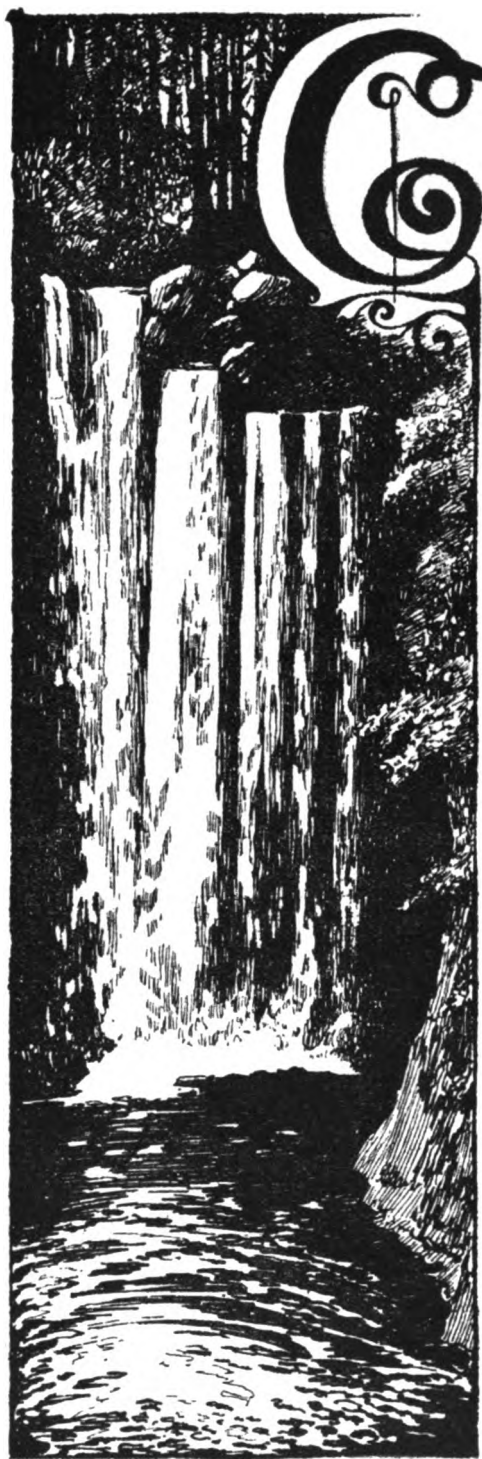
I HEARD it in Niagara's sound
Of tumbling waters seaward bound;
And like a thousand harpings borne
Upon the golden wings of Morn
I heard the distant city's din
Assuaged and re-intoned therein.

I heard it in the storm-tossed trees;
The trafficking of murmurous bees;
The lofty mountain's sundered snow
Loud rushing to the gorge below:
And near the lonely surf-bound shore
I heard it chanted, o'er and o'er.

A sovereign tone croons o'er the deep,
And every desert place asleep,
And is the world's eternal song
That aids the weak but leads the strong:
For those who know, and do, and dare,
It stirs the heart and singeth there.

THE WHITE BIRD INN: by Quintus Reynolds

A Chinese Story. Illustrations by R. Machell



HAO Shih-hsiung was going up into the mountains; where, if anywhere, he had been told, one might learn to write poetry. He was exemplary in diligence and filial conduct; a youth against whom no ill was spoken, kindly and gentle to all. But above everything he desired to be a poet.

It was coming to be evening; he had left the flat rice-fields at midday, and now was among the rocks and pines. Behind, and far below, lay the fields, and beyond them, the city; beyond that again, gleaming in faint pearl and turquoise and silver, the southern sea. On either side rose the steep mountain-side: great, friendly rocks and immemorial wizard pines. The road was not too rough for study, and Chao Shih-hsiung went forward reading the poems of the great Tao Yuen-ming. He heard not the wind intoning the *Kung* among the forked and elbowed pine-branches above him; he saw no wizardry in the tufts of the pine-needles; he neglected to feel a reciprocal friendliness for the immense boulders and for the gently darkening blueness of the sky.

"The world acclaims Tao Yuen-ming the first poet of the age," said Chao; "yet even from him I learn not the secret.

I perceive his method of arranging the four tones, and have succeeded in arranging them in like manner in my own efforts. I take note of the subjects he writes upon, and have written on them often myself. Further, I have studied carefully the *Book of Odes* and the poetry of the period of Han; and I have practised benevolence, and made some progress. Yet my effusions cause no enthusiasm, even in myself."

Although young, his attainments were very great: all that study could make them. He had obtained his *chin-shih* degree, and was employed as lecturer on poetry at the college in his native city. His dissertations were marked by subtleness and extreme learning; yet none of his pupils became poets. He preserved his modesty, realizing his own deficiencies.

One day he noticed a stranger in the lecture hall: an old man, dressed uncouthly, with a very long beard, very bright eyes, and a dignified and mysterious demeanor. Chao Shih-hsiung was expounding, that morning, the Elegies of Chu Yuan; a certain inspiration and unwonted eloquence came upon him, and he felt he was nearer to the secret of poetry than ever he had been before. The bright eyes of the stranger seemed to awaken wonderful but dim memories within him, so that he was filled with new hope. At the close of the lecture, the stranger came to him. Chao Shih-hsiung smiled and bowed, feeling that he owed much to this old man's friendly encouragement.

"Sir," said the stranger, "why do you waste your life in these idle strivings? Following this path, you will never become a poet."

"I have studied diligently," said Chao. "Unfortunately genius is lacking."

"Genius is not lacking, but unawakened," said the other. "Forgo your flashy methods, and seek quietude. Quit your book-learning, sir; follow the gulls into cloudland, and do not bury your ethereal self beneath the dust of the world. Take the empyrean for your roof, the sun and the moon for your constant companions, and the four seas for your inseparable friends. Study the magic of the mountains, sir; and your laudable ambitions will be fulfilled." *

So now Chao Shih-hsiung was endeavoring to take his advice.

* This is almost an exact quotation of a saying of Chang Chih-ho, "the Old Fisherman of the Mists and Waters," a sage of the 8th century—who lived two hundred years after Chao Shih-hsiung, however,

He came to the head of the pass; the world was all behind him now, and before and on all sides, the realm of mountain-magic. Beyond the valley, in front, rose dim and darkly glowing mountains, forest-clad; and afar, like faint petals of a lily against the sapphire sky, the snow-peaks, shadowed with the sunset in pale rose and salmon and blue. In the depths of the valley the river sang and gleamed, a narrow, winding thread of silver, broken here and there where it was hidden by trees. The road ran on among the pines; the stars were beginning to shine: the Spinning-Maiden and the Cowherd

shone out bright, watching each other across the impassable River of Stars. It became too dark to read, and Chao Shih-hsiung closed his book, and looked out over the mountain world; and then at last forgot his old strivings and desires. All at once he heard lute music, and singing lovelier than any singing he had heard in his life.

"It will be from some inn," thought he; and remembered that he was tired and hungry, and that an inn where he might sup and sleep would be the most desirable thing he could come upon.

In a little while he came to it. The hostess bade him welcome, and fetched him warm wine and food. While she waited on him, she went on singing. He watched her by the light of the lanterns that hung from

the rafters. She was clad in gleaming white; pale blue flowers were in her black hair, and her long sleeves were rimmed with blue. Her eyes were bright and quick like a bird's; and her motions as she ran and tripped, he thought, were bird-like. And her singing was sweet, sweet, sweet: rising and trilling and flowing now, and now soft cooing, deep and mysterious. At one moment she was in the room, serving him; at the next, she had run out, sleeves rustling and fluttering, and her singing came from the right, from the left, from above. Peace



and delight and mountain-sweetness flowed over his soul, and he sat and listened, listened.

The night deepened; the moon rose over the snow-peaks. The waters of the river below, the wind among the pine-branches, the murmur of the pine-needles overhead, seemed a part of her song. He listened, and all the music became one: he heard the mountain voices intone the great *Kung*. "This is wonderful," thought he. Then remembrance of the poems of Tao Yuen-ming came upon him; partly through his old habit of study, partly through an unwonted wakening in his soul. He opened his book, and began reading; and at that moment he heard that the hostess was singing the very poem on which his eyes rested.

He read and listened as she sang. But now the characters on the page were alive; they were moving and shining; the mountain-magic had possessed them. They sang themselves with her singing. The poem was glowing, ensouled. In every ideogram he heard the hostess' voice, he beheld a light like a diamond, like a pearl, like a twinkling opal; and from each he heard the call of the far waters, the voice of the night birds in the valley, the long sough and whisper of the wind among the pines. The printed poem itself was intoning with them the *Kung*. Chao Shih-hsiung marveled quietly, half dreaming. "This is poetry," said he.

The hostess sang on; the wind came wandering up out of the valley, bearing the scents of the southern night. Chao Shih-hsiung heard the wheel of the Spinning-Maiden in the sky, far and sweet; and he heard her song, and the answering song of the Cowherd from beyond the River of Stars that neither of them may pass. He heard the River of Stars sing as it flowed through the blue plains of infinity; and the stars and the wind and the pines, and the faintly glistening petals of the snowpeaks, and the hostess with her lute, and the waters of the valley below, had one voice, it seemed, between them; they were chanting the poems of Tao Yuen-ming; they were all intoning the *Kung*.

All night long Chao Shih-hsiung listened, forgetting everything; in deep oblivion of desires, for the wonder of the great *Kung* that he heard. All night long the hostess of the White Bird Inn was singing.

It was getting cold, cold, it seemed to him. . . . Was it the poems of Tao Yuen-ming she was singing now . . . or was she

imitating, marvelously, the voice of a bird . . . ? Surging in rich trills, gurgling like deep, lonely waters, flowing forth, rising and falling, sweet, sweet, sweet — could ever human voice be so bird-like? It was cold, and his limbs and body were stiff.

He opened his eyes. The rafters overhead were strangely like the living branches of a pine, forked and twisted and with many elbows. He sat up. The inn —

There was no inn. He had been lying on the ground, beneath a pine-tree just off the road; and no bed under him but the fallen dry needles. The snow-peaks afar were beginning to grow pale and saffron, faint blue and silver and salmon-color, with the rising of the sun. The song came from the branches above him; decidedly there were no human words to it; not even the magical words of Tao Yuen-ming. He looked up, and there, on a twig above his head, a white bird was singing. She had a little blue tuft of feathers on her head, and the white, gleaming wings of her were blue-tipped. And she was singing, singing, singing; and in her song, Chao Shih-hsiung heard all joy and all sorrow, and that which is beyond sorrow and joy. He heard the deep, far murmur, the eternal mystery of the *Kung*.

Then he went on his way, chanting the poems of Tao Yuen-



ming; and poems—yes, *poems* — of his own. Into all of them, he chanted the same, lonely, solemn, joyous, infinite wonder and tone. The pines rustling above, seemed to have human expression; the boulders looked at him kindly and humanwise, and he reciprocated their friendliness.

He was a great poet after that, it is said.



WE must relinquish the notion of a unique revelation. No longer is it narrowed to one little corner of the earth called Palestine, or to a time long past; but in all lands and in all ages God has made himself known and has permitted pure souls to find him when they sought him with earnestness and reverence.

— Prof. Pfeleiderer

NEW SCIENTIFIC VIEWS ABOUT HEREDITY:

by Magister Artium



THE following is an instance of the way in which ideas long contended for by Theosophists, against the opposition of contemporary schools of opinion, gradually influence the mind of humanity until we find those same ideas reappearing in the scientific world. Though these ideas, as thus presented by science, are not clothed in Theosophical language, yet their similarity with the original ideas promulgated by Theosophists can readily be seen by a comparison. This is one of the ways in which the work of Theosophy influences the world, stemming the tide of materialism and pessimism, and directing the attention of men upon the spiritual side of human nature.

How often have Theosophists, in this magazine and elsewhere, examined the current theories of heredity and shown how inadequate these are to explain the facts of human life. And now we find that much of what they have contended for is advocated in the scientific world, though not in the same language. In *Current Opinion* for February we find a review of an article wherein a man of science pleads for the recognition of a new force in human heredity. This force he calls by the name of "Social Heredity," thus distinguishing it from "Organic Heredity." To quote from the magazine:

Humans differ most from animals by possessing the moral sense. This moral sense is an ethical instinct developed by the force of social heredity. That is to say, the moral sense is both innate and acquired, but more acquired than innate. . . . Eugenists are apt to overlook this important consideration in their emphasis upon the only kind of heredity they have in mind. Professor Conn maintains that the ethical side of man's nature is the foundation of social evolution, and that social evolution is due to a set of forces which have little or no influence in developing the animal kingdom. In other words, the social inheritance of the human social unit has more to do with determining human progress than the laws of inheritance found in the lower orders of nature upon which eugenics is based. To distinguish between these two forces Professor Conn uses the terms social heredity and organic heredity. . . . His declared purpose is to show that the laws of evolution in animals and plants apply to human evolution up to a certain point, beyond which man has been under the influence of distinct laws of his own.

It may perhaps be thought that some of the above is a little obscure and that it abounds in vague verbal formulas such as are dear to some theorists. To define the moral sense as "an ethical instinct developed by the force of social heredity," is a case in point; and leaves us hungering for a definition of the "force of social heredity."

Still it is evident that the writer intends to say that physical transmission cannot account alone for the facts of human heredity, and that there is another and higher force operative in the case of man. The trouble is that in denominating this new force, "social heredity," one fears that instead of identifying the new force, he will be found to be merely describing it by its effects — thus inventing a new scientific abstraction or verbal formula, as is so often the case. We must call particular attention to the admission that organic evolution applies to man *up to a certain point only*, after which other forces are necessary; as this is exactly what the followers of H. P. Blavatsky have been urging, in the face of opposition, ever since that great teacher taught.

The Professor continues that man's real advance over animals has been in developing his social attributes, and not in becoming a better animal; and among other of these attributes he mentions especially the willingness to sacrifice self-interests.

At this point we must enter a caution against the possible confusion of the social instinct with the moral sense, a danger by no means imaginary. Some writers have tried to prove that morality is merely the result of the collective will, which overrides the various personal wills, and which has its operative centers in every human organism, thus inspiring each individual man with a social will that is higher than his personal will. The fallacy involved here can be shown both deductively from principles and inductively from observation. It is obvious that the social will may be of a destructive and malign nature. The present war shows that there are all kinds of social wills, and that these often inspire men to rush in hordes at one another for mutual destruction, and fill the minds of millions with preposterous hallucinations about the characters of their fellow-men. Apart from this particular instance, it is well known that collective hallucinations, crazes, moral epidemics, and such-like, may enter into and overrule the mind of individuals; and this phenomenon, though certainly a manifestation of the collective will and the collective mind, cannot by any means be described as a manifestation of moral power. Crowd-psychology is admittedly depraved, and nations as such are in a lower stage of moral evolution than the individuals that compose them. We are too prone to put our faith in abstractions like the "collective will" or the "interests of the race"; but all progress comes from effort. Social evolution is an effect, not a cause; and

it will not do for us to neglect our duty and wait for "social evolution" to lift our wagon out of the mud.

Whence comes the impulse to self-sacrifice? Does man sacrifice himself because of a calculated theory as to the social need for self-sacrifice? Does he do it on the give-and-take principle? Or is it not rather a primary instinct, based on innate knowledge? Ethics and morality are simply the laws of man's higher nature — they rise from the fount of his spiritual life. What is it that rules in the organic part of our nature and in the animal kingdom? It is a certain vital force, whose effects can be studied by science, but whose essence and origin are unknown thereto. The operation of this universal agent results in health and harmony. It must be so with morality, which is a higher law of health pertaining to the human kingdom. Man obeys this law instinctively; though in his present half-way stage of evolution he hovers between this law and the demands of his "organic" nature.

The Professor says that organic evolution has produced for man his body and brain with mental powers in which the amount of fixed heredity is slight, while the plasticity is great. Thus the human organism is peculiarly susceptible to influences brought to bear on it after birth; and this is what he means by the force of social evolution. He thinks the evolution of man has resulted in a gradual lessening of the fixed hereditaments, and an increase in the susceptibility to subsequent influences. It is gratifying to find that a man of science should attach so little importance to innate characteristics and so much importance to the possibilities of acquiring novel and independent qualities; as this admission militates altogether against the familiar idea that poor man is hopelessly bound down to his animal development.

All attempts to compare social development with animal development, thinks Professor Conn, are vitiated by the radical differences in the phenomena to be explained. Some might think that the Professor's "social heredity" is simply the familiar influence of environment" under a new name; but he guards against this suggestion. He seems to imply that social evolution is a force that enables man to utilize his environment, and determines how he will use his environment. Thus "social evolution" begins to look very like the Theosophical "Karma"—the heritage of individual character from past incarnations.

Human evolution has been a double one, we read, with astonish-

ment at the novelty of the admission, true though it is. Truly Theosophic thought is influencing the world. The ethical nature has become the most important characteristic that separates man from the animals, we read again. "Organic heredity gives us certain powers, while social heredity determines what we shall do with those powers."

It is not what we are born, but what we become after birth, that makes us men. . . . The future is full of hope.

This new gospel appears to us to be simply common knowledge stated in somewhat vague scientific language. Man's intelligence masquerades under the name of the "force of social evolution." Scientific sanction is vouchsafed to the idea that man is better than the animals, in kind as well as degree. What will be the practical outcome of such a doctrine? If it helps to dispel certain nightmares about evolution as applied to man, much good will be done. But if the "hope for the future" is to be realized, we must not rely too much on abstractions to do the work for us. The laws of health alone will not save humanity; somebody always has to get busy and do something.

To be brief, we may suggest that the "force of social evolution" is no other than man himself, who, by the exercise of his own intelligence and executive powers, modifies the hereditary and other conditions by which he finds himself encompassed. And the foundations of the ethical sense are probably man's own discernment, whereby he is enabled to see the real laws of his nature and follow them — when not misled by following the laws of his organic propensities. The future of humanity depends on the efforts of men who recognize what are the *real* laws of human life, and work to fulfil these laws. A mass of scientific and philosophical verbiage serves but to obscure plain issues, though doubtless it has its value in adding a certain seal of authority to those truths which we are willing to accept.

Organic evolution and social evolution are both abstractions — names for effects. The real agent in organic evolution is the "souls" or "monads" of various orders — animal, vegetable, mineral, etc. — that are living in the world and fulfilling their purposes. And in human evolution the paramount force is the Divine-human Monad, the human Soul, which also is living in the world and fulfilling its purposes. It is a universe full of living Beings.

In this explanation of the writer's views we fail to find that definiteness that characterizes the Theosophical teachings. To begin with, there is no adequate analysis of man's constitution. But Theo-

sophy says definitely that Man is primarily a *Mind*, and that this human *Mind* has an evolution of its own, quite apart from that organic evolution which pertains to man's organic or animal nature. When a man has been born, then this Mind begins to come into operation and modify the hereditary tendencies, thus building up a peculiar character. But our theorist speaks of "social evolution" or "social heredity" as the force which thus operates. In his scheme there are many details to be filled in. We should like to know *how* his force of social heredity brings itself to bear on the growing organism; and wherein this force, before it thus comes into operation, is inherent. It seems to be equivalent to education and the influence of other people. In fact, the real evolution of man is accomplished by inspiration, example, and precept—that is, by teaching; which is what Theosophists have always contended for. And much of the teaching comes from the man's own Ego, which is the heir of many experiences accumulated in the course of many incarnations.



A FORWARD LOOK: by P. L.

Let the dead past bury its dead.—*Longfellow*

THE past is gone, and try as we may we cannot change a single letter of the record. The present is slipping by more quickly than the lightning-flash. Before we realize the passing moment, it too has become the irrevocable past. But futurity, like a boundless plain, lies stretching before us. Can we foresee what it contains?

The Universal Power that rears the towering elm tree from a tiny seed and fashions sparkling diamonds out of lumps of formless charcoal, lives in our hearts, as it pervades the whole of Nature. The living power that urges every creature up the slope of progress is far more able to help us than the lower forms of life because of our intelligent co-operation. A plant or animal is slowly pushed and has no power to hasten or retard the process; but thinking man can use his will to help the universal upward urge.

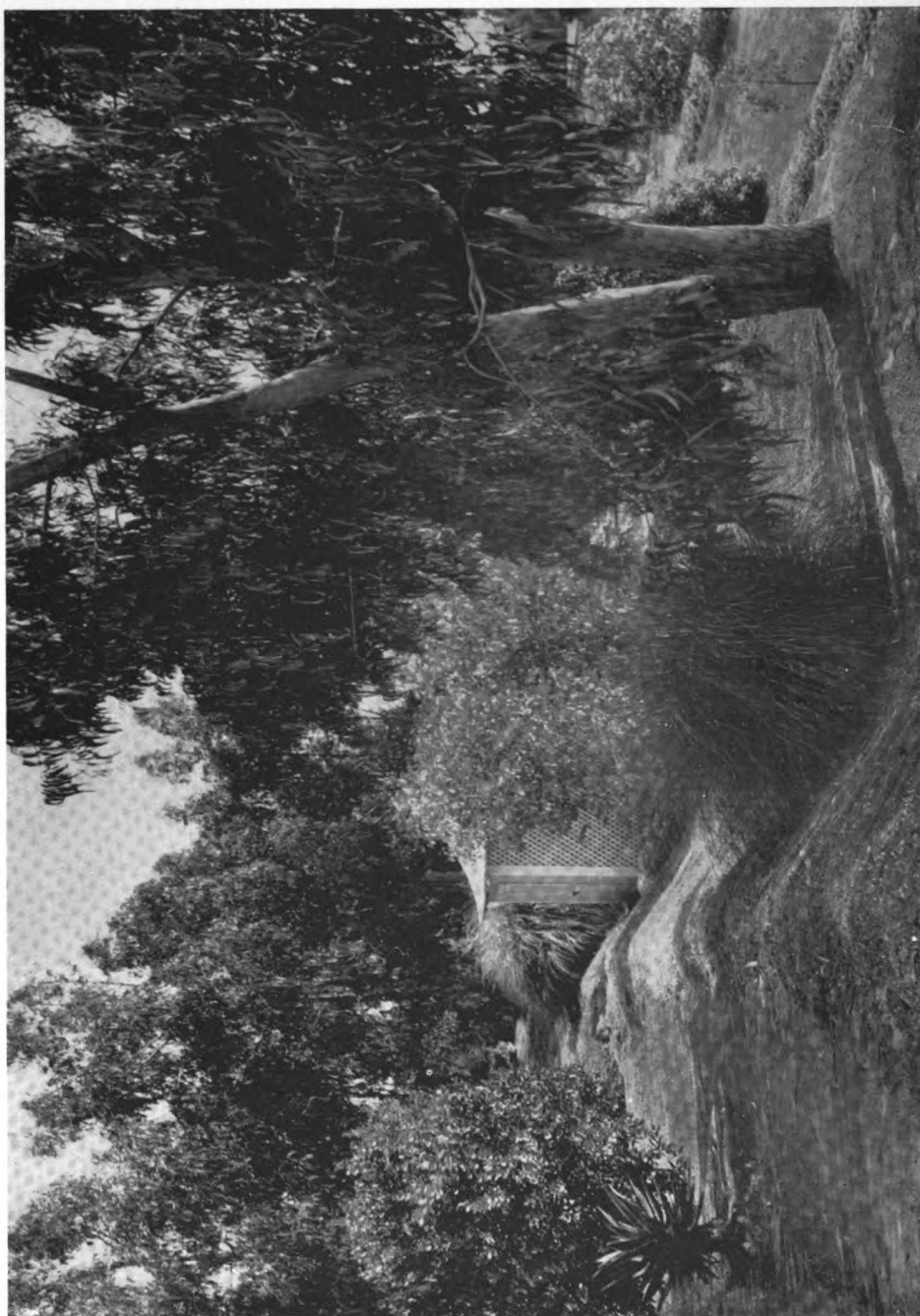
Forget the dead past. Live in the active present, and thus enter into a new way, which, starting from our present standing-ground, stretches far out of sight and loses itself in a shining glory which surpasses our highest imagining.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SOME OF THE BUILDINGS ON THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS GROUNDS

On the left is seen the large dome of the Rāja-Yoga Academy; on the right is the dome of the Aryan Memorial Temple; the building in the foreground is a Lomaland residence.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GARDEN IN THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



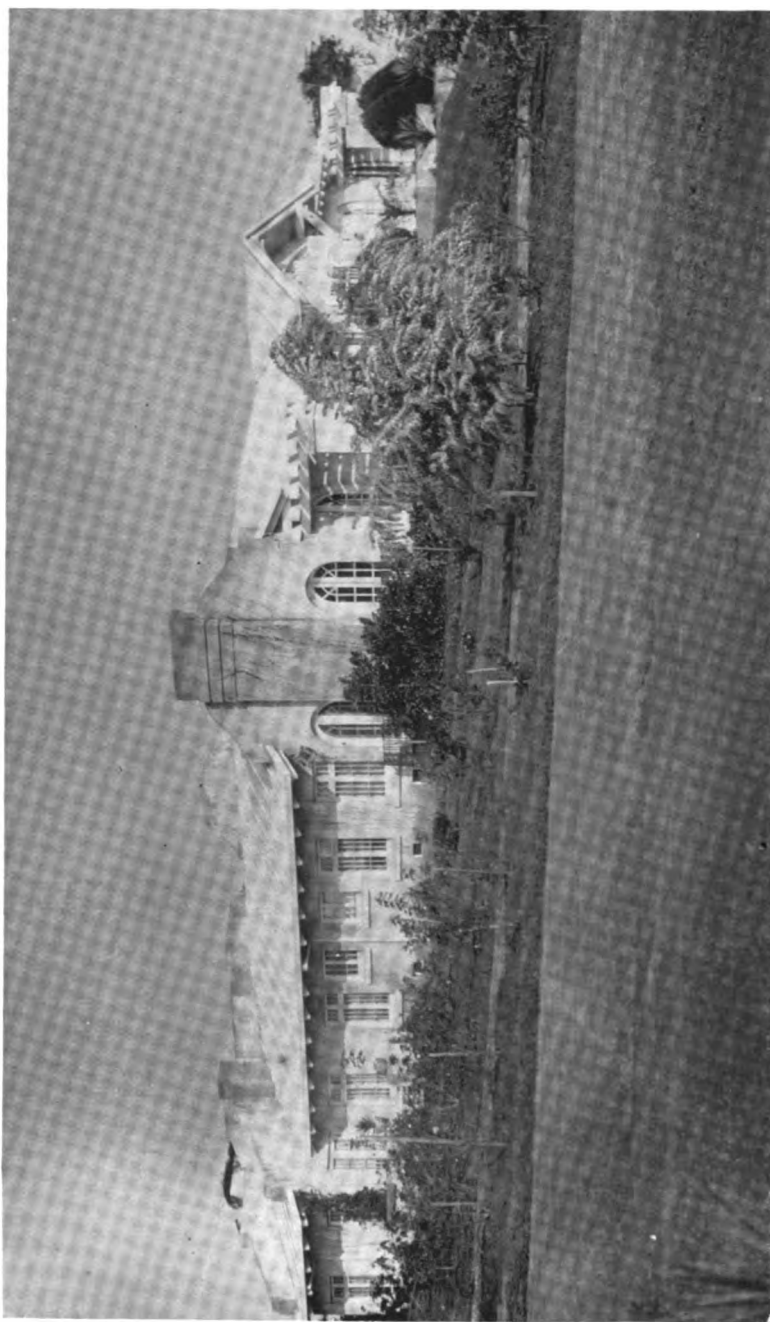
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GLIMPSE OF ONE OF THE HOMES OF THE STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A CORNER OF ONE OF THE PRIVATE RESIDENCES, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS OF THE WOMAN'S INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF THE WOMAN'S INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS



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A GLIMPSE OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF THE WOMAN'S
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS



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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOME OF THE GROUP BUNGALOWS OF THE STUDENTS, RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER VIII

THE EXECUTION



LANE had seen Joe Barty in his cell the evening before the execution. They had talked in friendly fashion and Lane had given him a cigar. He had also offered him his pocket flask, but this Joe had declined.

"Better take some," said Lane. "It helps to keep up a fellow's grit."

"No," replied the other, "I'll try and be man enough to do without it now. If I'd always let it alone I'd never have been here."

"Yes, that's the way with most of 'em," assented Lane, taking another sip.

"Why don't you let it alone, then?"

"Well, you see, Joe, I have to take it to keep my nerves steady. Yes, I have to."

"It won't always do that. Say, Lane, don't you kind of hate to hang me after bein' so kind and friendly all this long time?"

"Yes, I swear I do, Joe. It's a bad job; it sure is. But doesn't it make it a little easier for you to have a kind, good-feelin' fellow do it than some one that doesn't care a rap for you? You know somebody has got to do it."

"Why?" asked Joe simply.

"Why!" repeated Lane blankly. "Why you know you killed Billy; you never denied it."

"But I didn't know what I was doin'; I never intended to kill him or anybody else. But you will know it and mean it when you hang me."

"For goodness' sake, Joe, don't talk that way. Why it's not me that's caused you to be hung! Talk about the lawyers and the judge and the men that make the laws — they're the ones to blame."

"Yes, but you're goin' to do the job for 'em. What makes you do it? If everybody would refuse to do such a job they'd *have* to stop hangin' people. They're all worse than I am, for they're takin' my life in cold blood; and I never *wanted* to kill anybody."

"But you know you did kill Billy," said Lane.

"I was drunk when I did; I didn't know it."

"Well, that don't make any difference with the law, you know," argued Lane.

"It ought to then," insisted the condemned man. "The law al-

lows a man to get drunk; and then he isn't a man but just a brute, and liable to do anything a brute would. What right has the law to give one man a license to sell stuff that makes other men crazy and turns 'em into brutes? And then when they act like the brutes the law has made 'em the law hangs 'em for it. I say its the law that's to blame! It's all wrong."

"Well, it don't seem fair," admitted Lane, "but the lawyers and judges and legislatures say it's right. The people must think so, too, or else they'd vote it down, wouldn't they? The Constitution says the people shall make the laws and rule the public officers. Say, Joe, you've been thinkin' some."

"I've had time to think shut up here for nearly a year. If I could go out now I'd do things a lot different. I see things in such a different way. I'd never stop fighting against these things that drive people into doin' wrong when they want to be decent and right. God! do you suppose I wanted to kill Billy? Why Billy an' me — we'd always been just like brothers! And his wife my own sister, and them little kids —. We never had a quarrel in our lives. But we mixed in that crowd, and just had to drink with 'em. Yes, and now poor Billy is dead, Molly left alone with the kids, and I've got to be hung."

"No, it isn't right. Who's goin' to care for Molly and her babies? It won't help any to hang her brother, the only friend she has in the world. And what'll the law do for her? Why, it'll let her starve, or steal and then jail her for it. My God, when I think of her and the kids! If it would only bring Billy back I'd go willingly; but it won't; and I'd work like a slave for her and the babies if I could only be let live to do it."

Lane turned away and walked slowly down the corridor. Once he paused and muttered: "It's tough, it is." Then he took out his flask and drank again. But his hand shook and some was spilled. "I wonder," he said, "if I'm takin' too much of this dope. But I've just got to, not to lose my nerve."

It was ten o'clock. A sabbath-day stillness reigned throughout the great prison. Joe Barty stood in his cell, the center of a rather solemn but composed group. He was decently clad in a black suit, low shoes, and black hose. His face was pale but he appeared calm. He had expressed no religious preferences, so the chaplain was there with open prayer book. He stood close to Joe reading in low tones the

office prescribed by his church for the dying. Lane stood back of them, the warden and several officials in front.

At an almost imperceptible nod, Lane approached to pinion the arms of the condemned. Silently he again proffered his flask, but it was again refused.

"It is time to move," said the warden, looking at his watch. They all passed from the cell, the chaplain walking beside Joe and still reading prayers; while Lane brought up the rear. Through the long silent corridors they moved, across the yard, and up to the fatal stairs which Jimmy Hewit had climbed but a month before. Now Joe Barty stood upon the trap. His friend adjusted the noose and pulled the black cap over the pallid face; then stooping, he buckled a strap around the condemned man's ankles. When he arose he staggered slightly and wiped the perspiration from his face, although the day was rather chill.

Then the warden nodded to Lane, who stood and stared stupidly at him. Moving a little nearer the warden touched his arm.

"Why don't you touch the spring?" he whispered.

"I can't!" said Lane dully.

"You must!" whispered the warden.

"Oh, for God's sake hurry up!" came in a muffled groan from under the black cap.

"Spring the trap!" commanded the warden. "What's the matter with you anyway?"

"I — I just can't — do it," muttered Lane.

"Do it, I tell you. It's your job — you're paid for it."

At this Lane turned with a sort of desperation and touched the spring.

Then the horror that the company assembled were waiting so curiously to see did not take place as scheduled; for something even more horrible had happened.

The form of the strong, heavily built man shot downward through the trap with terrific momentum. There was a sharp snap, distinct as a pistol shot, and more than half the strands of the rope were broken. When the horribly gyrating figure drew up his pinioned limbs and straightened them out with the force of a trained athlete the remaining strands gave way.

At the dull thud of the body striking the earth an involuntary groan rose from the spectators.

Lane had fallen down across the stairs. "—— you!" cried the warden, trampling over him to reach the ground. "You're drunk and it's all your fault."

Two physicians were already bending over the huddled and bleeding form, and one of them had cut away the strangling noose. An arm was broken, and from cuts and gashes a pool of blood was already forming.

"Let him alone!" ordered the warden sharply. "The execution has got to be carried out; if he should be unconscious so much the better."

Calling two or three trusties, Joe was carried back to the platform, another rope was adjusted by one of the convicts, accompanied by hoarse groans from the muffled figure. When the warden looked around for Lane he had disappeared.

"You must spring the trap," he said to the man who had put on the noose.

"No, by God!" replied the convict.

"Then you," he said turning to the other.

But he drew back, shaking his head. "No," he said, "I'm here for killing a man. But I can't kill a man in cold blood; that's murder."

The warden hesitated a moment; then he said:

"Go and fetch 1728. Tell him he shall be rewarded."

After an interval which seemed interminable, the convict came slouching up the stairs. Though short of stature, his arms were long, and his broad shoulders indicated great physical strength. His small ill-shaped head, massive jaws, and thick necked showed how the animal predominated over the human in his nature.

He was shown what was required and with stolid indifference obeyed the order to spring the trap. The tortured and dying man was again precipitated through the door of death and this time remained dangling at the rope's end. The execution was accomplished.

"Well," said one of the physicians to the other as they gained the street, "this is the most brutal and inhuman spectacle I ever witnessed. Can there be any legal warrant for such torture and butchery of a fellow human being?"

"From what we have seen there seems to be. A public that will permit such things need not say anything about vivisection."

(To be continued)

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

THEOSOPHY, THE ONLY WAY: by E.



HOW often do we ponder over the difficulties which beset our civilization, and try to see a possible way out of them; amusing ourselves, perhaps, by imagining what we would do if we were a king or a president. And how often do we reach the final conclusion that there is no way out of them — except through the efforts of individuals who will act unselfishly in the interests of humanity, and not in their own (imagined) interests. Yet how can we find such people? It would seem necessary that they should be brought up from earliest childhood to regard *DUTY*, and not inclination, as their watchword; so that they may grow up with every instinct and faculty trained to the willing performance of helpful service. And in reflecting on the seeming impossibility of establishing such a school under the conditions which prevail, one is always brought back in thought to the Râja-Yoga system of education founded by Katherine Tingley, as the actual and only solution of the problem.

Self-interest is not the law of human life; it is not even the law of animal life. It is nothing better than a delusion. Animals follow their instincts and are obedient to the laws of their nature; and so should man. But man has a harder lesson to learn, a harder task to perform. He has the gift of Mind and can make mistakes. If man is to follow the law of his nature, he must know what that law is; but this is just what he does not know, for his mind is under delusion. And even if he did know, he would find that habit forces him, against his will, to do things contrary to the law; because he was not trained properly from the start.

One reads elaborate and varied articles on political and social problems, suggesting all sorts of schemes and measures for betterment. But they all either seem impossible to adopt, or else break down when tried. The one reason — always the same — is lack of the right men. Character is always the weak link. And so all these schemes lead the thoughtful man back to the same point — how to develop character.

To develop character, it is necessary to bring up children in the knowledge of the true laws of human life and in the power of self-discipline. If inclination is a misleading guide, then the lodestar must be *DUTY*. It should be needless to point out that Duty will in the end

become the same as inclination; both will point in the same direction. But because our inclinations are not always right, therefore they as often point away from Duty, and so there is an antagonism, and Duty seems stern and forbidding.

Duty is that which a man *ought* to do; it is that which his higher nature impels him to do. If properly constituted, the man would feel an urge to do the right thing, and a joy in following the urge. As it is, he finds his mind and his will are bound by a number of other urges, pulling him hither and thither.

Unless the people of our civilization have honor, the sense of duty, and fellow-feeling, character will decay at the roots and nothing can save the organism. Fortunately they have enough of these essential life-forces to prevent catastrophe. These qualities denote that human beings have a life in common, and that this common life has its own inviolable laws of health. Life is a question of give-and-take, as we all learn.

If we realized better the unity there is between us, we would not do anything, even in thought, that might sully the fount of our common life. Our thoughts may be secret in that they are hidden from the minds of other people; but our so-called secret thoughts pass out to work weal or woe to our fellow-man. Honor is the recognition of this mutual obligation. Dishonor — which is more than mere disgrace — means disloyalty to the Self which is in all men.

Children can be brought up to recognize these vital truths; for these are not dogmas but facts in nature. Children can be taught to summon the aid of their higher nature for the overcoming of temper, selfishness, and perversity; and it is a benediction to see them do it. It makes one realize the possibilities in human nature. We say that children are beautiful, but we do not know what that means until we have seen the light and strength of the higher nature shining through their eyes in the conquest of some foe from the lower nature. Such a sight is a lesson to older folk, and this is what Râja-Yoga education means. This is what humanity needs.

It is no wonder that Theosophists are devoted to their work, for the right chord has been touched in their hearts and they are all working for a cause which is their own cause. This is what makes the work such a power. No Leader could hold such a body of workers together by personal influence or by appealing to self-interest; it can only be done by upholding the standards of Right, Duty, and

Honor. And these qualities are demonstrated to be realities. The workers have found that which is worth fighting for in life.

And all this has been rendered possible by Theosophy — the work of H. P. Blavatsky. Her great principles were the same: the Heart-Life lived in her and gave her both the courage and the wisdom to do her Duty — to do what was needed. Such work as hers is never understood publicly at the time it is done; and it is easy to see why. To gain immediate recognition and appreciation, it is necessary for the worker to court popularity, to preach doctrines that will not disturb the smooth running of our lives nor introduce unwelcome ideas. But the real reformers must do otherwise. But the future must vindicate the truth, and there will surely come a day when H. P. Blavatsky's work will be recognized and appreciated. Some of those who recognized her at the time are still carrying on her work under her successor in the Leadership of the Theosophical Society — Katherine Tingley; and many who did not know H. P. Blavatsky have recognized her work in later years.

The world may safely be challenged to produce anything which can reach the foundations of human character as Theosophy can; or to show any method of education comparable in its results to the Râja-Yoga system. In the first place, Theosophy is essential as a foundation for this education. Next the teachers must be real Theosophists, earnestly striving to realize Theosophical ideals in their own lives. And last, the guidance of a Leader is indispensable.

All the above is spoken from the heart and with an earnest wish to extend the sphere of the influence of true Theosophy and Râja-Yoga education. For, all said and done, one's real interests are inseparably bound up with those of the human family; and all deep inward joy has the quality of sympathy. It is a consolation to know that one cannot even write down one's thoughts on paper without an invisible message going forth on wings of kindly feeling.

Theosophy is the gospel of harmony, and can resolve the discords of our lives. Its teachings, being true, speak to the intuition. Its appeal is so many-sided that all can find something in it to apply to their several cases. It may appeal intellectually, artistically, morally, and in many other ways. It is a great synthesis of knowledge. It is a mistake to think that Theosophy was ever absent from the world; but there are times when it is in abeyance, and times when its light shines forth anew as at a dawning. We stand now at a dawning.



THE SCREEN OF TIME

F. J. Dick, Editor

ON April 18, the ninth anniversary of the destruction by earthquake and fire of a considerable part of San Francisco, a mass-meeting thanksgiving service was held in the civic Auditorium, as well as special services in all places of public worship. In the circular announcing the arrangements occurred the following:

We recognize that throughout, and by reason of, the long period of peace enjoyed by this nation, there has developed a co-operative life, in which the brotherhood of man has been the primal factor. Thus, when the city suffered in the destruction of property to the extent of several million dollars, the means for its replacement had already been provided for. . . . Nor does the fact that a commercial spirit entered of necessity into the act diminish the force of the altruistic life thus presented.

✽

DEATH PENALTY OPTIONAL IN ARKANSAS

ON March 20 Governor Hays signed the bill making capital punishment optional with juries, and the minimum wage bill for women, both of which were passed by the recent Legislature.

✽

THE tremendous influx of people to California this season has had as one result a daily visitor-list at Lomaland of several hundreds, which moreover is constantly being augmented. Most of these make it convenient to attend in the afternoon, when a special program is presented for their entertainment by the pupils of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy. This begins with songs rendered by the Râja-Yoga International Chorus, given from the balcony of the Râja-Yoga Academy. The visitors are then conducted through a long and beautiful avenue to the Greek Theater, at the portals of which they find themselves greeted by strains from the College Band. In the Greek Theater a group of small children sing some of their action songs and then present a symposium entitled "The Little Philosophers," which thoroughly arouses the enthusiasm of nearly all who come. A senior pupil gives some account of the educational and other work carried on in Lomaland. When the visitors next reach the Aryan Memorial Temple they are further entertained by a group of girls who render in costume some of the Swedish national dances. A marked change in the bearing and

feeling of many who come is noticeable before they leave, and many hint plainly enough that it is as if a new revelation of the meaning of life had opened before them.



Crowded audiences have likewise been attending the Sunday evening meetings in Isis Theater, San Diego, during the past few months. Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of the Theosophical Movement, has been the principal speaker there, the subject chosen being, "Theosophy and Some of the Vital Problems of the Age." Most of these addresses have been published in pamphlet form by the Woman's International Theosophical League, at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. At one of these recent meetings the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, representing the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, was the speaker of the evening. This meeting was held under the auspices of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, founded by Katherine Tingley, March 3, 1913. The following is from the San Diego *Union*, Monday, March 8, 1915:

There was not a vacant seat in Isis Theater last night when Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago spoke under the auspices of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood. On the platform, besides the lecturer, were Mme. Katherine Tingley, Foundress-President of the Parliament of Peace; Clark Thurston, President of the Men's International Theosophical League; Mrs. A. G. Spalding, President of the Woman's International Theosophical League; Professor de Lange, general secretary for Holland of the Parliament of Peace; Mme. de Lange; Kenneth Morris, the Welsh bard of Lomaland; and as guests Rev. H. B. Bard, Rev. E. R. Watson, and Mr. L. J. Wilde. Mr. Thurston acted as chairman and host. The meeting opened with the singing of the *Ode to Peace* by the Râja-Yoga International Chorus, the words written by Kenneth Morris, the music composed by Rex Dunn, a Râja-Yoga student. The evening's program concluded with the singing of *The Peace Pipe*, the words from Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, music by Rex Dunn.

The address of the Rev. Mr. Jones, with concluding remarks by Katherine Tingley, is also published in pamphlet form.



On Sunday, April 18, the speaker in the Isis Theater was Mr. Herbert Crooke, from London. The following is from the San Diego *Union*, April 19, 1915:

HEART DOCTRINE, LECTURE THEME

ENGLISH THEOSOPHIST LAUDS WORK FOR PEACE AT POINT LOMA

Last night at Isis Theater Mr. Herbert Crooke of London, Director of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Great Britain, spoke before a large audience on "The Heart Doctrine." Before and after the lecture selections were played by the Râja-Yoga String Quartet.

Mr. Crooke prefaced his address by referring briefly to Madame Tingley's work in England, and particularly to her work for international peace carried on at the Point Loma Headquarters, the home of the peacemakers, which work, he said,

is well-known and has created a profound impression in many quarters of the British empire.

The speaker contrasted the "heart doctrine" with the "head doctrine"—heart wisdom with head learning.

He explained that the notion of limiting the heart to emotions and sentiments and denying it any wisdom, is erroneous. Head learning he defined as "that mechanical, so-called logical, utilitarian, materialistic reasoning, against which such prophets as Carlyle, Wordsworth, and Ruskin have inveighed, and which drives the romance and feeling and poetry out of life, dealing with things seen, as contrasted with things unseen, with the vestments of things rather than with the things themselves."

At the same time the speaker declared the brain-mind, which is the organ of head learning, is not to be decried or discarded, for it has its place. "Its function is to adapt means to an end; to contrive and invent; to apply principles to practice. The mischief comes when this function oversteps its sphere and presumes to regulate affairs that are too high for it.

"It needs to be brought home to people that human nature contains far higher and grander qualities than are at present revealed in the majority."

Other points discussed by the speaker were the freedom of the will, the rebirth of the Christ spirit in humanity, and the necessity for the purification of human nature if the higher powers of man are to become active. The heart wisdom, he declared, can only be manifested when human nature is purified.

"This heart doctrine is the crest jewel of wisdom: beside it all else is but vanity and vexation of spirit."



SUPERB PRODUCTION OF "THE AROMA OF ATHENS" IN THE GREEK THEATER, LOMALAND, APRIL 19, 1915

FAR surpassing all previous productions, the presentation of "The Aroma of Athens" in the Lomaland Greek Theater on the 19th of April was a record day in the history of the Theosophical Movement, for it was the first time that this play has been enacted on a scale commensurate with Katherine Tingley's original plans. So greatly has the area of action been extended and so numerous were the new features, that the whole spectacle was a new revelation of the possibilities surrounding the wonderful and acoustically perfect canyon in which the scenes are laid. The caste included 246 performers.

The evening was ideal, and the clouded sky but served to enhance by reflected light the splendid blaze of varied hues which flooded the valley from time to time, imparting a mystic grandeur to what seemed a continual dream of utter beauty in form, sound, speech, color, and movement — such as has never hitherto been approached.

The Greek Theater, which at present is capable of seating nearly two thousand people, was almost filled when the opening strains of music were heard proceeding from some invisible source. Then Euripides appeared and in poetic prolog described the ensuing drama, including the suggestion that the audience were, as if wafted in a dream, to regard themselves as Athenian citizens in their open-air theater, 431 B. C., partaking in the Anthesteria or Flower Festival just preceding the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War.

Scarcely had he withdrawn when a large body of gleeful children ran in and began to play at various old-world games. Then sundry groups of Greeks

were discerned leisurely wending their way up the side of the valley towards the arena, while Socrates and some of his disciples were seen reaching the heights on the south, where were also seen a company of archers assembling for their accustomed sport, children at a Grecian swing, water carriers passing to and fro, and other bodies of people, gathering in the vicinity of the Temple of Apollo on the crest of a cliff. On the cliffs to the north, and as far as the eye could reach, were still other bodies of people, young and old, assembling for the festival. To the west, on a central hill, one beheld a band of scarlet-robed women. Various Greek buildings loomed beyond in the distance, while the foreground of the theater area was occupied by a large white marble temple of classic design. The whole scene, while the principal Greeks were arriving, followed by flower-girls and girl-musicians, etc., was one of matchless magnificence and dignity.

The arrival of the Persian ambassador with his retinue, and the discourses which followed, gave an impression of poise, philosophy, and courtesy such as we moderns have but faint conception of. The invocation of Socrates to Zeus, from the heights, formed a dramatic episode, when the temples became suddenly surrounded by white clouds. Another exceedingly dramatic episode was the arrival, at a later stage, under Athenian military escort, of the Spartan herald, and the subsequent prophecy of Socrates that a new Athens would arise "in the far West." Not less startling, after a hymn to Apollo, was the appearance of a priest in Apollo's Temple on the heights, singing the ancient music in praise of Apollo.

Following the banquet to Pharnabazus, the chief guest of the occasion, came the Marathon and other races, the award of the prizes, exquisite Greek dances by different groups of girls with hoops, flowers, and cymbals, and next the appearance of the flame-robed torchbearers, followed by the grand final pageant illumined by fiery color from the heavens above.

Many of the audience remained silent and spell-bound for some time after the last of the pageant had disappeared.



(From the *San Diego Union*, April 20, 1915)

"AROMA OF ATHENS" HOLDS AUDIENCE UNDER SPELL

BRILLIANT SPECTACLE REVEALS TRAGIC EVENT IN GRECIAN HISTORY
NEARLY 2000 ATTEND

In a setting so perfect as to stir the dreams not only of poets, but fellows of humbler trades, "The Aroma of Athens," an Athenian flower festival, was presented in the open-air Greek Theater at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma last night.

There was dialog which was profound, archaic choruses which were enchanting. There was occasionally a martial flavor. For the lover of sport there was the finish of the marathon and the crowning of the victor. There was a procession of the votaries of Athena, and throughout the costuming was superb.

When all is said, it was the picture which held the audience enthralled more

than anything else. The blackness of the night, the wondrous white of the buildings emphasized by the cunning of the electrician, the figures barely visible moving to and fro far down the canyon—the gayness of the costumes of the chief persons in the drama, the nimble grace of the children—all made an irresistible appeal to the eye.

Between 1500 and 2000 persons watched the performance, and possibly there never has been such a gathering of motor cars as were packed in the grounds during the evening. They varied from the make joked about to the huge imported limousine. Perfect system in parking made it possible for each owner to find his motor without a moment's loss of time. The parade on the San Diegoward journey was fascinating to watch. Hundreds of eye-like searchlights wound down the canyon road and presented a scene to the observer like one long, swift-moving serpent of light.

After a brief prolog, Euripides, Pericles, Aspasia, Diotima, Myrto and Deino-mache made speeches of welcome to Pharnabazus, the Persian. Greek life was shown in games, songs and dialogs. Then came the messenger from Sparta and the proclamation of the Peloponnesian War. Hymns were sung to Apollo. This music, by the way, was of about the fourth century before Christ, and was introduced into America by Katherine Tingley in her presentation of "The Eumenides" at Carnegie Lyceum, New York, in 1898.

In the spectacular finale were men, women, youths, maidens, children, soldiers, flower girls, musicians, torch-bearers and attendants.

Two sections were occupied by soldiers from Fort Rosecrans, who were enthusiastic in their applause.

One of the most impressive parts of the play was the fourth dialog, in which Socrates prophesied a new Athens to arise by the waters of the western ocean.



MAGAZINE AND BOOK REVIEWS

El Sendero Teosófico. (*Illustrated. Quarterly*)

Editor: Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

The April number commences with an article, "H. P. Blavatsky and Certain Tendencies of Modern Science," in which a few of the principal recent scientific corroborations of some teachings embodied in *The Secret Doctrine* are discussed. The fine mosque in Adrianople is next described, accompanied by five illustrations. Two fables, "The Oxen and the Wagoner," and "The Fox that lost his Brush," will be found both entertaining and didactic. The recent discoveries on the Palatine Hill, Rome, are fully treated and illustrated. The account of the childhood and youth of Alphonse de Lamartine continues. There are six excellent full-page views of the Panama-California Exposition in San Diego. Other articles are, "Is Reincarnation a 'Cruel Doctrine'?", "Earth-Imbedded," "Alchemy," "The Spirit of Lomaland," etc. Six splendid full-page views of mountains and lakes in Washington State and British Columbia are given; and a capital view of the Greek Theater, Lomaland, where the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood will be held this year, forms the frontispiece.

SPLENDID STORIES OF OLD WELSH MYTHOLOGY

The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed. By Cenydd Morus. Illustrated by R. Machell. The Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, Cal.; 335 pages; \$2.00.

Up and down the earth rings the noise of many presses, grinding out printed pages. Of the making of many books there is no need, and of most of them we get little joy and less profit. But now and again comes a book in which is both joy and profit — joy in the manner of it, and profit in the matter.

Such a book is this splendid reconstruction of pre-Christian tales of Welsh mythology, in which one finds dignity of diction matching majesty and beauty and elevation of thought, in a rendering of that "eternal drama of the world, of which the soul of man is the hero."

The main framework of the plot, the author says, is taken from Lady Guest's translation of "the Four Branches of the Mabinogi," as well he hopes also, as "the whole spirit and atmosphere," and "a mint of phrases" besides ("they belong rather to Wales and bardism than to any one author"). On this borrowed skeleton Mr. Morus has created such a body of world-old beauty as one may sometimes feel in his soul in the presence of an ancient noble landscape or "dim old tapestries picture-woven with the romance of a forgotten age" but cannot express. This, Mr. Morus has done for us in a way that will be judged by some to transcend that of Tennyson in "The Idylls of the King." Where the poet sought to color the story with modern ideals, Mr. Morus has incarnated the ancient thought. "To read the Mabinogi aright," he says, "one must read it in the light of that ancient, proud and beautiful civilization which the Irish stories reveal so much more fully, and with so much less admixture of foreign and medieval elements; just as to reconstruct the Celtic pantheon at all, one must work by the light of all Aryan mythology."

He makes the interesting admission, too, that the story he weaves may be tinted with the "rainbow hued and beautiful illumination" of the Irish mythology of his early reading.

Mr. Morus sees in these pre-Christian Welsh myths the ever new story of the struggle of the soul of man toward freedom, and in the character of Pwyll he shows how the Druids conceived it, leading it from the first freedom of Gwynfyd down into the depths of Abred and incarnation, to the gates of that "small old path that leads to freedom," and then onward to the heights.

Mr. Morus has not attempted to bring these stories down-to-date, "as down through the centuries so many have done with that other Welsh saga, the Arthurian legend . . . the atmosphere of our mountains calls for some older glamor, some magic more gigantic and august; you must have Gods and Warriors and great Druids; not curled and groomed knightlings at their jousts and amours."

With such a vision before him, it was to be expected that Mr. Morus would produce a splendid work. He has done so — his prose is epic and his interpolated lyrics are worthy of their setting. The inspiration of these legends of dead ages has enabled him to re-clothe them in garments of language harmonious of color and sound, and worthy of their great purpose and meaning. One hesitates to praise overmuch, but one may urge those who love the beautiful to read it for themselves,— From *The Binghamton Press*, N. Y., March 26, 1915

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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MAGNOLIAS FROM ONE OF THE GARDENS OF THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VIII

JUNE, 1915

NO. 6

THINK of the countless myriads whose weary, toiling, bleeding feet have worn deep the channels of this river of time. Listen to the complaints of the weary, the cries of the wounded, the groans of the despairing. — *William Q. Judge*

SOME ASPECTS OF REINCARNATION:

by Magister Artium



AT a time like this, when thoughtful people, especially among the troubled nations of Europe, are asking each other so earnestly what are to be the foundations of our future social life, it is timely to refer once more to those ancient and well-tried principles which Theosophy offers as being the bed-rock of all stability and well-being in human affairs. Nor can we speak of these principles without being reminded of their opposites — the errors which have been so largely responsible for the troubles that now prevail. And chiefest among these errors has been the want of knowledge of the perpetuity of the Soul's individual existence; a scepticism which has caused people to focus their attention on the brief and trivial affairs of the immediate present, and on the concerns of the external man, to the neglect of those deeper and grander issues which alone can satisfy the needs of a Being whose life, divine in its origin and its essence, perishes not nor was originate with the body.

Reincarnation must be the groundwork of our future upbuilding.

But the sublime doctrine of Reincarnation has been so misunderstood and travestied by little minds and people who have used it as a means of advertising their peculiar views, that for many readers it will perhaps suggest associations unworthy and ideas ridiculous. Nevertheless Reincarnation is a truth that cannot be thus killed and will surely survive all misrepresentation.

The doctrine of Reincarnation follows logically from the doctrine of the Soul's essential immortality. To a sceptic who declares that he

does not believe in the Soul's immortality, it is often a good plan to say: "Well, perhaps the doctrine is not true in your case; for Theosophy teaches that some men are soulless and that in their case there can be no immortality." Such an answer is well calculated to offend the sceptic and to put him upon his mettle, so that a little dialectic skill may result in an exchange of parts between the two speakers, the skeptic now arguing *for* the immortality of the soul, which his opponent is apparently endeavoring to disprove. And what does this illustrate? It illustrates the fact that every man who has a Soul is in reality aware of its existence and is prepared, when seriously challenged, to speak up in defence of it. Further, the truth is brought out that not the whole of us is immortal, but only a part. And indeed this is but common sense. The elements whereof for the most part we are compact are certainly not qualified to survive the destruction of the body, for with the growth of that body they have themselves gradually grown up, and the disintegration of the body would infallibly remove the conditions essential to their coherence. So it is in a large sense true to say that John Jones or Mary Smith will not live again — the idea of their doing so being as incongruous as the idea of Kipling's "Tomlinson" at the bar of Judgment, or any one of the innumerable comic stories about heaven and hell. Yet there is that in Jones, Smith, or Tomlinson, which, though bearing no recognizable physical trait by which we could identify it as any one of the above people, still constitutes the very fount of their humanity and is not doomed to destruction by the "conqueror worm."

A person who lives a very superficial life, and who is consequently not very far above the animal kingdom, may feel neither the sense nor the desire of immortality; but his case by no means applies to the person who thinks deeply and lives intensely. This latter individual must often feel strongly what a mockery human life seems, when judged by the standard of current dogmas and beliefs. We spend the first half of our life in pursuing something, until we come to the age when we realize that we shall never get it; and then we spend the other half in looking backwards and wishing we could have the same opportunities again.

The law of man's life is not the law of animal life. To the animal, neither gifted nor burdened with a *reflective* intelligence, the continual satisfaction of immediate desires suffices. But no man, unless he be an idiot, is capable of such satisfaction. For him the satisfaction of

immediate desires does not constitute an all-sufficient end. Yet it may take him many weary years to find out that his life has really all the time been directed by other purposes than those he calls his own, and that his schemes and ambitions and loves and fancies have been but so many obstacles that have lured him out of the straight path, as when a cow stops to graze, now on the right, now on the left, what time the relentless stick in her rear propels her ceaselessly forward in the direction in which a higher will has ordained that she shall go. And doubtless that higher will seems to the cow very inscrutable; yet we can please ourselves with the fancy that, if she is a good cow, she acquiesces piously. What is certain is that she obeys the compulsion, as we all do, whether we believe in a Soul or a God or anything else.

We have spoken of a pious cow, but it may be allowed to suppose that the cow was a scientific materialist, and said that the force that impelled her onward against her will was a blind cosmic power. In that case she represents still another aspect of human nature — the aspect that believes in blind cosmic forces, and that man is the victim or sport of them. Thus we have sketched two types, both recognizing the existence of a law superior to human wishes, but one of them calling that law the hand of God, and the other calling it a blind cosmic force. What does Theosophy say?

That the power superior to man's wishes, which drives (or guides) him through life in a direction not of his own choosing, is in very truth Man's own higher Will, the voice of the Soul, the *real* man. And as man, after all, spends from a quarter to a third of his entire lifetime in a state of consciousness (called sleep) wherein all his ordinary faculties are in total abeyance, there is no telling what revelations and previsions may come to him while in that state and be lost sight of when he awakes. Moreover, some scientists tell us that our consciousness is not continuous but made up of little moments, separated from each other by gaps of unconsciousness, like molecules in matter or plums in a pudding; so that according to this theory, it is possible that man might be living in two worlds at the same time. At all events he has a faculty that is higher than his ordinary mind, and very probably more than one such faculty; and there is no doubt that the purposes that are fulfilled in his life are the purposes of this higher Wisdom that is his, for they certainly are not those of his constantly frustrated inclinations.

From the above it would seem that man is a being who is living

in a half-awake state, with many of his wits dormant; and surely this is not in any wise contrary to the doctrine of evolution. It would seem perfectly reasonable to suppose that if a Being can evolve all the way up from a speck of ammonium tartrate, through the successive gradations of the potato, the jelly-fish, the monkey, and so forth, he can also evolve further yet and become something that he has never yet been. So, whichever way you take it, there are higher faculties in man.

Reincarnation affords the only satisfactory answer to the poignant problem of unfulfilled purposes, aspirations never realized. A single lifetime being obviously insufficient for the vast possibilities of experience and accomplishment that man's aspiring mind unfolds before him, he strives to create heavens whereon to fasten his hopes, but the materialism of creeds and the abstractions of scientific idealism mock his hopes and turn his visions into phantoms. He does not realize that he has within himself the means of *knowing* and the power to lift himself out of all doubt and helplessness.

But Theosophy reminds him of the reality of man's Divine nature and gives renewed assurance of the possibility of *attainment*. Attainment of what? Knowledge, certitude, satisfaction; for we are speaking of and to the man whose desires rise above the satisfaction of immediate wants and who is not entirely and exclusively engrossed in the pursuit of business, invention, or any other exclusive interest. All reflective people, if only in brief occasional moments, know that there is some goal of attainment to which their aspirations tend, though they may not know what it is.

In criticising the doctrine of Reincarnation, the critics should always bear in mind that their existing beliefs do not stand on such a ground of certainty as to warrant them in criticising Reincarnation on the ground of uncertainty. In fact, Reincarnation has more proof in its favor than any alternative theory of life and after-life. The objections commonly raised against it are such as rise immediately to the mind of any one upon a first acquaintance and are quickly removed by a more intimate study. Hence the proper answer to such objections consists in a recommendation to further study. Moreover, nobody is obliged to accept the doctrine; and if the inquirer does not like it, he can let it alone. Objectors sometimes aver that the prospect of subsequent lives on earth has little attraction and even considerable repulsion for them; as though the question of their likes and dislikes could

affect the truth of the matter! or as though our beliefs were to be regulated by our preferences. We may well ask whether, as Theosophists, we are expected to teach people things that they would like to believe or things that are true. But the objection is invalid on other grounds; for the man who makes it does not realize the situation. He probably imagines himself undergoing a continuance of his present life; and, if so, we may excuse him for wishing to be rid of the burden. But reincarnation ensues upon a long period of absolute rest, and the Soul enters the body of a child; so that the refreshment that comes with sleep and a new day is but a microscopic foretaste of the immeasurable recreation that follows upon death and rebirth. It is the man's *own desire* to experience again the circumstances of terrestrial life that draws the Soul from its abode of bliss to enter once more the realms of earth.

It is not intended here to detail the doctrine of Reincarnation or the proofs for it or the arguments against it. There is no space nor is there any need, since such information can be found in a manual. But there are other points in connexion with this important subject that claim attention; and our immediate purpose is to emphasize the need for this truth in a crisis like the present. In order to grasp the idea of Reincarnation, it is necessary to distinguish between the "reincarnating ego" and the ordinary personal ego of a man; and human life suffers greatly from ignoring this distinction. Thus ego-worship becomes equivalent to a blind and mad worship of the lustful and power-loving qualities in man. Of course there can only be one real Self in a man; and whether a man can have more than one soul depends upon what meaning we give to the word "soul." But, though there cannot be more than one real Self, there may be false selves, and this latter fact is matter of experience. It is on this account that man finds himself divided into two and has that terrible struggle symbolized by Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. But it would be truer to say that man has many of these fictitious selves. They are like colored rays issuing from the windows of a lantern, while within burns the single pure flame of the source of light. It is only the finest part of our nature that constitutes the true Self and that can survive the change of death and pass on to enter eventually another body.

Hence a study of the doctrine of Reincarnation is calculated to familiarize people's minds with the fact that they have a Higher Self; and it will not be denied that the present troubles of our civilization

are due to over-emphasis of the personal self — which can only lead to variance. And people are looking about for some new standard which they can follow in their future march of progress; but what standard can we unfurl but the standard of man's Divinity? And if man has Divinity, it cannot be a mere useless abstraction. It must be accepted as an absolute fact that man's conscious existence is not limited to this earth, and that he is indeed immortal. And from this it follows that he is immortal now at this moment while he lives in this body; the immortal seed, which is to survive, is with us while we live; it is our very Self.

What a light does Reincarnation throw on history! If each man lived but a single life on earth, how insignificant would be his part in history, how little would be his interest in the human drama of races and nations! If each man's life were limited to his personality, again how insignificant would be his part and his interests! But man, the immortal Soul, is one with the whole human race, nor are his interests ever dissevered from those of the mighty human drama of the ages. We have lived through the ages, and played many parts, and shall do so again; we are bound up with humanity. This gives a meaning to life, which otherwise seems a mere farce.

Death must be birth into a new and larger life, but why need we wait till death? It is only the barriers of our lower nature that shut us out from spheres of knowledge and light that encompass us. Narrow creeds and scientific dogmas have petrified our imagination and clipped our wings till in our despair we grasp at the most fantastic speculations; and even reincarnation itself has been made the subject of miserable burlesques that show the same pettiness of spirit and poverty of imagination.

Writers on the evidences for reincarnation sometimes adduce arguments which, taken by themselves, might be explained in some other way. The existence of musical prodigies, for instance, does not *prove* reincarnation; it merely proves that the faculties evinced by the child must have been developed before he was born. But they may have been developed by someone else. Hereditary transmission is not doubted; what we want to know is whether there is continuity of existence for the individual being. That is the essential point in reincarnation. So likewise the argument that a man's single life on earth is but a fragment, torn, as it were, out of the middle of a far ampler fabric, might be answered by saying that the purposes left un-

fulfilled by one man are taken up by another. And in fact we know that one man does actually so complete the work of another. Again we say, no one questions the continuity of the human race, and the essential question is whether there is continuity of existence for the individual man.

The difficulty of answering this question by means of the results of introspection is easily understood when we consider that our present personality has no cognizance whatever of having lived before. How, then, should we have any foreknowledge of an existence beyond the grave?

The continuity of human life is an obvious fact, but the continuity of the individual human being is the matter of question. The unfinished work of one man is taken up by his successors, and so the human race advances in knowledge; faculties are possessed by children, which must have been developed before they were born, as in the case of musical prodigies; but whether these faculties were developed by another individual or by the same individual in his previous life, is the question.

The question of reincarnation — the question of immortality even — resolves itself into the problem of the relation between mankind and the individual man. We cannot begin to answer the question of immortality properly until we know more about this other question.

Is it reasonable to speak of immortality as something that pertains only to life after and before death, as though man passed through alternate periods of mortality and immortality? Or is it not more reasonable to speak of immortality as something that pertains equally to the present life — something that goes on all the time? In short, is not man immortal *now*, in the sense that he forms part of mankind, which is immortal as a race?

It would seem that an individual man is dual in his nature, consisting of a part which he holds in common with his race, and a part peculiar to himself. He is a branch on a tree, a leaf on one of the twigs that spring from the numerous branches of the tree.

Perhaps that part of a man which he has in common with the rest of his kind is immortal, while the part peculiar to himself is mortal. In this case, the question, Am I immortal? could not be answered either by a Yes or a No, since either answer would be fallacious.

The fact is people do not know what is the Self, so can scarcely decide whether it is immortal or not. The fact that man is able to

pose the question of immortality at all is strong presumption, to many minds, that there is at least an immortal kernel in him. In other words, it is as though the phenomenon of our self-consciousness were dependent on a certain duality in our nature, giving us the power of self-contemplation. The hypothesis that death is a total end brings with it a horror that suggests powerfully that it is a falsehood.

We do not remember any existence previous to our present life, and much even of our present life has been forgotten. This is probably due to a defect of memory. Evidently the same defect is likely to hamper our speculations as to a future life. In the process of death and rebirth, we have been made over anew to such an extent that we have failed to recognize ourself.

If I aspire to knowledge concerning such mysteries, it is evident that I must be ready to undergo much tribulation in search of that knowledge. If I find myself ignorant as to the mysteries of nature, I surely have no right to complain; I ought either to remain humbly ignorant or else determine to win the knowledge I crave.

That there does also exist in the human mind a certain anxiety to *disprove* immortality cannot be gainsaid. But perhaps this voice is the voice of the lower man, which is not immortal.

Many thinkers seem unable to imagine that there can be anything between immortality of the entire personality, and total absorption into the infinite. But older peoples have thought out the question more fully. Surely there can be intermediate stages and we need not jump at one bound from one extreme to the other. Let us consider the Theosophical teaching. Roughly speaking, there are three centers in man: (1) a ray of the eternal universal Life-Spirit — such as must exist in every creature, down to the very atom of matter; (2) an immortal Self or Individuality, that persists throughout all the incarnations; and (3) the various successive personalities that are temporarily created around the Individuality each time it incarnates. This doctrine provides for an immortality which does not involve loss of Individuality nor entail absorption into the infinite. But it is essential that we should make a clear distinction between Individuality and personality, for the purposes of the above statement of doctrine. The personality, as above defined, is clearly *not* immortal.

The teaching as to personality is that this is gradually built up during the period between birth and death; and observation shows that such is indeed the case. Such a temporary creation is not fitted

to survive the gap of death, nor would it be adapted to the entirely new conditions attendant upon a renewed existence.

Heredity shows that the child is like a seed that unfolds, bringing to light various latent tendencies. Many of these tendencies we can trace to the parental or ancestral soil in which the seed was planted; but for the most part it is the nature of the seed, rather than the quality of the soil, that determines the character of the tree. We do not know what is the law which determines to what extent a child shall manifest the qualities of his ancestors, or which particular faculties he shall manifest. A genius may or may not spring from the loins of genius, and the same ancestry may produce a dozen children all with different characters. The theory that these differences in inherited characters are due to the respective "fortuitous" combinations of sundry elements in varying proportions, seems to us like a mere restatement of the problem in mathematical terms. Whether the germ-cells do these things or not is an interesting question; but the vital question is, Why do they do it? On what principle and by what agency are these combinations effected?

The answer is that the human seed has qualities of its own which were previously acquired, and that the parental soil merely affords opportunities and facilities for the unfolding of the latent qualities of the seed. This, however, does not necessarily imply continuity of the individual; for it is arguable that the previous life wherein these qualities were developed was not the life of the same individual but the life of another individual. So again we are thrown back on the problem of selfhood and the relation of individual to whole.

The transcendental or theosophic solution of the problem is that it is possible for a man to attain, by self-development, to certain knowledge concerning his actual nature and his immortality. In support of this idea we can cite all the philosophies of the East and the doctrines of the Alexandrine school; and this only by way of instance, for the field available for citation is virtually infinite.

On any theory, man is in a state of incomplete development; but a question arises whether his future progress is to be marked by the development of additional fingers on his hands, or additional convolutions in his brain, or new kinds of implements for destroying his fellow-men wholesale, or new forms of community government that will enable everybody to have plenty of bread and butter and work only three hours a day. People more adapted for activity than medita-

tion may be content to labor at such tasks of reform as seem immediately desirable; but those who think deeply must often wonder what *is* the real purpose of human life. Attempts to sketch out a bearable Utopia always seem to end in failure, and their contriver is fain to people his imagined universe with unthinking contented dummies.

But the idea that man is in a dream, that life is actually something entirely different from what the dreamer conceives it to be, and that when he wakes up the problem will wear an entirely new aspect — this idea alters the question altogether.

It is said to be characteristic of the present dominant civilization that the personality of man is disproportionately accentuated. By contrast, we are bidden to contemplate older civilizations, whose characteristic is said to be a greater subordination of the personality and a stronger feeling of impersonality — one of the manifestations being that spirit of resignation which we sometimes call fatalism, and another being a greater absence of the fear of death. Perhaps this accentuation of the personality is a necessary condition of racial progress up to a certain point. But however that may be, it may be held accountable for our comparative failure to understand problems that hinge upon the fact of man's solidarity. Too much living in one's personal interest would naturally tend to make one too fond of one's personality and would lead to anxiety concerning the fate of that beloved possession. The problem of immortality would never occur to an animal, nor does it much bother children. The willingness to give one's life to save a beloved one is justly considered a good argument for immortality; it is certainly good evidence of the consciousness of solidarity. It argues a willingness to throw away the non-essential for the sake of the essential.

Clearly, *knowledge depends upon the cultivation of impersonality*. By that road alone can we come into touch with the immortal part of our nature.



The wise man layeth up no treasure.

The more he giveth to others, the richer doth he grow.

This is the Tao of heaven, dwelling in all, yet harmful to none.—*Tao-Teh-King*



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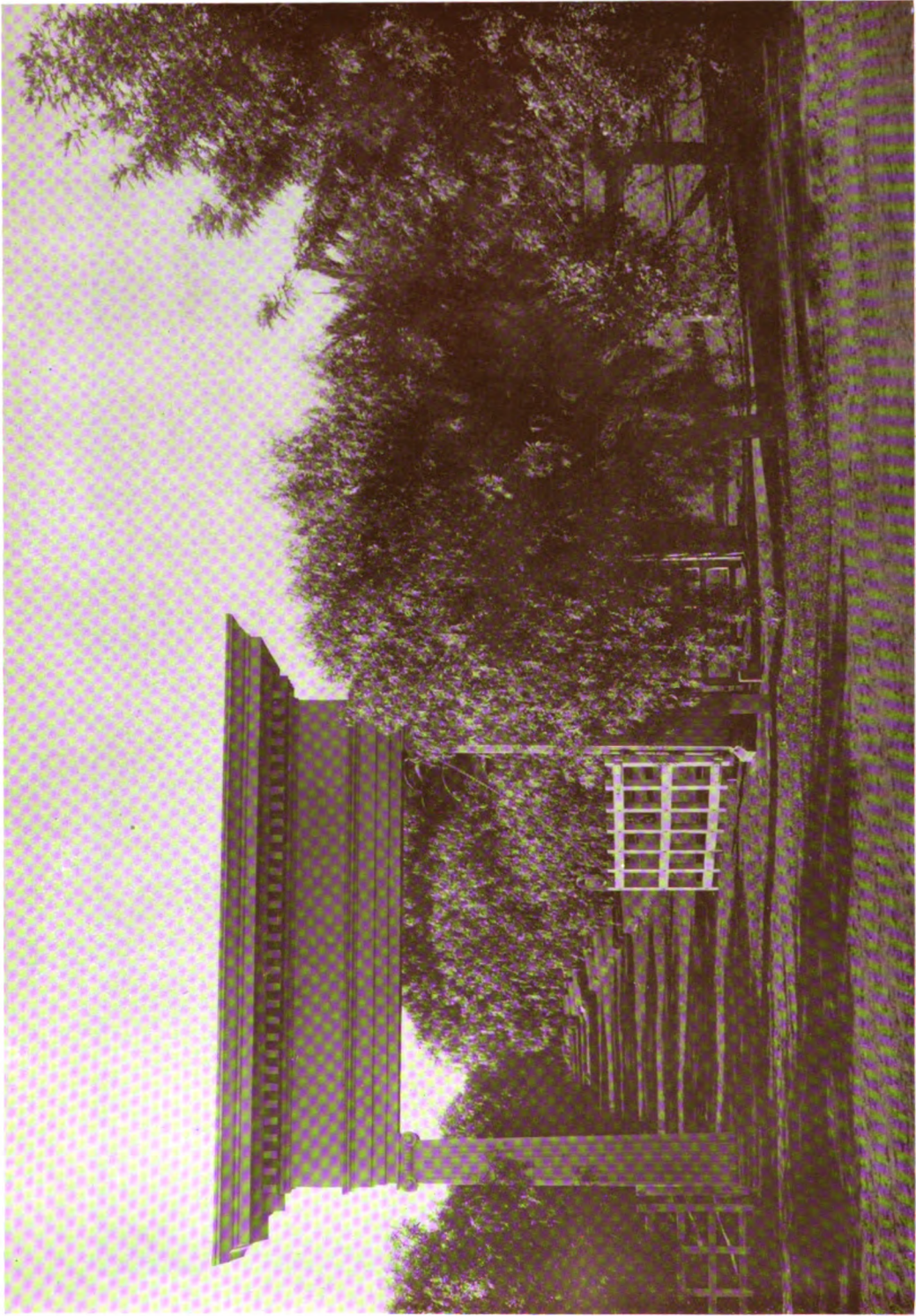
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ANOTHER OF THE HANDSOME GATES ON THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



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THE YOUNG LADIES' STRING ORCHESTRA, RĀJA-YOGA ACADEMY, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The interior is a part of the Academy, nearly under the great dome.



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GROUP OF THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY
Taken inside the Academy

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRAINING AND INSTRUCTION: by W. A. Dunn



IN speaking of modern learning, a recent writer points out that there is too much instruction and not enough education. The word "instruction" means, according to its Latin derivation, "to build into" or "to furnish"; while "education" means "to draw out" or "train the power to action." The difference between the two is enormous. This difference is precisely what the Theosophical Leader, Katherine Tingley, stated many years ago to be the object of real education: "to bring *out* (i. e. develop) rather than merely to bring *to* (i. e. clothe) the faculties of the youth."

An extraordinary delusion has spread itself over modern thought; — mere instruction and information, along all lines of study, have come to be regarded as equivalents and substitutes for that old-fashioned mental training upon which former races based their actions and their achievements. We have even come to believe that the vast stores of learning with which our scholars are endowed, and which our young people absorb with such remarkable facility, reduces all past epochs to an inferior place to our own in the scale of evolution. We easily forget that the learning upon which our superiority is supposed to rest is but a *record* of what past races actually performed. That is, their minds and wills were awake, and possessed "capacity" to discover and use the forces we merely read about in *their* records. Our modern learning, therefore, is merely a description of something *done* in past ages, and to regard acquaintance with the arts and sciences as equivalents (in ourselves) of mental training, is like trying to nourish the body on knowledge *about* food instead of "digestive capacity" to assimilate the food itself. Educators have been avoiding the issue as to what the mental training of our children really involves. It requires but a little reflection to perceive that the greatest wealth of information or instruction does not endow the mind with one ounce of *capacity* to think an original or unbiased thought. The ability to use the brain as the organ of thought does not depend primarily upon instruction, but on mental strength developed through individual acts of thinking and doing. By thus unfolding the powers of the mind from within itself the living *meaning* of all recorded learning is arrived at, and the truth or falsity of the records of past efforts diagnosed. In short, the power at work in acts of thinking is the digestive power of

the mind, which when normal and healthy, transmutes the food of mere learning into vital thought-energy — rejecting the chaff and assimilating the true. The *process* through which the mind is put to redeem it from its broken servitude to mere sensations, desires, and emotions, is known as Theosophy, which is a synthesis of Philosophy, Science and Religion. Theosophy is not a mere record of truth, but a living process of individual training whereby a student so recreates his life that he realizes *in himself*, in mind, body and soul, the living forces of which ancient students have left suggestive instructions. A mind unable to collect itself is unable to form an estimate of its actual endowments. And to collect the mind, it must, by the exercise of its *power to think*, indraw itself from all preconceived ideas that cannot bear the searchlight of sincerity and truth. A diffused and inefficient mind is known by its inability to grasp the commonest facts of logic and reason. Because of lack of individual training in the school of the soul (in which all the treasures of life must be bought at a certain price in the coinage of truth) inefficient minds break into “spray” in the presence of any truth before them — and imagine that “spray phenomenon” in their minds to be truth itself. Therefore all conditions of broken thought, and insistent desires or emotions, denote the absence of individual *thought-power* to regulate such into rational sequence for the furtherance of some truthful purpose.

The evolution of the thinking moral self cannot be hurried by the stress of modern push. Inertia and hurry are equally removed from the middle line of soul-growth.

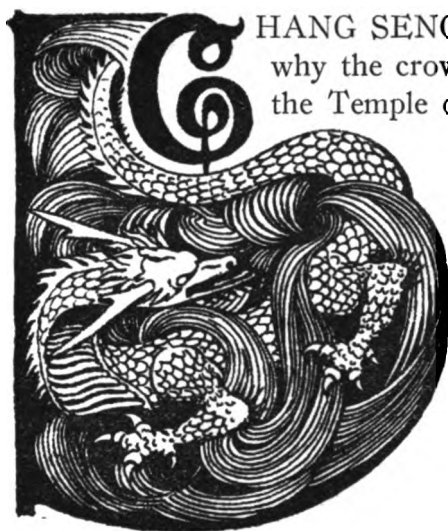
It therefore becomes clear that modern education, which deals almost exclusively with instruction in the arts and sciences, must have added to it, in order to attain even elementary value to the pupil, that good old-fashioned *training* of the mental and moral powers which endow the student exercising them with an independent self-knowledge that, like the living scales of justice, weighs the data of phenomenal life, and acts according to the living truth it finds therein.



THE experience of thousands of years has shown that the effects of Karma are absolute and unerring equity, wisdom, and intelligence. For Karma in its effects is an unfailing redresser of human injustice.— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE EYELESS DRAGONS: by Quintus Reynolds

A Chinese Story. Illustrations by R. Machell



CHANG SENG-YU was to be the artist; that was why the crowds were so immense. The courts of the Temple of Peace and Joy had been full since dawn; although the sun would undoubtedly be well in heaven before the great Chang would mount the scaffolding and begin to work.

All Nankin had been agog since the word had gone forth that the Emperor desired a dragon painted on either of the two vast wall-surfaces of the Temple; and when it was reported further that Chang Seng-yu was to be the artist, then, indeed,

the rejoicing was great. For the grand strokes of his brush were known; and his colors were delicate like the mists of evening on the Yangtse, or clear and lovely like the colors of flowers. Whenever he painted in public, the crowds would gather to watch; and from time to time to applaud the master-strokes, the flashes of daring imagination, the moments when the sparks of creation most visibly flew. And they *knew*, did those crowds of the Chinese Renaissance — some fourteen centuries ago.

They loved Chang Seng-yu for another reason, too, besides his genius and mastery of the brush. He was at least half a *Sennin*.* many held that he had drunk the Elixir; that he could rein the flying Dragon, and visit the extremities of the earth, and bestride the hoary crane, to soar above the nine degrees of heaven. Such things were done, in those days. There was a certain power about Chang Seng-yu, that suggested infinite possibilities. One could never tell what might happen, with any picture he might be painting.

A hush in the temple court; the artist has arrived, and with him a little band of disciples, bearing the brushes and pots of color. A quiet, gentle old man, who bows profoundly to the people as he comes in; and greets them with courteous formalities, not unaffectionately, while passing to the door of the Temple. With courteous formalities those spoken to respond, proud of the signal honor done them; for

* Adept

this is a popular hero, be it understood. The tailor and the cobbler have arranged in advance a holiday, and have come now with their families to spend the day in the Temple of Peace and Joy, watching the Master paint; the butcher's apprentice, sent on an errand, can not resist the temptation; the porter, calculating possibilities to a nicety, deems that he may go in, watch so much wall-space covered with sud-



den life, and then, by hurrying, still arrive in time with his load. For with all these people, painting is poetry made visible, the mysteries of Tao indicated, Magic, the topmost wonder and delight of life. And this being by Chang Seng-yu, will be no ordinary painting.—“Ah, in that honorable brush-sweep, one saw the effect of the Elixir!” cried the butcher's apprentice, radiant.

Day by day the crowds gathered in the court, and followed Chang Seng-yu, when he arrived, into the Vast Temple. Day by day the intent silence was broken ever and anon into murmurs, and the murmurs into rippling exclamation. A sweep of the brush, and lo, the jaws of a dragon; and from that the wonderful

form grew, perfect at each touch, scale by scale through all the windings of the vast body to the very end of the tail. All in shining yellow that might have been distilled out of the sunset, it gleamed across the great wall: a thing of exquisite curves, noble lines; flowing, grand, and harmonious; wherein all parts seemed cognate to, and expressive of, the highest perceptions and aspirations of man. To behold it was like hearing the sudden crash of a glorious and awe-inspiring music: the soul of every upright man would at once both

bow down and be exalted. The crowd, watching, expected at any moment to see motion quiver through its length; to see it writhe, shake out mighty pinions, break forth from the wall and through the roof, and cleave a way into the blue ether. A little fear mingled with their intense delight: the Master, surely, was dealing in magic.

"Sir," said Lu Chao, "for what reason have you omitted to paint in the honorable eye?"

"Could this sacred Dragon see," answered Chang Seng-yu, "nothing would content his lordship but to seek his home in the playground of the lightnings."

"How is it possible?" said Lu Chao. "The Dragon is beautiful, but it is only a semblance wrought in pigment. How could such a semblance soar into the heavens? The Master is pleased to indulge in humor at the expense of this miserable one."

"Not so, Lu Chao," said the Master. "You have little understanding, as yet, of the mysteries of art."

But Lu Chao doubted, and it was a sorrow to him that Chang Seng-yu should leave his creation incomplete.

The Yellow Dragon was finished, its glorious form covering the upper part of the south wall. The people could hardly forbear to worship; they saw in it Divine Power, the essence of Light-Bringing, the perfect symbol of inspiration, of holy and quickening thought from heaven. "If the Master had not left his creation eyeless," they said, "his lordship would never be content to dwell on earth. Heaven is the right abiding-place for such a one." But Lu Chao went on doubting.

He did not refer to the matter again; but when it came to his turn to hand the brush, newly dipped in the color pot, to Chang Seng-yu, the latter as he looked down would shake his head, and a shadow would pass over his face. "Although of a good disposition, Lu Chao will never be a painter," thought he, sighing.

The scaffolding was removed to the opposite wall, and there, facing the other, a Purple Dragon began to grow. Occasionally the Son of Heaven himself, the Emperor Wu-ti, would visit the temple to inspect the growing work. Then the artist would descend to make obeisance; but Wu-ti, holy man, would have none from the creator of those dragons. "Make your obeisance with me, to these two lordly Messengers of Heaven," said he. "But for what reason has the honorable Master left the eyes to be painted last?"

"Sire," said Chang Seng-yu, "the divine eyes of their lordships will not be painted. There is danger that they would be ill contented with the earth, if they could see to soar into their native empyrean. No man could paint into their eyes such compassion, that they would desire to remain here."

"It is well," said the emperor. "Their soaring aspiration is evident. Let them remain to be the guardians of the Peace and Joy of my People."

Lu Chao heard, but even the Son of Heaven's belief failed to convince him. "It may be as the Master says," thought he; "but such matters are beyond my understanding. How could a semblance wrought of pigment feel aspiration or a desire for the ethereal spaces? It appears to me that the venerable Chang is indulging in humor, when he speaks of painting compassion into their eyes."

The work was drawing to a close, and more and more Lu Chao doubted. It is true that he made progress in painting; and the skill shown in his work was applauded by many. For the day of the Consecration of the Dragons had been appointed in advance; and there was time to spare; and on certain days now the Temple would be closed, and the Master and his disciples would work in the studio. Then Chang Seng-yu, going from one to another, and commenting on the work of each, would shake his head a little sadly over Lu Chao's pictures. "You have skill and perseverance," he would say, "but faith is lacking."

Lu Chao pondered on this, but not with desire to acquire the faith. "Many say that I am making progress," thought he, "and it appears so to me also. The Master, truly, is harsh in his judgments. If I could show him that he is mistaken. . . ." He considered the matter, and thought out his plans.

The Day of Consecration came; the great work was completed. Priests and augurs, sennins and doctors, gathered from all Liang, and from the kingdoms beyond the Yangtse and the Western Mountains. All day long there were sacrifices in the Temple of Peace and Joy, and processions passed through, doing joyful obeisance to the Dragons. At last night came, and the great hall and courts were silent.

The time had come for Lu Chao; now he would prove that the Master had been mistaken: that painted semblances could not shake themselves free from the walls whereon they were painted, and that he himself was making progress unhindered by lack of faith. "It

may be that there is Magic," said he, "although I have never seen it. But reason forbids me to believe this."

He took a lantern, a small brush, and such paint as would be needed, and went down through the dark streets towards the Temple. There would be no trouble about obtaining entrance, he knew: should anyone question him, Chang Seng-yu had forgotten something, and had sent him for it. But it was unlikely that he would meet anyone, and he hoped to pass in unseen. "No one will know that I did it," thought he. "It will be understood that the spirits painted in the eyes, displeased that the Master left the work unfinished."

He met no one; succeeded in climbing the gate; found a ladder in the court; placed it against the south wall by the head of the Yellow Dragon; climbed, and prepared to begin. It had been a dark night, but calm, as he came through the city; now, with the first touch of his brush, a peal of thunder, a lightning flash. In his sudden perturbation, the brush dropped, and he must go down after it. Were the genii offended? He hesitated, and had some thought of going home. "But no," said he; "this is fear; this is arrant superstition,"—and mounted the ladder again. The lantern, hung from a rung close to the dragon's head, just threw light on that: a little disk of warm brightness fading into the gloom. It was enough for Lu Chao's purpose. A few brush-strokes; that would be all.

The first, and he was aware of fear. The second, and the wall seemed to him to be taken with unsteadiness. The third, and the sweat broke from his forehead and back, and his hand was trembling violently. He gathered his mind, reasoning with himself; steadied his hand, and put in the last stroke. The Yellow Dragon's eye was painted.

Lu Chao clung to the ladder. By the small light of the lantern he saw the wonderful head turn until it was looking out into the Temple, full face instead of profile. It was the left eye that he had painted; now the two were there, glancing out hither and yonder, proudly, uneasily; flashing fiery rays through the empty darkness. The ladder was shaking, swaying. Suddenly the two amazing eyes were turned full on him, on Lu Chao. A shadow of disgust flitted over them; then they were filled with immeasurable sadness, sorrow deeper than might be borne. The neck drew back; by a supernatural light from the Dragon's eyes, Lu Chao saw it, drawn back and clear out of the wall. A crash, and he saw the immense pinions shaken forth. A horrible

swaying of the world; a rending noise, a tearing and a crashing; a blinding flame. . . .

All Nankin was awake, and out in the streets. What the people saw was a Golden Wonder soaring up into the sky: a cometlike glory ascending, till it was lost in the darkness of Heaven.

In the morning the emperor visited the ruins of the Temple of Peace and Joy, and with him went Chang Seng-yu the Master. The north wall alone was standing. The roof had gone up in a single blaze where the fiery wings cleaved it. Of the south wall, only the lower part remained; the rest had fallen. Under the débris they found the ladder, charred and broken, and the crushed body of Lu Chao.

"Ah," said Chang Seng-yu sadly, "he would never have made an artist."

SCULPTURES BY DONATELLO: by C. J. Ryan



ONATELLO, the great Florentine sculptor of the first half of the 15th century, came into incarnation at the critical time when the Renaissance was just in its springtime. Born about 1386, when the Gothic tradition was still powerful, he lived long and successfully and took a prominent part in the revival of the spirit of classical antiquity. Brunelleschi, the architect, and Donatello, who was his close friend, each in his own sphere became the leaders in the new art movement of the 15th century — the supreme exponents of the early Renaissance in architecture and sculpture. The rediscovery of letters, the unfolding of the ancient world, the loosening of the theological shackles which had held men down in fear, and the recognition of the beauty of the natural world, marked this wonderful awakening period. It was a transition time, a medley of confused currents; but long before Donatello left the scene of his labors and his delights he must have seen something like order and a definite tendency appearing — a tendency to which he had given a powerful impulse, perhaps without fully realizing the magnitude of what he had done. The scholars of the 14th century had gone forth to waken the dead, inspired by the literature of the buried ancient

world, and the mighty spirits of the past reappeared in rapidly increasing numbers as the 15th century advanced.

Little is known about the details of Donatello's personal life; of his character we learn that he stood high in the esteem and respect of all who knew him; he was a generous, noble-minded, and cheerful man, satisfied with little, but with a proper sense of his own dignity and free from the vices so prevalent in his age. He was the son of Niccolò di Betto Bardi; his name Donatello is an affectionate diminutive of Donato. Like many other Italian artists, he received his early art training in a goldsmith's workshop. He also worked for some years as a stonecutter. His varied experiences made him well acquainted with the entire range of the sculptor's technique, and so he was able during his long life of eighty years to produce with ease a remarkable number of bronze and marble sculptures, at least fifty of which are still in existence.

Donatello was not a universal genius like Leonardo or Michelangelo, but his abilities were not confined to sculpture. He was a member of the painters' Guild of St. Luke, and he designed a beautiful stained-glass window which was accepted for Florence Cathedral after a spirited competition. No other picture of his has been preserved, but his favorite maxim for his pupils was: "Draw; that is the whole foundation of sculpture." In architectural construction he was skilful, and he actually entered into the competition for the building of the great cupola of Florence Cathedral. He failed to get the commission, but his advice was frequently asked during the construction.

Donatello's earliest known works in sculpture are the small prophets in Florence Cathedral, and some other single figures, all of which bear the distinct impress of the Gothic tradition which he was soon to abandon. Dr. Osvald Sirén, the well-known Swedish authority on Italian art, who has given great attention to the influence of the spirit of antiquity upon Donatello's art, says:

In the statue of the St. George, does Donatello find first the new, generally accepted solution of the problem of the statue within a niche.

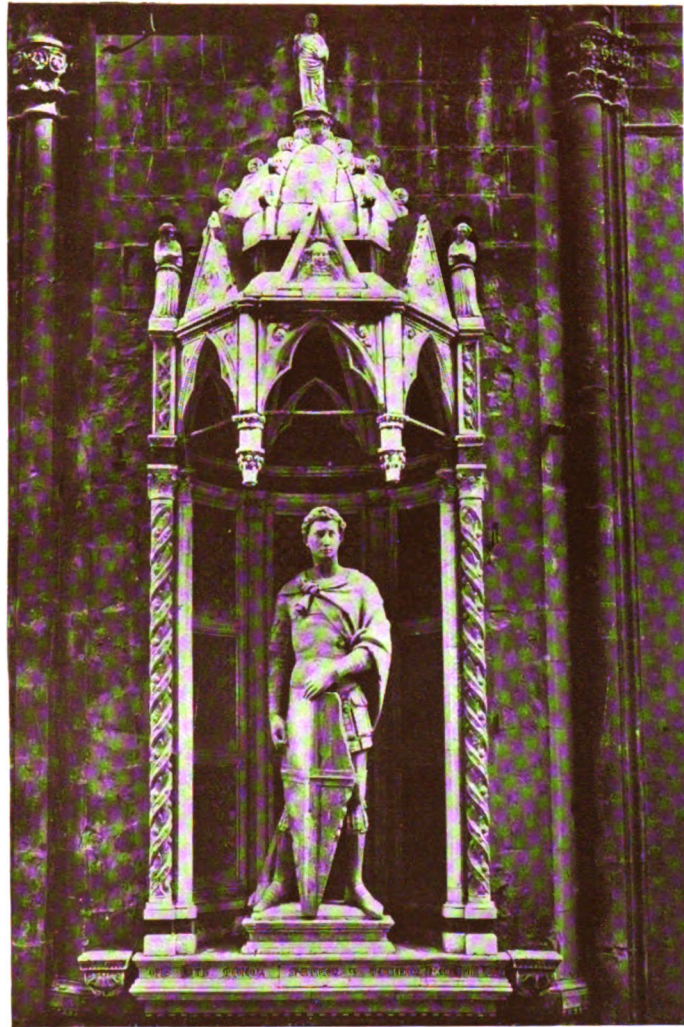
The St. George has sometimes been designated as the most "classical" example of the early Renaissance, which is undoubtedly correct, if the word "classical" does not here imply striking agreement with Greek *plastique*. We discern, on the other hand, the classical tendency to a clear, tectonic construction of the youthful figure, something of the same trend which we find still more pronounced in Polykleitos and his immediate successors at the close of the fifth

century B. C. It is true that later on Donatello produced statues with considerably higher developed space-values, freer movement, bolder and more realistic characterization and better general effect, but he has hardly created one which presents a more exemplary solution of the problems underlying all statuary art. The classical instinct (if the expression be permissible) has prompted the young artist to a creation which seems influenced by antique principles though he could have had as yet but very little opportunity for a close study of ancient sculpture. . . .

Notwithstanding Vasari's statement that Donatello visited Rome in company with Brunelleschi early in his life and so became closely acquainted with the best classical remains then unearthed, there is still considerable doubt upon the point, and Dr. Sirén thinks it very probable that he was not in Rome till 1432. If Vasari is mistaken Donatello must have taken full advantage of his opportunities to study the collection of Greek and Roman medals, cameos, and small bronzes in Cosimo de' Medici's Florentine collection. It is an interesting point to consider whether Donatello derived his classical feeling principally from reading, from the Romanesque and the works of his contemporaries in the Renaissance, or from his original researches into the limited number of antiquities accessible to him. Dr. Sirén has taken great pains to compare the works of Donatello with Greek and Roman statues, and though he finds the classical influence apparent, yet — the remarkable feature of this is that the likeness (to Greek art) does not appear to be the result of actual imitation, but of a genius akin to that of the ancients. When the classical influence is most apparent, most genuine, and of the greatest merit in Donatello, it is probably most unconscious. He has his eyes opened to the highest values of ancient sculpture earlier and more fully than anybody else. And we may say he felt his kinship with the great ones, because he was one of them himself.

It is impossible for us to dogmatize, but it cannot be overlooked by the Theosophical student that the galaxy of great artists of the Renaissance began to appear about fifteen centuries after the close of the glorious days of art in Greece. This is hardly surprising in view of the fact that the spirit of man reincarnates from time to time on earth, and that great souls who have been associated in harmony of artistic aspiration in one cycle are likely to incarnate again in company in a succeeding and favorable one.

After 1434, when Donatello had been two years in Rome, the influence of the antique spirit became more distinct in his creations, but he still interpreted it in his own original way. Upon his return from Rome he executed numerous works in Florence, of which the "Amor,"



STATUE OF ST. GEORGE, BY DONATELLO
FLORENCE, ITALY



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ST. GEORGE KILLING THE DRAGON, BY DONATELLO. CHURCH OF OR SAN MICHELE, FLORENCE



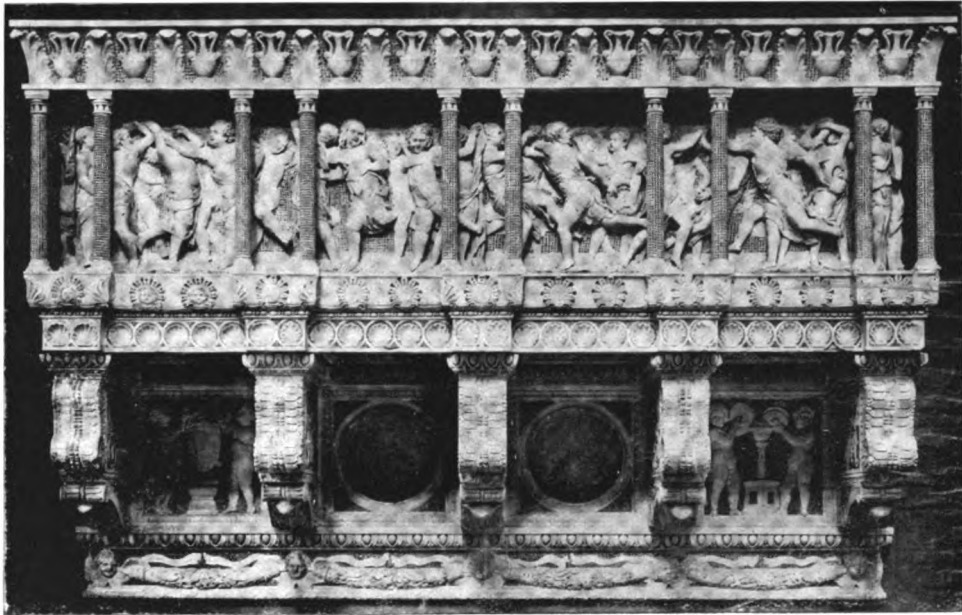
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE TABERNACLE OF THE ANNUNCIATION, BY DONATELLO. CHURCH OF
SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

TWO "PUTTI" FROM THE ANNUNCIATION TABERNACLE, BY DONATELLO.
CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE



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CHOIR GALLERY, BY DONATELLO, NOW IN THE MUSEUM OF FLORENCE CATHEDRAL



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS, FROM THE UFFIZI MUSEUM, FLORENCE, FROM WHICH
DONATELLO PROBABLY DERIVED SOME SUGGESTIONS



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BRONZE EQUESTRIAN MONUMENT TO CONDOTTIERE GENERAL GATTAMELATA
AT PADUA, BY DONATELLO

the bronze "David" (the first nude statue of the Renaissance) the Annunciation Tabernacle in Santa Croce, the Choir Gallery in Florence Cathedral, and the outdoor pulpit of Prato Cathedral are the principal. The two last-named are entirely decorated with "putti," young children, playing and singing. Dr. Sirén says:

Both these decorative compositions bear remarkable witness to Donatello's debt to ancient sculpture. Executed shortly after his return from Rome in 1434, they clearly show, both in architectonic construction and decoration and in their human motives, the deep impress of Roman examples. . . . In numerous Roman sarcophagi we find these genii or *amorini*, either mourning at the bier of the deceased, or frolicking at love-feasts and banquets. . . . It is plain that Donatello, after his Roman sojourn, began to make use of the putti to a greater extent than before, and that he therefore received the real impulse for this classical motive from the art treasures of the Eternal City.

In the Annunciation Tabernacle there can be no difficulty in recognizing the classical impress of the figure composition. The architectural part is rather strange in its detail though no doubt Donatello thought he was producing something in the antique manner. Still, it is redeemed by the delightful little figures of the putti bearing garlands. Vasari speaks of the dignified and graceful figures of the Virgin and the Angel in very high and well-deserved terms, especially mentioning the skill of the artist in suggesting the forms underneath the draperies —

wherein was evidenced his endeavor to revive the beauty of antique art, which had been forgotten for such a long time.

Strong characterization was Donatello's principal endeavor as a rule, but in this group he has aimed at pure beauty.

In 1443, Donatello went to Padua to execute several large bronze statues for the high altar in the Cathedral, and some very important bas-reliefs in bronze. He spent ten eventful years in Padua, where he created his greatest masterpiece, the equestrian statue of the Venetian general Condottiere Erasmo de Narni, or Gattamelata, who died in 1443. To make the first equestrian statue erected in Italy since Roman times was a task from which every other sculptor had shrunk, but Donatello completed it with such brilliant success that it stands today as at least one, if not the very finest, of the three or four supreme equestrian statues of the world. Dr. Sirén says:

No equestrian statue of modern times has been conceived in such a pure classical spirit as Donatello's *Gattamelata* — no matter how much more conscientiously many later sculptors have endeavored to imitate antique precedents,

Gattamelata, the proud Venetian general, is shown in his military glory, with spurs, sword, and commander's bâton, yet without helmet. He does not give us the impression of being in action, at war, but rather of riding in triumph to receive the laurel of immortal glory. . . . Although the rider is remarkably small in comparison with the long and stout horse, he controls and dominates the latter — an illusive effect depending chiefly on the fact that the artist's treatment of him is marked by carefully defined details while the horse is broadly modeled. We have here a strongly individualized portrait of Gattamelata — his arms and armor are copied from those he actually wore. . . . The familiar features of a recently deceased military commander are expressed in the grand manner and with monumental effect. . . . The countenance possesses that lofty dignity, that interior composure and outward broadness, which marks the greatest of Greek statues of the fifth century. . . .

Donatello died at the good old age of eighty, his powers of invention unimpaired to the last. He was honored by his contemporaries and immediate successors, but his fame in time became dim, as in the cases of Velázquez and Franz Hals, and it was not till comparatively lately that his final and incontestable place in the ranks of the immortals has been properly recognized. The full magnitude of his genius was only revealed to the world when the greater part of his existing life-work was brought together in Florence at the quincenary of his birth.

THE WATERS OF FORGETFULNESS: by Percy Leonard

A calm, unbroken forgetfulness of the personal self for all time.— *W. Q. Judge*
From me come memory and knowledge *and also the loss of both*.— *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*



O forget is to cease to remember and has a positive aspect as well as a negative one. Mere inability to recollect a past impression of the mind may be a consequence of weakness of the will or a disordered brain, and such forgetfulness is in no way to be admired. The power to still the mind and check the swift, chaotic torrent of the pictures of the past, is, on the other hand, a faculty of perfect manhood worthy of no small effort to acquire.

Our days are spoiled by the revival of the memories of bygone sorrows and the disappointed hopes of which most human lives are full. Where is the need for ancient quarrels to be fought again in shadow-

land? Why should old heartaches have their smart renewed, and wounds that have been healed be opened once again? We suffer from ourselves in this, as in so many other things.

Man does possess the power to make sad memories disappear at will. We are not forced to sit and watch the moving pictures flitting on the mental screen in which we pose alternately as hero, saint, and martyr in an unending series of adventures drawn from the buried past. By practice and a strong and determined will the flowing stream may be arrested and our distracting memory subjected to complete control. But there exists a better way, in which almost unconsciously the same effect is gained.

If we become absorbed in some great enterprise in which the general good of all is sought for, then by a simple process of starvation all the interests of the personality dwindle and disappear. No longer nourished by persistent thought, they die, and with them their creative source the personality, which like a fog wreath melting at the rising of the sun, dissolves its outlines, leaving the soul to pass again to its primeval liberty.

To some rare individuals the knowledge that the way is open for a plunge into the waters of oblivion comes as a great deliverance from an irksome servitude. The narrow limitations of a life that ceaselessly revolves about the petty center of the personal self has little to attract, and with a feeling of intense relief they sever the confining bond and henceforth use the body and mind merely as facile instruments with which to study life, or as effective tools with which to work for the advancement of the race.

But for the masses as they blindly struggle on without an object or a goal in view save the instinctive will to live and to enjoy, to plunge into this healing oblivion seems like suicide, and loss of the lower personal memory like absolute destruction. They might conceivably consent to part with the distressing records of their failures and their pains; but the delightful memories of triumphs and successes they will never willingly let go. But memory, like other things, consists of two opposing poles which utterly refuse to be disjoined. We cannot let the pleasant memories in and bar the door to the distressful throng, for each of the opposing hosts insists upon its right of entry if the other is admitted.

To those for whom oblivion has no terrors, there is the changeless peace of life impersonal, greatness of outlook, depth of discernment, and as a refuge and a home the shoreless spaces of Immensity.

What a cessation of disquieting anxieties would follow the forgetting of the self-bound ego fretting within its cage of personal desires, limited ambitions, and all the tedious, narrow schemes that end in self. What an escape to godlike freedom, as the constricting memories of self slacken their deadly grasp upon the mind.

This much at all events is sure, that we as personalities are soon forgotten by the public mind. Where are the great commanding figures which stood out so boldly from the screen of time even so lately as a hundred years ago? Faded to shadowy phantoms, at the very most they occupy a line or two of solemn prose upon the pages of our history books; but as for any live reality, they seem as non-existent as the footprints of a child upon the sands when the flood tide comes sweeping up the shore.

Why not find the fulness of the *greater* life in that untroubled sea of cosmic joy that knows no bounds nor any term of years?

But in the loosening of all painful bonds that must precede the gaining of the great freedom, there is a danger that the liberated soul forget the suffering masses of the race still shut within the prison-house of self, and slaves of every selfish wish that rises in their minds.

In cutting loose from our entanglements, the cable-tow that binds us to the race must be preserved intact; for true oblivion does not mean the self-indulgent shirking of responsibility for those below. The Great Forgetting sets us free to use our wider vision and emancipated powers in the great cause of Universal Brotherhood and the uplifting of the Race.



"And here they say that a person consists of desires. And as is his desire, so is his will; and as is his will, so is his deed; and whatever deed he does, that he will reap.

"And there is this verse: 'To whatever object a man's own mind is attached, to that he goes strenuously together with his deed; and having obtained the end (the last results) of whatever deed he does here on earth, he returns again from that world (which is the temporary reward of his deed) to this world of action.'

"So much for the man who desires. But as to the man who does not desire, who, not desiring, freed from desires, is satisfied in his desires, or desires the Self only, his vital spirits do not depart elsewhere—being Brahman, he goes to Brahman."—*Bṛihadāraṇyakopaniṣad*, 5, 6. Trans. by Max Müller

IS MUSIC SPIRITUAL? by E. A. Neresheimer

SOUND is the most potent and effectual magic agent, and the first of the keys which opens the door of communication between Mortals and the Immortals.

—H. P. Blavatsky, *Secret Doctrine*, I, 464



ON hearing music it has been observed that the following widely divergent impressions are successively experienced — sensuous, mental, and spiritual. The most obvious result is the affection of the senses and their enjoyment by sheer tonal eloquence; on further penetration we find that the subject of the design of the music itself arrests the attention, forming a combination (of the sensuous tone effects) with the pictures called forth by theme or meaning of the burden of its subject; a third and more abstract impression accrues when both senses and mind susceptibilities are superseded — while still fully aware of the goings-on — by an inward dream-like revery in which one becomes vividly conscious of added activity, as if more real life, knowledge, and an exhilarating degree of freedom supervened, but which is not connected with emotion or intellect.

Though clearly realizable, as an active state, this dreamy phantasy eludes definition, being more or less a state of mild rapture, a melting away so to speak, out of reach of mind and senses, more, let us say, a *soul condition*; a trance, whose effect is only appreciable after it is over and when the normal faculties have again resumed their functions. It is in this phase and condition that the most important effect of music lies, truly comparable to the strange condition of dreamless sleep, whence by a process of assimilation, quasi-digestion — of the thousand and one soul images imbibed during waking hours — takes place, affording us an advance position each new day on waking. Similarly, the somewhat exalted condition frequently induced by inspired music results in a clarification of unrealized thoughts, problems, and new ideas. Much of practical value, in one's development, may be gained from such moments of mental forgetfulness and when such an actively luminous state of soul-experience has been reached.

In this connexion it will be of interest to note some of the details of observation made before and during the process of construction of musical works by notable masters.

Composers of music have freely stated as nearly as may be, their experiences when engaged in bringing down what they say are only fragments, from this strange wonderland. The general practice seems to be this: After having conceived an idea or plan, the same is

allowed to simmer and absorb subconsciously without relating it to any special design, for days, months, or longer periods, with never a single thought as to detail of melody, rhythm, or arrangement. Simply silent brooding over the as yet indistinct idea, until a ripening impulse is felt which is considered a sign to begin mechanical notation. If this impulse is not present it would be futile to attempt to stimulate it by effort. Experience has shown peculiar conditions accompanying and governing the creation of works of art. When gain, praise, vanity, personal or pecuniary considerations enter into the work as attaching to the result thereof, the natural flow of spontaneity becomes at once confused. Should the work be completed under such affectations, it is fated to be devoid of inspiration, being even distasteful to the transcriber, and stranger still, when performed, is never esteemed by the public as a work of art. On the other hand, when spontaneity obtains at the opportune time the mechanical work flows without much exertion, and when it is felt that the subconscious process has fully ripened the artist is possessed of a solemn assurance of the all-fitness of the spontaneous influx, and the ideas crowd and surge with such passionate exuberance into the brain for expression that but a small part can be seized for actual notation. In fact, the material vehicle is always felt to be altogether inadequate to contain a truthful counterpart of the original.

Ideas can never be fully expressed by either symbol, speech, or word; the perceiver has to supply the links which were missed in the transition from the super-mental to the concrete. The genius composer can at best give us fragments in formal notation. Here then we have a cold, dead thing in musical symbols. Few are they who can resuscitate the original inspiration from these mere glyphs. Still it is possible to regain, at least partly, its transcendent beauty through the magic touch of a real artist, a proficient whose soul is attuned to his art. Even he cannot do it alone.

And now — comes the Audience: not musicians, not artists, but — Souls.

In pious assemblage they complete the ceremony of revivification of some precious reflection of truth. Each soul merely by its presence, attention, silence, supplies a living link inspiring the performing artists. Wave on wave the currents flow until the soul leaps the gaps of matter, and itself enters into the creative joys of Genius.

No such heights are attainable singly as are won by collective con-

cord and a sympathetic audience. Anyone, however limited his knowledge of music, may experience these joys, being carried along by the subtle currents initiated by the artist who strikes a keynote in the yielding atmosphere of a responsive audience. By degrees, the artist feels the growing union between audience and himself, is thereby doubly inspired, and actually gives, aided by his facile mastery of technique, the intensest form of inspiration in which every unit has a creative part.

The essence of music cannot be apprehended; its mission is evidently to suggest and awaken the harmonies that are already within. It is one of the many means through which we glean certain truths not otherwise accessible.

The source of music may be spiritual, but in its audible and variable manifestation it is of a less exalted order. In the abstract we may consider it as a potential impulse, causative, ideal, ethic, aesthetic; this impulse perchance may manifest through man in music or any other form of art, thought, or anything serving as appropriate vehicle for showing or suggesting some truth of life. In other words, after the impulse has been reflected in a vehicle of manifestation as audible music, it is no longer spiritual, no more the Essence whence it sprang, but a variable instrument made suitable to time, taste, epoch, race, and conditions.

Being thus a more or less truthful reflection of some grand source, music should not be invested with indiscriminating loftiness. Although on account of its unquestioned clairvoyant suggestiveness music is unique and important as an agent of development and has an increasingly specialized place amid all the other ethical instruments of high culture, it is like all manifestations of phenomena, differentiated into duality, and therefore subject to the joys and ills of human fallibility.



"And as the slough of a snake lies on an ant-hill, dead and cast away, thus dies this body; but that disembodied immortal spirit is Brahman only, is only light."—*Bṛihadâraṇyakopaniṣad*, 7. Trans. by Max Müller

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART I

CHAPTER IV — THE MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY



YOU may call this present age that of the World-Religions. By *this present age*, I mean the last twenty-five centuries or so: most of the time covered by history. It is rather unfortunate that we should only be acquainted with man during this period; we get wrong conceptions, and do him less than justice. As one would with a person one had seen but once, and that when his liver was badly out of order.

Not that the world-religions are a disease; but their presence is, I think, to be taken as a sign of ill-health, in the same way that a bottle of medicine and a graduated glass on the table at your bedside might be. They were all founded upon Theosophy, and have truth at the heart of them; but they have gone far since their founding, and their heart is to be sought for very deep in. Theosophy, you would think, is as natural to man — to anything with a divine soul in it, and latent godhood the basis of its being — as the air we breathe or the sunlight we live by. Why is our sense of beauty, our apprehension of truth, so remote and occult a part of us? Most of us live and die, and catch no glimpse of it; yet it is there —

Gods we are; bards, saints, heroes, if we will.

The taking of medicine is necessary sometimes; but to be regretted all the same. In a better age, our doctors would be wise guardians of the public health; they would teach right living in the schools, superintend municipal and national activities; and would not have to waste their time patching and tinkering our bodies. Now, they live by our sickness, always the result of our transgression. So the world-religions came into being because the world had transgressed and was sick; and they too live by our ill-health. The trouble is, they have very little idea, now, how to cure it.

Like the nations, they were devised as a means of grace; but have become an excuse for jealous bickering, and so a fruitful means of disgrace. One may come, through patriotism, to a transcendent elevation of the spirit; commonly, however, all it brings us is a stupid facility in bragging of our own, and slinging mud at our neighbor's country. One forgets that patriotism, if it be a virtue at all, must be

such in every land, and cannot be divided against itself; that it must enhance the beauty and glory of foreign nations for you, and give you a lively appreciation of their several missions. Theosophy comes not to destroy patriotism, but to fulfil it. Get to the inward reality of your nation, it says; unite yourself with the divine soul of that; and you shall find your only enemy in the greed, ambition, and ignorance of your own people. You shall be at one with all true patriots the world over.

So with the religions. To the really religious man, the faith of a Buddhist, a Moslem, a Hindoo, and a Christian are of great value: all potentially paths into the unseen and the heart of the world. He has nothing to do with sectarianism; nothing with unbelief. In China, it is polite to ask, on being introduced to a man: "Of what honorable religion are you?" and on being answered, one tells one's own, and then praises the other man's. It is a relic of ancient Chinese common sense; would that we were as sensible.

The bigot sees but one "true faith"; they that follow others shall be burned: here if possible, hereafter surely. He would convert the heathen: not to the Life Everlasting, of which he knows nothing, but to baptism or the circumcision; to a book, not to the Great Law; to Little Bethel rather than to the Communion of Saints. The falsely emancipated, on the other hand, holds that all religions are alike untrue; and either equally convenient, or equally vile. Both he and the bigot arrive at spiritual inanity: the one through burning up and exhaustion; the other through a kind of metaphysical water on the brain. The really religious man arrives at spiritual wisdom; only he is rare enough, while the other two you may meet by dozens any day.

Which proves that there is a danger in medicine-taking; or, if you like, that the religions are a rather fallible remedy for the world-sickness. Oh, a necessary remedy; and provided by divine physicians: whose guidance, had the patients followed it sanely, would have forefended them against any peril in the drug, as of deterioration with time, or of gathering to itself poison out of the elements in the air. Yet still, the very necessity for remedies betokened ill-health; and ill-health, past transgression.

Now before we transgressed, we were not sick, but whole; and before we fell sick, we took no medicines. What was our spiritual pabulum in those days — before the religions were invented? — The answer is: the Mysteries of Antiquity; into the nature of which we

may inquire and speculate a little here: with this proviso: that it is inquiry and speculation, and no pretence at dogmatizing. They were national institutions, and they were religious, or had to do with spiritual life; that much may be said safely. So we shall come at the subject by advancing from these two standpoints.

You must follow two methods or directions, if you would reach Truth. An outward one: synthesis of the religions, and retention of what noble factors are common, or harmonize, in all. An inward one: search within your own being; where also truth lies buried, if deep. For there is one Temple of Truth; and each of the world-religions is a gateway into it, and a road leading thereto. As the hither end of that road is in the common things of life, the common conceptions and superstitions, it follows that in each there must be a deal that is corrupt and rubbishing; in which you are apt to become engrossed, unless you take the synthetic view: study all religions, and behold the great Temple afar to which they lead. And there must be that inward search, to come at realities, to find foothold in things known; or the whole vision shall seem a mirage. . . . But our bigots uphold with equal ardor the mud and slime in which the path begins, and the light streaming through the gate at its end; probably, indeed, the former the more ardently, since it is nearer and more evident. *Into this Slough of Despond with you, or there will be no reaching the Delectable Mountains! Shoulder this burden, or there will be no laying it down! Wallow in this mud . . . or how shall your sins be washed away?*

But when we make the synthesis, we do find certain teachings that are universal, or nearly so. I know not which of the world Religions makes no mention of Karma. At least it is the cornerstone of Buddhism and Brahminism; was clearly enunciated by Jesus and Paul, and again emphatically by Mohammed. That man is a soul: something apart from and above his body and mind; that surely is also universal teaching. Reincarnation, a necessary corollary of these two, is taught by all Aryan religions; has been largely held in Judaism; by many influential sects in Islam; and was only ruled out of Christianity some centuries after Jesus Christ. Then look within, and does not one glimpse regions superhuman, divine, immortal? Does not one find a basis of justice beneath all life, and an imperative need to believe so? Ah then, here is some vision of the Temple; here surely the white domes and pinnacles are agleam! Here is stability; here

is a Law; things are not a higgledy-piggledy, haphazard and tragic farrago, as we thought.

To turn now to the inwardness of nationalism.

A nation is something more than a collection of people of the same race and language. If you add religion and political system, it is still something more. There is the history, the tradition, the common heritage of art, literature, and so forth; in very truth, there is the national soul. There is an entity, a personality, that finds expression in every activity of the race: in its heroism, genius, folly, and crime; in the meanest and noblest wars of its history; in its generosity and thievishness, good and evil dealing; in the self-sacrifice of its noblest, and in the money-lust of its least noble sons. To know France, for example, you must know the language and literature, and a great deal more. You must know Joan of Arc and the Countess de Lamotte Valois; Napoleon the Great and Napoleon the Little; Chevalier Bayard and Bishop Cauchon; La Tour d'Auvergne and, shall we say, Monsieur Parolles; you must know Rabelais and Amiel, Fénelon and Baudelaire, François Villon and Henri Bergson. The whole procession must pass before you; and then, if you are anything of an artist, you shall perceive a certain unity, and the makings of a picture. So, too, to know England, you must know Shakespeare and the shilling shocker, *Paradise Lost* and the penny dreadful; you must weigh the burning of Joan of Arc and the Opium Wars against the deeds and wars of Elizabeth; take note of the Sydneys, the Raleighs, the Hampdens, and the Gordons; of the mediocre masses that are forgotten, and of many that were neither good nor brave nor mediocre. Here too will remain the figure of a personality, mixed good and evil: the memory of thoughts lofty and base, actions noble and vile.

But in either case it is a personality you have seen, not a soul; *that* shines behind, and its light is obscured by the personality. To find it one must use heroic methods, and heed no accusations of cheating. Simply these: Whatsoever things are true, honest, lovely, or of good report, those cleave to. In the genius of each people you shall find a certain note or color, a definite and proper light: in their great deeds, a peculiar method of magnanimity; in their very sins and failings the possibilities of corresponding opposite virtues. Taking all that is permanent in their literature and art, you shall find yourself led towards the same goal by France as by England; but by roads that differ, and through landscapes quite distinct. The light will always

be from the same Temple: but here shining through a French door, and French in color; there through a door called England, and English. So with any nations you might name. Superior race, forsooth!

Synthesize all the poets of England, from Caedmon to Mr. Noyes; take everything that they wrote that is permanent and unshakable, grandly poetic, exquisite, purifying; and the result will be a certain revelation of beauty, wonderful indeed, but incomplete. More remains to be said; deeper glories are to be uncovered. Naturally; since England still exists, and may expect new poets and fuller revelations. Add all that her greatest thinkers have thought; synthesize, extract the quintessence; refine in many fires and crucibles of the spirit; and of these things you shall get, as the message of England, so far delivered to the world, a great measure of Truth, a vast draught of Beauty: a great light streaming out to mankind through England; primarily, of course, to the English people. And then imagine England still in her youth, and with a long course of life still to run, in which new and far grander revelations shall be made; so that stars that Shakespeare saw but dimly, or Milton, shall blaze beautiful on the firmament; add all that may be to all this; and what a splendor is there!

Now supposing that Hengist and Horsa, when they landed in Kent, had possessed all that; or that William the Norman had possessed it in its fulness; that all the Saxons, all the Normans, all the first English, had known of the existence of this light, and that it was attainable; and that the course for them to follow was so to shape their lives as to make themselves worthy to attain it; that the same were true in all the centuries of English history; that confirmation in the English Church had always meant entering upon an heritage of this radiance, this illumination of the soul; a full actual and personal possession of it, and life and actions to be in conformity with it wholly thereafter — with the very highest in poetry, thought, and religion possible to Englishmen. Supposing such confirmation were a real initiation into such wisdom —

I think we can get a crude idea, from this, of the meaning of the Mysteries of Antiquity.

Only a crude idea: for in place of fragmentary and wandering intuitions of many poets and philosophers, that which was revealed in the Mysteries, in their prime, was the certain knowledge of minds so mighty that you could scarcely call them merely human; they were

the Gods of the race, we would say: the National Gods: men grown into Godhood, the links between their countrymen and the deities of mountains, seas, and stars. Apollo and Angus Oge and Balder the Beautiful — they are no fictions of the brain; it is we who are superstitious, who deify the dull, and reject these bright Children of Glory. The soul in man is divine; if we spy no divinity within ourselves, it is because we are without vision to penetrate so deep as to ourselves. And if the soul of man, how not also, and much more, the soul of the nation? Beautiful, and beyond endurance bright is this! You shall find the national passions and mentality incarnate in the run of the people; but the divine creative soul is there also: behind the veil of things seen, incarnate or excarnate in the divine leaders of the race.

As the soul can influence the mind at times, so that a great idea is flashed in; so these that be the Gods can now and again get a book written, or a play or a poem; playing upon the great minds of the nation, they can give an upward twist to the national policy, or avert the commission of some national crime. Sometimes, sometimes! Consider that the most crime-stained nation among us all might have been far worse than it is. We have had our years of peace; we have avoided some few wars we might have fought! But ah, we have fought so many we might have avoided, if our statesmen had been men whom the great Inspirers could have spoken through; or if these had been among us in the flesh, our leaders and guides. . . .

Of old time it was different; the Gods dwelt not apart; nor we, hedged by our own blindness and oblivion. It was well known that they existed; you never knew what flame-forms might be peering at you over the violet horizons of evening. Apollo, of a summer noon, might walk familiarly into any of those little towns by river or sea-shore, or mountain-built with quiet citadel; and the women would come to the street doors to greet him, and the men would hurry in from the fields that proper hospitality might be accorded the Prince of the Sun. . . . Ah, before Troy fell; before Troy fell!

More has fallen than Troy: we ourselves have fallen from the habits of the soul, and from outlook into the divine worlds. Where money is of vast importance, you could not expect to get converse with the Sun-gods; where there is passion, animalism, scheming for advantage, how should any bright presence appear or make itself felt? It is all stern warfare now, before the Gods can get their will of us. They can lay siege to the town of Mansoul divinely: but Apollo must

shoot and shoot, before the least of his quickening light-shafts may scintillate and quiver in a human mind. Let him hit that mark fairly, and behold, there is *Hamlet* written; there is the fellow that keeps the *Globe* in plays, possessed of a sudden by Karma itself, crying out the awful majesty of the Law —

Still it cried *Sleep no more!* through all the house. . . .
 Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
 Shall sleep no more! Macbeth shall sleep no more!

— Or, what ails you, old blind Milton, that there is a catch in your voice as you dictate? It is Apollo's shaft that pierced you, to the end that you may roll forth the battle cry of the Soul —

Unchanged
 To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
 On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
 In darkness, and with dangers compassed round.

And there is young Keats pierced, in the midst of his sadness and human mourning; and the quick pang is vision for him, and he looks out through

Magic casements opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairylands forlorn;—

And Taliesin of old time is given to “know the imagination of the oaktrees,” and to perceive Gods emerging

O foroedd ac o fynydd
 Ac o eigion afonydd.*

Indeed it is a wonderful light that one may get by this synthesis from any nation. There are gods, or souls, of France, Spain, England and Italy, aye and of Turkey, and Wales, and China, that will get their message spoken somehow, and their light to shine visibly, during the passage of the ages. But through what halting, stuttering messengers, it must be confessed; and from beneath what an obtuse bushel! Ten lines this century; a lyric or so the next; in times of great increase and copious tilth of the spirit, perhaps one or two dramas or a novel. Watery rays here and there through the mist; even the grand Dantes and Shakespeares, when you consider it, were but imperfect instruments, faulty channels for the Water of Life. They must write reams and reams, and a bare silver thread of it trickling,

* From the seas and from the mountain, and from the waves of the rivers.

before the spate flood roars, and they are carried onward into the illimitable ocean. Wonderful they are to our eyes who look upward whither they stand; but to the Gods who look down manwards —. Loved, honored, trusted in a measure, no doubt; at least capable of being used, which is the main thing; but not yet altogether “become as one of ourselves”; not yet holding within their conscious minds the secrets of life and pre-existence and afterlife.

But all these things were to be found in the Mysteries. The foundation, or the treasure of them, was the whole inspiration of poets, artists, and philosophers: the poetry of poetry, the philosophy of philosophy, the soul of art; the Truth behind religion; that satisfying elixir of the spirit for which all seekers seek, to which all true inspiration is aimed, if blindly. There would have been varying degrees, so that all should have that by which they might live and be purified; and some few, the complete wisdom of the Gods, that they might then themselves pass into Godhood. One can but guess and generalize, knowing that there is a Truth, and a Divine Heart of things. Let us say then, that there would have been ceremonies, dramas; that these would have been written and enacted by the Gods, by the Mighty and Wise; beyond style, beauty, and glory of language such as our greatest poetry faintly echoes, the secrets of life would have been revealed in them, and all the vast meanings that be concealed beneath this stately panorama of things seen. It was the ultimate Truth, not to be formulated in any creed, because infinite as space or as the human heart itself, that had its teaching in the Mysteries.

For all the genius of the nation they would have been guide and polestar; the discipline, neither pedantic nor restrictive, but creative and living: fostering the legitimate, and guarding against the unfit. (There is nothing wrong about censorship, except the absence of anyone capable of exercising it; given your Adept censor, and 'twould be a most desirable institution.) The hierophants of old, having so to say superhuman knowledge, held a censorship which was actually creative; as you can make nothing of your flowers, unless you weed the border rigorously.

Genius was not considered a secular or profane thing; it was not free to drown itself in wine, kill itself with drugs, or rot itself with vice during youth and young manhood. It found its school and home in the temples, and was directed by the wise hierophants towards the upbuilding of the race. All art was sacred, and Poetry was the very

voice of the Gods: not to be ensued for money or praise or fame, or even for the delight of using it; but for the sake of Gods and men.

Not less now than then there are souls to the nations, and those souls divine: we all have our national pantheons. But our relations to such divinity are somewhat cold, unconscious, and remote. Our patriotism, which might be a sacrament and veritable partaking of sacred elements, is commonly a form of selfishness, or a windy sentiment to flap flags in upon national occasions. I believe we might love so well as to tap the memory of the Race Soul, and have satisfying access to ancient wisdom and glory. These things now but drift down to us by little, dwindling as they pass through uninitiated brains as philosophy, as the electrical quintessence of poetry; so that we get at best fitful gleamings, and a hazy notion that there is light. As for knowing what that light is, in its full splendor, you might as well try to make sunlight by lighting seven lamps, each with glass of a different prismatic color. But in the Mysteries the light streamed from the sun itself: direct and radiant from the soul of the nation. Where with us some genius will arise, now and again, to express a line or two of the transcendental wisdom, and claim for humanity some little gem of its vast heirloom; with them, the unfallen ancients, all that heirloom was consciously held in charge by its acknowledged guardians, the hierophants of the Mysteries; and whosoever was fitted, might have his proper share. Fitted, of course, by his own degree of evolution, his aspirations and efforts upward. That was what was meant by education, in those days.

Each people had its Mysteries; they were national institutions: the innermost of the nations. Among the Brahmins; at Stonehenge; Eleusis; Luxor; Bibracte; or Brugh-na-Boyne; they would have been the same, yet different: as light, of equal glory, and with the same fountain in the sun; but flashing now from the heart of the diamond; now glowing through the ruby; now mysteriously burning in the opal. In the core of every nation, and the most sacred thing there: not to be spoken of, but to be lived, loved, and worshiped, was this wisdom and redeeming life. Initiated into the national Mysteries, you partook of the being of the national Gods; from merely sharing in the benefits of citizenship, you became a direct channel through which the spiritual part of those benefits flowed out to your compatriots.

Generally speaking, we may surmise that men were not usually

initiated into the Mysteries of other lands than their own. There were very many exceptions: Pythagoras had been initiated in India; and was taught by the mystic Afarwy, of Gaul or Britain, the wisdom of the Druids. Such a man, with such a mission, would have had hierophantic standing, and right of entry anywhere. For between the grand hierophants no doubt there was conscious brotherhood; thus I believe there is evidence of communication between Stonehenge and Eleusis even in later times. No doubt both were in active touch with Scandinavian and Egyptian centers, and with holy places on the Ganges and Hoang-ho, and where now is the desolation of Shamo.

By this time, perhaps, you will be demurring: what knowledge we have, you say, warrants none of this. The truth is "we" have no knowledge of the Mysteries at all; only scraps and fragments of information about the last days of their decline. They have not been in their prime during the last five thousand years, one would say. Twenty-five centuries ago, there or thereabouts, they had so fallen and become corrupt, that a new age and method of teaching had to be inaugurated. It was then that the Buddha founded his Order in India; Pythagoras his school in Magna Graecia; and, a little later, Laotse and Confucius were teaching in the far East. Had the Mysteries been effective, there would have been no need for the work of these Teachers; whose "religions" or philosophies were designed to take the place to some extent, in the baser ages that were to come, that the Mysteries had held in the far past. It would appear that Khuenaten, centuries before, had made a like attempt in Egypt, and failed; his work was swept away within a few years of his death. Her Mysteries having grown effete, and the new method, the religion of Khuenaten, having been rejected, Egypt fell; she could not maintain her greatness above the waters, nor pass unswamped the great trough of the years. India, on the other hand, accepted the greatest Teacher of them all, the Buddha, and followed his path for some centuries; during which time she prospered. Then she turned, persecuted, and expelled the Buddhists; and Karma wrote down for her that she should soon herself wither and shrivel under a hot blast from the Arabian desert. Greece, within a generation or so, turning upon the Pythagoreans, rejected a life-line thrown out to them on the troubled waters; and thereafter not Plato nor Socrates, nor all the Periclean teachers, could save her. But China clung to her Confucius, and in her better moments, to Laotse — and persists.

It would have been some five thousand years ago that the Mysteries began to decline. Krishna died in 3102 B. C.; and at his death Kali-Yuga, the Iron Age, began. (Oh, don't deny that this is an Iron Age: surely you can aspire after nothing worse!) By "decline" one means, I think, to lose touch with and influence over the life of the people. Between Krishna's death and the Buddha's coming, age by age the Gods had been withdrawing into the Mysteries, as with the descending cycle it became less and less possible for them to walk openly among mankind. The great ceremonies became more secret and remote; fewer of the people were initiated into them; more and more, after receiving initiation, failed, and turned back to the world. Heaven knows how recently there may have remained some connecting link between the Gods and the Mysteries; some far, thin strand of influence flowing between the temples and their hierophants, and the Masters of the World. Julian the Blessed Apostate was an Initiate of the Mysteries of Eleusis, which must have been a nigh extinct fire in his time; and yet that he came forth from it, shows that there was still living, glowing heat among the embers; though all was black and ash-choked to the view from without. When Valentinian or Theodosius finally suppressed them a few years later, there was probably no spark of living flame left to extinguish. But the Age of the Mysteries had closed, and the Age of the Religions had opened, a thousand years before.

Instead of an active center in each nation, wherethrough divine help and leading might pour continually, there remain to this age but sacred books: precepts and doctrines left by the Teachers: churches, and traditions. Thought always tends to ossify; what in one generation was the best possible expression of the Divine Wisdom, in the next has become a meaningless dogma. The Gods can only send their messengers when the cycle permits: when these are with us, they stir things and give the great impulse to growth; when they depart, commonly scourged, we make haste to deify them and nullify their work. So they must come again and yet again. Six centuries after the Buddha, came Jesus, and tried to do something for the West; six centuries after him came Mohammed, to purge and scorch away some of the corruption that had arisen in his name. As much after Mohammed, and we find Jelaluddin-er-Rumi preaching the Secret Doctrine in Persia and Turkey; and Frederick II opening the doors of Europe to enlightenment. Six centuries from Jelaluddin brings us to our own

times, and the mission of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley to Europe, America, and the world. Please the Law, the coming twenty-five centuries shall be the Age, not of warring Religions, but of Universal Brotherhood, which is Theosophy; and shall usher in a Golden Age of the Mysteries again.

OUR DEBT TO THE AMERICAN INDIAN: CAN WE REPAY IT? by Carolus



NOTEWORTHY incident has lately been reported in the papers. Thirty Pueblo Indians headed by a chief have presented a petition to the United States Government in favor of universal peace, and protesting against the horrors of "civilized" warfare as displayed in the terrible European conflict! This looks as if some Indians, at least, have been considerably misunderstood, and the more sympathetic and intelligent understanding of the Indian now spreading confirms the suspicion. We are fortunately beginning to recognize, before the Red Man has been entirely submerged or extinguished, that "Good Indian" is *not* necessarily "Dead Indian." We are awakening to the idea that total destruction of the Indian would be a misfortune to the world — the deprivation of an element that could not be replaced.

In the United States we have the problem of two alien races permanently resident, the Negro and the Indian. The Indian race is the smaller — it probably does not exceed 390,000, inclusive of a large number of half-breeds — but has an equal right to justice and fair-dealing. The Indians as a whole, are not dying out, though many tribes have utterly disappeared, others have been reduced to meager proportions, and in many the purity of the blood is being greatly modified by intermarriage with white people.

Very different in temperament from the Negro, not outwardly emotional as a rule, though subject to strong passions; capable of extraordinary self-control, yet easily overwhelmed by the unexpected temptations thrust upon him by the unscrupulous white man, the Indian has suffered far more than the Negro from injustice. The painful story of Indian wrongs is one of the many proofs of the shal-

lowness of our so-called Christian civilization. True followers of Christ's teachings would never have sacrificed honor, justice, and mercy, for greed. If William Penn's example had been universally followed by all who had to do with the Indians, the history of the contact between the white and red races would have been pleasant reading. He knew how to solve the problem, and if his methods had been adopted the Indians would have blended harmoniously into the new conditions. But Quaker Penn was, of course, an exceptional man, illuminated by the "inner Light" of his Higher Self, the Christos, which will guide every man who will listen to its voice through the most difficult places. The story of the Penn colony and its fifty-three years of harmony with the Indians is a shining example of the great teaching of Theosophy that spiritual enlightenment *does* come to those who have "overcome," and gained some knowledge of the real Self. Equal justice to the Indian and absolute toleration in religion were enforced by Penn. The faithfulness with which the Indians kept their engagements with the Penn colonists completely disproves the paltry excuse for white barbarity that the Indians were untrustworthy savages.

Of late years, however, there has been a distinct awakening to the need of practising the Golden Rule in relation to the Indians, though still, as was shown in the recent Congressional inquiry, their weakness in business matters is sometimes taken advantage of. Some of the tribes have been dissolved as political organizations, and their members have taken their places in the general population as American citizens. Under the circumstances this seems to be the only available solution of one of the most knotty problems we have ever had to face, but it is not altogether satisfactory. A Committee of 100, representing the Society of American Indians, recently appealed to President Wilson to appoint a Commission to recommend the passage of a Code of Indian Law, in order "to open the door of hope and progress" to the tribes that still remain outside the bounds of American citizenship. They were favorably received and a promise was made that the matter would be seriously considered. In speaking of the absorption of the Cherokee Nation into the general citizenship of the United States as one of the three things of greatest importance that had happened in the Department of the Interior in 1914, Mr. Franklin R. Lane, the Secretary, boldly stated that a great advance must now be made by the people of this country in their treatment of the Indians. He



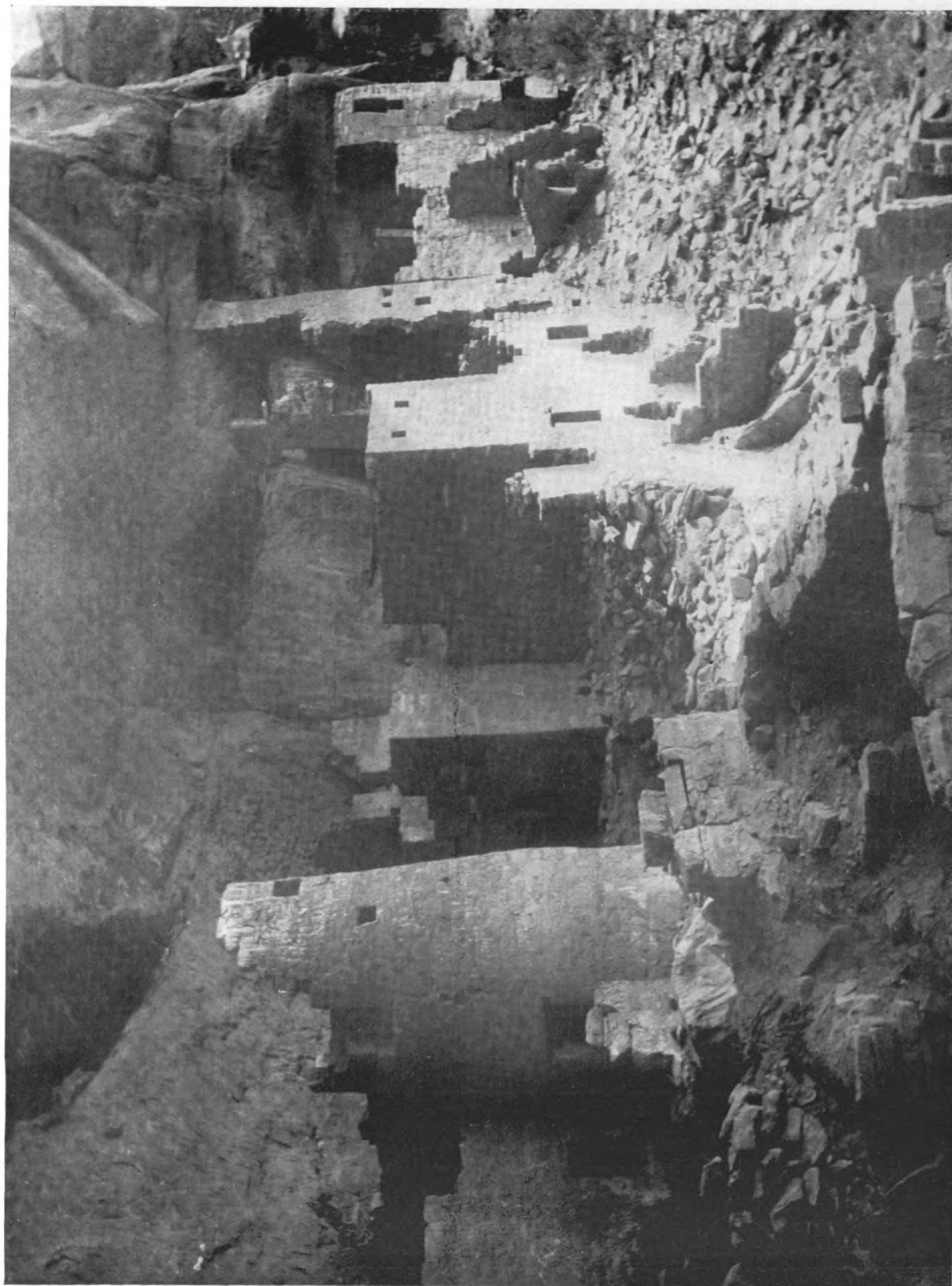
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"CLIFF PALACE," MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK, COLORADO



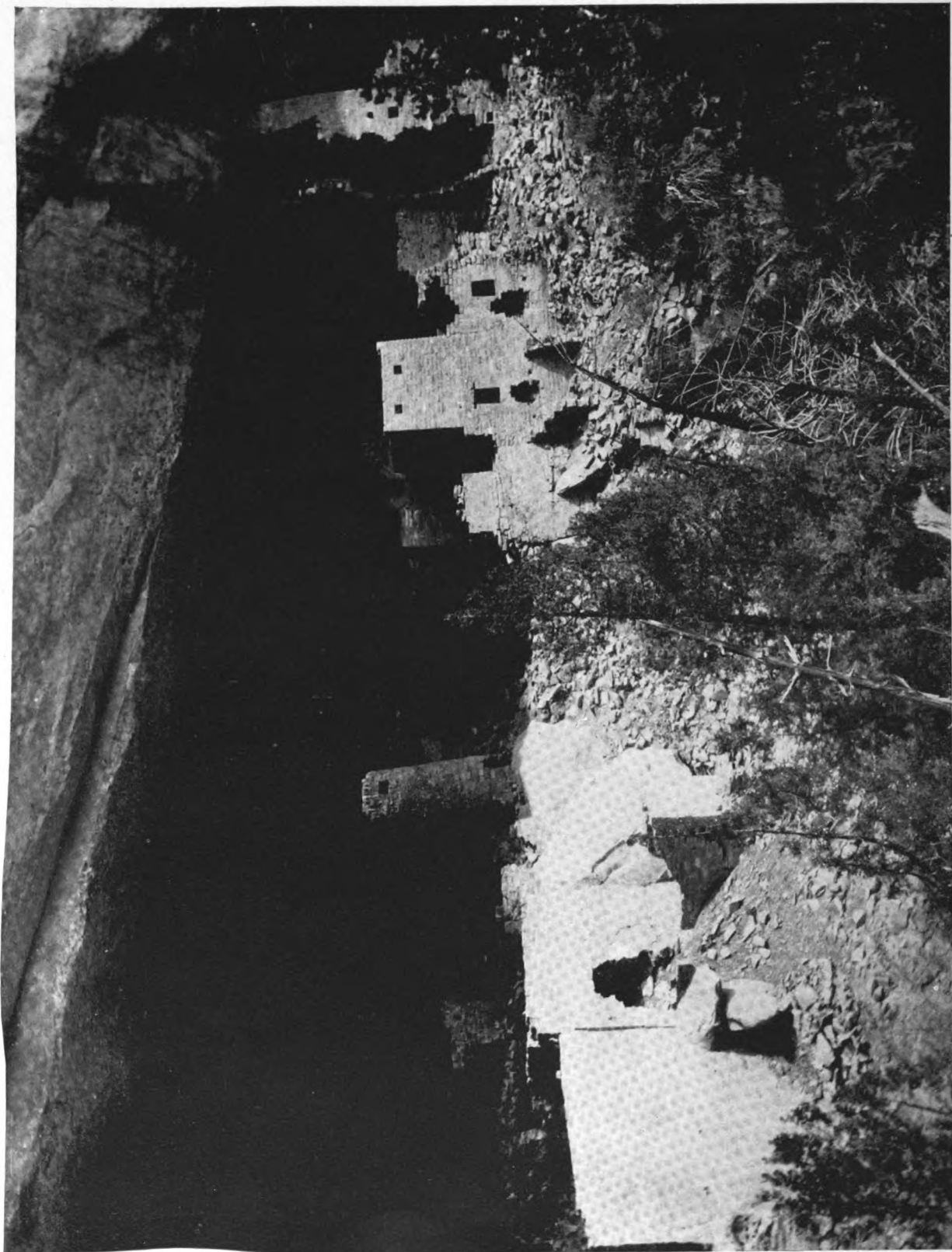
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CENTRAL PART OF "CLIFF PALACE," MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK



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ANOTHER VIEW OF "CLIFF PALACE," MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK



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A FOURTH VIEW OF "CLIFF PALACE," MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK



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"BALCONY HOUSE," MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK



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STATUE OF THE SO-CALLED "WAR-GOD" OR "SUN-GOD"

Found some years ago at an elevation of 9000 ft. on the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, in the Buckskin Mountains.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ANCIENT ROCK CARVINGS IN THE LINCOLN FOREST RESERVE, NEW MEXICO



FLUTE DANCE CEREMONIES OF THE MOQUI INDIANS, ORAIBI, ARIZONA



GROUP OF INDIANS DRESSED FOR THE GHOST DANCE

thought that the absorption of the Cherokees was an example of what should be done by degrees on a larger scale. He said:

The problem in 1839 was how to get the Indian out of the way. Today the problem is how to make him really a part of the nation. We must study him sympathetically so as to prepare to cast the full burden of responsibility upon an increasing number of Indians of all tribes. . . . Our goal is the free Indian. . . . He is to have an opportunity as a forward-looking man.

Professor Bushnell Hart of Harvard University writes:

The only remedy is that which has been followed in Oklahoma — that is to make the Indians citizens; give each family a farm in private ownership; recognize no transactions to a white man till twenty-five years have passed; and eventually give each family a share in the trust funds. Thousands of Indians have shown that they can hold their own under such conditions. It is not possible to keep indefinitely whole tribes of Indians on a reservation, which is practically an orphan asylum for grown people. Meanwhile robbery of the Indians must and can be checked, just as robbery of helpless children should be prevented by the courts.

In attempting to merge the Indians with the general population we risk the destruction of some of their best qualities, many of which are interwoven with their native customs, their religion, and their own peculiar way of interpreting nature. A wise statesmanship would try to preserve the best things in the life of a race which has not wandered as far from the elemental forces of nature as we have, even if only as a contrast to our artificialities. Our danger is that in destroying the "simple life" of the Indian we shall fail to endow him with compensating advantages. A writer who knows the Blackfeet Indians well, says, after speaking of the difficulty they feel in understanding the white man's religion (partly owing to the conflicting dogmatic creeds of the "Black-Robes" or Roman Catholic priests, and the "Men-with-White-Ties" or Protestant missionaries):

The growth of such strong and noble characters as (certain chiefs he names) out of the seemingly unfavorable moral soil of Sun Worship seems unaccountable. Their unselfish and patriotic lives, devoted to the welfare of their tribe, rise before me in strange and painful contrast with the selfish and sordid lives of many of the rich and powerful of my race. *

Another writer, a highly educated Omaha Indian, brings out in startling relief the difficulties that members of the white and red races

* Walter McClintock in *The Old North Trail*.

have in understanding each other's point of view. In one passage he says:

The life of the people depended upon the buffalo and therefore the hunt was inaugurated and conducted with religious rites, which not only recognized a dependence upon the divine power, but enforced the observance by the people of certain formalities which secured to each member of the tribe the opportunity to obtain a share in the game. The Omaha's hunting was not a sporting adventure but a task undertaken with solemnity and with the recognition of the control of all life by Wakonda (the Oversoul, the One Life). The Indian's attitude of mind when slaying animals for food was foreign to that of the white race with which he came in contact, and perhaps no one thing has led to greater misunderstandings between the races than the slaughter of game. The bewilderment of the Indian, resulting from the destruction of the buffalo, will probably never be fully appreciated. His social and religious customs, the outgrowth of centuries, were destroyed almost with a single blow. The past may have witnessed similar tragedies, but of them we have no record. *

To understand the basis of Indian philosophy we must recognize that the Indian is a mystic by nature. He feels himself part of a living world in which nothing is inanimate; he has a firm faith in Mother Earth who nourishes him on her bosom; he has something vital in his heart which is utterly unknown to the city-dweller. Our mechanical notions are grinding all this "romantic nonsense" out of him.

The Indian of 1915 is not the Indian of 1500, and it is impossible to be very certain of the conditions that prevailed before the discovery of America. All the historical records prove, however, that the Indian has largely degenerated by contact with the white man. The white man's firewater, disregard of treaties, dishonesty, and the disturbance of the Indian's religion have done the greatest moral injury; the exterminating and relentless fighting (totally unnecessary if Penn's principles had been followed), the destruction of the buffalo, and the diseases of civilization, have wrought the worst material damage. The comparatively small settlements of the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest, the only aborigines of the United States that have always lived in permanent towns, are fortunately largely unchanged, though they have suffered to some extent by our well-meant efforts to "civilize" them. They profited by a few amenities of life brought to them 300 years ago by the Spaniards, who interfered very little with them and whose policy was on the whole more intelligent and humane than ours has been till lately.

* Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1905-6.

Our debt to the Indian for the many gifts he has brought us has not been wiped out by the doubtful blessings we have bestowed on him. Among other things he has given us the snowshoe, the moccasin (called the most perfect foot-gear ever devised), the bark canoe, the conical tent or tipi, from which the Sibley army tent was copied, and the game of lacrosse. The art of maple-sugar making, the cultivation of maize and tobacco and of a native rice of fine flavor, are derived from the Indians. The words succotash and hominy are Indian, as well as a host of geographical names of great beauty, and many common terms of speech. The civilization of the whole of North America has been modified by the existence of an ever-receding frontier of Indian tribes. But for this the white man would have easily explored the whole continent, and, in the absence of opposition, the American character would probably have lacked certain qualities of hardiness. The Indian trails, waterways, camping places, and trade routes were adopted by explorers, traders, and settlers, and the railroad followed. In their contact with the Indians the early settlers received many lessons in statecraft and diplomacy from those masters of the art who were also orators of high rank. The story of Penn proves that their diplomacy was not double-dealing. The Indians of the Southwest have something to teach us about irrigation. The climate in former years was as arid as it is today, yet their success was so great that lands now practically worthless were once occupied by large populations. The ruins of Pueblos and other remains have proved this. The Smithsonian Institute is making extensive researches into Indian economics, especially in respect to food sources. The Indian could live where the white man would starve in a week. The cactus, whose fruit is the support of many Pueblo Indians for two months in each year, has yet to be fully appreciated by us. Dr. Eastman (an Indian) says: "These cacti are products of the desert, *par excellence*, adjusted to their habitat during geological ages, and in some way not yet made out, *deriving their energy chiefly from light*; and they give promise that, unless exterminated by vandalism, they will some day yield to intelligent cultivation and add an invaluable resource to our arid districts."

The study of history compels us to admit that the Indians have many excellent qualities, and certain virtues as highly developed as their white supplanters, perhaps more so. Some individuals and even tribes have shown the bad qualities of cruelty, treachery, intemperance,

and laziness, but it is now well known that the two former were not so prevalent before the coming of the white man. The drunkenness, of which so much has been heard, is, of course, a modern vice for which the greed of the trader is largely responsible: the laziness was the inevitable sequel to the destruction of the only industry known to most of the tribes — hunting. The Pueblo Indians, who were largely devoted to agriculture, did not lose their industrious habits, and the thousands of successful Indian farmers in other parts are proving that the Indian is an excellent worker when conditions permit. The Indian looks with astonishment at the American wearing himself out in the feverish race for money. The fighting common between hostile tribes was due to causes similar to those which precipitate what we call "Christian warfare," so that we have nothing to boast of in that matter. Even the cruelty to prisoners sometimes cited as a proof of the innate barbarism of certain tribes, has a partial excuse from the Indian point of view. "The soul's entrance or departure from the human form was but an incident in the eternal cycle of transmigration. To torture the body of a man was not a crime, since the victim by his endurance advanced himself." And, be it remembered, the Indian did not spare his own body; he was prepared stoically to endure fasting and torture with the intention of gaining control of his personality; he realized very practically the duality of human nature.

The Indians, on the whole, possess good intellectual capacities. The intelligence of the American Indian north of Mexico ranges from a minimum with the lowest of the Athabaskan tribes of extreme north-western Canada and the lowest of the Shoshonian tribes of the south-western United States, to a maximum with the highest developed members of the Muskogian and Iroquoian stocks. Environment has shown great possibilities of improving members of the lower stocks. Many Indians who have been trained in our colleges have shown high ability. United States senators and other legislators of Indian blood, capable Indian writers, artists, physicians, and business men are well to the front. In the past the Algonkian stock has produced notable leaders in politics and oratory, such as "King Philip," Powhatan, Tecumseh, etc.; the Iroquois had their Hiawatha (circ. 1450), the chief organizer of the famous League of the Iroquois, "Red Jacket," and Oronhyatekha (died 1906), head of the Independent Order of Foresters, a physician and a man of remarkable power; the Sioux had "Sitting Bull" (died 1890), a mighty medicine man and chief; the

Nez Percés had Joseph, the leader of his people in the troubles of 1877, and so forth. Among Indian women, too, there have been and are many able and devoted representatives. Who can forget the heroine Sacajawea, who saved the Louis and Clark expedition, and to whom statues have lately been erected at Portland, Ore., and Bismark, N. D.? Catherine Tekatawitha, Louise Sighouin, and many others in more recent times have stood for the highest ideals. The Indian girl makes an excellent nurse, both tender and painstaking, and several Indian women have become successful physicians.

The impassivity and taciturnity so characteristic of certain Indians is the effect of the habit of reflection, not the result of poverty of words or of ideas. There are fifty-eight different languages spoken in North America, some of them of great complexity, and a sign-language is in general use by which Indians speaking different tongues can freely communicate with each other. Memory was carefully trained by the custom of reciting ancestral traditions and the sacred chants of their religious ceremonies. Before replying to the argument of an opponent in council an orator was expected to repeat all the points of the other's address in order to show that he comprehended them.

It is doubtful whether if a number of untrained white people were thrown entirely upon their own resources under the condition in which the Indians of the Plains were found, and had to depend mainly upon hunting for food, clothing, housing, and other necessities of life, they would succeed in building up a more creditable social organization than that of the Indians. The Pueblo Indians, too, have done wonders in wresting a living and creating an orderly, peaceful, and permanent culture out of the most hopeless desert conditions. An early missionary, Charlevoix, who was not prejudiced in favor of the Indian, says:

We must acknowledge, the nearer view that we get of the savages, the more we discover in them valuable qualities. The chief part of the principles by which they regulate their conduct, the general maxims by which they govern themselves, and the groundwork of their character, have nothing which appears barbarous.

General Scott, of the U. S. Army, who has had great experience among the Indians, in a recent interview said:

The Indian always believed he was fighting for his liberty and to protect his property. White men, when the matter is put that way, will sympathize, I think, with the red man. Liberty and property are just as sacred to the Indian as to anyone else. I would also like to testify to the honesty of the Indians. Plenty of them, to my knowledge, have paid the debts of their dead brothers and other re-

latives. It takes a pretty good man to do that, white or red. The old warpath Indian was worthy of respect. . . . I never knew but one Indian scout who deceived the white soldiers he was leading. Another thing. Give an Indian a task to perform and he will stick to it until it is done.

The misconceptions about the Indians are many; few persons have taken the trouble to understand their real feelings. Fenimore Cooper's tales have given a romantic but very incomplete sketch which is responsible for some of our popular but erroneous notions, but nowadays there is little excuse for ignorance, for many serious and sympathetic writings are now available. There are, though, certain matters of the deeper and inner life which only a well-informed student of Theosophy is qualified to appreciate. The study of Indian legends, mythologies, philosophy of life and initiation customs in the light of Theosophy, shows that the Indians have preserved traces of the Hidden Wisdom once spread over the earth but now almost stifled under the increasing materialism which has followed the progress of our mechanical civilization. A dispassionate consideration of the high ideals of the best types of Indians — ideals which they sincerely attempt to follow — show the absurdity of lumping all the tribes together under the label of "savages." Their method of regarding the hunt (as mentioned above), is sufficient to show the possession of a higher ideal of the sacredness of life than that of the white man who hunts for "sport" or kills animals in the most matter-of-fact manner.

The efforts made in the name of religion to stop the Sun Dance, an exercise in honor of the Sun as the Sustainer of life, and conducted with dignity and propriety, shows the difficulty some white men have to understand the Indian's point of view. Mr. McClintock tells of a Blackfoot chief's indignation and astonishment at these efforts; he could not imagine how the missionaries could object to a pure and well-conducted dance ceremony while young Americans are permitted to take part in proceedings in the dance-halls of many of our cities which are frequently anything but wholesome.

The respect for and love of music throws a valuable side-light upon the Indian character. Mr. Francis La Flesche and Miss Fletcher, highly accomplished Omaha Indians, in their report to the Bureau of Ethnology, say music among the Indians is

the medium through which man holds communion with his soul and with the unseen powers which control his destiny. . . . Among the Indians music envelopes

like an atmosphere every religious and social ceremony as well as every personal experience. . . There is not a phase of life that does not find expression in song.

Charlevoix speaks of the "faint marks of the ancient belief and primitive religion" being found among the Indians. We should find more than faint traces if we looked properly, but the Indian is naturally very reluctant to open his heart to the curious white investigator. It is in matters of the inner life, of religion and duty to family and tribe, that such evidence as that of Dr. Charles A. Eastman, (Ohiyesa), an Indian by blood and a cultivated gentleman; of Cushman; and of the few other Americans who have penetrated behind the veil of reticence, is of value. The following quotations from Dr. Eastman's *Soul of an Indian* will surprise many who have not dreamed that behind the outer and sometimes unattractive appearance of the "savage" there exists a proud poetic nature inspired by high spiritual aspirations and lofty rules of conduct.

To the untutored sage, the concentration of population was the prolific mother of all evils, moral no less than physical. He argued that food is good, while surfeit kills; that love is good, but lust destroys; and not less dreaded than the pestilence following upon crowded and insanitary dwellings was the loss of spiritual power from too close contact with one's fellow-men. All who have lived much out of doors know that there is a magnetic and nervous force that accumulates in solitude and that is quickly dissipated by life in a crowd; and even his enemies have recognized that for a certain innate power and self-poise, wholly independent of circumstances, the American Indian is unsurpassed among men. . . .

It is simple truth that the Indian did not, so long as his native philosophy held sway over his mind, either envy or desire to imitate the splendid achievements of the white man. In his own thought he rose superior to them! He scorned them, even as a lofty spirit absorbed in its stern task rejects the soft beds, the luxurious food, the pleasure-worshiping dalliance of a rich neighbor. It was clear to him that virtue and happiness were independent of these things, if not incompatible with them. . . .

The red man divided mind into two parts — the spiritual mind and the physical mind. The first is pure spirit, concerned only with the essence of things, and it was this he sought to strengthen by spiritual prayer, during which the body was subdued by fasting and hardship. In this type of prayer there was no beseeching of favor or help. . . .

Many of the Indians believed that one may be born more than once, and there were some who claimed to have full knowledge of a former incarnation. There were also those who held converse with a "twin spirit," who had been born into another tribe or race. . . .

Speaking of second-sight and prophetic visions that came true:

There are many trustworthy men, and men of Christian faith, to vouch for these and similar events occurring as foretold. I cannot pretend to explain them, but I know that our people possessed remarkable powers of concentration and abstraction, and I sometimes fancy that such nearness to nature as I have described keeps the spirit sensitive to impressions not commonly felt, and in touch with unseen powers. . . .

The first American never claimed that the power of articulate speech was a proof of superiority over the dumb creatures; on the other hand, it is to him a perilous gift. He believes profoundly in silence — the sign of a perfect equilibrium. Silence is the absolute poise or balance of body, mind, and spirit. The man who preserves his selfhood ever calm and unshaken by the storms of existence — not a leaf, as it were, astir on the tree; not a ripple on the surface of the shining pool — his, in the mind of the unlettered sage, is the ideal attitude and conduct of life. If you ask him: "What is silence?" he will answer: "It is the Great Mystery. The Holy Silence is His voice." If you ask: "What are the fruits of silence?" he will say: "They are self-control, true courage or endurance, patience, dignity, and reverence. Silence is the corner-stone of character."

"Guard your tongue in youth," said the old chief, Wabashaw, "and in age you may mature a thought that will be of service to your people."

This is hardly what would be expected of "Primitive Savages"! According to Powers some of the California Indians told him that a good spirit dwelt in man, and that is the higher nature. Man only does evil under temptation from the evil spirit which is not his real self! Roger Williams gives, in his vocabulary, an Indian name for the soul signifying a *clear sight* or *discernment*. Have we a better definition than that?

Space will not permit more than the barest mention of the numerous corroborations of the fact that the ancient Wisdom-Religion or Theosophy was once widely spread over the earth that are found in the Indian traditions and ceremonies. Cushing's and Brinton's works and the reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology among others provide ample material. Cushing, who practically became a Zuñi Indian and was admitted into mysteries which he considered too sacred to reveal, gives legends that show unmistakeable traces of the same philosophy and beliefs that are enshrined in the religious books of the Old World. The Zuñi teaching that the brooding spirit of the Deity evolved matter by his profound thought in the pristine abyss of Night, the evolution of mankind from *four* successive dwelling-places or caves and its long journey to life on the surface of the present earth, and so forth, are highly significant to the student of Theosophy. H. P. Blavatsky discusses the Zuñi symbology and its re-

semblance to that of the Old World in Section XI, Vol. II of *The Secret Doctrine*. The Pueblo Indians, of which the Zuñis are a part, being the only examples in this country of town builders and dwellers, are of special interest to us, and it may not be amiss to close this paper with a word about their present position and possibilities.

The American public — and some say the Indian office, if we may judge by its policy — does not seem to know the great difference between the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona and the rest of the North American tribes, though the Snake Dance of the Hopis at Walpi, owing to the mystery and sensational features connected with the handling of the venomous rattlesnakes has always aroused a certain curiosity in the public mind, and lately, the presence of a contingent of Pueblo Indians at the San Diego Exposition has attracted attention to this interesting element in our national life; yet it is a fact that in one of the most arid and apparently God-forsaken regions of the United States, there exists a unique civilization of its kind of great antiquity, possessing an original form of architecture, well-advanced arts, a religion that has always been free from the abuses of human or animal sacrifices, and an excellent system of agriculture. Polygamy is unknown, and woman stands upon an equality with man, if not at times on more than equality. The Pueblo Indian loves peace and has never fought with the United States troops. The total population in 1900 of the Arizona Pueblos was approximately 2100, and those of New Mexico 9200. Their blood is very little mixed. Under the Spanish association they were introduced to a few amenities of life such as the peach, the grape, the sheep, the donkey, wheat, and iron tools. They made no outward resistance to the establishment of the Spanish religion, though they held and still hold to their own beliefs in religious matters. The "Dances" are not entertainments, but have a serious religious meaning. Many of them have to do with the invocation for rain. When ex-President Roosevelt saw the Snake Dance at Walpi in 1913 he was much interested in it. He was permitted to see the "Washing of the Rattlesnakes," a rare privilege, hardly ever seen by white men.

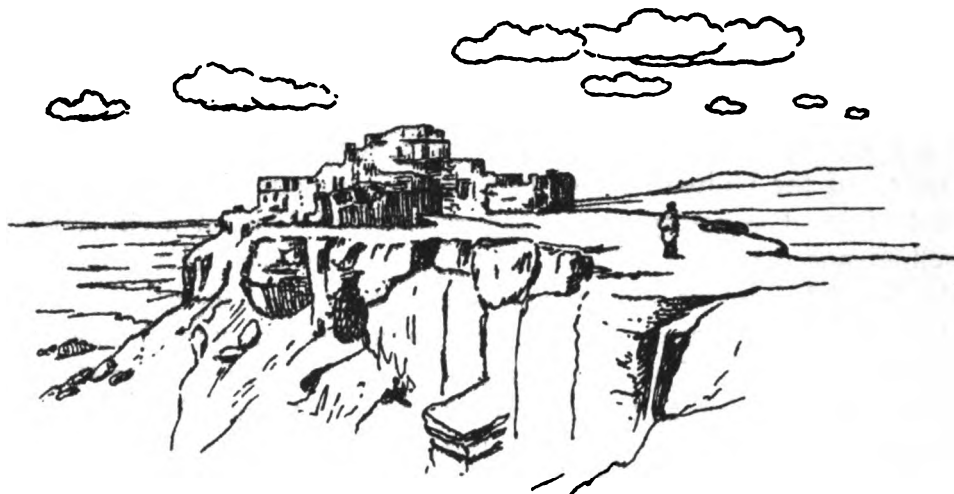
C. F. Saunders, in *The Indians of the Terraced Houses*, says:

His faith has fostered in the Pueblo virtues which all the civilized world applauds, and very largely falls short of. It inculcates kindness to one another and gentleness of speech, hospitality to the stranger even though an enemy, reverence for old age, truthfulness, obedience to parents, tenderness to childhood,

and the bringing up of children as we would say in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. . . .

John Fiske says the contemporary life of the Pueblos is invaluable in "getting down into the stone age of human thought." If this is true and the Pueblos represent conditions among our primitive ancestors, they must have been well advanced in the essentials of true manhood and womanhood. H. P. Blavatsky says the Zuñi Indians are the ancient remains of a very ancient race.

The future prospects of the Pueblo Indians rest, according to many who know and respect their simple form of civilization, with the re-



THE HOPI TOWN ON THE ROCK AT WALPI. FIRST MESA, ARIZONA

presentatives of the United States rather than with the State governments of New Mexico and Arizona. These Indians are in a different class from those of the rest of the country. They are already American citizens, though they do not enjoy all the privileges of the white people in the matter of voting: they have their own methods of self-government. The United States can do what may not be easy for the two States personally concerned; it can save the best of this old-world culture before it is irrevocably "killed by kindness," i. e., by a form of education unsuited to the wishes, the natural conditions, and the hereditary tendencies of the people, an education that is said by unprejudiced observers to seriously threaten their simplicity, honesty, and native dignity, and to give an inadequate return. Our debt to the Indian cannot be paid by ill-directed and blundering attentions,

however well-meaning. This does not imply that some real benefits have not been brought to the Pueblos by our efforts: the exemption from taxation has been a wise measure; and the efforts to restrict the demoralizing drink-traffic and to provide medical attention are praiseworthy and should be increased. If our well-meaning officials would help the Pueblos to develop their intelligence on lines that are natural to them, real advancement might be made. Think of the condition of art among them. They have evolved an original and really decorative style, quaint and healthily symbolic, for their pottery, baskets, and blankets. It is founded upon the study of natural phenomena. This indigenous American art, in its own limited way worthy of comparison with the Japanese, is in danger of being entirely ruined by the white teachers in the schools who do not fully realize that the Pueblo art is the spontaneous outflowing from the life of the people — the kind of thing intelligent art-lovers in America and Europe are longing — hopelessly at present — to see arising in our midst. Our art-life, such as it is, is not rooted in the hearts of the people but is an excrescence. To destroy the interesting Pueblo art by sophisticating the rising generation on conventional lines will be more than a misfortune, it will be a tragedy, for it cannot be replaced. There is also a danger of commercializing it by hasty and cheap over-production. Already common chemical dyes are being used in place of the quiet and harmonious colors derived from the natural sources of the desert. Blankets are woven by Indian men, but the pottery and basket making is entirely a feminine art. Woman takes a leading place in other things besides art in the Pueblos. Dr. F. Monson, an authority upon the Hopi Indians, says:

Hopi society is a society of equals, where help is extended and received in the true spirit. How long this will last, now that the touch of civilization threatens to fall upon them, can be easily guessed. . . . The women own the houses as well as build them, and all family property belongs to the woman, who is acknowledged as the head of the household. . . . In spite of the liberty and importance enjoyed by the Hopi women, their reserve and modesty is surprising. . . Their whole lives are devoted to the care of their children, and the matrimonial customs of the Hopi are of a grade, which if generally understood, might make civilized law-makers and writers on civilized customs, stop and think. It is marriage from the viewpoint of the woman, not of the man. . . . It is dominated by the highest order of purity as well as common sense. . . .

C. F. Saunders says:

In that vast region of sunshine, desert, and elemental majesty where the

Pueblos dwell, they supply a feature of contemporary human interest unique in the world. Their country, like our National Park, is already a part of our nation's holiday grounds and will be increasingly used. We are intent enough, down there, upon exploring and protecting from desecration the remains of a remarkable prehistoric civilization that once flourished where the Pueblos now live; New Mexico has established a well-equipped Institute of Archaeology and is spending money to maintain the crumbling homes of her ancient Cliff Dwellers; yet both nation and State have been incredibly blind to the greater living wonder of this Pueblo race, which is made up of descendants of those vanished denizens of the cliffs, and is pursuing today, in all essentials, the same kind of life. While we are busy conserving the material evidences of humanity dead and gone is it not a better work to save a living people from extermination?

Many pathetic stories are told of the grief of the Indians as they see the disappearance of tribes and the decline of the hardy virtues and stoical simplicity of the past. The greatest misfortune is likely to be the loss of the sense of the nearness of Nature, of the intimacy with sky and soil. Will the Indians, as they gradually blend with the white population, be strong enough to keep the aroma of their fine qualities or will it be stifled by the commercialism, the luxury, and the vulgarity of the age? Much as we may admire the simplicity of the best type of Indian, the harmonious relationship of his life with Nature, we cannot turn back the hands of the clock. We have to make the best of the complexities of our imperfect civilization for the time being. In ages past we ourselves have lived the simple life but now we have got into such a condition that we must spend many lifetimes entangled in the materialism of the senses until we break through the illusions and find the higher life, a rich simplicity, the fruit of innumerable experiences.

The roving Indian may never hope to return to his hunting grounds; he must make the best of the new conditions and learn new lessons; but he has a claim upon us to help him to keep his individuality, his spiritual ideals, his dignity, his sense of brotherhood, and his strong innate sense of the spiritual government of the universe.



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CHEROKEE ROSES FROM THE GARDENS OF THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



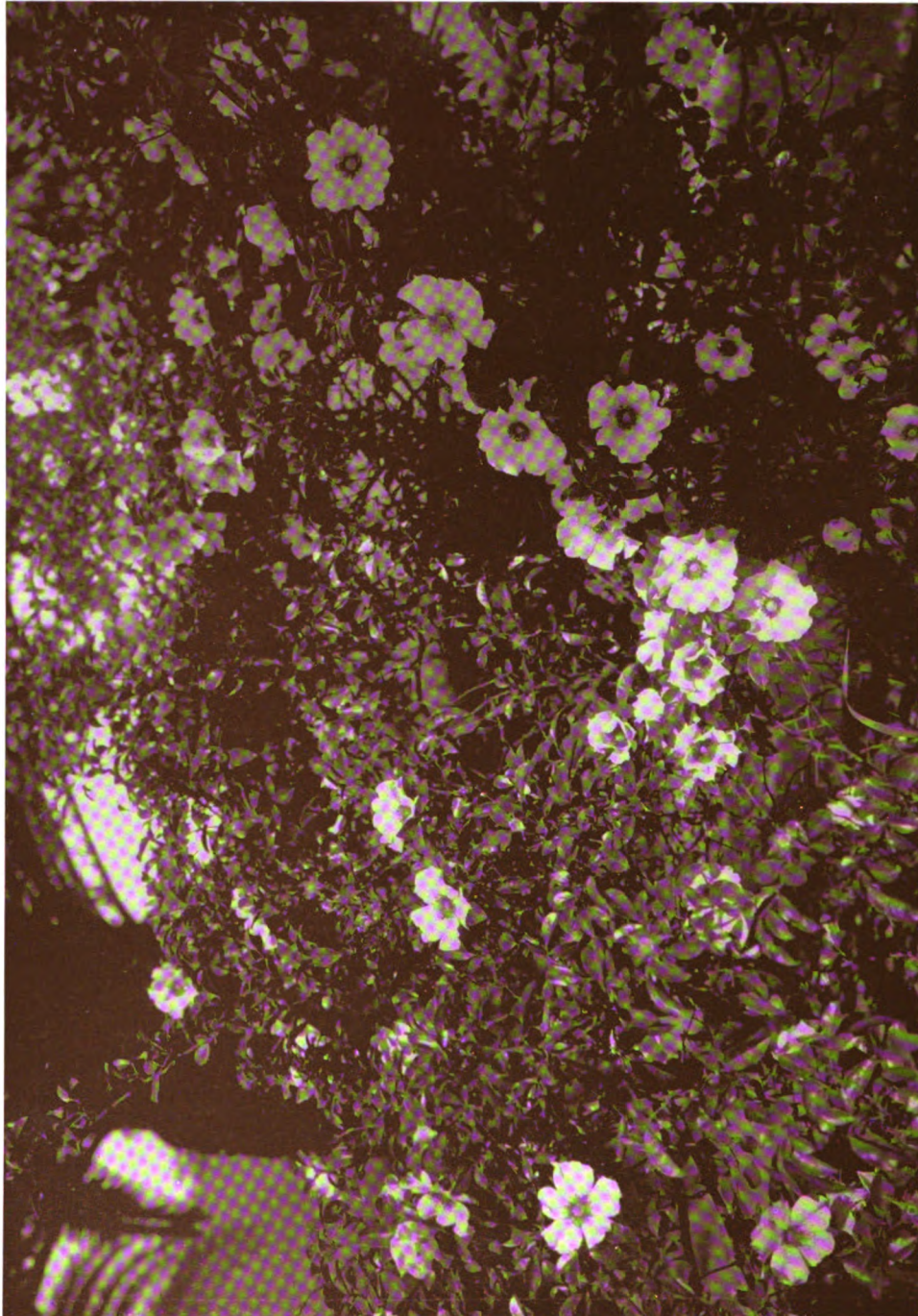
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GROWING AS NATURE DREAMS THEM FORTH, IN THE GARDENS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



Lowland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

NATURE'S THOUGHTS OF BEAUTY



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THEY GROW HALF-WILD, AND CLIMB OVER AND COVER EVERYTHING NEAR THEM

THE ANGEL AND THE DEMON

Read at the regular weekly meeting of the William Quan Judge Club, March 30th, 1915, by Miguel Domínguez, a Cuban Student of the Rāja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California.



ONE of the most interesting and instructive of the Theosophical Handbooks is the one entitled "The Angel and the Demon." A conscientious study of this Manual will lead us into that world of good and evil which we call ourselves. In this world presides a king, although he seldom goes by that name, and a demon lives here too. When your conscience ceases to trouble you even about little things, when you no longer feel that pang at your heart after a wrong-doing, then be careful; you are getting estranged from the king, the real ruler. If you ignore the warning and lose all sense of right and wrong, then be sure that the king's place has been usurped, and nothing can save you unless you recall him.

The government of this inner kingdom is a moral autocracy, and the better part of the inhabitants, realizing this to be the only good form of inner government, readily uphold the king in his efforts. But the pretender is a good diplomat. He will offer freedom to a passion, or promise ambition the fulfilment of its goal if they will help him in his designs. If he succeeds the whole kingdom is disrupted and the king has to flee, and then the pretender comes forward and claims the right to rule. But the conspirators now call themselves a free people and will have no ruler. There is quarreling and fighting, and the king slowly begins the work of re-conquest. The demon, however, is never annihilated. I believe he is meant to be trained and made useful; he has his place in the scheme of this world, but of course he cannot be trained until he is conquered.

This demon is very resourceful, and when the king thinks he has subdued him, he laughs at him in another form. If the king is an Othello he will confound him with suspicion, or if a Hamlet destroy him with uncertainty. He ignores his good points and pampers to his weaknesses. He knows all the weak places in the ruler's armor better than the latter does himself, and he takes full advantage of it.

A study of the history of this world which we have just been reviewing will help us to overcome many undesirable things. We can step into this world whenever we please; other people may be able to give us generalities about the place: its government and its inhabitants; but we alone can be in intimate intercourse with it. No one else

is admitted. Here we need not cry for more worlds to conquer, for indeed, there is more in our five feet and a few odd inches of clay than in the twenty-five thousand miles that encircle the globe.

In this, the real world, we see performed the deeds of the ancient heroes: Hercules daily does his tasks, and Theseus slays the Minotaur. Here also "Macbeth" is enacted, and King Arthur overthrown. Here are scorching Saharas and frozen regions and Indian jungles, and they are all ours, ours to make beautiful. As you ride through your kingdom you will find the kind of work that will train the demon. Set him to it and keep him at it, and you will not envy Napoleon his conquests.

Whenever we read of the old kings and heroes, let us not regret that their time is past, but remember that every hour of the day we have the same opportunity for achieving even more glorious deeds.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XVII

A STORY OF COUNT SAINT-GERMAIN



HIS story of the renowned Count Saint-Germain possesses an interest beyond that of a mere tale to while away a passing hour, and we therefore reproduce it exactly as it appeared some thirty years ago in a German magazine.

There are two sides to such incidents, for reasons obvious to those who have seen and can see the dangers into which the fascination of the psychic and the marvelous have led, and especially today, are leading, many who cannot realize that "there is any harm in it." On the one hand Saint-Germain could if necessary explain and control such things, and on the other he was anxious to avoid the responsibility of encouraging others to dabble in them to their ruin. What he could do and where he could guide, others were sure of being wrecked, especially those who delighted in their "powers" and "success" in psychic affairs.

This necessity for *concealing* is one of the great keys to the strange history of that great man. He could heal the wounds of humanity if allowed to do so (which was rarely the case), but only by concealing all that would have been and was used to counteract his efforts.

One thing he would not permit himself — no decent man would do so, much less one such as he — was the influencing of others' judgment by other than the most legitimate methods of argument and demonstration, always leaving the conclusions to be deduced rather than giving them, unless asked by sincere inquirers.

His friendship with Louis XV, and the favorite, Madame de Pompadour, was a lasting amity, partly accounted for by the fact that the King *knew who he was in reality*, and could treat him as an equal and a friend of the royal house of France, as though he were a royal exile. Saint-Germain's motive for cultivating such friendship was simply the fact that France was even then passing through the alchemical stages that were to lead to the stern refining of the revolutionary melting pot. He was trying gently to lead the heads of the nation to undertake voluntarily the work of national regeneration and so divert the accumulated charges of political and social electricity into a safe channel — to ground the current, so to speak.

How was he to do this? His family prestige could not be brought into play, except personally and very privately, on the rarest occasions, for half-a-dozen prohibitory reasons. He could display immense wealth, as men count wealth. At one time he wore to a ceremony something like two hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds. He had pearls and opals, rubies and sapphires to rival the treasures of Aladdin, but like the physician who apparently cannot heal himself, he appeared to use these solely for the benefit of others who were really deserving and in need, for the furtherance of his humanitarian work, or for ornament. He made magnificent presents to kings and princes, for no other benefit it would seem except to attract their attention to his duties, and if possible to lead them to evince a willingness to devote themselves, however humbly, to humanitarian work.

He himself lived on almost nothing; for personal purposes he was by no means rich, because "whenever he had any money he gave it to the poor." The display he occasionally permitted himself was purely for purposes of state. In any case a touchstone of his character is that he never received, but he always gave. By this alone he may be put in his proper place in comparison with others who have been foolish enough to claim some smack of his quality.

To return to our story. We have here a little sidelight on the manner in which he was forever improving the occasion, not to influence but to lay before those who really counted, the steps they

might take to become tenfold more purposeful in the world, to identify themselves with the interests of humanity. For that time the Rosicrucian body was probably one of the highest in Europe as regards their possibilities of leading thought and so directing the course of history into safe channels, if they wished. The delicate, impressive way in which Saint-Germain indicates the open door is characteristic. Instead of a lot of talk (though he could and did use this on occasion) he chooses a striking incident which would drive the remark home with such irresistible force that while life lasted it could never be forgotten.

Such was one of the methods of this grand character, and such was the use he made of his remarkable powers — to burn ideas into the muddy brains of those he met around him, leaving them always free to choose whether they would take the obvious course or not, and to escape the influence of mere curiosity if they could.

It might seem superfluous to remark here that such a man was not neglectful of the side issues and secondary effects of any action or situation. Just when his actions seemed most obviously foolish was often the time when they fulfilled their purpose best. Their true purport was *concealed*. We have seen such a case remarkably exemplified where Baron von Swieten was led to tremendous results for science, for progress, for himself, by an apparently theatrical show he never even saw.

If Louis XV did not find his way to the "Rosicrucian degree," it cannot be doubted that the tale, spreading like lightning through Paris, reached with an intensely vivid force the minds of some who might otherwise have never contacted Freemasonry as it then was, and must have led them to associate themselves with the possibility of staving off the Revolution and the certainty of avoiding greater disasters. Need any more be said?

Dark Secrets: by Hugo Castel

(From *Ueber Land und Meer*. Stuttgart 1882, No. 13. Reproduced by permission)

MAÎTRE DUMAS

In the first half of the last century there took place in Paris a mysterious affair which roused the greatest interest even in the highest quarters, and in spite of the most eager and repeated investigations was only half cleared up; that is, certain facts were settled; but an impenetrable veil remained suspended over their connexion.

Even today it is unremoved and the future can hardly be expected to lift it.

In the archives of the secret police of Paris which we once received permission to search in reference to this remarkable incident and which probably will disappear in flames during this destruction period of the Commune, the following particulars are recorded.

At the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries there lived in the Rue de l'Hirondelle at Paris in a house which was called the house of Francis I, and in which also the Duchess of Chateaubriand had lived, an attorney of the judicial court of Châtelet, named Dumas.

"Maitre Dumas," (this was the title they used to give him at that time), was an extraordinarily rich man. He was a widower, and in his house there lived with him a son and a daughter; but he was considered very parsimonious, because there was only a single maidservant in the house to wait on three of them. Her name was Marguerite, and, as the investigations of the police showed, she received only twelve dollars a year in wages. For this she had to look after the service of the house by herself alone, attend to the cooking, the washing, and the cleaning of the rooms. She had to fetch water and even feed and groom a mule which Maitre Dumas and his son Eudes used for their excursions; she also had to accompany Mademoiselle Dumas when the latter went to Notre Dame to hear mass, or visited her friends in the neighborhood.

Perhaps it was this economy in the household affairs of Maitre Dumas which caused the fame of his wealth to grow into the proportions of the treasures of a fairy-tale; people said that he understood magical arts, and that he stood in relations with the devil. This rumor was yet further strengthened by the fact that no one ever saw him in a church and that he had never had a confessor. He studied in old books a great deal and had had built for himself a kind of observatory on the roof of his house where he observed the stars at night, certainly more in order to consider their astrological constellations than for the purposes of legitimate astronomy, for he also understood the art of casting horoscopes; and mysterious people often came to him by night in order to have their future told by the astrological attorney.

Every Friday, exactly at three o'clock in the afternoon, this remarkable man shut himself up in his room and no one, not even his son or daughter was allowed to enter. Always, too, a few minutes after Maitre Dumas had locked himself in his room, a rider on a mule came down the street; the mule was big and strong, beautifully built and with shining well-groomed coat, but on his left side one could see a great open bleeding wound, the sight of which made one shudder, and yet it did not appear to hinder the animal in its regular sturdy pace. The rider was a big strong man, well dressed; his pale face with its dark eyes had a proud and haughty look, and people would have taken him for a country nobleman who had come into the town on business, only there was something wonderful and mysterious about him, for on his broad white forehead one could see three bloody wounds which glowed like fiery coals and filled all the passers-by with horror, so that whoever met this remarkable rider turned his face away, and no one in the street stood at the window at the regular hour for his passing.

Everyone knew this rider and the time of his arrival, for he had appeared

always at the same hour for the past thirty years. This rider stopped at the door of Maître Dumas, dismounted, and led his mule into the yard, where it quietly stood without being tied; the rider himself went upstairs, opened without knocking the door of Maître Dumas, which was bound with iron and doubly locked, and remained for an hour with the mysterious attorney. Then he went downstairs again, mounted his mule and rode away at a sharp trot. No one was ever able to find out where he rode to; several times curious people followed him but all said that they had lost trace of him in the neighborhood of the churchyard of the Innocents.

Maître Dumas remained quietly in his room and only came out when the bell rang for supper, as it did daily.

As we have said this happened regularly for thirty years, and people had gradually accustomed themselves to the peculiarities of the house of Francis I. Maître Dumas was now eighty years old and his son was fifty; year by year the attorney spoke of getting him married without this ever happening; the daughter was forty-five years old, very pious, and quite the opposite of her father; she often went to mass, and stood on good terms with all the religious people; and yet she passed among the neighbors for a malicious, intolerant, and slanderous woman.

In spite of his great age Maître Dumas was uncommonly healthy, vigorous, and active; no weakness seemed to disturb him, and his step was as quick, sure, and springy as that of a young man.

That was how things stood on December 31st, 1700. This was a Wednesday, and to their astonishment the inhabitants of the Rue de l'Hirondelle saw the mysterious rider on his bloody mule appear in the street at ten o'clock in the morning and stop in front of the house of Francis I. Maître Dumas was in his usual workroom, and his son and daughter also were not a little astonished to see the mysterious stranger appear at this unusual hour; they had never of late heard anything of the relations of the latter to their father.

As usual, the unknown left his mule standing in the yard, asked for no one, but went straight to the attorney's workroom. As he opened the door and stepped into the room, Dumas' son heard his father utter a cry of terror and the door was quickly shut. Loud and positive voices could be heard all over the house, apparently engaged in obstinate and bitter strife.

This altercation lasted a long time; neither the children nor the maid dared to enquire the cause of it since it was strictly forbidden for any of them to enter their father's room. At last the gloomy stranger appeared again, shut the door, mounted his mule and rode away so quickly on it that the neighbors said afterwards that they could not follow him with their sight.

After some time Maître Dumas appeared among his children, but they were terribly frightened when they looked at him. He was no longer the strong positive bright man he usually showed himself, but his face was pale as a corpse, his eyes were dull, his voice sounded hollow; he was the picture of a decrepit old man, and death appeared to have set its seal on his brow. He said in a shaky, trembling voice that he would not have dinner with them, and wanted

to go immediately to the room where he was accustomed to receive the visits of the stranger with the wounds on his forehead; meanwhile he was so weak that he could no longer mount the stairs. His son and his daughter supported him and took him to the door of his secret room; here he left them, telling them to come at four o'clock to take him down, for he could not descend the stairs again by himself. Then he bade his son doubly lock the door from outside and to take the key with him.

After a while there came several business friends of the old man who wanted to speak to him; the son, however, in accordance with his father's wish, kept them until four o'clock and then went with them upstairs in order to carry out exactly the old man's instructions to bring him downstairs at that hour.

He opened the door — they entered — but to the astonishment and terror of all they found the room which was on the level of the roof and had no other exit, quite empty; there was not a trace of Maitre Dumas to be seen, not a spot of blood on the ground which could suggest a crime; the windows were locked, and in any case it would have been impossible for the weak old man to have attempted to get out that way.

The affair made a terrible uproar. There were people who accused the children of the murder of their father; the authorities held a strict investigation; the children spent large sums in the endeavor to discover some trace of their father. Workmen searched the room from which the old man had so mysteriously disappeared, the floor was torn up, the walls were stripped; the beams and walls were minutely examined and pierced, but nothing was discovered, and all investigations, both private and official, were without result; and even if the general investigation gave ground for no suspicion of the children, yet the disappearance or death of the old attorney remained completely unexplained.

The mysterious rider on his mule appeared no more and no one ever saw him again in the street or in that part of the town. The son and daughter of old Dumas died after a number of years, the whole matter fell into oblivion and only remained in the tales which people tell at twilight by the fireside, until the general interest in the matter was aroused once more in a quite peculiar way and the story became the subject of the day, in all conversations.

Old Marshal de Villeroy, the tutor of Louis XV, in order to make himself agreeable, used to tell all the latest Parisian society news to the royal lad whose guardianship was entrusted to him. In this way he had told the little king, on whom mysterious and gruesome stories had a peculiar fascination, the story of the disappearance of old Dumas which was then agitating all Paris; perhaps he added a few decorations, and with the suggestion that was popular at that time that the devil in person had carried the old godless astrologer away with him through the air.

This story had made a deep impression on the lively fancy of the young king, and in later years when at court the conversation turned upon mysterious incidents, he was accustomed to bring this forward as a proof that even in the enlightened and skeptical age of Voltaire wonderfully mysterious things could happen, things which mocked the investigations of the most keen witted of men.

One day the famous Count de Saint-Germain was in the king's inner court circle. The Count de Saint-Germain, as is well known, maintained that he possessed the Elixir of life, and that he could always rejuvenate himself with it; and that he knew how to rule and search into nature by the power of his secret mysterious knowledge. The conversation turned on supernatural and inexplicable effects of mysterious powers in the world and among men, and the king told, as he usually did on such an occasion, the story of the wonderful and unexplained disappearance of Maitre Dumas.

"If your Majesty is interested in knowing what became of Maitre Dumas," said the Count de Saint-Germain, "it will be a pleasure to me to satisfy your curiosity."

The King shook his head smiling incredulously. The Marquise de Pompadour, however, immediately took the Count at his word and pressed the King to obtain from him the proffered explanation.

The Count de Saint-Germain withdrew for an instant into a corner of the room and appeared to sink into a deep rêverie while he murmured unintelligible cabalistic formulae to himself.

After a little while he again came to the King, and said:

"The matter is simple, sire. The people who undertook to examine the room from which Maitre Dumas disappeared were either bribed or had not the ability to see anything that was not staring them in the face. The threshold of the door to the room was moveable; at the side of the door there is a spring, and if it is opened one can see the first step of a stairway which leads down through the walls of the house. If you go down these stairs you come into a cellar which has no other exit; Maitre Dumas went down into this cellar."

"But according to the statement of his children he was so weak," said the king, "that he could not go up the stairs again without aid."

"He had drunk a solution," replied the Count, "which gave him the strength to descend into the cellar. Once arrived there he drank an overdose of opium and sank into a sleep from which he awoke no more."

"And do you really suppose I shall believe this story?" said Louis XV shaking his head incredulously.

"Your Majesty," replied the Count, "will do whatever you like. Meanwhile what I have said is nothing more than the exact truth."

"We shall see," exclaimed the King, and immediately sent for his Minister of Police. He gave him the order to have the house of Francis I in the Rue de l'Hirondelle again searched most carefully on the next day, according to the declaration of Count Saint-Germain.

They awaited the next day in the greatest curiosity.

At last the Minister of Police came, and to the utmost astonishment of the King and the Marquise de Pompadour reported that they had actually found the moveable threshold and had discovered the stairway described by Count Saint-Germain under it. They had descended the stairs and passing through the foundations of the house had come into a cellar. When they had lighted it they had found therein among a number of physical and astrological instruments the skeleton of a man, which was dressed in the almost completely preserved clothes

of Maitre Dumas; beside the skeleton there was on the ground a cup of agate which had been broken to pieces and a bottle of crystal which was likewise smashed. In one of the fragments of this glass there was still preserved a film of dried opium.

The King was amazed. He immediately sent for the Count de Saint-Germain and in his presence had the report of the minister of police repeated.

"I knew Your Majesty would be convinced of the truth of my statement," said the Count.

"But, my dear sir, I am not at all satisfied with the explanation," said Louis XV. "You have only aroused my curiosity still more. If we know now that Maitre Dumas went down the secret staircase into his hidden cellar, it still remains just as inexplicable as ever what could have induced him first by means of a secret drug to gather strength to go down and then by means of another to put an end to his life in such an extraordinary fashion. In any case he must have known the distress his mysterious disappearance would have caused his children, and if he wanted to die would have been able to do this in some other manner. And then again what is the connexion with all this of the mysterious horseman, the man over whose appearance all the neighbors had so unanimously expressed themselves so positively?"

Count Saint-Germain shrugged his shoulders.

"If your Majesty were gracious enough to enter into the Order of Freemasons and proceed to the Rosicrucian degree, the last veil would fall from before your eyes, and the secret would be clear to you. I can now reveal no more than what I have already told you, for every word would expose me to the greatest danger."

In spite of all importunities, in spite of all entreaties on the part of the Marquise de Pompadour, the Count Saint-Germain was not to be prevailed upon to make any more revelations, and the mysterious story became, through what he had said, more mysterious and more inexplicable than before.

The Police investigations remain entirely fruitless, for almost all the witnesses of the time in which the disappearance of Maitre Dumas took place were already dead, and it was never really ascertained with legal certainty whether the skeleton found in the mysterious cellar was really that of the vanished attorney of Châtelet.

All Paris talked for some weeks of the mysterious story of the lost Maitre Dumas, then it sank again into oblivion.

We have related this story to our readers just as it is reported in the Archives of the secret police of Paris and must give up searching for the key to the riddle which has now for nearly two hundred years remained unsolved.

(From the *Genealog. Archivarius* for 1736. Published by M. Ranft, Leipsic, 1736)

ADDITION TO THE FORMER PART OF THE GENEALOG. ARCHIVARIUS

A will of the deceased Prince Rágóczy, dated 27 October, 1733, has just come to light. . . . If we are to credit the author of this monthly publication, the Prince died not in 1734, and not before 8th April, 1735, at Rodosto. From it we gather: (1) that his eldest son, George Ragozzi, called Duke of Makowicz, married a French lady, from which it follows that the younger, who fled from

Vienna several years ago, and has since resided in Italy, was rightly named by us Francis; (2) that King Louis XIV bought for Prince Rágóczy, from the widowed Polish Queen, half of her property at Jaroslau, under the name of the then Crown Grand-Marshal, but which he had to pledge to her later from necessity; (3) that his agent and minister, the Abbot Dominicus Brenner, in whose name he had invested the income of that sum which the King had invested for him in the Hôtel de Ville at Paris in place of the remaining subsidy, when the Prince went to Turkey in the year 1717, cheated him out of such amounts that he had him put in the Bastille by the then Regent, where he (the agent) cut his throat in despair; (4) that he made his eldest son universal heir of all his property and claims, but he did not mention a word about the younger son in his will, perhaps for the reason that the latter was then still in Vienna under the Imperial protection; moreover he remembers with considerable legacies on the monies to be demanded from the crown of France, his steward Nicolaus Zibric de Skarvaskand, his dearly trusted, the first Chamberlain Mikes de Zagony; his first Almoner, the Abbot Radacowitz; his General-Lieutenant, Count Ozaky; besides various other trusted adherents; (5) that he named the Dukes of Bourbon and Maine and the Counts of Charleroi and Toulouse as executors of his will, and to them also he most highly commends the chamberlain Ludwig Molitard, whom he had educated (and who presumably was his natural son; he also remembered him with a considerable legacy); and (6) that he himself formerly resided in France under the name of Count von Saros.



Let a wise man blow off the impurities of his self, as a smith blows off the impurities of silver, one by one, little by little, and from time to time. . . .

There is no fire like passion, there is no shark like hatred, there is no snare like folly, there is no torrent like greed.

The fault of others is easily perceived, but that of oneself is difficult to perceive; a man winnows his neighbor's faults like chaff, but his own fault he hides, as a cheat hides the bad die from the gambler.

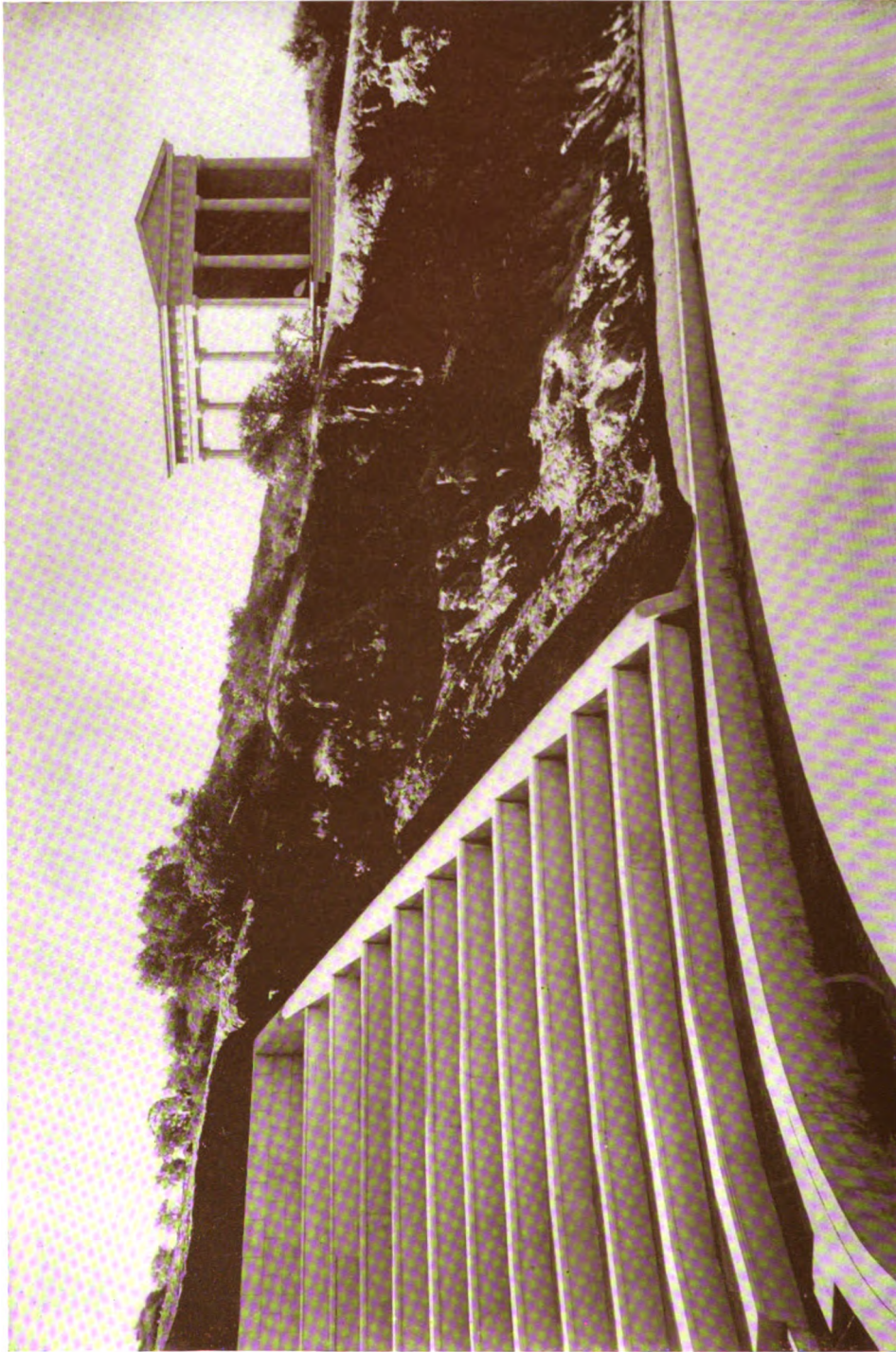
If a man looks after the faults of others, and is always inclined to be offended, his own passions will grow, and he is far from the destruction of passions.

He in whom this feeling is destroyed, and taken out by the very root, finds rest by day and by night.—*Dhammapada*, ch. xviii. Trans. by Max Müller



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PART VIEW OF THE GREEK THEATER, FROM THE WEST OR BACK, SHOWING
THE BEGINNING OF THE CAÑON WHICH RUNS DOWN TO THE PACIFIC
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A CORNER OF THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

This photograph was taken several years ago.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GREEK THEATER

This photograph also was taken several years ago.



Lomland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE RÁJA-YOGA ACADEMY AND THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE, FROM THE NORTH
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER IX

AN INNOCENT VICTIM



ELL, good people," said Jasper Raymond, coming into the room where Mrs. Weitman's usual party of friends were assembled, "I suppose you have all heard the latest sensation."

"If you allude to the dreadful affair on the waterfront which led to the disclosure of the real perpetrators of the murder for which poor Jimmy Hewit was hung," said Mrs. Rogers, "we have just been discussing it."

"But isn't it awful!" cried Florence Vining. "Just think of that boy being executed when he was innocent. I should think his mother would become insane."

"And that pretty girl he was to have married," added Hylma. "His mother was right"; said Mrs. Weitman, "I felt that she was. Oh, if he only could have had a short reprieve! I have been to see Mrs. Milton. She is utterly prostrated."

"Did she ever hear how the old woman cursed her husband?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"Oh yes," replied Mrs. Weitman. "Though she was ill and confined to her room some kind friend sent her the papers, marking all the most sensational passages."

"I should be more inclined to think," said Dr. Jordan, "that they were sent by some of the Governor's enemies."

"I shall never vote for a Governor who believes in capital punishment," said Dr. Desmond. "I consider him directly responsible for the killing of two men within the last six weeks, both of whom, under humane laws, might have become good citizens. A petition for a few months' reprieve was sent in to him the morning of the execution, in time for it to have been stayed, signed by many prominent citizens; but Milton's obstinacy is so great that if he had known the boy was innocent he would not have reprieved him after he had once refused to do so."

"And the horrors attending the execution of Joe Barty last week!" said Mrs. Weitman. "I never heard before of anything so ghastly."

"I have not been able to sleep well since," said Mrs. Hadley. "I'm afraid to be alone in the dark."

"And someone gave the papers to Barty's sister and she read every word of it," said Miss Edison.

"I should think it would have killed her," said Hylma.

"In Barty's case, too," said Dr. Desmond, "Milton was asked to commute the sentence. Barty was not a bad man, and he never drank before. He and Billy Clark were the best of friends and never had had a quarrel in their lives. When he came to a consciousness of his deed his horror and remorse were unbounded. His sister still clung to him, and robbing her of his protection and support just when she needed him the most after the tragic loss of her husband, was an act of unparalleled cruelty. Or rather, unfortunately, there are only too many parallels to it."

"If only impartial justice were considered," said Dr. Jordan, "such measures of barbarous justice could not possibly occur."

"Why," cried Florence, "I can't see *any* justice in it at all. What right has the law to bring such terrible suffering upon innocent persons for the purpose of punishing one person who has done wrong? I call these laws inhuman."

"So do I," said Hylma.

"Well, you see the law doesn't take much account of friends and relations," said Mr. Rogers.

"It ought to then," retorted Florence.

"Yes," said Mrs. Rogers, "why will it deal out lifelong disgrace and sorrow perhaps to many and drive whole families to poverty, it may be to ruin and insanity? Oh, it's wrong."

"It's a relic of barbarism certainly," said Jasper.

"Then why isn't something done to break up these horrors?" asked Mrs. Hadley.

"Because of the intense selfishness of the world," replied Mrs. Weitmann. "We have become set and hardened in it as in a mold. There is but one remedy for all these evils, and that is to teach the people the doctrine and practice of universal brotherhood."

"Then I'm afraid these evils will remain," said Mrs. Rogers.

"No," said Dr. Desmond; "the world has swung into a new cycle in its evolution, and no matter how discouraging things may appear at present it is on the upward grade. The teaching, and more than all else, the spirit of true brotherhood has been brought into the world and it has come to stay and do its work. An immense amount of work along that line has already been done."

"But," said Miss Edison, "how all these dreadful happenings must retard the better work,"

"True," admitted the doctor, "but no great reform was ever begun or carried out without arousing bitter and inveterate opposition."

"But why is that, doctor?" asked Mrs. Hadley. "I should suppose that every sensible person would like to see abuses reformed. Why then put themselves in opposition?"

"Many reasons might be assigned," said Dr. Jordan, "but they are all summed up in the reason given by Mrs. Weitman — selfishness and indifference."

"Well, it all seems hopeless to me," said Mrs. Rogers.

"Still, some headway is being made," said Miss Edison, "and we must keep on fighting. We are doing much good in our work. But there is so much, so much more to be done."

CHAPTER X

IN THE PINE WOODS

After the tragedy in Mrs. Hewit's life, things seemed to settle into their wonted grooves and run smoothly on as before. But there had been inner changes made which were to spread, in ever-widening circles through the lives of many people, for who could calculate how many ages?

Anne was an orphan and had lived with an aunt who had recently died; therefore she remained with Jimmy's mother as he had desired her to do.

Dave Warnock, also without near relatives of his own, became the self-appointed protector and friend of the two lonely women. He had a cabin in a little glen a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Hewit's. His orchard-trees and garden furnished fruits and vegetables for himself and neighbors; and in the fields, which he managed for both, corn, beans, pumpkins, and squashes flourished with little care or labor. He used his spare time gathering wild honey and nuts, which found a ready market at the town twenty miles distant.

Anne had grown grave and silent. She could not be persuaded to attend the dances and merrymakings of her mountain neighbors, and with an innate delicacy of feeling they ceased to urge her.

But it was in Mrs. Hewit that the change was the most marked. At sixty she had been a hale, fresh-looking woman, her figure upright and agile, and her dark hair but lightly touched with silver.

With Jimmy's death, old age had come suddenly and heavily upon her. Her form was bent, her step slow and heavy; her eye had lost its fire, her brow was wrinkled, her hair snowy white.

It was difficult to tell the state of her mind, for she seldom spoke, excepting a few words on trivial commonplace matters. But she would sit silently brooding for hours, and would often spend hours wandering about the forest, visiting all the spots Jimmy had loved the most. When the girl became anxious at her prolonged stay and sought her out she would find her frequently sitting on the logs by the spring, and often at the grave under the silver fir.

Dave had set up a plain marble slab with Jimmy's name cut on it and the dates of his birth and death. He had also inclosed it with a rough railing of unpeeled saplings, and Anne had planted Cherokee roses and wild honeysuckle about it. One of the neighbors had offered her roots and seeds of bright garden flowers; but she shook her head, saying; "I think Jimmy wouldn't like 'em as well as the wild things. He always loved everything jist as it growed wild." So the wild roses and honeysuckle vines covered the rude railing and clambered over the great fir and mingled with its silvery branches.

But one summer a change came to the cabin and its inmates. A party of people from the city came up into the hills to camp for a month's rest and recreation. One of the men went to Dave asking permission to make a camp near them. Dave thought only of Aunt Polly, as they called Mrs. Hewit, and he went to speak to Anne about it. Although they stood on the porch and spoke in low tones, Mrs. Hewit heard them, and coming to the door she said:

"No; no folks can come here."

"But, Aunt Polly," said Anne soothingly, "they don't want to come right here — only to camp somewhere 'round here in the woods. Some of 'em are sick an' want to rest an' try to git well. They won't be no trouble to us, an' I can sell 'em chickens an' aigs an' butter."

"Oh well," said Mrs. Hewit, turning wearily away, as if she had already lost all interest in them; "put 'em 'round the hill out o' sight, an' they mus'n't come near the spring an' logs, nor 'round Jimmy's place."

It was thus she always spoke of the little inclosure.

So the camp was made and Dave furnished them garden produce and honey, while Anne supplied butter and eggs.

As if fearful of meeting some of the strangers Mrs. Hewit con-

fined her wanderings to a smaller area. But one day a lady had wandered farther than usual from the camp and became confused in the intricacies of the forest.

Mrs. Hewit, coming out of the little gate, heard a footstep and looking up found herself face to face with the intruder. She gazed at her a moment, then putting one hand to her forehead she staggered back and leaned against the railing. She was trembling as one in an ague.

"O dear Mrs. Hewit!" cried Mrs. Weitman, for she it was, "I'm so sorry to have startled you so. I lost my path and was looking for a way back to the camp. Are you faint? Can I do anything for you? Do you wish me to leave you?"

"No, no!" said the old woman in a hoarse whisper, stretching out one shaking hand which Mrs. Weitman clasped in both her own. "Don't go — I know you — you tried to help us. You cried — an' you was sorry for me an' Anne; an' you was sorry for Jimmy, too."

"Indeed I was sorry for you all, and am still," said Mrs. Weitman, tears welling up to her eyes.

"Yes, I knew it," said Mrs. Hewit simply. "But they done it all the same. This is Jimmy's place; you may come in, if you want to. He'll not mind you."

"May I come to the house and see you?" asked her friend.

"Yes; Jimmy'd like it 'cause you was sorry."

Just then Anne came hurrying toward them; but finding the two women standing with clasped hands her troubled look disappeared.

"O Mrs. Weitman," she said, "how did you find Aunt Polly? an' she's glad to see you, too."

"Yes; she says I may come to see her in her home. You will not mind, will you?"

"I want you to come," replied the girl.

They walked slowly to the cabin, and after this Mrs. Weitman came almost daily. She sat in the clean kitchen watching Anne while she molded the butter into golden bars, kneaded the sweet homemade bread, and ironed the linen for the camp people, linen which was fragrant with the balmy odors of forest and field.

Dave sometimes sat with them and he, too, watched Anne with a look in his eyes that awakened the visitor's sympathy for him; and she wondered how much the girl divined of his feeling for her.

Though Mrs. Hewit always seemed pleased to have Mrs. Weitman

in the house she seldom joined in the conversation. Yet frequently when sitting apart, apparently absorbed in her own thoughts, Anne noticed that she was intently listening to the words of their friend. And these words were gradually awakening a new world of thought and meaning in the minds of both Dave and Anne.

In words as simple as she could find she told them of the great Life and Soul and Spirit that pervades the world, linking all together in the eternal bond of brotherhood. She told them of the many lives each soul has to live in order to know all that can be obtained on this earth, and of the Good Law which at last brings equal justice to all. To Mrs. Weitman's surprise she found that these simple, untaught inhabitants of the hills who had lived close to nature's heart appeared to grasp and hold these ideas more easily than many other persons.

"Do you know, Anne," said Mrs. Weitman one day, "that our camp must soon be broken up?"

"Why?" asked the girl with a startled look.

"Why, my dear! because these people must return to their homes and their work. I wish I had a house here in the mountains and I would spend a part of every year here. I don't wish to go now."

"Couldn't you have a house built?" asked Dave, who was sitting on the doorstep.

"Well, why couldn't I?" said the lady. "Where is the nearest place to get lumber?"

"It's twenty miles off," replied Dave; "but what do you want lumber for? Wouldn't logs and shakes do better?"

"Why, do you think they would?"

"Well, I reckon a cabin would suit in with the trees an' rocks better'n a fine frame house would."

Mrs. Weitman was silent a few moments; then she said:

"You are right, Dave. Your artistic instinct is truer than mine. We will have it a log cabin. And we will have Cherokee roses and woodbine and not a single cultivated plant or flower about it. We'll have rustic chairs and benches made of saplings and bark, and a hammock made of grapevines. We will make it as much a part of the pine woods as possible. I am in love with the thought of it."

After supper that evening while Dave was fitting a new handle into the hammer and Anne was washing up the dishes, Mrs. Hewit startled them by saying:

"We might use the logs at the spring for Mrs. Weitman's cabin.

Jimmy wouldn't mind her a-havin' 'em, I know. Would you mind it Anne?"

"No, Aunt Polly," replied the girl, "I'd be mighty glad to have her there."

"Yes," said Dave, "she has done us all a powerful lot of good."

"Jimmy'd like it," whispered Mrs. Hewit, staring absently into the fire. "Yes, Jimmy'd be glad we had the lady that was sorry right here close to us."

(To be continued)

FROM THE "GOLDEN PRECEPTS"

NO seed but ripens into grain,
No deed but harvests joy or pain,
No word but soon comes home again,
Or after many days.

The thistle-down will yield no corn,
Sweet jasmin's silver star no thorn;
No rose from pepper plant is born:
Kind law in kind repays.

Take then what merit hath in store,
No virtues boast, no faults deplore,
But go in peace and sin no more:
The Warrior cannot fail.

Exhaust the bad, increase the good,
Work, work for human brotherhood,
You only stand where saints have stood,
Before they passed the Veil.

Give up thy life if thou wouldst live.
If Fate seems harsh with flail and sieve,
Have only grain not chaff to give,
At Time's great harvest-home.

So reap the past with patient heart,
Not seeking to escape thy part,
But sow the future where thou art,
Until Thy Reaper come.

Adapted by P. A. M. from
The Voice of the Silence of H. P. Blavatsky



F. J. Dick, Editor

THE CALL FOR PEACE

(From the *San Diego Union*, May 10, 1915)

"WE have been shocked by the news of a very terrible disaster, and opinions are running riot all over the world," said Mme. Tingley in her address before a large audience at the Isis Theater last night, referring to the *Lusitania* disaster. "But we must take care not to lose sight of other and far greater calamities that have been going on all through the ages and in this terrible war, and of the thousands and thousands of lives that are being sacrificed." She referred to the conflict of opinion which existed in regard to the war and the tendency to blame this side or that side, but declared that "we were not looking back far enough, for all down the ages man has been sowing seeds of separateness, and, although we call ourselves part of God's great family we are not united. Even in the United States the people are not united, but there are divisions all along the line."

The nations of Europe are at war, said Mme. Tingley, because of past failures. She further held that the people of America were in part responsible for the war. She asked whether America were not taking part; whether it were actually neutral when it permits some of its people to send over munitions of war.

Mme. Tingley held that the time had come when this country must declare itself and take a stand, and she urged that the only right stand which would be in consonance with all that is noblest and best in manhood and womanhood would be to call a halt and demand that the war should cease.

Mme. Tingley declared that it was useless to try to reason with the heads of the nations now at war, but that the only effective power was the moral power of the people. Diplomacy, she declared, would not save the situation. She appealed to her hearers not to support or indorse any action which would blame any one nation, but to evoke the international spirit and call upon the soul power from within; that all men were "our neighbors, and all countries, in the deepest sense, were our own." A halt must be called, she said, if not for justice's sake or pity's sake or humanity's sake, it must be for self-protection. "If we do not take the right stand now, we shall pass on something to our children and to the unborn that we dare not face."

In order to evoke this power, Mme. Tingley dwelt upon the necessity of man's realizing that his essential nature was divine and that the divinity was in all men. He must be willing to give up his opinions for the truth. He must not care for criticism but be content with having striven to do his duty. "We can mark the coming age with our weakness or with our strength," she declared,

"and I pray it may be with the spiritual strength of the soul. Let the thinkers of the world, the lovers of humanity, call a halt; then, if this does not come, reliance must be placed on Karma, for the harvest must follow from the seed that has been sown; and men can see to it that the seed that they sow now be such as will bring a harvest of peace in the future."



THE activities of women throughout the world in the cause of peace continue to increase, and while most of these efforts may not as yet appear to have reached effective lines, the mere fact that women are beginning to realize their power and influence for good is surely an encouraging sign of the times. The following passage from the manifesto of a "World-Union of Women," founded in Geneva, will be found of interest:

Our program may therefore seem to you very simple, almost rudimentary, possibly lacking in decision and boldness. But if you will think of it, it is in reality a very courageous thing which we have undertaken; to declare war against war amongst peoples who are under the spell of the glories of militarism; to spread the doctrine of fraternal love where human hate is rampant; to work for internationalism among those whose souls are aflame with national patriotism; to teach the value of individual effort when individual right has never been at so great a discount. Is it not a great, brave task and one for which united womanhood is peculiarly fitted?

Yet how can such efforts attain permanent results before women find the basis in a philosophy of life that recognizes Karma and Reincarnation as potent factors in problems of peace and war; before they realize the dual nature of man, and that when inner peace is attained, outer warfare will vanish, like a garment no longer needed? Then greedy Commercialism will give way before sane and beneficent Commerce.



ON Sunday morning, April 25, one hundred and fifty delegates to the San Francisco convention of the Independent Order B'nai Brith were the guests of Madame Katherine Tingley at the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, at Point Loma. Accompanying the delegates were representatives of the Order in San Diego and the committees who had in charge the entertainment of the delegates during their two days' visit to San Diego previous to their departure to the convention city, the party visiting the Theosophical Headquarters numbering about three hundred in all.

The Independent Order B'nai Brith is the largest and most influential Jewish organization in the world. While it is more directly concerned with matters affecting the Jewish people, its declared principles are also broadly humanitarian. Included in the party of delegates at the reception extended them by Madame Tingley, were Judge Adolph Kraus, the President of the Order; Hon. Simon Wolf, the Order's representative at Washington; Judge Philip Stein, of the

Illinois Supreme Court; and representatives of the Order from all sections of the United States.

The day was an especially beautiful one, even for Lomaland, and the open-air program given by children of the Râja-Yoga School and students of the College in front of the Aryan Temple and later at the Greek Theater was thoroughly enjoyed. As the long line of automobiles drove up the palm-lined avenue to the hill where the main buildings are situated, the strains of the Soldiers' Chorus from *Faust*, played by the Râja-Yoga College Band, greeted the party. Alighting in front of the Aryan Temple, and grouping themselves along the crest of the canyon which it faces, the visitors were then entertained with one of the charming little action songs given by a group of the smaller children of the Râja-Yoga School, and a dance number by a group of the older girls from the recent production of *The Aroma of Athens* at the International Headquarters.

The guests were then escorted over part of the grounds and around some of the homes of the students. Passing through the gardens surrounding the College buildings, and thence along avenues lined with pepper trees and borders glowing with the violet blooms of mesembryanthemum, the party was conducted to the open-air Greek Theater, where the delegates and their friends were welcomed by Prof. Iverson Harris on behalf of Madame Katherine Tingley, and by two of the students of the Râja-Yoga College on behalf of their teachers and fellow-students.

Judge Adolph Kraus, the President of the Order, in responding to the addresses of welcome, said that he had been so much impressed with the character of the Institution at Point Loma that had he any children of his own, this would be the place of all places he would ask to send them to for their education. He spoke in part as follows:

Since we started on our journey we have seen many things which surprised and delighted us. I will refer to two of them only. The first was our visit to the Grand Canyon of Arizona. When I saw that wonderful sight I felt like going down upon my knees and saying, "O Lord, how insignificant is man."

The second picture that made an impression upon me was when I came to this place and saw the little children, so beautifully trained, and all looking so healthy and happy; and then I felt like exclaiming, "I thank Thee, O Lord, that in this, our blessed country, there are such good men and good women, who, without reward and without compensation, devote their time and their talent to bringing up these little ones rightly."

Judge Philip Stein, of Chicago, and Hon. Simon Wolf, of Washington, D. C., also expressed appreciation of the pleasure and interest which their visit to the Headquarters had afforded them. With a parting look at the magnificent view of tawny canyon and blue Pacific beyond, seen from between the columns of the Greek Portico on the stage of the Theater, the guests returned to their waiting automobiles, and there, grouped on the steps of the Aryan Temple, the Râja-Yoga International Chorus sang two songs to speed the parting guests.

At the invitation of Judge Adolph Kraus, President of the Order B'nai Brith, Madame Katherine Tingley was the guest of the delegates at the reception tendered them Sunday evening, April 25th, in the ballroom of the U. S. Grant Hotel in San Diego. After an eloquent address by Mr. Wolf on the work and aims of

the Order, President Kraus arose to introduce Madame Tingley as the honored guest of the evening. Contrasting the terrible conditions which now prevail in the world with the picture of peace and beauty he had that morning seen at the Theosophical Headquarters, President Kraus said that the woman who had founded and organized the work which is being carried on there and in all countries for humanity was writing a page in the Book of Life, and that long after kings and rulers were forgotten her name and her work would continue in the annals and the life of man. He had traveled in many lands, he said, and had seen many things, but of all the places he had seen, the International Headquarters of the Theosophical Movement at Point Loma was the most beautiful and inspiring of any on God's footstool. This tribute to Madame Tingley and her work was greeted with great applause. Madame Tingley spoke in part as follows:

"I come to you in one sense a stranger, but believing that brotherhood is a fact in nature and that we are all a part of the great universal scheme of life, I feel naturally quite at home with you. I have been from my childhood intensely interested in the Hebrew people and Hebrew history. Through it all I have sensed to a degree the religious life of the Jewish people. I have studied them from different viewpoints in my public life here and in Europe, and I have always felt that the Jewish people were a promising race.

"Two points made a strong impression upon my mind — that these people sustained the devotional part of their life to a larger degree than those of other races, and that in the dignity and nobility of their home life they protected womanhood and motherhood.

"I sense a beautiful spirit of unity among you here tonight. How easy it is for the members of this Association to advance the international spirit. It is very true that we have been placed in different environments, but our souls belong to the immortal life. What we need in human life today is a broader comprehension of the meaning of soul-life, and of brotherhood, and a fuller realization that we are our brother's keepers.

"I have always had a great sympathy for the Jews, which has increased since my visit to Russia some years ago."

In response to the address of welcome which had been made by Mrs. Simon Levi for the Jewish women of San Diego, Mrs. M. A. Weinberger, of Chicago, thanked the women of the city for the splendid way in which the B'nai Brith delegation had been received and entertained. She said:

"I have always had in mind the wonderful hospitality and that broad Western feeling that we cannot feel in less favored environments. We owe much to Madame Tingley, who has founded the International Theosophical Institution, and given to the women of the world an inspiration for a grander motherhood. Among the Jewish people, the mother is considered the queen in the home."

OBSERVER



We can never be the better for our religion if our neighbors be the worse for it.— *William Penn*

VISITORS FLOCK TO POINT LOMA

(From the *San Diego Union*, May 8, 1915)

THEOSOPHICAL INTERNATIONAL CENTER'S BEAUTIES GAINING WORLD RENOWN

COMPARATIVELY few visitors to San Diego and the Panama-California Exposition fail to see the beautiful grounds of the Theosophical International Center at Point Loma, that are reached by electric cars of the Point Loma Railroad from Fourth and Broadway. The spot is fast becoming world-renowned not only for its beauty of landscape, exquisite laying out and architecture, but also for the great importance of the educational work carried out there. Though only fifteen years have passed since its foundation by Mme. Katherine Tingley, the Râja-Yoga College of Point Loma may be reckoned today among the most famous educational institutions in this country or Europe, and those who visit Point Loma and are permitted to get a glimpse of the methods used in this remarkable school are invariably filled with enthusiasm.

Each day between the hours of 3 and 4 in the afternoon an outdoor program is rendered by students of the Râja-Yoga College, ranging in age from the tots of 5 and 6, who present their symposium, *The Little Philosophers*, to students of university age, members of the various choruses and band in connexion with the college, who give musical selections, vocal and instrumental.



CLUBWOMEN VISIT POINT LOMA

(From the *San Diego Union*, May 13, 1915)

A TRIP to the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma in the morning, a garden fête at the Panama-California Exposition in the afternoon and the president's dinner at the Cristobal café in the evening were the features of the eighteenth spring convention of the San Diego County Federation of Women's Clubs yesterday. Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker of Texas, General President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, was the guest of honor.

Twelve automobiles went to Point Loma in the morning where Madame Katherine Tingley gave an entertainment in the Greek Theater. Mrs. G. A. Davidson took Mrs. Pennybacker, Mrs. Lillian Pray-Palmer, Mrs. Fred van Buskirk and Mrs. Alice S. Blount in her car, which was followed by that of Mrs. Edwin Capps, wife of Mayor Capps.

As the delegation approached the Raja-Yoga school strains of music greeted them, as the school orchestra played from the piazza. Throngs of children dressed in white with garlands of flowers presented each visitor with corsage bouquets bearing mottos such as: "We ought to wage war against the ignorance of the mind, the passions of the heart, the distemper of the body, sedition in cities and ill-will in families."

Mme. Tingley greeted the guests and introduced Mrs. A. G. Spalding, after which all went direct to the Greek Theater where the most beautiful decorations of white roses and white and yellow daisy chains met the gaze, before viewing the

ocean in the vista beyond. A special guide was furnished each car and the different buildings were pointed out and explained.

Upon reaching the Greek Theater Mrs. Pennybacker was seated directly opposite the ocean view, Mme. Tingley at her right.



REPORT OF THE PROPAGANDA COMMITTEE, LONDON, ENGLAND

PRIOR to the declaration of war, in August last, our propaganda activities were carried on along normal lines and good progress was made in several directions. Thus, a number of sets of the first four Manuals were donated to different Public Libraries; the Library circulation of our various magazines was being steadily added to; large numbers of old magazines, etc., were distributed week by week; and considerable quantities of our leaflets were put into circulation.

Since the outbreak of hostilities the propaganda work has, to a large extent taken other channels. At the suggestion of the Leader we prepared a series of "Sunday greetings to Soldiers and Sailors"—consisting of appropriate quotations, drawn from the writings of the three Teachers, notable poets, and other sources. Week by week large numbers of these greetings have been dispatched to the many Naval and Military Hospitals throughout the country; and many courteous and sympathetic acknowledgments have been received from the Officers in charge of the various hospitals. Large numbers of old issues of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, *The International Theosophical Chronicle*, *The New Way*, and *The Râja-Yoga Messenger*, have been dispatched to the same institutions; these also have been cordially acknowledged, and in several instances further supplies have been asked for.

Copies of our German Magazine were forwarded to a Detention Camp in this country, for the use of German soldiers interned there. In response an extremely sympathetic letter was received; the writer stated that he and his comrades were much interested, desired to study the philosophy, and wished to know where they could procure a supply of suitable books.

Our Dutch comrades inform us that they have distributed a large number of Theosophical Magazines (in English) amongst the British sailors and others interned in Holland.

H. A. HENTSCH, *Recorder*

HERBERT CROOKE, *Director*



IN view of a recent article in these columns the following newspaper clipping is interesting:

NEW YORK, April 22.—"Twilight sleep" in childbirth today was practically abandoned by the Polytechnic Clinic and the big city hospitals here. It was stated that too many "blue babies" were being born under this method, which indicated that the system had a tendency to suffocate the infants. The high percentage of deaths among both mothers and children was also cited as cause for its abandonment.

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 unites 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.

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.

Can we doubt that the climate of this abode of the human race is regulated by the motion of the sun and moon in their orbits? that our bodies are sustained, the hard earth loosened, excessive moisture reduced, and the surly bonds of winter broken by the heat of the one, and that crops are brought to ripeness by the effectual all-pervading warmth of the other? that the fertility of the human race corresponds to the courses of the moon? that the sun by its revolutions marks out the year, and that the moon, moving in a smaller orbit, marks out the months? Yet setting aside all this, would not the sun be a sight worthy to be contemplated and worshiped, if he did no more than rise and set? and would not the moon be worth looking at, even if it passed uselessly through the heavens? Whose attention is not arrested by the universe itself? when by night it pours forth its fires, and glitters with innumerable stars? Who, while he admires them, thinks of their being of use to him? Look at that great company gliding over our heads, how they conceal their swift motion under the semblance of a fixed and immovable work. How much takes place in that night which you make use of merely to mark and count your days! What a mass of events is being prepared in that silence! What a chain of destiny their unerring path is forming! Those which you imagine to be merely strewn about for ornament are really one and all at work. Nor is there any ground for your belief that only seven stars revolve, and that the rest remain still: we understand the orbits of a few, but countless divinities, further removed from our sight, come and go; while the greater part of those whom our sight reaches, move in a mysterious manner and by an unknown path.

—SENECA, *On Benefits*, iv. 23, Trans. by Stewart.

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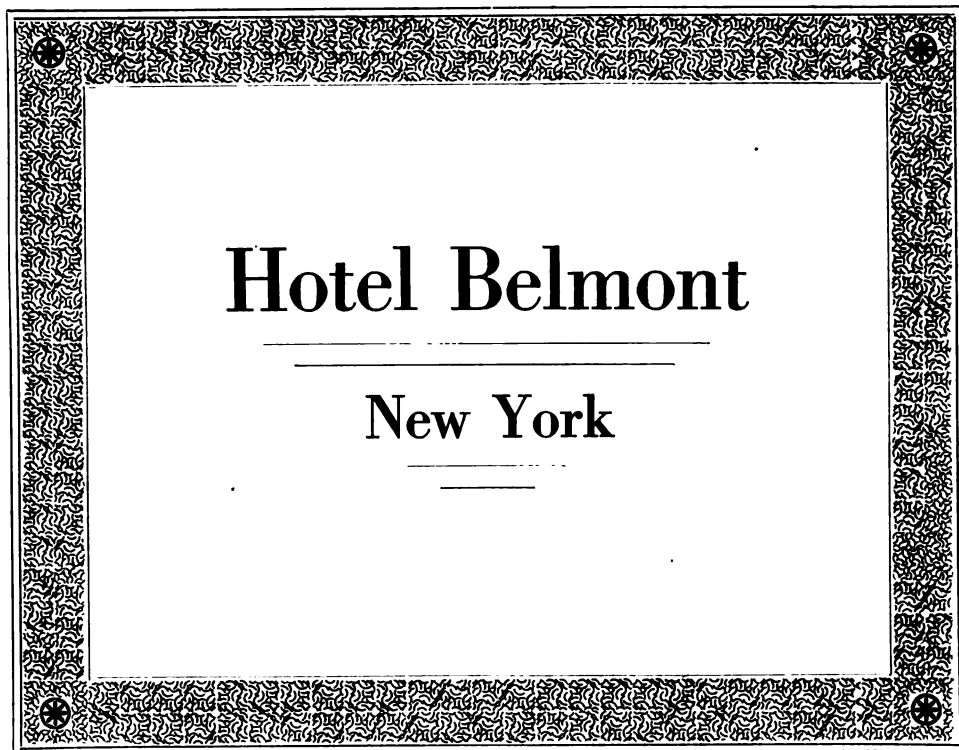
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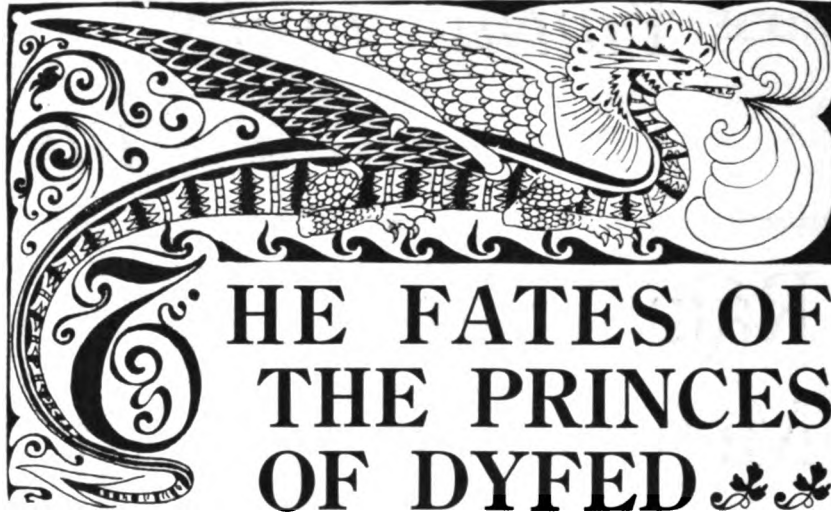
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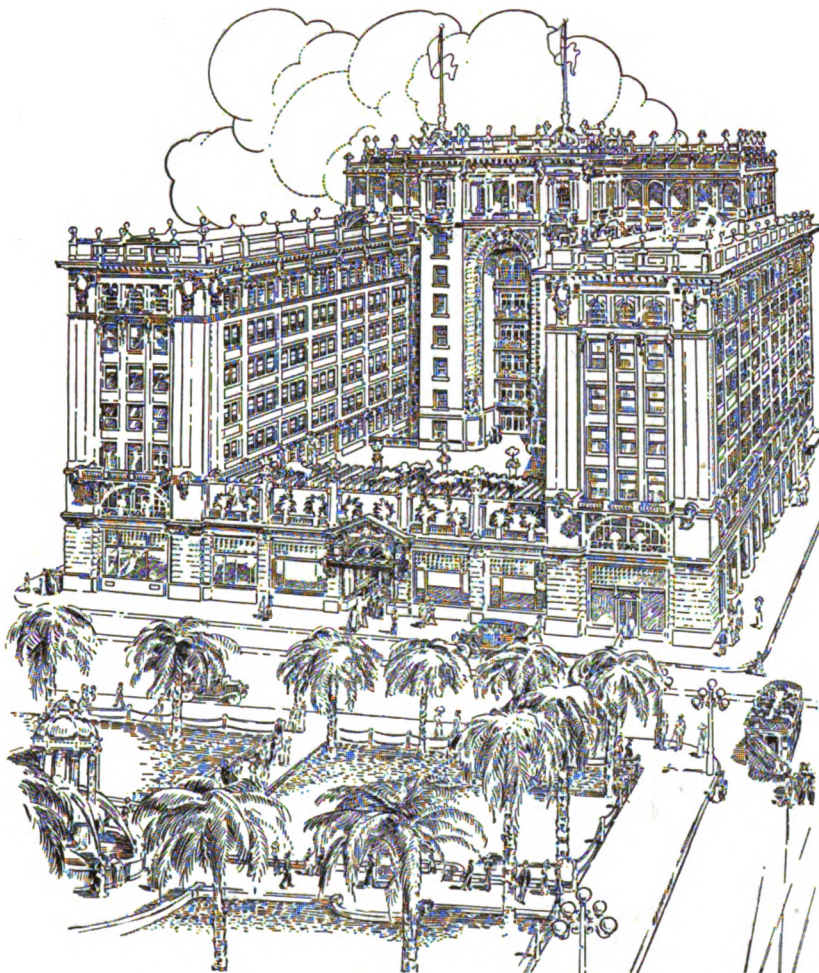
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