

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

Edited by Katherine Tingley



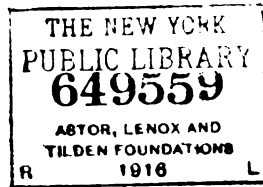
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July—December, 1915

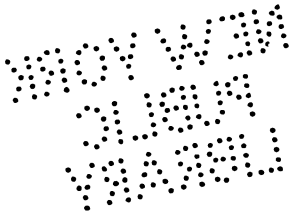


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INDEX TO THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

VOLUME IX JULY---DECEMBER, 1915

A		
Acropolis of Athens, The (<i>ill.</i>)	F. S. Darrow, A. M., PH. D.	164
Adversity	E. A. Neresheimer	273
Algiers the Beautiful (<i>ill.</i>)	Lillian Whiting	248
Al Kadr, The Night of (<i>ill.</i>)	C. ApArthur	23
Ancient and Modern Races and Continents	H. Travers, M. A.	335
Antiquities, Notes on Peruvian (<i>ill.</i>)	Prof. Fred. J. Dick	441
Archaeological Institute of America holds Session in Greek Theater, Point Loma		227
Archaeology: a Résumé of the Theosophical Position	H. Travers, M. A.	176
Archaeology: Egypt and the Stone Age	H. Travers, M. A.	283
Archaeology, The Spirit of the Hour in	Prof. William E. Gates	425
Arizona's Governor, Geo. W. P. Hunt (<i>with portrait</i>)		421
Aroma of Athens, The		148
Astronomy—Recent but Popular	Edgar Lucien Larkin	121
Athens, The Acropolis of (<i>ill.</i>)	F. S. Darrow, A. M., PH. D.	164
B		
Baby Apollo, The Temple of the (<i>ill.</i>)	Sergius Mompesson	349
Böhme, Jakob	H. P. Blavatsky	13
C		
Career, The Great	Percy Leonard	341
Cariad I, My Darling (<i>verse</i>)	Kenneth Morris	277
Climb-Down, A Graceful		406
Curative Properties of the Toad		406
D		
"Determinism" in History	T. Henry, M. A.	189
Doctrine, The Secret	H. T. Edge, M. A.	381
Driving Power in Nature, The	Cranstone Woodhead	257
E		
Egypt and the Stone Age	H. Travers, M. A.	283
Etruria (<i>ill.</i>)	Charles J. Ryan	310
Exposition, A Visit to San Diego's (<i>ill.</i>)	Ralph Leslie	55
Exposition, The: San Diego's Dream-City (<i>ill.</i>)	M. G. Gowsell	391
F		
Facts and Fancies about Reincarnation	H. T. Edge, M. A.	229
Freedom (<i>verse</i>)	Vera Heathman Cole	297
G		
Gandharvas, The Tower of the (<i>ill.</i>)	E. S. Paton	413
God	H. T. Edge, M. A.	305
Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History	Kenneth Morris	45, 112, 181, 237, 321, 395
Governor Geo. W. P. Hunt (<i>with portrait</i>)		421
Grand Old Simple Truths, The	T. Henry, M. A.	345
Great Career, The	Percy Leonard	341

H		
Health and Disease — Peace and War	R. Machell	110
History, "Determinism" in	T. Henry, M. A.	159
Home a Blessing, The	Katherine Tingley	128
Hosanna and Huzza (<i>verse</i>)	Grace Duffie Boylan	100
Human Development, Universal Brotherhood: the Essential Factor in	H. Alexander Fussell	153

I		
Isis Theater Meetings		224, 375

J		
Jottings from a Student's Notebook		195
Julius Kronberg (<i>ill.</i>)	P. F.	420

K		
Karma, The Law of	H. Travers, M. A.	101
Keynote, The Lost	C. Woodhead	387
Kronberg, Julius (<i>ill.</i>)	P. F.	420

L		
Life, The Temple of	W. A. Dunn	127
Lomaland "Tots," The		374
Lost Keynote, The	C. Woodhead	387
Lost Poet, The (<i>ill.</i>)	Thomson J. Wildredge	263

M		
Masons Visit Lomaland, Prominent		73
Memorial Day, 1915 (<i>ill.</i>)		74
"Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Greek Theater, Point Loma		148

N		
Nature, The Driving Power in	Cranstone Woodhead	257
Nazarenes, The	H. P. Blavatsky	344
New Way for Those who Suffer, The	Lydia Ross, M. D.	14
Night of Al Kadr, The (<i>ill.</i>)	C. ApArthur	23
North, The Regent of the (<i>ill.</i>)	C. ApArthur	129

O		
Obituary, Mr. A. G. Spalding		379
On the Other Side	Stanley Fitzpatrick	62, 141, 203, 289, 365

P		
Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood		69, 77, 209
Peace	Katherine Tingley	1
Peace and War — Health and Disease	R. Machell	110
Peace Notes		298
Peruvian Antiquities, Notes on (<i>ill.</i>)	Prof. Fred. J. Dick	441
Poet, The Lost (<i>ill.</i>)	Thomson J. Wildredge	263
Point Loma Attracts Thousands of Tourists		227
Poplar-Tree that Smelt Water, The	H. T. Edge, M. A.	193
Press Association of California visits Lomaland		75

R		
Races and Continents, Ancient and Modern	H. Travers, M. A.	335
Râja-Yoga Education: Demonstrations in Isis Theater		225, 375
Regent of the North, The (<i>ill.</i>)	C. ApArthur	129
Reincarnation, Facts and Fancies about	H. T. Edge, M. A.	229

S

Saint-Germain	P. A. M.	36
San Diego City Officials visit Lomaland		226
San Diego's Dream-City: the Exposition (<i>ill.</i>)	M. G. Gowsell	391
San Diego's Exposition, A Visit to (<i>ill.</i>)	Ralph Leslie	55
School of Antiquity, Papers of the		425, 441
Science, The Supreme	T. Henry	407
Science, The True Function of	H. Travers, M. A.	1
Scientific Jottings	The Busy Bee	359
Screen of Time, The	73, 148, 224, 298, 374,	452
Secret Doctrine, The	H. T. Edge, M. A.	381
Speech	R. Machell	253
Spirit of the Hour in Archaeology, The	Prof. William E. Gates	425
Spirit of the Past, The	Student	301
Studies in Symbolism (<i>ill.</i>)	F. J. Dick, M. INST. C. E.	6
Supreme Science, The	T. Henry	407

T

Temple of Life, The	W. A. Dunn	127
Temple of the Baby Apollo, The (<i>ill.</i>)	Sergius Mompesson	349
Theosophical Position, Archaeology: a Résumé of the	H. Travers, M. A.	176
Third Eye, The: Ancient and Modern Races and Continents	H. Travers, M. A.	335
Tingley, Mme. Katherine, Cheered in North		73
Toad, Curative Properties of the		406
Tower of the Gandharvas, The (<i>ill.</i>)	E. S. Paton	413
True Function of Science, The	H. Travers, M. A.	1
Truths, The Grand Old Simple	T. Henry, M. A.	345

U

Universal Brotherhood: the Essential Factor in Human Development	H. Alexander Fussell	153
---------------------------------------------------------------------	----------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS

A	
Acropolis of Athens, The (restored)	173
Algiers, Views in	250-251
Antiquities of Tiahuanaco, Bolivia	8-9
Arizona, His Excellency, the Governor of (<i>portrait</i>)	421
Aryan Memorial Temple, the "Temple of Peace," Point Loma, California	320-321
At the Foot of the Cliffs	229
Aztec Design on Deerskin	448-449
B	
Beckman, Hon. Ernst (<i>portrait</i>)	192
Bennington Monument Decorated	74-75
Bronze Medal given the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at Malmö, Sweden, 1914	193
Bryan, Hon. William Jennings; Visiting Lomaland	208
Bust of Julius Kronberg	421
C	
Canyons of Point Loma, The	22-23, 320-321
Chadwick, Dr. George W., of Boston; Visiting Lomaland	208
"Chimaera," The Famous	313
Chrysanthemums of Lomaland	1
Clouds, Above the	124-125
E	
Erechtheum, Views of the, Athens	172-173
Eucalyptus Grove, Forestry Department, Point Loma, California	276, 321
G	
"Giving the Message," Sculptures by Miss Adelaide Johnson	193
Greek Theater at Lomaland, The	141, 236-237, 305, 320
H	
His Excellency, the Governor of Arizona (<i>portrait</i>)	421
Hydrangeas of Lomaland	44
I	
Inca of Today, An	448-449
J	
"Japan Day" at the San Diego Exposition	344-345
Japan, Views in	412-413
Johnson, Miss Adelaide (<i>portrait</i>)	193
K	
Kronberg, Bust of Julius	421
L	
Lomaland Views and Pictures	1, 22-23, 44-45, 84-85, 140-141, 153, 158-159, 208-209, 229 236-237, 288-289, 305, 320-321, 381
Lowe Astronomical Observatory, The	124-125
M	
Memorial Day, 1915	74-75
"Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Greek Theater at Point Loma	236-237

	N	
New Zealand, Views in		334-335
	O	
Oranges of Lomaland		289
Organ, The Largest Outdoor, in the World		364-365
	P	
Parking the Automobiles during a Reception at Lomaland		209
Peace Pageant at Point Loma		84-85, 92-93
Peruvian Antiquities		448-449
Point Loma Canyons		22-23, 320-321
Point Loma Views	1, 22-23, 44-45, 74-75, 84-85, 140-141, 153, 158-159, 208-209, 229, 236-237, 288-289, 305, 320-321, 381	
Propylaea, Athens, The		168-169
	R	
Reception of the National Editorial Association at Lomaland		208-209
Roses of Lomaland		44-45
	S	
San Diego Bay, View of the		209
San Diego's Exposition, Views at	56-57, 60-61, 344-345, 364-365, 390-391, 394-395	
"Sappho," from a painting by Julius Kronberg		420
Sculptures, Ancient Athenian		168-169
Students' Bungalows in Lomaland	158-159, 277, 320-321	
"Summer," from a painting by Julius Kronberg		421
Surf Rolling in on the Shore of Lomaland		289
	T	
Temple of Athena Nike, Athens		168
Tiahuanaco, Antiquities of		8-9
	V	
Volterra, the Site of an Ancient Etruscan City		312
	W	
When the Tide is Out		229



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.

*The embodied spirit has a thousand heads,
A thousand eyes, a thousand feet, around
On every side enveloping the earth,
Yet filling space no larger than a span.
He is himself this very universe;
He is whatever is, has been, and shall be;
He is the lord of immortality.*

—*Rig-Veda, Mandala x, 90.* Trans. by Monier Williams

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EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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VOL. IX No. 1

CONTENTS

JULY 1914

Lomaland Chrysanthemums

Frontispiece

The True Function of Science

H. Travers, M. A. 1

Studies in Symbolism, III (*ill.*)

F. J. Dick, M. INST. C. E. 6

The New Way for Those Who Suffer

Lydia Ross, M. D. 14

Views at the International Theosophical Headquarters (*illustrations*)

22-23

The Night of Al Kadr (*illustrated*)

C. ApArthur 23

Saint-Germain, XVIII

P. A. M. 36

Views at the International Theosophical Headquarters (*illustrations*)

44-45

Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History, V

Kenneth Morris 45

A Visit to San Diego's Exposition (*illustrated*)

Ralph Leslie 55

On the Other Side (*continued*)

Stanley Fitzpatrick 62

Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood

Observer 69

Screen of Time: Prominent Masons Visit Lomaland. Clipped from the Press.

Memorial Day, 1915: The Râja-Yoga Tribute (*illustrated*)

73



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS PLUCKED IN THE GARDENS OF THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
Flowers bloom luxuriantly in this favored clime, and even in winter the gardens are never
bare of color nor lack perfume.

Peace

"In this glad hour, Peace, white-winged and glorious, hovers o'er the earth. She shall descend. Her snowy pinions shall enfold mankind. And in the splendor of a perfect day, brother shall meet brother, soul shall greet soul, and all humanity shall be united, and there shall be PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!"

The members of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood throughout the world join with me in making this declaration:

"We shall take this time of Dark Warfare and great crisis in the world's history to light New Fires such as time hath not known in any land."

Let us in the spirit of true Internationalism and Brotherly Love unfurl the banner of Peace to the world, and make it a living power in our lives and in the lives of all men, that war may cease forever.

Let us by playing our part well, evoke the Spirit of Peace, that it may brood over our fair land and all the lands of this fair Earth, and breathe into the hearts of all a larger tolerance and a greater love for each other, for all nations, and all people.

Not for thousands of years have the opposing forces been so accentuated. Not one of you can remain indifferent to the agonizing cry of the sufferers in war-torn Europe. If you think you can, and seek to do so, in reality you are adding your powers to those of darkness and lending your strength to the forces of evil. The call to service has gone forth to each, and each must choose. This is your opportunity.

Humanity calls for aid. Who of you has the strength, the will to go forward? To them is the call made, and upon them is already the Glow and the Light of Victory.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VIII

JULY, 1915

NO. 1

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good.— *Isaiah, lii, 7*

THE TRUE FUNCTION OF SCIENCE: by H. Travers, M. A.



AT such a critical time in history as the present, it is scarcely possible to consider any subject as though it were detached from the one great problem that is before us — the problem of the harmonious regulation of human life. Though we may leave open the question whether any subjects, such as science, literature, and art, can be studied in a detached manner during times of peace and comparative tranquillity; we shall be forced by circumstances to the practical conclusion that all our powers must at the present time be focused to the one predominant end. We are in the midst of widespread and desolating war; and after it is over, there is every prospect of strife of another kind, such as inevitably follows in the wake of war. It may be long before we find ourselves at leisure to pursue studies in the detached manner of the amateur.

The word "science" means "knowledge"; and from this it follows that the word in its ordinary acceptation does not come up to the level of its derivative meaning. For ignorance is the cause of our present troubles, and we find that what is called science has contributed greatly to the intensity of the struggle now going on. By a strange irony, too, we find this science divided against itself, as doctors do their honest best to counteract the work of chemists and mechanicians.

Knowledge is what we want, to lift us out of the confusion in which we seem so hopelessly involved; and the question whether or no science can help us, depends on the extent to which science represents the ancient and glorious lineage of its name, and ceases to be a mere will-o'-the-wisp leading man by the noose of his passions through the weary swamps of ignorance.

We can scarcely use the name of science as a word to conjure

with, so long as we leave it undefined and subject to any meaning that people may choose to attach to it. No earnest and reflecting person can read with much enjoyment of the achievements of mechanics in inventing engines deliberately designed for destruction; nor even in devising machines which, though not so intended, will inevitably be so employed. And even the work of doctors, though so nobly employed in mitigating the dire effects of "scientific" warfare, may at any moment be used — perhaps are even now being used — for purposes which the imagination but too readily suggests. For to what other end does the rigid logic, with its false premisses, to which we appeal, lead us, if not to the conclusion that *any* means is justifiable which can achieve the end we have in view? Truly it is hard to draw a line posted with the sign, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further."

The knowledge that can overcome selfishness, whether the individual or the collective kind of selfishness, is the only knowledge that can be rightly called by that name and by the name of science. Apart from those branches of science that can be, and are being, abused, even the harmless branches, such as geology, astronomy, and the study of nature, will have to be considered bypaths; and it is likely that necessity, if not the sense of duty, will lessen the opportunities of amateurs to spend their time in these profitable and innocent pursuits.

There is that in human nature which can turn science, religion, and everything else into a mere adjunct to selfishness and confusion; and it may be said with considerable truth that what is called modern science has but gotten man out of one rut to land him in another. Religion has been made the means of chaining down man's aspirations to materialistic and hopeless dogmas about his own nature and destiny; and science has suffered the same fate. For we find our exhibitions filled with striking representations of an altogether false and misleading account of the origin and nature of man, and whole schools of children taken there to be instructed in these scientific dogmas. Many people must be asking themselves how a stable order of society is to be built on a belief that man is merely an intellectual animal. They know that such an order can only be built on a sure and enduring faith in such things as conscience and honor and the power of good — things which this false so-called science does not reckon with at all. For the present troubles have surely rung the death-knell for that fatuous superstition that selfish instincts, if left

to themselves, will somehow work out to the good of all. And yet this is the very superstition bolstered up by this quasi-science, which tries to formulate an "evolution" of morality from blind instinct, and to represent all social self-government as being nothing more than a mutual accommodation of selfish desires. We ought to have learned now that many little selfishnesses make up a few great selfishnesses, and that a brotherhood of thieves is not remarkable for solidarity. The illogical doctrines of materialism, stating that germs can grow without having any latent power, either external or internal, has been applied to social and moral questions, with the result of this awful superstition that evil will somehow evolve good, and man's selfish passions be mysteriously transmuted into lofty morals by the same blind process.

Instead of waiting for powers to evolve, man has to use the powers which he has; and the great thing which he has to study is himself. So science, in its true sense, is that which gives a man knowledge about himself.

In such times of confusion, people are looking to Theosophy to see whether it has anything to offer that can help; for they feel that, behind the manifestations which the work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is able to show, there must lie some such hidden spring of power based on knowledge. But people have perhaps not earned the right to make knowledge drop into their laps, and so they may often have to make considerable efforts in search of their object. They may have to find their way through a cloud of misrepresentations about Theosophy, promulgated partly by agencies that work to obscure the light, and partly by people who have travestied Theosophy by purveying grotesque doctrines under that name. But we can point to the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, and to those of William Q. Judge, her successor, in support of the authenticity of the teachings now being practically demonstrated by their successor Katherine Tingley. Tried by this touchstone, the true Theosophical teachings can be distinguished by their sensible and practical character.

Reincarnation is one of such teachings. It is obvious that a belief in Reincarnation does not constitute the basis of modern theories of life, either past, present, or prospective. Consequently we have in Reincarnation a new idea (new to the Occident), something untried and promising. But Reincarnation is one with, and inseparable from,

the other teachings of Theosophy, especially that of the great universal law of Karma. The Law of Karma does not form a basis of modern thought — and how could it, where Reincarnation (without which it is unexplainable) is not accepted? With these are closely linked the teachings as to the dual nature of man, the Spiritual powers in man, the existence of perfected men who help the human race, and many other teachings.

It is perhaps true that teachings alone cannot do much, and that human agencies are always required when work is to be done; but the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood has its Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, with her cabinet of advisory and executive officers, and all the students of Theosophy who are united in mutual endeavor and in support of their chosen Leader. This at least is a human agency, capable of giving effect to those teachings, which else might remain a dead letter. And this may suffice to explain the seeming wonder of the efficiency of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood. It can be seen from this example that the aforesaid teachings, set in motion by a capable body under an efficient Leader, can solve problems for which the world at large is vainly seeking a solution; and thus we may get a glimpse of the direction in which humanity's hope for the future lies.

It would make a vast difference to life if everybody believed implicitly in Reincarnation, having no doubts on the matter. For what wonder if people are confused when they try to accommodate the actual facts of life to such a false theory as that which holds that man has but one short life on earth! Nature takes no account of such theories of ours. With our attention concentrated on the life of the body and its interests, we fail to perceive the greater and grander issues at stake, and find ourselves at variance with the unknown powers that guide our destiny. Science ought to teach us to understand our destiny and the powers that guide it; that would be true science.

Education is a great topic, but we do not find that the child is educated as though he were an immortal Soul, passing through a particular phase of experience in a bodily tenement into which he has newly been born. We do not find the parent regarding himself as entrusted with the most sacred and honorable duty of protecting that Soul during the years of its helplessness, when it trusts itself to mortal arms that so often fail in their requital of that trust. Instead, we find

a medley of strange doctrines and theories about the nature of the human child, each theory more strange and improbable than the last; and it is on such speculations that we are asked to base our schemes of education for the future, in the wild hope that thereby light and harmony may somehow emerge! Truly there is need of a little real science.

Man is always afraid that other somebodies are trying to take away his independence in order to subject him to their will. But by his very efforts to avoid this fate, he steers himself directly into it. And so the wily ones find him easy to manage. His cupidity, vanity, or selfishness are readily inflated by appeals to "patriotism," or "class rights," and so forth; and thus he is driven on in herds to whatever fate these unseen directive forces may have in store for him. In the name of patriotism he kills his brother, and his brother kills him; and then the pair of them figure on respective "honor-lists"!

H. P. Blavatsky, who founded the Theosophical Society in fulfilment of the plans of the Helpers of humanity, saw that our civilization needed the help of Science; and in her great work *The Secret Doctrine* she has defended the name of Science by contrasting all the dogmas and futile speculations that parade under that name with the light of the sublime teachings which she had to impart. It was she who thus started the great wave of thought that has undermined the old materialistic position to such an extent already, and is now showing itself in a revulsion to the ancient faith in Soul as the foundation of all life.

Theosophy includes a finite domain of knowledge concerning the invisible realms of nature, the astral light, the various orders of beings, and the mysterious forces in nature and man; but Theosophy can offer no inducements to mere curiosity or to ambition and desire; for by so doing, it would frustrate its own object. Knowledge is the result and reward of service, and the first step is devotion to impersonal ends. So, while not much can be said in a public address, (even supposing one were qualified to say it), yet the assurance can be given that all who truly desire to understand their own life, to live it aright, and to be of service in the world, will find themselves at the entrance to the path of knowledge, which leads upwards forever; and Theosophy will have proved itself for them the true Science.

STUDIES IN SYMBOLISM: by F. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E.

III. TIAHUANACO, BOLIVIA, AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE



THE first three pages of the accompanying illustrations represent some fragments of sculptured stone found among the ruins on the newly discovered site of the ancient town of Taraco, situated about two days' journey from the village of Tiahuanaco, on the shore of Lake Titicaca; and also other fragments from the ruins of the temple of Ak-kapana, Tiahuanaco. These were taken to Europe by their discoverer, Professor Julius Nestler, of Prague, who is an enthusiastic believer in there having existed a close connexion between the ancient Tiahuanaco civilization and the lost Atlantis races and culture. He also says, "the article, 'The Lost Atlantis,' in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* of July 1914, gave me some highly interesting items."

The first figure is from the gateway at Taraco, which Professor Nestler says is somewhat similar to the famous one at Tiahuanaco. The second is stated to be from the upper portion of the central figure on the latter, so perfectly illustrated and described in that splendid monument of archaeological research, *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco*, by Stübel and Uhle, (Leipsic, 1892). The remainder are heads from the walls of Ak-kapana, part of a winged figure from the monolithic gateway, etc. The last pages of illustrations are from Stübel and Uhle's work.

Alexander Humboldt was the first among the moderns to point out the existence of the antiquities of the American continents. He was followed by Stephens, Catherwood, and Squier; and in Peru, by d'Ortigny and Dr. Tschudi. Peru — and Tiahuanaco was in the highlands of old Peru — surpasses Egypt in the number and extent of cyclopean structures, while the pyramid of Cholula exceeds the Great Pyramid of Egypt in breadth. Walls, fortifications, terraces, water-courses, aqueducts, bridges, temples, burial grounds, whole cities, and splendidly paved roads, hundreds of miles in length, stretch in an unbroken line over almost the whole land. On the mountains, these are built of porphyritic lime, granite, and silicated sandstone. On a conservative estimate, the total length of cyclopean walling in the Peruvian valleys would encircle the globe ten times. Most of these remains are covered with vegetation.

The hieroglyphs that cover whole walls and monoliths were as

much a dead letter to the Incas as to the moderns. The Incas attributed them to their *unknown* predecessors. And yet the Incas must have had a long history, and their traditional beliefs, in the form they have reached us, were not improbably derived from those predecessors, unless we extend the meaning of the word "Inca" to include those predecessors. Thus their Sun-god, with Mama Ocollo Huaco, and their children Manco Capac, were the counterparts of Osiris, Isis, and Horus in Egypt, as well as of the several Hindû gods, etc. One story relates that for the purpose of restoring order among the warring Incas, the Sun-god and Mama Ocollo Huaco appeared on an island in Lake Titicaca and then proceeded to Cuzco, where they began to disseminate civilization. Manco Capac taught men agriculture, legislation, architecture, and the arts; Mama Ocollo taught the women weaving, spinning, embroidery, and house-keeping.

Thus, though claiming descent from the archaic celestial pair, they were utterly ignorant of the people who built the ruined cities that covered their whole empire, extending over 37 degrees of latitude, and including the eastern slopes of the Andes.

Considered as Son of the Sun, and in this resembling the custom among ancient Chinese, Japanese, Egyptians, and Brâhmans, every reigning Inca was high priest, chief captain in war, and absolute sovereign. The highest officers of the land could not appear shod in his presence. There were of course, as is well known, many other parallels between ancient Inca, and ancient Eastern civilizations.

The puzzle of how these peoples, planted at the four corners of the earth, had nearly identical civilizations and art has surely but one solution, namely, that there must have been a time when no ships were needed to connect these now widely separated lands, as was pointed out by H. P. Blavatsky in 1880.

The temple of the Sun at Cuzco was the latest of five distinct styles of architecture in the Andes alone, and with the possible exception of some things at Machu Pichu, the mountain city some fifty miles northwest of Cuzco discovered by Professor Bingham (*National Geographical Magazine*, April 1913, and February 1915), it is perhaps the only known important Peruvian structure that can be safely attributed to the Incas.

As to pre-Inca antiquities, one may recall Humboldt's observations anent the guano on the Chinca and other islands, which, he said, during the three hundred years since the conquest, had "formed only

a few lines in thickness." Yet under sixty feet of this guano water-pots, golden vases, etc., were found. At say six lines, or half an inch in three hundred years, this would give an antiquity to those relics of about 450,000 years.

Lake Titicaca, 160 miles in length, is nearly 13,000 feet above the sea, being the highest lake of similar size in the world. Its waters once were about 135 feet higher and thus surrounded the place where are now the ruins of the temple of Ak-kapana, Tiahuanaco, which undoubtedly belong to the pre-Inca period, "as far back as the Dravidian and other aboriginal people preceded the Aryans in India." We have every reason to doubt whether the Incas were of the Aymara race at all. The language of the Aymarans is quite distinct from the Inichua — the tongue of the Incas.

The monolithic doorways, pillars, and "stone-idols" — so-called — are sculptured in a style wholly different from any other remains of art found in America. D'Orbigny wrote:

These monuments consist of a mound raised nearly 100 feet, surrounded with pillars — of temples from 600 to 1200 feet in length, opening towards the east, and adorned with colossal angular columns — of porticos of a single stone, covered with reliefs of skilful execution, displaying symbolic representations of the Sun, and the condor, his messenger — of basaltic statues loaded with bas-reliefs, in which the design of the carved head is half Egyptian — and lastly, of the interior of a palace formed of enormous blocks of rock completely hewn, whose dimensions are often 21 feet in length, 12 in breadth, and 6 in thickness. In the temples and palaces, the portals are not inclined, as among those of the Incas, but perpendicular; and their vast dimensions, and the imposing masses of which they are composed, surpass in beauty and grandeur all that were afterwards built by the sovereigns of Cuzco.

He, like Messrs. Stübel and Uhle, held these ruins to have been the work of a race far anterior to the Incas. The tradition, belonging to the place, that it was inhabited during, as well as after, days of actual darkness and suffering, proves nothing as to the actual date of the ruins.

But what, we venture to say, the famous "Doorway of the Sun" at Tiahuanaco *does* prove, is that the Secret Doctrine and Wisdom-Religion of antiquity was known to the designer of that doorway; or at all events some of the principal aspects of the ancient teachings, brought over from Atlantean times. And moreover, no other ancient stone relic in the whole world, known to us, evinces this more clearly. For this reason, the Bolivian government are to be congratulated on

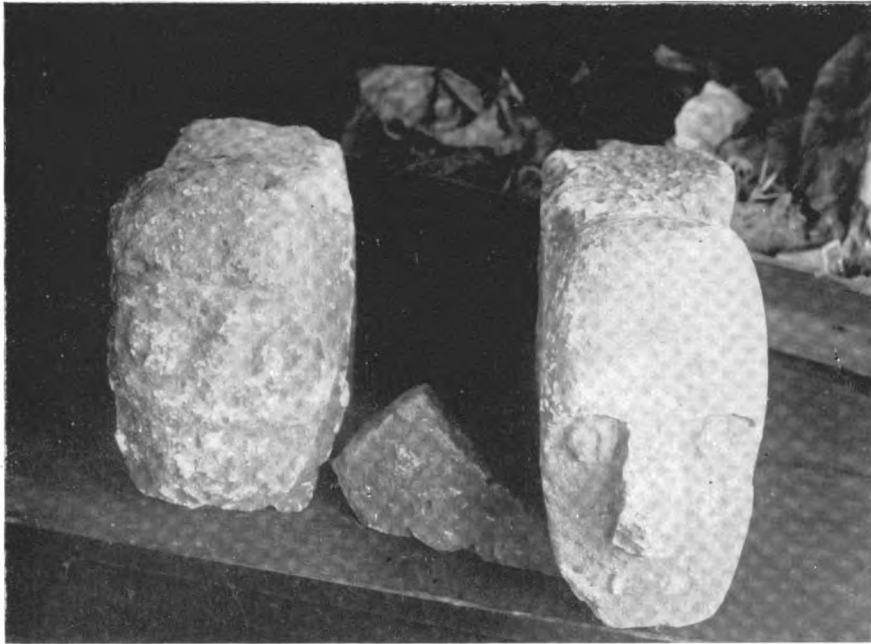


A STONE SLAB (4 x 45 x 16 CM.) FOUND ON THE SITE OF TARACO, SITUATED TWO DAYS' JOURNEY FROM TIAHUANACO, ON THE SHORE OF LAKE TITICACA



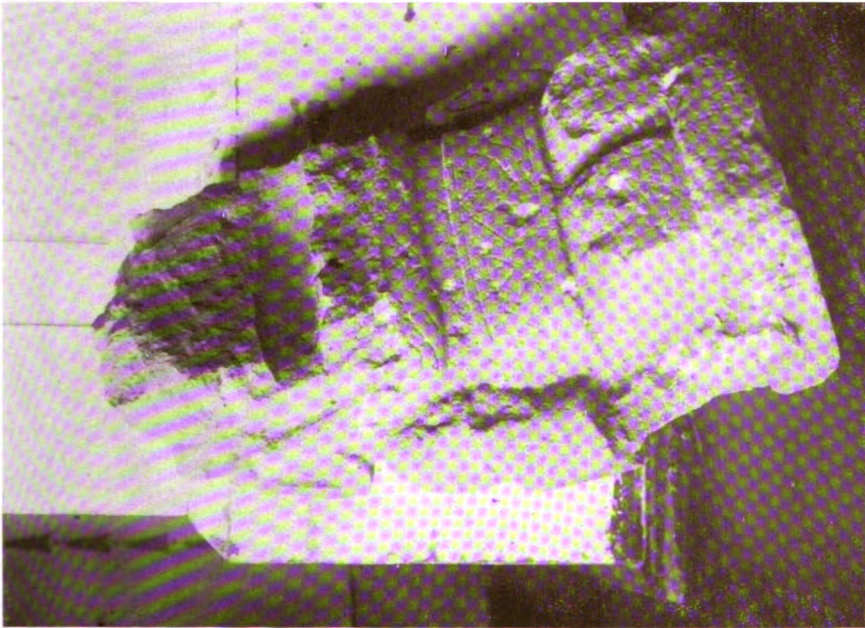
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A STONE SLAB (40 x 45 x 16 CM.) CONTAINING THE UPPER PORTION OF THE FIGURE FORMING THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE "DOOR OF THE SUN," TIAHUANACO



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FOUR STONE HEADS, AND OTHER FRAGMENTS, FROM THE
WALLS OF TIAHUANACO



FRONT VIEW

A KNEELING FIGURE, 40 CM. HIGH, WITH ANIMAL HEAD AND OPEN MOUTH. THE BODY IS CARVED WITH SYMBOLIC DESIGNS.



BACK VIEW

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THE MONOLITH-DOOR OF AK-KAPANA, TIAHUANACO, BOLIVIA
Eastern side



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE MONOLITH-DOOR, AK-KAPANA, TIAHUANACO
Linear scale, one twelfth of actual



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MONOLITH-DOOR, AK-KAPANA, TIAHUANACO
Types of the Winged Figures, arranged for comparison
Linear scale, about one fourth actual

their decision to forbid the deportation of further relics from that country. At the same time both they and we have reason to be thankful for the magnificent work carried to a successful completion by Stübel and Uhle, through which every feature, down to the minutest detail, has been faithfully preserved for the use of future generations.

Before considering this doorway in detail, which it is almost useless to do, except for the benefit of those already somewhat familiar with at least *The Key to Theosophy*, if not with *The Secret Doctrine* itself, the following extract from the latter work may serve to introduce the subject.

Atlantis and the Phlegyan isle are not the only record that is left of the deluge. China has also her tradition and the story of an island or continent, which it calls Ma-li-ga-si-ma, and which Kaempfer and Faber spell "Maurigosima," for some mysterious phonetic reasons of their own. Kaempfer, in his *Japan*, gives the tradition: The island, owing to the iniquity of its giants, sinks to the bottom of the ocean, and Peiru-un, the king, the Chinese Noah, escapes alone with his family owing to a warning of the gods through two idols. It is that pious prince and his descendants who have peopled China. The Chinese traditions speak of the divine dynasties of Kings as much as those of any other nations.

At the same time there is not an old fragment but shows belief in a multiform and even multigenetic evolution — spiritual, psychic, intellectual and physical — of human beings, just as given in the present work. A few of these claims have now to be considered.

Our races — they all show — have sprung from divine races, by whatever name they are called. Whether we deal with the Indian Rishis or Pitris; with the Chinese *Chim-nang* and *Tchan-gy* — their "divine man" and demi-gods; with the Akkadian *Dingir* and *Mul-lil* — the creative god and the "Gods of the ghost-world"; with the Egyptian Isis-Osiris and Thoth; with the Hebrew Elohim, or again with Manco Capac and his Peruvian progeny — the story varies nowhere. Every nation has either the *seven* and *ten* Rishis-Manus and Prajâpatis; the *seven* and *ten* Ki-y; or *ten* and *seven* Amshâspends (six exoterically), *ten* and *seven* Chaldaean Annedoti, *ten* and *seven* Sephiroth, etc., etc. One and all have been derived from the primitive Dhyân-Chohans of the Esoteric doctrine, or the "Builders" of the Stanzas (Book I). From Manu, Thoth-Hermes, Oannes-Dagon, and Edris-Enoch, down to Plato and Panodoros, all tell us of *seven divine* Dynasties, of *seven* Lemurian, and *seven* Atlantean divisions of the Earth; of the *seven* primitive and dual gods who descend from their celestial abode and reign on Earth, teaching mankind Astronomy, Architecture, and all the other sciences that have come down to us. These Beings appear first as "gods" and Creators; then they merge in nascent man, to finally emerge as "divine Kings and Rulers." But this fact has been gradually forgotten. As Basnage shows, the Egyptians themselves confessed that science flourished in their country only since Isis-Osiris, whom they continue to adore as gods, "though they had become

Princes in human form." And he adds of Osiris-Isis (the divine androgyne):—"It is said that this Prince [Isis-Osiris] built cities in Egypt, stopped the overflowing of the Nile; invented agriculture, the use of the vine, music, astronomy, and geometry."

When Abul-Feda says in his *Historia Anteislamica* that the Sabaeen language was established by Seth and Edrith (Enoch) — he means by "Sabaeen language" astronomy.— (*op. cit.* II, 365-6)

It is by no means a digression to point out that astronomy is thrice mentioned in the above passage, which suggests more than one reflection. Firstly, that real astronomy is a science of incredible antiquity, brought over from Atlantean times, and retaught to mankind. Secondly, that there were men in the remotest times capable of learning and appreciating both the details and the true meaning of genuine astronomy (see THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, July, 1911). Thirdly, that the "Sabaeen language," that is, genuine astronomy, was taught as part of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, something of which there is ample proof. Fourthly, that modern science has not yet the key to this astronomy, despite its wonderful achievements of the last few centuries. Fifthly, that there must have been some good reason for keeping this "language" from the multitude — for we do not even now understand in what sense it can be said that the whole history of humanity, past and future, is written in the Zodiac. Sixthly, that because it had to do with cycles of human destiny, it was also profoundly connected with archaic Symbolism. Seventhly, that even on the physical plane, contemporary science neither knows the truth about the motions of the Earth, to say nothing of their causes, nor about the Sun. How could it, when its "exact" observations only began less than two centuries ago, as against ancient observations covering hundreds of thousands of years? And finally, that the carving on the gateway of Ak-kapana faced the *interior* of the temple, reminding us that this symbolism belonged, and still belongs, to the mysteries of human life and death.

On the last page of *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco*, after having given their own tentative conclusions regarding this monolithic gateway, the authors cite Cieza's *Crónica del Perú*, cap. 103, with italics as in the following translations:

Certain Indians relate that it was of a surety affirmed by their ancestors *that there was no light for many days, and that all being in darkness and obscurity,*

the Sun appeared resplendent on this island of Titicaca, for which reason they regarded it as something sacred.

Of course the present "Titicaca Island" was then submerged, and the island would be where Ak-kapana is. Then they again quote from the same work, ii, cap. 5, where the Indians are reported as saying that, far preceding the time of the Incas, there was once

a long period without seeing the Sun, and, enduring great labor by reason of this deprivation, the people made great offerings and supplications to those they held as gods, begging the light they needed; and that being in this condition, there appeared on the island of Titicaca, in the midst of the great lake of Collao, the Sun most resplendent, at which all rejoiced.

Other similar legends are referred to, but there is a circumstantiality about the foregoing which, with *The Secret Doctrine* before one, we venture to think illumines the Sun-portal of Ak-kapana in a way little dreamed by most archaeologists, although the fact that Stübel and Uhle italicized these passages, at the very close of their labor of research, seems to indicate that they had a strong intuition of their truth.

When Berosus informed Kallisthenes that 403,000 years before his time the axis of the Earth coincided with the plane of the ecliptic, he probably knew well enough that the latter had never been initiated. Neither had Suidas. But there is plenty of evidence to show that this important factor in astronomical movement was always part of the temple teachings in ancient times, as is clearly shown in *The Secret Doctrine*. Titicaca must have been for a considerable period annually in complete darkness, at that epoch. And knowing the Sun to be the giver and sustainer of life, possibly in more senses than the moderns suspect, it would not be very surprising if, when the days of darkness there began to diminish, the people rejoiced, and then or subsequently erected a "Temple of the Sun" at the place.

On the interior of the doorway is a central figure of remarkable design. Could it be that this simply represents Humanity?

If so, then the multiform and multigenetic involution and evolution — spiritual, psychic, intellectual, and physical — of human beings stands there, *and has so stood for ages*, plainly to be seen.

The Seven Principles in Man, taught in the ancient Wisdom-Religion, are seen radiating around the head, each having three principal aspects. The dual ascending and descending evolution and involution are typified by the living serpent-trees grasped in either hand. The

Aeon reached is shown by the shape of the head and of the three Inner Planes from which it protrudes. The Root-Race of this Aeon passed and completed is shown by the left hand covering the Fourth division of the scepter, while the right hand and scepter shows that the Fifth has commenced, with two more still to come. The double head of the *left* scepter shows that Man is still physically in the condition reached during the Third.

A glance at the surrounding figures shows the clear distinction drawn between the three Higher Principles and the Lower Quaternary. These also indicate the stage in which it became possible for the Higher to descend. Their divine nature is beautifully suggested by the interior figure surrounding the Inner Eye. Above three divisions on the girdle in the central figure is the Heart, resting on which is again the tripartite Sacred Bird — eloquent, is it not?

The appearance of the two outer eyes in Man, and the Tau, throwing a veil before the inner, is clearly shown. Below the girdle is seen humanity in the physical world. The double scarf, falling across each shoulder, the pendant heads crowned with the living serpents of wisdom and intelligence, should be of interest not only to Freemasons, but to all lovers of Symbolism who are not too infatuated with the “sun-myth” or other more or less materialistic fads. Beneath the central figure, again, is the scene amidst which all the mighty drama of Humanity’s reascent to divinity is enacted, namely the Fourfold Living Manifested Powers of Nature — not blind, dead, mechanical powers, be it noted. There are other interesting details, but the foregoing may suffice for the present.

We cannot conclude this brief notice of that wonderful relic of pre-Inca culture and intelligence and craftsmanship — the work of a Master of Symbolism — the Portal of Ak-kapana, without quoting a passage from H. P. Blavatsky’s first great work, *Isis Unveiled*, published in 1877 (I, 573).

Many are those who, infected by the mortal epidemic of our century — hopeless materialism — will remain in doubt and mortal agony as to whether, when man dies, he will live again, although the question has been solved by long bygone generations of sages. The answers are there. They may be found on the time-worn granite pages of cave-temples, on sphinxes, propylons, and obelisks. They have stood there for untold ages, and neither the rude assault of time, nor the still ruder assault of Christian hands, has succeeded in obliterating their records. All covered with the problems which were solved — who can tell? perhaps by the archaic forefathers of their builders — the solution follows each question;

and this the Christian could not appropriate, for, except the initiates, no one has understood the mystic writing. . . . And so stand these monuments like mute sentinels on the threshold of that unseen world, whose gates are thrown open but to a few elect.

Defying the hand of Time, the vain inquiry of profane science, the insults of the *revealed* religions, they will disclose their riddles to none but the legatees of those by whom they were entrusted with the MYSTERY. The cold, stony lips of the once vocal Memnon, and of these hardy sphinxes, keep their secrets well. Who will unseal them? Who of our modern, materialistic dwarfs and unbelieving Sadducees will dare to lift the VEIL OF ISIS?



BÖHME

JAKOB BÖHME, a mystic and great philosopher, was one of the most prominent theosophists of the medieval ages. He was born about 1573 at Old Diedenberg, some two miles from Görlitz (Silesia), and died in 1624, at the age of nearly fifty. When a boy he was a common shepherd, and, after learning to read and write in a village school, became an apprentice to a poor shoemaker at Görlitz. He was a natural clairvoyant of the most wonderful power. With no education or acquaintance with science he wrote works which are now proved to be full of scientific truths; but these, as he himself says of what he wrote, he "saw as in a great deep in the eternal." He had "a thorough view of the universe, as in chaos," which yet opened itself in him, from time to time, "as in a young planet," he says. He was a thorough-born mystic, and evidently of a constitution which is most rare; one of those fine natures whose material envelope impedes in no way the direct, even if only occasional, intercommunication between the intellectual and spiritual Ego. It is this Ego which Jakob Böhme, as so many other untrained mystics, mistook for God. "Man must acknowledge," he writes, "that his knowledge is not his own, but from God, who manifests the *ideas* of wisdom to the soul of man *in what measure he pleases*." Had this great Theosophist been born three hundred years later he might have expressed it otherwise. He would have known that the "God" who spoke through his poor uncultured and untrained brain was his own Divine *Ego*, the omniscient deity within himself, and that what that deity gave out was not "what measure he pleased," but in the measure of the capacities of the mortal and temporary dwelling it informed.—*H. P. Blavatsky*

THE NEW WAY FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER:

by Lydia Ross, M. D.



THE real tragedy of human life does not lie in its suffering, but in the fact that, for ages, we have suffered so much to so little purpose. Our most grievous wrongs ever come from the injustice we do ourselves. Even the present generation, frankly self-seeking, and yet eager to reform the world, is blind to the great need of the reformer. Justice, like charity, should begin at home.

Since a good rule is found to work equally well both ways, this test ought to apply to the moral law as well as to mathematic problems. The Golden Rule, after formulating, for thousands of years, what is due to others, is not yet considered a practical guide to action. Might it not be well to try working it out the other way? Would not the moral challenge be made more interesting and up-to-date if he who runs might read it thus: "Do unto yourself that good which all others should do"?

Even if the average reader ran away from this revised version, his very self-interest would incline him to hark back to a subject of personal concern. Whether the rule meant "the good others should do" to the reader or to themselves, would call for some thinking. And the more one thought about it, the more evident it would become to the thinker that he had been wronging himself all along the line. Finally, even the selfish cynic and the devout fanatic would face the common conclusion that he who wrongs himself, certainly will not do right by his fellows, while to do himself full justice is to satisfy the whole law. If the law is satisfied, it will exact no penalty of suffering. That seems a simple enough way to escape from pain, without losing the lesson of it: and in truth it is both simple and certain. It is what Katherine Tingley calls the easy way: "To work with the law, along the lines of least resistance."

When we get down to ourselves and the law which regulates human life, we touch the foundation of all problems. However, it is safe to say that with all our knowledge, the two things of which we know the least are the Self and the law of being. No wonder we suffer!

That such knowledge is to be found somewhere is an inherent belief which runs in the blood, and impels humanity into every avenue of seeking. Always, the living presence of the Truth stirs something akin in the mind and heart with impulse to find and claim its own.

An age when the ancient wisdom is obscured, is marked by medieval inertia and darkness. But whenever Truth is openly recognized, the changes induced by it call forth protesting activity on the part of Error, which instinctively feels challenged to defend its threatened existence.

It is noteworthy that the special wave of modern activities, begun about the middle of the nineteenth century, was coincident with the preparation of H. P. Blavatsky to restore to the Western world the treasures of the old Wisdom-Religion. Her founding of the Theosophical Society in New York in 1875, marked the dawn of a new era of enlightenment, not only for the young American nation, but for the mother countries of this composite people, and for the world at large. Keeping pace with the work she initiated, as Error has been deprived of its time-honored garb and equipment, it has been aroused to adopt subtle disguises. It has reacted into new methods, more attractive to the busy brains and dominating energy which make America a focal point of prevailing thought and action.

For instance, the error of narrow creeds and old superstitions has reached the other extreme of license and skepticism, that, ignoring the majesty of the moral law, worships the power of materialism and the almighty dollar. The old blind faith in a mysterious, supernatural world has reacted into a critical intellectualism, whose brilliancy blinds the intuitive sense to the natural unfoldment of Truth. Unreasoning dogmas, which discounted opportunities for growth during earth-life, and put a premium upon the hereafter, find their reaction in a many-sided new thought movement, with the one object of pooling all present and future issues to gain a mental and material Selfdom. The Puritanical repression, which formerly dwarfed spontaneous expression in the young, has given way to the error of ceding to precocious, undisciplined youth, an unwise and injurious liberty. So persistently are the changes rung upon old economic wrongs, that the confused workers lose sight of the main issue, which is not a mere question of work and wages, but a matter of universal concern: how to make life worthy of the indwelling Soul.

As the folly of bad sanitation has been exposed, Error apparently surrendered, and joined in the slogan of "cleanliness is godliness"—meantime transferring its idle energy to less exposed lines. While improved hygiene lessened the usual contagious and filth diseases, the results of unclean and unwholesome living found other outlets.

There has been an increase in so-called "social diseases," in malignant growths, in mental and nervous disorders, and in perverted forms of vice and crime. Then, as sincere and earnest attempts were made to extend a popular knowledge of eugenics, Error deftly turned this to account, by focusing public curiosity upon subjects hitherto taboo, without elevating the range of impulses related to it. Medically, the growing problem of diseased bodies and disordered minds is complicated by the added error of unnatural, unwholesome animal serums; while the Soul is robbed, under hypnosis, of its will, and the patient is inoculated with the will of another. Strange perversions, leading to capital crimes, are treated by electrocution: and thus the unexpended force of evil impulses are turned loose to prey upon the susceptible in society.

Verily, the time is ripe for such a version of the moral law as shall protect each one with a revelation of what is due to himself, without this knowledge. No amount of cleverness or good intentions can save him from calling down upon himself and upon others, the fate of ignorant victims.

That there is an almost universal failure to "do unto yourself that good which all others should do," is evident in the anomalous conditions of a civilized world at war with itself. The present era has developed peculiar power of organization and conscious, concerted action. But individuals and nations have so signally failed to benefit wisely by these co-ordinating forces, that both are marked with signs of degeneracy and disintegration. In the daily reports of the titanic deadlock upon the reeking battlefields abroad is writ large the story of conflicting dual human forces which everywhere are disintegrating individual soundness, sanity, and morality.

One vainly seeks for a man or woman so at peace within, that the body, mind, and spirit act in harmony. Likewise, in the wider scope of social and industrial activities, the dominant keynotes are not mutual benefit and co-operation, but selfish ambition and competition. So, also, in national life and international affairs, the supreme expression of united, purposeful effort is revealed in military equipments, whose completeness bespeaks a psychology of destruction, which is undermining European civilization. That the evil psychology thus deliberately invoked could be controlled and effectually offset by the living power of Brotherhood is a truth persistently denied and obscured by the forces that vitalize Error. The war demon feels little

fear of intellectual peace propaganda alone, though the arguments are all against him. But one aroused Soul, whose compassionate call evokes the invincible spiritual warrior in the heart of others, is counted a far graver danger by the watchful demon.

If one-half the war revenue of time, money, energy and faith was utilized for the constructive purposes of true unity and peace, the world would be transformed. Not only would the horrors of war forever be made impossible, but nobler types of humanity would reveal, more perfectly, true individual and national life. There is no comparison between life as it could and should be here and now, and the unsatisfying, feverish farce that it is.

Man is said to be a natural-born fighter. So be it then: but he owes it to himself, as heir of all the ages, to win something that is lasting and worth while. It is time he rallied his best forces, and, with his fellows, made common cause against the evils that long have defrauded the race of a divine birthright, and ruled it with despotic power. It were a grievous enough wrong to deny one's higher nature its rightful place in the experience of childhood, youth, maturity, and old age. But the bitter cruelty of this self-inflicted injustice is the continued sowing of unhealthy and ignoble causes, whose effects must be reaped, life after life, in a harvest of disease and suffering.

The Golden Rule is usually interpreted to be mainly a matter concerning others; but the real force of the law most intimately relates to self-interest. Whatever is done to others rebounds with added force upon the doer, however his thought and act affect his other selves. Exercise of any faculty or function, either of the higher or lower nature, strengthens it within; while the karmic reaction from without equals the action in quality and force. To qualify our dealings with others by an outgoing of just, true, pure, generous, and noble feeling, makes us channels of uplifting currents, and creates a beneficent claim which Nature herself will honor, under the karmic law. In like manner, auto-evils and the power of unhappy alliances, are strengthened by making unkind, untrue, and unclean karmic ties.

The justice which returns like for like is no article of man-made creed, but is the cosmic truth of equilibrium. It holds the planets in their orbits, balances the creative and destructive forces in all forms of life, and proves the wisdom and happiness of right action; and the folly and pain of wrong-doing. The law is unerring in operation. Regardless of conditions, it affects equally believer and skeptic,

ignorant and learned, Christian and pagan, young and old, the resigned and the resisting nature.

The just law gives to each incarnating soul, freedom of will to choose the power to create its own world of thought and feeling. But each man must abide by his own creation. His ideas and impulses, thoughts and deeds, go out with living power, and yet are part of himself — his children, facts in his history, which no regret can uncreate, and no lapse of time leave unrecorded. This progeny may be forgotten, unrecognized, denied, modified, or neutralized in effect; but no power can leave him as though they had never been. Mistakes may become tuition in studying his weaknesses, and thus serve to protect from future errors; stumbling-blocks may be made into stepping-stones; and the pain from wrong-doing may become an awakening sword-thrust for the sleeping soul. But no remedy or mere formula or religious rite can unmake the disease, or undo the mistakes and misdeeds which are component parts of the physical, mental, and moral experience.

It takes courage to look oneself in the face and to admit how little of the best good has been claimed for a heritage from many lives. The truth that one's condition is just what he has willed it to be, under the karmic law, comes home with a shock which would bring despair but for the great hope in its liberating light. This self-revealing leaves nothing else to fear. A new courage is born, as the god in man takes control of the divine creative power in his nature, and begins to upbuild a more fitting temple. Even suffering loses its paralysing power for the awakened Soul, who sees that it is a means to an end, and uses it to good purpose.

The old teaching, "Know thyself," has a sacred meaning. Only the Inner Man is fearless enough to face old weaknesses of the lower nature which he alone can subdue. He who understands the forces of his dual nature, cannot be self-deceived and enslaved, or outwardly betrayed and defeated. Justice to himself, as a Soul, leaves no duty undone, no suffering to be feared, and no evil but what the spiritual will, in time, can conquer.

Materialism has had every chance to prove its case and has failed. Because the real man *is a Soul*, his higher nature will give him no peace, until its rights are recognized. A mere animal would feel content and at home in the present conditions of glorified materialism. His nature would find full expression in it; and, at the climax of

his capacity, he could have no unsatisfied sense of failure or incompleteness. Every sign indicates that never have the external conditions of life been so full and free, so rich and desirable, as they are in modern conditions. Yet, instead of intensified interest, satisfying hope and happiness, and confident faith in future progress, there is found everywhere a bored or feverish restlessness, a blighting doubt and disbelief, a blind questioning and weary despair. Nature's realms have been ransacked by art and science that earth and sea and air may yield resources to enhance human power and possessions. Nevertheless, all classes, from fortune's favorites to the most abject, show a pitiable poverty of those inner resources which make human nature equal to the need of the hour.

Withal, the Theosophic thought and life are bringing the vitalizing Truth ever nearer to the heart of humanity. As the long-benumbed Soul feels this liberation in the air, today, men and women, the world over, are aroused to question and seek and change, to doubt and dare. In this conflict of the dual forces of their make-up, the inner struggle reacts visibly upon the body, mind, and spirit. That many suffer from prevalent abnormal conditions who aim to lead temperate, intelligent, and reputable lives, is significant of the influence of the common tie uniting all humanity. By virtue of this inherent Brotherhood, the progressing and sensitized minority are reflecting, negatively, the dominant tone of the commonplace majority. Thorough-going materialists, who are working out their ideas of attainment, are often robust, keen, and self-satisfied. But many finer-grained natures suffer seriously in body and mind, from the disintegrating conflict between their growing possibilities on higher lines, and the retarded currents of life upon lower levels. Their body cells and every function and feeling are jarred out of natural rhythm by the continued unrest of an inner urge for ideal expression, and the pull of sordid social standards, impossible to fully accept and yet not positively rejected.

Change is the order of the day, in this marked period of racial transition. Those who bury their talents for true living, are settling accounts by drafts upon their health, sanity, and happiness. Nature herself calls a halt when we wander too far away from the normal paths of growth. Disease, unsoundness, and suffering are sharp reminders; and she obstructs the path lest we go further wrong.

Anyone who reads between the lines of the daily press, knows that

the average life is a restless, unsatisfied, purposeless round. The same story is written in the lines of the faces one meets everywhere; it is told in the confusing symptoms for which the puzzled physician has missed the key of the incarnating soul; it is pictured in the history of prominent men and women who hold the conventional prizes of ambition in the social, intellectual, financial, and artistic worlds. This envied class furnishes its full quota of the suicides, of neurasthenics, and insane, of malignant diseases in well-cared-for bodies, and even of depravity and crime, in spite of culture and repute.

Natural, all-around growth is no such painful and erratic process as these modern symptoms portray; for the overcoming of personal weakness or ignorance brings a liberating sense of vitality, freedom, and enlightenment. Many natures are becoming sensitized in a racial process of timely development which, were it more balanced individually, and more general, would enhance human relations and contact with the surroundings. Nature intended that a growing responsiveness to the thoughts and feelings of others should be equaled by a gain in quality of the prevailing ideas and impulses. But because the unfolding psychic senses outrun the intuition of an awakening moral nature, the transition period from the old to the new order of things is unbalanced and fraught with unknown dangers and penalties. Any attempt to ignore the Soul as the central fact of existence, and its needs, inevitably produces uneven and unnatural growth. This is the real cause of the unrest, the pursuit of excitement, the nervous tension, the unhappiness, pessimism, and despair which devitalize the body, unbalance the mind, and taint the morals of all classes.

A many-sided movement to promote the general welfare is popularly regarded an "awakening of the social conscience." Much splendid work has been done, and not a little good has returned upon the doers from their unselfish service. But the most generous and devoted humanitarian workers cannot give what they still lack themselves. Without a living knowledge of their own duality and of a true philosophy of life, they cannot pass on the clue to others. The social conscience can only possess the composite quality of the individual units composing it. No one can do unto others as he should be done by until he has learned to do right by himself.

One of the ancient sages taught that there was but one sin — Ignorance. Is it not painfully true that this sin and its effects are

visited upon the children, not only unto the third and fourth generations, but age after age? Surely there is a mighty power which counteracts the influence of accumulated error in the faulty human heritage. Otherwise the overwhelming burden of disease and sorrow long since would have crushed all life out of the sad, old earth. If the parents, often devoted enough to literally die for their children, had allied themselves with this inner force, the whole human history would have been different. But the new-born — ever fresh material for regenerating the world — came handicapped with a heritage of parental blindness and conflicting impulses.

It seems like a pitiful farce that, over and over, so much cherished humanity has been sacrificed to keep the same old errors alive. With infinite pains and little satisfying peace, children have been born and reared, have bungled through a maturity that merged into disabling years, ignorant of the meaning of it all, and leaving no clue for those who followed after in the confused, unsatisfying round. It sounds incredible that beings with a divine birthright should act the part of human marionettes, played upon and pulled about by the hundred chords of desire. Could anyone claim to "know" himself who suffered from his weaknesses while this spiritual power was lying fallow in his heart?

Theosophy has a message of peculiar import for those who suffer. Moreover its helpfulness is felt by thousands of weary minds and aching hearts that instinctively turn to it for the strength and comfort which they have vainly sought elsewhere. The sick, the unfortunate, the degraded, the disappointed, the despairing, recognize in its Truth the cure for their Ignorance. The victims of grinding poverty and of unsatisfying wealth; those imprisoned for crime and the slaves of ignoble desires; mourners bereaved by death and those burdened with living trouble; parents awed and humbled by their responsibility: these, and many others, turn to this ancient wisdom with a confidence born of inner knowledge.

The student of Theosophy is challenged to make a living test of its Truth — to apply it to his daily routine. Step by step as, in this way, he makes it his own, there comes a new conception of life and death, and of the immortal Self that easily bridges the gap between them. An applied belief in his higher nature becomes actual knowledge in its utter naturalness, its entire consistency with an innate ideal of peace, and power, and beauty. He who "lives the life" of Theo-

sophy no longer feels like a helpless pawn in a game of chance. He knows himself as a free-willed Soul, self-pledged to learn earth's uttermost lessons, and to be "equal to the event." In the knowledge of Karma and Reincarnation is found the justice of the present and hope for the future.

The haunting fear of death, of finality, of loss and separation, of estrangement and pain and sorrow — realities to the animal body — disappear in the dawning light of certainty that the Real Man is an immortal pilgrim. In this larger vision, the lines of experience which seemed endlessly tangled by Life and hopelessly broken by Death, take on the unity of a perfecting purpose that weaves the universal web of destiny. There is a power in the human heart to cast out all the obsessing devils of confusion and discord, and, as the Nazarene taught, to do "greater things" than these.



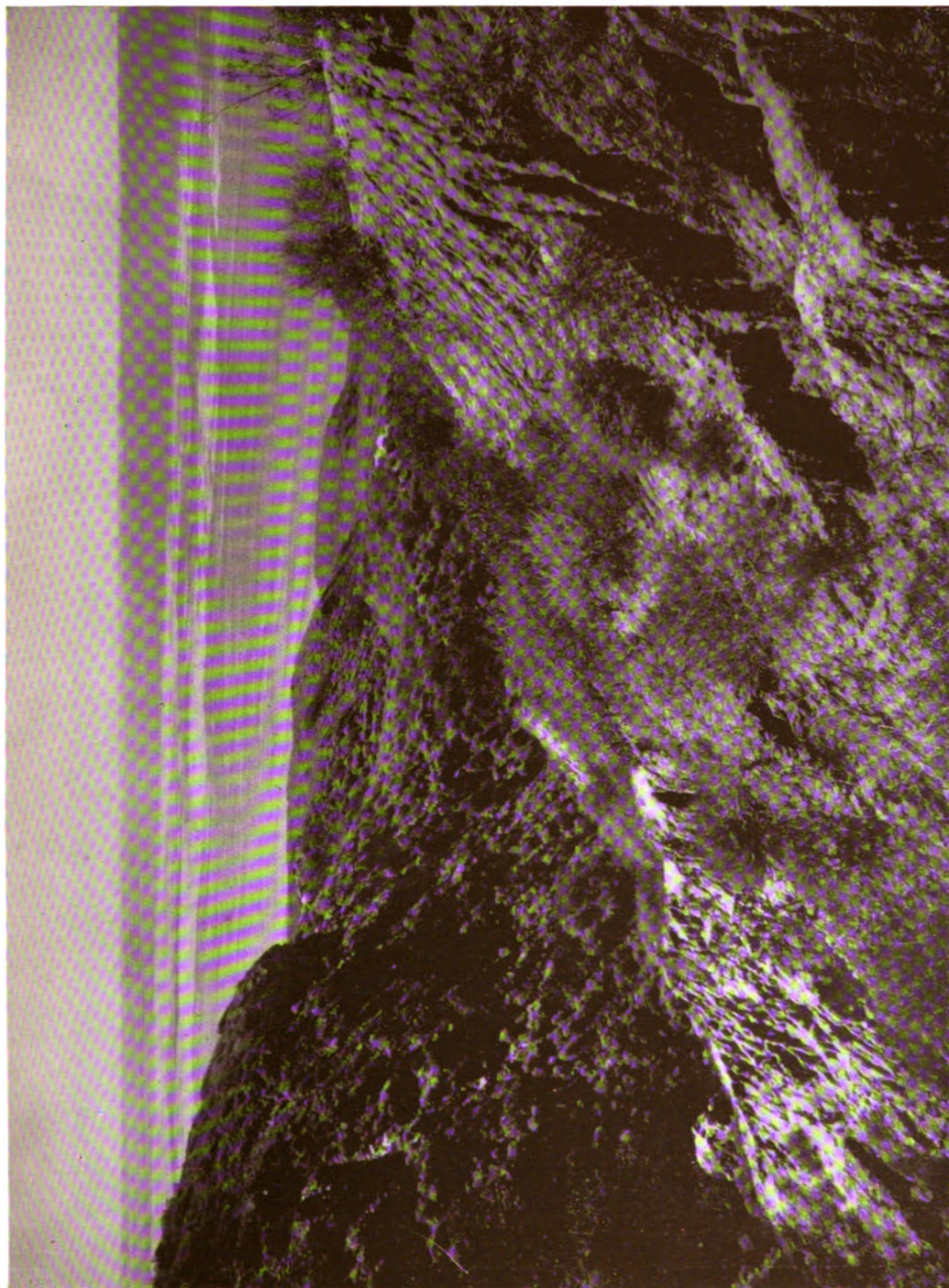
I SAW a picture once. It was not made on canvas, bounded by edges, but seemed fashioned from some lasting substance, making almost a reality that stretched away into space.

The scene was of a darkened plain, on which a shadow rested. It was not the dusk that follows day, but seemed a shadow of all time. From me in darker lines across the already darkened plain, extended a row of crouching figures. The heavy robe of each covered the lowered head. Motionless, they sat in silence as if their time had passed.

As I gazed wondering at the meaning, this was borne in upon my consciousness: "Each is thyself in the successive moments of thy life."

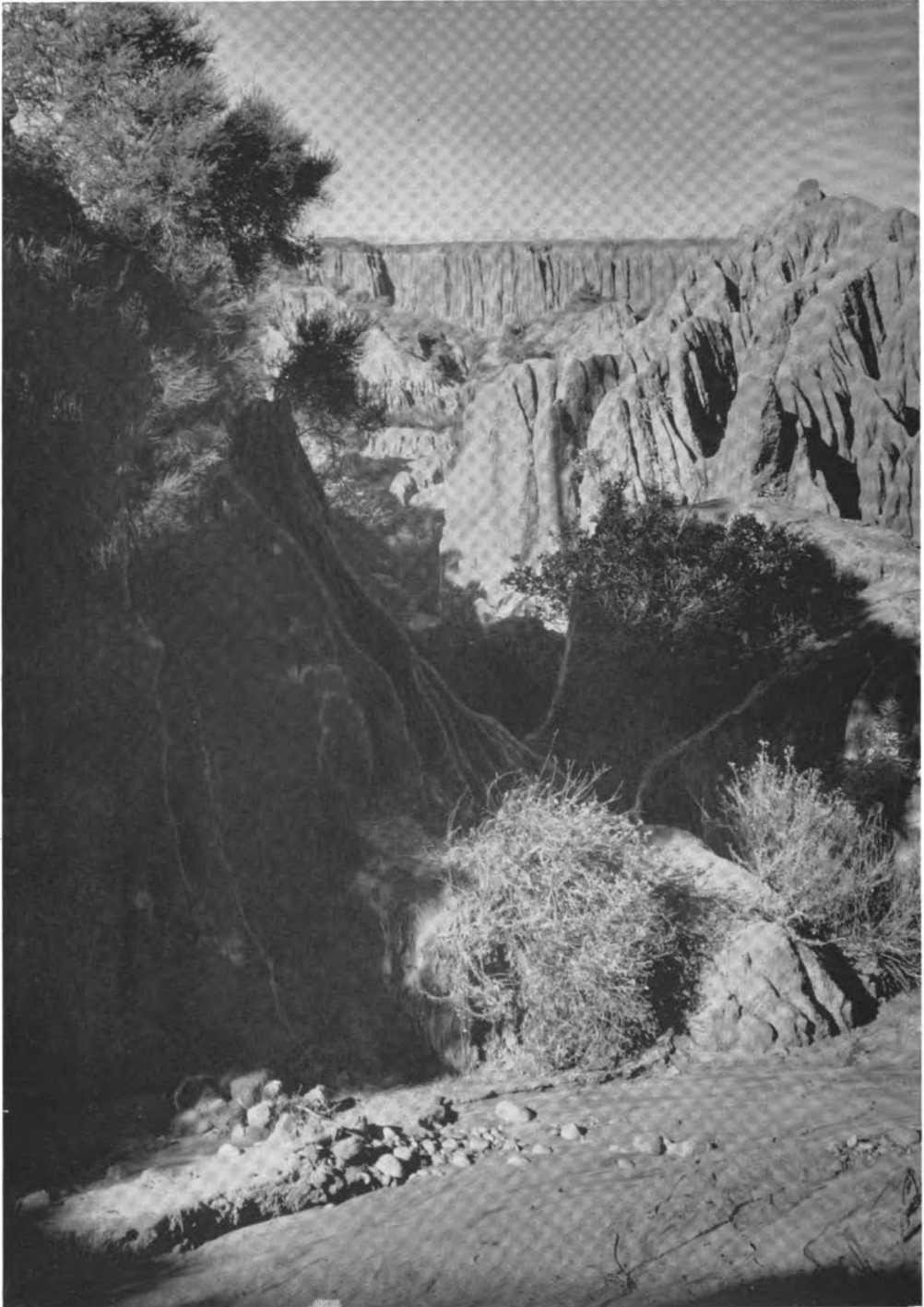
When the picture had passed I knew I had seen a vision of selfishness. And thereupon I tried to form its opposite — a picture radiant with light, whose name should be Brotherhood; but I could not.

I marveled, and to my questioning mind this answer came: "The picture is not, nor will it be until you have wrought for others as you have wrought for self."— *Narma*



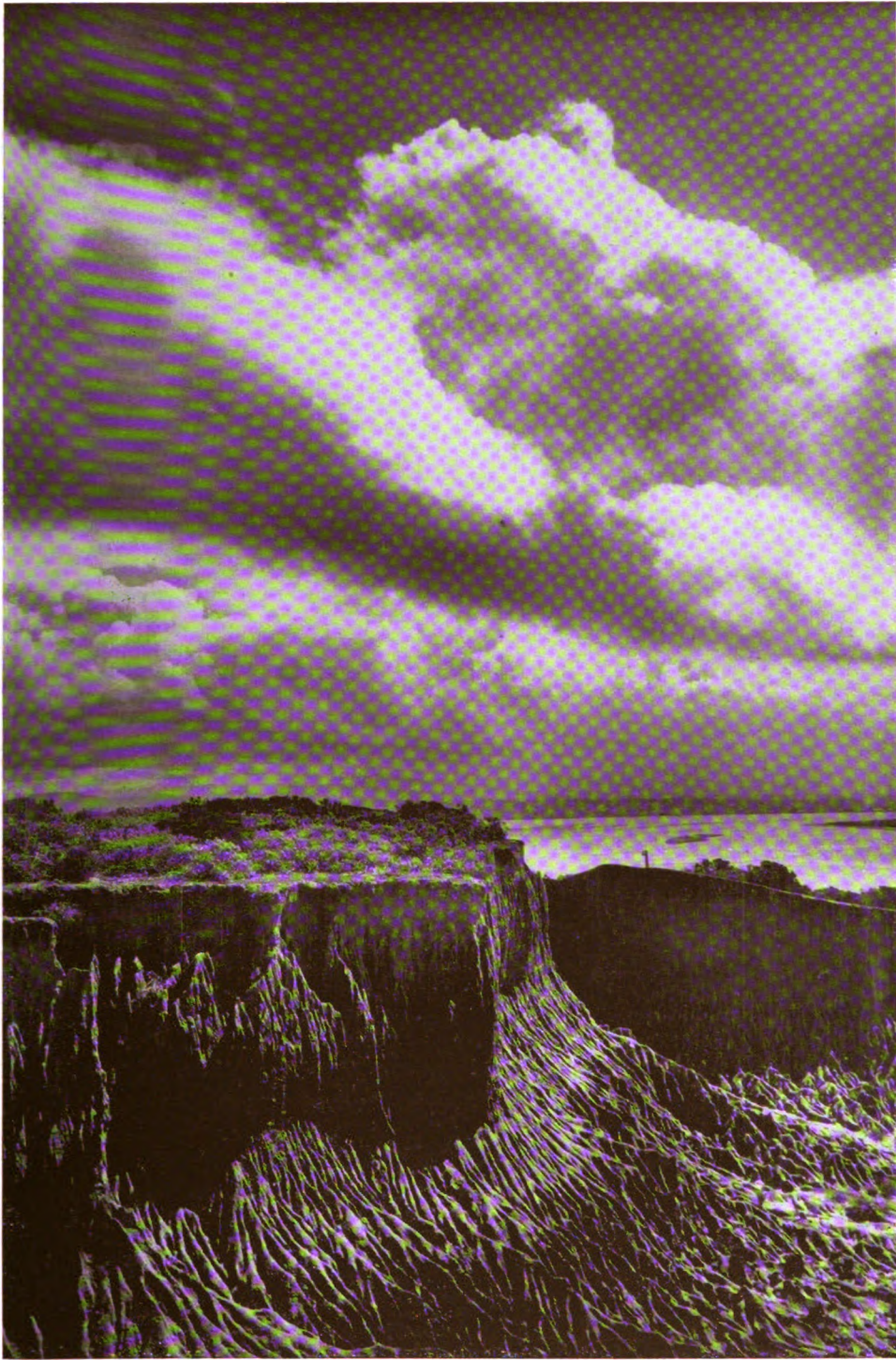
Lomland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE PACIFIC FROM THE SUMMIT OF ONE OF THE MANY CANYONS WHICH RUN DOWN TO THE SEA,
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



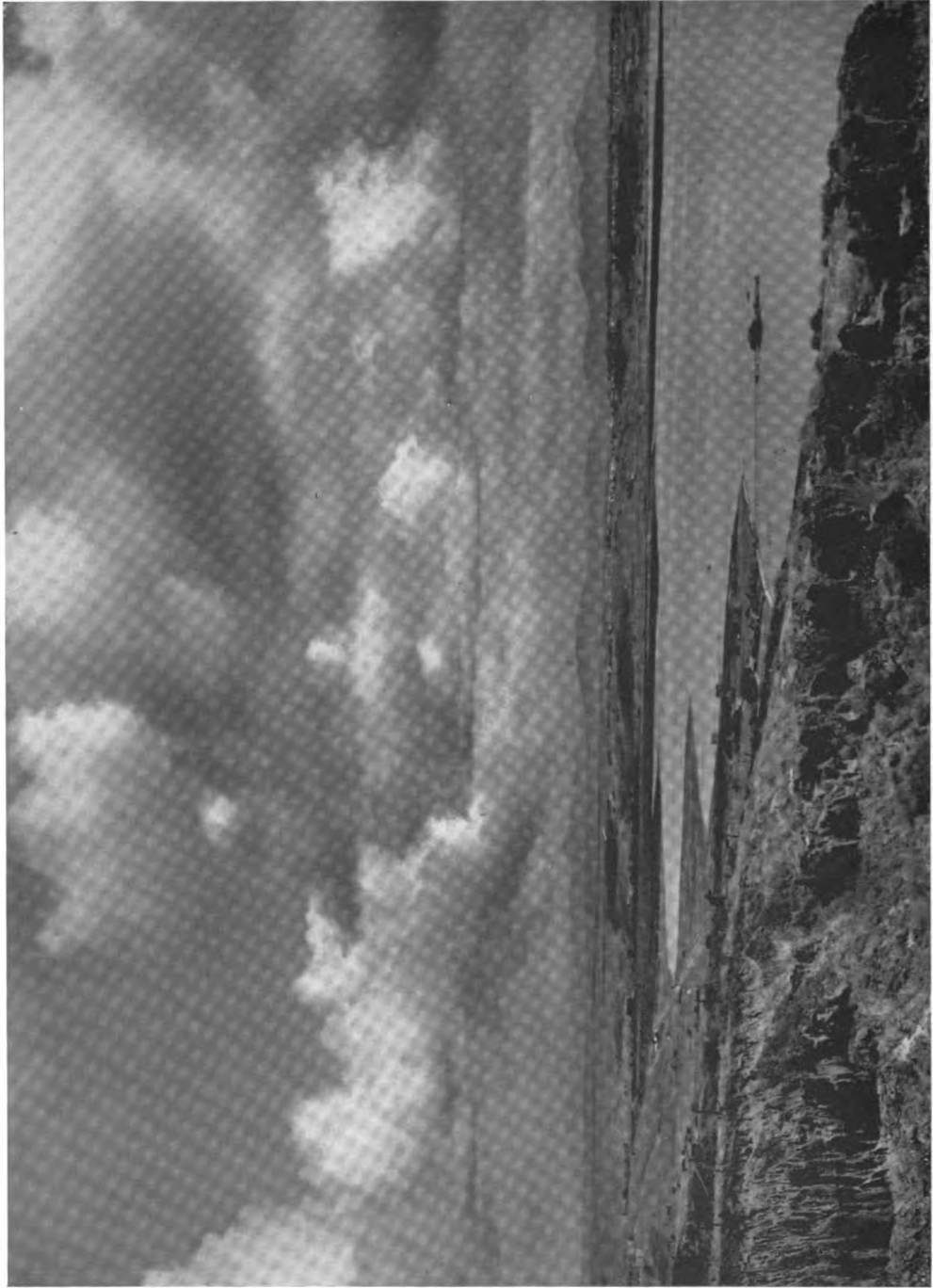
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE CANYONS AS VIEWED FROM ITS SHADY PEBBLY BOTTOM
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GLIMPSE OF SAN DIEGO BAY FROM ONE OF THE CANYONS OF POINT LOMA



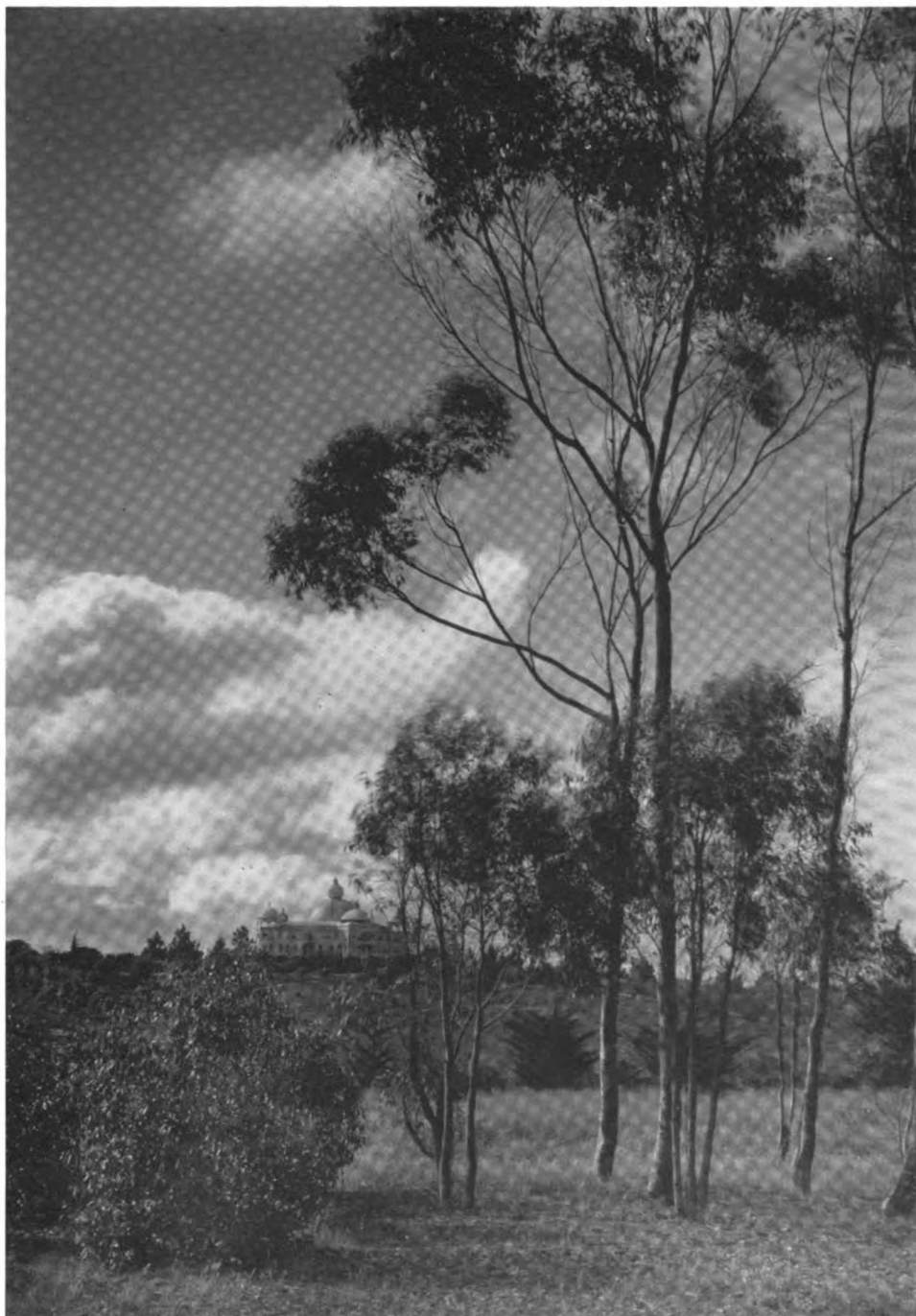
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE NORTHEAST END OF SAN DIEGO BAY AS SEEN FROM POINT LOMA ON A CLOUDY ("WINTER") DAY



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

HIGH-WATER MARK ON THE CLIFFS OF POINT LOMA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

EUCALYPTUS TREES GROWING ON POINT LOMA

In the middle distance is seen the Râja-Yoga Academy Building (the young ladies' department of the Râja-Yoga College) and at its left a part of the Aryan Memorial Temple. International Theosophical Headquarters.
Point Loma, California

THE NIGHT OF AL KADR: by C. ApArthur



ON Jesús María Guzmán de Altanera y Palafox would go crusading; not to the Holy Land, since opportunity was lacking, but into infidel territories that lay more conveniently at hand. A day's ride from his castle of Altanera de la Cruz lay the stronghold of that stubborn pagan Ali Mumenin al-Moghrebbe; which now it seemed was likely to be lost to pagandom. A third of the spoils to Santiago de Compostella, if Aljamid should be surprised; and this even before the king's fifth had been deducted. Don Jesús was a generous and religious man.

Of the *sangre azul* was this Don Jesús: a Goth, inheriting the ruthless lordliness of the northern hordes that poured into Spain under Adolf and Walia, a thousand years before, and set up turbulent kingdoms on the ruins of the Roman province. His were still the blue eyes and flaxen hair of the north; though Spanish skies and centuries, and a few Celtic mothers perhaps, had wrought in the temper that lay beneath them a certain change for better or worse. Had made subtle and dangerous the old Teutonic bull-at-a-gate impetuosity; had turned half leopard — smooth, graceful, but clawed fearfully — what of old had been all lion and largeness. Such a transmutation may make of brutality a reasoned cruelty; but also kindles a gleam of idealism in the spaces of the soul. The wild warrior of huge feasting and potations becomes the knight much given to prayer; the old thirst for mere big deeds and adventures, a longing after warfares with some glimmer of the spiritual about them. You shall fight, now, for God, the Faith, the Saints, and the Virgin; your cause shall be sanctified; your sword drawn against something you may dub evil; behind your rape and plunder, even, there shall be a kind of vision. Herein lay the difference between Don Jesús and his ancestor, the big-limbed Goth who fought under Walia. The end of the affair, he had every hope, would be indiscriminate slaughter and all the worse horrors of war: hell let loose, after the fashion of the age, on the household of al-Mogh-

rebbe, and no restraint imposed upon its beastly gluttony. None the less, he had taken Mass with his men before ever the portcullis was raised for them to pass, and went forth in exaltation of spirit, as one commissioned of heaven. As he rode down the hill from Altanera de la Cruz in the early morning, you should see in the keen eyes of him, in the spare, aquiline face and firm jaw, possibilities of cruelty and rapacity no doubt, but also the eagle's far glance sunward and beyond, as into things unseen. — The Grand Alchemist, Nature, forever dabbles in humanity: taking these elements and those, mixing them in such and such proportions and at such and such a temperature, and experimenting always after a spiritual type. In old Spain she came very near triumph and crying *Eureka!* — alas, her miss was as bad as many a mile. A little would make Don Jesús a demon; but then, a little might make him something very like a God.

All day they rode, but for a halt at noon; by the time the sun was nearing the snow-peaks westward, they had crested the last ridge of the foothills: had passed the debatable land, and were on the border, you might say, of Infidelity. Here, amid the pines they halted, and looked out towards their prey. From their feet the woods swept down steeply into the valley; beyond, in the shadow of the mountains already, or gilded with slant rays, lay the cornfields and orchards of the pagans; there wound the river, pale under the liquid blue of late afternoon; yonder, bounding the landscape, the majesty of the Sierra, deep purple in shadow, and the purple suffused with a glow of rich silver or faint gold. Far off were the peaks piled up skyward, white against a heaven in which soon the sunset roses would begin to bloom. And gaunt against the glow and gloom of the mountain, something westward of opposite, rose the crag outstanding into the valley, the hither face of it a precipice of four hundred sheer feet; and its crown the castle of Aljamid which Saint James that night should deliver into Catholic hands.

They were to wait where they were for the present, not invading the Moorish lands until after nightfall; and then with muffled hoofs, lest a hornet's nest of heathen should be roused against them before ever they came to their goal.— Of course there was no thought of ascending yonder precipice; for goats and monkeys it might serve, not for Christians. The stormable road ran up from the mountain-side beyond; it was steep and easily defended, they knew; but given a surprise and a guide, not impossible, they hoped, by moonlight. And



a guide Don Jesús had brought with him: one Francisco Rondón, who had been a slave in Aljamid for years, until a certain lightness of the fingers, discovered, brought him into trouble. After that he had achieved escaping; with ideas of avenging, not so much his long durance, as the stripes that had been meted out to him in punishment

by the master of the slaves. It was he who had inspired Don Jesús with the design, having convinced him of its feasibility and profitable nature. Al-Moghrebby, he knew, was likely to be in Granada that day with the bulk of his men; in any case, it was the holiest night of their Ramadan with the pagans, and there would be much feasting and little watching, after sunset, within the walls. — Of the sanctity of the enterprise Don Jesús needed no convincing.

There then they lay, chatting beneath the pines, till a call from the sentinel brought them to their feet and to the look-out. The garrison was sallying, it appeared; and somewhat late in the day to be destined for Granada. The question was: Had Ali Mumenin heard of their coming, and determined to give them battle in the valley? Unlikely, considering the strength of his walls, impregnable except to surprise (and treachery). But if so, they would take him in the ford; let the Moors be involved in the water; then would the Christians swoop. . . . So they stood by their saddles, ready to mount and thunder down at an instant; the *Cierra España!* you may say, formed in their throats for the shouting.

Dimly the Moslem warriors could be seen emerging from the castle, and for awhile, passing in full view along the road. Then they were hidden, as though the way they took were walled or ran through a ravine; presently they came out on to the mountainside, leading their horses. In single file they came; in groups, in no order, straggling down into the valley; then, at the call of a silver fife or pipe, they began to assemble, and mounted.

Five hundred of them, at the least; instead of the mere fifty of the regular garrison; they would, then, be five to one against the Christians, should it come to fighting. But there were the saints of heaven also to be considered; which put the odds, to Christian thinking, very much on their own side. However, fighting there would be none, it seemed. The Moors had gathered at the foot of the crag, were a-saddle; and now, at another scream of the fife, started: not southward and east, towards the ford and the Spaniards, but northwestward and on the road to Granada. Not yet was the light so dim that one could not see the round shields, the lances, the turbaned helmets; the flutter of white robes over the coats of mail; the prancing and caracoling and beautiful steps of the horses, mostly gray or white, and all with sweeping manes and tails. White-robed horsemen and white beasts, pearl-gray all through the dusk: one

could see, even at that distance, the lovely grace of the horsemanship; every ripple of motion expending itself through horse and rider, as if they were one. . . . Away they rode and out into the dimness of distance; on and up along the river bank, towards the head of the valley, the pass, and Granada. Certainly martial Santiago of Spain was with his Spaniards, who might count their victory won already. . .

They rode down the hill before the light was quite gone; and waited, not long, for the moon to rise before fording the river. A quarter of a mile, then, along the bank, and they turned, and struck up hill under the castle rock; a watch having been posted in the valley. Thence on they led their horses, until a cork grove half way up the slope offered concealment in which these might be left; having tied them, and posted a guard, they went forward in silence. The path was easy enough, until one turned, and faced outward towards the crag of Aljamid. A neck of land, rising steeply towards the fortress, and falling away on either side in sheer cliffs, lay between the mountainside and the stronghold: a way that only goats could have traveled before patient Berber toil of old, cutting steps and passages, made a winding, much-ramparted path, to be traveled hardly anywhere by more than one abreast, and guarded by gates at a dozen places. Aljamid was deemed impregnable; it had never changed hands by force of arms since Musa built and garrisoned it.

To one after another of these gates our Christians came, and found all guardless and wide open. They might have suspected a trap, you will say; but Rondón had confidence in his plans, and Don Jesús in him; if a trap were set, it would go hard but they would trap the trappers. So up and down, to left and right, with sudden turns the way led; only now and again one caught glimpses of the grim moonlit towers beyond. Presently, in a sort of wide well or rampart deep bastioned, Rondón halted them. "Señor," said he, "from the top of yonder stairs, the road is straight and open; at the end of it, and before the gate, is a chasm a hundred feet deep; while the rest remain here hidden, I must have ten lithe climbers to descend and ascend that, overcome what guard may be beyond, and let down the drawbridge."

Don Jesús whispered his orders. He himself, he considered, with Saint James to aid him, would be more than equal to ten. He picked two men for sentries: one for the top of the stairs, one for the hither brink of the chasm; then, with Rondón, stole forward.

The descent, when they came to it, was no easy work for an armed man; but the Spanish moon is bright, and Don Jesús was all the leopard, sound and clean of limb, and unweakened by sinister living. Also the guide had learnt well every possible foothold. A narrow place of boulders, scorpions and sharp moon-shadows at the bottom; then the ascent, less difficult, on the other side. At half way up they came to a narrow ledge; above which the rock wall rose sheer and unbroken. But the Arabs were masters of engineering, and there was a way for one who knew the secret. Stamped upon the memory of Rondón was the exact spot where you should press upon the cliff face; and now, at his touch, the rock gave, and a panel was to be shoved along its groove; which passing, they found themselves in a little chamber. Through the open door in the wall opposite came the light of a distant lantern; no one was there, and no sound was to be heard. They took that passage, and ascended many steps; lanterns set on the floor at long intervals lighting them. Presently they came out into a little room: a place for the gate-keeper, to judge by the bunches of keys on the walls. No guard was there.

"Here, Señor, I let down the bridge and raise the portcullis," said Rondón; and took hold upon certain cranks to begin. But the silence and the peril had been working on the nerves of his master. At each step forward the tension had grown greater; but it was the tension of a sublime exaltation. Now all the Quixote flamed up in him: pride of race and pride of faith and pride of personality. He would have no aid in his work but from the Blessed on high. Having mastered the castle, overcome the infidels and slain without sparing, he would himself raise the cross on the highest tower before ever another Spaniard should enter there to help him. "No," he said; "we shall need no aid from without. Leave it, and lead forward into Aljamid."

Rondón stared; realized the position after a moment, and then fell to entreaties; but who is to argue with a madman with drawn sword? It was death immediate, he saw, under that Christian blade; or death deferred, but devised by the devil-cunning of black Abu'l Haidara, the slave-master. . . . Well, give the saints the time implied in that deferment, and they might do something — in consideration of all he had done for them. There might be a chance to slip behind and run for it; thank heaven, he knew the way. He cried inwardly to his churchly deities, and obeyed.— just in time.

Through several halls they passed, all lovely with arches and lattice tracery; and dimly lighted with lanterns set lonely here and there on great stretches of tessellated floor. Stronghold and palace in one was this Aljamid; whence Ali Mumenin, paying slight attention to his sultan at Granada, kinged it in state over his own frontier valleys; in turn harrying and harried by the Christians. (True, a little of Don Jesús' confidence was drawn from the fact that he was breaking a long truce.)

Out they came, presently, into a patio filled with moonlight and the music of a fountain, and set round with orange trees planted in huge vases. Here at last a tinkling and a thrumming came blown to them, betokening human presence not far off; and the need to find someone to fight, to compel to surrender, was growing imperative on Don Jesús. He strode across the patio quickly, all his attention flowing towards what he should find beyond; and forbode to note the chance he was giving to Rondón. So it happened that a tale reached the waiting Spaniards, a little later, that their lord was taken and slain; that the garrison within numbered thousands, and were expecting them: were indeed on the point of sallying in force; and so it happened that by dawn these same Spaniards were well on their way to Altanera de la Cruz. Meanwhile Don Jesús, all unaware of his aloneness, had crossed the patio, passed through a doorless arch beyond, and come upon humanity at last.

A lamp, quite priceless, you would say, with its rubies, stood in the middle of the floor; beside it sat the lutanist, an African boy, not uncomely; and on a divan beyond was an old Arab, white-bearded, handsome with the beauty of wise old age, and of a gravity and dignity altogether new to this grave and dignified Spaniard. He rose and came forward as our hidalgo entered, approaching him with a mien all courtesy and kindness. "Welcome to Aljamid, Don Jesús de Palafox," said he; and, "your grace is in his own house."

The hall was full of the scent of musk and sandalwood, and of some wonderful thing else, perceivable by a sense more intimate even than that of smell. Don Jesús' sword had sought its scabbard before the Moor had begun to speak. He had met pagans of rank before, both at war and in peace, and knew them for

*caballeros de Granada,
hijosdalgo, aunque moros;*

— to be respected, indeed, on all points save that of creed. But here

there was something that roused reverence and wonder, and was not to be accounted for by anything visible. The moods that but now had been burning so bright in the Spaniard's soul, vanished; race and creed were forgotten; he felt no enmity towards this august pagan; indeed the terms *pagan* and *Christian*, had they been brought before his mind now, would have carried little meaning. Instead, there was a sense of intense expectancy: as if a curtain should be drawn back now, before which all his life he had been waiting; a feeling that the occasion was, for him, momentous, and predestined from times beyond his memory.

The Arab led him to the divan, and ordered that food should be served. "You would prefer to remain armed, Señor, or is the weight of the steel perchance an encumbrance?" Santiago of Spain, where were you now, to raise no raucous war-cry of the spirit that might save your champion from perdition? Belike the presence of sainthood in the flesh had shriveled and banished your sainthood of dream and dogma! . . . Don Jesús paused not before answering, "Señor, of your infinite courtesy—" unbuckling his sword-belt, and handing the weapon to his host. A slave came, and relieved him of his armor; another with water in a golden basin, for the washing of his hands. Then they brought in a low table and dishes, from which a savory scent arose; and Don Jesús remembered that he was hungry. While he ate, the old man talked to him.

As for the substance of the talk, you may imagine it. Whoever has been the guest of a Moslem aristocrat, a descendant of the Companions of Mohammed, knows what hostly courtesy means with these people: perfect breeding, kingly manners, and above all a capacity to make one feel oneself the supreme object of the care and personal interest of his host. All this the Moor displayed, and very much more. No matter what he said, it rang with an inner importance and vitality. Could he look at will into the past life of his guest; or had he secret information as to its details and intricacies? With the infinite tact of impersonality, he shed light upon the heights and depths of it, revealing the man to himself. All this in sentences that seemed casual; that were strewn here and there, and lifted themselves afterwards, and shone out strangely, from the current of his talk. Don Jesús listened and marveled; ideals long cherished came to seem to him base or too restricted; his old spiritual exaltation grew, but had shed all credal bonds. . . . The words of his host came, luminous of

the dusk within his soul; in surprise at which light, he took little note as yet of the objects illumined. But there was, it seemed, a vast, an astounding world within there; in which one might find, presently —

Mutes came in, obeying a hand-clap of the Moor, and removed the dishes; then brought in a board and chessmen. Don Jesús played? — Was, in fact, not inexpert; so the game began. “But first, music,” said the old man. Considering the matter in after years, this was the beginning, thought Don Jesús, of what might be called supernatural: no one entered in obedience to the hand-clap, that time; and it was certain that they were alone. Yet the music was there; it stole into being close at hand and all about them, out of the soft lamp-light and out of the musk odor: faint at first, as a mere accompaniment to thought, a grouping and melodizing of the silence. . . . The game proceeded; the chessmen were of ivory, exquisitely carven; red was the Spaniard, white the Moor. The red king’s pawn was well advanced; and the Don’s game all to make a queen of it. A white knight moves and threatens; the threat is countered, and the pawn goes forward;— so the game goes, a stern struggle. What? — the white pieces move in their turn, without ever the Moor stretching out a hand to move them. . . . And how is this — that Don Jesús is watching the white queen, the knight that threatened, the rook, not from his place on the divan, but from that very sixth square where his pawn — no, he himself — is standing? The board has become the world in which he lives; he is there; he is the pawn: is menaced, plans, is trepidant, is rescued, moves forward and breathes freely; one more move and the goal is reached. . . . The music grows, becomes loud and triumphant; a shout rings over the battlefield; he turns; there is one riding down upon him: a great white figure of mien relentlessly compassionate; and he is taken.

He was, as it were, wakened out of sleep by a wondrous chanting; wakened into a light, shining in the night, clearly, but supernatural, and excelling the sun at noon. He woke with the sense of having passed through fasting and spiritual search; of having long contemplated the world and man with an agony of compassionate question; which agony, as he sensed the splendor of his vision, found itself appeased.

Out of the radiant infinity he heard the boom and resonance of a voice grander than music, that shaped itself for his hearing into this:—

The Night of Al Kadr is better than a thousand months. Therein do the angels descend, and the Spirit Gabriel also, with the decrees of their Lord concerning every matter. It is Peace, until the Rosy Dawn.

— But it was as if some one of God's ultimate secrets, some revelation supernal, had been translated and retranslated *downwards* a thousand times, until reaching a plane where it might be spoken in words at all. . . . To him, listening, the verse spoke all the systole and diastole of things that be or seem; he felt within it and within himself, the Universes roll, and the Secret Spirit, the Master of the Universes, contain itself in everlasting radiant quiescence and activity. He looked out on the world and men, that before had presented themselves with such insistent incomprehensible demands to his heart; and saw them spun out from and embodying the Light of Lights. "From It do we proceed, and unto It shall we return," he cried; and went forth, clothed in the Peace of Al Kadr, sensible of divinity "nearer to him than his jugular vein."

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The light faded, the music died into confusion; and from the confusion was born again, now martial, wild, and fierce. He rode in reckless battle, exulting in the slaying of men; was in cities besieged, and fell in the slaughter that followed their capture. Now it was one body he wore, now another: Arab, Berber, Greek, Frank, German, Spaniard. Now in war, now in trade; now crowned and acclaimed king, now sold and fettered for a slave: he flung himself into this or that business or adventure, questing a light and knowledge, forgotten indeed, but whose afterglow would not wane out of his soul. One of a host of mobile horsemen, he scoured war-smitten fields raising the tekbir of the Moslem; in the name of the Most Merciful slaying and slain;—yet slain or slaying, found not that for which his soul thirsted. Clad in steel, he rode a knight of the Cross; slew mightily to the warshout of *Cierra España!* But the vision of those saints on whom he called, faded always or ever his eyes closed in death: he went hungering always into the silence: burned still for desire of the flame; was disappointed of the inwardness of the faith; called in vain for a supreme shining in the dusk within. . . . And always, it seemed, a voice from afar, from long ago, cried out to him, and might not intelligently be heard; and riding, fighting, trading,

slaying, and sinning, he was without content, for longing to know what was being called. That would be the Secret, that the Glory; it was to hear and understand that, it seemed, he was thus plunging into life after life.

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Night, night, night; and afar off, and obsessing his spirit with longings, dawn bloomed in the sky: dawn, all-knowledge, all-beauty: the satisfaction of the unrest and aspirations of his heart. On and on with him over the desert; dimly glittering under the glittering stars were the bones of them that had fallen in the way before him. Would there never be an end to this interminable riding? . . . Ah, here was the light; here was the splendor; here was the voice out of the sunburst: *The Night of Al Kadr is better than a thousand months . . . It is Peace until the Rosy Dawn.*

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The old Moor was sitting opposite him on the divan, intoning words in an incomprehensible tongue — yet it had not been incomprehensible to Don Jesús a moment before, when he was out in the desert, and the great light shone. “Master, I know!” said he, very humbly. “It is peace. . . . it shall be peace . . . until —”

The old man rose up; beautiful his eyes with strange compassion, triumph, understanding. “Your grace will be weary after long riding,” said he. “Sleep now, and peace let it be with you.”

Don Jesús leaned back on the cushions and slept. Was it in dream, or was it through half-closed eyes that sleep had not quite captured, that he saw his host, luminously transfigured for a moment, then disappear?

.

He awoke; broad daylight shone in through the arches from the patio. Standing before him, watching him intently, was a Moorish lord whom he recognized for the redoubtable al-Moghrebhi: black-bearded, well-knit, eyed and browed like a warrior and a despot.

“A strange guest I find in my castle, Señor,” said the Moor.

Don Jesús rose and bowed. What he saw before him was not a pagan, not an enemy of Christian Spain; but a fellow man: a fellow — what shall I say? — casket of the Gem of Gems, lantern of the

Light of Lights, seeker in the desert after the Dawn. "I am at your disposal, Señor," said he.

"You have eaten my salt, it appears; even though unknown to me it was offered to you. I give you safe-conduct to your own borders; thereafter, knowing the strength of Aljamid, you may make choice between peace and war."

"Señor Moro," said Don Jesús — and wondered whence the words came to him — "it is Peace, until the Rosy Dawn."

"The dawn is passed, Señor. You choose war?"

"I do not choose war, Señor; either now, or at any future time. If your grace will remember that I have eaten your salt, I — I shall remember that I have passed in your stronghold a night that was — *better than a thousand months.*"

Ali Mumenin eyed him curiously. "Strange words these, to come from a Christian to a Moor."

Again the Spaniard bowed. "Might we not say, Caballero, *from a man to a brother man?*"

.

Don Jesús meditated as he rode through the cork forest; his Moorish escort, headed by the now all-cordial al-Moghrebbe, having left him at the border. A tenth of his possessions, in commemoration of certain victories, ought certainly to be devoted to — Santiago de Compostella? Then in fairness another tenth ought to go to some Moorish shrine. On consideration, he decided that better uses might be found for both.

He lived to win the trust of Ferdinand the Catholic, and to receive from that politic, but not unkindly monarch, the Castle of Aljamid and the government of the surrounding district. Isabella removed him when she began her policy of persecution, and he retired to Altanera de la Cruz. Torquemada sent emissaries through his late government, inquiring into certain rumors anent his faith; who, sheep's-clothed in apparent sympathy, learnt that he was certainly at heart with the conquered pagans; and probably, as these held, an agent of the Brothers of Sincerity * himself. But crossing into the Christian territories of Altanera de la Cruz, they found an orthodox peasantry equally assured that he was, if not a Catholic saint, only waiting death and the Pope to make him one.

* According to Islamic doctrine, a secret Lodge or Brotherhood of Adepts, whose members live throughout the ages, are the Guardians of the Esoteric Wisdom, and Incarnate from time to time among men for the sake of humanity.

But a legend remained among the slaves at Aljamid until the Conquest of Granada, how that on the holiest night of Ramadan, the Night of Al Kadr, in such a year, when their lord had ridden away with the garrison in the evening, only to return at dawn unexpectedly, having heard of the presence of Christians in his valley — Aljamid had been full of the music of Paradise, the scent of musk and sandalwood, the aroma of holiness; and the Spirit Gabriel had descended, and saved them from the sword of the Spaniard. Gabriel, or as some more thoughtful held, one of the great Brothers of Sincerity, the servants of that everliving Man who is the Pillar and Axis of the World.



SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XVIII

THE ŒIL-DE-BŒUF CHRONICLES



It should be distinctly understood that there is no necessity to apologize for Count Saint-Germain. He himself did not apologize for his existence, nor need any other to do so. Yet many have thought this necessary for the simple reason that they did not know enough about him. He chose often to place himself in the humblest positions; his title was by no means the highest he might have chosen; he showed himself the equal of kings in breeding and their superior in character — not a very difficult thing in those days, it is true.

How then is he to be regarded?

Simply as a man to be understood as far as possible, and followed as far as one knows how to follow, when understood to be worth it. That is, each unprejudiced student of his life can see enough of his character to realize that he lived for humanity, a life beset with insurmountable obstacles which he surmounted one by one. It is the only way such a paradoxical life can be described — by a paradox. When opportunity to help came his way he used it; when it was in his neighborhood he sought it; when it fled from him he created it anew. He was one who sought nature and “worked with her”; and nature made obeisance, recognizing him as one of her creators.

There we have the secret of his limitations; he had no right to do more than “work with her.” Therefore he had to obey her laws. If he could command the treasures of Allâh-ed-Dîn he could use them for nature’s purposes alone. If he let selfishness creep in, so much the worse for him; and good-bye to the treasures of that and of future times.

So I say study him as far as we know how; and if through the often distorted, often careless, notes we have of his life we can discover the slightest trace of natural law in the human world, we will have enough to carry us far, very far. Supposing one learns to let no adverse circumstances, no failures, no enmities, no overwhelming opposing odds stand in the way of a life-purpose to do as much good as possible in the world, according to “thy will, not mine” — *that* student of this great man’s life will have learned enough to keep him busy for a millennium. If another learns the “true dignity of man,” he will have learned more than all the books in the world can

teach him, as Saint-Germain himself suggested. If another learns a few of the first lines of the elements of synthetic human chemistry, or alchemy, and can find out how to apply them practically without waste, it is much. If the old, old, old lesson of self-control, the knowledge of self, is learnt, it may well be said that a "powerful God inspires him."

These things being so considered it becomes important to sift the chaff from the wheat and to know what is valueless and what is worth while. And in this thing even small details matter, for several reasons. It will then not be out of place to point out several little inaccuracies here and there. Straws that show which way the wind blows, they tell us of falsifiers, enemies, careless gossips, lovers of the marvelous, and others of whom we must take account, to reach any accurate conclusion.

In the *Chronicles of the Œil-de-Bœuf* we have him recorded as living at Schwabach under the name Zaraski. We are told that the Margrave of Anspach soon learnt that under that name he was concealing his true name, and that his manner of life gave good reason to suppose that he was the well-known Count de Saint-Germain. "His Highness having said something about this to his guest, the latter absolutely denied the identity. The tricked Margrave then determined to bring this affair to the light of day and to make his own investigations. The investigations were long, but finally the Prince was vindicated by finding in Paris a portrait of the Count de Saint-Germain at the time when he appeared at the court of Louis XV . . . Madame de Vegy. . . ."

We need comment upon such inaccuracy. "Vegy" is "Gergy," among other things. Well, we know something of the true story, and this hash of it, although not necessarily invalidating the remainder, is a clear warning to read with an open judgment. After the above we need not express surprise at the concluding paragraph of the article in question, which incidentally throws some light on the strange and utterly untrustworthy reports of his death, inspired apparently by some religious imagination which would have the fact follow the wish. Probably the whole thing is founded on the kindly way in which the Count, knowing how it would please his friend and host and pupil, Prince Karl of Hesse-Cassel, left the little message that he "had found the true light," or some similar Christianly comforting generality, as much Christ-like as Christian, and not sectarian.

"During the two last years of his life the Count de Saint-Germain appeared to be consumed by an insurmountable sadness; consumption gradually declared itself without at all changing the physique of the sufferer; death arrived before the malady had impressed its mark upon him." Saint-Germain showed, "they say," terrors in dying; his last moments were tormented by a distress of mind which was betrayed by exclamations in an unknown language. . . . He expired after a long agony in the midst of his enthusiasts, astonished to see him follow the ordinary law of nature!

How touching! What a delightful moral lesson suitable for an Inquisitor!

But also — how absolutely fantastic and utterly untrue. It is a little too "stagey."

Yet Madame de Genlis among others repeats it, and Levi, perhaps as a jest, quotes her quotation.

The little theatrical touch about Saint-Germain "trembling convulsively in every limb when called an extraordinary devil" by Madame de Gergy, is the same ten-cent novel stamp of literature.

It takes a long time for the truth to catch up a lie; and when that lie is clothed in a religious garb — well!

Barthold says:

Count Languet de Gergy was French Ambassador in Venice from 23 October 1723 to 23 November 1731. (Quoted from Daru "History of Venice," and Poellnitz' "Mémoires.")

The Countess in 1758 asserted having known the Count (St.-Germain) in Venice fifty years before. Not more than 37 years had passed.

If the Mysterious One appeared in the year 1723 as a strong man of fifty, we must, remembering his macrobiotic art, put him down as being born in 1660, a date which tallies with the signature of the old Caspar Frederick von Lamberg in the Adept's album of the year 1678. We are frightened at the result of our calculation; St.-Germain died in the year 1784 in Schleswig; he must have been 124 years old; but also his last and most faithful adherent, Landgrave Karl von Hesse-Cassel, in whose arms he passed away, died in 1836 at the age of 92.

FROM THE CHRONICLES OF L'ŒIL-DE-BŒUF

By Touchard-Lafosse

This year there appeared at the court a very extraordinary man named the Count de Saint-Germain. This gentleman who first attracted notice by his wit and by the prodigious variety of the talents he possessed, was not long in arousing the greatest astonishment for another reason. One day the old Countess de Gergy, whose husband was ambassador in Venice fifty years ago and where she had followed him, was visiting Madame de Pompadour, where she met M. de

Saint-Germain. She looked at the stranger for a long time with signs of great surprise mingled with awe. At last, not being able to restrain herself any longer, and more curious than afraid, she approached the Count.

"Do me the favor, Monsieur, to tell me if your father was not at Venice about the year 1700?"

"No, Madame," replied the Count without betraying any emotion. "I lost my father long before that; but I myself was living at Venice at the end of the last century and the beginning of this; I had the honor to pay you my court, and you had the kindness to find that some barcarolles of my composing which we sang together, were charming."

"Pardon my frankness, but that is impossible. The Count de Saint-Germain of that time was forty-five years old, and certainly you are no older at the present moment."

"Madame," replied the Count, smiling, "I am very old . . ."

"But in that case you must be more than a hundred years old."

"That is not impossible." Here the Count began to talk to Madame de Gergy about a number of details regarding the time when they were both living in the State of Venice. He offered to recall to her if she still had any doubts, various circumstances and remarks. . . .

"No, no," interrupted the old ambassador's widow, "I am quite satisfied. . . . but you are a man . . . an extraordinary devil. . . ."

"Stop, stop. No such names!" cried Saint-Germain in a loud voice, as his limbs seemed to be seized with a convulsive trembling. He immediately left the room.

Let us finish our introduction of this man. Saint-Germain is of a medium height, of an elegant figure; his features are regular; his complexion is brown, the hair black, his expression vivacious and spirituelle; his bearing presents that combination of nobility and vivacity which belongs only to superior people. The Count dresses simply, but with taste. All the luxury he permits himself consists in a surprising quantity of diamonds, with which he is always covered; he has them on every finger; his snuff-box and his watch are ornamented with them. One evening he came to the court with shoe-buckles which M. Gontaut, who is an expert in stones, estimated at a value of two hundred thousand livres.

One thing that is worthy of remark and even of astonishment is that the Count speaks with equal facility French, German, English, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, without the natives of those countries being able to detect the least foreign accent when he speaks in their language.

Learned men and orientalists have tested Saint-Germain's knowledge. The former have found him more expert than themselves in the language of Homer and of Vergil; he spoke Sanskrit, Chinese, Arabic, with the latter in a manner that proved to them that he has resided in Asia and has demonstrated to them that the languages of the Orient are badly taught in the colleges of Louis the Great and Montaigne.

M. de Saint-Germain accompanies by ear on the clavecin not only little songs but also the most difficult concertos executed by other instruments. I have seen

Rameau profoundly astonished at the perfect execution of this amateur and especially with his clever little preludes. The Count paints in oils very pleasingly; but what makes his pictures remarkable is a kind of pigment of which he has discovered the secret and which gives his painting an extraordinary brilliance. In the historical subjects which he reproduces, Saint-Germain never fails to ornament the women's dresses with sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, to which his colors give the brilliance and the reflections of the natural stones to perfection. Vanloo, who never tires of admiring the trick of these astonishing colors, has often asked him for the secret, but the Count has never been willing to disclose it.

Without attempting to give a complete account of the accomplishments of a person who at the time of this writing is the despair of the conjectures of the city and the court, I think one can very well attribute a part of the prestige he possesses to the knowledge of physics and chemistry which he knows to the bottom. It is at least evident that these sciences have procured him a robust health, a life which will exceed or perhaps has already exceeded the limits of ordinary existence, and, more difficult to comprehend, the means of arresting the ravages of time upon the human frame. Among other admissions made as to the surprising faculties of Count de Saint-Germain by Madame de Gergy to the Favorite, after her first interview with him, is one that during their stay at Venice she had received from him an elixir which for a quarter of a century had preserved without the least alteration the charms which she possessed at the age of twenty-five years: old gentlemen, questioned by Madame de Pompadour as to this strange circumstance, have said that this is quite correct; that the stationary youthfulness of the countess had long been a matter of astonishment to the city and the court. Besides, here is another fact which lends support to the statement of Madame de Gergy, backed by the old gentlemen whose report I have just quoted.

One evening M. de Saint-Germain had accompanied at an entertainment several Italian airs sung by the young Countess de Lancy (who has since become celebrated under the name of Countess de Genlis), then aged ten years.

"In from five to six years," he said to her when she had just finished singing, "you will have a very beautiful voice, and you will preserve it a long time. But to make your charm complete you must also preserve your brilliant beauty which will be your happy fortune between the ages of sixteen and seventeen."

"Monsieur le Comte," replied the little Countess running her pretty fingers over the keyboard, "that would be in nobody's power."

"Yes, indeed," replied the Count, unaffectedly. . . . "Only tell me if you would like to be fixed at that age."

"Indeed, I should be charmed. . . ."

"Well, I promise you it shall be so." And Saint-Germain changed the subject.

The mother of the Countess, emboldened by the affability of the man of fashion, went so far as to ask him if it was true that Germany was his country.

"Madame, madame," he replied with a profound sigh, "there are things that I cannot say. Let it suffice you that at the age of seven years I was wandering

in the depths of forests and that a price was placed upon my head. The day before my birthday, my mother whom I was never to see again, tied her portrait to my arm; I will show it to you."

At these words Saint-Germain turned back his sleeve and then showed to the ladies a miniature in enamel representing a woman who was wonderfully beautiful, but dressed somewhat peculiarly.

"To what period does this dress belong, then?" asked the young Countess.

The Count turned down his sleeve without replying, and again changed the subject. People pass from one surprise to another every day in the society of Count Saint-Germain. Some time ago he brought to Madame de Pompadour a sweetmeat box which caused general admiration. This box was of very beautiful black tortoise shell, the top was ornamented with an agate much smaller than the lid. The Count asked the Marquise to place the box before the fire; an instant later he told her to remove it again. What was the astonishment of all present to see that the agate had disappeared, and that in its place was a pretty shepherdess in the midst of her flock. On heating the box again the miniature disappeared and the agate returned.

However Louis XV, who had not yet privately entertained M. de Saint-Germain, last month asked the Favorite to let him meet this man at her residence; he called him a clever charlatan. The Count was punctual to the appointment which his Majesty had made. He had that day a magnificent snuff-box. He wore his splendid shoe-buckles and made some little show of ruby sleeve buttons of a prodigious size.

"It is true," said Louis XV to him, after an affable salute, "that you say you are several centuries old?"

"Sire, I sometimes amuse myself not in making people believe, but in letting them believe that I have lived in the most ancient times."

"But the truth, Monsieur le Comte? . . ."

"The truth, Sire, might be incomprehensible."

"It appears at least to be demonstrated according to what you have said about several people you knew in the reign of my great grandfather that you must be more than a hundred years old."

"Well, in any case, that would not be so very surprising an age; in the north of Europe I have seen people more than a hundred and sixty years old."

"I know that such people have existed, but it is your air of youth that upsets all the calculations of the scientists."

"In these present times, the title of 'Doctor' is very cheaply given, Sire. I have more than once proved it to these gentlemen."

"Well, since you have lived all these years," said the King in a mischievous tone, "tell me something about the court of Francis I. He was a man whose memory I have always cherished."

"Indeed he was very amiable," replied the Count, taking the King at his word. Then he began to describe like an artist, like a man of spirit, the royal cavalier, both physically and morally.

"Indeed I can almost see him," exclaimed Louis XV, enchanted.

"If he had been less impetuous," continued Saint-Germain, "I could have given him some good advice, which would have saved him from all his misfortunes, but he would not have taken it. Francis I was led by that fatality which rules princes, and makes them close their ears to the best counsel, especially at critical moments."

"Was the court of Francis I a brilliant one?" asked Madame de Pompadour, who feared that the Count would go too far.

"Very brilliant," replied the Count, who noticed the intention of the Marquise. "But that of his grandchildren surpassed his. In the time of Mary Stuart and Marguerite of Valois the court was an enchanted fairyland where pleasure, wit, and gallantry were united under a thousand charming forms; these queens were very clever; they made verses; it was a pleasure to hear them."

"In truth, Monsieur," said the king, laughing, "one would think you had seen all that!"

"Sire, I have a good memory, but I have also authentic notes on that remote period."

With these words Saint-Germain drew from his pocket a little book bound in the Gothic style; he opened it and showed the King some lines written by the hand of Michel Montaigne in 1580. Here they are such as they were copied after having been recognized as authentically original.

"There is not a man of worth who could submit all his actions and thoughts to the scrutiny of the laws, who would not be liable to be hanged six times in his life; even those whom it would be a great pity and very unjust to punish."

The King, as well as M. de Gontaut, Madame de Brancas, and the Abbé de Bernis, who were present at this conversation, had no idea what to think of the Count de Saint-Germain; but his conversation so pleased his Majesty that he often summoned him to court afterwards and even remained shut up with him in his private apartments several times.

One morning Louis XV was consulting this mysterious personage whose experience and judgment he had recognized, on the subject of a gentleman whom they wanted to prejudice him against.

"Sire," replied the Count with heat, "mistrust the information given you about this gentleman. In order to appreciate men properly one must be neither confessor nor courtier, neither minister nor lieutenant of police."

"Nor King?"

"I did not presume to say anything as to that; but since your Majesty has said so, I think I am obeying in speaking. You remember, Sire, the fog there was several days ago when it was impossible to see four paces ahead: well, kings (I speak quite generally) are surrounded by yet thicker fogs which intriguers, priests, and unfaithful ministers raise around them; in short, all conspire to make those who wear the crown see things in a different light from the true one."

"Ah! I think so too," said the King suddenly changing the subject. "They tell me, Count, that you have discovered the secret of making blemishes disappear from diamonds."

"Sometimes I have succeeded in doing so, Sire."

"In that case you are the man to make four thousand francs for me by it;" and the King showed Saint-Germain a brilliant of medium size which he had just taken from a secrétaire.

"That is a big flaw," said the Count after having well examined the diamond, "but it is not impossible for me to get rid of it. I will bring back this stone to your Majesty in two weeks."

"I repeat, you will gain four thousand francs for me," said the King. "My jeweler, when he valued this diamond at six thousand francs, told me that without the spot it would be worth ten thousand."

On the day named, M. de Gontaut and the jeweler were in the King's apartment when M. de Saint-Germain arrived. He took the diamond from his pocket, removed an asbestos cloth in which it was wrapped, and the stone was shown to those present as pure as a drop of morning dew. They were amazed. The weight of the stone taken at the moment of its delivery to the Count was found to be exactly the same after the operation, and the jeweler declared to his Majesty that he was ready to give the ten thousand francs estimated. This honest merchant added that M. de Saint-Germain must be a sorcerer, a qualification to which the latter only replied by a smile.

"Indeed, M. le Comte," continued the merchant, "you ought to be worth millions, especially if you have the secret of making big diamonds out of little ones."

The adept said neither yes nor no; but he very positively asserted that he knew how to enlarge pearls and give them the finest luster.

At any rate it is a fact that no one can explain in any way the wealth which this individual displays; he has no property, no one knows that he has any income or bankers, nor revenues of any kind; he never touches either cards or dice; yet he keeps up a great household, has several servants, horses, carriages, an immense quantity of stones of all colors. . . . One could continue indefinitely.

Besides this, strange things happen in the house of Saint-Germain, who begins to grow almost as terrifying as he is curious to the multitude. There are people who have seen him doing things that exceed human powers. They say that he calls up spirits at the desire of those who are bold enough to ask for these terrible apparitions, which are always recognizable. Sometimes he causes replies to questions as to the future to be given by subterranean voices, which one hears very distinctly if one applies the ear to the flooring of a mysterious chamber, which is only entered for the purpose of hearing mysterious oracles. Several of these predictions have been already fulfilled, they assert, and Saint-Germain's correspondence with the other world is a demonstrated truth for many people.

In the carelessness of talk at table, which the Count likes pretty well, he agrees with his friends that he is two thousand years old, and, according to him, that is only an instalment of life. Sometimes he utters in less intimate circles strange statements; one day, dining at the house of the Duc de Richelieu, the magician

à la mode asked his servant who was waiting at table about some point concerning a very distant date.

"I don't know about that," replied the valet. "M. le Comte forgets that I have had the honor to serve him only five hundred years."

During a visit that Saint-Germain made to Madame de Pompadour some days ago, when she was laid up with an indisposition, he showed her for her amusement a box full of topazes, emeralds, and rubies. There were jewels to a considerable value. Madame du Hausset, who was present at this feast of splendor, made signs behind the Count's back to the Favorite to indicate that she thought the stones were false.

"It is true," said Saint-Germain carelessly, "that more beautiful stones have sometimes been seen; but these have their value."

"This man must have eyes in his back!" murmured Madame du Hausset, who thought that he had taken in her little pantomime.

"That trifle can serve for a sample," said the Count, throwing on the table a little cross of green and white stones.

"Well, that is not to be despised, at all events!" said the Favorite's companion as she placed the jewel on her neck as though to try it.

"Accept it, madame."

"Truly, M. le Comte, I could not possibly do so," replied Madame du Hausset.

"Why? It is a mere trifle."

"Take it, my dear," said the Marquise, "since the Count wishes you to do so."

Madame du Hausset gave in and took the cross, which the next day was valued at a hundred louis.

The enchanter whose feats I have just narrated at some length should surely be able to fill the coffers of the State by a wave of his wand. They certainly need it, being in their customary state of emptiness. M. Machault is no magician, and it is in vain that he has done everything to re-establish the finances.



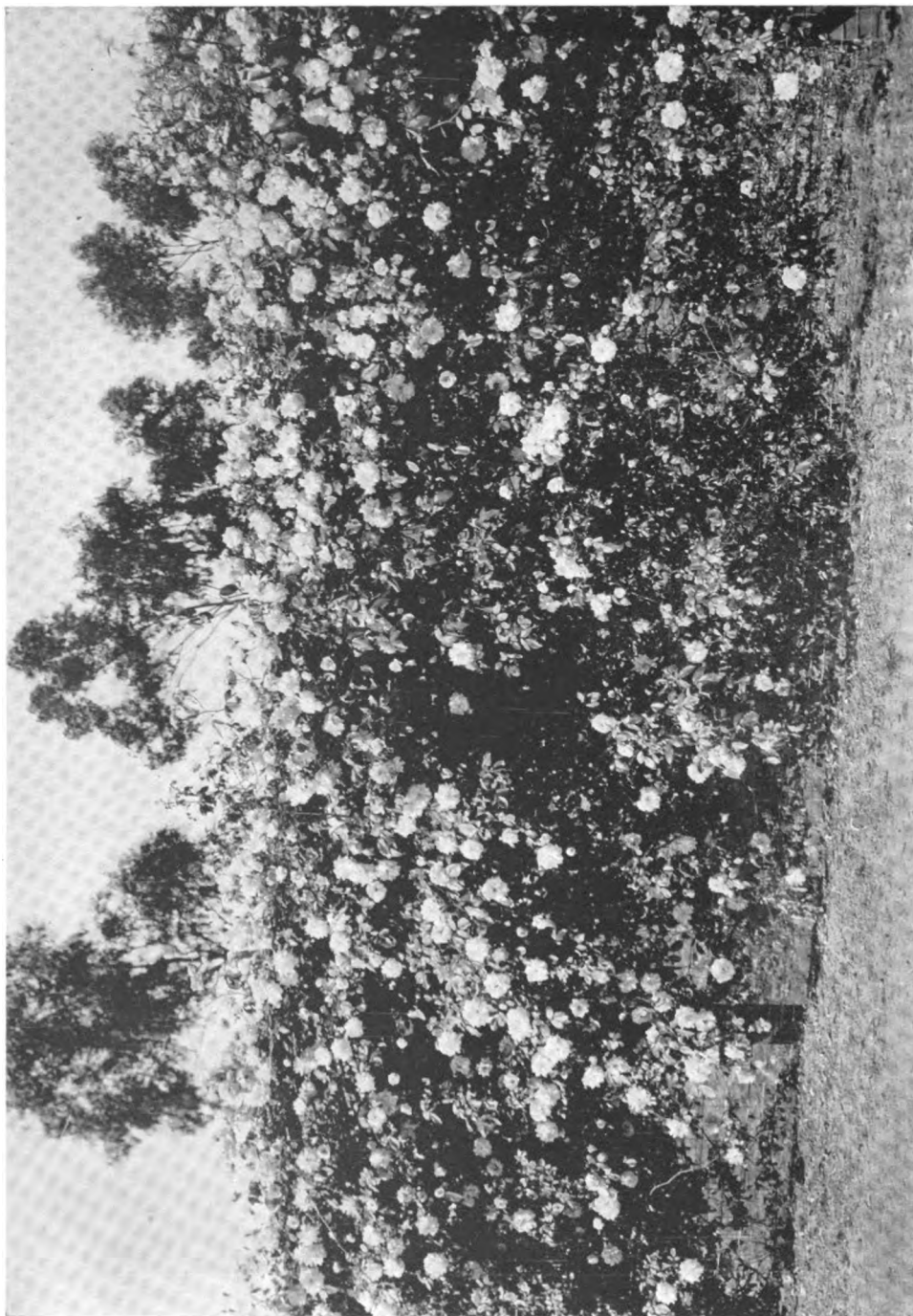
This is peace,
 To conquer love of self and lust of life,
 To tear deep-rooted passions from the breast,
 To still the inward strife;
 For love, to clasp eternal beauty close;
 For glory, to be lord of self; for pleasure,
 To live beyond the gods; for countless wealth,
 To lay up lasting treasure
 Of perfect service rendered, duties done
 In charity, soft speech, and stainless days;
 These riches shall not fade away in life,
 Nor any death dispraise.— *The Light of Asia*



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

POINT LOMA HYDRANGEAS

Flowers bloom profusely in the gardens of the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A HEDGE OF LOMALAND CECILE BRUNER ROSES



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ROSES PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE SAME HEDGE AS THE PREVIOUS PICTURE



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LOMALAND CHEROKEE ROSES

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER V — THE GODS AND ANCIENT ROME

Man, when he reaches his fruition, and civilization is at its height, stands between two fires. Could he but claim his great inheritance, the incumbrance of the mere animal life would fall away from him without difficulty. But he does not do this, and so the races of men flower and then droop and die off the face of the earth, however splendid the bloom may have been.— *Light on the Path*



IN reading history, the thing we nearly always miss is life. We hear the clash of arms and mobs clamoring, and lose track of the long, quiet realities. But it is in these that the soul wins its battles; what is mostly recorded, as wars, riots, incursions, and the like, are the dross of happenings, the scum of events, the failures of the soul. Lovely are peace and silence, in which the still, small voice may be heard, and the divine consciousness, implicit in the human, may stir, quiver, and kindle unwonted glories in the dusk within.

With the Mariuses and Sullas, the Caesars and Pompeys, at it hammer and tongs continually; with the proud Coriolani forever at locked horns with tough, stubborn tribunes of the plebs; with Latin and Sabine and Samnite and Volscian and heaven knows how many wars beside, we get the impression that the years of old Rome were all excursions and alarms, a perpetual flourish of hautboys. But in those days, too, life was being lived: life commonplace, life awakening, life exalted. It is not only now that dull Monday follows somnolent Sunday; spring, winter; that rain and sunshine alternate; that one goes to bed o' nights, takes his so many meals in the day, keeps house, markets, wears out clothes — and perchance struggles with the flesh and fights toward spiritual ideals.

It is this last aspect that is the important thing in history. We ought to inquire how the Soul fared during the Roman Age, and what it gained therefrom; for whatever that gain was, we have it now, worked into our being, latent or manifest somewhere. The Gods sent a man to be king in Rome: Numa Pompilius: to strike the keynote for all Roman spirituality afterwards. This is a figure more significant than that of any of the great conquerors, statesmen, or champions of the patricians or of the plebs: it is that of a Teacher, a revealer of the inner worlds.

Mysterious Numa gave Rome her religion; one whose beauty

and value we rarely guess. It welded life magically with the soil and the sunlight; sanctified duty, and the relations of the individual with Nature, with his family, and with the state. Walter Pater gives some indication of its import in the opening chapters of *Marius the Epicurean*: we know not where else it may be found so well described. There was a deity for every action and office of life: a goddess to preside over the first breath drawn by the new-born, another for its first cry. Nowhere was life more intimately bound to the unseen. Immemorial gods haunted the gardens, the borders of the forests, the cultivated fields; their half-articulate voices were to be heard on every wind. Every festival implied a sacrifice; every holiday was a holy day. Go with young Marius to the rededication of his fields, and you must feel how closely Numa linked the generations of his people with the arcana; how he instilled into their consciousness a perpetual sense of haunting deity. One ceases to think of old Rome as unspiritual; if her gods were less aesthetic than the Greek, she walked more continually in their presence.

Beneath the sternness of the heroic and republican days, and the virtues that seem dashed with bitterness, there was a glowing sanity firmly based in the Italian soil and the Soul of Things: a golden, silent, mysterious, creative joy. Of course Cincinnatus would return to his cabbages, and hoe them — holding converse with his native gods: rustic, quickening, homely, sun-soaked presences, to conjure away all unrest and limitations of the mind. The Curtii, the Horatii, the Bruti — here is what nourished their abnegation: a religion that carried consciousness beyond the boundaries of self, and into the life of the fields and the mountains, of sacred Rome herself. They were religious devotees, severe mystics in action, a kind of iron saints; they saw their beatific vision not in cells apart from the world; found their inspiration in no sacred scripture; but in their daily business on the farm or in the forum, or indeed in the raids against Samnites or Sabines or Latins. That wrinkled dictator in the cabbage field, hoeing so busily under the Apennine sun: he is listening to the silence of the sky, to the rush and on-roll of the cycles, to the soliloquies of the Mighty Mother; look into his mind, and you shall see that spiritual something — I am fain to call it spiritual grandeur — which is to send the eagles conquering from end to end of the Mediterranean world. A fateful stubbornness, yes; but a spiritual quality for all that: a peasant sense of law as the basis of things; the

peculiar note or color of the Religion of Numa, whose trinity, we might say, consisted of Gods, men, and Mother Earth, and no such wide gap or clean demarcation between any two of them; and the essence of whose message was *duty*. Hackneyed old word, harsh enough of sound, alas, to most of us; yet there are echoings and reverberations in it, too, *ad infinitum*: vistas from drab, ugly *here* up to the ineffable. You can scrape through with your duty perfunctorily, and think no more of it; not tasting any of its delicate fruits, nor coming into its further and sunbright kingdoms; or you can perform it as a potent sacrifice to Gods you love, so that it shall be magical, and vibrate as far as to Orion or the Pleiades. Barren or unilluminated, Roman religion was not. When Numa populated all the moments and the spheres of action with divinities; when he ordained for every hour in the life of every true Roman, its appropriate god, form of meditation and sacrifice: made of every home a temple, of every hearth a sacred altar, and of every householder a high priest, he had already taken Carthage, broken Pyrrhus and Hannibal, and made the laws of half Europe for thirty centuries. I mean, he had endowed Rome with pre-eminence; forced her to make all her haste slowly; to walk with a consciousness of higher powers than those of this world; to eschew the get-rich-quick frenzy that is sapping our modern life; to look to the doing of the duty, not to the getting of the reward. Good and bad came out of Rome; her history all fell within the descending arc of the great cycle, and therefore went on deteriorating until at last she fell in lurid ruin; yet she had done wonders in her day, and owed the power to do them to the Religion of Numa. Millions of souls on the highroad of evolution were fortified, aided, and urged forward by it; think not that it passed and left no sign. Numa the Initiate, the Messenger of the high Gods: wonderful was the work he accomplished for mankind.

His era passed, as every era must; republican Rome expanded and died, and with it, the sufficiency of his revelation. No longer might the whole inspiration of life be drawn from the soil of Latium and the Italian weather: Rome was *caput mundi* now, and the body and limbs were to be thought of. Millions of Romans there were, who should never see the Capitol and the Seven Hills; what were the Lares and Penates to them, or the memories of the She-wolf and her sucklings? The world was all flux and transition, and disruption not to be averted, unless some new spiritual bond were found: spir-

itual-political, a figure to whom all might look, symbolic of religion, the State and the *Pax Romana*. The old Rome had come to the top-most of its possibilities, and was about to descend; at such junctures the gods, mindful of divine economy, move heaven and earth to lift a nation to new evolutionary courses; that it may take the upward arc of a higher cycle, and ascend still; not going down through senility to death, but reincarnating in its prime, and going forward living. So the choice was given to Rome at the beginning of our era, when already she had become mistress of the world. *Will you advance from tribal into cosmopolitan life?* said the Law; and the Gods sent their Messenger to answer for her: *I will*.

That Messenger was Augustus, who H. P. Blavatsky says was an Initiate. I think the greatness of his achievements proves her statement; further evidence may be found in Virgil, in the Fourth Eclogue. Rome was expecting a savior at that time; Virgil was one of the many who recognized in the Emperor a man divinely commissioned. But it was not a time when too much of the Secret Wisdom might be divulged. We may behold the hand of a Master in this: initiated Virgil was permitted to reveal much, as much as the age could digest and profit by; the sixth book of the Aeneid is full of it. Ovid, who was not an Initiate, but whose poet's intuition helped him to deeper truths than was expedient should be known, had to be silenced; and suffered that unexplained banishment to Dacia. The mission of Augustus was mainly political; he was not so much to found a new religion, as to harmonize the existing religions, by state recognition of them all, and by the creation of a living symbol of the divine purposes of the Empire, which should be sacred in every cult.

That symbol was the Divus Augustus: Caesar himself must be God. It comes with a shock to us; the Romans found nothing startling in it: which I think proves in them the simpler and straighter vision. A nation is divine; let its representative man give himself up to that godhood, calling the higher self of the people to incarnate in him, and — there is a divinity that hedges such a king. As for vanity and ambition, who imputes such motives to the great emperor, perhaps only accuses himself. The craft and astuteness ascribed to Augustus amount to this: that he used the lines of least resistance in laboring towards mighty and impersonal ends.

If he made himself Master of the world, it was because the world needed above all things to have him for its master.

He made possible the flowering of Roman genius. If ever there was a Peace-worker, it was he. He brought in a veritable sunburst of well-being, burying generations of strife decently under the firm Augustan peace. For him and through him the Temple of Janus was closed. If he could help it, there should be no more wars, no more conquest; within the boundaries of the empire already existing, there should be happiness, good order, peace. And for two centuries after his accession the crest wave of evolution remained largely in the Roman world; and the conditions of life were probably better than they have ever been in Europe since.

There were bad emperors, and we read a deal about their vices; after the lapse of these ages, these seem to have been the whole of life. Contemporarily they would not have loomed so large. The Roman historian was rhetorician and partisan first: his office chiefly to convince, then to record. The reputation of Tiberius is being rescued; whose portrait, like that of Nero, was drawn for us by inimical hands. The whole of those two centuries was filled with wonderful well-being: a statement that needs a little qualifying perhaps, but that gives a truer picture than the familiar one. The worst emperors oppressed the few, not the many; when they were killed it was by private enemies, not by the Bruti of a trampled democracy. Under Domitian and Caligula, the system of Augustus was not yet a failure; though we are to see it at work, as he intended it should work, perhaps only during those beneficent years when the Five Good Emperors were on the throne: ruler after ruler — Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines, living and governing for the people. Eighty quiet, rich, peaceful, and happy years for the whole Mediterranean world: Europe has certainly not seen the like of it since.

A vast population, living mainly in comfort; with none of the poverty, slums, and sordidness that we have today. Excellent conditions of labor; no fear of starvation; no piling up of armaments; no superdreadnoughts or 75-centimeter deathdealers; no machines for dropping bombs; none of the raging, tearing, life-exhausting, soul-destroying blessings of our own dear civilization. From Hadrian's Wall in Scotland to the borders of Arabia; from Atlas to Caucasus; a rich, well-cultivated, well-roaded, well-governed, prosperous empire, with many vast, ornate, and splendid cities, and a smooth, polite, cultured, and opulent life: all this was the work of the Divus Augustus.

And he shielded himself, while bringing it about, and afterwards,

from all internal perils of personality; was master of himself, and suffered no inflation; larded no edicts with the unction of egoity; remained to the end the simple, unostentatious Roman gentleman. It is a character whose greatness comes not easily by appreciation. What vision did he see, when with keen, quiet, humorous eyes, from his first place in the senate, or on unattended walks in the Forum, he may have looked into futurity? — The history of two millennia sloping down from his throne? I do my part, says he; if they that come after me will but do theirs, there shall be two thousand warless years in Europe. People by people northward shall come into this empire I endow: not by war, but for their own advantage seeking federation. Nations to be shall grow to perfect stature within my imperial ring-fence, nourished upon the Roman Peace. We that inherit Greek, Egyptian, and Mesopotamian culture, will pass on to our heirs the seeds of new European civilizations, which shall flourish and flower and know no strife to thwart or torment their growth. I have made an end of politics, merging them in the symbol *Divus Augustus*. I play my part; let them that come after me play theirs!

He did: played it well and masterly. *Plaudite populi!* no man could have done more.

But among them that came after are two orders to be considered: those who were messengers of the Gods, like himself, and might be trusted to play the grand parts grandly; and the common herd of emperors and men. It was a descending cycle of the ages altogether, and hideous secret influences were at work. By the time the two centuries of Augustus were drawing towards a close, Rome had to choose again, and go up or down. The old cycle had been one of material greatness and well-being; which must become, in this new cycle, spiritual, or go to ruin. The Law puts another question to Rome: *Will you forgo cleaving to this outwardness, and seek your triumphs and prosperity within?* This time it is Aurelius whom the Gods have sent to make answer. *I am here*, says he, *that Rome may do this and live.*

Who could have done more than that spiritual flame of an emperor, living laborious days for the sake of the gods and the soul? He stood a "white pillar in the west," waning sunset rays from Numa and Augustus gilding him; facing out towards a futurity in which nothing seemed certain. Calm, heroic Aurelius, who breathed with such fervor his own intense and living spirituality into the growing

formalism of Roman religion! Surely we find in his writings a mournful knowledge that the grand tides are ebbing, and not to be turned even by the moon of such a life as his; surely we hear sad echoes of

Its melancholy, long withdrawing roar
Down the waste sands and shingles of the world.

He lived and reigned perfectly, doing all that one man, and that a God-man, could to purify with sweet Stoic wholesomeness the luxuriant atmosphere of Roman life; but when he passed it was without hopeful assurance for Rome. Well, the Gods at least applauded. . . .

Another period, equal, practically speaking, to that between Augustus and Marcus Aurelius; but now one of rapid decline; and a third time the Law puts a question to the Roman people. *Will you turn back from your fall and corruption? Will you remember your old-time virtues, that ye may live, and not die utterly?* It was Julian the Apostate who incarnated to answer that; and how gloriously and hopelessly his grand affirmation rang out!

You say that almost mere common sense declared his task impossible; and yet he would undertake it; the Gods would have him undertake it. They had surely chosen one of the very brightest and strongest of their champions to lead this forlorn, ridiculous hope. Rome — ah, there was no Rome: only the dregs and offal; only the waning poor senseless ghost-shell of Rome: and yet the Gods and Julian would save it, if aught short of omnipotence could. The work of Numa the Mystic, Augustus the statesman, Marcus Aurelius the philosopher, should not be lost utterly if one who was a mystic like Numa, a statesman only second to Augustus, a philosopher but little less than Aurelius, and beyond all this, all old Rome and her heroes in courage, could help it.

The two years of his reign seem like ten or twenty, he so crowded them with events and activities. Outwearying relays of secretaries; hardly, it would appear, sleeping at all; laboring like ten Titans to re-establish a clean Paganism; governing the empire as few before him had governed it; he yet found time to write his books, and even to engage in daily study. He was the one real man in the empire: he stood quite alone in that great Roman world. Those of his own party were (in the main) finicking and insincere pedants who mocked at the great bright Gods by professing to believe in them. Opposed to him were bitter, ignorant bigots yearning for the glories of martyr-

dom, or to tear in pieces the pagan and unorthodox. For exoteric Christianity was at that time a creed without a philosophy: a church founded on intolerance, quite neglectful of ethics; strayed from the sublime teachings of Jesus as far as from pole to pole. Out of these elements Julian sought to revive Rome. It was an impossible task, a forlorn hope truly; he must have known as much when he turned in despair to that last recourse of his, the Persian War. But his attempt shows what efforts are made to save any nation that has been established and grown up, however far it may have traveled downward.

I think this is the explanation of Julian's march on Persia: a people that rejected philosophy absolutely, had no conception of decent living, and would receive no truth in the world, might yet perhaps be roused from its unmanliness. It was a tremendous throw of the dice: to engage in such a terrible expedient just in the hope that the heart of Rome might take fire again from the old spark of glory. Julian knew that he had it in him to play the Alexander; such men as he need not confine their activities to this or that, but may embark in what venture they choose, certain of the measure of success they desire. I doubt not that if art could have served him, he might have done as well at poetry or sculpture as in war. But now war it was to be, since nothing else would do; we will take some thousands of these Romans into the desert, and drill them with forced marches and Parthian arrows; perhaps there is a soul somewhere deep in them yet, that may awaken at such a strenuous call.

There was another motive, not generally known, for all the Roman-Parthian wars: to open the road to China. The Parthians kept this road shut, that they might get middleman's profits in the silk trade. Silk was the common wear of the Roman aristocracy; and it came by caravan from North China.

Beyond that, access to the East, and the founding of actual relations with India or China might have been the means of introducing a little Buddhism into the West, to reinforce the efforts of the Neoplatonists of Egypt and Syria. Marcus Aurelius in his day, as Chinese records show, had actually sent an embassy to the court of the reigning Han emperor: the only time when the two great empires came into contact. Since Julian was an Initiate, there is no impossibility in the idea that he should have had such a motive as this.

He utterly failed, as we know. Glory of victory could raise no

spark of enthusiasm in his effete and cowardly people. Christianity — what passed for such at that time — had undoubtedly been a great factor in the decline of the empire. It sapped the virtue of patriotism, was an *imperium in imperio*, and proclaimed no duty to the State. Let fanatic, unwashed individuals attain martyrdom and heaven as they might; there was no whisper of rendering unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's. Let Rome perish, so *I* may shove and jostle my way into paradise. There was only one Roman left; and how that fact was pounded into his consciousness!

One more effort; one more throw of the dice for the soul of Rome: here in the desert we will burn our ships. A counsel of despair; but it is not for our own life or glory; not for the outward success of this expedition, but for the cause of Gods and men. It was a man whose hope had crumbled, who knew that he had failed, that died by the Parthian arrow in the wilderness. He had struggled for Rome; there was no Rome to struggle for.

Parthian arrow? More probably, as rumor ran throughout the army, *Roman* arrow, shot by some Christian in his own ranks. They never forgave him, because he would not persecute them: not a crown of martyrdom could they get from him, charmed they never so wisely. They might satirize, ridicule, and abuse him; Julian never forgot, never lost hold on himself, never fought them but with the weapons of the philosopher.

That was the last hazard the Gods threw for Rome the empire. Already they were turning their eyes to the East, to a city beautiful arising on the Yang-Tse; also they were awaiting a birth in Mecca, a prodigy in the Arabian desert. Nay, you may say, already had Mohammed the Conqueror dragged his ships overland from the Bosphorus into the harbor at Constantinople, and cleaned up the decadent mess that festered and was an offense there, and had once been the Empire of the Caesars. True, the last of the philosophers was not dead yet. One of the brightest and best of them, Hypatia, was born a few years after Julian's death; but did she dream, ever, that she could save Rome? One does not know: there was her bid for the friendship of Orestes. Perhaps it was that even after the experience of Julian the Gods would yet waste one more of their number on the Romans. (Some make it a great thing, the greatest of all, that *one* should have died, as they think, to save the world. *They*, it appears, will live and die at any time on the bare,

ridiculous chance of saving some effete and corrupt old nation, so there be some chance, even the very least, of saving it.) They would waste one more of their number — to call it wasting; and Hypatia would brave the peril of sinister Cyril and Peter the Reader and their tatterdemalion saints, for the sake of holding aloft the pure light of Theosophy in Alexandria. She would go into that den of tigers inciting them: peradventure there were ten righteous men — Ten? A marvel if there should be found one. It makes one wonder, it makes one marvel mightily, to see such dangers dared, such labor expended, on chances that seem to us now so infinitesimal. But so it has always been; it is the way of the Gods, the Compassionate, with men.

And perhaps some faint ghost of a chance must always have been there; perhaps the grand success would always have been won, but for the shadow of failure somewhere, or sudden despair, or betrayal. Was there a time when Hypatia staked all on the action of some disciple, always faithful before, but faithless, or panic-sticken at the supreme moment, then? Did the moment come when she herself, appalled at the grand impossibility of her task, and doubtful of her own power, opened her heart to fear? Was there a time when Julian, sole Man in a world of fops and fanatics, felt his heroic spirit beaten down, despaired of inspiring with any manly consciousness those blessed subjects of his, and *gave way*? Was it through such a moment of ruin that all his disasters crowded into his life — the sudden breakdown of the Persian expedition, the retreat through the desert, and finally the dastard's arrow, and *Thou hast conquered, Galilean!*

No, not the Galilean had conquered; it was the Galilean who was crucified again when Julian fell! The friends of humanity are of one body; persecute not this one in the name of that. Not the Galilean had conquered, but dead, dull, sordidness and fanatical barbarism masquerading in the name of the Galilean; and conquered they had not; because the Gods' defeats are always victories. They rise out of all wrecks and ruins, out of all disasters and from the grave itself; for them every failure is success; and all the mountains piled upon their tombs cannot hinder their incessant resurrection. Roll the stone from before the sepulcher; Pelion on Ossa would be too feeble a defense! Julian is dead, and Hypatia torn in pieces; the fate of Rome is sealed. She may not be saved; she must go down into utter desolation; cry *Ichabod* over her, for she slew them that would have

saved her! But they — Julian perchance, and Hypatia, shall see philosophy awake again, eastward in Bagdad, or in Spain westward; shall see the Gods, serene and beautiful, establish once more the reign of Beauty in Italy. And they shall incarnate doubtless, in their time, for the Gods' purposes, in the nations that grow up out of the ruins of Rome that grow up painfully and slowly, through diversity towards unity, to achieve at last that divine diverse union which is harmony, the Brotherhood of Nations — or else to go down, they too, into oblivion, that Nature may work up new nations towards Brotherhood in their stead.

A VISIT TO SAN DIEGO'S EXPOSITION:

by Ralph Leslie



THE first glimpse of the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego, as the visitor approaches from the west, is magical; It banishes the prosaic, and opens the gates of the imagination. To view it from an auto speeding along the driveway on the western crest of Cabrillo Canyon in Balboa Park awakes the fantasy, so that we appear to be in a revery and to be gazing, not across a canyon of a paltry thousand feet in width, but across thousands of miles to a foreign land — the land of Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, the country of Ferdinand and Isabella, the home of Cervantes and Murillo. The white walls rising amid a setting of luxuriant shrubbery along the contour of the mesa, the picturesque sky-line of the buildings against a background of azure, the red tiles of the roofs, the vari-colored tiles on the domes and turrets, and the graceful campanile towering above the whole — all these blend harmoniously in a dream-picture that reminds one of old towns in Spain.

The ensemble, however, is more suggestive of a picture of "New" rather than "Old" Spain, and this is in keeping with the plan of the designers. Respecting the style of the Exposition architecture, *The Architectural Record* for March says:

The architectural style selected for the Exposition at San Diego is one which is as generally unfamiliar in this country as it is historically and logically appropriate in its use here.

It is the architecture of the early Spanish colonists in Mexico — an architecture not as austere or necessarily primitive as the early Mission of the Pacific

Coast, but a style as complex and rich as the Baroque of Europe. Mexico is rich in examples of the style variously known in its developments as Churrigueresque and Plateresque. . . . It is in the matter of detail that this Spanish Colonial style is distinctly remarkable. Doorways and windows especially were enriched in a manner paralleled in no other sort of design. Like the Baroque architecture of Europe, it is composed upon many forms basically of the Renaissance, but (also like the Baroque) it is the spirit of the Renaissance gone mad. . . .

The impression, or "atmosphere," which it was desired to create here was that of a Spanish city of flower-grown white surfaces, reflecting the sunlight and the history and the romance of Southern California.

Certainly no architectural style could so appropriately have been chosen to express equally these thoughts in terms at once historically apt and architecturally picturesque.

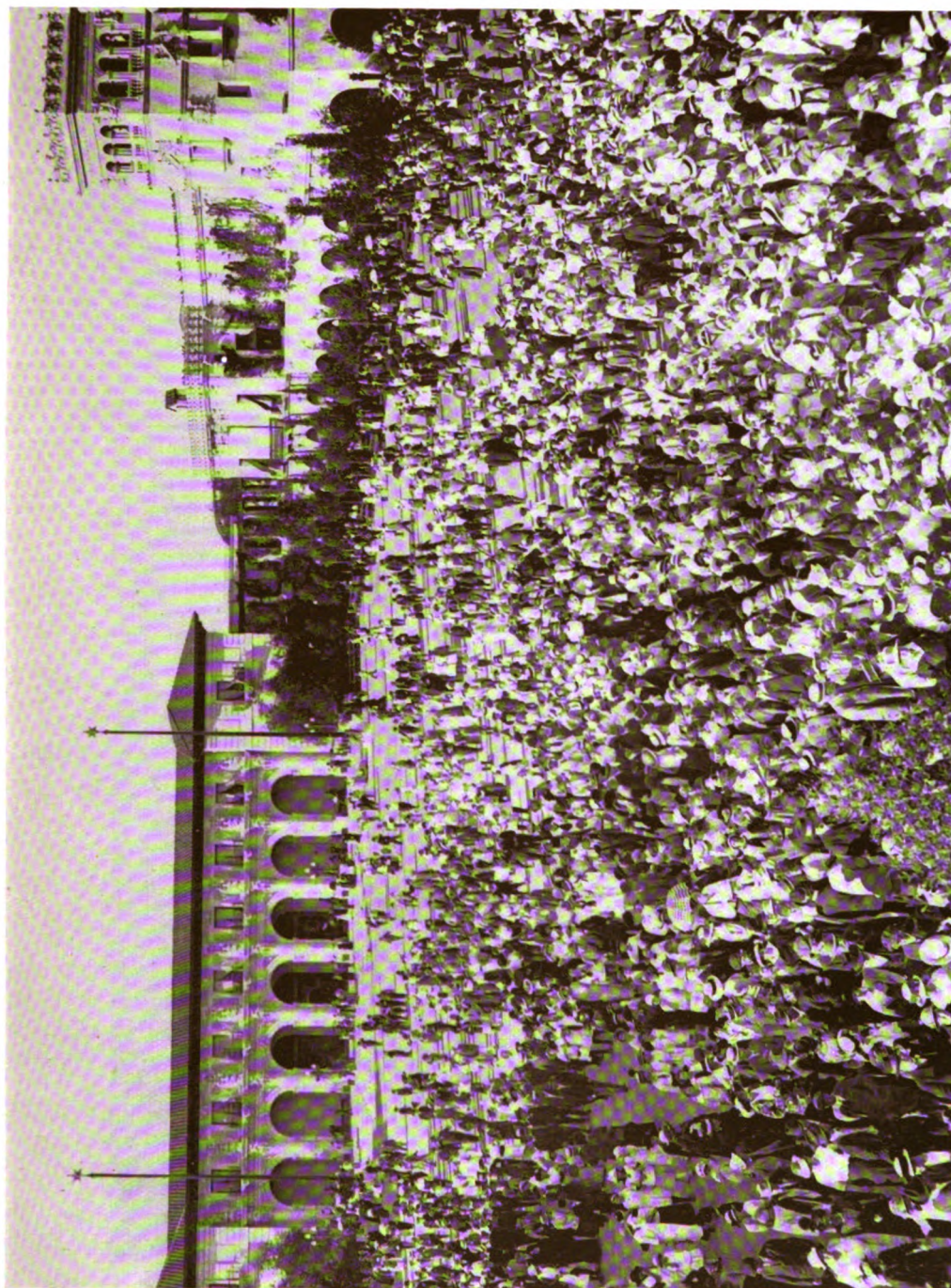
That the architects of San Diego's Exposition chose happily when they borrowed this style from Mexico, is apparent to the visitor as soon as he gets his first glimpse of the Exposition.

It may further assist the reader to understand this little-known style by reading what Marie R. Wright says in *Mexico: a History of its Progress and Development in One Hundred Years*. Speaking of the Mexican's artistic temperament, she says:

The genius of the Mexican people has ever inclined to the artistic. . . . The preferred outlet for the native imagination has been architecture, . . . So, to-day, Mexico inherits a very large number of wonderful monuments. Many of these are decorated in beautiful detail with both chisel and brush. Everywhere they present evidence that though the general scheme of one may have been borrowed from or suggested by architectural works of Spaniard or Moor, of Italian or Fleming, of Roman or Greek, the native genius insisted upon its own mark. There is, in fact, a Mexican style of architecture almost as truly intrinsic as that of any original type. . . . There is no prevailing style except originality, nor is purity of style a characteristic of the great buildings. The Gothic, the Moorish, and the Italian are often combined, but the harmony of design is masterfully secured, and a distinctive attraction thereby obtained. There is a sort of abandon of genius in the designs and decorations of façades, towers, and domes that makes the work beautiful and uncommon; each is a unique picture, each bears the impress of individual artistic conception.

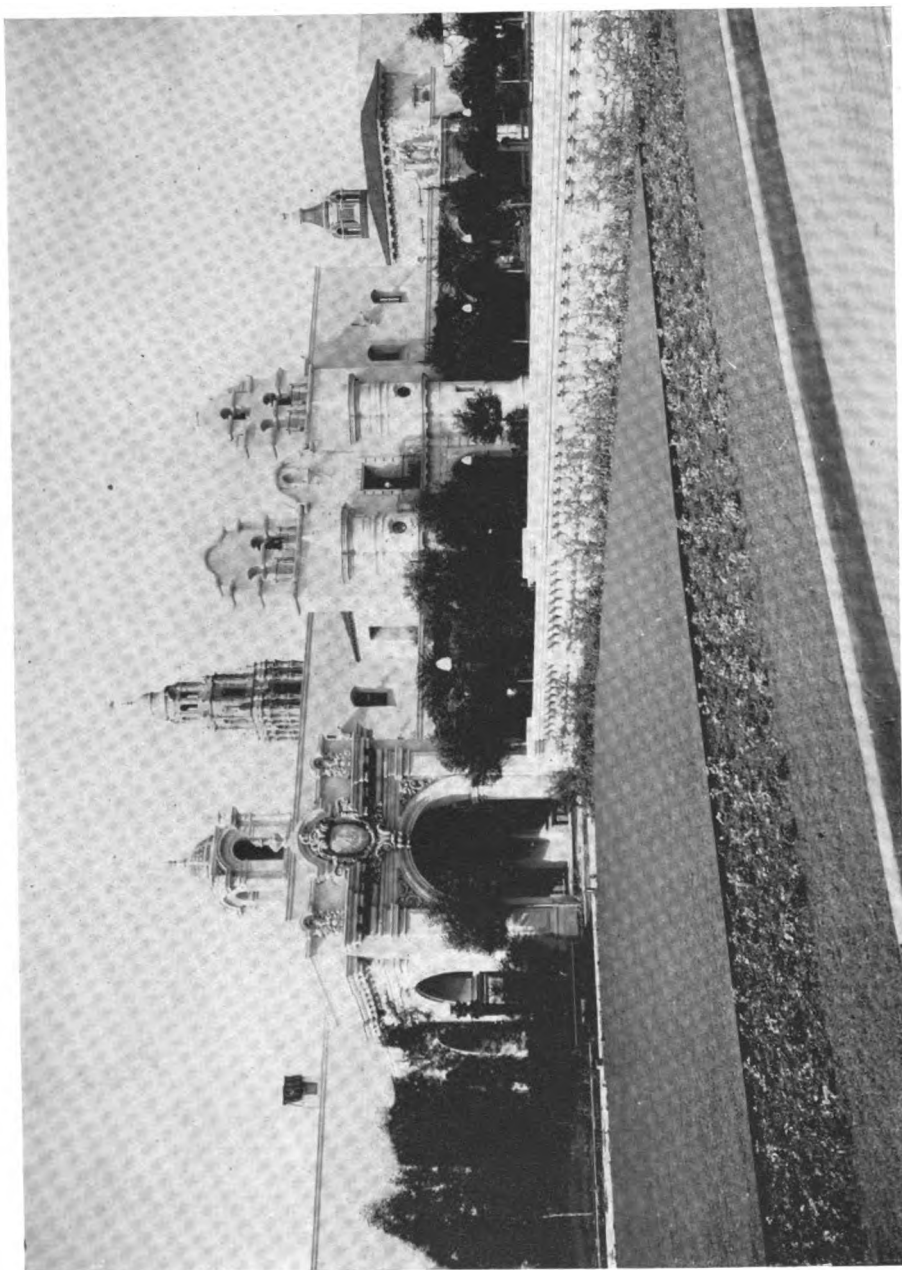
According to this writer, the Mexican handicraftsmen are masters of sculpture, wood-carving, and metal-work. "Even today there are no more cunning stone-cutters in the world than are found among the Mexican craftsmen." One of the greatest of these was Tresguerras (born, 1765; died, 1833) an architect, sculptor, painter, and poet.

As for the historical appropriateness of this Mexican, or Spanish



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CHILDREN'S DAY IN THE PLAZA DE PANAMA



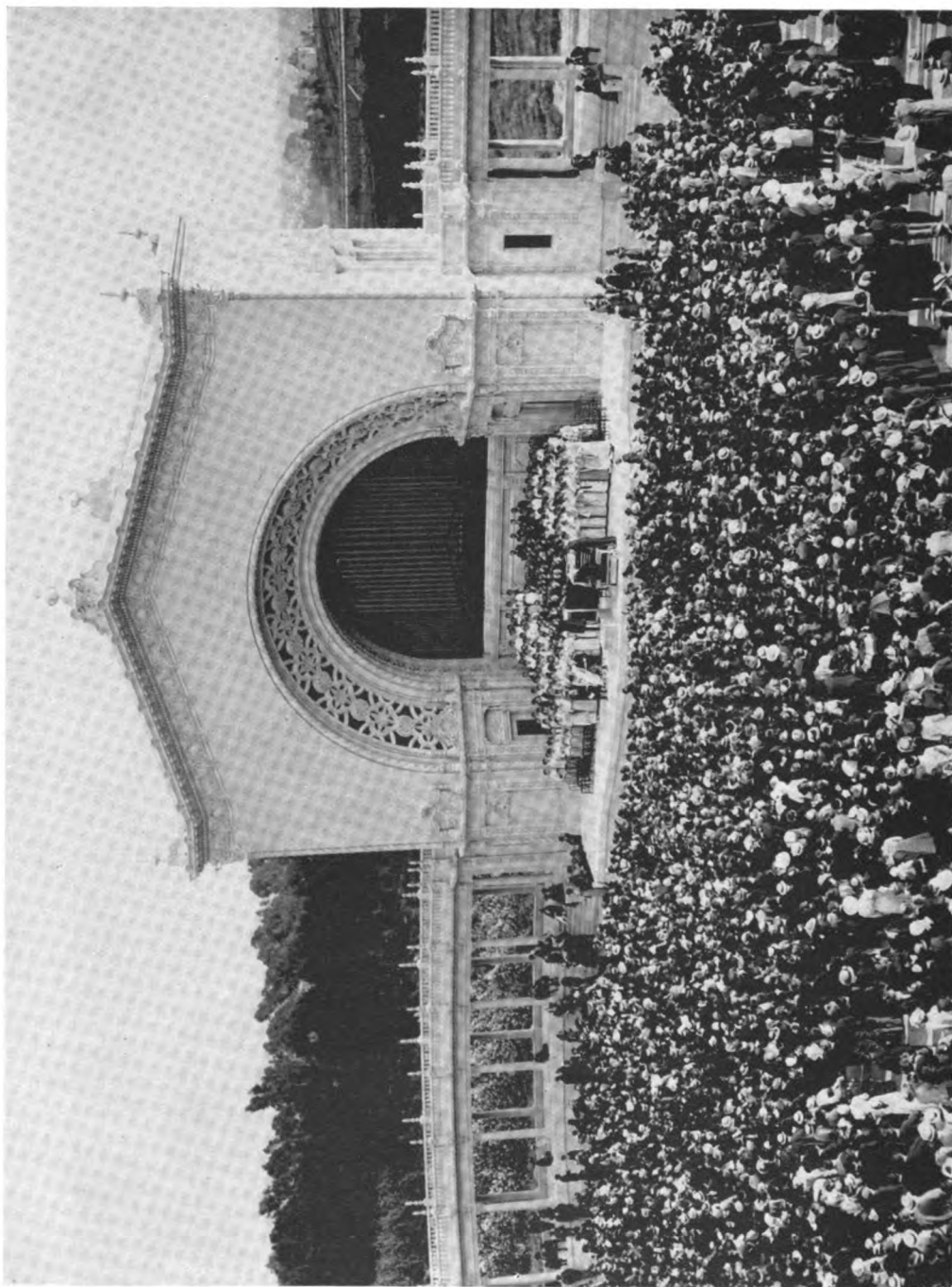
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ACROSS THE ESPLANADE



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TYPICAL CROWD IN THE PLAZA DE PANAMA, PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LISTENING TO THE LARGEST OUTDOOR ORGAN IN THE WORLD; AND TO A CHORUS OF 125 VOICES

Colonial, style, let us not forget that Mexico was the cradle of European settlement in America, and that San Diego was the birthplace of California's; likewise that California was Mexico's child, and that San Diego was rocked and nourished by her aged parent when the latter was considerably over two centuries old. It will assist us in gaining a correct perspective of Mexico's long history if we remember that when the foundations of her settlements were being laid, Queen Elizabeth reigned in England, Philip II in Spain, and Charles IX in France; Cervantes was writing *Don Quixote*; Titian was painting his masterpiece; Francis Drake was beginning his career; Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Bacon, and Spencer were in their prime; the Turks were conquering Hungary, Poland was a vast empire, while Russia hardly existed as such. Furthermore, the first printing press on the American continent was set up in 1535 in Mexico City; the first college in North America was established in Mexico in 1540, followed by a university for all classes in 1551; by the seventeenth century Mexico's capital was a center of learning, and there the first Mexican newspaper was published in 1693. Yet, notwithstanding this, after three centuries, ninety-five per cent of the population were still ignorant. Today, however, primary education is compulsory, and almost every hamlet is provided with its school, but the task of teaching the "three R's" to the masses has only been in vogue some forty years.

Another writer recently expressed the opinion that the San Diego Exposition is worth a transcontinental trip. The fact is, a tour of the grounds is like an imaginary journey abroad, for at every turn the visitor is confronted with architectural features that resemble or suggest structures in foreign lands. Suppose we take such an imaginary trip? Our itinerary shall include such cities and towns as Mexico City, Puebla, Guadalajara, Chihuahua, Guanajuato, Querétaro, Guadalupe, Tasco, Oaxaca, Tlaxcala, and Conde d'Heras, all of which are in Mexico; while in Spain we shall visit Burgos, Toledo, Madrid, Cordova, Seville, Granada, Salamanca, San Marcos, Zaragoza, Murcia, Alcalá de Henares, and likewise Palma, in Majorca, one of the Balearic Isles; and, as we have already learned, we shall also see traces of Italian, Greek, and Byzantine architecture.

Crossing El Puente Cabrillo and gazing into the depths below, the traveler who has been to Madrid will probably be reminded of the bridge there spanning the Manzanares, which for three-fourths of the year is practically a dried-up river, or at least a small brook.

The imposing stone gateway at the farther end of the bridge might have been patterned after the portal of La Casa de Angulo at Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid, Castile's national hero. Before reaching this, however, let us pause midway and admire the view before us. We are certainly about to step into another country. If those plain walls rising from yonder wooded slope were only a crimson tint rather than white, we could easily imagine that we are gazing upon the outer walls of the Alhambra at Granada, the stronghold of the Moors. On the other hand, the imposing dome, the clustering smaller domes, and the vaulted roof of the building on our left convey a far-off suggestion of Italy, or, still remoter, of that greatest example of Byzantine architecture, Hagia Sophia at Constantinople.

But why go so far afield? Hundreds of similar domes may be seen in Mexico, and this one is almost a copy of one at Tasco. Its graceful lantern is worthy the work of Manuel Tolsa, who designed and executed many a beautiful piece of art-work in Mexico. The glazed, colored tiles on this and the other domes of the Exposition sparkle in the sunlight like so many gems. Such tile-work is highly characteristic of Mexico, where, as early as the seventeenth century, Puebla was noted for its beautiful Talavera tiles. But these, it is interesting to know, were made at our own doors, in San Diego. As we shall see on nearer approach, a Latin inscription runs around the drum of this dome — an inscription that could not be surpassed for appropriateness. It is this: "A land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil, olives, and honey." Is that not California? That graceful tapering tower or campanile to the right of the dome resembles any number of Spanish Renaissance belfries; such as that at Cordova, or the celebrated Giralda at Seville, or one at Chihuahua in Mexico, for instance. It can be seen for many miles around San Diego as well as from any point on the grounds, and is the dominant architectural note of the Exposition. Magnificent vistas in all directions, such as would be difficult to excel, richly repay a climb to its lofty balconies.

Advancing to and stepping beyond the gateway at the far end of the bridge, an elaborately decorated façade confronts us on the left, and here we have our first introduction to the Churrigueresco style so typical of Mexico. To describe its details would take too long. In addition to being decorative, this front is instructive, depicting the early history of the Pacific Coast and of San Diego; it is a story in

stone. The sculpturing might have been done by Patino Instolinque, one of Mexico's great sculptors of the past, but it happens to be the work of the Piccirilli brothers of present-day California.

If we should step within the west entrance of the Fine Arts Building opposite, we should be attracted by a particularly beautiful inlaid wood ceiling such as might be seen in Moorish palaces in Spain — at Alcalá de Henares, to cite but one example.

From the Plaza de California, a short walk along the colonnade at the right brings us to a flight of four steps leading to a delightful garden, El Jardin de Montezuma. But that is another story; for if we should begin a description of the natural beauties of this Exposition both our time and space would soon be exhausted. Suffice it to say in passing that the horticultural and floricultural arrangement constitutes one of the charms of these beautiful, restful grounds.

Let us now note briefly the main exhibit buildings along the Prado and the Plaza de Panama, observing wherein they resemble structures either in New or Old Spain.

The southern front of the Science and Education Building suggests three styles — Mission, Spanish Renaissance, and Moorish — represented by the round plain arches of the arcade, by the windows of the upper story, and by the tiled turret and roof and ornate cornice, respectively. The façade of the eastern entrance reminds us of one at Puebla, Mexico.

The Sacramento Valley Building is typically Spanish and one of the most attractive on the grounds. It conveys the impression of a palace or town hall; indeed, it resembles the Palacio at Oaxaca, Mexico, only its lower story is higher and consequently its arcade is more graceful than that of the Mexican palace, and it has the added beauty of a sloping tiled roof, the elaborately carved and colored cornice of which is like that on the Casa Consistoral (Town Hall) of Palma, in Majorca. Seven graceful arches constitute the principal feature of its façade, in front of the pillars of which there are engaged columns twined with sculptured grape vines — a design that is much in evidence at the Exposition. On sunny days the blue window hangings are brought forward and tied to the iron railings of the little balconies in a truly Spanish style. And when the large blue-and-yellow striped awning is stretched above the raised platform in front of this building, and either the band or the Spanish troubadours and

dancers are performing beneath it, you have before you a perfect picture of Spain.

Over in the southwest corner of the Plaza de Panama is the Indian Arts Building, which is said to embody suggestions of the Santuario de Guadalupe at Guadalajara, Mexico. Quite in keeping with its purpose, and the American Indians' building traditions, the walls of this building are almost devoid of decoration, except around the north doorway. The tiled roof and turret at the right belong to the Science and Education Building. The tower of the California Building is easily recognizable showing above the roof of this building, while its own belfry is seen to the left of the California tower. The lawn in the foreground is the northern end of the Esplanade, which is separated from the Plaza de Panama by that balustrade.

Fronting the Esplanade, on the eastern side, is the San Joaquin Valley Building, representing the type of Spanish-American municipal buildings. Observe the ornate front, a good example of the ever-present Churrigueresco style. To the right of the accompanying illustration, a glimpse of one of the colonnades flanking the Organ Pavilion is seen, a better idea of which is given in the illustration showing the details of the latter. To the left, a corner of the Foreign Arts Building is observable.

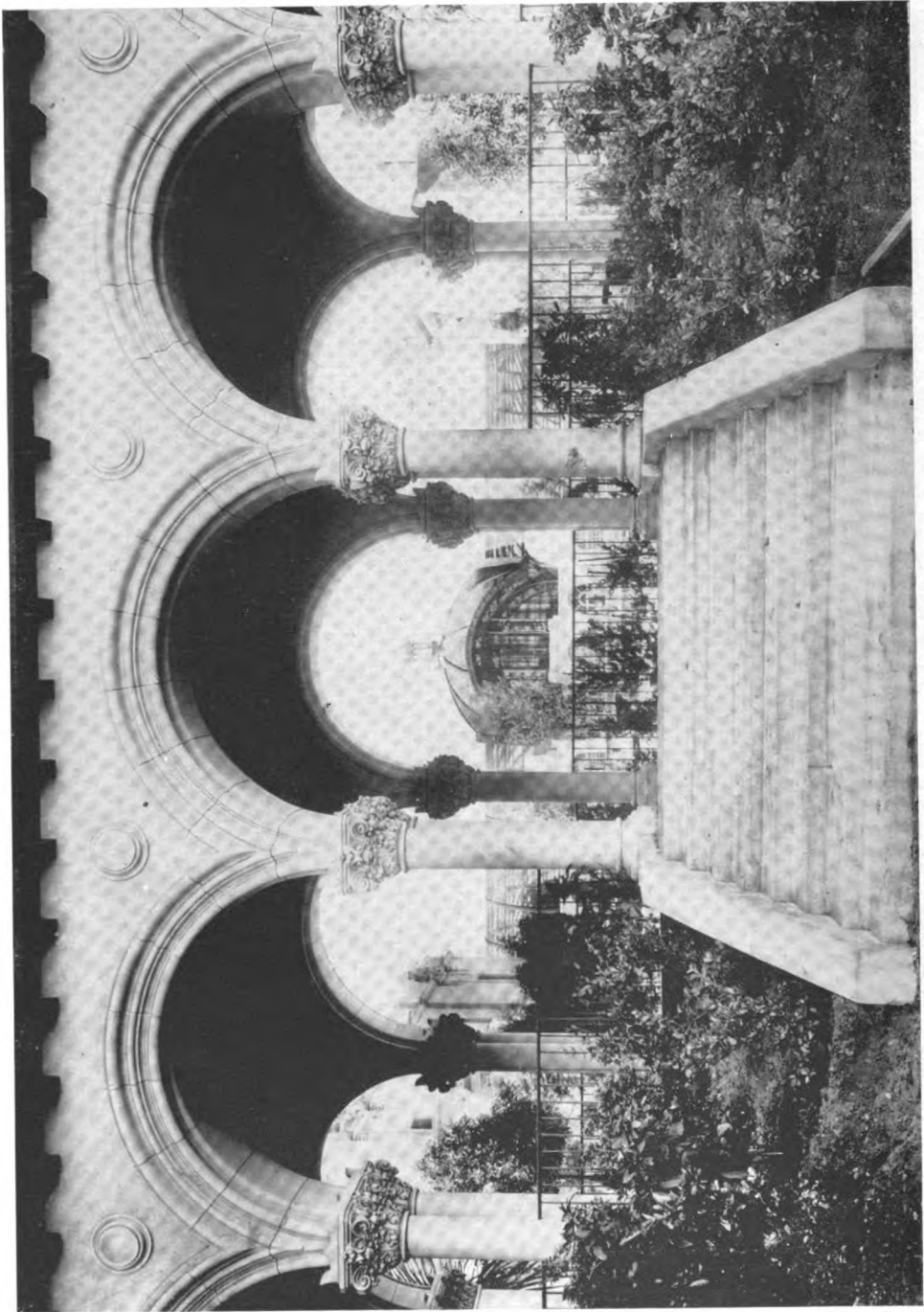
In the elaborate though delicate ornamentation of the towers and balustrades of the Home Economy and Foreign Arts Buildings, we see a close resemblance to the palace of Monterey at Salamanca, Spain. (Spanish Renaissance, 15th century). The western and southern portals of the Home Economy Building bear a likeness to those of the hacienda at Conde d'Heras. Those diminutive pinnacles on the balustrade at the top of the tower of the Foreign Arts Building remind one of those on the roof of the municipal palace at Puebla, Mexico; whereas the fine decorative work, in geometrical design, around the arches on the four sides of this tower, is very suggestive of Moorish workmanship. The windows of the upper story of this building are particularly pleasing in their decorative treatment; those on the north being protected by grills, as is the custom in Spain and her colonies, particularly in the case of windows near the street.

Connecting the Foreign Arts and the Commerce and Industries Buildings there is a beautiful colonnade of semicircular arches that spring from pairs of cylindrical columns with ornate capitals. A peaked roof of red tiles adds the finishing touch to the Spanish atmosphere



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ACROSS THE ESPLANADE



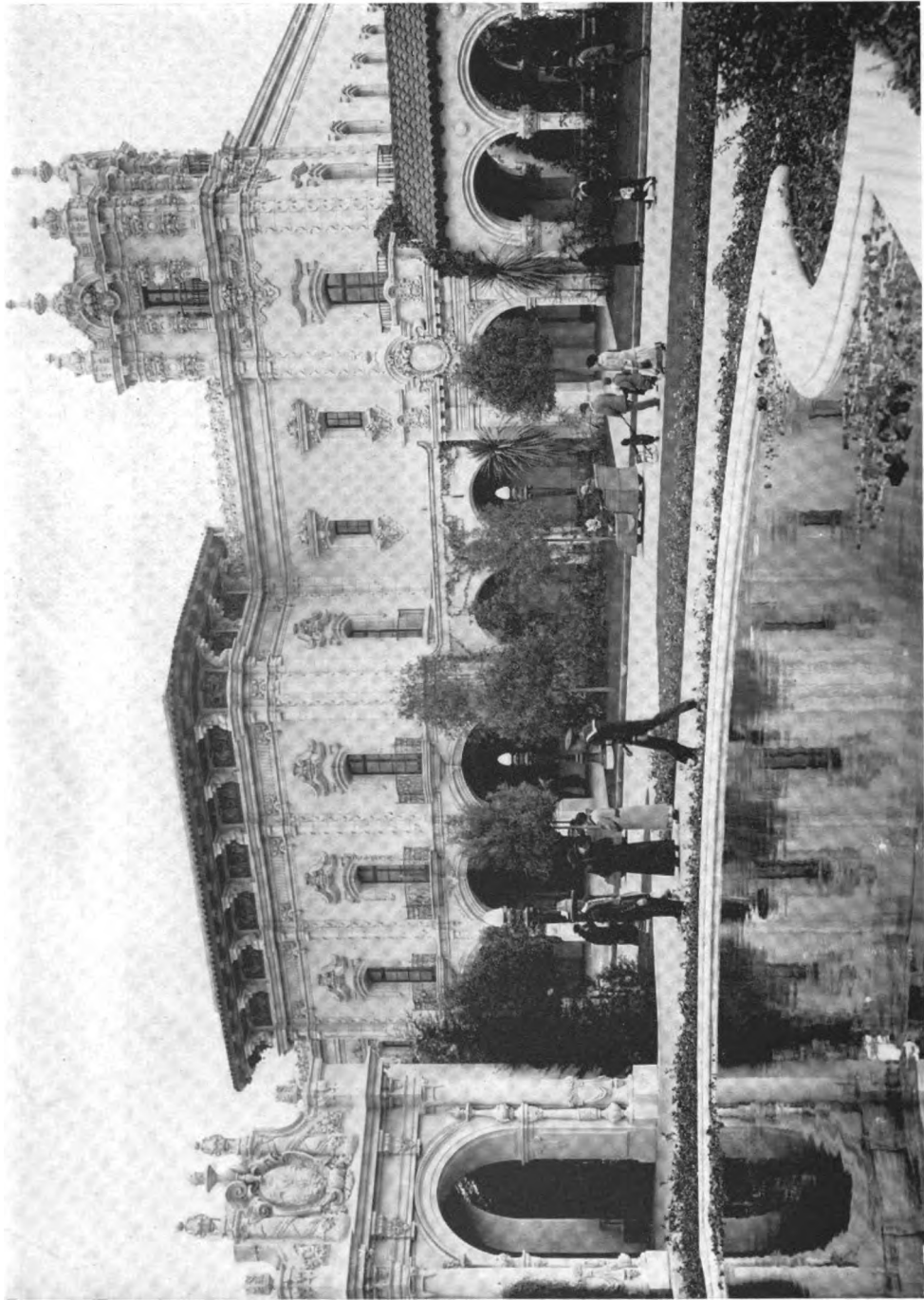
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE BOTANICAL BUILDING, THROUGH AN OPEN ARCADE
(Copyright, 1914, by *Panama-California Exposition*)



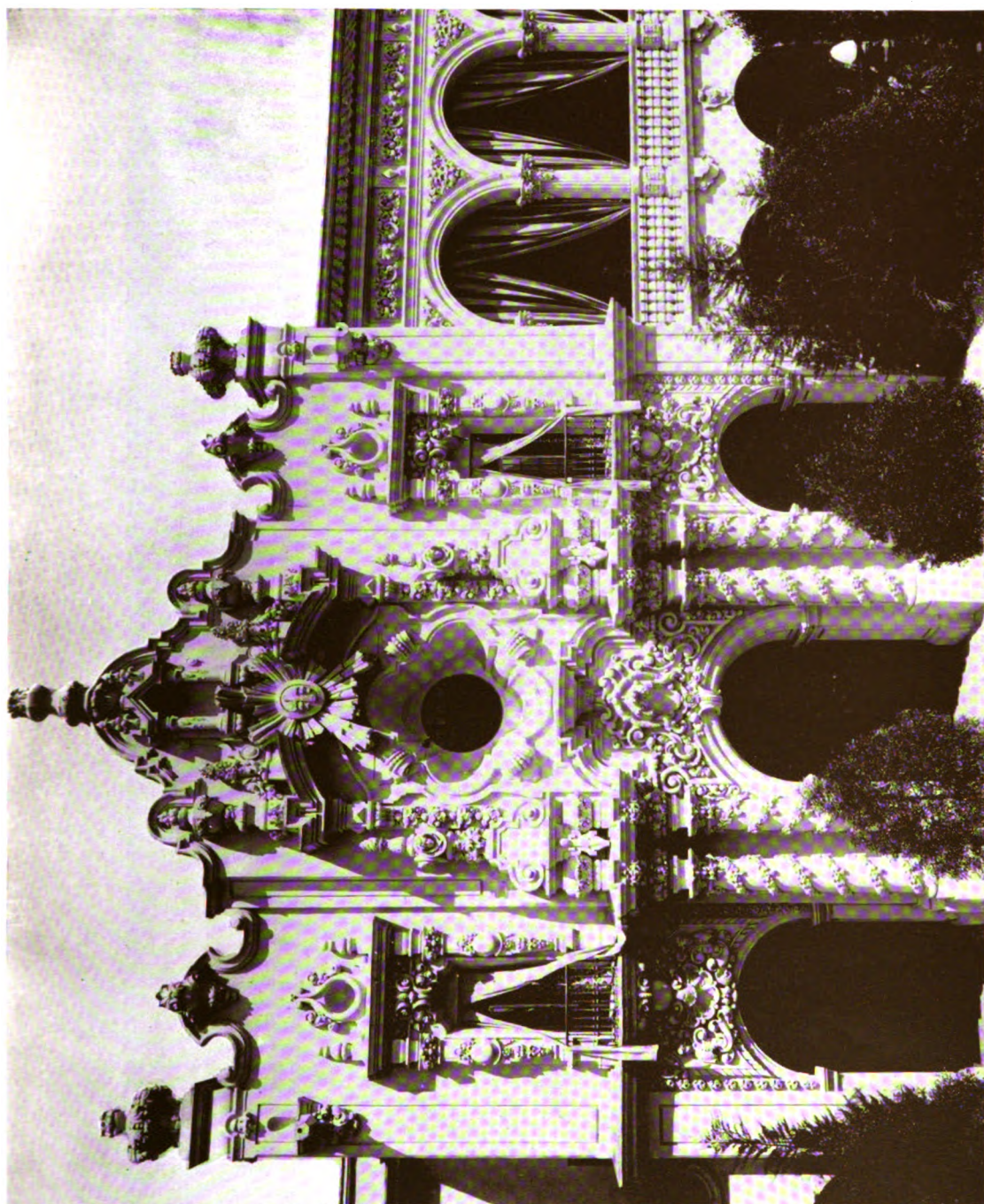
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE COLONNADE: COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIES BUILDING, PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION



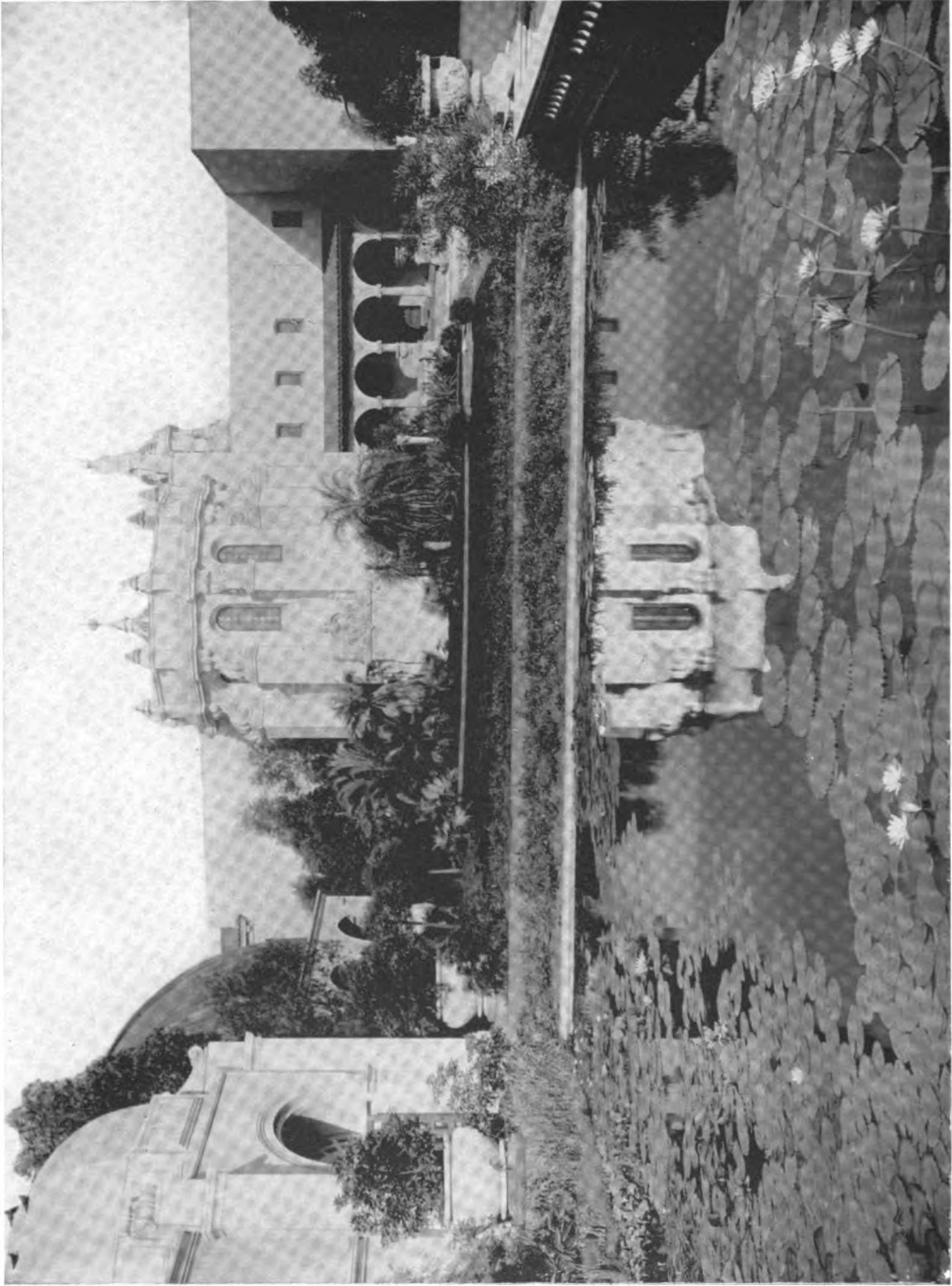
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

EL PRADO BY LA LAGUNA DE LAS FLORES
(Copyright 1915, by Panama-California Exposition)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PRADO ENTRANCE TO THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING, PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ACROSS THE POOL BY THE BOTANICAL BUILDING
(Copyright, 1914, by Panama-California Exposition)

of this little colonnade. A short flight of steps leads into a flower-bordered walk between the two buildings and out to a stone balcony overlooking the Cañon Español and the Pacific Ocean. Returning to the colonnade, a beautiful architectural vista is formed by the perspective view of the two lines of arches, one behind the other, through which is seen in the distance the great dome and arched roof of the Botanical Building.

Re-entering this colonnade and continuing to the right, another marvelous perspective is presented to the eye by the arcade of the Commerce and Industries Building, the accompanying illustration of which speaks for itself. Such arcades as these which line both sides of the Prado are called *portales* in Mexico, where they are a characteristic feature of the architecture. They offer a cool retreat from the noonday sun and at the same time present a charming effect of sunlight and shadow. They are a pleasing adjunct of the Exposition. Their arches frame thousands of beautiful pictures, so that the would-be photographer is distracted in his perplexity to choose the best.

The Commerce and Industries Building and the Varied Industries Building are the largest buildings of the Exposition, as to ground area, and are beautiful examples of the Spanish Colonial style. The heavy colored cornice of the former is supported by large consoles designed in the shape of kneeling women who bear the projecting eaves on their backs. The triple archways of the two entrances bear a resemblance to those of the *portales* surrounding the patio of the Federal Palace at Querétaro, Mexico, particularly in the dignified treatment of the moldings. The windows above the entrances suggest those of the Hospital at Toledo, and are Early Spanish Renaissance in style. Across the Prado is the Varied Industries Building — its long lower arcade and the central upper one flanked on right and left by decorative entrances, combine to form a pleasing and harmonious façade, only a portion of which is shown in the illustration. The striped blue-and-yellow curtains draped in the arches of the upper arcade, together with the blue ones at the windows above the two entrance ways, harmonize with the red tiles of the roof and the green foliage beneath, and peeping from the shrubbery may be seen pink and white gladioli. The entrances facing the Prado are mild examples of the Churrigueresco style; observe the grape-entwined columns, previously referred to. Between this building and the Home Economy Building is one of the beauty-spots of the Exposition — *La Laguna*

de las Flores, the extremities of which lagoon are shown in two of the illustrations. The structure at the left of the lily-pool is the Botanical Building, and that in the background is a wing of the Varied Industries Building. In this delightful place let us terminate our visit to San Diego's "Exposition Beautiful," but first let us take a seat beside the lagoon and leisurely drink in the peace and restfulness of the spot. Indeed, this Exposition's dominant note is Restfulness. As a writer in a recent number of the *Sunset Magazine* says:

San Diego's Exposition invites the visitor to sit down, to stretch out full length on the lawn, to let his eyes wander and drink in the calm, serene beauty. . . . There is an abundance of sunshine and shade at San Diego, and the cool wind carries the aroma of a million blossoms.

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER XI

THE CASE OF HAZEL READE



SHOULD call it a clear case of obsession," said Dr. Desmond, in reply to a question asked by Dr. Jordan.

They were in the private office of the former, and at that moment the door was pushed ajar and Hylma's smiling face looked in.

"May we come in, dad?" she asked, "or are you two telling secrets to each other?"

"Come in," called her father heartily; and Hylma entered followed by Florence Vining and Jasper Raymond.

"I wish you had come sooner," said Dr. Desmond, after they had all found seats. "Jordan has been telling some very interesting things about one of his cases."

"I hope," said Dr. Jordan to Hylma, "that your interesting patient, Miss Reade, is making satisfactory progress."

"I think she is; I believe father thinks an entire recovery is probable, if not certain."

"Yes, a great deal has been accomplished," admitted the Doctor, "but we do not know how much remains to be done. Whether she could stand a severe test we have no means of ascertaining."

"Doctor," said Florence, "I can't seem to really understand how hypnotism has been so dangerous to her."

"It is not strange that you do not understand. People generally do not, and that is why so much harm is done."

"Will you tell us just what takes place in the mind of the person hypnotized by another?"

"I will try, Florence, to explain it as it appears to me. The mind is the soul, and the will is one of its attributes; but the soul is of too fine and spiritual a nature to come into direct contact with what is purely material. Therefore it must have the astral body as a connecting link between itself and the physical man. We know that in this astral reside the senses and sensations, and when cut off from it the body is without feeling or consciousness of any kind. Through it the soul transmits thoughts to the brain, and recognition of sensations, either of pleasure or pain, to the nerve centers of the body."

"I see," said Florence; "and the hypnotic process must interfere with this normal condition."

"It does interfere and in a most dangerous way," replied the doctor. "When a person has been thrown into the hypnotic state his mind or soul has been driven out of the astral body, or disconnected from it, and the mind of the hypnotizer takes its place. When we realize this fact it is easy to understand much which otherwise appears so mysterious; for instance, why the subject so implicitly obeys every command of the operator. He walks, sits, coughs, laughs, is pleased or terrified without *really* knowing in the least what he is doing. Why? Because he has abdicated his throne, dropped the reins of government, and another mind and will have taken his place. The rightful monarch has been banished from his kingdom and a stranger reigns in his stead."

"If people knew that," said Hylma, "surely few would ever allow themselves to be put under such a dangerous influence."

"But they do not know," said Dr. Jordan; "and when reputable ministers and physicians resort to the practice of the black arts how are the general public to know any better than to accept it?"

"But is it a black art when practised by good men and only for good purposes?" asked Florence.

"Under any circumstances it is a crime against the person on whom it is practised," replied Dr. Desmond. "A weak, negative person may be hypnotized without giving permission to the operator;

a strong person may yield his consent, willingly giving himself over into the power of another, believing that when he wishes he can throw off the influence. But there he errs. When a joint is dislocated it may soon heal after being replaced. But that joint is never so strong again; and if the dislocation should occur several times it becomes so weakened that it slips out of place with apparently little or no cause.

“So it is with the mind and astral body. When once they have been separated, with or without the consent of the person, by the will-force of a good man or an evil one, the link binding them together has been injured and weakened. It is like a house after an earthquake; the shock has so wrenched it that the door cannot be closed. So the shock of forcing the soul and its astral apart has wrenched open a door that cannot be closed again. Henceforth the hypnotizer may go in and out, at any time and place, whenever he wishes.”

“So,” said Jasper, “the subject becomes virtually the slave of the mind and will of another.”

“Exactly; he has given away his freedom; and not only is he at the mercy of the first hypnotizer, but any other who wishes, in his now helpless condition, may take possession of his brain and body and force them to perform any act which he wishes done. He may be made to commit theft, forgery, or even murder.”

“But would he be really guilty in that case?” asked Florence. “I shouldn’t think he would.”

“He would simply be the senseless tool of another, who would be the real culprit. Yet many a man has been hanged or imprisoned while the real criminal has gone free without one outward visible link to connect him with the crime, the penalty of which is paid by his victim.”

“But where,” inquired Jasper, “is the man’s own soul and what is it doing?”

“The soul keeps what hold it can on the astral, and guides and directs as far as it is able. But as I said, every time any foreign influence comes in and thrusts it aside its hold is that much more weakened, until at last it is unable to make any impression on the brain. It is then obliged to withdraw and leave the outward animal man to its fate.”

“Now father,” said Hylma, “what share in all this has the man who first hypnotized this subject and thus opened the way for all these

dreadful results — and especially if he was a good person and only intended to give help and comfort?”

“Well,” said the doctor, “that man like all the others concerned is under the law and must take the consequences of his own acts.”

“Yes,” said Florence, “but he was doing only what he believed to be a good act. I don’t see any justice in punishing one for trying to do good.”

“My dear girl, the law does not punish in that way. In fact *it* does not punish at all. But it has no favorites; it does not, cannot change its course for anyone. We would not wish it to do so, if we consider a little; for how could we ever have full faith and trust in the law of the Supreme unless we knew it to be steadfast, changeless, immutable, and eternal?

“Knowing, as we do, that every cause starts a long chain of effects, how can we think that the man who set the first cause in action ought not to be held responsible for all the effects following it? Of course all others involved in these effects, and in bringing them about, will each reap that part of the harvest which is his just due. The moral responsibility of those intending good, or not really wishing evil, will not be like that of those deliberately planning and urging on to crime. But they have formed Karmic ties with all these which will bind them in other lives and cause trouble, mistakes, and suffering.”

“It seems to me,” said Jasper, “that this law of Karma is a hard thing to understand.”

“It is; because it is the law that underlies and guides everything in the universe. Through it each human being on earth is connected with every other. Knowing this, and that each soul is a Ray from the One Divine Mover of all things, it is easy to understand that Universal Brotherhood *is* a fact in nature.”

“Well, that seems hard for me to understand,” said Florence. “Now I cannot realize that I am particularly related to the people in India or China or Russia; or that there is any law binding us so closely together.”

“Why,” said Dr. Jordan, “don’t you suppose all those people have souls; or rather *are* souls?”

“Oh, of course, no one could deny that.”

“And don’t you believe,” said Dr. Desmond, “that every soul on earth is an emanation from the One Divine Source of all living beings? If so, how could they help being brothers?”

"They are more even than that," added Hylma; "they are all one: of one essence, one soul, one spirit."

"Logically that must be true," said Jasper; "but to really feel it in heart and soul is another thing."

"It is indeed," said the doctor. "That is why, though a great part of mankind have professed to *believe* in brotherhood, they have made no attempt to *live* it."

"Doctor, I want to know something more about hypnotism," said Florence. "Everyone who has been hypnotized doesn't go as far as in the case you mentioned. You think Miss Reade is being cured."

"Yes, there are cases which may be cured. I described the extreme, but of course there are many degrees before that is reached. But remember this: that if a person once permits himself to be hypnotized by another, even only partially, that person is never again quite the same; to that extent his power of will and self-control has been weakened. The door of the soul has been opened, at least unlocked, and henceforth not only the first but any other person possessing the hypnotic power may force a way through that door. A sacrilege has been committed. Everyone's inner life is his own; and he has the right — nay more — it is his duty to stand guard over it and cry *Hands off* to every intruder. In the sense that the mind and will of man is a direct Ray from the Supreme, the real inner man is a God. The outer man is its earthly dwelling place. It is of this divine inner man that the Scriptures declare 'ye are Gods'; and of the outer man 'ye are temples of the living God'."

"Why, father," said Hylma, "it is as if the guardian of a sacred shrine should permit anyone who came along to enter and defile and desecrate it."

"Yes, and even worse; for no outer shrine can be so sacred as the inner shrine of the human soul."

"Doctor," cried Florence, "all these things make life appear such a serious affair that it frightens me. I am afraid of it. Why, how do we know what dreadful thing may pounce upon us at any moment?"

"Oh, I don't think we need feel like that," said Jasper.

"What we need," said Dr. Jordan, "is to gain a knowledge of the inner laws of nature and rule our lives accordingly. The trouble is the woful ignorance of the Western world about these things that have been known to the Orientals for thousands of years."

"Well," said Dr. Desmond, "the time has come when the world

will be driven, in self-defense, to take cognizance of these laws governing the unseen world around us. The period in our evolution has arrived when the psychic powers latent in man are developing and coming to the front. An untold amount of evil has resulted; and through ignorance of the unseen, its denizens, and laws, the people have welcomed these soul-destroying forces and creatures, believing them to be of pure and spiritual origin."

"But there is nothing worse than hypnotism, is there?" inquired Jasper.

"I think not; yet our laws permit schools where this and kindred arts — truly called black arts — are taught. Books are advertised teaching readers how to become rich and prosperous by subjugating the will of others for their own benefit. A large proportion of all kinds of crimes are committed by persons who are partially or entirely acting under the hypnotic suggestions of others; as well as of astral shells and wicked earth-bound souls on the other side."

"Doctor," said Florence, "we began by speaking of your patient, Miss Reade. You haven't told us anything of her case yet; or perhaps you do not wish to speak of it."

"Doctor Jordan and Hylma have been with her constantly. I should like you and Jasper to know about it, too, only I do not wish you to speak of it to others. Hazel Reade is a well-educated, well-connected young woman; one to be held as much above reproach or suspicion as yourself or Hylma. Yet with the knowledge and consent of her aunt and the advice and practice of their family physician she became entangled in this network of danger and ruin.

"Dr. Blank first hypnotized her, with apparent benefit and no ill effects. But he had opened the door and presently other and altogether objectionable influences began to come in; slight at first but growing more strong and marked. As Mrs. Forest described it, she was often queer and not like herself: she said and did things quite foreign to her own natural disposition. Though her aunt endeavored to watch and guard her, she would elude her and go out alone. We have since learned that this man, the stranger who gave Mrs. Forest such an experience, of which Hylma may tell you, had lured her to the house of a friend where he had several interviews with her and induced her to sign a contract to appear upon the platform with him as his subject and assistant when he gave lectures and demonstrations of the power of hypnotism. These are about all the main facts."

"And when he did all this it was his will acting and not her own?" asked Jasper.

"Certainly; when in her normal state she would no more have entered into such a contract than anyone of us here would do so. You see the subject is completely at the mercy of the hypnotist, ready to obey any suggestion made by the will of another. This shows how easily a wicked person can cause a crime to be committed by another. Hazel's was a pure and beautiful character; never before had she wilfully disobeyed or deceived her mother or her aunt. Yet now this stranger could induce her to deceive, tell absolute falsehoods, and steal away to hold clandestine meetings with him."

"And there is no reason to suppose," said Dr. Jordan, "that if he had wished her to commit a robbery, burn a building, or poison her aunt, she would not as readily have obeyed him."

"None whatever; and had she done any of these things the law would have held her accountable instead of the man whose will she was automatically carrying out."

"Then a man might commit a murder and yet be in truth no murderer," said Jasper.

"There have been many such cases, and they are increasing in frequency all the time. Those who commit these crimes are generally only partially hypnotized, but not strong enough to resist the suggestion. Now many of these cases by proper treatment could be greatly benefited. But the trouble is that so few know how to give the proper treatment, or indeed that any special treatment is necessary."

"But you have cured Hazel Reade," said Florence.

"I hope that I have, or shall yet do so. We have had this stranger under constant surveillance, and though he has discovered that Hazel is here and has made attempts to draw her away, and even to visit her here, we have defeated his intentions. Now, however, I have myself invited him to come. I wish to make a final test; to see whether Hazel has gained sufficient self-control and will-power to meet him face to face without succumbing to his influence."

"Oh, I do hope she can!" cried Florence.

"Well then, you and Jasper may come tomorrow at ten and we shall see what takes place. Now I must be off; I should have gone long ago."

"And I, too," said Dr. Jordan; "but we'll meet in the morning."

(To be continued)

PARLIAMENT OF PEACE AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, JUNE 22-25 INCLUSIVE:

by Observer

OUTLINE OF PROGRAM



JUST as this issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH is going to press, the final arrangements for holding the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, June 22-25 inclusive, are being completed.

The Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood is an international permanent organization for the promotion of Peace and Universal Brotherhood. It was founded March 3d, 1913, by Katherine Tingley, and held its first public sessions June 22-29, 1913, on the historic island of Visingsö, Lake Vettern, Sweden.

It now holds its first public sessions in the United States of America, June 22-25, 1915.

During the proceedings of the Parliament at Visingsö, Sweden, 1913, Mme. Tingley made a memorable statement which has been many times recalled by those who took part on that occasion. It was to the effect that the significance of the occasion, and particularly of the fact that the Parliament was being held in Sweden, on one of the most sacred spots of the Scandinavian Peninsula, could not be seen then but would be realized later. One must read between the lines to understand fully, if indeed that is yet possible, what Mme. Tingley meant, but it is significant that of all the northern countries of Europe, the Scandinavian countries, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and Holland, where Mme. Tingley also did notable peace work in 1913, have so far been able to maintain their neutrality in the present gigantic European struggle.

The members of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood believe also that the choice of the present time by Katherine Tingley for the holding of the present sessions is of significance and import, and that this is a critical moment when a real impetus can be given to the cause of permanent peace. The future alone can fully demonstrate the justifiability of this belief. As an enormously heavy pendulum may be set in motion or deflected from its course or stopped, by carefully timed gentle pulls on a delicate thread attached to it, so the great, sweeping tide of hate and strife may likewise be stayed, if one knows when and how to act.

The official program of the proceedings of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood is in most parts complete, though some details must remain unfilled until the last moment.

On the opening day, Tuesday, June 22d, an official reception will be given in the Aryan Memorial Temple, Point Loma, to the foreign and other delegates, speakers and invited guests; this will be followed by a banquet in the Lomaland Gardens, an altogether unique event at which the guests will be served by maidens in different international costumes. The opening public session of the Parliament will be held on the evening of the same day in the Open-air Greek Theater. At this session Katherine Tingley, Foundress-President of the Parliament, will

preside, and the speakers will include several distinguished Europeans and citizens of California and other States of the Union.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, June 23d, the key-note of internationalism will again be struck in a grand international pageant in which will participate the officials of the Lomaland Headquarters, the Faculty and Students of the School of Antiquity, and the Râja-Yoga College and School, and members of the Men's and Women's International Theosophical Leagues, and students and workers at the International Theosophical Headquarters.

Heading the pageant will be seven riders on horses, in costume, illustrating the legend of the Seven Kings. This is an old legend told in the ancient town of Vadstena on the shore of Lake Vättern, Sweden, as follows:

SEVEN BEECH TREES WILL GROW FROM A COMMON ROOT; SEVEN KINGS WILL COME FROM SEVEN KINGDOMS AND FASTEN THEIR HORSES ONE AT EACH TREE; UNDER THE CANOPY OF THE BEECH TREES 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

Another feature of the pageant will be "Messengers of Peace — Torch-bearers from the Nations," bearing scrolls and accompanied by their national flags. Flags of all nations and peace banners will be carried.

The pageant will take place on the grounds of the Râja-Yoga College, and on the Point Loma Boulevard, which borders the grounds. Following this the same afternoon, will be a Peace Symposium in the Open-air Greek Theater, Point Loma, conducted by students of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy.

On the evening of the same day at Isis Theater in San Diego a public session of the Parliament will be held. Mr. Clark Thurston, Vice-President of the Parliament, presiding. Here again noted Europeans and prominent American workers for Peace will speak.

For the delegates, speakers, and invited guests on the afternoon of Thursday, June 24th, an open-air presentation of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will be given by pupils of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy on the College Grounds, and on the evening of that day Mme. Tingley will give an official reception to delegates and invited guests at her residence "Wachere Crest," Lomaland.

The concluding feature of the proceedings will be the presentation of an Athenian Flower Festival, *The Aroma of Athens*, presented under Katherine Tingley's direction by students of the School of Antiquity and pupils of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy in the Open-air Greek Theater, Point Loma.

To all who have intelligently followed Mme. Tingley's work, it is clear that the giving of a grand spectacular, international pageant, the presentation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Aroma of Athens*, have a far deeper significance than mere entertainment. These features presented rightly and as they are under Mme. Tingley's personal direction and supervision, belong *par excellence* to the arts of peace, and if the writer may be pardoned for expressing an opinion, their significance lies in this, that humanity will never turn from strife and war

save as it learns not alone to view these with horror, but to see the desirableness and beauty of the ways of peace.

Another feature of the sessions of the Parliament will be the part that music both orchestral and vocal will play, calling forth the inner harmonies of the souls of men, and touching the deeps of their natures; for if these be not moved to harmony there will always be danger of strife in the outer life. Among the selections that will be sung by the Râja-Yoga International Chorus will be an "Ode to Peace," the words written by a Lomaland student, Cenydd Morus, the Welsh poet of Lomaland, set to music by Rex Dunn, a Râja-Yoga student, and sung for the first time publicly at the opening session of the Twentieth World's Peace Congress at the Hague, August, 1913; also "The Peace Pipe," that wonderfully beautiful word-picture from Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, set to music also by Rex Dunn.

Throughout the whole time of the holding of the Parliament, namely, from June 22d to 25th inclusive, the extensive grounds of the Lomaland Headquarters, the walks and avenues of which extend for many miles, and the Aryan Memorial Temple and College and Headquarters Buildings will be decorated with flags and banners of the colors of the Peace Parliament. These are gold and purple and violet, with a white five-pointed star. The colors are deeply significant and were selected by Katherine Tingley for her world-wide peace work in 1896-7, when on her first humanitarian journey around the world. Two of these colors, the purple and gold, are used in the official flag of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. In the city of San Diego, the Isis Theater, owned by Mme. Tingley, will be similarly decorated.

The Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood has national representatives in most of the countries of the world, but several of these from Europe who had expressed their intention of being present on this occasion have on account of the great war been prevented from doing so. One of these, Dr. Arnaldo Cervesato, a well-known Italian author and member of the Press Association of Rome, was well on his way and about to sail for the United States from Liverpool, when he was recalled by the Italian Government. Another, Mr. H. van der Mandere, Secretary of the Dutch Peace League, the motto of which is "Right through Justice," had also accepted an invitation to attend the Peace Parliament, but was prevented from coming at this time.

Among the representatives who will directly take part in the Congress are the following: from England, Mr. Herbert Crooke; from Holland, Prof. Daniel de Lange, and Mme. de Lange Gouda; from Germany, Herr J. J. Koppitz, representing Herr J. Th. Heller; from Sweden, Mr. Carl Ramberg, noted traveler, journalist, and author, Mr. and Mrs. Torsten Hedlund, Dr. Erik Bogren, and Mrs. Walo von Greyerz. Lieut. Walo von Greyerz, whose residence is also in Sweden, but whose ancestry is partly Swiss, will represent Mme. Julia von Purucker, the National representative of the Parliament in Switzerland. Other noted speakers will be Mrs. May Wright Sewall, for many years a well-known worker and speaker for Peace in the United States, who attended the World's Peace Congress at The Hague in 1913, at which Mme. Tingley was also present; Mrs.

Frank Stephens, Chairman, Department of Peace, District of Los Angeles, of the California Federation of Women's Clubs; Judge William R. Andrews, former City Attorney for the City of San Diego, Rev. Howard B. Bard, Pastor of the First Unitarian Church of San Diego, Mrs. Grace Duffie Boylan of Chicago, Mrs. Lilian Pray-Palmer, former President California Federation of Women's Clubs.

Communications will be read from Senator La Fontaine, President of the Council, International Bureau of Peace, Berne, Switzerland; Mr. H. van der Mandere, Secretary of the Dutch Peace League (referred to above); Dr. David Starr Jordan, Chancellor Stanford University, California; Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President University of California; Miss Marshall Saunders of Halifax, N. S., member of the New York Peace Society, and one of the foremost literary women in Canada, and Miss Lilian Whiting, well-known American authoress, all of whom have expressed active interest in the Parliament of Peace, some having planned to come, but being prevented as referred to above, and others not being able to be present on account of previous appointments taking them to other parts of the United States.

A report of the proceedings of the Parliament will be published in the August issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. A beautiful Souvenir Program is being prepared. Every member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society should secure a copy and preserve it as a memento of this historic occasion.



WHEN any one consults me about the greatest concerns of his life, as about the acquisition of riches, or the attention pertaining to the body or soul, if he appears to me to live daily in an orderly manner, or is willing to be persuaded when I give him my advice, then I readily join with him in consultation, nor do I desist until the affair is brought to a conclusion. But if either he does not at all consult me, or, if he does, obviously neglects to follow my advice, in this case I should not willingly give advice to such a one, nor would I be compelled to do it, even if he were my son. . . .

Again, if those that consult me live according to an established mode which is pleasing to themselves, but not to me, I would not hate them, because I had admonished them in vain, nor yet, flattering, be subservient to them. . . . With the same conception respecting his country a wise man ought to live; exposing its errors, if it appears to him not to be well governed, when this can be done without speaking in vain or losing his life. But he should never by violence effect a change in the government of his country, when it cannot be brought to the best condition without the expulsion and slaughter of citizens; but in this case he should lead a quiet life and pray for the good both of himself and the city.

— *The Seventh Epistle of Plato*



F. J. Dick, Editor

PROMINENT MASONS VISIT LOMALAND

ON the morning of May 20th, in response to an invitation from Mme. Katherine Tingley, John H. Cowles 33°, Secretary-General, and Hon. Perry W. Weidner 33°, Sovereign Grand Inspector-General for California and Arizona, of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Free-Masonry for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, visited the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. They were accompanied by Judge H. R. Comly 33° Emeritus, and a number of other Masons from San Diego. Several ladies were also in the party.

The guests were received by a committee of Masons residing at the International Theosophical Headquarters, and members of the Men's and Women's International Theosophical Leagues. After witnessing an outdoor program given by pupils of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy, the guests were escorted to the Greek Theater where the program was further continued by a group of the youngest pupils of the Râja-Yoga School. At its conclusion a formal welcome was extended to the guests by Joseph H. Fussell 32°, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, on behalf of the Masons resident at Lomaland, and by Clark Thurston 32° (of the Northern Jurisdiction, U. S. A.) on behalf of Mme. Katherine Tingley. Both of the distinguished guests responded. Brief addresses were also given by Mr. Carl Ramberg, a noted Swedish author, journalist and traveler, associate editor of the *Gothenburg Commercial and Shipping Gazette*, and by Mr. Torsten Hedlund, former president and business manager of the same paper, one of the largest and most influential in Sweden. Both Mr. Ramberg and Mr. Hedlund are visiting Lomaland as Mme. Tingley's guests.



MADAME TINGLEY CHEERED IN NORTH

ADDRESS ON WORLD-PEACE EVOKES APPLAUSE AT SAN FRANCISCO

(From the *San Diego Union*, June 7, 1915)

MME. Katherine Tingley has returned to Point Loma much pleased with the success of Peace Day at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, June 4th.

The affair was unique, meetings being held on the same afternoon in nearly all the State Buildings and at the Foreign Pavilion. The meetings were not all

held at the same hour, however, and the one in the California building was the principal and opening session. About fifty women and men prominent in peace work spoke during the afternoon at the various buildings.

Mme. Tingley was one of the leading speakers at the California building. The meeting there was presided over by Mrs. May Wright Sewall, chairman of the organizing committee of the International Conference of Women Workers for Permanent Peace, under whose auspices these meetings were held.

On the platforms, besides Mrs. Sewall and Mme. Tingley, were Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Bishop Nichols, the wife of the Fair Commissioner for China, Mirza Li Kuli Khan, and other prominent persons.

Mme. Tingley spoke of human brotherhood as the foundation on which permanent peace must be based. She said that brotherhood was a fact in nature, and that the recognition of this fact would prevent war. The brotherhood teaching must begin in the home life. The enthusiasm which she evoked reached its climax when she closed with the words: "It is better to live for one's country than to die for it." She was enthusiastically cheered.

Another speaker was Edward Berwick, whose subject was, "After the War — What?"

This series of meetings was only preliminary to the real conference to be held at the Exposition on July 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th. In the meanwhile, it is expected that many prominent persons from abroad and various sections of the country, who were not able to participate at the preliminary conference, will attend the July conference, and important results in the interests of peace are hoped for.

Mme. Tingley has been invited to take part in the July meetings.



MEMORIAL DAY, 1915. THE RÂJA-YOGA TRIBUTE

ABOUT a couple of miles from the Râja-Yoga College and Academy, Point Loma, on the crest of the hill overlooking the harbor and city of San Diego, stands the United States Military Cemetery, conspicuously marked from a distance by the tall granite obelisk erected to the memory of the sailors who perished in the terrible explosion on the U. S. S. *Bennington* ten years ago. The cemetery, which was formerly very bare and bleak, has been greatly improved lately and is now a pleasant spot with green grass and carefully tended young trees. The pupils of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy took a prominent part in the funeral ceremonies for the *Bennington* victims in 1905, and every year since, as Memorial Day comes round, they take baskets of handsome flowers from their own gardens to decorate the graves. A beautiful wreath of Easter lilies was made by the young ladies of the Râja-Yoga Academy and placed on the *Bennington* monument, and flowers were laid on the separate graves of the victims. There is no time of the year in which the flower gardens of *Lomaland* are unproductive, owing to our wonderful climate, but in springtime they are, of course, especially luxuriant, so that, after the *Bennington* graves had been



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MEMORIAL DAY, 1915. RĀJA-YOGA TRIBUTE TO THE VICTIMS OF THE U. S. S. "BENNINGTON" DISASTER



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LILY WREATH ON THE BENNINGTON MONUMENT FROM THE YOUNG LADIES
OF THE RĀJA-YOGA ACADEMY

decorated there were enough blossoms remaining to permit a loving tribute being paid to many of the other graves.

The Military authorities expressed their warm appreciation of the Râja-Yoga tribute, and particularly remarked the good taste displayed in the arrangement of the flowers and in the blending of the colors.

The quantities of beautiful flowers grown by the Râja-Yoga pupils are in constant request by the various departments at the International Headquarters at Point Loma. The decoration of Madame Tingley's Isis Theater for the Sunday meetings, and of the Greek open-air theater uses many basketfuls, and every Sunday some of the Râja-Yoga pupils take a generous quantity to the prisoners in the San Diego jail, a kindly act which is much appreciated by them. R.



CLIPPED FROM THE PRESS

(From the *San Diego Union*, May 19, 1915)

THE California Press Association visited yesterday the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society on Point Loma.

The party arrived at the Theosophical Homestead about 3 o'clock and passed two hours enjoying the beauties of the grounds and the entertainment given by the children of the Râja-Yoga Academy.

One of the students read a tract on the origin and purposes of the Society and what its Leader hopes to achieve, referring to and denying certain accusations that have been made against Madame Tingley, touching upon her vindication in the courts and clearing up certain misapprehensions about her teachings. In closing, the guests were referred to the Theosophical literature published by the Society for further information.

Clark Thurston, who presided, then introduced Carl Ramberg, associate editor of the *Gothenburg Commercial and Shipping Gazette*, a Swedish newspaperman, who has been sent to the coast to write on the Expositions, the Panama Canal, and general conditions on the coast. Torsten Hedlund, former president and business manager of the same paper, who has now retired and come to the Homestead to live, also spoke. Both men spoke briefly on California, its beauty, its inspiration and enchanting atmosphere, and its destiny.

State Treasurer Friend W. Richardson, president of the association, expressed briefly his pleasure and that of his associates at being again at the Point Loma Homestead, and their thanks for the entertainment.

Madame Tingley spoke on the future of the newspaper — its glories when stripped of news about divorce, murder, battle and other reactionary things; its tremendous powers for good and evil and the sacred duty of its editors to embrace the one and eschew the other. She said the time would come when the corrupt and unregenerate reporter, or editor, devoid of all becoming sense of his high calling, would be left to work out and compensate for his evils in some other sphere of activity, and the higher journalistic minds would bear the sacred flame of their great profession on to a higher goal.

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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VOL. IX No. 2

CONTENTS

AUGUST 1915

Some Illustrations from the Symbolic Program of the Parliament of

Peace and Universal Brotherhood, June 22-25, 1915

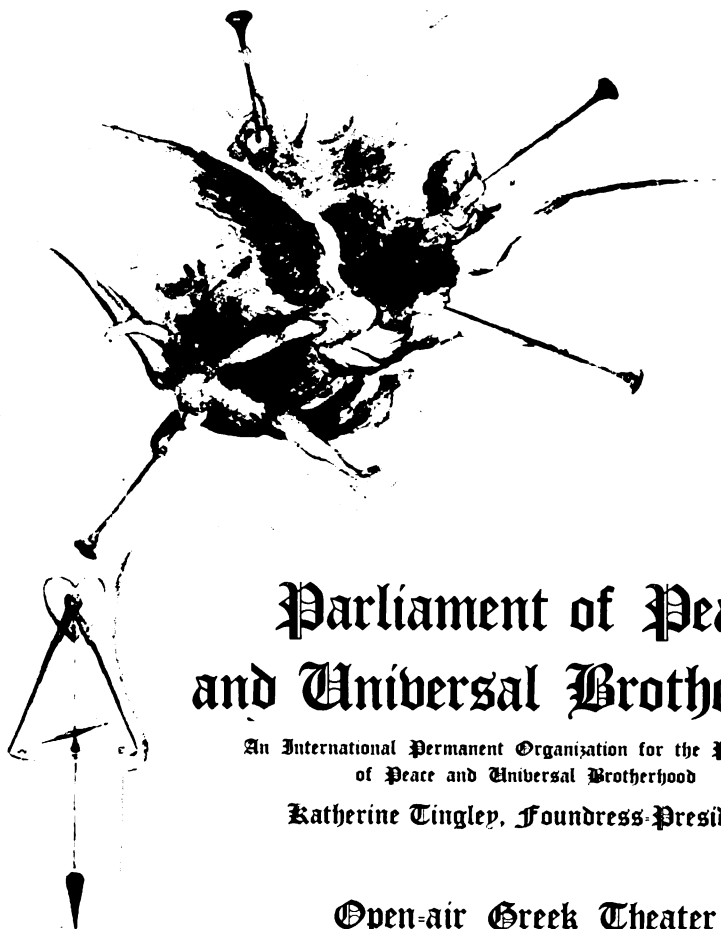
Frontispieces

Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood — Preliminary

Report of Proceedings (<i>illustrated</i>)	Recorder	77
The Law of Karma	H. Travers, M. A.	101
Peace and War — Health and Disease	R. Machell	110
Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History, VI	Kenneth Morris	112
Recent, but Popular Astronomy (<i>illustrated</i>)	Edgar Lucien Larkin	121
The Temple of Life	W. A. Dunn	127
The Regent of the North (<i>illustrated</i>)	C. ApArthur	129
Views at the International Theosophical Headquarters (<i>illustrations</i>)		140-141
On the Other Side (<i>continued</i>)	Stanley Fitzpatrick	141
The Screen of Time		148



"In this glad hour, Peace, white-winged and glorious, hovers o'er the earth. She shall descend. Her snowy pinions shall enfold mankind. And in the splendor of a perfect day, brother shall meet brother, soul shall greet soul, and all humanity shall be united, and there shall be PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!"



Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood

An International Permanent Organization for the Promotion
of Peace and Universal Brotherhood

Katherine Tingley, Foundress-President

Open-air Greek Theater
International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

Isis Theater
San Diego, California

June Twenty-second to Twenty-fifth
Inclusive

Nineteen Hundred Fifteen

Peace

The members of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood throughout the world join with me in making this declaration :

"We shall take this time of Dark Warfare and great crisis in the world's history to light New Fires such as time hath not known in any land."

Let us in the spirit of true Internationalism and Brotherly Love unfurl the banner of Peace to the world, and make it a living power in our lives and in the lives of all men, that war may cease forever.

Let us by playing our part well, evoke the Spirit of Peace, that it may brood over our fair land and all the lands of this fair Earth, and breathe into the hearts of all a larger tolerance and a greater love for each other, for all nations, and all people.

Not for thousands of years have the opposing forces been so accentuated. Not one of you can remain indifferent to the agonizing cry of the sufferers in war-torn Europe. If you think you can, and seek to do so, in reality you are adding your powers to those of darkness and lending your strength to the forces of evil. The call to service has gone forth to each, and each must choose. This is your opportunity.

Humanity calls for aid. Who of you has the strength, the will to go forward? To them is the call made, and upon them is already the Glow and the Light of Victory.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. IX

AUGUST, 1915

NO. 2

So shalt thou be in full accord with all that lives ; bear love to men as though they were thy brother-pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother.— *H. P. Blavatsky in The Voice of the Silence*

PARLIAMENT OF PEACE AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. PRELIMINARY REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS: by Recorder



WHAT will be the outcome of the work of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, held June 22-25, and now continuing in session indefinitely? Time alone can fully answer this question, but already much has been accomplished. In the first place, Katherine Tingley's call has united a large body of men and women in Europe as well as in the U. S. A. and other countries of the world, to work along new and effective lines for a sacred, permanent Peace.

The Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood has national representatives in twenty-two countries; and representatives from seventeen countries attended the opening sessions of the Parliament at the Lomaland Headquarters, while others sent their greetings and assurances of co-operation.

It is important to state that this is but a preliminary report of the proceedings and work of the Parliament, seeing that Mme. Tingley has brought before the standing Committee of the Parliament, which, as said above, will continue its sessions indefinitely, plans of far-reaching importance which require further deliberation to put into effective operation. And not until these plans are completed can they be publicly announced.

In the present gigantic struggle, not Europe alone but the whole world faces a problem the like of which is not known to history.

Diplomacy — that of the keenest minds of the great European Powers — could not avert the struggle, and diplomacy has failed to stop it or to conserve the rights of neutral nations. We have entered upon a new time — most menacing, it would seem, if we look only at the war and its appalling attendant ills — and new times demand new measures, a new outlook, a new insistence upon the realities of life.

Immediately on the outbreak of the war, Katherine Tingley began her work for peace, or rather began a new phase of it; for the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood is but the outgrowth of the great Peace organization founded by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky in New York in 1875, viz., the Theosophical Society, now known as the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, the foundation principle of which, Universal Brotherhood, is the only true basis of permanent Peace. Mme. Tingley then declared, and declares still, that the only hope for permanent Peace is to awaken in the people a sense of their moral power and moral responsibility. On September 7, 1914, Mme. Tingley telegraphed to the President an appeal to take action on this basis. She then declared that she believed there was in the United States a moral power strong enough to call for a halt in the war, until such time as should be called and held, at the Peace Palace at the Hague, a congress at which all the neutral powers, as well as all the powers now at war, should be represented, in order that calmer counsels might prevail. She urged the President to invite all other neutral powers to join with him in making this call.

There are many whose knowledge of Mme. Tingley, and whose experience in connexion with her work warrant them in holding that if such a call had then been made by the President, as it might have been, with the moral power of this great people behind it — the war could have been stopped. It was the psychological moment. But that time is passed, and now other means must be taken.

It was Katherine Tingley who first urged that all the neutral powers should unite in behalf of Peace, and that the movement for the restoration of Peace in Europe must originate with the neutral powers. This idea has since been increasingly taken up by noted peace advocates and peace societies; and furthermore, while many have said that the time for talking peace has not come, Mme. Tingley from the very start has held that not a moment should be lost in working towards this end.

The Parliament of Peace, of which Katherine Tingley is Foun-

dress-President, was founded by her March 3, 1913. Its first public sessions were held on the Island of Visingsö, Lake Vettern, Sweden. As has already been referred to in a previous article, the significance of holding Peace meetings at that time and in a country which had been at peace for over a century, was not then realized, nor is it fully realized at the present time. The future has yet to unveil the full meaning and promise of that gathering.

Early in 1914 Mme. Tingley announced that the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood would hold another public assembly at Lomaland in 1915, stating that this would probably take place in the late fall. Then came the outbreak of the war, and the date for the Parliament was officially fixed for June 22-25, 1915.

The Parliament opened on the afternoon of June 22d, with an official reception to foreign and other delegates and invited guests, in the Aryan Memorial Temple, Point Loma, which has since been rededicated by Mme. Tingley as "The Temple of Peace." The following is taken from the *San Diego Union* of June 23d:

PEACE PARLIAMENT CONVENES

WORLD-BROTHERHOOD URGED; PAGEANT OF NATIONS TODAY

The Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, an organization for the promotion of world-peace, of which Madame Katherine Tingley is the Founder and President, opened a four-day congress yesterday at the Theosophical Headquarters on Point Loma. Representatives from European countries and from many States in this country were in attendance and messages of support and congratulation from leaders in the peace movement all over the world were read.

In the dreamlike setting of Lomaland, more lovely even than usual in a dress of flags of all the nations and the glad regalia of peace and brotherly love, the first day's ceremonies were marked by a dignity and lofty quality of inspiration prophetic of the far-reaching effects that the Congress hopes to achieve.

The program started at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when the delegates and guests were received in front of the Râja-Yoga Academy by Mme. Tingley and the reception committee. The reception followed in the Aryan Memorial Temple, during which the Râja-Yoga pupils in their white uniforms played and sang at intervals.

An outdoor banquet, unique in the history of the institution, was held at 5:30 o'clock in the Lomaland gardens. It was served amid flowers and tropical foliage by girl pupils in costumes of all nations. The keynote of the gathering was struck in the following toast, given by Mr. Reginald Machell, Chairman of the Reception Committee:

That from this Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, and as a result of our efforts, there may be born a new hope in the hearts of the suffering people of Europe, and a blessing to all humanity.

The toast was briefly responded to by Mme. Tingley, who afterwards received the guests at her residence, Wachere Crest. (*Wachere* is an old Indian word meaning *Welcome*.)

The following is a list of the delegates and speakers who attended the Parliament:

FROM EUROPE

PROF. DANIEL DE LANGE, Amsterdam, Holland

Corresponding Secretary for Holland of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, Bearer of Greetings from the Dutch Peace League ("Peace through Justice")

MME. DE LANGE-GOUDA, Amsterdam, Holland

MR. HERBERT CROOKE, London, England

National Representative for England of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood

MR. TORSTEN HEDLUND, Gothenburg, Sweden

National Representative for Western and Central Sweden of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood

MRS. TORSTEN HEDLUND (née Scholander), Gothenburg, Sweden

LIEUT. WALO VON GREYERZ, Stockholm, Sweden

National Representative for Switzerland of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood. Bearer of Greetings from the Swedish Peace Society, Stockholm, Sweden

MRS. WALO VON GREYERZ, Stockholm, Sweden

Secretary for Sweden of the Woman's International League of Peace and Universal Brotherhood. Directress of Girls' Club for Higher Education in Stockholm

DR. ERIK BOGREN, Helsingborg, Sweden

National Representative for Southern Sweden of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood. Bearer of Greetings from Helsingborg, Malmö, and Höganäs

PROF. OSVALD SIRÉN, PH. D., Stockholm, Sweden

Professor of History of Art, University of Stockholm, Bearer of Greetings from the Peace and Defense Society, Stockholm, Sweden

Dr. Arnaldo Cervesato, a noted author and journalist of Rome, Italy, was on his way to attend the Parliament, but was recalled by the Italian government from Liverpool, when about to embark for the U. S. A. Attending one of the sessions of the Parliament, but not present at its opening, was Hon. Ernst Beckman, Vice-President of the Swedish Peace Society, Member of the Inter-parliamentary Union, and for many years Member of the Swedish Parliament.

FROM THE U. S. A.

MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL, Indianapolis, Indiana

Chairman of the Organizing Committee, International Conference of Women Workers to promote Permanent Peace

MRS. LILLIAN PRAY-PALMER, San Diego, California
State Secretary, National Federation of Women's Clubs. Former President of
California Federation of Women's Clubs

MRS. FRANK STEPHENS, Los Angeles, California
Chairman, Department of Peace, District of Los Angeles, California Federation
of Women's Clubs

MRS. JOSEPHINE PAGE WRIGHT, San Diego, California
President, San Diego Woman's Press Club

MRS. GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN, Chicago, Illinois
Journalist and Writer

HON. GEO. W. P. HUNT, Governor of Arizona
Officially represented by Dr. A. F. Maisch, Los Angeles, California

HON. JAMES E. FERGUSON, Governor of Texas
Officially represented by Mr. Churchill J. Bartlett, Marlin, Texas
Former Member of State Legislature

HON. BENJAMIN F. BLEDSOE
Grand Master Grand Lodge of California, F. & A. M. Officially represented

HON. PERRY WEIDNER 33°
Sovereign Grand Inspector-General for Southern California and Arizona, A. & A. S. R.
Southern Jurisdiction of the U. S. A. Officially represented by
Mr. John B. Osborn 32°, San Diego, California

JUDGE WILLIAM R. ANDREWS, San Diego, California

MR. C. F. WILLARD, San Diego, California
Officially representing the Massachusetts Society of San Diego, California

REV. HOWARD B. BARD
Pastor, First Unitarian Church of San Diego, California

A large and distinguished audience attended the opening public session of the Parliament, which was held in the evening in the open-air Greek Theater at Point Loma, presided over by Mme. Tingley. On the topmost row of seats, extending around the whole semi-circle, were the flags of all nations, carried by Students of the Lomaland Headquarters. The Parliament was declared open by the Foundress-President, the announcement being immediately followed by a fanfare of trumpets.

In a fervent appeal, Mme. Tingley said:

This assembly here tonight means much for the world, much for the future of all humanity, and we can make it one of the most important events of the age, if we choose. For we can so attune our hearts to the real needs of the hour that we can evoke a sympathy such as suffering humanity needs. We shall then find that our minds will open to the higher truths, to the inspiration which will be born of the hour, which will come to us because in self-forgetfulness we are thinking of the future of the world, the future of humanity; and are endeavoring to lay a foundation for permanent peace.

If there ever was a time in the history of the world for man to challenge himself, to find his strength and realize his possibilities, it is now; for we are in the arena of a great tragedy — a world-tragedy — a world-war.

We have become so accustomed, along the years, from our childhood up to the present, to accept war and warfare as inevitable, that the horror of the present time and of the terrible conditions now existing in Europe has not reached the American people in the fullest sense.

Think of the means that have been tried by many of the Peace societies of the world; think of the organizations for Peace that have been established; think of the royal efforts that have been made by thousands and thousands of peace-loving people all over the world — and yet the war continues! Now, to me, this is evidence that the right note has not yet been struck; that point of understanding has not yet been reached where man can find that he can adjust international difficulties without warfare. (Applause)

I hold that we may talk and work, we may plan and preach, we may have an enlightened President and an enlightened Government; we may be a forceful and sympathetic people and may have many splendid ideas for the furtherance of Peace; but not until we realize that it is the moral force of the people that must be aroused, that a new quality in human life must be brought out, shall we be able to accomplish anything that will be effective for the establishment of permanent Peace.

The ordinary means of trying to establish Peace seem to me useless, because I hold that every man is greater than he believes himself to be, and consequently that there is a moral force, a spiritual force, knowledge, enlightenment, intuition, inspiration, that can be evoked from within oneself upon such an occasion as this, and that it will stay as a guiding power in one's life. But it must be sought as an absolutely living power by those who care to know, who dare to challenge themselves to greater efforts to crush out this monster of War.

At this present assembly we have not the time to bring out all the points that are necessary to be applied in this case. We can merely touch the question tonight, but more will be done at future sessions of the Parliament, and the efforts of all those who are earnestly working to this end will tell for much in the future.

I hold that those in Europe who seem now to be most interested in prolonging the war, those who seem indifferent to everything but winning out on material lines, will be the first to respond to the call that will be made to them by this Peace body and by those organizations that will co-operate with it. They will respond; even those who heretofore have not been willing to surrender because they have been educated all along the years in the idea that material power, self-aggrandizement and one life of seventy or one hundred years is all there is in this great scheme of evolution.

It is to those who are interested in making a strenuous effort that will mark international affairs for permanent peace that we must appeal; we must appeal to them through their higher natures and through their moral ideals. And, hard as it may be to believe that we can accomplish anything for the abolishment of war, yet from the little knowledge that I have of human possibilities, from my

convictions of what can be done on moral lines, by stepping outside of the ordinary forms that have been used heretofore, I can assure you that we can call upon the higher natures of the advocates of war and bring about a permanent peace through them to their nations.

It is in the air, it is in the hearts of many people, it is in the great universal scheme that men shall surrender all worldly interests, and all worldly power for justice' sake. That is what we are here for tonight: to work for that expression of justice among the American people, and all neutral nations, for that quality which will bring out something new, which will be more startling than any message that we have had from our greatest statesmen, our president, our writers and our poets — and to apply that spiritual force of enlightenment which the world's people are waiting for.

This is the psychological moment. If I did not believe it I would not be here, nor would I be making these efforts at this time nor have invited these delegates to come here from Europe and elsewhere to co-operate in our Peace Parliament. But knowing that it is the time, that never shall we have the opportunity again, I hold that we shall do more than we dream because we are here, and that ere long there shall be a foundation made for permanent peace that will astonish the world. (Applause)

If you who are present here tonight were as enthusiastic as I am in my hope for Peace — if you believed in human nature as I do — you could make a picture in your minds tonight of a message going forth from this center, out from your hearts in the silence. Is this too much to say, too much to believe, when we know what man is and what he can become? Can we not conceive that it may be done? Have not all the sages and great teachers of the past taught man's divine possibilities? Remember too what the Nazarene said about the powers that are within man.

The very thought that the divine life of man can be evoked in such a way that the world shall know that justice lives is enough to inspire anyone. It is the inspiration of the hour. It is this consciousness of the meaning of the hour that makes me feel so intensely and so enthusiastically about the possibilities of this Peace Parliament. It does not depend upon numbers, but upon how we start the ball rolling; and if we can have telegraphy on the material plane why can we not have it on a higher plane — the spiritual plane — that is, if we are souls as we have been taught? The Bible teaches this; all great teachers have taught it — Jesus taught it — so why can we not act as souls and become soulful workers for the world's good — for permanent Peace?

Do you not realize that if we can reach this attitude of mind and work in the great sphere of possibilities we shall not be satisfied until war ceases? (Applause). Not to enforce these ideas on ordinary lines, but to work on lines of least resistance, by appealing to the souls of men! Do you believe that it would frighten the Emperor of Germany, or the King of England, or the Czar of Russia, or the Emperor of Austria, or the President of France, or the Sultan of Turkey, if we should send out a message from here tonight appealing to them as souls; not as men, but as souls with grand possibilities, declaring that they have

it in their power to change the whole aspect of humanity for the better, not only now but all down the ages? We might even dare to go further and tell them of the time when the war is over, when old age creeps in on them, when remorse comes to them, and the picture of the disaster brought by War to the human race, comes before them as a living presence!

Oh, I would dare to do anything, but one woman with two hands and one mind cannot do it all. It requires the voice of the people. And it is from this Parliament that I know that a message will go forth that will startle the world. No doubt it will create some criticism and opposition, but it will be so tremendously big on spiritual lines that it will silence many and will inspire others. So it is on the higher lines of effort and thought that we must work with the mind and heart. It is the knowledge of the possibilities of man that will be the compelling force, and it is this that calls forth the prayer that from this Home of the Peace-Makers will go forth the hope of the world.

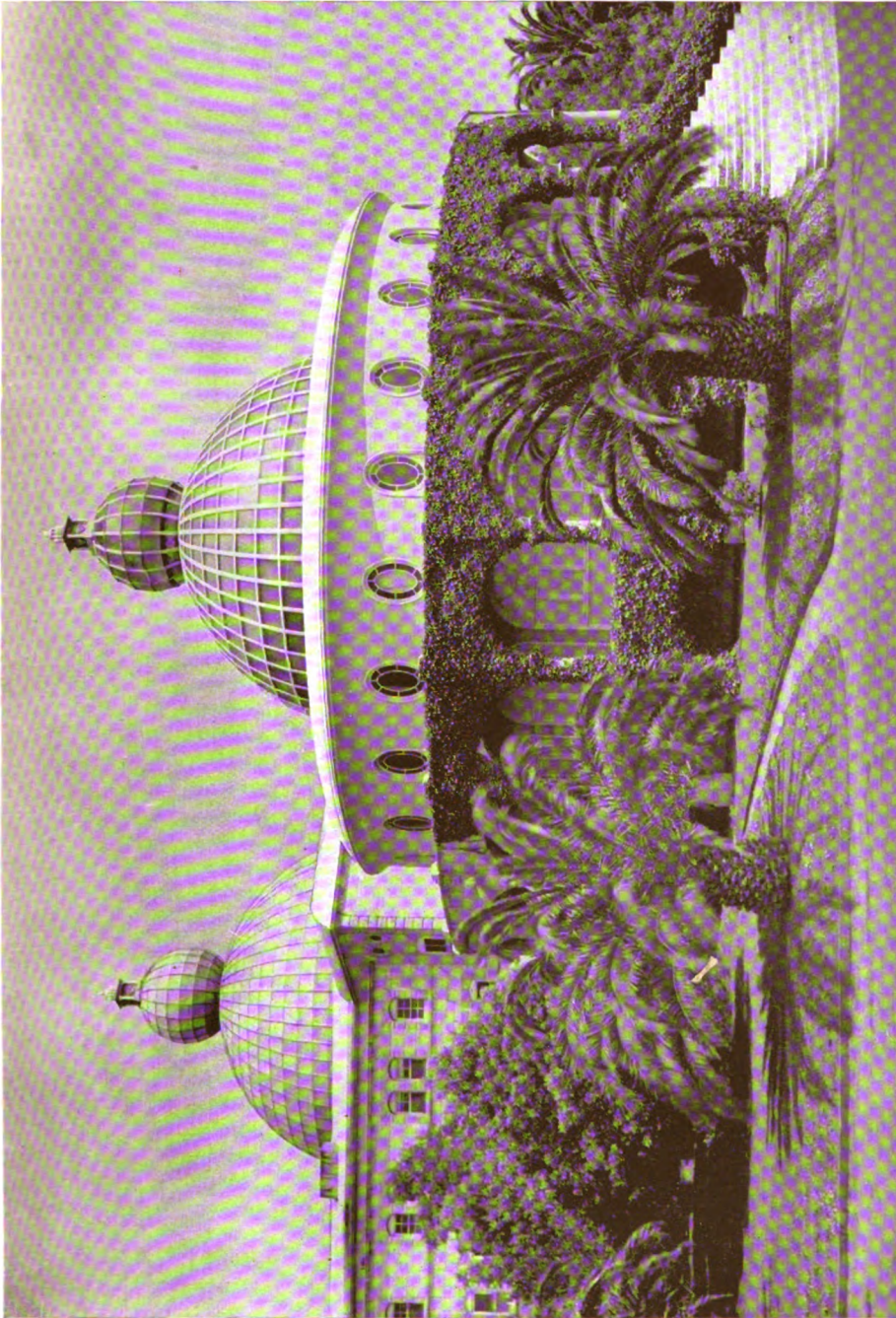
Horrors greater than man has known lie before us if this war continues, and the progeny of the present and of many generations to come will be cursed by it, unless we strenuously work *now* to stem the tide of the present warfare — unless we conscientiously awaken to the needs of the hour, and for pity's sake, and for justice' sake, strike a note in this assembly that shall tell mightily for the future — and evoke those powers that shall establish a permanent Peace. Amen! Amen! I say; it shall be done! (Prolonged applause)

After the reading of the greetings the Chairman called upon Mrs. Maria Hedlund, of Gothenburg, Sweden, Member of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, who spoke of the peace efforts of two of the greatest women of Sweden. One of these was Queen Margareta Fredkulla — Margaret the Peace-maiden, who lived in the 13th century. She was adored by her people and her memory still lives in Sweden. The other, Fredrika Bremer, lived in the first half of the 19th century. In 1854 she issued an invitation to women all over the world to form a Peace alliance. The speaker also mentioned Birgitta, whom she described as “a great spiritual light shining in the 14th century.” Concluding she said:

And now, when the soil is being watered with blood and tears, perhaps the time is come for the divine seeds of peace and brotherly love to germinate in human hearts, and so we, Margareta Fredkulla's, Birgitta's and Fredrika Bremer's followers, are wishing the great promoter of Universal Peace, Katherine Tingley, all the success that her splendid, encompassing and unselfish work deserves.

The next speaker was Mrs. Anna von Greyerz, who spoke in part as follows:

The members of the Women's International League for Peace and Universal



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THE TEMPLE OF PEACE
FORMERLY THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE; REDEDICATED AS "THE TEMPLE OF PEACE" BY KATHERINE TINGLEY
JUNE 25, 1915

Here, on June 22, 1915, the Official Reception to foreign and other Delegates was held.
Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FOREIGN AND OTHER DELEGATES AND INVITED GUESTS ATTENDING OFFICIAL RECEPTION GIVEN BY MADAME
KATHERINE TINGLEY AND OFFICIALS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PEACE AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
IN THE TEMPLE OF PEACE, ON THE AFTERNOON OF JUNE 22, 1915
(For detailed description see opposite page)

ON Madame Tingley's right: Mr. Torsten Hedlund, Gothenburg, Sweden, National Representative for Western and Central Sweden of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood; Mrs. Torsten Hedlund; Mr. Herbert Crooke, London, England, National Representative for England; Dr. Erik Bogren, Helsingborg, Sweden, National Representative for Southern Sweden; Mrs. Lillian Pray-Palmer, State Secretary, National Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Grace Duffie Boylan, Chicago, Illinois, Journalist and Writer; Mr. John B. Osborn, officially representing Hon. Perry W. Weidner 33°, Sovereign Grand Inspector-General for Southern California and Arizona, A. & A. S. R., Southern Jurisdiction of the U. S. A.; Hon. C. J. Bartlett, officially representing Hon. James E. Ferguson, Governor of Texas.

On Madame Tingley's left: Lieut. Walo von Greyerz, Stockholm, Sweden, National Representative for Switzerland; Mrs. Walo von Greyerz, Secretary for Sweden of the Woman's International League of Peace and Universal Brotherhood and Directress of Girls' Club for Higher Education in Stockholm; Mme. de Lange-Gouda, Amsterdam, Holland; Prof. Daniel de Lange, Amsterdam, Holland, Corresponding Secretary for Holland of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood; Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Chairman of the Organizing Committee, International Conference of Women Workers to Promote Permanent Peace; Mrs. Frank Stephens, Chairman, Department of Peace, District of Los Angeles, California Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Josephine Page Wright, President, San Diego Woman's Press Club.

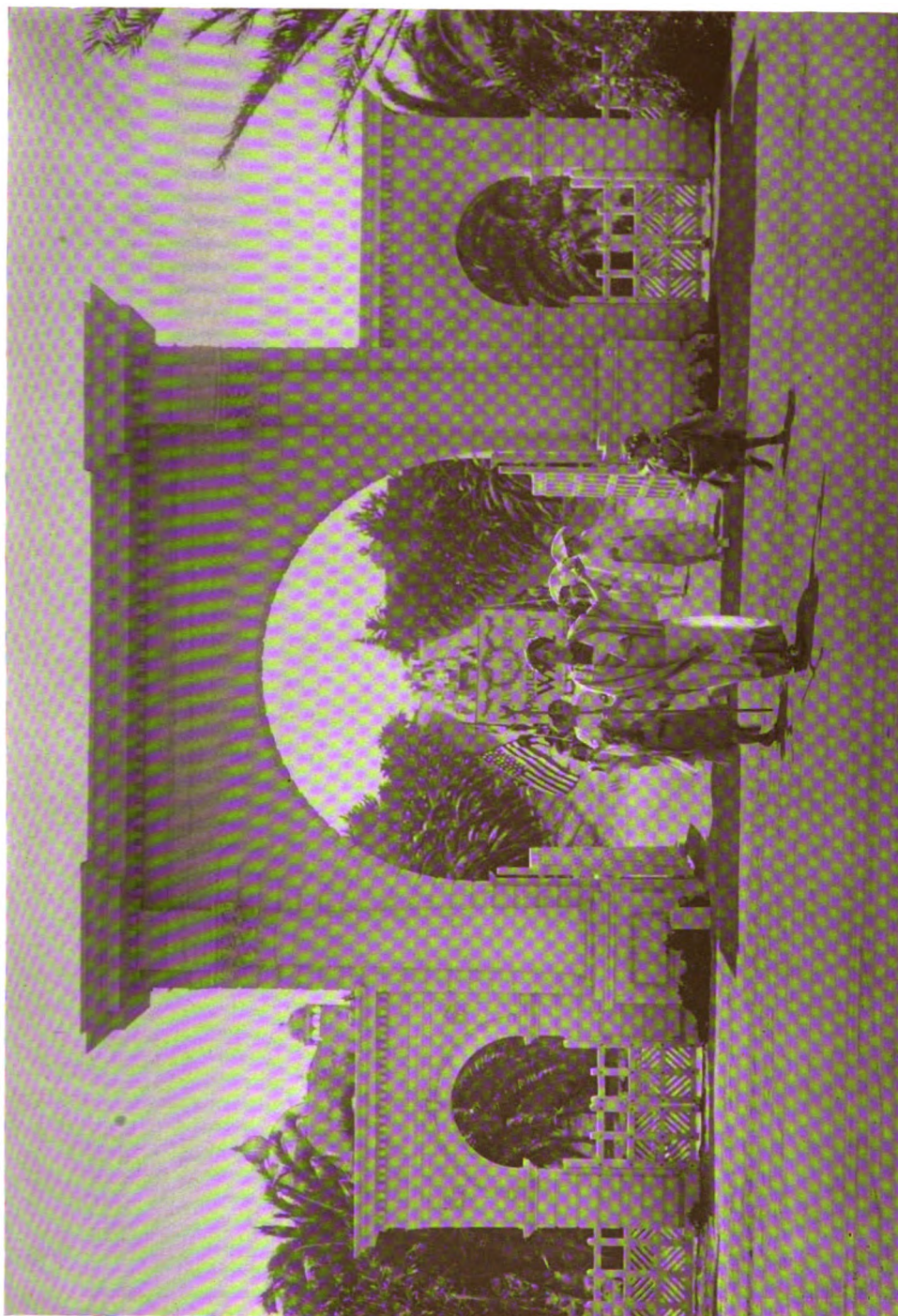
Others present in the group were Prof. Osvald Sirén, Ph. D., National Representative for Finland, Professor of History of Art, University of Stockholm, Rev. Howard B. Bard, Pastor of First Unitarian Church, San Diego; Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, Director of the School of American Archaeology; Prof. H. Rushton Fairclough, Greek Professor, Leland Stanford Junior University, Councillor of the American Institute of Archaeology; Mrs. Ida M. Van Buskirk, President, San Diego County Federation of Women's Clubs; Capt. and Mrs. Condon, Major and Mrs. H. R. Fay.

There were also present the following officers of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood: Mr. Clark Thurston, Vice-President; Mr. Frank Knoche, Treasurer; Mr. Joseph H. Fussell, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Henry T. Patterson, Chairman of Standing Committee; Mr. Charles J. Ryan, Secretary of Standing Committee; Mrs. Ethelind Dunn, Chairman of Woman's Reception Committee; Mr. Reginald Machell, Chairman of Men's Reception Committee. Also Mrs. Elizabeth C. Spalding, President of Woman's International Theosophical League; Dr. Gertrude W. van Pelt, Directress of Râja-Yoga College, and other members of the Peace Parliament, including Professors of the Râja-Yoga College, etc., etc.



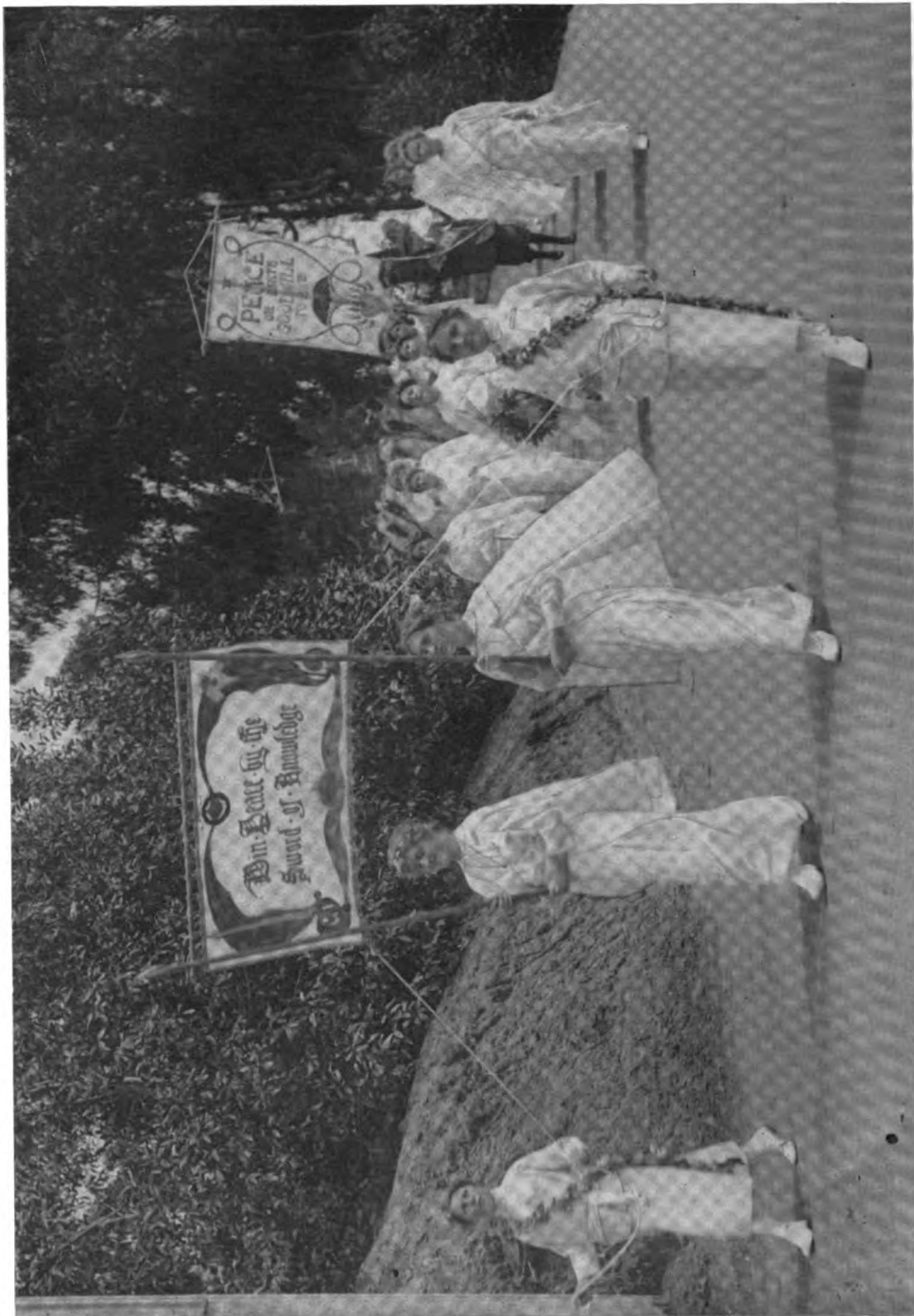
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ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DELEGATES AND INVITED GUESTS ATTENDING THE OFFICIAL RECEPTION



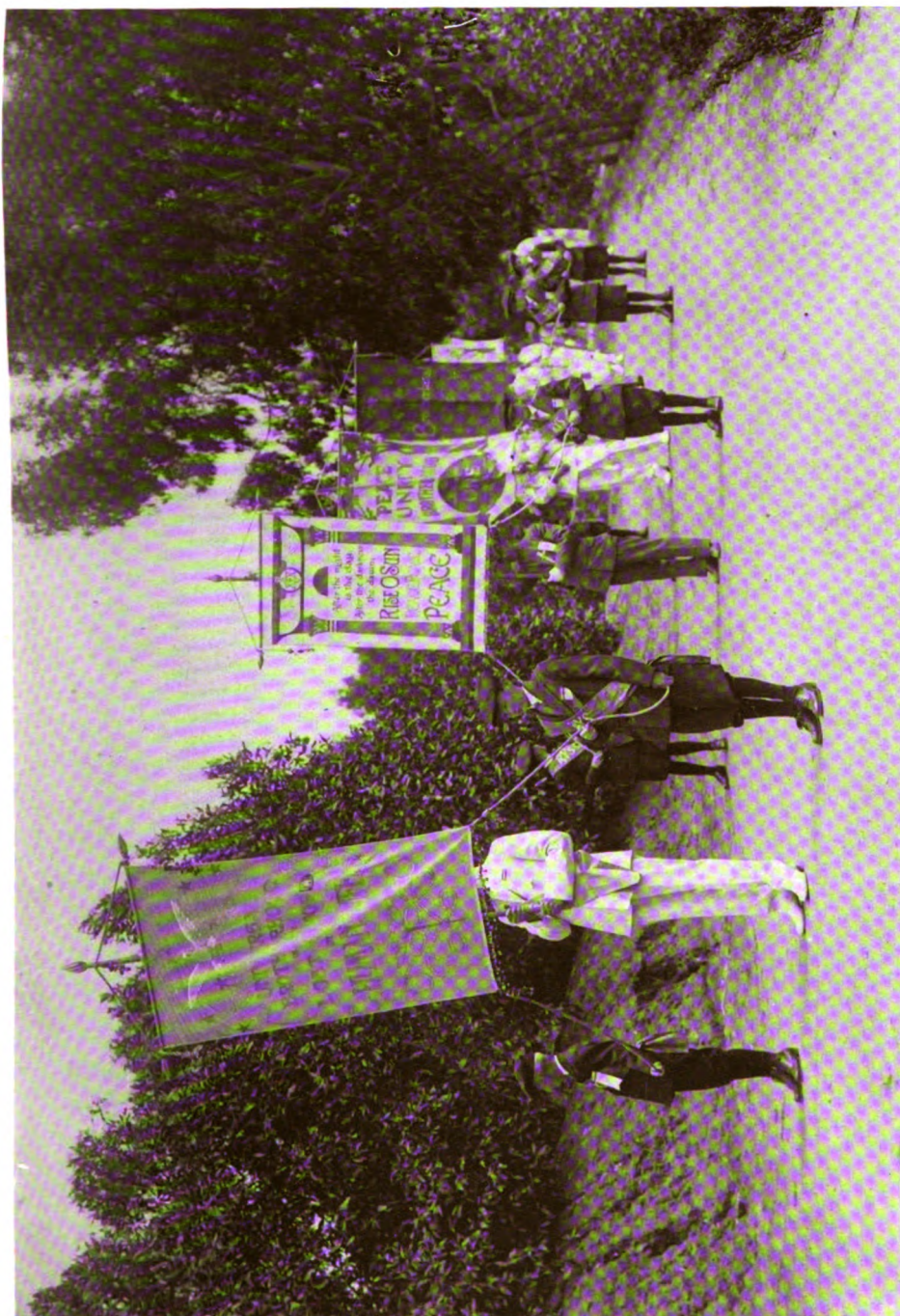
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THE GRAND PAGEANT HEADED BY SYMBOLIC FIGURE OF PEACE
DRAPED WITH THE FLAG OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PEACE AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GROUP OF SENIOR GIRLS OF THE RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BANNERS BORNE BY STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE, AND JUNIOR BOYS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL
 "Universal Brotherhood is the Lost Chord in Human Life"—"After the Night is the Day; After the Darkness the Dawn;
 Rise O Sun! Peace! Peace! Peace!"—"Peace, Unity, Brotherhood, The Whole World One"—"Brotherhood."



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE BAND

Brotherhood in Stockholm, Sweden, have asked me to convey to the Peace Parliament in Lomaland their sincere and heart-felt greetings. . . .

Many hundreds of Swedish women now in this glorious midsummer-time join with the members of the International Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood in an earnest endeavor to create a new hope for the future life of the nations. Many of these women have begun to understand that woman has it in her power to change the national life of her country through a silent and untiring influence from the thousands and thousands of homes. These women have got a new understanding of what brotherhood means, and they begin to perceive a vast field of labor, where all the resources of love, patience and hope are needed. They also begin to understand that to work for others not only means to work for one's own home, one's own people, on one's own national soil, but to work for all humanity, for the benefit of the whole human family. It is our firm belief that there will never be peace on earth, in the real sense of this word, until the truth of Universal Brotherhood has become a living power in the life of every nation. . . .

I am expressing the thoughts and feelings of hundreds of my country-women, when I now beg to wish Mme. Tingley a glorious success in her efforts to give to the world what it needs most of all: a new hope for the future, based on a true knowledge of human nature and of the purpose of human life.

The Chairman then called upon Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, Indiana, Chairman of the Organizing Committee of the International Conference of Women Workers to Promote Permanent Peace. Mrs. Sewall described the work that had been done by the International Council of Women and of the objects of the International Conference of Women Workers, which had held its preliminary meeting at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco, June 4th, and was to meet again July 4-7. (A full report of Mrs. Sewall's address will be published in the Official Proceedings of the Parliament.)

An invocation was then pronounced by Mr. Reginald Machell, during which the whole audience remained standing. It was a most impressive moment. The Chairman then announced the concluding number of the program: a tableau, "The Seven Kings of Vadstena," which he introduced in the following words:

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 Vättern, Sweden, cluster many famous legends. One of the most interesting of these, and surely prophetic and full of hope, is "The Legend of the Seven Kings," which runs as follows:

SEVEN BEECH TREES WILL GROW FROM A COMMON ROOT: SEVEN KINGS WILL COME FROM SEVEN KINGDOMS AND FASTEN THEIR HORSES, ONE AT EACH TREE; UNDER THE CANOPY OF THE TREES THEY WILL SWEAR AN EVERLASTING PEACE ALLIANCE BETWEEN THEIR SEVEN KINGDOMS; AND THIS WILL COME TO PASS AT THE END OF THE PRESENT AGE.

But the Spirit of Peace cannot manifest until there is peace in the hearts of the people. Then shall the magical power of universal brotherly love bring to man's aid all the beneficent forces of nature, when this sacred compact of peace is made between the nations of the earth.

This prophecy, as told in the ancient legend, will now be symbolically enacted before your eyes, as a living picture.

The following description is taken from the *San Diego Union*, June 27, 1915:

The picture presented at the opening session on June 22d was one never to be forgotten. It was one of Mme. Tingley's marvelous creations. There in the Greek Theater, superbly lighted, with the waxing moon adding just a touch of mystery, and only the heavens over one's head, the bugle sounded to usher in the Seven Kings of an ancient legend prophesying permanent peace.

Superbly appareled, these kings stepped into the arena as from some mediæval "Field of the Cloth of Gold," though without any suggestion of rivalry or conquest. Standing under the spreading limbs of the great beech, they calmly and deliberately discussed the peace treaty inscribed on a scroll, which they had prepared in kingly council for signature. At last it was signed and sealed with the ancient sword ceremony and the hand-clasp of brotherhood. Then, one by one, they plunged their now useless swords into the soil at the roots of the great beech and turned away.

While this was going on, to the strains of hidden music, the Spirit of Peace approached, carrying scepter and dove, and draped in the new peace flag of violet, purple and gold, the colors of which were selected by Madame Tingley nineteen years ago, shortly after she took up the work for universal peace, begun by H. P. Blavatsky in 1875, when the Theosophical Society was founded.

Around this figure caroled and danced dozens of tiny, gauze-winged fairies, their golden trumpets sounding out "Peace, Peace, to the World!" Beyond, over canyon and hillside, fires gleamed out here and there; first the red fires symbolic of the fevered passions of war. Then as these slowly faded — their smoke carried by the wind far out over the ocean — a glorious burst of the violet light of Peace filled the whole sky. The picture, charged as it was with optimism, hope and light, was one to linger long in memory.

The grand international pageant on the following day had the same note of peace triumphant, not only in the beautiful silken banners with their mottoes of "Peace and Good Will," but in the various groups which formed it, from the Seven Kings, who headed the procession on horseback, down to the historic Torch-bearers of Peace throughout the Ages, who constituted a living link between the

kings of the legendary prophecy and the groups of little children carrying the flower-decked Cable-tow of Brotherhood, themselves a living promise of peace to the world.

The flags of all nations, which were used at the opening public session, and also in the pageant, were from Mme. Tingley's historic collection, many of these having been presented to her during her two encirclings of the globe, in 1896-7 and 1903-4. These flags had also played an important part in the proceedings of the International Peace Congress convoked and directed by Mme. Tingley at Visingsö, Sweden. The banners, as well as the flags, had also been used in the Lomaland Division of the grand procession on the Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, which was celebrated in San Diego, September 28, 1914.

Following the pageant, a Peace Symposium was given by a group of younger pupils of the Râja-Yoga School, in the Greek Theater. It was one of Katherine Tingley's magic touches. Words of wisdom came from the lips of children, yet in language that all, even themselves, could understand, pointing the way to the solution of life's problems.

Their symposium ended, they start to run off, but suddenly they stop. All unseen by them, another child, garbed in red with a red soldier cap and carrying the red flag of war, has entered.

"Who comes here, a stranger?" asks one of the Little Peace-Makers, and he answers: "Yes, a weary stranger, who has traveled far, who represents many people who have made a great mistake and have followed war instead of peace, but alas, they knew no other way." Far over the hills he had heard their glad songs of peace and joy, and now, he asks, may he join the new world of peace-makers, the Little Philosophers, and so learn to be a peace-maker and a helper like them. Gladly they welcome him, and one of them places over his shoulders a white scarf, the emblem of peace. He throws away the red flag of war, and receives instead the flag of peace. Then off they run.

So simple, so convincing; verily, a key to the solution of the terrible problem! The heart of humanity must be touched and awakened if we are to have Peace.

The second public assembly of the Parliament of Peace was held at the Isis Theater, San Diego, Mr. Clark Thurston, Vice-President of the Parliament, presiding. On the stage were Mme. Tingley, the

foreign delegates and the other speakers of the evening. The following is the report given in the *San Diego Union*, June 24, 1915:

PEACE PARLIAMENT SHOWS WAR SPIRIT WANES
EUROPEAN WOMEN BATTLING STRIFE IN PERIOD OF GLOOM
WORLD RETURNING TO SANITY, SPEAKER SAYS; HIGH TRIBUTES PAID
MADAME TINGLEY FOR UNTIRING EFFORTS; INTERNATIONAL
PAGEANT FEATURES DAY

Sixteen new peace organizations have been founded in the nations of Europe since the beginning of the war, five by men and eleven by women. Of this number five have sprung up in England, at a time when the war fever is at its height. The majority of those interested in these individual movements are persons who have never before taken part in organized efforts toward a permanent world-peace.

These facts were given last night by Mrs. May Wright Sewall of Indianapolis, Chairman of the Organizing Committee of the International Conference of Women Workers to Promote Permanent Peace, as the most hopeful and significant that have come to her attention during the long months of conflict. Mrs. Sewall was speaking at the Isis Theater, where the second day of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood was brought to a close with a series of impressive speeches by the men and women delegates and an exhortation by Madame Tingley, the Founder and President.

HEART OF WORLD GROWS

Mrs. Sewall, who has been a worker in the cause of peace for more than a quarter of a century, said there had been nothing finer than the effort of the women of the warring nations to remain with hands clasped; nothing more inspiring than the organizations which had been founded in London, Berlin and Paris to care for the interests and welfare of the "alien enemy" in England, Germany and France.

Mrs. Frank Stephens, Chairman of the Department of Peace, District of Los Angeles, of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, in the course of a stirring message, said that there were 50,000 women in the Federation, all of whom with their families would be enrolled in the army of peace and brotherhood before the great work ended. Mrs. Stephens attacked the ancient conception of patriotism as "instinctive, emotional and uncontrolled," the "patriotism that belongs to barbarism." This patriotism, she said, must be replaced by a "human reasoning, just and sane patriotism."

RETURN OF SANITY SEEN

"I observe," said the speaker parenthetically, "that the advertisements calling for enlistments in the army and navy talk more of steady pay and easy work than they do of love of country."

Mrs. Josephine Page Wright, President of the San Diego Women's Press Club, said that the attitude of the current writers was encouraging and indicated a return to sanity; that the modern poets were dwelling more upon the horrors of war than upon its glories; and that two of the most successful plays of the season were anti-war in theme.

Judge William R. Andrews of San Diego said that he felt certain that the day of peace was almost here.

"There is a higher power, the power of brotherhood, the power of love — call it what you will — that will take possession so completely of the human conscience that war will be an impossibility. It will be an impossibility because enlightened men will refuse to go to war," he said.

TRIBUTE TO MADAME TINGLEY

John B. Osborn of San Diego, representing Perry W. Weidner, Sovereign Grand Inspector-General for Southern California and Arizona of Scottish Rite Masonry, paid tribute to Madame Tingley for the "indomitable courage and wonderful spirit" with which she has labored in the cause of peace, and expressed the hope that "infinite strength may continue to sustain her aspirations and inspirations."

Herbert Crooke of London, National Representative for England of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, and the other delegates from European countries, who took part in the session Tuesday night at Point Loma, read again the messages from the organizations which they represent.

Mrs. Grace Duffie Boylan, a writer and journalist of Chicago, read an original peace poem, and Mrs. Katherine Richmond Green of Easthampton, Mass., a poem called "The Call of Peace." "The Peace Pipe" and a number of other selections were rendered by the Rāja-Yoga International Chorus and Orchestra.

GREETING FROM THE DUTCH PEACE LEAGUE ("PEACE THROUGH JUSTICE")

Read by Prof. Daniel de Lange, Corresponding Secretary for Holland of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood

Professor Daniel de Lange,
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Dear Professor de Lange:

Through you our League has received an invitation to attend the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood; and the General Committee also received your cabled message, announcing that the date of holding the Parliament has been fixed for June 22, 1915.

On receipt of your first communication our Committee, being under the impression that the Parliament of Peace was to be held in the fall of 1915, agreed to have our Society represented in the Parliament, and accepted the invitation. Now, however, that the Parliament will convene June 22d, the Committee finds it impossible.

It is superfluous to remind you how difficult it is for anyone to leave the country, under the present war conditions surrounding us; and the more so, because everyone who is directly interested in the international movement for permanent Peace has a greater call than ever to be on duty here.

It is with the deepest regrets that the General Committee at the present time finds it impossible to send a representative to attend your Parliament. It hopes, however, to receive another invitation for any future assembly of the Parliament that may be held.

Our Committee desires me to convey to you that in spirit and in mind it will be present at the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, seeing that it feels itself a part of your Parliament, and is one with you in the work that will be done.

The Committee feels assured that you will express to the Parliament its deepest regrets at not being able to be represented at your Convention, and at the same time begs that you will offer, with its most heart-felt greetings, its sincere and best wishes for the complete success of your work.

With many thanks for your presenting this matter to the Parliament, and with most friendly greetings to yourself,

FOR THE GENERAL COMMITTEE
(Signed) H. van der Mandere
Secretary

GREETING FROM THE SWEDISH PEACE SOCIETY

Read by Lieut. Walo von Greyerz, of Stockholm, Sweden, National Representative for Switzerland of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood

Stockholm, May 17, 1915.

To Mr. Walo von Greyerz,
Stockholm.

Dear Sir:

It has come to my knowledge that you intend to go to California to take part in the International Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, which will assemble at Point Loma, June 22-25, 1915. As the Swedish Peace Society is one of the organizations in Sweden which are working with the same object in view as that Parliament, it would give me great pleasure, if would convey to the Parliament and the representatives of the many different nationalities you will meet with, a hearty greeting from the Swedish Peace Society, together with an expression of our earnest desire for the advancement of the high purpose which they have in common with us, although we endeavor to reach it in somewhat different ways.

May the work in which you, my dear Sir, are going to take part, be very fruitful of good results. I remain, dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) Theodor Adelswärd
President of the Swedish Peace Society

GREETING FROM THE SWEDISH PEACE AND DEFENSE SOCIETY

Read by Prof. Osvald Sirén, PH. D., Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm, Sweden

To the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood:

While the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood is assembled, the world presents a more tragic picture than it has ever done before. One hears on all sides the voices of those preachers of pessimism who in cowardly despondency tell us that there is no power that can overrule the passions of the nations. The

doctrines of hatred and national egotism are taught ever more openly. Men's minds are deafened by the roaring of the war and are surrendering more and more to these distressing and debasing doctrines, thus leading to the rupture of those ties which should bind the nations together. We know however, that there are still many people, enlightened by the sacred flame of Brotherhood, who know that human greatness is not fostered by the loosing of the passions, but rather by educating the youth in self-control.

On the occasion of the assembly of men and women of this enlightened class, the Swedish Peace and Defense Society would take the opportunity of sending them sincere and hearty greetings. The Swedish Peace and Defense Society has been formed during the present war. One of its principal objects is to promulgate the idea that the highest honor a nation can attain is to work for the common good of humanity.

We protest against that short-sighted policy which would gain some temporary advantage at the expense of a neighboring nation. We desire that the struggles between the nations be replaced by a noble competition in doing the best to promote the common good of humanity. We are convinced that the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood will be a great influence in this direction. We hope that when the participators in this Parliament return to their homes, they will take with them increased resources of determination, with loftier thoughts and a greater inspiration and trust in their work. We desire that of everyone it may be truthfully said in the words of the ancient Edda of the Norsemen, in which its heroes are praised:

"He was mighty
In protecting the people,
Preventing swords,
Calming storms
Quenching flames,
Soothing sorrows,
And quieting minds."

THE SWEDISH PEACE AND DEFENSE SOCIETY

(Signed) Rurik Holm

President

Allan Wiberg

Secretary

Stockholm, May 22, 1915.

GREETING PRESENTED BY MR. TORSTEN HEDLUND

National Representative for Western and Central Sweden of the Parliament of
Peace and Universal Brotherhood

I have the honor to present the following greeting, on behalf of the International and National Delegates in Sweden of this Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, which was founded by Katherine Tingley in Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen:

"With the deepest interest and admiration we have followed Mme. Katherine Tingley's indefatigable work and untiring endeavors to promulgate among the

nations of the world the fundamental principles of Peace. We have seen her work at the never-to-be-forgotten Peace Congress held in our country under her auspices, at Visingsö, in 1913, and our hearts are filled with hope and trust that her new Congress, although assembling under the present difficult conditions, shall further advance her grand work and awake Humanity, the belligerent as well as the neutral, to the conviction that lasting Peace cannot be obtained by arms or treaties, but only by a general acknowledgment of the Brotherhood of Humanity and knowledge of the Laws that govern evolution."

ON BEHALF OF THE DELEGATES

Stockholm, May 17, 1915.

(Signed) G. Zander

GREETING READ BY DR. ERIK BOGREN, HELSINGBORG, SWEDEN
National Representative for Southern Sweden of the Parliament of Peace
and Universal Brotherhood

To Madame Katherine Tingley and all the Members of the Parliament
of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, assembled at
Point Loma, California, June 22-25, 1915.

We, the undersigned, desire to express our sympathy and gratitude for all that is being done at Point Loma and elsewhere in the world for the cause of Peace among all people.

Individuals and whole nations have all too long wandered in shadows, hating one another. The power of darkness has been ruling long enough, and we see the result in what is now taking place, something so terrible that history does not record its equal.

May humanity awaken and realize its possibilities and get a new view of life, so that the feeling of Brotherhood and Compassion may radiate from the true heart-life.

All of us, all humanity, are in a measure responsible for the present condition, and all will have to partake in the results that are coming. May we therefore work to purify the world's life, so that the coming generations may reap a better harvest in the future than we are now gathering.

With this earnest wish we sign our names as a pledge and promise that we intend to do our part in this great and blessed work.

And finally, in conclusion, we send to Madame Katherine Tingley and all her co-workers our heartiest greetings and warmest wishes for great success in their important undertaking.

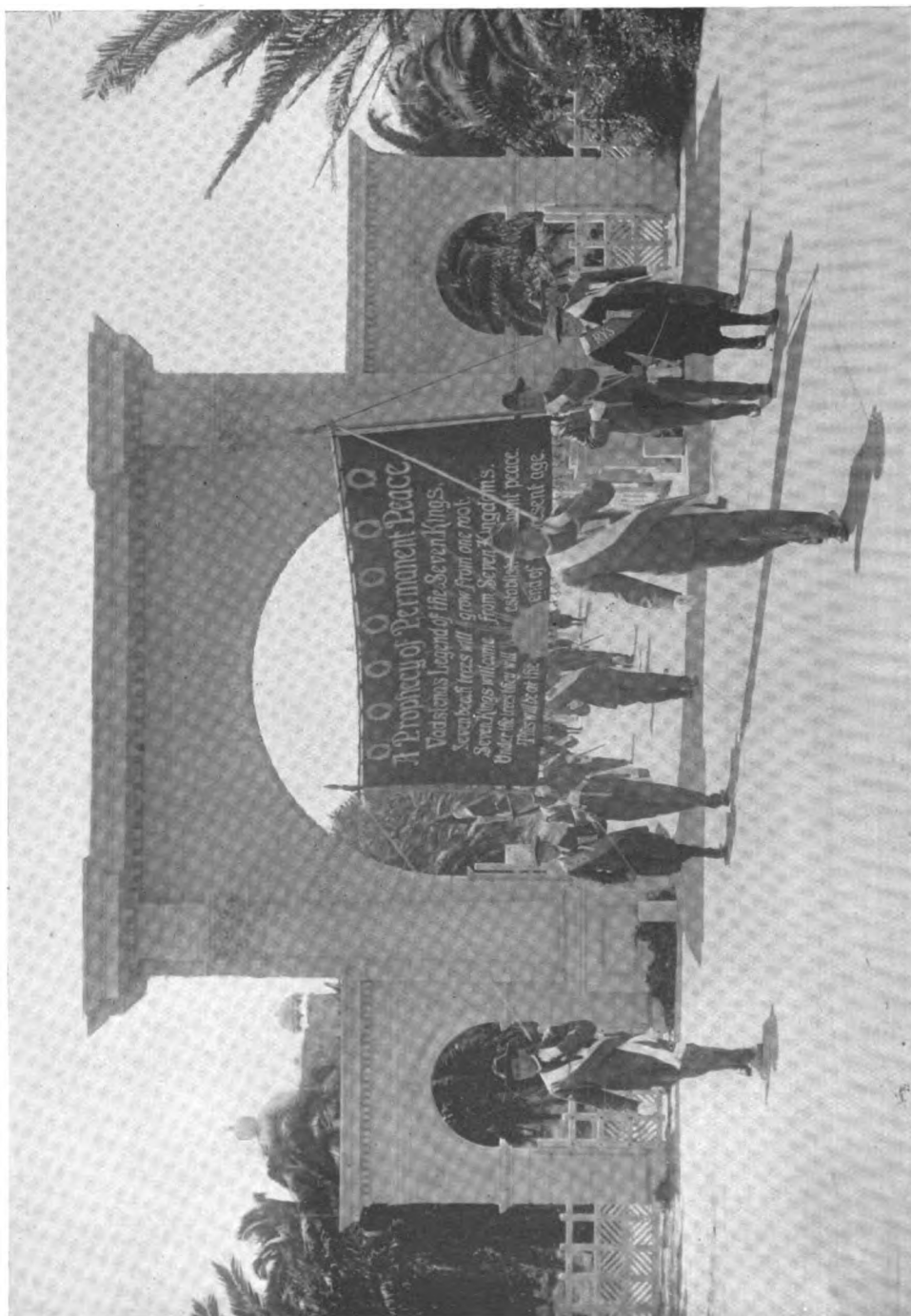
(Signatures) Members of the Helsingborg, Malmö and
Höganäs Centers of the Parliament of Peace
and Universal Brotherhood in Southern
Sweden.

Hon. Churchill J. Bartlett, of Marlin, Texas, former member of the State Legislature and officially representing Hon. James E. Ferguson, Governor of Texas, in presenting Governor Ferguson's greeting to the Peace Parliament, said:



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“THE SEVEN KINGS,” ILLUSTRATING THE ANCIENT LEGEND OF VADSTENA



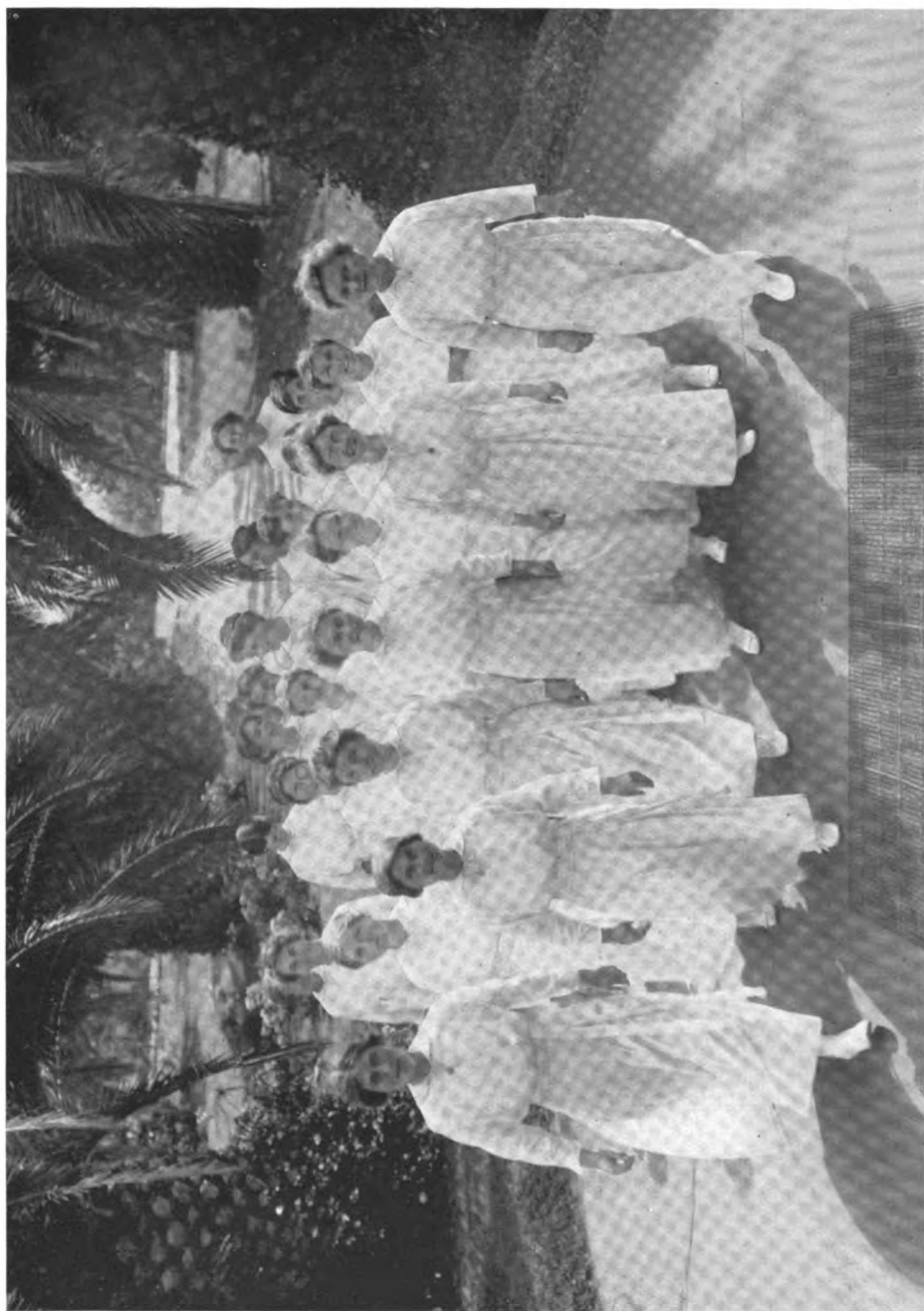
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BANNER OF THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN KINGS, BORNE BY LOMALAND HEADQUARTERS STUDENTS



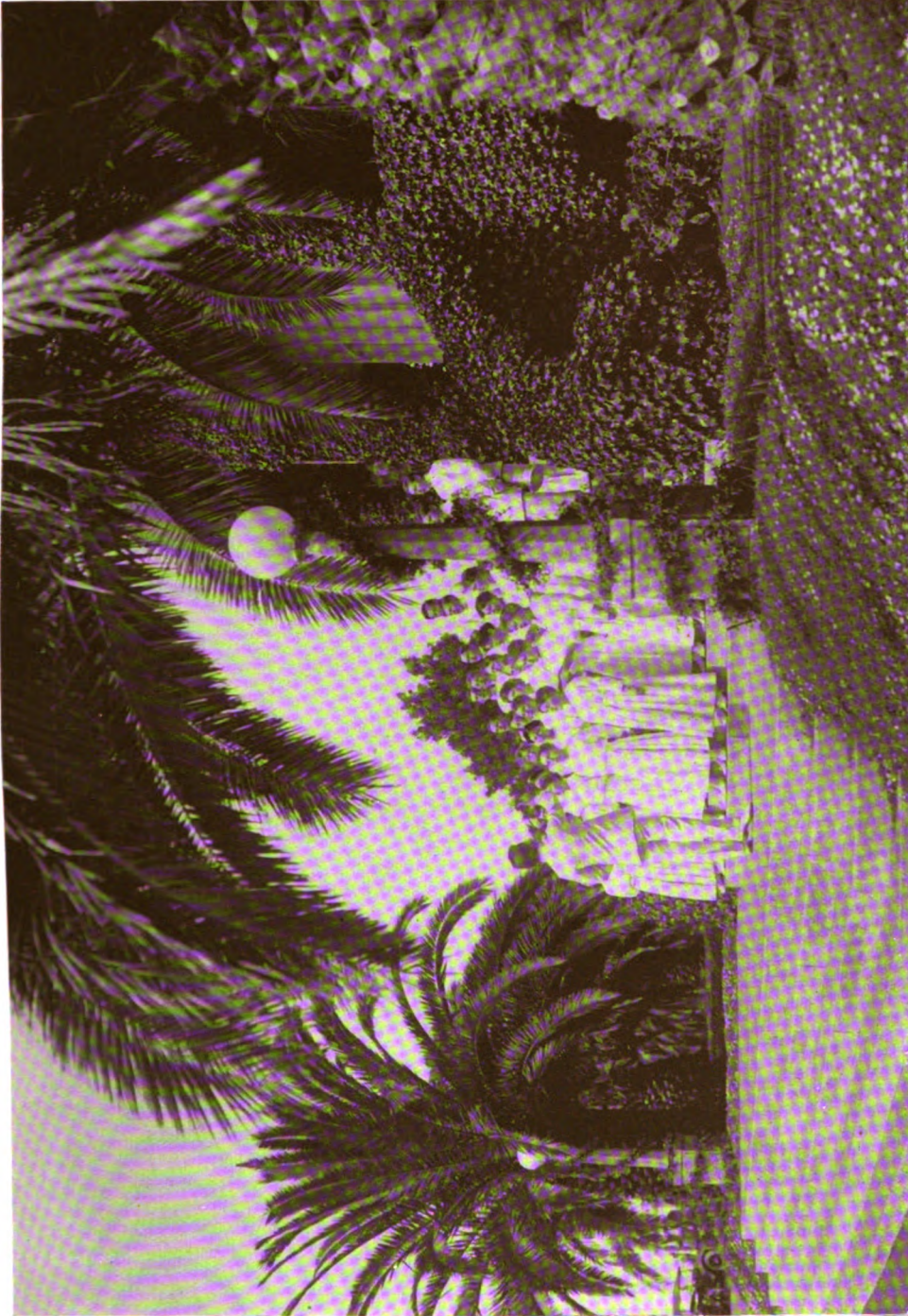
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A GLIMPSE OF THE PAGEANT ON THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY ROAD LEADING TO THE GREEK THEATER



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A GROUP OF THE OLDER STUDENTS OF THE RAJA-YOGA COLLEGE



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INTERNATIONAL RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE CHORUS ON THE STEPS OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE



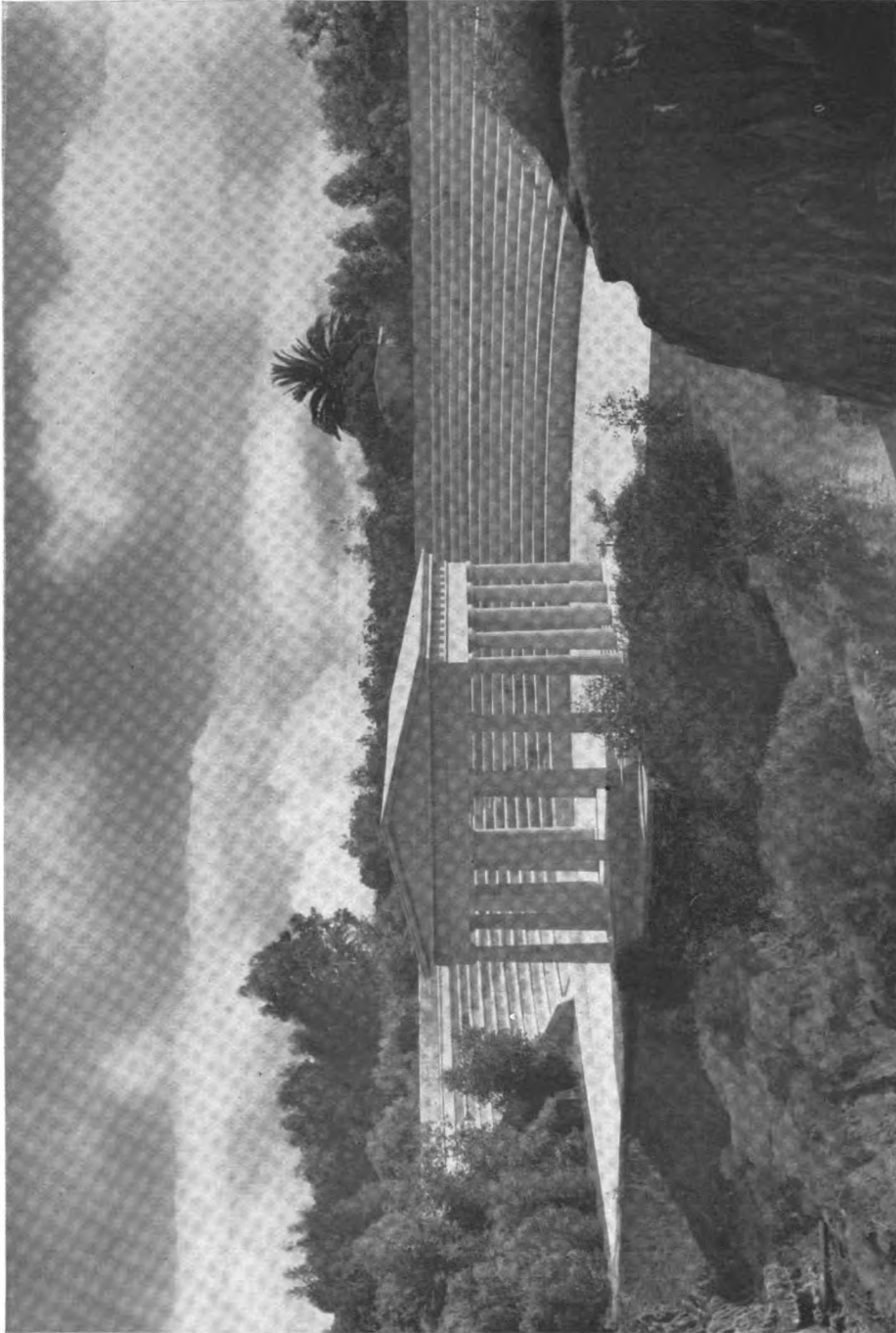
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IN THE TEMPLE OF PEACE, WHERE WERE CARRIED ON THE DELIBERATIONS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF
PEACE AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD



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BANNER OF THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN KINGS
IN THE TEMPLE OF PEACE



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THE GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Here was held the first public assembly of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, June 22, 1915.

This "Causeless War" is blotting with its crimson stain pages and pages of the history of our time. Of an age the most brilliant in the history of the world in its splendid achievements, in its wonderful progress, and — though it may sound inconsistent — in its steady advance toward the brotherhood of man — an age marked by a more universal feeling of genuine philanthropy and altruism than the human race has heretofore known.

The present assembly is thoroughly representative of the sentiment of our peace-loving United States of America, and at the same time it undoubtedly represents the sentiments of the disunited states of Europe, for surely, our brothers across the ocean are more eager than we that a reign of love may again hold sway.

My message to you is brief, but it is a greeting to your Congress and a participation herein on the part of the State of Texas. Governor Ferguson of Texas has commissioned me to represent him here and to convey a message to you, and his commission reads as follows:

"In furtherance of your mission as my personal representative at the Panama-California Exposition, please do me the honor to present the following greeting to Madame Katherine Tingley, Foundress-President Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, and other officers and members. — We Americans should be grateful that in Woodrow Wilson we have a President brave enough and strong enough to reflect in official act and word the real public sentiment and public conscience of the United States, and all organizations having for their purpose the effectuation of ultimate peace should follow and co-operate with him in the great task to which he has so patriotically and courageously committed himself.

JAMES E. FERGUSON
Governor of Texas"

And let me add on my own account a fervent hope that this Convention will be fruitful of results; that the general movement throughout our country — and indeed throughout the whole world — looking to the return of peace may lead to the fulfilment of Tennyson's beautiful prophecy: "When the War Drum throbs no longer and the battle flags are furled in a Parliament of Peace, the Federation of the World."

LETTER FROM HON. OSCAR S. STRAUSS OF NEW YORK
Former U. S. Ambassador to Turkey

5 West Seventy-sixth Street,
New York City, April 30, 1915.

Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge your invitation of the 24th inst., on behalf of Madame Tingley, to attend the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma on June 22d. I regret that it will not be possible for me to attend.

I feel that every effort for the promotion of concord and peace among peoples and nations deserves encouragement and support. It is to be hoped that the ex-

treme suffering entailed by the world-war will develop extreme wisdom on the part of the nations: that in place of a national jingoism the nations may have real international patriotism. The roots of this world-war are traceable to the fact that the moral standards between nations are so much lower than the moral standards within nations. And from this conflict has resulted the doctrine of "Might," as opposed to international justice; the doctrine of "Expediency," as opposed to the sanctity of international obligations.

This conflict was not so apparent in former times when nations lived by and for themselves, but with the development of international communication the term "Family of Nations" has a real significance, and the disagreement of national and international morals has become a greater menace to the peace of the world. The effect of war today in any part of the world is felt in every part of the world. Neutral nations suffer only in a lesser degree than belligerent nations. Consequently, all nations have an equal interest in the maintenance of Peace, so that the *Might* of all may stand behind the *Right* of each nation, small as well as large. And this can only be secured by a league or federation of nations. Far more important is an unlimited application of the moral law to international relationship than the limitation of armaments. That limitation will naturally follow the establishment of international justice guaranteed by the united power of the united world.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) OSCAR S. STRAUSS

Joseph H. Fussell, Secretary
Parliament of Peace

LETTER FROM DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN
Chancellor, Leland Stanford Junior University

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY
Office of the Chancellor

Stanford University, California,
June 7, 1915

Mrs. Katherine Tingley,
Point Loma, California.

Dear Mrs. Tingley:

It is a matter of great regret to me that engagements in the East make it impossible for me to be present at your Peace Congress in San Diego.

I have long known of your deep interest in all problems of international friendliness and in all movements which may lead to keeping unreasoning anger out of the councils of the world. For the present, the civilization of Europe seems doomed, for it was built upon dynamite. If it is ever restored, as it must be, it will be on a basis of law, not of force; of mutual confidence, not of hate, with the burden and menace of armament lessened and such adjustments that no man and no nation shall be forced to go to war involuntarily. It seems to me that after this war the greatest struggle of mind and will for three hundred

years must take place, and that by example and by direct action our republic must take a large part in the great reformation.

Yours very truly,
DAVID STARR JORDAN

LETTER FROM DR. BENJAMIN I. WHEELER
President, University of California
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Office of the President

Berkeley, May 19, 1915.

My dear Sir:

I hope that the proposed Parliament of Peace to be held at Point Loma June twenty-second may succeed in bringing to the attention of the world-mind the necessity of devising expedients whereby the reckless and unreasonable initiation of war may be held in check in the interest of civilization. Some way ought to be found whereby at least nations may be forced to hesitate before taking the last terrible step which leads to the precipice. This hesitation, even though it be but a matter of days, might well be the means, in single cases, of finally preventing war.

I have small faith that wars will cease so long as we remain human. But I believe it is our duty to proceed toward the adoption of devices which will hold war in check. I believe such devices can be found. We all saw how in the present war one nation after another slipped helplessly into the terrible chasm of war, each for reasons of its own or no good reason at all; and we recognize that what was needed was some firm standing-ground from which these helpless nations at the right juncture could be steadied and rescued.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) BENJ. I. WHEELER

Mr. Joseph H. Fussell,
Point Loma, San Diego,
California.

GRAND LODGE, F. & A. M. OF CALIFORNIA
Benjamin F. Bledsoe, Grand Master

Los Angeles, California, June 20, 1915.

Mr. Joseph H. Fussell,
Corresponding Secretary,
Point Loma, California.

Dear Sir:

. . . Judge Bledsoe . . . further wishes me to state that you have his heartiest co-operation and interest in this great movement, and will be glad to be called upon in any capacity within his power in the furtherance of this glorious undertaking.

Respectfully,
(Signed) LYLE W. EUCKEN
Private Secretary

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

JUDGE JOHN D. MURPHEY, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
Past Grand Master, Grand Lodge of California, F. & A. M.

I am in entire sympathy with all that you propose to do at the Parliament of Peace, and regret very much that circumstances and dates which I have previously made will make it impossible for me to be with you on that occasion.

I desire through you to express to Madame Tingley my highest appreciation of the honor she has conferred upon me by inviting my presence at the Parliament, and also in requesting me to prepare an address to be delivered upon that occasion.

MRS. DIANA BELAIS, NEW YORK
President, New York Anti-Vivisection Society

Absence from home delayed response to your kind telegram. Greetings and congratulations to the notable assemblage convened to bring nearer the general realization of Universal Brotherhood which means in its essence Universal Peace, embracing justice and kindness not only to our fellow-humans but to our fellow sub-humans as well. This great ideal of concord is fortunate in having the splendid leadership of Katherine Tingley to bring it to its full fruition. May the divine event come quickly.

HON. WILLIAM KENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Member of Congress from California

Regret that numerous engagements absolutely prevent attendance on peace meeting. I appreciate the great service rendered by such gatherings and as a peace-loving American join you in spirit and congratulate you in advance.

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY

San Diego, California, June 17, 1915.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the Massachusetts Society in recognition of the work that distinguished daughter of Massachusetts, Katherine Tingley, is doing in the cause of Peace, has this day, by virtue of the power vested in its President, appointed Mr. Cyrus F. Willard, formerly of Boston, to represent this Society in the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood to be held in this City within the coming week.

(Signed) GEORGE C. LOMAX, *President*
ALICE E. ROBINSON, *Secretary*

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR INTERNATIONAL CONCILIATION

New York, N. Y., May 28, 1915.

Mr. Joseph H. Fussell, Corresponding Secretary,
Point Loma, San Diego,
California.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your letter inviting this Association to send a representative to the Sessions of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, to be held at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, June 22-25.

We regret that at this time we are unable to take advantage of your kind invitation and we are very grateful to you for asking us to be present. With best wishes for the success of the Parliament, I am,

Very truly yours,
(Signed) F. P. KEPPEL, *Secretary*

NEW ENGLAND DEPARTMENT OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY
6 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
James L. Tryon, Director.

May 15, 1915.

Mr. Joseph H. Fussell, Corresponding Secretary,
Point Loma, San Diego.
California.

Dear Sir:

I thank you for inviting me to send an official representative to attend the sessions of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood. I only wish it were possible to send some one from here, but at present I see no opportunity to do so.

I wish success to your meetings, and hope they may result in carrying the cause farther along towards its goal.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) JAMES L. TRYON, *Director*

SENATOR HENRI LA FONTAINE, BRUSSELS, BELGIUM
President of the Council, International Peace Bureau, Berne, Switzerland
Best wishes for complete success; hope that in near future men will understand that their duty is to prepare for peace and not for war.
(Signed) LA FONTAINE

DR. A. F. MAISCH, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
Appointed by Hon. Geo. W. P. Hunt, Governor of Arizona. Owing to serious calls made upon him as a physician, he found at the last moment he could not attend.
Regret exceedingly my inability to attend. Will say for Gov. Hunt that he is in entire accord with the principles announced in Mme. Tingley's Parliament of Peace, especially the education of the coming generation along new lines of thought in which the civilized nations of the world shall recognize the folly and brutality of submerging their greatest ideals and achievements in a sea of carnage.
(Signed) DR. A. F. MAISCH

CARL RAMBERG, GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN
Journalist, Author and World-traveler
I beg you to forward my best greetings, and I fully agree with you and the Parliament upon the principles set down in the program. There is only one possibility of creating permanent peace, and that is to make Universal Brotherhood a living power in the lives of men. May we listen to the call of Humanity. Let us do our duty in helping to evoke the Spirit of Peace all over the world.

MRS. DOROTHY BLOUNT LAMAR, MACON, GEORGIA

President, Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy

Letter and wire received on return from several week's absence. Am profoundly appreciative of the privilege offered me by the invitation to speak as representative Southerner before International Peace Parliament next week. Will send paper as suggested, since plans arranged for October 6th to California prevent my going West now.

ALMA V. LAFFERTY

President, Colorado Woman's Peace Association, Member of Colorado Legislature

I regret more than I can tell that it is impossible for me to accept your more than kind invitation to participate in the Peace Conference called by that wonderful Leader, Madame Tingley. We must have World-Peace, and that means the full Brotherhood of Man. My best wishes for the success of the Conference.

MME. CHEN CHI

Wife of Chinese Commissioner to the Panama-Pacific International
Exposition, San Francisco, California

Received your telegram. On account of previous engagement and need of my presence home it is impossible for me to be in Point Loma during Conference, so much as would desire. Please thank for me Mme. Tingley for kind invitation. Wishing great success to Cause and meeting and result.

For the entertainment of the foreign and other visiting delegates, presentations of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *The Aroma of Athens* were given in the open-air Greek Theater, Lomaland. The former of these was given entirely by pupils of the Râja-Yoga College and School, and the latter by students of the School of Antiquity and Râja-Yoga pupils. For a fuller account see elsewhere in this issue.

On Sunday, June 27, Mme. Tingley lectured at Isis Theater to a crowded house, making another forceful appeal on behalf of Peace. On July 2, she left for San Francisco, having been invited to take part in the International Conference of Women Workers to Promote Permanent Peace, July 4-7.

The meetings of the Conference were held in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco of which Dr. Charles F. Aked is pastor. Here on July 6, Mme. Tingley gave her principal address on "The Basis of Permanent Peace," the other speakers of the evening being Mrs. Philip Snowden of England (wife of a member of the British Parliament) and Dr. Aked.

Among other prominent women attending the Conference were the Countess Dumas of Paris, and Frau Rega Hellmann of Berlin. These and Mrs. Snowden accepted Mme. Tingley's invitation to be her

guests and attend the concluding public session of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood at Isis Theater, San Diego, July 18. The Countess Dumas, however, at the last moment on account of unexpected news from Europe, was unable to make the journey to San Diego to attend the meeting.

While in San Francisco, Mme. Tingley received an invitation from the State officials to visit the State Penitentiary at San Quentin, and speak to both the men and women prisoners on July 9th. She was accompanied by Frau Rega Hellmann, Mr. and Mrs. Walo von Greyerz, Mrs. Ethelind Dunn, Mr. Carl Ramberg, Dr. Allen Griffiths and Mr. H. H. Somers. Mme. Tingley on previous occasions has visited the Penitentiary and spoken to the men, who always look forward to hearing her. A visit was first made to the Women's Ward and afterwards to the Men's Ward, where Mme. Tingley spoke to over two thousand of the men. The others who accompanied her also spoke briefly, Frau Hellmann speaking in German to the German prisoners. The visit was one that will long be remembered not only by the men but by those who accompanied the Theosophical Leader.

Mme. Tingley returned to San Diego at noon, Sunday, July 11, and in the evening lectured to a crowded house at Isis Theater. On Sunday, July 18, another public assembly of the Peace Parliament was held at Isis Theater, which was packed, many being unable to obtain admission. At this meeting Mme. Tingley presided. An official welcome was extended to the foreign delegates and speakers by Judge William R. Andrews representing the Mayor of San Diego, who was absent from the city. Addresses were given by Mrs. Anna von Greyerz, Secretary of the Woman's International League for Peace and Universal Brotherhood of Stockholm, Sweden; Mr. Carl Ramberg of Gothenburg, Sweden; Hon. Torsten Hedlund, also of Gothenburg, Frau Rega Hellmann of Berlin, and Mrs. Philip Snowden of London. Mrs. Grace Duffie Boylan, an American representative, recited her beautiful Peace poem (printed on the following page) which she had written specially for the Peace Parliament, and Mme. Tingley spoke briefly.

On Tuesday, July 20, was celebrated the Parliament of Peace Day at the Panama-California Exposition, San Diego. The President and Board of Directors of the Panama-California Exposition had extended an invitation to Katherine Tingley, Foundress-President of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood to co-operate with

them in arranging for the fitting observance of this day. The celebration took place in the evening before an audience of more than 3500 people. A further report of the proceedings of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, and of the observance of the Parliament of Peace Day at the Panama-California Exposition, will be published in the September issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.

HOSANNA AND HUZZA

BY GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN

Written for the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood and rendered by the author at the public assembly of the Parliament at Isis Theater, June 23, 1915

ERE ever the guns are silenced,
 Ere ever the mandate: Peace,
 Shall fall on the raging nations,
 Shall bid them their warfare cease;
 Ere ever the lamb in slumber
 Lies safe 'neath the lion's paw,
 We will cry to the east: Hosanna!
 We'll shout to the west: Huzza!

A hymn to the stedfast Nation
 That stayeth the crimson sword,
 That harks to the cry for justice
 Wherever ascends that word.
 A hymn of the noblest triumph
 Ere given the earth to cheer
 We will lift that the east may harken,
 We'll sing that the west may hear.

Far over the waving banners
 The foundries' plumes are swirled:
 And under the flag are garnered
 The harvests that bless the world.
 If over our hearthstone hovers
 The glory of sacrifice —
 We will make to the east no moaning,
 We'll make to the west no cries.

The fires of conquest kindle;
 The clang of a sword sounds far.
 But out of our strength we've thundered:
For us there shall be no war!
 For brother hath made with brother
 A pact in an holier cause
 That cries to the east Hosannas!
 That shouts to the west Huzzas!

THE LAW OF KARMA: by H. Travers, M. A.



ONE of the chief Theosophical teachings is that of the law of Karma, the law in accordance with which every man reaps that which he has sown. Every experience which we meet is a consequence of causes which we ourselves set in motion at some time in the past; and our present acts and thoughts will give rise to other consequences in the future. This law thus secures perfect equity of fortune for every man, and no circumstance is either casual or arbitrarily inflicted. The doctrine, however, cannot be understood without a knowledge of Reincarnation; for the period of a single life on earth does not comprise enough time to manifest all the workings of Karma. It is obvious that many of the experiences we are now meeting were not caused by anything we did in this life; and in such cases the causes were set in motion in a previous life or lives.

In the expression, "law of Karma," the word "law" is used to denote a rule of nature; in the same sense, in fact, as that in which the word is used in science. Thus the law of Karma is as much a natural fact as the law of gravitation. The existence of this law is demonstrated to our mind by means of study and observation. But our neglect of the fact of Reincarnation has naturally blinded our eyes.

It will be observed that this law is quite similar to certain scientific generalizations such as the "conservation of energy," but that it is on a far larger scale than these scientific generalizations. Science, with its love of truth and method, its readiness to generalize and bring things under a uniform rule, should welcome the doctrine of Karma. And it has already made considerable steps in that direction; for it is owing to science that we nowadays recognize the causes of so many things that once were attributed to the "will of God" or to mere "fate." We know now that epidemics are due to carelessness and dirt, and that no God will save us from the natural consequences of our own negligence in such concerns. May it not be the same with many other of our experiences — perhaps even *all* our experiences? Theosophy answers: Yes.

In some cases the workings of Karma can readily be traced; as, for instance, when a decrepit old age succeeds an intemperate youth. In that case we can trace the connexion between cause and effect, link by link. Likewise, if a man incurs enmity by his own ill-nature, we can trace the injuries he incurs at the hands of other people to the

injurious character of his own past actions. And many other such cases can be easily imagined. But in other cases the connexion between cause and effect is not so apparent. Yet all that is needed, in order that we may trace out the connexion, even in these cases, is more study and more knowledge.

Accidents are not always easy to trace to their cause; yet we may go a little way in the direction of a solution without much trouble. We are normally protected from accidents by the alert instinctive senses of our organism; but sometimes we get up in the morning with our nerves so out of tune that these instincts do not play their due part, and we consequently cut ourselves with our razor, take the skin off our knuckles against the door, and bring various other parts of our anatomy into conflicting juxtaposition with sundry portions of inert matter. The matter might even go to the length of throwing us under a street-car; and in these cases we have traced accident to carelessness, or rather to a certain disordered condition set up in ourself by our own negligence. This may supply a hint as to the workings of Karma. May it not be that the seeds which generate events are lurking somewhere in our own being, ready to sprout into manifestation when occasion offers suitable conditions?

A new-born child is like a seed, fraught with latent germs that will unfold into character, and these seeds are the fruitage of prior experience. But it is not only *character* that is thus carried over from life to life, but also *destiny*. This much an astrologer might willingly admit, claiming, as he does, to be able to read in the planetary configurations at birth, not the character alone but the destiny as well. But it is evident that, when we begin talking about such a thing as the seed of an event, we are entering a domain where our knowledge is defined mostly by its gaps. Nevertheless this is not superstition or guess-work, but something that can be known and worked out.

If any critic should say that the Theosophical explanation is speculative, we might at least answer that so are all other explanations, and that Theosophy, with its law of Karma, is but offering an explanation where none other exists to dispute the field. But we do not have to stop short at mere speculation.

Let us take some simple case and examine the ordinary theories about it. Supposing a man has a railroad accident; how would current theories set about explaining that? We might imagine a few devout people satisfying themselves with the reflection that such was

the will of Deity, and seeking no further. We might imagine a very large number of people simply accepting the fact without the slightest attempt at explanation. And we might imagine that a scientist or philosopher, if questioned, would put us off with the remark that the occurrence was "purely fortuitous." In the last case we have gotten a fine phrase indeed but nothing more. So the situation can be summed up by saying that ordinary knowledge provides us with no explanation whatever, leaving the field open to anyone who may have an explanation to offer.

And here it must be admitted that even many Theosophists leave us nearly as badly off as before when they tell us that the accident was "our Karma"—an explanation which will strike many as being merely a substitution of the word "Karma" for the word "God." One would like to go a little deeper than this if possible. But first let us pause to consider some other things which we do not know. Take that familiar illustration of "chance," the tossing of a coin. What is the cause that determines whether it shall fall heads or tails? Or, if you choose, take the cards and tell me what determines the order of their dealing. It cannot be that here we have effects without causes; and yet, if these are effects, and if all effects have causes, these effects must have causes. Then what are those causes? This is the field we have to explore.

Perhaps the ancient art of divination, in its numerous forms, some of them now being revived, might help us a little. Those who tell fortunes by the fall of the cards, or by marks made "casually" in the sand, or the grounds in a teacup, or the movements of birds, must evidently think that these apparently casual happenings are in some way connected with future events. Perhaps there have been ancient magicians who did not merely think this but *knew* it.

So-called casual events, then, such as those consulted in the various kinds of divination and in observing and interpreting omens, are mysteriously connected with other events; and by interpreting the one, we may be able to forecast the other. This conclusion may be arrived at either inductively by actual observation and experience, or deductively — by applying certain known principles. The first is a question of experience, the second a question of philosophy or science.

The conclusion that all events are interwoven with each other seems inevitable to a scientific mind, and the contrary conclusion is rejected as something offensive to our ideas of the orderliness of the

universe. The fact that we do not happen to discern the connexion between one set of events and another should not militate against the above foregone conclusion. For one thing, such ignorance is only to be expected; for, unless our knowledge is complete, there must be gaps in it. And here are some of the gaps; but the prospect of filling them up is by no means hopeless; indeed it is certain that we can fill some of them up, and there is no ground for setting any limit to the extent of possible knowledge in that direction. It is useful to point out how far we have already advanced in the casual interpretation of events through our later discoveries in science. Science has connected together a vast mass of phenomena, dependent on each other through the working of sundry laws of nature that have been studied. Such events, at one time called fortuitous, for want of a better explanation, are now assigned to their proper causes. In other cases, where we know that there is a causal relation, but cannot perceive its mechanism, we postulate some "medium," such as the "ether," to supply this place. The appearance of disturbances in the luminous atmosphere of the sun is found to coincide with magnetic storms on this earth; and to explain this we devise a theory of the ether, electrons, and what not. Astrologers are fond of pointing out that it is but a step further to suppose a connexion between the movements of the planets and the happenings on earth; that magnetic storms are probably but a particular effect of an alteration in some subtler atmosphere of the earth, which alteration likewise affects men's minds, thus causing waves of emotion and states of mind in the human family.

To connect with each other events that seem widely dissimilar in character and unrelated, we need a whole universe of new mediums like the ether, unseen beings, unknown forces, and so forth; and if we had this completer knowledge of the contents of the universe, it might be quite easy to trace the connexion between, say, a malicious thought and a broken leg, or to find out just what change in a man's internal economy is necessary in order to make him lose all his money or go down in a sea-disaster.

Another interesting question is, What is the form in which the seeds of destiny are brought over from a past incarnation, attach themselves to the growing child, and afterwards unfold into character and events? But this is clearly a large and complex question and one that we can hardly expect to answer except on the basis of a

greatly improved knowledge of nature's laws. It would be possible here to throw out many suggestive hints, the fruit of long reflection and study, but there is more than one reason for refraining. For one thing, space lacks for giving the information which a student ordinarily gleans for himself from a study of Theosophical books and reflecting thereon. For another thing, a logical pursuance of the trains of thought suggested would lead one to the discussion of invisible beings, such as Elementaries and Nature-Spirits, higher forms of matter, latent powers in man, and various other things which have to be dealt with in a guarded manner. This of course explains why H. P. Blavatsky leaves so many chains of thought uncompleted and confines herself so often to suggestive hints and partial information. Hers was the delicate task of saying enough to show people the reality of the supreme Science, and yet not saying enough to disclose things better not known to the world at large. However, enough has probably been said to show that this doctrine of Karma is not mere speculation, nor matter for unquestioning belief, but a thing that can be studied and understood; and that there is a profound scientific background to it.

The ethical value of the doctrine of Karma is of course strongly emphasized by Theosophical writers on the subject. To understand that our destinies are regulated by unerring law, as merciful as it is just, and not left to capricious fate or arbitrary will, is to become reconciled to our destiny. It is satisfying to realize that there is an unerring law that deals to each man his exact meed of weal or woe. And a new hope and purpose is given to life when we understand that, by our present sowing, we are making our future harvest, and that not the smallest effort can fail of fruitage.

But it may be useful to say a few words about a certain too narrow and commercial view of Karma that is sometimes taken. It is only a mind lacking in imagination and expansiveness that can depict to itself a kind of Recording Angel (only with a Sanskrit name this time) sitting up aloft, or possibly somewhere inside, with a ledger wherein are entered the debit and credit accounts of the highly important Mr. Me, and doling out from time to time, with apparent arbitrariness, drafts of good luck or bad in accordance with the state of the balance on the books. Such an idea amounts to little more than exchanging the arbitrary providence for a scrupulously honest financial providence with a love of fair-play but devoid of all emotion.

Whatever truth there may be in such a view, whatever watchful intelligences may be concerned in the carrying out of universal law, it is possible to overdo this aspect of the matter and to belittle and commercialize the idea of Karma. After all, our distinctions between good and bad luck are very artificial; they are regulated by our tastes and our wants and our preferences, and such distinctions cannot be of much account in the eternal scheme of things. The welfare of the Soul surely counts for more than the nature of the external circumstances, and we know that a character may be starved amid abundance and may grow in grace amid adversity — or perchance the other way round. So it is not well, in speaking of Karma, to lay too much stress on the difference between weal and woe, or good and bad Karma. If there is an important difference it lies in the nature of the Karma as regards the welfare of the Soul, good Karma being that which assists progress, and bad Karma that which tends to destroy the Soul-life in a man.

The pattern of an individual life must be very complex, when we consider the elements that enter into it. An immortal Soul has entered upon a period of earth-life, bringing with it a store of seeds or mental deposits, that will afterwards unfold as character and destiny, or perhaps be carried on to a still later period of earth-life. The nature of the Soul's Karma has determined the kind of heredity it will choose or be attracted towards, and the kind of entourage it will be born into. But, as it is not within the bounds of probability that the Soul will find conditions exactly suited in every detail to its requirements — or, in other words, will secure a perfect fit — there must be a certain amount of ill-adjustment, a certain amount of undeserved experiences, both good and ill. So the Karma of the Soul, the characters of the parents and ancestry, the country, surroundings, and other circumstances, are all woven together in the formation of a complex pattern. If we look into our own motives we find that they too are complex, varying, and inconstant, likely to lead us along a crooked path, somewhat like that of a cow being driven to market and stopping by the wayside to investigate the pleasures and pursuits offered by the pasturage on the borders. But the real purpose of the life is known to the liver of the life — that is, to the Soul; and we shall understand that purpose better the more closely we can identify ourself with that Soul, or, in other words, realize our true Self.

Besides individual Karma, there are of course various kinds of

collective Karma, for example national Karma and racial Karma. Nations as a whole, and races as a whole, can commit actions and thus set in motion the laws of Karma; and consequently they can experience the natural results thereof. Of this we have, in the present European troubles, a striking instance. Individual men and women are involved in the Karma of their nations and in that of the whole race. If anyone should be disposed for a moment to reflect on the equity of this circumstance, let him remember that we must either cast our lot with our fellows for good and for ill, or else make the fruitless attempt to live in isolation from all society. On the small scale we all accept such conditions, by the voluntary associations which we form with each other, accepting, over and above our individual deserts, such fortune as may befall the body to which we belong. Collective Karma will of course move on a slower and heavier scale. It may be easier, too, to trace its workings, for humanity as a whole never dies and so there is no gap of death to be bridged in this case. It is interesting to trace out the causes of the present trouble in the mistakes of the past. And among other things is impressed on us the important lesson that those who merely sin by omission become involved in the retribution.

It is sometimes considered difficult to reconcile the idea of Karma with that of free will, but the difficulty is due to confusion of thought. People may argue that causes and effects will go on generating one another in an endless chain, leaving the individual no chance of escape. Yet experience shows that people do escape from such chains of circumstance. The fact that one debauch generates the desire for another does not mean that we cannot escape from the habit. There are fortunately always means for escaping from habits. Just as a man who is caught in a vortex may lift himself out of it, so that its whirlings no longer affect him, so may a man raise himself out of these Karmic entanglements. The principle is that he should plant his feet on higher and firmer ground. We have the power of resisting impulses, thereby tending to exhaust the effect of Karma and refraining from generating more of the same kind. A free will is, for all practical purposes, a will that is free to choose a higher law in place of a lower; and to that extent at least the human will is free. Any further discussion of the question of free will is apt to carry the philosopher so far ahead of present experience and needs that he loses himself in the mists of abstract thought.

Our thoughts and emotions are creative powers that tend to produce acts and physical results; so that our future destinies are in our own hands. It is one of the ironies of life that our desires often produce their fruits at a time when we have abandoned those desires and are desiring something else; which accounts for many misfits and much discontent.

It should be remembered that we have to face the facts of life, whatever our religion or philosophy may be; so that, whether we believe in Karma or not, we shall incur good and evil fortune and be obliged to live out our life in the body which we have and with the various other endowments and circumstances that are ours. But if the teaching as to Karma helps us to understand life better and to confront our destiny with more confidence and success, then we should do well to study those teachings. For instance, suppose you are born with a weak and nervous constitution, which has hampered you all through life and is likely to continue doing so; it is no use repining; you can only make the best of the facts. But it helps you greatly to know how and why you have that particular kind of a constitution and how to avoid generating any more Karma of the same sort. A study of your character convinces you that you abused the laws of health at some time in the past, that your will was weak and your proclivities strong; and you see that your present weak physique has given you the opportunity of learning patience, self-control, and sobriety.

Karma explains many things which seem hopeless puzzles without it. What could seem more iniquitous than the fate of a drug fiend who has acquired the habit through using narcotics to deaden pain, and whose fearful fate seems all out of proportion to any guilt he may have incurred? How are we to explain why one man has such a fate and another not? And bear in mind that the facts are so, whether explained or not. The sufferings are the Karma of past acts, and the difficulty of seeing this is due to the fact that the consequence is so far removed from the cause. But, looking at the question from another side, we see that men are committing acts which do not produce any consequences at present, and that they die without ever reaping the consequences of those acts. Put the two cases together and they explain each other. The man has gradually acquired a powerful tendency to self-indulgence, and this is its culmination; in the drug habit we see self-indulgence carried to its bitter end, and all

its folly revealed. But the Karma of self-indulgence, a fault of long standing, acquired in past lives, was suspended for a part of the man's life; why was this? Because other kinds of Karma were operating, or because the cyclic moment for the incidence of the self-indulgence Karma had not arrived. For all things work in cycles; there are definite periods between the sowing of seeds and their fruitage, and causes are separated from their effects by various intervals, just as a ball thrown up will return sooner or later according to the force with which it was thrown.

In considering Karma we must try and free our minds from the fashion of regarding ourselves as victims of fate or recipients of chastisement and favor. We should rather take the position of responsible beings engaged in the working out of practical problems in experience. A man who really repents of a wrong he has done to another, is not only willing but glad to suffer himself, in the hope of expiating the wrong. A conscientious man is willing and eager to pay off debts and settle old scores. And so with the Soul in its wisdom, even though the deluded mind may not understand. A strong resolve to live aright will very likely bring down some old unsettled scores for the man to settle; and thus may be explained the unexpected obstacles that confront one who has made such a resolve. But if we invoke the law of justice, we must be willing to abide by its decrees.

The Karma of past acts cannot be avoided, but it can be allowed to exhaust itself in such a way that no fresh Karma of that kind is generated. It is the thoughts that start the evil; the body merely repeats the impressions that have been made upon it by the mind. If the thoughts are guarded and purified, the ill-consequences will gradually expend themselves. Meanwhile the seeds of better conditions for the future can be sown.

It is a matter of observation that old people, or people soon to die, continue to take an interest in life and to start new enterprises; which would be folly if their actions came to an end at death. The truth is that their actions are inspired by a knowledge greater than that of the present life; for the knowledge of Karma and Reincarnation is intuitive.

The subject of Karma is practically inexhaustible, and any cursory treatment of it must necessarily be discursive; but a few hints, though fragmentary, will serve to start many lines of thought in the intelligent reader; in which case the purpose of these notes is fulfilled.

PEACE AND WAR—HEALTH AND DISEASE:

by R. Machell



SURELY there never was a time when it was more necessary than now for thinking men and women to formulate some clear idea of what they mean when they speak of Peace. War has been familiar to all for long ages, either as a personal experience or as a matter of recent history: it has played so prominent a part in human affairs that men have come to look upon it as an inseparable element in human life, a necessary alternant to peace: while the latter has been accepted as simply the temporary cessation of war, not permanently attainable on this earth, but realizable only in some hypothetical after-life.

Now a change has come in the thought of the world, a light has dazzled men's minds, and confused their imaginations by the splendor of its suggestion. A dream of peace on earth has come to be looked upon as an ideal that may be made real in this life, on this earth, among mortals.

Just how this ideal has come to occupy a place among the practical ideals of men may be a puzzle to those who are not sufficiently blinded by their love of the many Christian religions and the bloody record of those sects to allow them to stoutly declare that such peace on earth has been and still is the great practical ideal of Christendom.

In the face of the most recently recorded history it is hard to credit any of the Christian sects with the establishment of the peace ideal on a basis of practical application to the life of the nations—yet it is an undoubted fact that Peace has come into a recognized place among social and international ideals that it never occupied before among civilized (?) nations.

Can it be that H. P. Blavatsky let loose the dove of peace from the ark of Theosophy? Has the Theosophical Movement already so influenced the world as to make the blood-stained Christian nations remember the command of their Teacher that they should "love one another"? Certain it is that peace is earnestly desired by a large and ever-increasing part of the civilized world: but what is that peace they crave?

Is it merely the opportunity to continue undisturbed the amassing of wealth, or the pursuit of pleasure, or the enjoyment of ease, and the avoidance of pain, of the fear of death, and of self-sacrifice?

Does peace mean simply the cessation of war in order that the causes of war may be re-established on a more permanent basis?

For war has its causes as surely as disease has its reasons for existence. Disease is an established fact in human life; but is it necessary? Is it unavoidable? Is it due to the "will of God" or to man's perversity? And war; is not that also due to man's perversion of the laws of nature?

Men do not rest content with prayers for health; for the most ignorant can hardly fail to know that there are laws of nature that will bring disease if violated: so that now even the prayerful person who may desire health knows that it is expedient to live according to the laws of nature. And though most people are willing to pay fees to a doctor to tell them that their self-imposed maladies are due to other causes; and though a fashionable physician knows that he is expected to help his patients to avoid the natural results of their self-indulgences, so as to be able to continue for a little longer their defiance of natural law: yet they all know that disease has causes and that it may be avoided. They also know, though they may shut their eyes to the fact, that health is the natural condition of beings that obey the laws of nature.

And what of peace? Is it not peace, national health, or rather international health? And is not war the disease that results from the violation of the natural law of human brotherhood? And do not the nations call in their physicians (or statesmen) to prescribe remedies for the malady, which in their heart they know to be due to their own departure from the laws of nature? Yet we must not forget that the wisest of rulers, and the most astute statesmen, are all saturated in ancient prejudice, in profound ignorance (not necessarily wilful) of the laws of nature, which they violate in accordance with the tradition of their race, bound by a sense of duty to a false ideal of national selfishness or "development."

It does not require very profound thinking to recognize the analogy between these pairs of conditions, peace and war among nations, and health and sickness among individuals. If men are to be healthy they must not only practise what rules of health they may know, but they must be taught how to control the causes of disease, that is to say, how to master their own weaknesses, as well as how to organize society in accordance with true sanitary principles. This means individual effort and individual sacrifice of pet vices and indulgences: a man cannot get health by preaching to others, nor by praying to God, but by obeying the law of his own being.

Peace is health, and it can only be attained by national effort to learn the true laws of national life, and by living in accord with law of human brotherhood.

Disease is a departure from health.

Health is natural and proper to all beings.

War is a departure from peace and peace is as natural to the nations as health is to the individuals.

The secret of health is obedience to natural laws.

The secret of peace is obedience to the equally natural law we call divine, the law of brotherhood, or solidarity.

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER VI — THE MESSENGERS AS NATIONAL SAVIORS

JOAN OF ARC AND ELIZABETH TUDOR



WHEN we wax fat, we kick, commonly: when we are great and unthreatened, our patriotism is wont to be three parts brag and grab. But in the days of national crisis, adversity, or small things, let a man love his country well enough, and the Gods and the Law will reserve him for their service. He shall be a man superpersonal, and stand for his race: exercise its latent wisdom and courage; whatever light may be at heart in it, shall be reflected now in him. In after ages he becomes a demigod or hero, prototypal of national ideals and aspirations; we invoke his memory on all solemn occasions, and get a kind of thrill and comfortable feeling out of the mere mention of his name.

Perhaps the nations are entities on the path of evolution, conscious beings such as you and I; perhaps their souls do sometimes overshadow one of us, or even incarnate as avatars in actual human form. The ancients, who had their pantheons, found explanation at hand for all such age-startling comings: as the men were the mind of the nation, so the Gods were its soul; and one God or another might be born at any time in human flesh. In degenerate ages the idea would often be perverted grossly: thus Alexander had a notion that he was Somebody, and several of the Roman emperors had a

guid conceit o' themsels. But these are the obverse side of the shield; they argue another face to it, by no means ridiculous. There are those who confuse themselves with the Omnipotent, and become laughing-stocks; but there are also those between whom and Deity posterity fails to distinguish.

A Welsh chieftain rose in the sixth century, and defeated the English repeatedly; he held sovereignty none too extended — over Wales, about half of England, and the Lowlands of Scotland perhaps. After the passage of a few centuries, behold him a titanic and diaphanous figure, through which the light of an older Arthur shines from the Hills of the Gods. He is yet, they say, behind the veil of things seen, at chess with Owen ab Urien for the destinies of the Island of the Mighty; he is the Flower of Kings, and *Rex Futurus*, as well as *Rex Quondam*. Who knows? Who knows? And men saw Holger Danske in the Battle of the Baltic, swinging his viking brand in the hopeless cause; and Barbarossa and Glyndwr are to waken from their sleep beneath the Celtic and Teuton hills. I wonder whether it was Odin who marched at the head of his Swedes to victory at Leipsic, to victory and death at Lützen? Whether it was Hesus, or Teutates of the Nervii, never overcome, who maintained, some centuries since, the great silence, and snatched his Netherlands out of the talons of Spain? Garibaldi, Bolívar, Washington: there was a high impersonality about them all, an individuality as of the nations they represented; even when there were human failings and weaknesses with them, we can yet so focus our eyes, and ought to do it, as to take in the grand heroic figure. Their actions and battlings were on a vast inevitable scale like those of nature herself, who was not above coming to their aid: for one may believe in Bruce's spider, and that forces extra-human intervened to save Scotland; one may believe that the Three Waves moaned when the High King of Eire was wounded; and it is not all allegorical, that

Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell.

And then, who were you, for whom none may apologize or make excuse, since there was no stain nor blemish in you: who were you,

To whom, between Lorraine and Burgundy,
Amidst your flocks or in the woodland gloom
Came Voices from the Masters of the Stars,

calling you to the salvation of France and fierce apotheosis in the

flame? Unless you were France incarnate, essence of all the valor she had been, and prophecy of all the glory she should be, Gods and men can find no explanation for you. It is not human to be what you were; but since France exists, it is not possible to disbelieve. You are sufficient proof of reincarnation, of human evolution, of the blessed Gods who keep ward over the world.

And she was as pious a Roman Catholic as any medieval peasant maiden might be; we can find no trace of knowledge in her, of that mystic wisdom which the Gods keep for the world. The truth is, she had neither time nor occasion to do more than she did. Her age called for no revelation, save that supreme one she gave of the Soul in action. What the great Religion-Founders knew of transcendental Truth was translated, in her, into absolute trust in her Voices, absolute love for France, absolute selflessness and stainlessness. Stress the word *absolute* in each case; remember that her whole career and every incident in it, comes down to us recorded by sworn witnesses; never was any life lived so publicly, or attested with such thorough minuteness. Had she lived to steer her France into harbor, she that had done the Will, might have been found also to know the doctrine. Her soul, that had conquered the English, would have conquered, had time been given it, what doctrinal darkness may have remained in its own personality.

I do not know which was the greater feat she accomplished: saving France, or providing so workmanlike a cudgel to fustigate the materialists with forever. A tough nut to crack, this; you dear people that will have none of Wonder, and have tidied up the human soul from off the face of the earth! Here is no mighty deed done at obscure Nazareth, or in some medium's darkened cabinet, or while all the world was looking the other way. *Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice: voilà la France!* She was only a peasant girl in her teens, with no more learning or knowledge of the world than any other. She took the field against no mean soldiers, but the flower of English veterans nourished on unbroken victory. She led into battle a whipped and disheartened rabble, and in a trice converted them into Frenchmen, proud, martial, invincible. She profited not, as so many have done, by the poor generalship of the opponent; but mastered Talbot in strategy, who was the greatest captain of the age. Now call her psychopath, who will; now murmur wise sayings anent visionaries and victims of delusion! She delivered the goods, as the

saying is; every one of them, cent per cent, and on time! What Gradgrind was ever so deadly practical; what nineteenth-century scientist or business man made so astounding a success of his venture? And hers, a venture so utterly impossible — and its triumphant performance so inescapably proved. *Si monumentum quaeris — voilà la France!*

*France, whose fearless eyes have seen,
Whitening on thy midnight skies,
That white Star of stars serene,
Joan the Maiden, rise:
Thou, for whom her tiny hand,
(Tiny, maiden hand so white!)
Caught and bore thy battle-brand
Flaming forth through night:
Thou whose eyes have glimpsed the goal
Wheretoward these ages climb:—
Fierce, white splendors of the Soul
Crest the peaks of time —
Who should, searching in thine heart
Dedicate to splendid things,
Seek what splendid thing thou art,
Winged with angel wings —
France, therein he should behold,
Inmost of thy race and land,
Hero-hearted, angel-souled
Joan the Maiden, stand.*

If Joan, in her day, was France, there was one, in her different day, who was England; and we shall look a little now, into the story of that one, as affording an example of how the Gods go to it in their dealings with men. These are the spacious days, and England is crowded with genius: men big of soul, as well as of mind, whom beyond admiring, you need not hesitate to love. There be wise statesmen and daring admirals (all with a dash of the schoolboy in them); young-hearted valiant captains and explorers of seas physical and metaphysical: Sydney and Raleigh, Shakespeare and Spenser,

Marlowe, Fletcher, Webster, Ben,
Whose fire-seed sowed our furrows when
The world was worthy of such men —

and none of them could exalt enough, praise or love enough this Lady of England we are to speak of, this embodiment of the national soul. In her presence they were as children: trembled to be chidden by her; walked on air at a word of commendation. And they were great men: geniuses in word and action. How account for it? I venture to say that it was no mere courtier quality that caused Raleigh, for instance, to carpet the mire with his cloak for her; but something in the soul and in the bearing of Her Grace, part royal and Tudor, no doubt; but part of dynasties far more ancient and exalted than that.

What did she do? How compare her with the great lights that shone in her orbit? It was they, you say, who made her name and reign illustrious — she herself had little to do with it? We answer that there is a type of master-soul, of whose greatness the genius of those who serve them is to be taken as a manifestation. They call forth the flame and glory occult in the heart of others; are at no pains, perhaps, to shine themselves, but supply the inspiration of their age; as if their status and grandeur were too vast to be expressible through one personality, and they must have a whole Round Table to speak their words and strew their actions about the world.

So, pause before you condemn the great Elizabethans; consider that they knew their business very well. It was part of their spacious simplicity to perceive that there was one among them, the lachet of whose shoe — Well: now we dub her vain; we dub her fickle, loudmouthed, a scold, and worse. We that know all things, know infinitely more about Elizabeth, than her own servants did; for they but saw and heard daily: felt the splendor of a soul to whose right proud knees bowed, whose disapproval mighty heroes feared, and whose counsels were sought by the wisest; but We — Oh, what makes this dear twentieth century so omniscient?

There is something in you and me that cries out against misunderstanding; we hate that paltry motives should be attributed to us: injustice is the sting we cannot bear. Whoso desires our esteem, let him give us our due, and something over: let him read us, as we read ourselves, a little better than we are. It is a great thing to have attained to honest dealing with oneself: I do not know which is the rarer: that, or right indifference to the opinion of the world. Both are possible of attainment; both are in the armory of the Mighty of Soul. Where we hedge and dodge and truckle, they go forward upon the high road of action; they carry out their duty royally, and with

an eye to nothing else. Let their way take them among the ghostly crags and shadows: they do not cry out: *I am here; I am still on the path; I have not erred nor strayed.* Let it lead them through the quagmire, where, from but a few yards' distance, it must seem that no path is, but only treacherous tumps and moss greener than the emerald; they will be at no pains to advertise that indeed, where their feet are set, there is good firm ground. They do not fuss to explain themselves; they do not whine excuses; any blame that may be given them, they accept complacently enough. So they themselves may maintain the silence, they shall have its peace in which to work, though all mankind else be howling. Forward: let tongues wag, and the blatant world slander and condemn; when the tumult of catcalls is silenced, and the nagging and hooting done with, you shall find that this nation or that has been conducted into stable ways. Fame and good repute are little to such souls as these; they stand on guard in the unseen, sentinels against chaos and midnight; and heed the tattle of human praise and condemnation

“As the sea's self should heed a pebble cast.”

At times the world's applause may be necessary to the success of their work; when it is, I doubt not they move heaven and earth to gain it; but it renders no music for their personal hearing; they draw from it no flattering unction for their own souls. To this one, statues may be set up in a thousand cities; slander may have been at that other so successfully that his name has become a byword in history. The first does not deem himself the more fortunate; the second finds no cause for complaint: the whole ambition of either was to get the work done, which he set out to do. As who should say: *Here are the nations I saved or created; now you may fill big volumes with stories of my supposed amours!*

Yet heaven forgive us, when we batten on such tattle! Though it be nothing to them, their good repute is among our greatest spiritual assets. Their lives are always a warfare: hell, that was against them living, will no less be against them when they are dead. Down the Champion, and you have downed the cause! shout the hellions. If he is dead, so much the better; since then he can no longer give back heaven's Roland for hell's Oliver. Let it but appear that he was a very ordinary fellow, no better than his opponents — even a little worse — and his whole cause is discredited without more ado. A man's reputation, after he is dead, depends on the favor of historians:

who may be quite Gargantuan liars; who may have reasons of their own for painting the white peaks of purity with Styx-scum and pitch. Elizabeth — why, we have hardly enough evidence yet for condemning Nero, who may have been great and wise; there are not lacking those who think so. No doubt the names of many selfless servants of humanity have come down to us execrated, and synonyms for detestable vice.

It is said of this queen that she was without religion, and equally cold to the Anglican and Roman Churches. True, doubtless; the like of her stand above creeds and formulae; this one or that shall be used, as it may further their policies. Any instrument will serve them, so it be sharp and will do the work. Further their policies — a cold schemer, then, you admit? — Nothing! Their policies are one in all ages: the salvation of mankind. The religion of Elizabeth was England — not anti-France, nor anti-Spain, nor anti-Scotland (*No war, my lords!*) — England that was then in transition, about to be born: the bud of a nation on the morning of its bursting into bloom. To save and nurse this spiritual potentiality — every nation is a great spiritual potentiality — into existence: that was creed, that was collect, gospel, and epistle enough for her.

She came to the throne to find England, nationally and socially, beginning to stir with life unprecedented, and the secret fountains of genius bubbling up everywhere; politically, a *bonne bouche* ripe for the palate of Spain. It was a little and weak England then, emerging from chrysalis-hood; whose enemies, potential or actual, were the Great Powers. The thirteenth, which was the dawn century of Europe, had not left England unaffected: then for the first time a kind of national consciousness came into being: the people became English, and not, as theretofore, Saxons and Normans. But those first manifestations of life were mainly brutal and grasping; one saw no signs of a national soul, but only of lust for conquest in France, Wales, and Scotland. The barons were to remain the chief factor in the state until their power was wrecked in the Wars of the Roses, and finally extinguished by Henry VII; and they were not a representative element, as the Tudor kings and the Stewart Parliaments were to become. Of the new class of souls whose coming into Italy began when Frederick II had prepared the way for them, England had seen almost nothing until the reign of Henry VIII: Roger Bacon, Chaucer, and a few others are to be called adventurous pioneers, wandering

swallows whose advent was long before the breaking of the frosts. But in Tudor times, all was changing and to change. Henry VII had put a line of Kings on the throne: *kings* this time; not puppets or leaders of faction, nor mere swashbucklers reaping barren glory at Crécy or Agincourt. He had brought the country into hands able to guide it through its critical time: we may laugh at his parsimonious ways; which are, however, interpretable as due to the insight of a supreme statesman: since gold also, as well as every other means, must prop the throne of these nation-pilots. His son, Bluff Harry, carried the work considerably further; I do not trust too much the adverse verdict of history on him: a man who accomplishes so trenchant a work for humanity has already dipped a million pens in venom, and directed them to the slandering of his name. He broke the shackles, mind that! Ponder, ere you condemn, whether a little man could have smashed the backbone of old wrong with a fist-blow, as this huge Tudor did. It was from him, at least, that his sovereign daughter inherited her firm, princely, and unsubduable nature; and we may well bless his memory for that!

But time had gone on since Bluff Harry died, and now there were conditions that he could not have met. Despite the block and the many wives, he had done wonderfully well, in his day, by an England that did not yet know her own mind, and needed above all things else to be ruled, sympathetically, but still with a rod of iron. He had put her straight: given her a direction and a path to follow, and no chance but, for the time being, to follow it. But with every year she was coming, now, to feel more and more her own strength. The advance guard of souls was hurrying pell-mell into English incarnation, and the Soul of England was awaking, and struggling to come into its own. The very influx of life was a main danger: internal effervescence threatened to run to disruption and waste, as imminently as external enmity threatened to conquer. Another Henry would not have served: he was too manlike, too ruthless if you will, for this new England; his kingdom would have tumbled about his ears like a house of cards. The whole future of the English race cried out to the Gods: *Send us Elizabeth!*

Who but she could have done the work? Every element in her personality contributed to the national salvation: every faculty of her mind. England was then intensely masculine, and only a woman, tactful and infinitely gracious, could have so harmonized, checked, and

directed the forces, as to save it from itself. There had to be something of personal love, something of chivalry rather, in the feeling she inspired in her statesmen and sailors, or she could never have welded them into unity. Only a woman could have kept Philip inactive, hoping this and that, until England was ready to deal with him. But it had to be a woman, too, with every quality of manliness in her: who could dare, *encore et toujours*, and strike blows swift and deadly, and command royally when the day for coaxing had passed. She had to inspire and unite a romantic and effervescent people, and no mere man could have done that. She had also to combat Macchiavellian diplomacy; to play chess with infallible players, and at last come out and fight like a demigod: no mere woman could have done that. She stood above the masculinity and femininity of the mind, as surely as she stood above sectarianism in religion.

And to the end that a nation might live; that a race might be profitable to after-ages, that should sow the seed of new peoples beyond the Hesperides, and over the brink of the south. She merited much evil, did England. Had Philip conquered her, he would but have paid her in kind for the wrongs she had wrought of old in Wales, Ireland, Scotland, and France. But the Gods intervene to save men from the consequences of their sins, provided there be hope of better things from them in future: that the punishment, inevitable always, may come in such form as will chasten and correct, not wreck and damn. Whatever the sins of England had been, there were splendid potentialities of good also. An independent national church should pave the way to religious freedom; to an infiltration of the grand spiritual ideas presently; perchance to the coming of great Light-Bringers. . . . Ah, there was much, much, much! And recollect that the whole history of English America, as well as that of the Mother Country, was involved. Swing wide, ye doors, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting gates, for the great guest, Freedom, to enter in! (Freedom — how little we have understood the high meaning of that word!)

Vision of such a bright future shone before the soul of Her Grace; she dreamed, foresaw, loved, struggled. Heartless? — her heart was so big that all a nascent nation lay cradled in it. What a picture: playing Philip on her line like a master-angler; brain all cool, collected, scheming if you like — scheme she must, who dared not make mistakes; will, all one unshakable affirmation of the right of her people to be; heart all mother and lover, and England its darling.

And she was very woman too, and must steer a womanly personality through those daily and endless perils. Plots incessant, against herself and the future of England: no knowing, day or night, what dagger might be drawn behind the arras. The power that was arrayed against her had already struck down William of Orange, through the hand of Balthazar Gerard, in 1584, and was to strike down Henry of France through Ravallac in 1610. She and William and Henry were the protagonists of the Light in Europe; she could not afford to leave precautions untaken. What nervous system could have stood against the strain?

She was a type of superhumanity, a proof of the grand doctrine. Accuse her as you will; produce what evidence against her you may; there are workshops in hell where convincing damnatory evidence is forged. That for your tattle about her! That for your proofs of her misdoing! A heart so great and glowing, linked to a mind so clear and cool, can house no tenant of less dignity than hero and Messenger of the Gods.

RECENT, BUT POPULAR ASTRONOMY:

by **Edgar Lucien Larkin**, Director of The Lowe Astronomical Observatory, Mount Lowe, California

Written for THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

INTRODUCTION TO THE SERIES ON MODERN ASTRONOMY



WITHIN my long and varied experience in astronomical observatories, where I have met with many people from a large majority of the nations of the world, I have always noticed that my visitors looked upon an observatory as a building differing from all others. There appears to be an air of mystery around and about and within a temple devoted to the study of other worlds than our world — the Earth. To many, there seems to be a mystic influence beneath the dome; and a deeper mysticism in the great telescope, its costly lenses and shining circles. This little rhyme may now be spoken in 1915 as well as in distant centuries of antiquity.

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Shining ever with rays so bright:
Shining in the sky of Night.

The wondering of primitive man ages before one Law of Nature had been discovered is now increased by their discovery. Mere idle wondering has expanded into profound astonishment. The telescope, telecamera, telespectroscope, telephotospectroscope, telephotometer, telebolometer and telemicrometer; these, and a hundred more adjunct instruments, have discovered many laws; and mathematics has formulated many harmonic relations between all laws as fast as discovered; all these, and more in very recent years, have immeasurably increased the wonder of early man. The modern master of human wisdom, still wonders and stands in greater admiration and in awe with each newly discovered fact than did his humble brother a hundred centuries buried in the past. This is because his mind is vastly expanded, he can sense sublimity and therefore stand in greater awe in the presence of the majestic Sidereal Universe. And, indeed, the work within an astronomical observatory and within real "witching hours" from midnight to dawn, is mysterious. And this because the astronomer with eye at telescope when sky is dark and clear, senses himself as within some mystic infinity.

The greater the astronomer, the more deeply is he lost in space; and the more intense his admiration of the supernal splendor of the celestial vault. And all of these effects are quadrupled within the dome of a great observatory on a mountain peak. Even as I write, here, now, on this summit, the majestic Goddess of the Night is displaying her robes all adorned with stars, and owing to the rotation of the earth, is dragging the careless hem of her garment in the waves of the Pacific Ocean in the remote southern horizon. E. P. Roe wrote a book entitled *Near to Nature's Heart*; but up here one is not near, but within the very heart of Nature.

Many thousands of times have I been asked: "What do you do in the observatory at night?" Many answers of many words in each can be concentrated into two inconceivably impressive and awe-inspiring words: study Nature. How would it do to condense farther to "study"—to one of the leading words in human speech, the imposing word—study? This word is like an elaborately cut diamond—it has many glittering facets. I am not sure but that the word "study" is the greatest that can be articulated by human lips. And the sense of sublimity is at a maximum when the huge lenses are turned fully upon a rich region in the Milky Way and the startled eye beholds from 10,000 to 40,000 glowing stars, all suns, in one field of view.

Each human is supposed to be in search of happiness. But the most exquisite happiness ever experienced on this planet is that of watching and measuring the complex motions of binary suns, where two giant suns in space-deeps are in rapid revolution around their common center of gravitation, in between; watching and measuring until data are secured, then to weigh both. The final figures written, at the end of the solution of the formidable equations, giving their mass or quantity of matter in comparison with the mass of our own sun, the mere act of writing these numbers on paper, is happiness supreme. Sweeping through the labyrinth, the mighty maze of figures, in solution of the problem, gives a degree of happiness all unknown to those who have not thus wrought; but the last numbers are the climax of human happiness.

Photographing the entire sky of night, entirely around the celestial sphere, and from pole to pole, and this on highly sensitive plates, where millions piled on millions of suns imprint their tiny images on these plates, or negatives, so sensitive that the retina of the eye, even aided by the largest telescopes, cannot see them, is one form of delightful work in modern observatories. After the more than 25,000 plates of the entire sky are developed, the images of the millions of suns are measured as to their distances apart, by means of microscopes, and places tabulated for mathematical computation, and for standard reference. Then within ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred years, new series of photographs can be taken, measured, computed, and compared, with this startling result — the discovery of the proper motions of the stars. Would that they of ancient Meroe, Thebes, Memphis, and Tentyra; they of Babylon and Nineveh, had taken series of photographs and deposited them in air-tight receptacles and in pyramids, rock-hewn tombs and sepulchers, until this day. Now, upon comparison, no doubt many thousands of suns would be found far away from their places then.

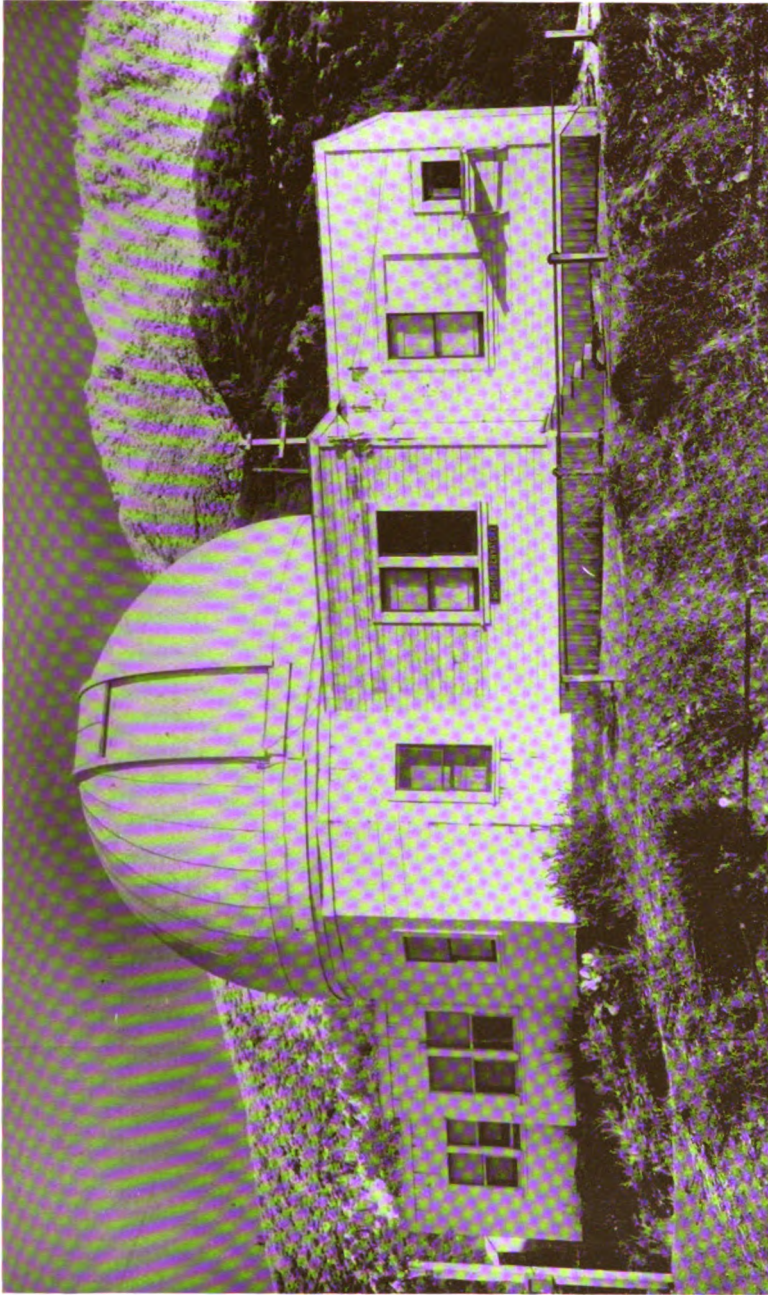
Measuring the intensity of light of the stars, or photometry, a leading branch of late astronomy, is another work wrought in the modern observatory. And a work greater than this, a work as great as any ever performed by human hands directed by trained minds, a work beyond description even in outline, in less than several articles, a work so great that it can only be mentioned here in this introduction, is that stupendous and most arduous work — celestial spectroscopy. So intensely fascinating is the photography of the spectra of

stars that often skilled spectroscopists have toiled from sunset until sunrise, oblivious of the flow of time. These are they who are taken by surprise when dawn begins: they think they have been working during a few minutes.

Measuring approach and recession of the stars is an important work in these mysterious buildings — observatories. And the measuring of star-streams, the drifting of the stellar hosts, is another work of exquisite fascination. This lures and leads on until morning. The temptation is strong to try and explain stellar spectro-chemistry or analysis, the finding of the chemical components, the very elements of the stars; but this immense subject must be left for a division of its own much later in the series, and after preceding instruments are explained.

Another routine work is that of measuring positions of a number of bright stars as to their Right Ascensions and Declinations, with a precision almost beyond human skill — so it would seem — to those not knowing how this precise work is done. These positions are all reduced and tabulated by the leading nations of the world in large books, one for each year, called their National Ephemeris, or Nautical Almanac. These are put on all ships for hourly use of mariners, those who go down to the sea. Then any ship blown far out of its course by storms can, at once, when clouds vanish, revealing sun, moon, or these basic stars, point their prows toward any point in the world. And precise time for all modern nations, for all clocks, watches, and chronometers, also chronographs, is secured in the lonely vigils of the night, in the wonderful observatories.

One exceedingly impressive and triumphant result of these abstruse labors in astronomical observatories in securing these precise star-positions, is the enabling of officers of sinking ships to summon instant aid by means of the wireless telegraphic code signals of distress. I know of nothing more dramatic, awe-inspiring and impressive, than the sudden announcement of position as to latitude and longitude of a ship, a great passenger steamer having a thousand panic-stricken humans on board, when water is pouring into the compartments: "Come at once to latitude 40 degrees 22 minutes north, and longitude 3 hours 28 minutes west. Our ship is sinking." These words traverse as electric waves the mists over the deep, and travel in darkness of a night at sea. They are cut out of space by harmonic telegraphic instruments on other ships. Instantly, their prows are



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THE LOWE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY, MOUNT LOWE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A., LOOKING NORTHWARD
In the Sierra Madre Range of Mountains, Los Angeles County. Altitude 3420 feet. On south side of Echo Mountain,
at upper end of the Great Incline Railway. (Electric Cable Railroad Incline.) Edgar Lucien Larkin, Director.
Photo taken January, 1914, showing Snow on Mountains.



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE LOWE EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE

Focal length 22 feet. Interior of Dome, Lowe Astronomical Observatory; Diameter 30 feet. Altitude 3420 feet above the sea. Right Ascension and Declination Circles are shown on Polar and Equatorial Axes. Sidereal clock shown in front of pier. A high-power eye-piece, and a diagonal or total reflection prism are shown on the second step of observing chair. On the east or left side of the dome-room may be seen a long spectrum of the Sun; and below it seven spectra of stars and Sun. The air of the summit is so nearly pure, and so free from dust, that minute stars are seen at instant of rising: a scene of splendor all unknown to observatories below. (Photo by Charles S. Lawrence, Official Photographer, Pacific Electric Railroad, Owner of Observatory.)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A CLOUD EFFECT OVER THE EXPANSE BELOW, SECURED FROM THE SUMMIT OF ECHO MOUNTAIN

Plains below are shown, and faint view of Los Angeles in distant southwest. The patches below are great orange orchards. View from south windows of the Observatory.

(Charles S. Lawrence, Photo.)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF ECHO MOUNTAIN, LOOKING SOUTHWARD
A rapidly changing cloud effect has been secured. During a momentary opening in the clouds a glimpse of a small
area in the north part of Pasadena, far below, was caught.
(Charles S. Lawrence, Photo.)

turned toward the sinking sister ship and all steam turned on, urging the monsters to the rescue of suffering humans. This turning of distant ships to the exact place of the sinking ship is made possible by one method only — study in an astronomical observatory and in an electrical laboratory. The entire commerce of the world by trains on land and ships at sea, is made possible by this one plan — study of the stars in observatories. And the labors of mind and body of a working mathematical astronomer in an observatory have never been surpassed. The wonder is that brain and body are able to endure such arduous toil. For the extreme heights of the human mind have been reached in modern astronomical observatories.

Many more duties fall upon the workers in the dome-room and in the computing-room of a working observatory. And it is by no means strange that others viewing an astronomer at work, and not knowing what he is doing, look upon him with a pervading sense of mystery. Many astronomers now devote their lives to one great branch of astronomy and become expert therein. Beside these main works, there are others which will be explained as this series develops.

MODERN ASTRONOMICAL DEDUCTIONS

That auspicious time has now fully arrived when all intelligent persons should be aware of the deductions and conclusions as to the true structure of the visible Universe, led up to by the late researches in all of these grand divisions of astronomy, the wondrous spectro-photographic, and spectrochemic. These have more widely expanded all human concepts since the year 1859, than all discoveries made by man since the first one appeared on earth. These should be known, and really one cannot afford not to know something of them, if not more than their rudiments in this advanced age and day. And the object of writing this series of articles is to endeavor to convey some ideas upon these momentous and most remarkable subjects. All should read books on astronomy and upon recent researches on mind, and the relations of the two, so intimately made in recent years. If not, one passes through this beautiful world without having seen its beauties. One not conversant with the mighty results of these studies, these discoveries, these immense extensions of the boundaries of human knowledge into infinite realms of the unknown since 1859 cannot possibly sense the majesty of the human mind, nor even hope to think of its great possibilities. One looks, as it were, through some-

what darkened spectacles. To study the deductions of the masters of modern thought is to greatly admire the powers of mind manifesting and expressing in the human brain — that, at present, totally unexplained mystery.

The year 1859 is a turning point in the career of man on earth, for in that most wonderful year, the most important since Newton discovered the law of gravitation and the stupendous calculus, Kirchhoff proclaimed to the entire scientific world his three grand, basic, and fundamental laws of all times and ages — his three all-including, all-important laws of Spectrum Analysis. From that auspicious instant, the advance of man has increased in momentum, minute by minute. For since then, not one minute of time has expired into past duration, without being occupied by some student delving into these three rock-hewn laws of the Universe. And in subsequent chapters it will be the endeavor to explain these three primordial laws in ordinary and easily comprehended words. To see where these laws fit in with all of the others explained from time to time, it will be necessary to preserve these notes as the series proceeds. Many preceding and minor laws must be explained before we can hope to march up the long and stately avenues lined with mysteries on both sides, toward the mighty and imposing façade of that new and magnificent temple dedicated to spectroscopy — the analysis of light — and by this excessively refined means, find what elements are glowing in far-away colossal suns.

We behold the stars and now in this introduction already have an intense desire to know what they are, of what forms of matter they are composed, their specific speeds in space, their directions of flight in cosmic deeps, their temperatures — i. e., rates of radiating energy, their variations in light-intensities, their masses, magnitudes, and therefore densities. All these and many more facts we now desire to know. But nothing can be done until we first find every fact possible concerning the nearest star. Stars a million times farther away cannot at first be studied. Logic and reason dictate that we should study and analyse, research and explore, the nearest star first.

But the nearest star to the earth, the minute abode of humans, is the Sun. It is a modest star, small in comparison with thousands of others far larger. But it is so very near, that all attention must be given to it, so the solar studies must now begin.

Lowe Observatory, June 7th, 1915

THE TEMPLE OF LIFE: by W. A. Dunn



PERHAPS the least understood and most abused part of human nature is the body. It has been variously styled: "The temple of God," "This muddy vesture of decay," and a host of other expressions tending more or less to one or the other of these extremes. The emphasis usually given of the "Ills the flesh is heir to" has tended to obscure the opposite truth of "physical regeneration," with all its attendant blessings of power to function spiritually, in proportion to the purification attained.

It is a strange incongruity, that while we never blame a piece of good machinery for faults committed by an incapable workman in charge of it, we yet attribute to the body conditions which entirely proceed from the *use* to which it has been subjected. It is an obvious fact that physical habits are but the perpetuations of original impulses of thought and desire along the exact lines in which the habits continue to move.

Just as fire continues its "habit" of burning the particular material which has been ignited, so are particular bodily conditions aroused by the igniting power of thought and desire, which conditions tend to continue *of themselves* until eradicated by some purifying process.

Now when the spiritual forces of life elicit response from the heart, the entry of this new element into the personal consciousness gives the light by which former habits are *seen* as false and limiting. The unfortunate tendency then arises to blame the body and its functions for the bundle of obstructing habits it has given birth to by the forces of desire and thought which the occupant of the body originated therein.

As well say that a plot of good land is responsible for inferior crops, the seeds of which were planted by an ignorant agriculturist. When a farmer hears "good tidings" of a better *mode* of farming, he does not blame his land for having grown the bad stock he formerly planted; on the contrary, rectifies his *mode* of thought and action, in full faith that his land will nurture and yield the better crops he proposes to plant. Applied to human nature, the truth underlying this picture seems apparent. The body itself, like the primeval soil of the earth, is only negatively responsible for the physical conditions the mind is bound up with when it first awakens to a truer vision of life. Unless it is clearly recognized that the physical tabernacle enshrines powers to function along lines of the highest spirituality —

the misguided mind will tend to look outside itself for help which never comes, and regard its body as an inferior principle. Before the farmer plants his new crops, he first clears the ground of its weeds and stubble — without such thought of preparation he will either condemn the future harvest, if sown on untilled soil, or remain a mere observer of other peoples' fields.

This illustration suggests that all failure to *realize* the aspirations of the Soul lies at the door of conduct in all its aspects. If former habits of life are permitted to retain hold over the physical organism, the highest aspirations must become blighted for lack of soil wherein to take root. The forces of personal life (as contrasted with aspirations of a higher nature) have a tremendous advantage in that they are already in possession of the physical energies, whereas the ideals of the Soul are still, as it were, "in the air," unable to enter the stream of life because their rightful places are already occupied by "thieves and money-changers."

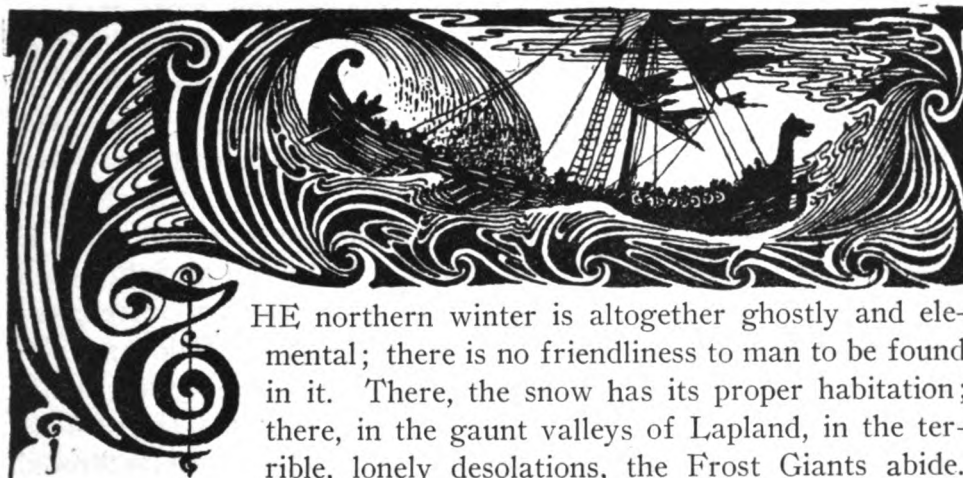
When these facts are pondered upon, the rightful place of the body as the soil upon which all harvests of human experience are sown and reaped, becomes clear. The stubble of past harvests and of present growing crops are in possession, it is true, but so also is the primeval soil, irrigated by the pure waters of the heart — richly present to nurture the seeds of spiritual existence *after* the soil has been cleared of its encumbrances and tilled by the action of pure desire and thought. The Spiritual Will, which by determined effort, readjusts the chaos created by the thoughtless personality, is then enabled to enter its own house and become one with nature — as epitomized in the purified physical body.



MAY we not through the home bring more quickly something new and uplifting into the world? If the spiritual life were understood, and were the prevailing influence in us, our homes would already be sanctified; for man once convinced of his power, of his spiritual strength, and of his possibilities and his responsibilities to his fellows, would walk like a god among them, and his home would be blessed. And woman too, would be also there, in noble womanhood, wifehood, and motherhood — a lovely expression of the diviner self. And what think you of the children of two such as I bring here before you? Is my word-picture far-fetched? Is it mere speculation and theory, think you? Surely your hearts will say nay! — *Katherine Tingley*

THE REGENT OF THE NORTH: by C. ApArthur

Illustrations by R. Machell



THE northern winter is altogether ghostly and elemental; there is no friendliness to man to be found in it. There, the snow has its proper habitation; there, in the gaunt valleys of Lapland, in the terrible, lonely desolations, the Frost Giants abide. They are servants of the Regent of the North: smiths, that have the awful mountains for their anvils; and, with cold for flame tempering water into hardness, fashion spears and swords of piercing ice, or raise glittering ramparts about the Pole. All for the dreadful pleasure of doing it! They go about their work silently in the gray darkness; heaven knows what dreams may be haunting them—dreams that no mind could imagine, unless death had already frozen its brain. When the wind wolves come howling down from the Pole, innumerable, unflagging, and insatiable: when the snow drives down, a horde of ghosts wandering senseless, hurrying and hurrying through the night: the giants do their work. They make no sound: they fashion terror, and illimitable terror, and terror. . . . Or—is it indeed only terror that they fashion? . . .

And then spring comes, and the sun rises at last on the world of the North. The snow melts in the valleys; white wisps of cloud float over skies blue as the gentian; over a thousand lakes all turquoise and forget-me-not: waters infinitely calm and clear, infinitely lovely. Then the snow on the mountain dreams dazzling whiteness by day, defiantly glittering against the sun; dreams tenderness, all faint rose and heliotrope and amber, in the evening; blue solemn mystery in the night. Quick with this last mysterious dreaming! — for the nights are hurrying away; they grow shorter always; they slink Poleward, immersed in ghostly preoccupations; by midsummer they have vanished altogether. Then the sun peers incessantly wizardlike over the

horizon; the dumb rocks and the waters are invincibly awake, alert, and radiant with some magic instilled into them by the Regent of the North. . . . It is in this spring- and summer-time that you shall see bloom the flowers of Lapland: great pure blossoms in blue and purple and rose and citron, such as are not found elsewhere in the world. The valleys are a dreaming, silent wonder with the myriads there are of them — silent, for the Lapps have followed the reindeer, and the reindeer have followed the snows.

Into this region it was that Halfdan the Aged came, when he was tired of the new ways and faith that had come into the south. The viking days were over forever, one could see that. Meek, crozier-bearing men had invaded the realms of Odin and Balder; laying terrible axes of soft words, of chanted prayers and hymns, to the roots of — ? All the ancient virtue of the race, said Halfdan the Aged: all the mighty and mystic dreams that had been surging through the Northlands these hundreds of years; sending the brave forth to wonderful deeds and wonderful visions about the seas and coasts of the world. And Inge the king at Upsala, forgetting all things noble and generous, had foresworn Odin and battle-breaking Thor; had foresworn Balder the Beautiful; had welcomed these chanting, canting foreigners, and decreed their faith for his people. So that now nothing remained but a fat, slothful life and the straw-death at the end of it: there should be no more viking expeditions; no more Valhalla; no more Asgard and the Gods. “Faugh!” thought Halfdan Halfdansson, old hero of a hundred raids in the west and south; “this small-souled life for them that can abide it; it is worse than death for a *Man's Son*.”

Not but that his own days of action were over: had been these ten years; had passed with the age of the Vikings. Also his seven sons were in Valhalla long since, and beyond being troubled; they had fallen like men in battle before there was any talk of this Christian heaven and hell; as for his wife, she, royal-hearted woman, had died when the youngest of them was born. So that it would have been easy for him to cut himself adrift from the world and voyage down through pleasant dreams towards death, after the fashion of clean old age. He had already put by, somewhat sadly, the prospect of future expeditions, and was reconciling himself to old age and its illumination, when King Inge went besotted over the foreign faith. From his house, Bravik on the hillside, through whose door the sea-

winds blew in salt and excellent, he could watch the changes of the Swan-way, and nourish peace upon the music of the sea. Below at the foot of the hill, was the harbor from which his ships used to sail; drawn up on the beach, sheer hulks, still they lay there: the *Wild Swan* and the *Dragon*, accustomed to Mediterranean voyagings of old. For his own life, he found no action to regret in it; it had all been heroic doing, clean and honorable and vigorous; and the Gods had had their proper place in it, lighting it mysteriously from within.

But what room was there for dreaming, when the cry *The glory is departed!* rang so insistent? The new order liked him so little, that in place of peace and its accompanying wisdom, the years brought him unease increasingly. With his old skalds about him, to sing to him in the hall in the evenings; with his old and pagan servants, faithful all of them to the past as to himself, he watched the change coming on Sweden with disquietude and disgust; and for the first time in his life, experienced a kind of fear. But it was a pagan and great-hearted fear, and had nought to do with his own fate or future.

He knew the kind of tales these becrozied men from the south were telling, and that were becoming increasingly a substitute for the old valiant stories of the skalds. A man had come to Bravik once, and was welcomed there, who, when the feast was over, and the poets were relating their sagas, had risen in his turn with a story to tell — of a white-faced, agonizing God, who died a felon's death amongst ignoble and unwarlike people. Halfdan had listened to it with growing anger: where was the joy, where the mighty and beautiful forms, the splendid life, of the Divine Ones in this? At the end of it he had called to the stranger:

"Thy tale is a vile one, O foreign skald! Fraught with lies it is, and unwholesome to the hearing."

"Lies it is not, but the truth of truths, O chieftain; and except thou believest, thou shalt suffer the vengeance of God throughout eternity."

"Go!" cried the Viking; and in the one word rang all the outraged ideals that had stood him in stead for sixty years. One does not defend his standpoint, but merely states it. He saw none of the virtues of Christianity; while its crude presentation shocked his religious feelings as profoundly as the blatant negations of atheism shock those of the pious of our own day. And his aspirations had a core of real spirituality in them. The Gods, for these high-souled

Pagans, were the fountain of right, the assurance and stability of virtue. Thor, probably, stood for courage, spiritual as well as physical; Odin for a secret and internal wisdom; Balder for a peace that passeth understanding. Things did not end in Berserker fury: the paths of the spirit were open, or had been of old; beyond the hero stood the God; beyond strife, a golden peace founded on the perfection of life. Wars, adventure, and strenuous living were to fashion something divinely calm and grand in the lives of men; that once established, and no possibility of evil left lurking in any human soul, Balder's reign would come: something like the glow and afterglow of sunset, or a vast and perfect music enveloping the world — there should be a love as of comrades, as of dear brothers, between all men. But that Peace of Balder and of Odin was separated by all Berserkerism from the peace that is fear or greed. It was a high, perpetual exultation: a heaven into which the meek and weak could not slide passively, but the strong man armed (spiritually) should take it by storm. — And here was negation of the doctrine of the strong man armed; here was proclaiming godhood a thing not robust, joyless, unbeautiful. . . . Old Halfdan went moody and depressed for a week after the priest's visit. The serene Balder-mood, into the fulness of which now, in the evening of his life, he had the right to grow naturally, had been attacked, and could not be induced to return. A God crucified! . . . his soul cried out for Gods triumphant.

Inge might launch his decrees at Upsala; at Bravik, not the least intention existed of obeying them. With dogged and defiant faith Halfdan performed the rites of the religion of Odin, having dismissed from his house all who hankered after the newly proclaimed orthodoxy. With it all, he was ill at ease; as seeing that Sweden would not long hold a man faithful to her ancient ideals. Tales were brought in, how such and such a pagan chief had suffered the king's vengeance, or had been compelled to profess and call himself Christian. Heaven knew when his own turn might come; Inge would not overlook him forever. Well, there would be no giving in for him: no lip profession — a thing not in him to understand. He could swing a battle-ax yet, at the head of his retainers; he could die in his burning house like a Viking's son. That would be something: a blow struck for olden virtue: a beacon of remembrance for Sweden, in the dark days he feared and foresaw. His religious broodings deepened; he strove incessantly to come nearer to the Gods; for although he held it a cow-

ard's creed to think They exist to help men, and a brave man's, that men exist to help Them; yet at such a time, he deemed, They might find it worth Their while to turn from vaster wars for a moment, and concern themselves with the fate of Sweden. So he prayed, but his prayer was no petition nor whining after gains; it was a silencing of the mind, a steadfast driving it upward towards heights it had not attained before: eagle altitudes, and sunlight in the windless blue, where no passion comes, and the eternal voices may be heard.

The tide of trouble drew nearer. Presently a messenger came from Inge, with a priest. Halfdan was to install the latter in his house, and learn from him the faith of the Nazarene; was to forgo the Gods, or expect the king's armies. Halfdan sent them back; to say that Inge would be welcome at Bravik: as a friend, as of old; or still more as a foe. Then he dismissed the few women there were in his house, called in his men, and prepared for a siege: thoroughly if fiercely happy at last. But there was no bottom to the king's degeneration, it seemed. After three weeks this came from Upsala: "Halfdan Halfdansson, you are senile; you will die soon, and your false religion will all but die with you. The faith of Christ commands forbearance and forgiveness. You shall die in peace, and suffer hell-flame thereafter; I will not trouble with you." *I will not trouble with you.* . . . For a week the old man raged inwardly. Inge should not thus triumphantly insult him; he would not die in peace, but lead his fifty against Upsala, and go out fighting. . . . Then the Baldermood came once more; and with it, light and direction vouchsafed him. He would go a-viking.

He summoned his fifty, and proclaimed his intention in the hall. Let who would, stay behind — in a Sweden that at least would let them be. For himself, he would take the Swan-way: he would have delight again of the crisping of blue waves against his prow: he would go under purple sails into the evening, into the mystery, into the aloneness where grandeur is, and it is profitable for souls to be, and there are none to tell heart-sickening tales. . . . There, what should befall him, who could say? Perhaps there would be sweet battle on the Christian coasts; perhaps he would burn and break a church or two, and silence the jangling of the bells that called ignoble races to ignoble prayer. Perhaps there would be battling only with the storm: going out into that vast unstable region the Aesir loved, perhaps they would expend their manhood nobly in war with the shrieking wind, the sweet

wild tempest of heaven. At such times the Gods come near, they come very near; they buffet and slay in their love, and out of a wild and viking death, the Valkyrie ride, the Valkyrie ride! . . . There were fifty men in the hall that heard him; there were fifty men that rose and shouted their acclamation; fifty that would take the Swan-way with their lord.

So there came to be noise of ax and hammer in the haven under Bravik: the *Wild Swan* and the *Dragon* being refurbished and made all taut for voyaging. Within a month they set sail. But not southward, and then through Skagerack and Cattegat, out into the waters of Britain and France, as Halfdan had intended. On the first day, a sudden storm overtook them; and singing they plunged into black



seas, beneath blind and battling skies. Singing they combatted the wave of the north; they went on, plunging blindly, driven for three days whither they knew not; then, with a certain triumph in their souls, they succumbed, singing, to the gale. They saw the Valkyrie ride through heaven; they gave their bodies to the foam about the rocks, and rose upon the howling winds, clean and joyous of soul at the last.

Halfdan had forgotten Christianity: all thought and memory of

it deserted him utterly before the storm had been beating them an hour. In the end it was all pagan, all Viking, exultant lover and fighter of the Gods, that he leaped from his sinking ship in the night, fully armed, into the driving froth and blackness; struggled as long as might be with the overwhelming waters, as befitted his manhood; then lost consciousness, and was buffeted and tossed where the grand elements listed; and thrown at last, unconscious, on the shore.

Certainly he had seen the Valkyrie riding, had heard their warsong above the winds and waves: like the lightning of heaven they had ridden, beautiful and awful beyond any of his old dreaming; why then had they not taken him? This was no Valhalla into which he had come: this dark place, smokily lamp-lit; this close air, heavy, it must be said, with stench. And were these the dwarfs, these little figures that moved and chattered unintelligibly in the gloom? . . . Slowly he took in the uncouth surroundings; raising himself, rather painfully, on his elbow from the bed of dry heather on which he was lying. There, on the tent-pole, hung his armor: his helmet with the raven wings; his shield, sword, and battle-ax; these were skins with which he was covered, and of which the walls of the tent were made. He was not dead then? No; it appeared that it was still mortal flesh that he was wearing. He had been thrown on some shore by the waves, and rescued by these quaint, squat people. Ah! he had been driven into the far north, and was among Lapps in the unknown north of the world.

He lay back, exhausted by his bodily and mental effort; and the sigh that broke from him brought the Lapp woman to his side, and the Lapp man after her. They brought him hot broth, and spoke to him; their unknown and liquid tongue, in which no sound unmusical intrudes, was full of gentle kindliness; their words were almost carressing, and full of encouragement and cheer. He had no strength to sit up; the Lapp woman squatted at his head and lifted him in her arms; and while he so leaned and rested, the Lapp man fed him, sup by sup; the two of them crooning and chuckling their good will the while. In three days he was on his feet; and convinced that he could not outwear the kindly hospitality of his hosts.

The weeks of the northern spring went by; the flowers of Lapland were abloom in the valley; and old Halfdan wandered daily and brooded amidst the flowers. His mood now had become very inward. He

hungered no more after action, nor dwelt in pictures of the past; rather an interiority of the present haunted him: a sweetness, as of dear and near deities, in the crag-reflecting waters, in the fleet cloud-fleeces, in the heather on the hills, and in the white and yellow poppies on the valley-floor. As the summer passed this mood grew deeper: from a prevalent serene peace, it became filled with divine voices almost audibly calling. As for the Lapps, they behaved to him at all times with such tenderness as might be given to a father growing helpless in old age, but loved beyond ordinary standards.

The first frosts were withering the heather; in the valley the flowers had died; the twilight of early winter, a wan iris withering, drooped mournful petals over the world. On the hills all was ghostly whiteness; the Lapps had come south with the winter, and there was a great encampment of them in the valley; it never occurred to Halfdan to wonder why the couple that had saved him had remained during the summer so far from the snows. One day he wandered down to the shore; the sea had already frozen, and the icy leagues of it shone tinted with rose and faint violet and beryl where light from the sun, far and low in the horizon, caught them. Wonderful and beautiful seemed to him the world of the North: there was no taint in the cold, electric air; no memory to make his soul ashamed for his fellow men. The wind blew keen over the ice, blowing back his hair and his beard; it was intense and joyful for him with that Divine life of the Gods that loves and opposes us. He walked out on the ice; something at his feet caught his attention, and he stooped to examine it; it was a spar, belike from the *Wild Swan* or the *Dragon*, the ships he had loved. Then came memory in a flood. All his life had gone from him; the faces familiar of old had vanished; down there, in the south, in the Gothland, all the glory had departed; and there was nothing left for him on earth, but the queer, evil-smelling life in the Lapp tent. . . . Yes; there were still the Gods. . . . A strange unrest came upon him; he must away and find the Aesir. . . . He had no plan; only he must find the Bright Ones: must stand in their visible presence, who had been the secret illumination of the best of his life. In mingled longing and exultation he made his way back to the camp.

He found his Lapp friends standing before their tent, and their best reindeer harnessed to an *akja**; they knew, it appeared, that he

*The Lapp sledge of wicker and skin, capable of holding one man sitting with legs stretched out, and guiding the reindeer with a single thong of rein.

was to go; and mournfully and unbidden, had made preparation. They brought out his armor, and fondled his hands as they armed him; a crowd gathered about him, all crooning and chuckling their good will, and their sorrow to lose the old man in whose shining eyes, it seemed to them, was much unearthly wisdom. On all sides, evidently, there was full understanding of his purpose, and sad acquiescence; and this did not seem to him strange at all: the Gods were near and real enough to control and arrange all things. He sat down in the *akja*, and took the rein; the Lapps heaped skins about him for warmth; then, waving farewells, amidst an outburst of sorrowful crooning and chuckling, he started. Whither the reindeer might list; whither the mighty Undying Ones might direct.

On, and on, and on. Through ghostly valleys and through the snowstorm, right into the heart of the northern night, the reindeer, never uncertain of the way, drew him. The Balder-mood came to him in the weird darkness; in the cold desolation the bright Gods seemed nearer than ever. Through ghastly passes where the north wind, driving ice particles that stung, came shrieking, boisterous and dismal, down from the Pole to oppose him, on sped the reindeer while the mind of the old Viking was gathered into dreams. — Waiting for him, somewhere beyond, were Those whose presence was a growing glory on the horizon of his soul. . . . The snow-ghosts, wan, innumerable, and silent, came hurrying by; on sped the reindeer, a beautiful beast, heeding never the snow-ghosts, over frozen rivers and frozen mountains, through ghostly cold valleys and the snow. Under vast precipices that towered up, iron and mournful into the night; or along the brink of awful cliffs, with the snowstorm howling below. . . on and on. Who was to measure time on that weird journey? There were no changes of day and night; and Halfdan, wrapped in the warmth of his dreams, hardly would have heeded them if there had been. Now and again the reindeer halted to feed, scraping in the snow for his familiar moss-diet; then on again, and on. It was the beast, or some invisible presence, not the man, who chose the way.

A valley stretched out endlessly before; and afar, afar, a mountain caught on its whiteness some light from heaven, so that amid all the ghostly darkness it shone and shot up, a little dazzling beacon of purity on the rim of the world. The snow had ceased to fall, and no longer the north wind came shrieking to oppose; there was quiet in the valley, broken only by the tinkling of the reindeer bells and the

scrunch of the falling hoofs on the snow. The white mountain caught the eyes, and at last the mind of the long dreaming Viking; so that he began to note the tinkling of the bells, the sound of the hoofs falling, the desolation before and around. And at last another sound also: long howling out of the mountains on this side and that; long, dreary howling behind, like the cry of ghosts in a nightmare, or the lamentation of demons driven forever through darkness beyond the margin of space. For some time he listened, before waking to knowledge that it was actual sound he listened to; and then for some time longer, before it came to him to know whence the sound was. It had drawn nearer by then, much nearer; and peering forth through the glint and gloom, he saw the shadows that were wolves streaming up after him through the valley, and coming down from the mountains; singly, in twos and threes, in multitudes. The reindeer snuffed, tossed its head, and speeded on prodigiously; yet with what gathered on the hillsides, it would be a marvel if he escaped. On came the shadows, until one could see the green fire-sparks of their eyes, behind, to the right and to the left, almost before; and on sped the reindeer, and the white mountain drew nearer.

Then Halfdan the Viking scented war: he remembered his youth and its prowess; he made ready his shield and battle-ax; and thanked the Gods fervently that after all he should go out fighting. The brave reindeer should have what chance it might to escape by its own untrammelled fleetness: so he drew his sword and cut the harness. The beast was away over the snow at twice its former speed; and Halfdan in the *akja* shot forward thirty paces, fell out, and was on his feet in a moment to wait what should come.

A black, shag shadow, the foremost of them, hurled itself howling at his throat — eyes green fire and bared teeth gleaming; the ax swept down, clave its head in mid air, and the howl went out in a rattling groan and sob. No question of failing strength now; old age was a memory — forgotten. The joy of battle came to him, and as the first wolf fell he broke into song:

In the bleak of the night and the ghost-held region,
By frozen valley and frozen lake,
A son of the Vikings, breaking his battle,
Doth lovely deeds for Asgard's sake.

Odin All-Father, for thee I slew him!
For thee I slew him, bolt-wielding Thor!

Joy to ye now, ye Aesir, Brothers!
That drive the demons forevermore!

While he sang, another wolf was upon him, and then another and another; and the war-ax that had made play under Mediterranean suns of old, God, how it turned and swept and drove and clave things in the northern night! While they came up one by one, or even in twos,



the fight was all in his favor; so he slew as many as a dozen at his singing; then the end began to draw near. They were in a ring about him now; rather fearful of the whirling ax, but closing in. Old age began to tell upon his limbs; he fought on wearying; and the delight of war ebbed from him; his thigh had been snapped at and torn, and he had lost much blood with the wound. Then the ax fell, and he leaned on it for support for a moment, his head bent down over his breast. The war-mood had gone altogether; his mind sped out to

the Gods. Of inward time there had been enough, since the ax fell, for the change of mood, for the coming of calm wonder and exaltation; of the time we measure in minutes, enough for the leaping of a wolf. He saw it, and lifted the ax; knowing that nothing could be done. At his left it leaped up; he saw the teeth snap a hand's-breadth from his face. . . . An ax that he knew not, brighter than the lightning, swung; the jaws snapped; the head and the body apart fell to the ground. . . . And there was a wolf leaping on his right, and no chance in the world of his slaying it; and a spear all-glorious suddenly hurtling out of the night, and taking the wolf through the throat, and pinning it dead to the ground. And here was a man, a Viking, gray-bearded, one-eyed, glorious, fighting upon his left; and here was a man, a Viking, young and surpassing beautiful of form and face and mien, doing battle at his right. And he himself was young again, and strong; and knew that against the three of them all the wolves in the world, and all the demons in hell, would have little chance. They fled yelping into the dark; and Halfdan turned to hail those that had fought for him.

And behold, the shining mountain that had seemed so far, shone now near at hand; and for a mountain, it was a palace, exceedingly well-built, lovely with towers and pinnacles and all the fair appurtenances of a king's house. No night nor winter was near it; amidst gardens of eternal sunlight it shone; its portals flung wide, and blithe all things for his entering. And he greeted Odin All-Father, as one might who had done nothing in his life to mar the pleasant friendliness of that greeting. And in like manner he greeted Balder the Beautiful. They linked their arms in his, and in cheerful conversation he passed in with them into the Valhalla.



. . . Fair truth's immortal sun
Is sometimes hid in clouds, not that her light
Is in itself defective, but obscured
By my weak prejudice, imperfect faith,
And all the thousand causes which obstruct
The growth of goodness. . . .

— *Hannah Moore*



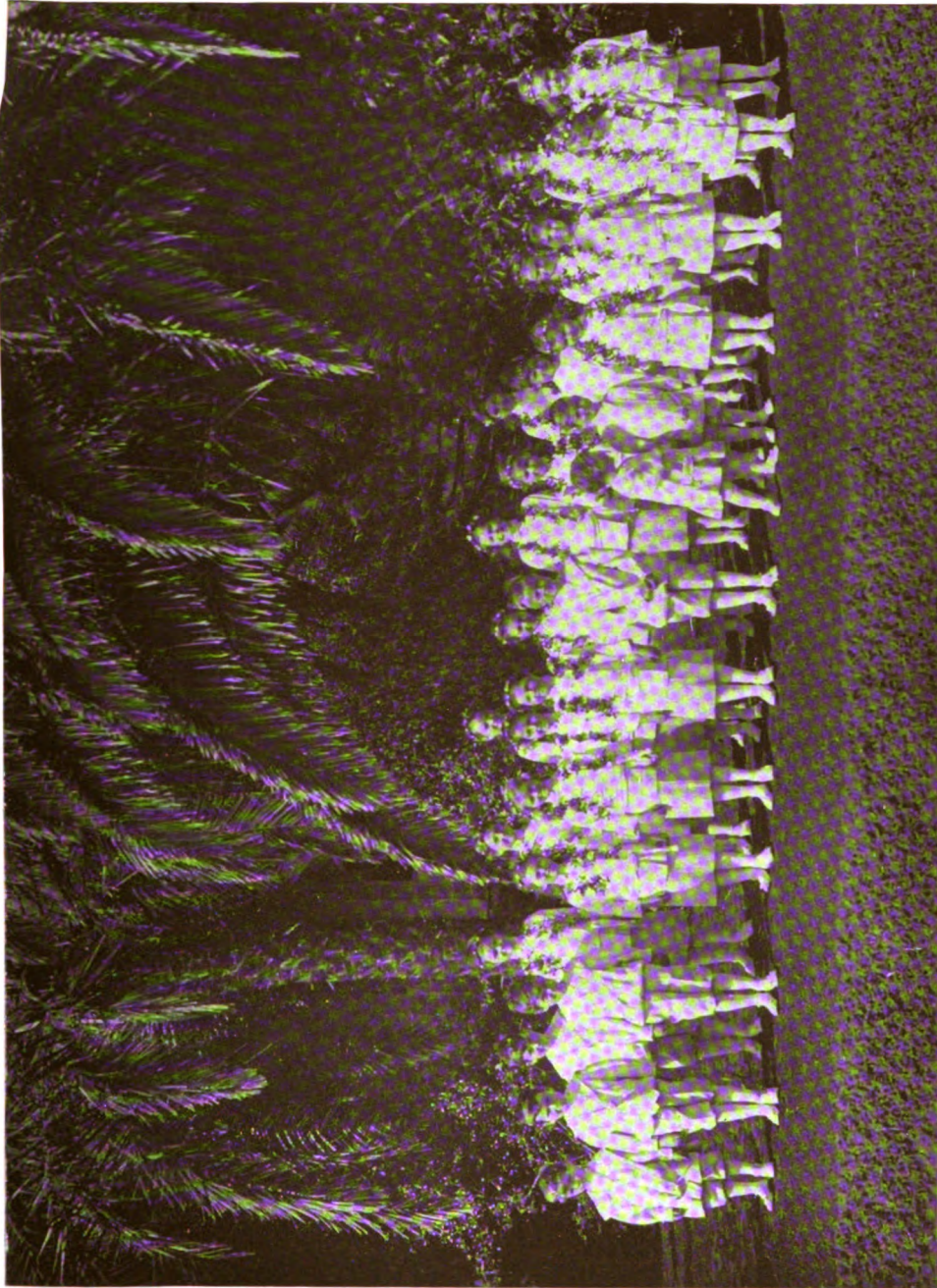
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VIEW FROM THE SOUTH: IN THE CENTER, "WACHERE CREST," KATHERINE TINGLEY'S RESIDENCE; ON THE LEFT, THE TEMPLE OF PEACE; ON THE RIGHT, THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY



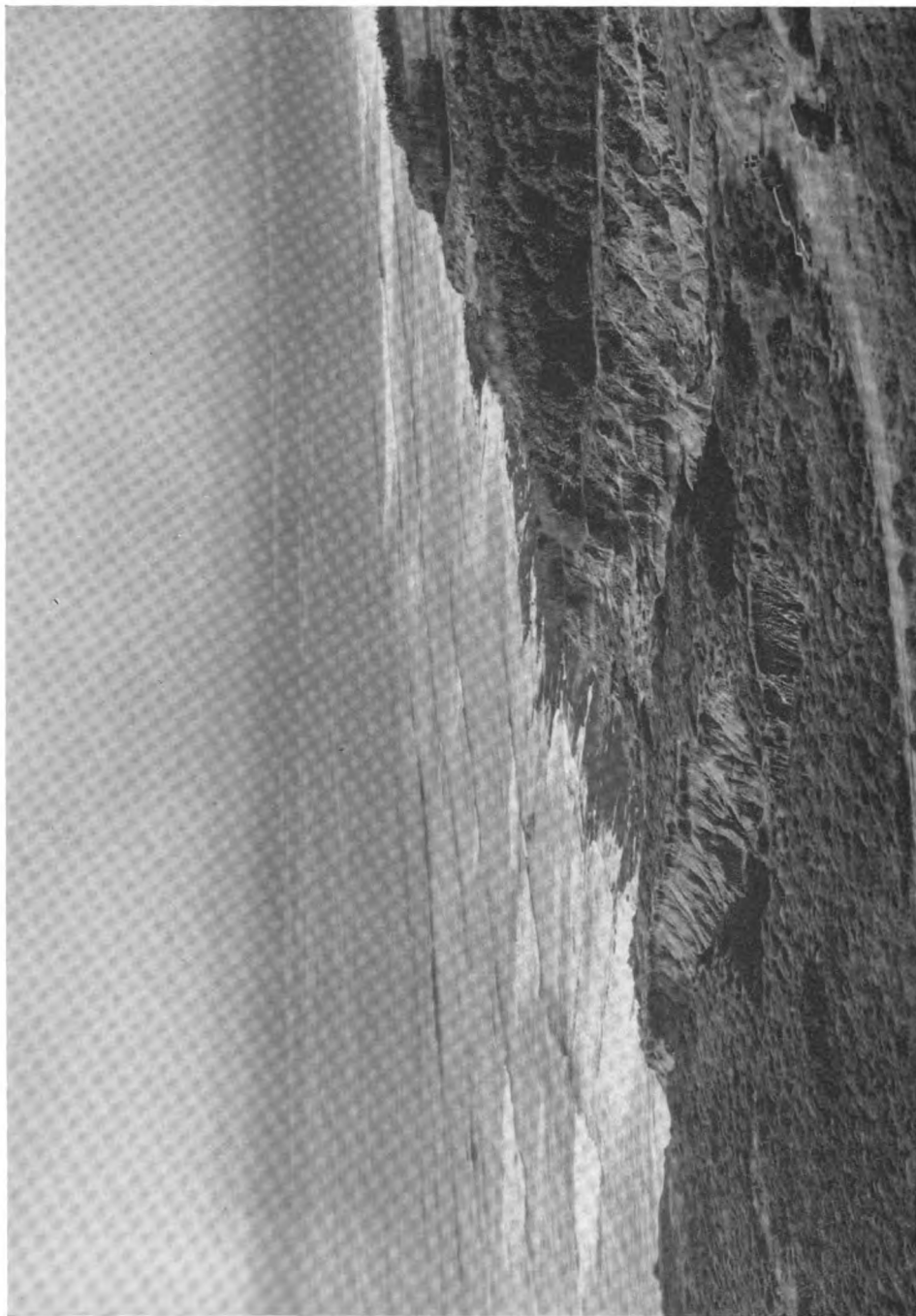
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MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE RĀJA-YOGA ACADEMY DRAPED WITH THE FLAGS OF THE NATIONS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LITTLE PEACE-MAKERS
RÂJA-YOGA TOTS WHO TAKE PART IN THE PEACE SYMPOSIUM, "THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS"



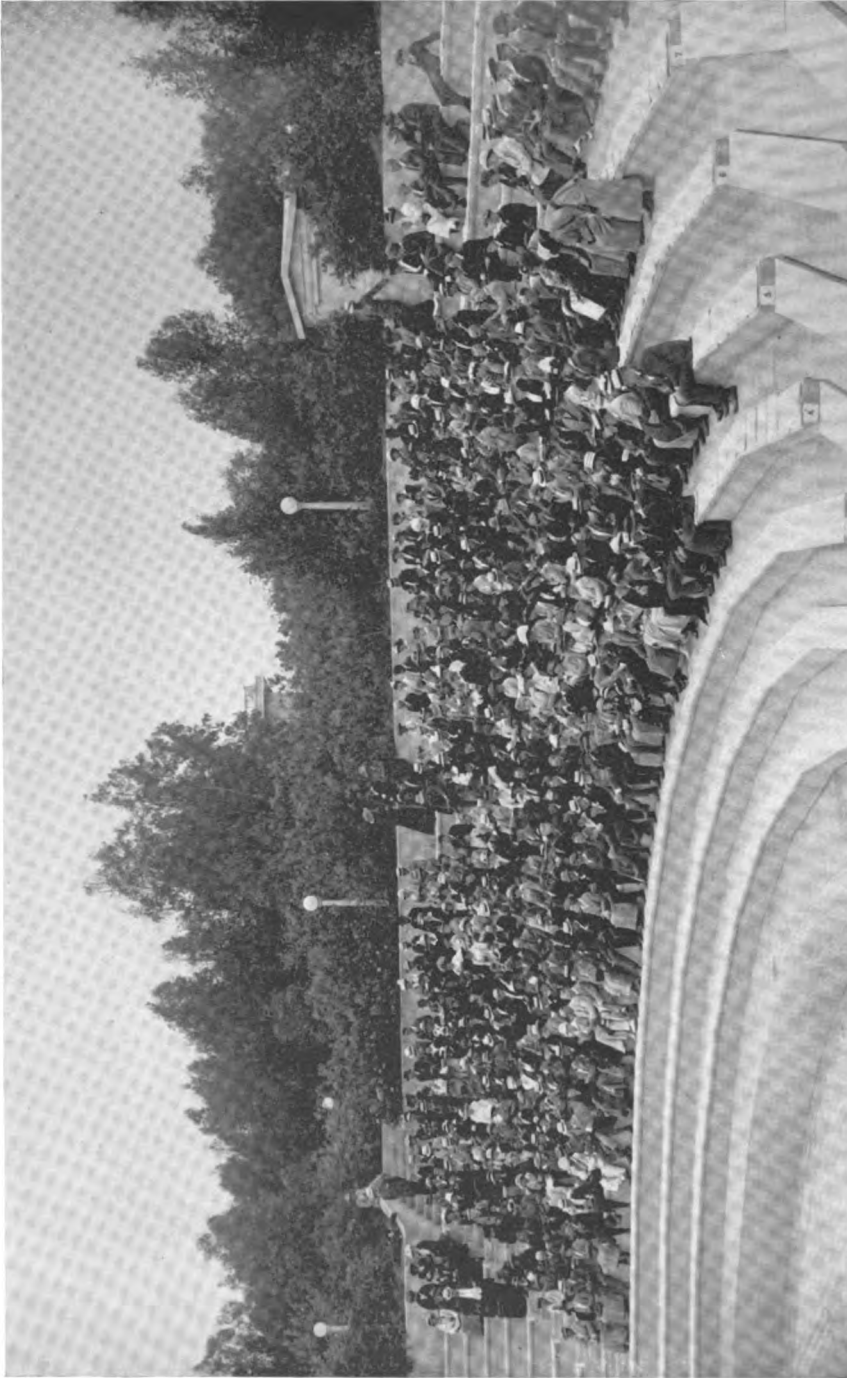
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THE PACIFIC, AS SEEN FROM THE ROAD RUNNING ALONG THE CREST OF THE CLIFFS
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California



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PALMS, MESEMBRYANTHEMUM, PEPPER AND OTHER TREES, GROWING IN ONE OF THE GARDENS
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RECEPTION IN THE LOMALAND GREEK THEATER TO OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL
EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION, JULY 4, 1915

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER XII

MISFORTUNES OF THE MILTONS



RS. Weitman had been summoned over the phone by Mrs. Milton and now sat holding her hands and looking into her white, terror-stricken face.

"O Clara!" moaned Mrs. Milton, "what can I do? What can I say to Robert? You cannot realize how terrible all this is for me. Robert — I fear him — I fear for him. Was ever a household so overshadowed with misfortunes and disgrace as ours?"

"It is all very dreadful; but do try and calm yourself, my dear Agnes. You *must* not give way now; everything rests on you. You must keep up in order to help Robert and Bert. But tell me of Milicent; how has it all come about?"

"O Clara, you know Robert manages everything. Not that I wish to complain of him! And you know that during the last few years he has had much to endure. He is a broken man — old before his time. His political position and influence were as the breath of life to him; but all at once he was pushed out of everything. Then followed the financial panic and the failure of the company in which he was heavily involved. Every effort he made to retrieve his position only made matters worse. Why, Clara, we are absolutely beggared. Even my small means would have been swallowed up, but Bert prevented me from turning them in."

"Well, Agnes, I am glad you have that, at least. But you still have this house, so you are not homeless."

"This house is mortgaged for more than it will ever bring at a forced sale. No, we've nothing left and it's killing Robert. I'm afraid he will lose his reason. Herbert is a good-hearted boy, but you know he has not been a help or comfort to his father."

Mrs. Weitman knew this was true, but she remained silent, knowing also how Robert Milton had, by his severity and total lack of sympathy, made his children dislike and fear him. He had seemed to take pleasure in thwarting every wish of his son and had forced him to take a place in the bank when he had declared his desire of taking up a profession. Under these conditions Bert's conduct had not been exemplary. He had chosen associates of whom any parent must have disapproved; and he had gone farther with them than even his

father was aware of. Only his father's influence as vice-president of the bank kept him from being discharged.

Then when the bank was toppling on the brink of failure came the robbery with the murder of the night watchman. Truly, as Mrs. Milton had said, one misfortune followed another until ruin stared them in the face. At first no clues to the robbers were to be found; yet vague hints and whispered suspicions filled the air until at last the smouldering fire was ready, with a little fanning, to burst into a blaze. And this blaze was being kindled even as the two women sat talking together.

"And oh, Clara, my heart is broken over Millicent," continued Mrs. Milton. "You know that though these children were not my own I have always considered and loved them as such; and they have loved me as if I were their own mother. I do not know how to endure all these troubles."

"But, Agnes, you have not yet told me about Millicent. Where is she, and why did she go away?"

"O Clara, I don't know how to tell you. Her father wished her to marry."

"Wished Milly to marry! Why, she is only a child yet."

"I know — only seventeen! but he had set his mind on it. And you know Robert when he is set on a thing."

"Well, who was she to marry, and why?"

"Colonel Vandervert."

"Good heavens, Agnes! You mean the son, don't you?" cried Mrs. Weitman.

"No, Clara, the Colonel himself," moaned Mrs. Milton.

Her friend gazed at her for a moment speechless; then she murmured, "That man! He is old enough to be her grandfather! But he is worth sixty millions."

"Yes," sobbed the other; "that was it — the millions. He would have saved Robert from ruin."

"And he would have sold his child for that!"

"O Clara, I did all I could to prevent it."

"Of course you would. Did she run away to escape? You know I have been away so long that I have missed all these events."

"No, but when she persistently refused, he sent her back to school, with orders to watch her closely."

"And she is there now?"

"Oh no, no! I only wish she were. She has run away, eloped with a man she has only seen a few times. Oh, my poor, misguided child! My little Milly! What shall I do, Clara? How can I bear it?"

Mrs. Weitman felt stunned. She had loved these step-children of her friend, and had known them both since they were mere babies. She knew how Agnes had poured out all her mother-love on them. She knew that by nature both were honest, affectionate, and intelligent, and that with proper training they would have been a credit and a support to their parents. She had heard with deep sorrow the dark hints and rumors concerning the boy; and now the pretty winsome little Milly driven to a fate which they could only conjecture. How indeed would poor Agnes be able to bear it?

As she looked at the frail, delicate creature before her, bowed down and shaken by her passion of grief and unspeakable fears, her heart rose in hot anger against Robert Milton, and she felt that any misfortunes which might fall upon him would be well deserved.

But rousing herself to action she went to Mrs. Milton, and putting her arms around her she gently drew her from her seat, saying:

"Come, my poor dear, this will not do. You must not give way like this or you will be ill. You must go to your room now and lie down; you are completely worn out. Come, let me help you up the stairs and then I will get you some tea. See how you are trembling! lean on me."

An hour later Mrs. Weitman had soothed her friend into a more quiet frame of mind and she had fallen into a light sleep. Stealing from the room the faithful nurse, feeling the need of food for herself, had started toward the dining-room. When half way down the stairs she heard a latch-key turned cautiously in the outer door, which opened silently, and a man stepped hurriedly in and closely it again. He came stealthily toward the stairs, and as the dusk was already falling she did not recognize him until he was quite near, when perceiving her, he paused, looking defiantly at her. His face was white and his hand trembled as he clutched the banister.

"Why, Bert!" Mrs. Weitman whispered, "what is the matter?"

"Hush!" he whispered, laying his hand on her arm; "no one must see me; who is in the house?"

"No one is here but your mother and I. She is in her room asleep."

"And the servants?"

"As you know, there are but two now, the cook and a maid. They are in the kitchen, at supper I think. But what new trouble is there now? and why must you not be seen? Can't you trust me, Bert?"

"Oh yes, but I meant to get away without the knowledge of any one. Oh, I must hurry! Come up to my room — I'll have to tell you."

Once inside the room, he carefully pulled down all the shades and then turned on the light. Turning suddenly he said:

"Yes, Mrs. Weitman; it's trouble, awful trouble! I am accused of murder."

With a gasp Mrs. Weitman sank into a chair, staring at him in a dazed way.

"But I didn't do it. I didn't. You know I would never do a thing like that. Don't you believe me?"

"O Bertie, how could such a thing be?"

"I tell you I didn't do it. You see they have hatched up a fool's story about the bank robbery. It's out that I and the cashier got away with the money and had to kill the watchman to keep him from telling."

"But who would believe it?"

"Everybody. It's in the papers. They have arrested Carter and there is a warrant out for me."

"But can't you prove your innocence? Why, the whole thing is too absurd. What will you do?"

"I'm going to get out of this town."

"But, Bert, that will look like guilt. Wouldn't it be better to stay and fight it out, as Carter will do?"

"Carter can prove an alibi; I can't."

"But your innocence will be proved some way! It must."

"Jimmy Hewit's innocence was proved; but they hanged him first. No, I don't trust any such chance as that."

While he talked, Bert was throwing some things into a suit-case, and Mrs. Weitman began mechanically to help him. Remembering the fate of Jimmy Hewit, she dared not advise him further. But suddenly she thought of something else.

"Bert," she said, "have you money?"

"Why, I ought to have," the young man said bitterly, "just after robbing a bank." He drew out his purse and emptied the contents upon the table. "What riches!" he cried, as he gathered up a five dollar bill, a small gold piece, and a little silver change.

"Mother might have some, but I must not trouble her. She's almost crazy about Milly. You will keep every thing possible away from her, won't you, Mrs. Weitman? And tell father that I say Milly and I have him to thank for all our troubles; and I hope he'll enjoy it."

"No, Bert, some day you will be glad that I did not give that message. Of course I'll do everything possible for your mother. You must never forget that she has always loved you and been a true mother to you. It is fortunate that I have a little money. I was going down town to pay some bills when your mother called me to come to her."

Mrs. Weitman opened her purse and took out a roll of bills, saying, "This will last you for a while. But oh, my boy! where will you go? What will you do?"

"I'm going to make for Canada and I'll go to work as other fellows do. If father had let me alone I never would have been in that accursed bank anyway. I'll pay this back to you some day. It's no use to say how much I thank you. You're my best friend, next to mother."

Turning out the light the two groped their way down the stairs and through the dark hall. After Mrs. Weitman had fastened the door she went into the library, and turning on the light, sat down to think what could be done. But somehow her thoughts went back to that night four years ago when Mrs. Hewit implored Bert's father to interpose to save the life of her innocent son. The room was cold and cheerless now; but that night it had been warmed and well lighted. Governor Milton had sat there, a man of wealth, holding the highest office in the state, surrounded by friends who paid deference to his place and power.

How hard and stern he had been. How little he had been moved by the prayer of the widow for the life of her boy, or the grief of the young girl who was to have been his wife. And the next day the woman had uttered that dreadful curse, which was seemingly being so swiftly fulfilled. From that time it seemed that fortune had frowned upon him. Friends, money, honors — all had slipped away like a garment, leaving bare the real life and character of the man. Where was he tonight? In a distant city trying vainly to raise money enough to save his luxurious home from the hammer of the auctioneer, yet in ignorance of the fate of his only daughter, and that his son was

an outcast and fugitive from justice — justice such as had been meted out to the widow's son.

Mrs. Weitman rose and went back to the room of her friend, still thinking of Mrs. Hewit as she now appeared, a bent, distraught, heart-broken woman. The image of Anne, gentle and full of daughterly care and tenderness; Dave, honest, manly, taking the place of the son, never dreaming that he was making any extraordinary sacrifice or doing more than a simple duty. Two summers she had spent, and golden autumns, in the pine woods, and these natives of the soil had become near and dear to her.

She wished she could take Mrs. Milton to the little cabin that had been built for her near the cool spring under the rock. She could at least take her to her own home for a few days until the return of Robert Milton.

This plan she carried out the next morning, leaving a note of explanation for Mr. Milton on his return.

(To be continued)

JOTTINGS: by H. T. E.



THE performances of the wonderful calculating horses of Elberfeld form the subject of a careful and exhaustive study in a book called "The Unknown Guest," by Maurice Maeterlinck, who visited and examined the horses. It would now seem to stand that these horses are actually able to supply the answers to difficult sums in square and cube root. M. Maeterlinck was left alone in the room with one of the horses, nobody else being within sight or sound; and he obtained the answers to sums set by himself, and of which he (being a very poor mathematician) did not know the answers. The answers were given by the horse striking a foot-board in accordance with a sort of telegraphic code by which each letter or figure is denoted by a certain set of taps. M. Maeterlinck's speculations on the cause of this marvelous phenomenon are most interesting and suggestive. But we pause to ask just where the wonder comes in, and to suggest that possibly the wonder lies rather in the unfamiliarity than in the inexplicability of the phenomena. For when it comes to explaining, where are we? And echo answers "Nowhere." What I would like to know is, if the rose-plant outside my doors knows how to make its marvelous blooms, with all their

inconceivable complexity of form and color, why may not a horse know how to extract a cube root? Or, if you do not like this comparison, let me ask why, if the bird in my eves knows how to build its nest and rear its young, the Elberfeld stallion should not be able to give an intelligent answer to a question by tapping a board with his hoof? In brief, all nature is a marvel of intelligence, and one thing is not more marvelous, but only less familiar, than another.

The idea that intelligence is something like an all-pervading atmosphere, and can be tapped, as it were, by any cerebral mechanism suitably adjusted to that function, is one that forces itself more and more strongly upon us. Also the idea that the solutions of mathematical problems, being indissolubly connected with the statement of those problems, can be reached by a shorter cut than is provided by our ordinary methods of computation, is one that occurs (as M. Maeterlinck points out) in connexion with calculating prodigies of the human breed.

Animals have often played a part in the methods of divination known to ancient nations; and it may be added that even inanimate objects (so-called) constitute the paraphernalia of such methods of ascertaining that which the mind by its ordinary methods fails to grasp. These forgotten arts depend for their success on certain properties of nature with which our science is not familiar. That such unknown domains exist in abundance is evident from the number of gaps which, in our philosophy, are conveniently covered by such words as "chance" and "fortuity." We cannot tell why cards fall out in a particular order, and so we say that it is chance, and we have even devised a calculus of chance. We do not know why a tossed coin falls now heads and now tails, and so we call that chance too. Yet every effect must have a cause. We do not know what teaches the bird to build its nest, or the mineral to build its crystal, or the seed to yield the oak; and so we invent mere names for these unknown causes. Is it for us to say that a horse may not solve a mathematical problem?

It may be suggested by some theorists that a detached intelligence of some kind enters into the horse and uses the animal as a medium. That explanation is reasonable, but lands us again in a vast unexplored sea. The whole range of topics connected with invisible beings, higher forms of matter, cosmic forces, and so forth, is opened up.



THE SCREEN OF TIME

F. J. Dick, Editor

CLIPPED FROM THE PRESS

DRAMATIC work by the students and young pupils of Lomaland afforded pleasant interludes to the work of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood during June and July. There were two performances of *The Aroma of Athens*, and three of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. After the performance of the former, on July 21st, it was noticed that when the audience left to reach the automobile stance, about a quarter of a mile distant, they went in complete silence. No more eloquent tribute to the beauty and power of this production has perhaps ever been paid.

The following account of this play is taken from *The San Diego Examiner*, and was written by one unconnected with the Theosophical movement:

Every scene, act, speech was admired. Amid the plaudits of gloved hands the attentive ear could distinguish the timely sough of the sea as if murmuring appreciation of the spectacle. As if enchanted by the production, not an auditor moved from his or her seat, although it was palpable that the *dénouement* had been reached, until the last characters in the *ensemble* march disappeared from the forum of the theater into the darkness adown the canyon.

In the production of the play, the purpose of Katherine Tingley is to purify the drama and to enable it to become an educative factor as it was in ancient times. In the spectacle were introduced the games and music of Athenian days, dialogs, archaic dances, a procession of Athena's votaries all garbed in the costumes of the time, presenting a spectacle which one never sees realized on the modern stage.

In instituting this comparison, only the most superb stage productions are in mind. At the same time there was an elevated purpose, an almost sublime devotion to an ideal inspiring *The Aroma of Athens*, which never attaches to even the greatest of stage productions.

Every detail of the costumes and ornaments was designed, and all the grouping arranged under Mme. Tingley's personal supervision. Critics say that the entire production exhibited a most intimate knowledge of Greek art and life. Everybody was pleased with the introduction of the Marathon race innovation.

The characters were sustained by the students of the School of Antiquity and pupils of the Rāja-Yoga College and School, yet there was not one of them who did not acquit himself or herself with the grace and ease of professionals. There was an added charm in their work because most of them were giving expression to sentiments of which they are making a life study. Their voices were round and clear, their enunciation distinct, their reading perfect, intonation sonorous and gestures were timely, graceful and expressive. The elocutionary efforts were supplemented by the acoustics of the auditorium, which are well-nigh perfect.

The costumes were classically Grecian, varied in color, and the *ensemble* rich and inspiring. The little ones in the play were real children and romped and gamboled

with juvenile artlessness. The girls were misses in their teens and the grown folks adults made up to carry out the illusion of years as the character demanded.

The vocal and instrumental music were of an age long antedating the present, pleasing, thoughtful, expressive and faultlessly rendered. The voices were sweet and fresh, and the choruses round and resonant. The instrumentalists were not disclosed. They played with great precision and sympathy and their work had the appealing effect of sweet sounds coming whence no one knew.

The spectacle was produced in the Greek Theater at Point Loma surrounded by its classic groves and studded with statuary. The forum and stately temple with its classic pediment and graceful columns twined with circlets of ivy was aglow with electric light while all around was the darkness of night. The scene was a park in ancient Athens and the occasion an Athenian flower festival. The forum was garlanded with flowers and the children and maidens were draped with them in a bewitching manner, rendered all the more captivating in the graceful and symmetrical movements of the dance.

There were recitations and dialogs, the first of the latter of which was a welcome to Pharnabazus of Persia, a second "The True, the Good and the Beautiful," a third "The Glory of Athens," and lastly the prophecy of Socrates of a "New Athens to arise in the Far West." In the last, there was more than an intimation conveyed that the prophecy of the wise man was in the course of realization in Lomaland, a sentiment with which everyone in the concourse heartily agreed.

Among the characters were many of the celebrities of Greece, among them Pericles, Phidias, Thucydides, Socrates, Euripides, Aspasia, and many others. The names of the performers, however, were not given, the evident purpose being to maintain the illusion that the play was a real scene in Athens with real Athenians as they appeared in real life.

The perfection of the spectacle was characteristic of everything else on the grounds, in the parking of autos, the receiving and seating of guests. A tone of gentility, politeness, and refinement pervaded the scene which left nothing to be desired.

The loftiness of purpose of Katherine Tingley and the value of Lomaland as an asset of San Diego sank more deeply than ever into the hearts of the spectators as a consequence of the achievement of Monday night.

Also Athenian in setting, as Shakespeare wrote it, but entirely different in theme, the last performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* elicited the following comment in *The San Diego Union*:

SHAKESPEARE PLAY AT POINT LOMA DELIGHTS 1500

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" PRESENTED BY RĀJA-YOGA STUDENTS

RICH SETTING OBTAINS. TOTS PRESENT BEAUTIFUL SPECTACLE

VOICES PLEASE IN SONGS

By MAIN 3-K

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," perhaps the most popular of Shakespeare's comedies, was presented last night, with Mendelssohn's incidental music, in the Greek Theater at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, by students of the Rāja-Yoga College and Academy, under the direction of Madame Katherine Tingley.

It is almost as patent a truism to say that plays of Shakespeare are as enjoyable when witnessed for the tenth time as the first, as to proclaim proudly that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. This is particularly true of his comedies, and perhaps more strikingly true of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" than any other.

DELIGHTFUL MUSIC GIVEN

Certainly many of the fifteen hundred or more persons who assembled at the Greek

Theater last night had seen the play before, but it is doubtful if any ever enjoyed it more thoroughly. Little forgotten lines, deliciously amusing, crop out to greet the audience as joyously as an old friend in a far land.

Not only was there the charm of the play itself, ably acted and given with Mendelssohn's delightful music, but there was that of the beautiful Greek Theater itself, the perfect night, and the glorious moon, which obligingly brought itself "into the picture," as if it, too, were under the direction of the stage manager.

AUDIENCE RECEPTIVE

Then there was the mild exhilaration of the automobile ride over, which likewise contributed to placing the audience in a receptive frame of mind, for most of them came by motor car. On the way homeward there was the fascination of watching the stream of light from hundreds of cars work its way serpent-like through canyon and over hill, around the bay to San Diego.

In one respect no professional production ever can equal the performances of this play given at Point Loma, for nowhere else can the Râja-Yoga tots be seen. These children seem thoroughly to enjoy taking their parts. They are absolutely without self-consciousness. They are, for the time being, the fairies they represent. They lose themselves in their rôles.

CHILDREN BEAUTIFUL

They frisk and frolic and play, and, however much the chronic pessimist who watches struggles against his natural inclinations, he cannot help a sneaking suspicion entering his mind that the world is a jolly old place after all. They are beautiful children, physically and mentally, these Râja-Yoga tots, and to watch them is always a delight. But to hear their voices in the charming little songs which have been written for them is a pleasure which will sink itself into the memory.

It is a pity, from the point of view of the visitor, that the actors remained anonymous, for in instances splendid work was done, and it would be a pleasure to honor those to whom honor is due. But the sweeping designation "Students of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy" was the only clue given to the *dramatis personae*.

"BOTTOM" FINISHED ACTOR

Bottom is usually considered the stellar rôle in this play nowadays, rather than the four lovers who are tangled up by Puck as Little Buttercup mixed the babies. The Bottom of last night's performance was a finished actor. He "got" every laugh where he wanted it without undue "mugging." After he was afflicted with the ass's head, his voice was a trifle muffled, but the acoustics of the theater are so good that scarcely a word was missed. In the delightfully ridiculous scene in which the rude mechanic persons present their play to the duke, the ripples of laughter developed into howls, chiefly because of his efforts.

There have been Pucks who were more elfish, and elfishness is the traditional representation of the merry wanderer of the night, the elf king, Oberon's servant, but there have been few more graceful, or with better voices, or better looking, than the young woman who took the part last night.

"OBERON" PLEASES

Oberon, too, was exceptionally well acted. His reading of his lines was perhaps the best of any member of the cast.

The fairy queen, the four lovers, in fact every one of the principal rôles, were admirably taken. It is to be hoped that the production will be repeated in order that more San Diegans and the visitors in the city may have an opportunity to see it.

On June 25th, the same paper published a long critique of the previous night's performance, from which the following extract must be put on record.

TRIP TO FAIRYLAND TERMINATES AT POINT LOMA
 TWELVE HUNDRED SEE PERFORMANCE OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"
 STUDENTS FORM CAST. METEOR FLASHES ACROSS SKY
 DURING OPEN-AIR PRODUCTION

Applause followed and oftentimes broke in upon every scene, and at the close the whole audience refused to move, made spellbound, almost breathless, by the last fairy scene at the court of Oberon and Titania. Then, after a moment's pause, so insistent was the demand that the fairies reappeared and repeated the closing dance and song. Then, in response to further insistent calls from all parts of the great audience, Madame Tingley stepped into the arena.

She said that the drama was the greatest educative factor that man possessed, the greatest sermonizing power in the world; that rightly presented it called forth the higher creative energies of the imagination and the will, that can transform life and make war forever impossible.



THE ILLUSTRATION facing page 141 reproduces a photograph taken during the visit of the National Editorial Association to the International Theosophical Headquarters, Lomaland, on July 4, 1915.

In response to the welcome extended to them by Mr. J. H. Fussell, President G. E. Hosmer — after they had listened to the children's Peace Symposium in the Greek Theater — said: "The words spoken and the acts of the little children are a message better than we could have gotten in any church this morning."



MAGAZINE REVIEWS

Der Theosophische Pfad. (*Illustrated. Quarterly*)

Editor: J. Th. Heller, Nürnberg, Germany.

THE February-March number opens with "The Art of Life in our Time," which is well worthy of study. "Is there any Justice, any Retribution?" the reprint of a public lecture in Nürnberg, will carry conviction. "Thoughts about Remaining Young and Growing Old" is a nosegay of delightful meditations on the subject. Other contributions of high standard are: "The Negative Virtues," "The Power of Example," "A Glimpse of the Râja-Yoga System of Education," "Music at Point Loma," "The Lost Atlantis," as well as extracts from Madame Tingley's recent lectures, etc. There is a series of fine illustrations.

EL SENDERO TEOSÓFICO. (*Illustrated. Quarterly*)

Editor: Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

THE July number is noteworthy. It opens with the first of Madame Tingley's series of lectures, "Theosophy and Some of the Vital Problems of the Day." Then comes a historical and descriptive account of the Belgian city of Bruges, with eleven illustrations. A piquant Chinese tale is "The Eyeless Dragons," wherein subtle symbolism blends with humor. To archaeologists the account of the excavations made at Castel Porziano, Rome, under Queen Elena's directions, along with the illustrations, will be of much interest. The series on Alphonse de Lamartine here follows his career to the dawn of early manhood.

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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EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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VOL. ~~X~~9 No. 3

CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 1915

View at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, Cal. *Frontispiece*

Universal Brotherhood: the Essential Factor in Human

Development

H. Alexander Fussell 153

Views at the International Theosophical Headquarters (*illustrations*) 158-159

"Determinism" in History

T. Henry, M. A. 159

The Acropolis of Athens, II (*illustrated*)

F. S. Darrow, A. M., PH. D. 164

Archaeology: A Résumé of the Theosophical Position

H. Travers, M. A. 176

Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History, VII

Kenneth Morris 181

Hon. Ernst Beckman. Miss Adelaide Johnson and some of her work.

Bronze Medal given the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical

Society at Malmö, Sweden. (*Illustrations*)

192-193

The Poplar-Tree that Smelt Water

H. T. Edge, M. A. 193

Jottings from a Student's Notebook

195

On the Other Side (*continued*)

Stanley Fitzpatrick 203

Views at the International Theosophical Headquarters (*illustrations*)

208-209

Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood—Preliminary Report

of Proceedings (*concluded*)

Recorder 209

Screen of Time

224



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A CORNER VIEW OF THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
HEADQUARTERS; THE DOME OF THE ACADEMY AT THE RIGHT

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. IX

SEPTEMBER, 1915

NO. 3

Do Justice. Justice being destroyed, will destroy; being preserved, will preserve: it must never therefore be violated. — *Manu*, VIII. 15.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD: THE ESSENTIAL FACTOR IN HUMAN DEVELOPMENT:

by H. Alexander Fussell



FOR the first time in history we see practically the whole male population of a country organized for war, as well as many of the women in capacities that do not involve actual fighting. The neutral nations of Europe have their armies ready mobilized and are on their guard; and all nations, even the most distant, participate mentally and morally in the conflict, either giving or withholding judgment. The fact that events, even the most trivial, are known the world over, almost as soon as they occur, adds to our responsibility, making it impossible for us to look with indifference on the causes which led to them. We feel ourselves involved in some way or other in all that goes on anywhere on the earth, and the belief is gaining ground that humanity as a whole has reached a stage in development which is characterized by, and demands, a new attitude of its component parts towards one another and towards the whole of which they are parts. In other words, the feeling of solidarity — that is, identity of interests — demands a higher morality, making for the more harmonious inter-relation of individuals and nations, based on the practical application of the principle of Universal Brotherhood.

Nor is this at all utopian; it is the natural logic of events. Every forward step in civilization has been marked by a deepening and an extension of current moral conceptions, as, for instance, from the

narrow but intense loyalty of the small city-state of classical antiquity to the wider consciousness of *Civis Romanus sum*; then on again through the strengthening of national feeling and unity all through the Middle Ages up to the present day, when the conception of *world-citizenship* is once more to the fore. There was a time when every man went about armed for fear of his neighbor; we smile at that now; and there will come a time when it will be as incongruous to see nations armed to the teeth attempting to settle international affairs at a Peace Conference.

Universal Peace is not to be put aside as the impracticable idea of mere enthusiasts and sentimental dreamers. It is based on the idea of Justice to All. From the purely utilitarian standpoint it is necessitated by a perception of the hard fact that nations which are in a state of war cannot and do not develop; that the mutual destruction of life and property, and the maiming of a large part of the population, are acts of madness, not of wisdom. Each nation is but a fragment, and as such has no right to impose its ideals upon the rest of the race by force, each and all being needed to give full expression to the multifarious life pulsating through humanity. The exaggerated feeling of nationality, so marked today, is hostile alike to our best interests and to the highest morality; it has led in the past to internecine strife, and will do so in the future, unless corrected and widened by the consciousness of the solidarity of the race.

Patriotism is a form of Brotherhood not yet come of age, which, if it continues confined to the nation, presents all the peculiarities and vices of arrested development. When unduly accentuated, as in war, it is tantamount to a denial of the unity of the race and the Brotherhood of mankind, a falling short of the highest of which we are capable, namely: disinterested service in behalf of humanity. This virtue, which includes true patriotism, and to the practice of which we must bend all our energies, or modern civilization must be pronounced a failure, is the highest form which civic and international relations can take; and it has very fittingly been called by Madame Katherine Tingley, "the Higher Patriotism." It is founded on Justice, on a recognition of the rights of other nations, as well as of our own, as members of one great human family, bound together by the ties of love and brotherhood; for mankind is one in origin and destiny.

Despite the fact that so large a portion of the world is at war, there are unmistakable signs that a new spirit is stirring in men's

hearts. The heart-searchings of all nations are most intense at the present time. Chaos threatens, and each is endeavoring to set its house in order, knowing full well that amid the general break-down of the social machine it must take its share of blame and suffering. Institutions, which men hoped would bring peace and lessen strife and competition, have proved ineffective; the churches are powerless, diplomacy is a failure, and from all sides rises the cry for a revision of individual and national rights and duties, and for a more practical application of the principle of Universal Brotherhood to the affairs of men. In the present state of mental and moral stress in which the minds of men are the world over, it is very necessary to bear in mind the goal towards which we are striving; for on the effective working out of this principle, the essential factor in human development, depends the future of humanity.

The spirit of dissatisfaction, now so prevalent, is the result of the discord which we feel exists between our lives and institutions and the new spirit of Brotherhood which is seeking realization. It will not be realized without effort, nor without sacrifice on our part, but these we are called upon to make, in our own interests as well as in the interests of others, or we shall be swept away in the general *débâcle*.

We do not lack ideals, we are enamored of great principles, but we have not the courage to carry them out. We accept them, we glow feebly over them, stirred by weak sentimentalism and emotionalism, but we do not make them the dominant, all-compelling power in our lives, and so we accomplish nothing. We fail in our efforts for Peace and Justice because we cannot give to others what we do not possess ourselves. Our proposals for the betterment of mankind do not ring true, for even while making them we are half-hearted, and cling to the old scheme of things so long as it is our personal advantage to do so. A truth, held half-heartedly, may do a great deal of mischief, for, like an anodyne, it lulls to sleep and blunts the moral faculties. It is only in active whole-hearted service in the cause of goodness that we can hope to lift the world higher, and find inner satisfaction and peace, because we are doing the only work worthy of a man.

Permanent Peace will never be established until private and national interests, which tend towards separation, are subordinated to the humanizing and unifying instincts born of the principle of Universal Brotherhood. These are already implanted in our nature, and

are pleading to be allowed to put forth their full power. The transformation that would then take place in human relationships is beyond the telling. But it is not too much to say that the difficulties inherent in the majority of the social, political, and international problems that beset us would disappear, or, at least, be considerably lessened, if approached in a conciliatory, instead of in an antagonistic spirit. We consider them insoluble, because we can trust neither ourselves nor our fellows. But we cannot plead ignorance; it is the *good* will and faith in the Higher Self that is lacking. In *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, pp. 642-5) Madame Blavatsky calls attention to

the profound truth that Nemesis is without attributes; that while the dreaded goddess is absolute and immutable as a Principle, it is we ourselves — nations and individuals — who propel her to action and give the impulse to its direction. KARMA-NEMESIS is the creator of nations and mortals, but once created, it is they who make of her either a fury or a rewarding Angel. . . . There is no return from the paths she cycles over; yet those paths are of our own making, for it is we, collectively or individually, who prepare them. . . . For the only decree of Karma — an eternal and immutable decree — is absolute Harmony in the world of matter as it is in the world of Spirit. It is not, therefore, Karma that rewards or punishes, but it is we, who reward or punish ourselves according to whether we work with, through and along with nature, abiding by the laws on which that Harmony depends, or — break them.

. . . With right knowledge, or at any rate with a confident conviction that our neighbors will no more work to harm us than we would think of harming them, the two-thirds of the World's evil would vanish into thin air. Were no man to hurt his brother, Karma-Nemesis would have neither cause to work for, nor weapons to act through. . . . If one breaks the laws of Harmony, or, as a Theosophical writer expresses it, "the laws of life," one must be prepared to fall into the chaos one has oneself produced. . . . Karma-Nemesis is no more than the (spiritual) dynamical effect of causes produced and forces awakened into activity by our own actions. . . . Man is himself his own savior as his own destroyer. He need not accuse Heaven and the gods, Fates and Providence, of the apparent injustice that reigns in the midst of humanity. But let him rather remember and repeat this bit of Grecian wisdom, which warns man to forbear accusing *That* which —

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

— which are now the ways and the high road on which move onward the great European nations.

These words were written in 1885, long before a general European conflict was even dreamt of. Stern as they are, they are words of

hope as well as of condemnation. For what man has brought about, man can also change, if he sets about it in the right way; and a large part of the constructive work of the Twentieth Century will be "a transformation of the social and political and international conditions that render war inevitable." There are economical, social, intellectual, and moral forces at work in the world *now*, which have their source in man's higher nature, and which will eventually shatter every state and individual that oppose them. These forces make for unity, harmony, and justice — for Brotherhood; and the present breakdown of the social order in Europe is the consequence of their violation. The war may retard, but it cannot stop the advance of humanity. It has already diminished the moral influence of the European nations, and caused men to question the value of the principles on which our civilization is based. But Europe is not the world; and if, for the moment, the heart-life is inoperative there, it is pulsating through other centers, and with greater force than ever, for the healing of the wounds that have been made.

Surely the warring nations do not think that the world is filled with admiration for them. Pity and horror and indignation are the emotions evoked by this war, and amazement at the folly and blindness that led to it. Each of them professes to be fighting in the interests of humanity. Each wishes to live on friendly terms with its neighbors, and to continue its civilizing mission at home and abroad; and each complains of being thwarted in this high task by the selfish aims and ambitions of the others; and in consequence, their friendliness becomes enmity, and they forthwith engage in mutual destruction. Montesquieu was right, when he said "If Europe should ever be ruined, it will be by its warriors." Truly, war is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the art of living. The results of this madness are so dire, that Mother Earth may yet lose patience and rid herself of these incorrigible children of hers through some frightful catastrophe.

Nevertheless we must not lose courage. Reference has already been made to the new spirit that is stirring in men's hearts; it has been active in many ways, especially in the endeavor to bring about a better understanding between nations. The numerous efforts that have been made to give practical expression to this desire find their culmination and their *raison d'être* in the teachings of Theosophy, which were made known again to mankind by Madame H. P. Blavatsky in 1875, and have since then been molding the thought of the world,

guiding it to an ever clearer apprehension of the great truth that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, the only sure basis for morality and all human relationship. The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society was founded in the same year to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood, which should ultimately embrace all the nations of the earth. It would seem that the Helpers of Humanity, our Elder Brothers, from whom the impulse came, foresaw the evil that has befallen the race, and were preparing the means to combat it. The only way to establish mankind in Truth and Justice, and in harmonious living, is obedience to the laws of Karma and Reincarnation and Universal Brotherhood. It is no new way; the way of life is not new, though at times we seem to prefer that of death.

Let us then take to heart the lesson that mankind has been learning from the beginning of time, aye, not only through the period of recorded history, but long ages before — the great lesson of harmonious combination, a closer and more intimate union of individuals, communities and nations in ever larger and more comprehensive organizations, until at last the power which binds us together is no longer external, dependent on outward sanctions, but the expression of an inner necessity, born of the soul-life, the indissoluble bond of Love and Brotherhood. The history of human society may be regarded as a series of experiments in right living, all of which, in spite of often brilliant partial successes, have been failures. They have failed because they were made on the principle of exclusion; they were not based on the principle of Universal Brotherhood. We, the men and women of the Twentieth Century, if we have learned

“The lesson writ in red since first Time ran,”
need experiment no longer. It is our duty and our privilege to inaugurate an era of reconstruction, the greatest the world has seen, upon which mankind shall enter at the close of this war — an Era of Peace and Truth, and Love and Justice.



THEOSOPHY is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope; yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child.— *William Q. Judge*



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IN ONE OF THE EUCALYPTUS GROVES, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



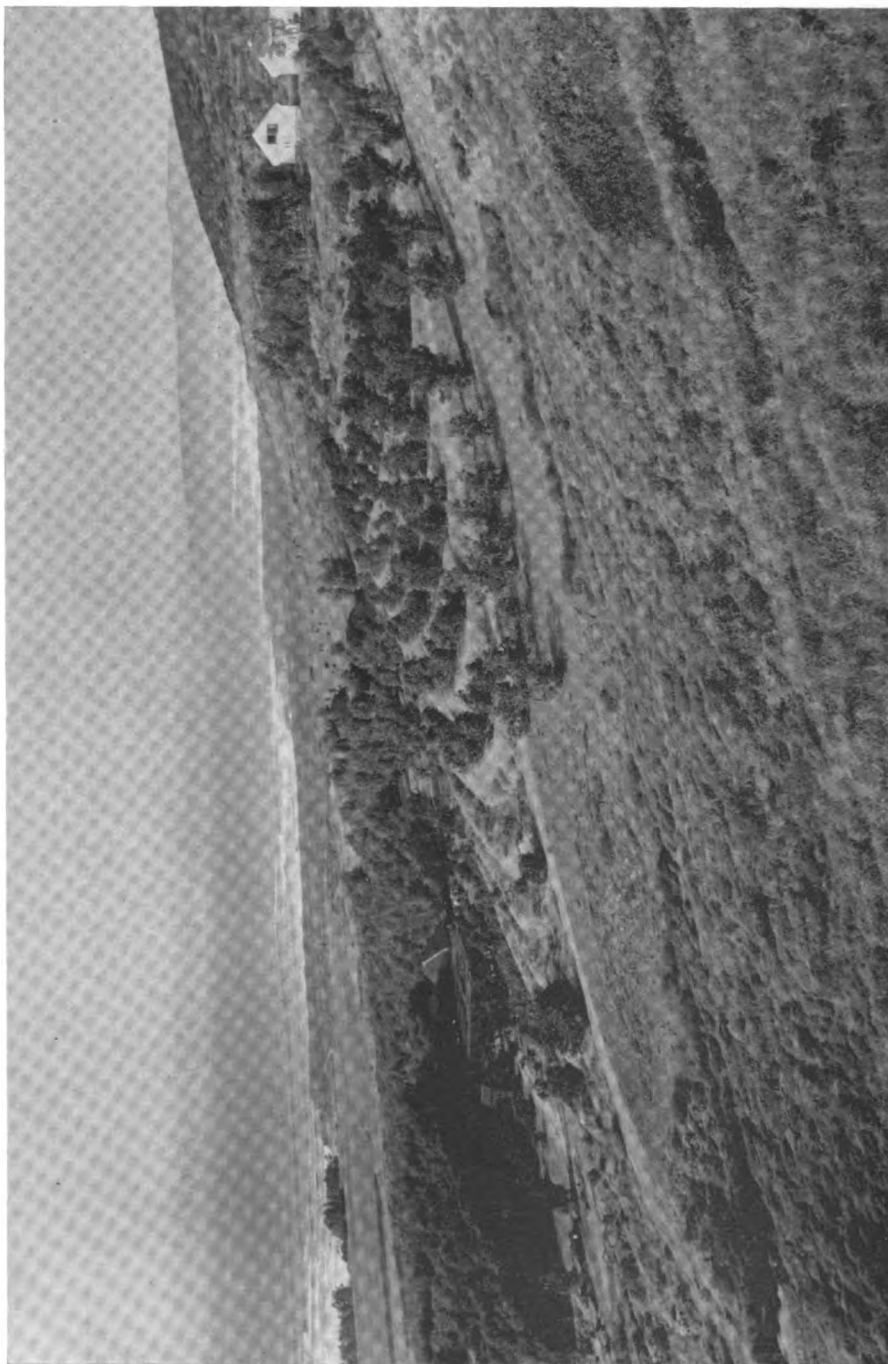
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE BUNGALOWS ON THE GROUNDS OF THE RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER OF THE GROUP BUNGALOWS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE, IN ITS GARDEN
OF PALMS, FLOWERS AND TREES



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LOOKING AT A PART OF THE LAND DEVOTED TO FORESTRY WORK, RÄJÄN-YOGA COLLEGE,
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FORESTRY LAND, RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE



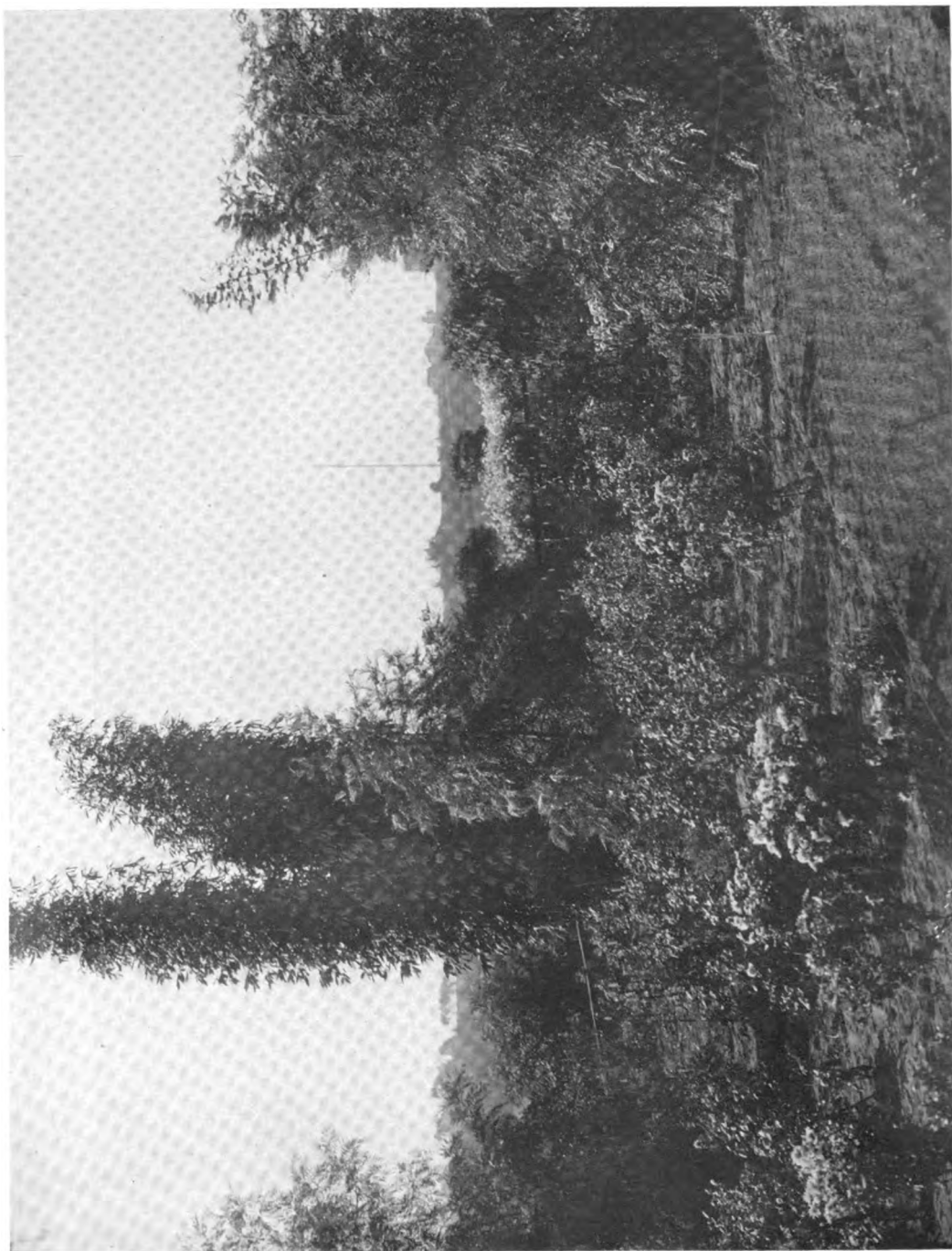
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LOOKING TOWARD THE PACIFIC, FROM THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WALKS LIKE THIS, BORDERED BY THE BRILLIANT MESEMBRYANTHEMUM
BLOOMS, ARE FOUND NEARLY EVERYWHERE ON THE GROUNDS OF THE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS,
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

IN ONE OF THE GARDENS ON THE GROUNDS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

"DETERMINISM" IN HISTORY: by T. Henry, M. A.



RECENTLY we came across a review of a book on history, and the reviewer said that the writer of the book was attempting to apply to history the principle of "determinism." In other words, the writer was endeavoring to interpret the drama of history by representing it as a sequence of arbitrary causes and effects; all these causes and effects being comprehended within the ordinary sphere of vision, and comprising the ordinary motives and actions of humanity. The reviewer, on his part, contended for the operation of another influence, which he called "free will," and which interfered with the rigid mathematical process of cause and effect by continually introducing unexpected factors. These new factors acted through great men and geniuses.

In these contrasted views one seems to detect the familiar opposition between the "natural" and the "supernatural," between man and God, between necessity and free will; and, in fact, between determinism and whatever is the opposite of this word. This opposition is seen in the ordinary scientific view of nature; whereby nature, having first been resolved into a dead mechanism, is then vivified by certain abstract forces; life is supposed to be one thing, and matter another. The theological view of life also illustrates the same antagonism, whenever the Deity is represented as an extraneous power interfering with the normal course of things. And your superstitious materialist regards the universe as a mechanical arrangement modified by the action of something which he calls the "supernatural" or the "occult."

These views are reconciled in an ampler vision wherein the universe is seen to be moved by unerring law, but the law is recognized as having a far wider sweep and scope than lies within the limits of the ordinary eye. The so-called "supernatural" is simply nature acting in an unfamiliar way; the occult is merely that which is hidden from our clouded vision; God stands for the Spiritual forces that operate through many channels, including that of man himself; the world is not made of dead matter actuated by immaterial forces, but is made of living matter. And similarly history is the drama of human motives and actions, but includes motives and actions which go beyond the ordinary ken.

If the course of history is profoundly affected by the influence of

great leaders and geniuses, it is proper to ask the source of that influence, and this is impossible to answer unless we take into account the immortality of the individual man. If the philosophy of determinism be rejected — if we deny that a man's character and destiny is determined solely by the influence of his entourage — if we admit the action of something else which we call free will or initiative or originality or spontaneity — then we must inquire into the source of this mysterious originating power. A questioning mind will not be satisfied with the mere words "chance" or "Divine power," for these are simply devices for shelving the question by relegating it to a category which we do not propose to investigate.

The source of this extraordinary power is the higher nature of man himself. There are some individuals who have become more or less aware of the existence of their higher nature and are able to bring its influence to bear in their actions. Thus they come under the sway of motives different from those which usually govern peoples' actions. Let us see what these higher motives are, and how they differ from other motives. The motives imputed to humanity by the orthodox scientific historian, and regarded by him as being the causes that determine the complicated sequence of events which he strives to unravel, are the desires and passions of the personal nature of man, such as lust, ambition, avarice, fear, envy, fanaticism, and the like. One of the higher forces is that which we endeavor to denote by the word Compassion — though the word is too feeble to express the fulness of the idea. Compassion is the law of our Spiritual life, in much the same sense as self-interest is the law of our personal nature. Few and unrecognized in this age are the great Souls who have finally weaned themselves from the lower law of self-interest, and are consciously working in fulfilment of the higher law of Compassion. Yet they exert a most powerful influence on history, and it is interesting to try and trace out the effects of their work. But apart from these great Souls, there are many people who work in the light of the higher law to a less degree and who are not fully conscious of what they are doing. It must often happen, in the counsels of those who direct great affairs, that critical moments of choice come, when the pendulum oscillates between a selfish motive and a compassionate motive. Or perhaps the higher motive is Duty, or Honor, or Justice. On such decisions, how much must turn, for weal or for woe, in the making of history! Here, then, we can see plainly enough how the

higher law of our Spiritual nature may be brought to bear upon the human drama, so as profoundly to alter the course of history; and in seeing this, we are lifted at once out of the region of vagaries in thought, whether scientific or theological, and we touch something definite and matter-of-fact. .

It must, therefore, be impossible for the would-be historian to interpret history aright, unless he is able to detect and to weigh and measure these higher motives — a thing which we surmise he is usually quite unable to do.

And what about the “ Gods ” in pagan history? Is it not likely that (the superstitions of the vulgar and ignorant apart) these Gods stood for the Spiritual powers in nature and man? If so, we have a new meaning for such things as the interposition of Jupiter or Venus or Minerva; for it may have signified the interposition of Justice, Compassion, or Wisdom. And it would seem that the ancient Mysteries, in their undegenerated form, knew of sacred observances and purificatory rites whereby such celestial influences might be invoked. Correspondingly with this, we must of course be ready to allow for the possibility of malign motives, able to set in motion certain vicious and destructive forces; and thus again history would be affected.

If determinism were true, what a horror the drama of history would be; and what a horror is the drama of life as viewed by those who try to represent it as a purposeless interaction of blind irresponsible forces! There is nothing more objectionable to the thinking mind than the idea of such a merely mechanical universe. Machinery has been our fad; but there is a vast gulf fixed between the most complicated machine and the simplest of Nature’s works. History might be compared with a game of chess; and we may remember that Edgar Allan Poe, in discussing Maelzel’s “ automatic ” chess-player, points out that no machine can be made to play a game of chess, because the successive moves do not depend upon one another by any understood law, and so the final result is not predetermined by the positions of the pieces at any given intermediate stage. The attempt to interpret history on the supposition that the position of all the figures in the drama at any given time is predetermined by the position at a previous time, would be like trying to forecast the result of a game of chess; it would be a chancy undertaking. We ought to allow for the minds of the players who move the pieces; and so, to interpret history, we should need to be familiar with all that goes on

behind the scenes, in those higher realms wherein the immortal Spirit of man ever dwells. History, as we know it, is the little that happens to be visible to us of a mighty drama that is mostly unseen; just as the scheme of living organisms is but the visible result of work that goes on in unseen realms. Mechanicalism in thought has been one of our banes in this age.

And the counterpart of this mechanicalism is superstition: for, since our narrow theories will not include everything that happens, it becomes necessary to suppose the action of extraneous influences; and we become believers in the supernatural and the weird, or else have a sort of subsidiary philosophy of life which we call "religion." And a curious double part do we play, as believers in materialistic philosophy on the one hand, and (professed) believers in Divine power and wisdom on the other. The idea that Divine power works according to law, and that it can be invoked and relied upon as a working factor in our dealings, does not seem to have struck us.

The word "Nature" has been restricted to the lower kingdoms — the plants and animals and the lower aspect of the human kingdom. But the meaning of the word can be extended; there can be a higher "Nature." As human beings, we cannot live in accordance with Nature in the same sense as animals do, unless we relapse into an animal state of existence; for even the lowliest savages have some philosophy of the unseen. Hence we must study the higher aspects of Nature and try to live in harmony with Nature in that sense. But we have been violating the laws of Nature, and largely through want of understanding them, owing to our materialistic and mechanical philosophies.

Is it not essential that every man should have an ideal of moral health of his own and strive to live up to it, just as he strives to keep his bodily health intact by obeying the laws of hygiene? And should we not all feel that no man's moral health is a matter of concern for him alone, but is a matter of concern for all, just as our personal freedom from filth and contaminating disease is a matter of vital interest to the whole community? If we thought and felt so, then we should have such an interest in keeping a clean conscience that no external power would be needed to make us do it. We should be rid of the notion that a conscientious life must be lived in order merely to secure our own posthumous salvation or that we may enjoy a state of self-

conscious sanctity. We should be free also of that atmosphere of polished skepticism which pervades cultivated circles, as though religion and morality were academic affairs not counting for anything in actual life. The choice between sanctimoniousness and cynicism does not leave us much consolation; and it would be a relief to know that it is possible to believe in the efficacy of Spiritual powers and yet be a reasonable person!

When people go to church do they ever think that the real duty of a church congregation must be so to unite themselves in thought and aspiration with their highest ideal of good that a benediction will proceed from them to help the world? It is probable that this does not enter the minds of many in the congregation. They have vague ideas of religious duty, and perhaps of personal salvation, and some go from little more than habit and fashion. But if they all believed earnestly in the existence of Spiritual powers in man, and in the efficacy of these powers, their thoughts would go out towards the world in a desire to help and bring harmony.

Conscience is the prompting of the law of our Higher Nature, and to follow that voice is to approach the portals of a larger and happier life. But we cannot do it by serving self, no matter how high-flown our desires may be. Great teachers have shown us how vain are the hopes of even the most exalted personal ambitions, and how a clean heart is the only permanent consolation. And we do need greater faith in our own power.

We are now at a momentous epoch in history, and the future scenes of the drama will be determined by what we do now. The only way out of our difficulties is an appeal to conscience — a conscience that rises even beyond national patriotism. The appeal to self-interest can but bring on eventually a renewal of the same troubles. The sufferings of the world should suffice to evoke a feeling of Compassion — a motive that is sufficient in itself and requires no philosophic analysis to justify it. As a civilization we may, or we may not, repeat the mistakes that have brought catastrophes to many foregoing civilizations. But the event cannot be settled by "determinism."

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS:

by F. S. Darrow, A. M., PH. D.

II. THE PERICLEAN AGE (*concluded*)

(B) THE PROPYLAEA

The bars of the great Propylaea unclose,
Shout, shout, to behold, as the portals unfold,
Fair Athens in splendor excelling.—*Aristophanes*



THE handsome portico of the Acropolis known as the Propylaea was included in the building plans of Pericles; it ranked with the Parthenon as a work of art and was equally the pride of the Athenians. Like most of the other buildings on the hill it superseded an earlier, less pretentious structure, some of whose foundations still remain. The winding approach to the summit of the hill leads to a precipitous double flight of steps at the top, the marble of the present steps covering those of earlier construction. Between the two stairways is a roadway cut in the native rock marked by deep ruts to accommodate the wheels of vehicles.

The gateway proper consists of a massive wall, which spans the expanse of the western end of the hill, pierced by five openings. Before this wall, as the name Propylaea implies, was built the beautiful vestibule with a front façade of six Doric columns 28 feet in height, which supported the usual pediment. There is a difference of 16 inches between the lower and upper diameter of these columns and they are built in the proportion of five and one-third the lower diameter as compared with five and one-half in those of the Parthenon. The portico, which is entirely built of Pentelic marble, was begun in 437 B. C.; the work was continued for five years; 2012 talents, or about two million dollars, were spent upon it. It is certain that the edifice, as far as it was completed, only partially carried out the original plans of the architect, Mnesicles, who no doubt encountered opposition from the zealous guardians of precincts in close proximity to the gateway, while the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War hindered many building projects. The Propylaea is a structure of imposing proportions, characterized by a perfection of workmanship similar to that of the Parthenon. The roadway passes through the large central opening in the wall, which is 24 feet 2 inches high and 13 feet 8 inches wide. The gateways on either side next the center are 17 feet 8 inches high and 9 feet 6 inches wide. The outermost openings

are smaller, 11 feet 2 inches high, and 4 feet 9 inches wide. These entrances must all have been closed by massive gates which swung on pivots, for their grating noise is alluded to by Aristophanes —

The citadel gate

Is unbarred—and the hinges—you hear how they grate!—*Knights*. v. 1326

The ceiling of the front portico was of great beauty and exquisite workmanship and was built entirely of stone and cut with sunken painted panels. The heavy stone rafters, some of which must have been 20 feet in length, were supported by six Ionic columns placed at right angles to the façade on each side of the central opening. These slender and graceful columns were in the proportion of ten and one-half the lower diameter. The combination of the Doric and Ionic orders was unusual in the same building at this epoch, but the result was so pleasing that it aroused great admiration and the custom was often imitated in later works. Unfortunately the structure has suffered greatly, like the other treasures of the Acropolis, by earthquakes and explosions, and willful spoliation, so that now the roof and all the capitals of the columns are thrown down. Some of the coffered blocks of the ceiling show traces of gold stars on a blue background.

On either side of the vestibule, wings protrude forward 26 feet from the central portion, and are built in the form of Doric temples fronting upon the stairway; both present a façade of three Doric columns between two pilasters (*antæ*). The northwest wing was a picture gallery, and is referred to as the Pinacotheca in later times. It was entered from a porch about 13 feet deep whose lintel is formed of one immense stone, a usual custom in Greek buildings. The walls of the room, which was about 35 by 29 feet, consist of stone blocks, pierced by two windows, the presence of which in an ancient Greek building is very unusual. A reference to these paintings, about eleven in number, is given by Pausanias, who wrote of his travels in Greece in the second century A. D.—

And on the left of the vestibules is a building with paintings and among those that time has not destroyed are Diomedes and Odysseus, the one taking away Philoctetes' bow in Lemnos, the other taking the Palladium from Ilium. Among other paintings here is Aegisthus being slain by Orestes, and Pylades slaying the sons of Nauplius that came to Aegisthus' aid. And Polyxena about to be sacrificed near the tomb of Achilles. And among other paintings is Alcibiades, and there are traces in the painting of the victory of his horses at Nemea. There too is Perseus sailing to Seriphus, carrying to Polydectes the head of Medusa.

And among other paintings, to pass over the lad carrying the waterpots, and the wrestler painted by Timaeon, is one of Musaeus.

And at the entrance to the Acropolis is a Hermes, whom they call Propylaeus, and the Graces, which they say were the work of Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus.

All theories, as to what kind of paintings these were, are conjectural because no trace of them remains, and there is no ancient statement in regard to this point. The nature of the walls is unsuited to frescoes, and there are no holes visible for hooks upon which to hang canvases, therefore the consensus of opinion seems to be that they were possibly easel pictures.

The southwest wing presents a similar Doric façade, but it consisted only of a porch which did not conduct into any chamber behind, though it is probable that the architect wished to build the two wings of equal size but was obliged to curtail his plans to avoid infringement upon other precincts.

A back portico, about half the depth of the front, was built inside the gateway (see illustration). There are many signs of incompleteness upon the back of the building; the spaces near the top of the walls presumably left for the insertion of beams and rafters show fairly conclusively that two back wings were projected on either side, but these were never built. The bosses seen upon the blocks of marble that are in position in the walls were left for convenience in handling the stone and to serve as a protection to the cut surfaces — a custom usual in building Greek walls. These were later cut away in the finished walls; their presence here shows that the walls were unfinished. These bosses have often been copied in later architecture or wall-building as a means of ornamentation.

(c) THE TEMPLE OF ATHENA NIKE, OR NIKE APTEROS,
OR THE WINGLESS VICTORY

Perched upon a bastion, 26 feet high, which is formed by a corner of the Acropolis wall probably dating from Cimon's time, stands the charming little temple of Athena Nike. This building of Pentelic marble, sheltered under the southwest wing of the Propylaea, and dedicated to Athena the Victorious, was fittingly placed at the exit of the Acropolis, where her aid could be sought by those about to start on a dangerous journey or begin some difficult undertaking. An inscription dating about 450 B. C. speaks of the building of this temple. The temple is only 18 feet wide and 27 feet long, raised upon

three steps. The shafts of the graceful Ionic columns, four at each end, are monoliths, and the columns complete are $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height. The cella of the temple is 13 feet 9 inches wide and 12 feet 5 inches deep. The whole building has been literally resurrected from the débris of a Turkish breastwork, block by block, in 1835-6, and reconstructed in almost complete though mutilated condition, with the exception of the roof. The continuous frieze, which was 86 feet long and $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, is preserved, though badly damaged, which makes the interpretation of the subject difficult. It has been suggested that the three battle scenes upon the sides of the temple are the three great battles of the Persian Wars: Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea. If correct, each side of the temple approximately faces the direction of the battlefield it depicts; the fourth side shows an assemblage of the Gods. Such an historical subject is quite unique in Greek sculpture.

A stone balustrade decorated with bas-relief on the outer surface extended along the north, west, and south sides of the precinct of this temple. The slabs were one meter in height, surmounted by a bronze railing, the holes for which are still visible. The exquisite sculptures upon these slabs date sometime within the last twenty-five years of the fifth century B. C. The various groups of Victories engaged in acts of sacrifice and triumph, though sadly mutilated, show a noble conception of form and an admirable delicacy of workmanship. They have been criticised as showing somewhat studied refinement, and therefore lacking the spontaneity of creative genius. The Nike binding her sandal (see illustration) is very familiar, because she formed a favorite subject for later artists. It is recorded that the early statue in the temple of Athena Nike, which was one of the ancient xoana, was represented without wings so that she would not go away, but there is some authority for supposing that the later image was possessed of golden wings.

(D) THE PRECINCT OF THE BRAURONIAN ARTEMIS

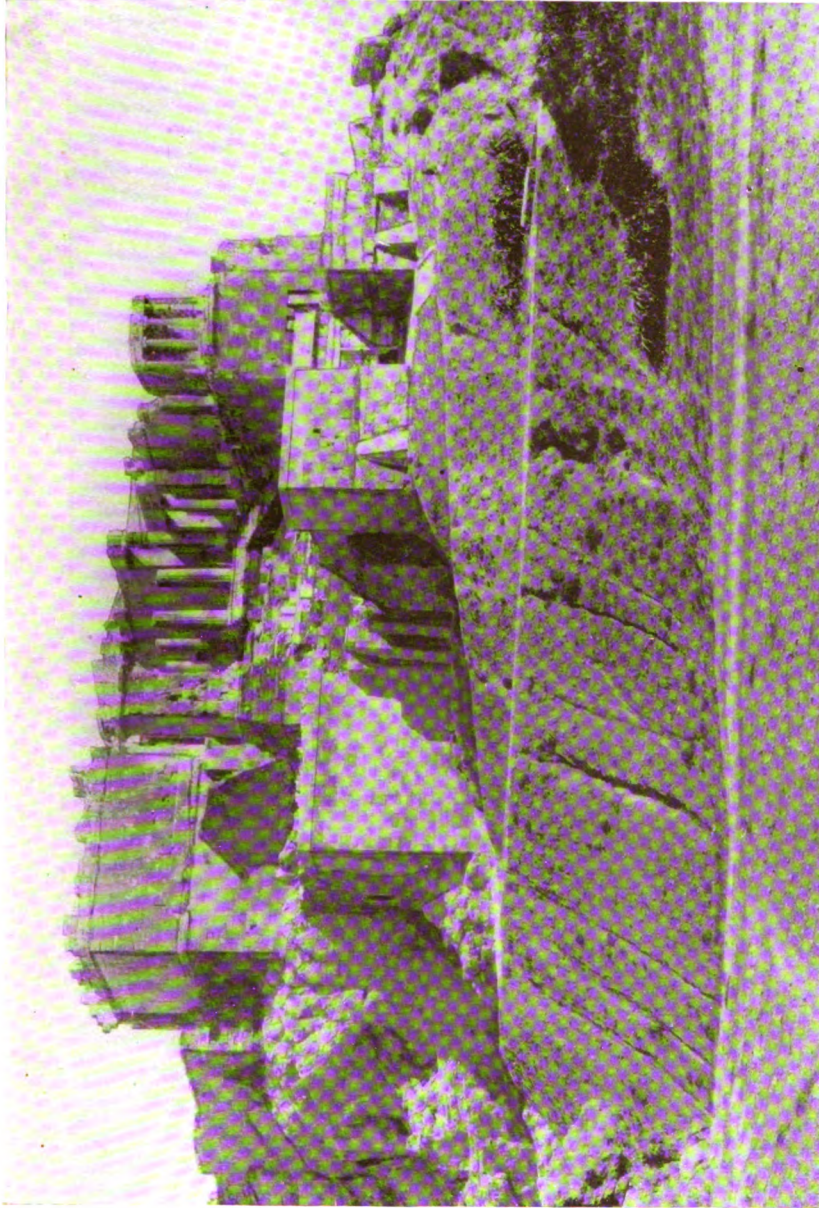
To the southeast of the Propylaea was one of the oldest precincts on the hill, dedicated to Artemis Brauronia. There are no traces of a temple; colonnades probably extended along the eastern and northern sides of the enclosure while the west side was bounded by the Pelasgic wall, and the south by the Acropolis wall. The worship of Artemis was universal in all Greece; the ancient statue of this precinct was said to have been brought from Tauris (the birthplace of

Artemis, according to one legend) by Orestes and Iphigenia, who, as one story runs, concealed the image in a bundle of brushwood and carried it to Brauron, in Attica, whence the goddess derived the name of Brauronia. Iphigenia, who was at first to have been sacrificed to Artemis, and then became her priestess, was afterwards identified with the goddess. Her shipwrecked brother was also about to be sacrificed upon her altar when his sister recognized him and planned their escape. Inscriptions speak of two images: the older described as a seated stone statue, the other standing, of some material other than stone, for the garments offered were actually placed upon the statue, possibly for the protection of some precious material.

The bear figured in the ceremonies connected with the worship of this precinct, possibly with reference to the legend that Iphigenia, when about to be sacrificed upon the altar by her father, was transformed into a bear, though the more familiar version names the animal as a stag. Today a rather weebegone stone image of a bear stands in the Acropolis museum the sole relic relating to this cult. A reference to this cult worship is quoted from the verses of Aristophanes (see below).

(E) THE ATHENA PROMACHOS, OR THE GREAT BRONZE ATHENA

The roadway which ascends from the Propylaea towards the Parthenon, today is lined with fallen marble blocks and fragments of entablature where once was a forest of statues and votive offerings. To the left of the pathway has been located the probable site of the early bronze statue of Athena Promachos, the Champion and Defender. A quadrangular platform about 18 feet in diameter is seen here cut in the rock about 30 yards east of the Propylaea. From the many references to this statue, which stood in the open, it appears to have been of colossal size though there is great difference of opinion as to its actual height. The statue dated probably from the time of Cimon, and apparently was carried off to Constantinople and there preserved until the year 1203 A. D., for it seems to be described in detail by the Byzantine historian, Nicetas Choniates, who recounts its destruction by a mob in the market-place where it then stood. This description relates that the goddess was portrayed standing upright, clad in a tunic which reached to her feet and was drawn in by a girdle at the waist. On her breast was a tight-fitting aegis with Gorgon's head. On her head she wore a helmet with a nodding



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THE RUINS OF THE PROPYLAEA, ATHENS



Leonard Photo. & Engraving Dept.

EASTERN OR INNER PORTICO OF THE PROPYLAEA, ATHENS

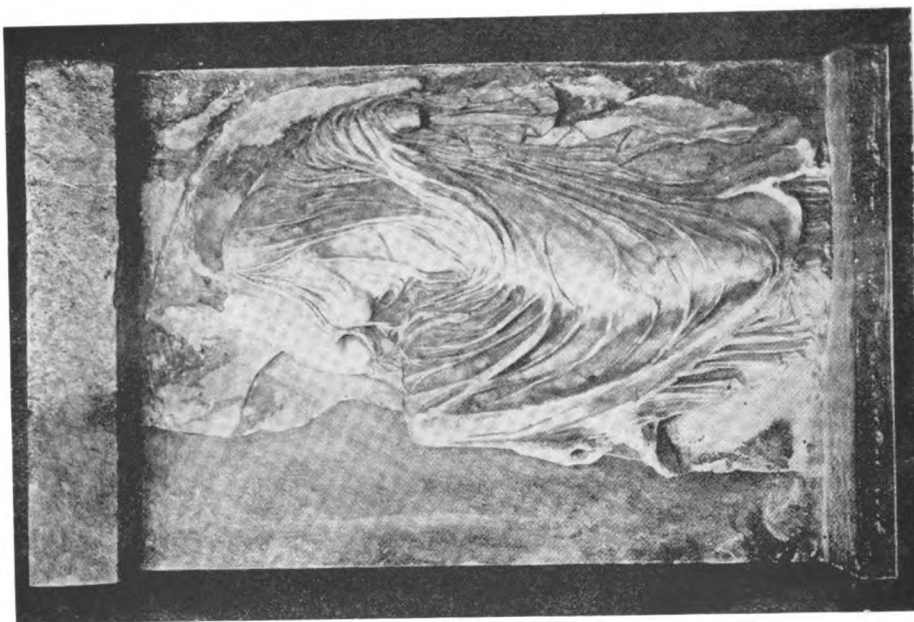


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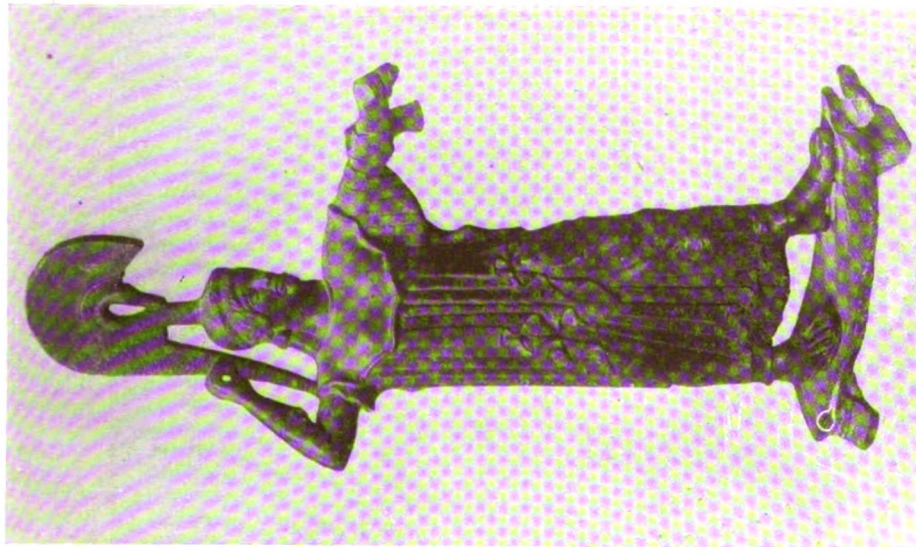
EASTERN VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF ATHENA NIKE



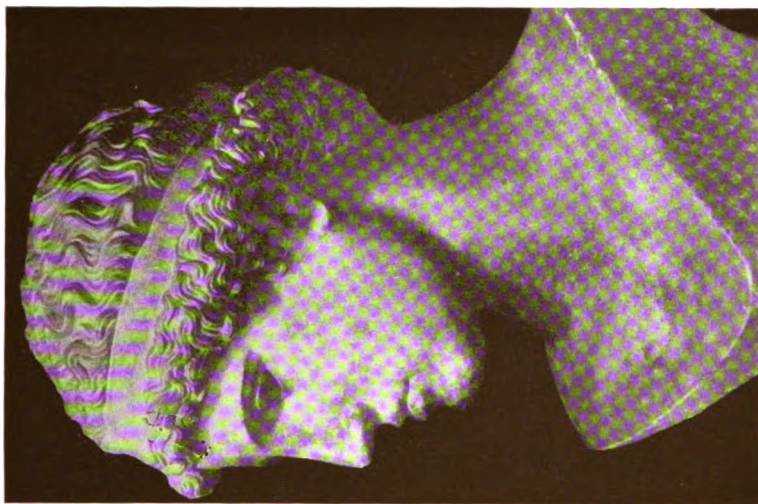
MAIDEN (CARYATID) FROM THE
PORCH OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON



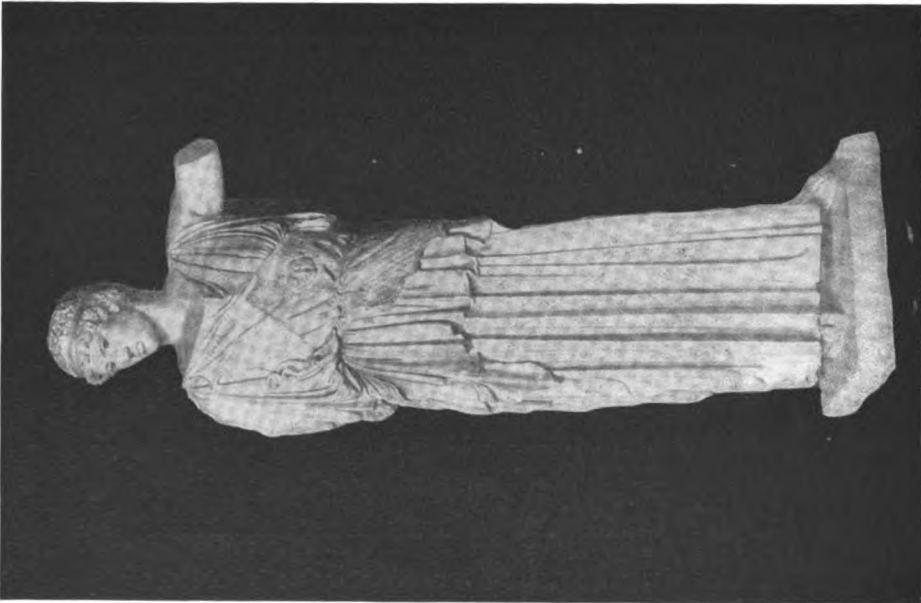
London Photo. & Engraving Dept.
NIKE FASTENING HER SANDAL, FROM THE
BALUSTRADE OF THE ATHENA-NIKE TEMPLE
ACROPOLIS MUSEUM, ATHENS



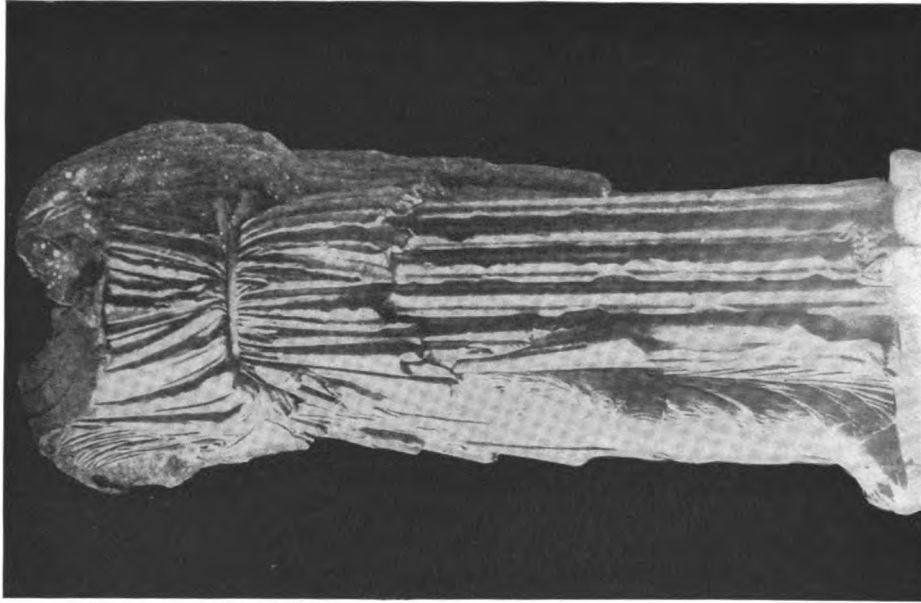
ATHENA STATUETTE
National Museum, Athens



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
ATHENA LEMNIA
Museum, Bologna



ATHENA LEMNIA
Albertinum, Dresden



Lomaland Photo, & Engraving Dept.
ATHENA MEDICI
École des Beaux Arts, Paris

plume of horsehair. Her tresses were plaited and fastened at the back of her head, but some locks strayed over her brow from beneath the rim of the helmet. With her left hand she lifted the folds of her garment; her right hand was stretched out in front of her, and her face was turned in the same direction, as if she were beckoning to someone. There was a sweet look, as if of love and longing, in the eyes; the lips seemed as if about to part in honeyed speech. The ignorant and superstitious mob destroyed the statue because after the first siege and capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders, they fancied that the outstretched hand of the statue beckoned the host of the invaders from out of the west. Many sculptures that have been found probably suggest the posture and style of this statue. The beautiful torso known as the Athena Medici, formerly in the Villa Medici, Rome, and now in the École des Beaux Arts, Paris, has been associated as probably in the style of the Promachos. (See illustration)

(F) THE ERECHTHEUM

Close to the northern edge of the Acropolis, nestling in a depression of the rock, stands the Erechtheum. Never was Greek genius and sense of proportion more clearly demonstrated than is shown in the design of these two temples which stand side by side, a perfect contrast: the Parthenon, in its massive simplicity, masculine in its majestic proportions; and the Erechtheum, dainty and elegant, the embodiment of femininity, in no way overpowered by the close proximity of its neighbor.

In many respects the Erechtheum is unlike other Greek temples, as the architect was obliged to satisfy many demands by housing several of the most ancient and revered precincts upon the Acropolis under one roof. At first, as we have seen, the Mycenaean palace stood in this neighborhood; for Erechtheus, later identified with Poseidon, is mentioned by Homer in connexion with the worship of Athena. The interior of the temple was divided into two, the eastern cella dedicated to Athena Polias — the Guardian of the City — where the ancient image was to be placed upon its removal from the Old Athena Temple, and the western cella probably dedicated to Erechtheus. The name Erechtheum was only used for the whole building in later times.

To the Peace Party, under the leadership of Nicias, may probably be credited the project of building the Erechtheum, about 421 B. C. Work upon it, after considerable progress was made, was abandoned,

but in 409 B. C., after the victory of Cyzicus, a commission was appointed, as stated in an extant inscription, to survey the state of the unfinished building and note what was still required for its completion. All that was left was to complete the top courses and roof, to flute most of the columns, to carve some of the ornamental moldings, to give the final polish to the surface of the walls, and to carve the sculpture of the frieze. The work was probably completed the year following. In 406 B. C., Xenophon says the ancient temple on the Acropolis was set on fire. This passage is generally referred to the Erechtheum, as some alterations were apparently necessary upon the building before its final completion, possibly as the result of accident. The ornamentation of the building is mostly confined to its three porches, each one of which is remarkable for beauty of proportion and novelty of design.

The temple is built upon the uneven rock so that there is considerable difference in the level of the flooring, while the existing ruined state of the interior of the building leaves much uncertainty as to the original plan. The many walls and cross-sections have to be dissected into various building periods, for the temple was converted at different times into a Christian church and Turkish harem. The description given by Pausanias of his visit to the building is also obscure, but it is fairly certain that the temple was divided into two main portions with one or more corridors. In the words of Pausanias —

There is a building called the Erechtheum, and in the vestibule is an altar of Supreme Zeus, where they offer no living sacrifice but cakes without the usual libation of wine. And as you enter there are three altars, one to Poseidon (on which they also sacrifice to Erechtheus according to the oracle), one to the hero Butes, and the third to Hephaestus. And on the walls are paintings of the family of Butes. The building is a double one, and inside there is sea water in a well. And this is no great marvel, for even those who live in inland parts have such wells, as notably the Aphrodisienses in Caria. But this well is represented as having a roar as of the sea when the south wind blows. And in the rock is the figure of a trident. And this is said to have been Poseidon's proof in regard to the territory Athene disputed with him.

The most sacred of all is the statue of Athene in what is now called the Acropolis, but was then called the Polis, which was universally worshiped many years before the various townships formed one city, and the rumor about it is that it fell from heaven. And Callimachus made a golden lamp for the goddess. And when they fill this lamp with oil it lasts for a whole year, although it burns continually night and day. And the wick is of a particular kind of cotton flax, the only kind imperishable by fire. And above the lamp is a palm-tree of brass

reaching to the roof and carrying off the smoke. And Callimachus the maker of this lamp, although he comes behind the first artificers, yet was remarkable for ingenuity.

In regard to the Buteids, it is noteworthy that this ancient family furnished both the priests of Poseidon-Erechtheus, and the priestesses of Athena Polias. The statesman and orator Lycurgus belonged to this family and wooden statues of him and of his sons were dedicated in the Erechtheum, together with a genealogical tree tracing the descent of the family from Erechtheus.

Although the Erechtheum was built ostensibly for the better accommodation of the ancient image formerly placed in the Old Athena Temple, there is no certainty as to when it was removed or in what way the revered image was preserved during the sacking of the Acropolis by the Persians, but it continued in existence for several centuries. The goddess was represented standing and armed. She held a round shield on which was the Gorgon's head. The antique image seen on the Panathenic vases was most probably copied from the Polias. This represents the goddess in a stiff attitude, the left foot advanced, the right hand raised and grasping the spear, with which she is making a thrust; she wears a crested helmet and holds a round shield upon her left arm. Possibly the small bronze statuette now in the museum in Athens preserves this type of figure. (See illustration)

There is a difference of level of about 10 feet between the east cella and the chamber adjoining with no indication of any stairway of communication between the two. The western portion, dedicated to Erechtheus, contained many objects associated with his worship. It was probably divided into two chambers separated by two partitions. Beneath the corridor on the western side are the ruins of a large cistern often repaired but which appears to have formed a part of the original plan of the building, and is probably the salt sea referred to by Pausanias.

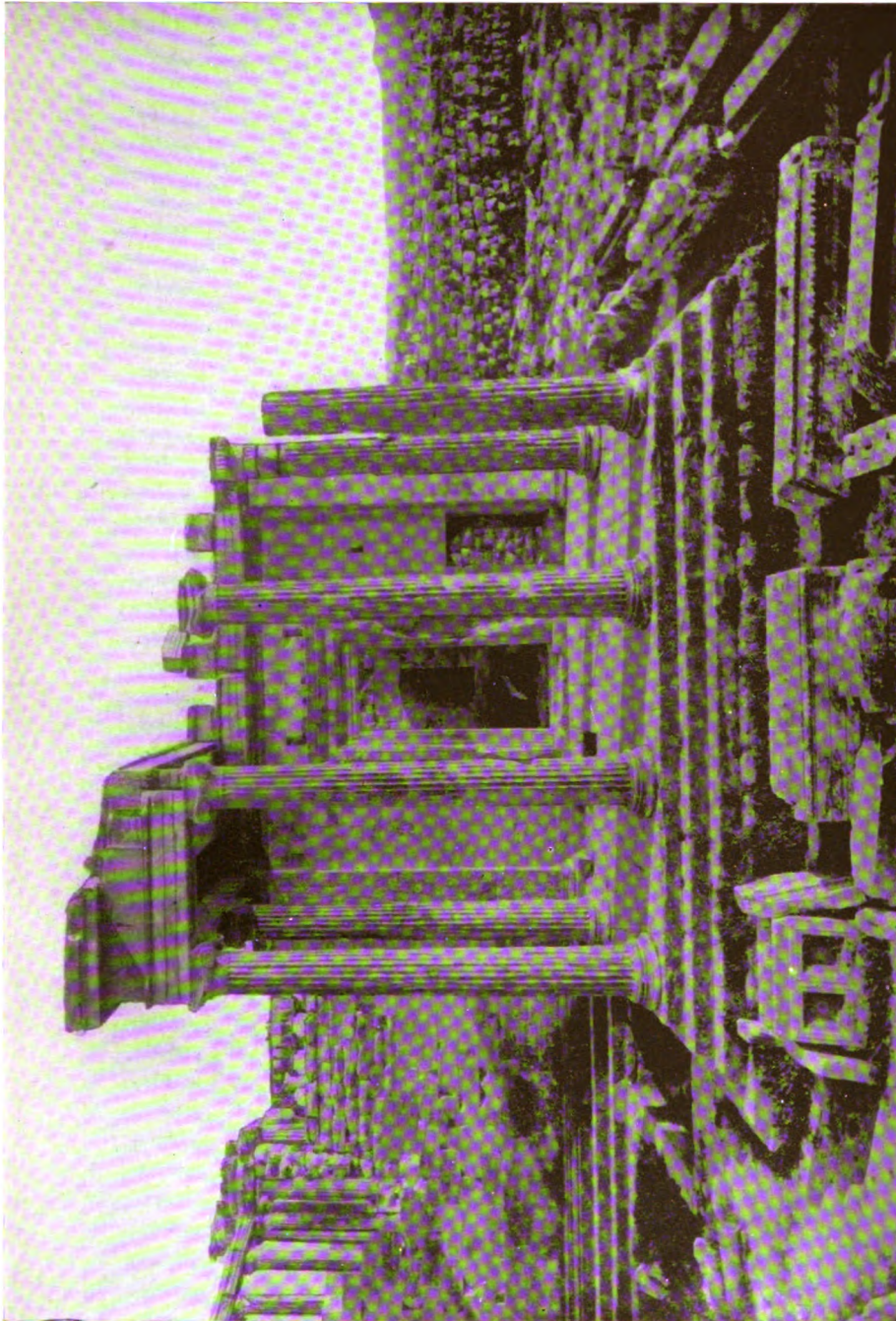
The Eastern Portico presents six graceful Ionic columns, 22 feet in height, surmounted by capitals of unusual richness with elaborately carved bases. One of these columns was taken away by Lord Elgin and is now in the British Museum.

The Northern Portico also presents six Ionic columns, four on the front and two at the side supporting a separate gabled roof. These columns are somewhat larger than those of the eastern portico and are

still more elaborately carved. The blocks of the coffered ceiling still show painted borders and holes for the insertion of gilt stars or other ornaments, and the carved borders of the columns show spaces at intervals for the insertion of bright enamel. This porch has been largely restored from the scattered fragments thrown down in the course of sieges and earthquake shocks. The beautiful and well-preserved doorway leading from this portico to the interior has been frequently imitated in modern buildings and is the greatest treasure of its kind that has been preserved. A large hole left in the floor of this porch reveals the native rock below marked by three clefts, the mark of Poseidon's trident; over this place a corresponding hole was left in the roof, a custom usual in Greek buildings where it was desired to preserve the spots struck by thunder-bolts or other signs of the activity of the gods.

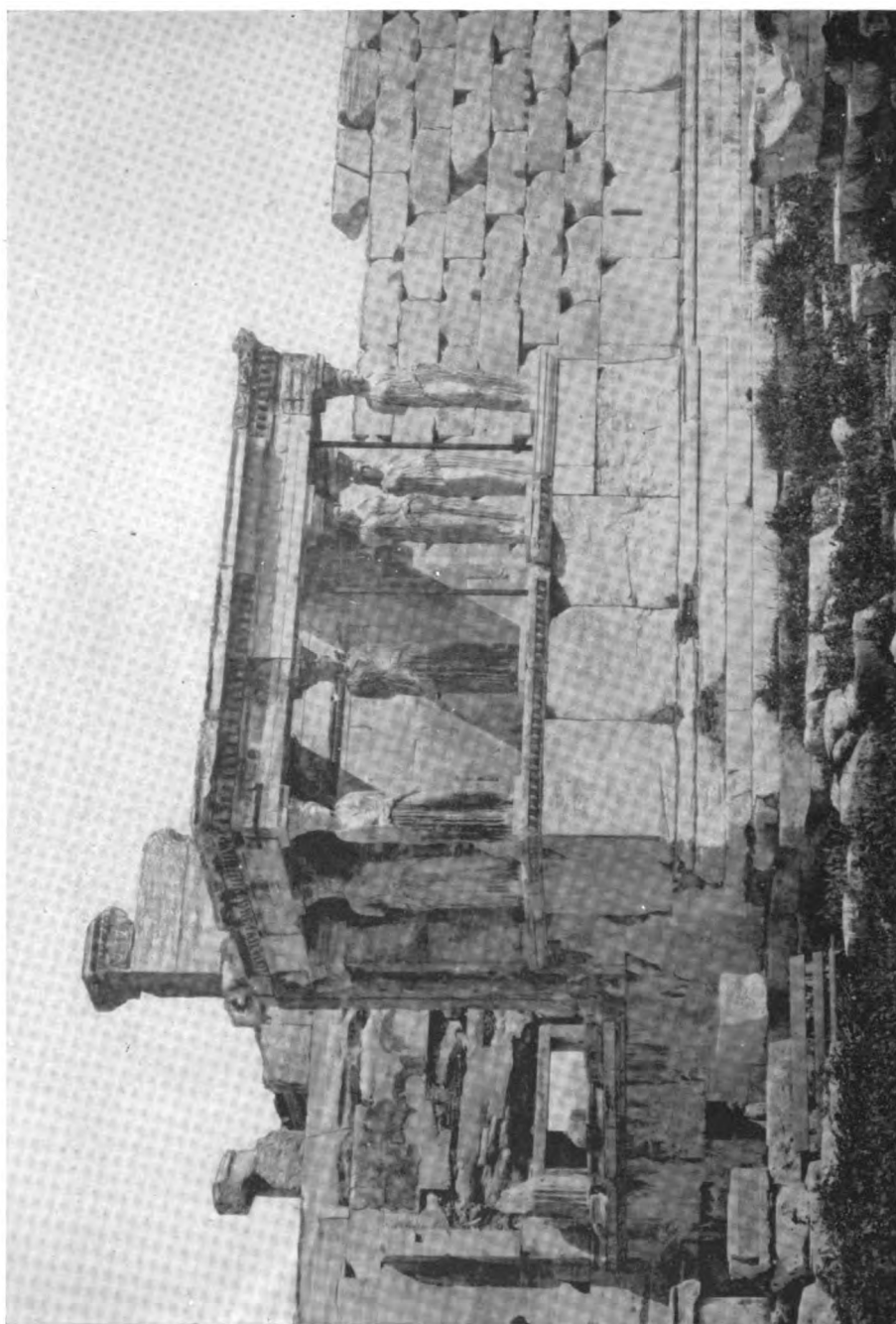
The Porch of the Maidens, which is built upon the opposite side of the building, is quite unique in design, for the flat roof is here supported, not by columns but by six figures of maidens, rather larger than life size, that stand upon a parapet $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. The common appellation of Caryatids to these statues is derived by Vitruvius from the fact that when the town of Carya in the Peloponnesus was captured by the Athenians its women were sold into slavery. Whether that derivation be true or not it is hardly possible that the porch of the Erechtheum has any intentional reference to that event, for in the Erechtheum inscription the figures are simply called maidens and doubtless merely reproduce the contemporary type of the Athenian maidens, as may be seen by a comparison of the maidens of the Parthenon frieze. Certainly the light burden they carry, and the grace and dignity with which they fulfil their mission, conveys rather the impression of willing guardianship instead of compulsory restriction.

This porch has been restored and the figure taken by Lord Elgin, now in the British Museum (see illustration), replaced in terra-cotta. No two of the maidens are exactly alike; they show the early statu-*esque* pose and the hair is braided down over the shoulders as in the case of the early type of female figures. Their burden is carried firmly yet easily and the echinus or cushion of the capital is purposely sculptured to suggest a basket. The straight folds of the drapery are skilfully utilized to give the impression of architectural support, and repose is suggested by the curved lines and the bent knee. The architect has lightened the entablature so as to avoid the appearance of



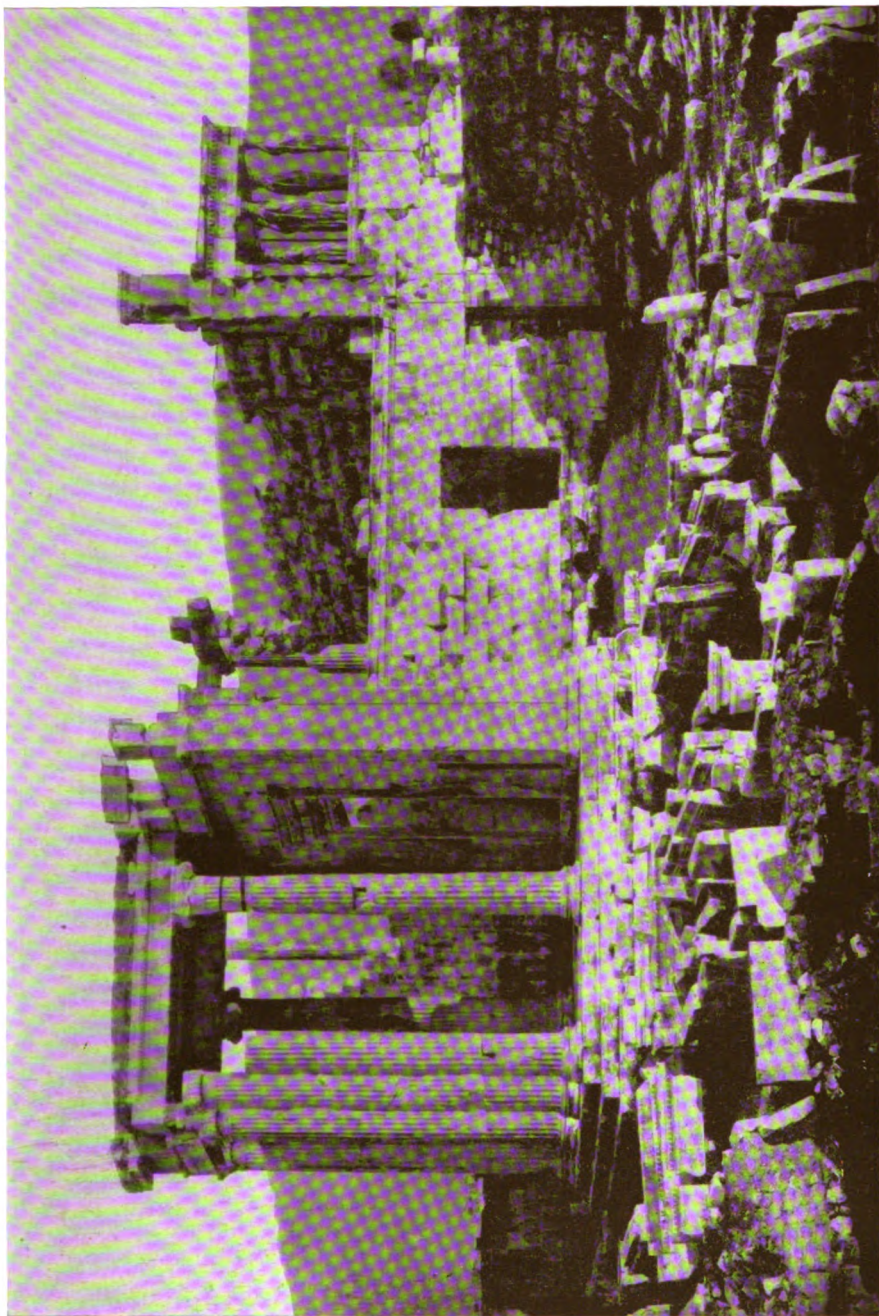
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIEW OF THE NORTH PORCH OF THE ERECHTHEUM BEFORE ITS RECONSTRUCTION



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIEW OF THE PORCH OF THE MAIDENS AND SOUTH WALL OF THE ERECHTHEUM



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIEW OF THE WEST END OF THE ERECHTHEUM



EASTERN VIEW OF THE ERECHTHEUM, ATHENS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RESTORATION OF THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS
By Richard Bohn

a crushing weight resting upon the figures, by omitting the usual frieze of the Ionic order. The figures are nobly modeled and gracefully balanced by having the weight carried by the outer foot on each side of the center respectively.

It is thought that this portion of the building was close to the spot devoted to the use of the chosen maidens of Athena, who are referred to as living and having their ball-games in the Pandrosium, an enclosure somewhere near to this side of the building. The story runs that four girls between seven and eleven years of age were selected every year by the king archon from the most distinguished families, two of whom superintended the weaving of the sacred peplos of Athena, which was begun on the last day of October; the two others were chosen to perform the mysterious ceremony of carrying sacred vessels placed upon their heads by the priestess of the goddess. The girls wore white robes adorned with gold, which were left for the goddess upon their departure. Provisions were conveyed to the girls by their parents of a prescribed kind. The ceremony would point to some connexion with the daughter of Cecrops, Erse or Herse, whose worship was intimately connected with that of Athena. It was known as the festival of Arrhephoria, indicating that mysterious things were carried, and was performed in June. Again we are indebted to Pausanias for details of this interesting rite.

And next to the temple of Athene is the temple of Pandrosus; who was the only one of the three sisters who didn't peep into the forbidden chest. Now the things I most marveled at are not universally known. I will therefore write of them as they occur to me. Two maidens live not far from the temple of Athene Polias, and the Athenians call them the carriers of the holy things; for a certain time they live with the goddess, but when her festival comes they act in the following way by night. Putting upon their heads what the priestess of Athene gives them to carry, (neither she nor they know what these things are) these maidens descend by a natural underground passage, from an inclosure in the city sacred to Aphrodite of the Gardens. In the sanctuary below they deposit what they carry, and bring back something else closely wrapped up. And these maidens they henceforth dismiss, and other two they elect instead of them for the Acropolis. . . .

The following lines from Aristophanes give a glimpse into the life of these honored maidens.—

When seven years old an Arrephoros I —
And when I was ten
I ground the meal for our Lady-on-high (Artemis)

In my next rôle then
I figured as Bear in Brauronian show,
And the saffron wore — (a special sign of elegance)
Then as full-grown maid — quite pretty you know —
The Basket I bore. (In the Panathenaic procession)

In the west wall of the Erechtheum is a large block of marble beneath which is a vacant space, now partly filled by a rough pillar recently constructed to support it where it is cracked. Here was perhaps the den of the sacred serpent and the Cecropium or Tomb of Cecrops. Pausanias fails to mention the sacred serpent which was reported to have been kept in the Erechtheum, but he states that "the olive-tree was a proof of Athena's right to the country when it was contested by Poseidon. And they record also that this olive was burnt when the Persians set fire to Athens, but though burnt it grew the same day two cubits." This olive-tree grew close to the Erechtheum, and the Moriae or Sacred Olives in the Academy were declared to be propagated from this sacred original on the Acropolis. It is customary to reconstruct the west wall of the building with the addition of windows and engaged half-columns over the basement, as portions of these remain, but it is doubtful if these were included in the original plan.

The writer had the privilege of hearing a lecture given by Professor Dörpfeld in Athens some years ago, when he expounded the enticing theory that the architect's original intention was to build a second large cella to the west, with portico, to duplicate that of the east. This plan would place the two side porches at the north and south centers of the building. After enlarging upon the actual measurements of the land to show that there was exactly room for this addition, and that the many signs of unfinished work upon the walls, coping, etc., would point to projected additions to the building, he presented a conjectural plan of the whole which was unrivaled for symmetry and beauty, and moreover, such a plan at once removes the many puzzling and unsatisfactory problems presented by the complicated unbalanced design of the building as it stands.

A wealth and variety of statues and other votive offerings once adorned the entire surface of the Acropolis, crowded the buildings, and decorated the steps. In particular, Athena, as the patron goddess of her city, was represented in all the forms of her multifarious activity, as is evidenced by the multiplicity of her epithets; not only was

she shown as the Nike Apteros, the Parthenos, the Polias, and the Promachos, but also as the goddess of arts and crafts and of health. From the Athenian colonists of the island of Lemnos was presented the statue made by Phidias, known as the Lemnian Athena, of which it has been suggested that a marble statue in Dresden and a marble head in Bologna are copies. (See illustrations)

The greatest credit belongs to Pericles for the artistic glories which have ever made the Athens of his generation the marvel of aftertime, for he succeeded in carrying out his great building projects only by overcoming much opposition on the part of Athenians who objected to such an outlay of wealth. Thus Plutarch relates that—

When Pericles asked the people the question whether they thought that he had laid out much; they replied: "Too much, a great deal." "Then," said he, "since it is so, let the cost not go to your account but to mine; and let the inscription upon the buildings stand in my name." When they heard him say thus, whether it were out of surprise at seeing the greatness of his spirit, or out of emulation of the glory of the works, they cried aloud, bidding him to spend on, and lay out what he thought fit from the public purse, and to spare no cost, till all was finished.



THE SECRET DOCTRINE is the common property of the countless millions of men born under various climates, in times with which History refuses to deal, and to which esoteric teachings assign dates incompatible with the theories of Geology and Anthropology. The birth and evolution of the Sacred Science of the Past are lost in the very night of Time; and that, even, which is historic—i. e., that which is found scattered hither and thither throughout ancient classical literature—is, in almost every case, attributed by modern criticism to lack of observation in the ancient writers, or to superstition born out of the ignorance of antiquity. It is, therefore, impossible to treat this subject as one would the ordinary evolution of an art or science in some well-known historical nation. It is only by bringing before the reader an abundance of proofs all tending to show that in every age, under every condition of civilization and knowledge, the educated classes of every nation made themselves the more or less faithful echoes of one identical system and its fundamental traditions—that he can be made to see that so many streams of the same water must have had a common source.—*H. P. Blavatsky*

ARCHAEOLOGY: A RÉSUMÉ OF THE THEOSOPHICAL POSITION: by H. Travers, M. A.



ARCHAEOLOGY studies the records of the past, as preserved in ruins and inscriptions. These records, however, do not confirm the current ideas as to human origins and past history; the records, on the contrary, mostly run counter to the theories. But the teachings of Theosophy as to human origins and history are largely confirmed by the *findings* of archaeologists. That, in a nutshell, is the position.

We find huge buildings, containing in their walls stones of such enormous size that it is difficult to see a way by which these stones could be quarried, transported, and raised into position, even by all the skill and strength of modern machinery. Yet the thing has actually been done, not in one place only but in many, and that at very remote epochs in the past. What is the conclusion? (1) That the builders were giants; or (2) that they possessed engineering facilities greater than those we have now; or (3) that they had scientific secrets that have since been lost, such as the power to neutralize gravitation and render these colossal stones light and portable. To one or other of these conclusions we are absolutely driven. *

Yet archaeologists have as a rule such strong preconceived opinions as to humanity's past that they resist the evidence, a procedure which leaves the subject in a very unsatisfactory state. These preconceived opinions are founded partly on traditional habits of thought handed down from bygone centuries of recent European history, and

* At the ancient Temple of the Sun in Baalbek, Syria, three of the stones in a wall are each over 60 feet long and 13 feet high, and have been raised to a height of 20 feet. Amid the ruins lies an even larger stone; it is 71 feet long, and 13 feet by 14 feet in its other dimensions. Thus it is as long as the frontage of three houses in one of our modern city streets and the height of its side would reach part way up the second story.

The Temple of Borobudur, in Java, is as large as a hill, and was indeed taken for such by the natives until disentombed. It is built in seven square stages, of which the lowest is about 500 feet square. This mountain of stone is covered all over with intricate sculpture executed in hard trachyte. There are over three miles of bas-reliefs, which originally comprised 2141 pictures.

With regard to the Cyclopean ruins in Peru, it is estimated that, allowing 500 ravines in the 1200 miles of Peru, and 10 miles of terraces of 50 tiers to each ravine, we have 250,000 miles of stone wall averaging from three to four feet high—enough to encircle the globe ten times. The masonry composing the walls, temples, towers, etc., of many buildings in Peru, is uncemented, yet the blocks are irregular, varying in size from half a cubic foot to 1500 cubic feet, and it would be the merest chance if one stone out of the countless numbers could be found to fit the place of another. The fitting is so accurate that the blade of a small penknife cannot be inserted into the seams, whether outside or in the hidden interior,

affected with a theological bias, and partly on scientific theories connected with former evolutionary hypotheses. Their effect is to make people reluctant to believe that man in remote ages had such powers as the relics indicate. But the archaeological evidence is overwhelming, and becomes more so as the years pass. We know that there were human races in very remote times which possessed not only this marvelous engineering ability but also great skill in artistic conception and execution, and that they had great astronomical, chronological, and mathematical knowledge. Moreover, the archaeologists every year are forced to concede a greater antiquity to human civilization.

There is nothing fixed about modern theories, but all is in a state of flux and change, and hence there is no adequate basis for assuming a dogmatic attitude. But the teachings of Theosophy are in harmony with the facts discovered by science; the teachings interpret the facts, and the facts exemplify the teachings. Once admit the antiquity of civilization, and the problem of archaeology becomes clear; but there seems to be a great prejudice against such an admission; it is the inertia of mental habitude, added to a reluctance to make admissions that would entail a considerable modification of comfortably settled opinions in other matters besides archaeology. We actually find people rejecting the antiquity of civilization because "there is not sufficient evidence," and at the same time trying to get away with the evidence because they do not believe that which it proves. The desire for truth is often confused with the desire to believe.

If we look at history impartially, we find there is as much evidence for processes of decline as for processes of ascent; and this is what the general analogy of nature would lead us to expect, for alternating periods of ebb and flow are universal in nature.

Evolution is necessarily a double process; it means a bringing forth into manifestation of that which was latent. The whole tree pre-existed in complete form in or around the seed; and as the seed sprouted and the tree grew, the form gradually manifested from one plane, reappearing on another. If the visible forms of life have really been evolved from simpler forms to more complex, then it follows that some potent agency was at work producing this evolution, and that this agency preceded the whole process. In the same way, whatever may have been the case as to the evolution of man's physical form, man's mind must have existed beforehand. The evolution of

a human race, from a low state to a higher, can only be accomplished by the action on it of other men in a higher state of evolution; otherwise that low race will not evolve but will only decline, as observation shows to be the case. The "aboriginal" races (with a very few exceptions) now on the earth are not (as races) on the upward track but on the downward; and their greatness lies in the past and is dimly preserved in their memories. The individual members of such races may often, through contact with higher races, and through tuition by them, advance.

The path which man treads in his upward evolution lies stretched before him, but the theorists often speak as though that path did not so exist, but unrolled itself before man as he advanced. The ladder of evolution, according to them, is a ladder with its head in the empty air, man always on the topmost rung, reaching out with his feet, and finding new rungs develop themselves under him as he reaches. The notion of mind and knowledge thus developing themselves in entirely novel directions out of nothing at all is revolting to the imagination that tries to grasp it. Reason tells us that knowledge, in order to be attained, must have pre-existed, and that man is merely fulfilling a destiny already marked out for him.

The history of races is analogous to the history of individuals. A child follows a path similar to that of other men that have preceded him, and the whole mass of humanity is thus continually passing along the cycle of childhood, maturity, and decline. But some evolutionists want to make out that there is only one such great period in human history — all ascent and no decline. These theorists are obliged to admit enormous periods of time for geology, astronomy, and the evolution of the lower kingdoms of life; but seem singularly reluctant to imagine a human history on a comparable scale of immensity. Yet humanity is by far the most important concern on the globe.

The history of evolution as taught in Theosophy implies that every race, whether a large or comparatively small division of the whole of humanity, shall pass through seven stages, like seven points around the circumference of a circle; and the passage around this circle involves a descent and a subsequent reascend. The race is at first spiritual in its character, and gradually descends into materiality, afterwards to reascend towards a greater spirituality. The fourth of these seven stages is the lowest in the circular arc, and is the most materialistic stage which the race reaches. This is symbolized by the

allegory of the Golden Age, and the Silver, Bronze, and Iron Ages; and by the various supreme deities, such as Uranus, Chronos, and Zeus, who are said to have ruled successively over these ages. There are also many other allegories and sacred legends which depict the descent of humanity from a state of innocent bliss to a state of wilfulness and trouble; and these are always accompanied with the promise of his regaining of the paradise he has lost. This is the method of evolution, as applied to man, who is said to be a Divine Pilgrim, ever seeking a return to the Promised Land from which he set out.

This evolutionary process implies that man has many times made the circular progress, as race after race has appeared and run its course on the earth; but we must bear in mind that the progress, though alternately upward and downward, is always *onward*, so that humanity learns more each time; also that the same Egos reincarnate, and thus the experience acquired is stored up in the Soul's memory and carried on.

Little has been said, yet it is enough to show that an acceptance of the truth about man's evolution involves the acceptance also of many ideas new and perhaps unwelcome to those who do not wish to disarrange their philosophy. Theosophy is not content with vagaries and words that have no meaning, but searches for realities. It is not enough to say that evolution is caused by some unknown power, and to let it go at that, as so many theorists do. Theosophy inquires into the *nature* of that power which lies behind evolution. And, in the case of man, that power is simply and mostly (though not entirely) — Man himself. For Man, in his entirety, is a self-conscious Soul, engaged in a definite work, following out a purpose, fulfilling a destiny. Wills and Intelligences, therefore, are the powers behind evolution. If we desire knowledge concerning the nature of man's mind and its probable source, we can only obtain it by studying that mind — as manifested (1) in ourself, (2) in other people.

Archaeology, if studied faithfully, can but reveal the truth concerning man; and as the science is yet in its infancy, we may anticipate revelations so striking that it will not be possible to shirk their significance.

Traditions of a "Golden Age" in the past cannot be killed; there is oftentimes more solid truth in traditions than in history, and this tradition is universal, wherever man is found. The well-known Eden

story, a version of which is to be found at the beginning of the Hebraic Scriptures, represents the cyclic progress of humanity from its Divine origin through subsequent stages of materiality represented by a fall. The last gift bestowed upon man is that of the free will, and with this came the power of choice which led to his exile from the paradise of innocent bliss. The human mind is something that has been handed down, and its origin is Divine.

If it be asked why we know so little about man's mighty past, the answer is ready at hand. It is because we have paid so little attention to the matter. Instead, our attention has been directed towards material comforts and inventions; and instead of welcoming information, we have put it away from us. Let but the minds of many intelligent people be directed towards this object of attainment, and the desired knowledge will soon come.



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.

Then would follow the cry for the knowledge that is now at hand, and for the power to stay the fearful menace. Then we should have unity of thought and action, among the people of America. But the pity of it would be that selfishness would bring them together, not the love of their fellows.

Possibly now, ere it is too late, higher motives may move us to action, and we may yet be able to stand out in the history of the world, as the builders of the nations' spiritual liberty through recognizing truth, and that the International Theosophical Movement is the basis for permanent world-peace—for a Universal Brotherhood and a Universal Religion.—*Katherine Tingley*

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER VII — INSPIRATION AND INTERVENTION SHAKESPEARE AND CERVANTES



NOT always would the Mighty Ones, incarnating, take the front of the world stage, like a mere Jenghis or Napoleon, and suffer the indignity of renown. Figures such as these they might use as their agents, themselves remaining more majestically robed in obscurity. Do you remember the story of Raikva with the Car?

Jânaśruti Pautrâyana filled the world with the fame of his good deeds, his wealth, power, and beneficence. Once in the night he heard flamingoes talking as they flew over his house. "Hey, Bhal-lâksha, Bhal-lâksha!" said one of them, "the glory of Jânaśruti is as wide as the sky; do not go too near, lest it should burn thee." "How can you speak of him, being what he is," said the other, "as if he were Raikva with the Car?"

"How is it," said the first, "with this Raikva with the Car?"

"As in a game of dice all the lower casts belong to him who has conquered with the Krita cast, so whatever good deeds other men perform, belong to that Raikva."

In the morning the doorkeeper came to Jânaśruti, and praised him according to custom. "Friend," said the king, "dost thou speak to me as if I were Raikva with the Car?"

"How is it," said the doorkeeper, "with this Raikva with the Car?" Jânaśruti answered: "As in a game of dice, all the lower casts belong to him who conquers with the Krita cast, so whatever good deeds other men perform belong to that Raikva!"

Then the doorkeeper went forth to seek Raikva with the Car. He sought him in the courts of great kings, among the wealthy, and in all the high places of the world, but found him not. Then he went into the solitudes of the forest, and found a beggar lying beneath a car and scratching his sores. "Sir," said he, "are you Raikva with the Car?"

"I am here," said Raikva.¹

1. Chhândogya-Upanishad: IV, 1.

You can never tell where the Masters of the World may be, clothed in what modest garb of apparent insignificance. It is no proof of their non-existence that Huxley or Haeckel never discovered them; if you passed Apollo in Cheapside, or met Odin at a Park Lane party, you might be none the wiser. The East is full of these delicious tales: an ascetic from the mountains is visiting Ispahan; chances into the forge or the cobbler's shop, and there the mysteries are revealed to him by the shopman, which he had been seeking these years in vain in the wilds. Save us, indeed, from the shaky quags of superstition; yet still we might go on our ways a little more conscious of the Divine Mystery. I think the beauty of these seas and mountains is not material altogether, nor seen merely with our physical eyes; but is rather the halo of a divinity within them, and haunting traces of Presences that pass. . . . Not so remote; not so unapproachable, neither; it is the little cloud of self that hides us from the sun. Drive that from your sky, and you shall find the Age of Marvels is not past. Here is a tale that none would believe, but that many witnesses testified to it on oath.²

It is in the September of 1575; three years since, Don John of Austria had beaten the Turks at Lepanto. Meanwhile, the war has been going forward in Tunis; until now Turkish victories have brought things to a standstill;—which has its advantages for certain of the defeated Dons, in the way of leave of absence granted; and a shipload of officers and men are bound for Spain via Italy. But luck is against them; on the 26th, their galley, the *Sun*, a day or so out from Naples, is taken by the Algerines.

There are some twenty-five thousand Spanish captives in Algiers; many more have been taken, and remain alive and unransomed; but they are “renegados”: have bought their liberty by professing the religion of their captors, and are conducting Turkish sea-raids of their own. These twenty-five thousand that we speak of are still Christians, and in great misery for the most part: many of them eyeless, earless, or noseless for the pleasure of their masters; some tortured daily. They are waiting to be ransomed, or have given up hope of it; meanwhile they are employed as household slaves or as oarsmen in the fleet. Spain is still the Great Power of Europe, over-shadowing all else; yet there these poor Spaniards lie: soldiers that have been

2. From Mr. John Ormsby's preface to his translation of Don Quixote.

waging her wars for her, or peasants that have been tilling her fields; gentle and simple; poor, proud hidalgos, and plump onion-fed countrymen: men taken on the high seas, and men taken in raids on the Spanish coast itself: there they lie

and no help for them
From all the might that smote down Mexico
And the Incan Empire, and made Europe quail;
For Philip, all his mind wrapped in a dream
Of some ecclesiastic reign of heaven
Here upon earth to establish, year by year
Went squandering the substance of his realm
Against the northern freedoms, and let live
The pirate power put forth from Barbary
That preyed on Spanish manhood.

— And to these twenty-five thousand, in due course, the crew and passengers of the *Sun* are added.

Among them a “lame fellow of a Spaniard” with “aquiline features, chestnut hair, smooth, untroubled forehead and bright cheerful eyes”: a sanguine temperament whose gay hopefulness a lifetime packed with adversity shall not suffice to dim. He had risen from his sickbed on the morning of Lepanto, to play a hero’s part in the thick of it all day; by evening he had received that which was to make the left arm of him useless for life — “for the greater glory of the right,” says he. There you have the kind of man he is: the flower of Spanish gentlemen, not to be bettered anywhere; brave — by heaven, Lepanto has given us no clue to his bravery; he has that in his soul which would furnish forth the two fleets with it, and leave something over “to make jam” as they say — and altogether too much humorist and gentleman to consider his own misfortunes or himself. Further, there is a heart in him as wide as the horizon, with quick, kind, practical sympathy for everything but the distant and the unknown. There is a touch, too, of a delightful naive Gasconism: you will find my book, says he, either the best or the worst that ever was written; and *you will not find it the worst*; — withal a straight simplicity, and innate true modesty of the gentleman, whose throne no gasconnading of his tongue or pen can shake. A representative of the best that is Spain — the most typical high-souled hidalgo of them all: ever ready to laugh at himself; holding that no joke that hurts is a good joke; never seriously dreaming himself lifted

above the common herd. You love him all the more for his quaint bragging (to call so delicate and humorous a thing that); because you know that with it all he is perfectly unconscious how sublimely great he is. You are aware that if it is delightful to know him in your prosperity, in your adversity it would be a thousand times better.

He has done unusually good service in the wars: even for a Spanish knight in the heyday of Spanish military glory; and is now carrying letters from Don John of Austria (his distant cousin, by the way) commending him to the Duke of Sesa and to the king for conspicuous bravery. Which letters discovering, the Algerines guess they have taken something of a prize; and Dali Mami, his master, scouts the sum offered for his ransom—a sum painfully scraped together by his family at Alcalá de Henares in Spain. Such a man should never be set free at the price that would loose an ordinary captive, thought Dali; and there is something fitting in it; albeit 'twas the only time in his life, perhaps, when his greatness was recognized. Let but a few centuries pass, and to free him, or to do him any honor, not only Spain, but the world, would pour forth gold uncountable; for this is to be the most international of all the great ones of Europe, and his book is to rank high, not in one, but in all literatures. Now however he is only one of many who have played the man for Spanish honor. Rodrigo his brother, yes; he may go cheap; the good folk at Alcalá can afford what is asked for *him*; but Don Miguel the immortal must abide a slave at Algiers.

But Don Miguel has one of the most fertile minds of his age—as he shall prove hereafter with the greatest novel of European literature. He sets to, now, to prove its fertility in practice; as for sorrow and disappointment, he has a Tapley's knack for them, and will wring more gaiety out of a lifeless, than a world of others out of their joys; ills shall leave no scar on him, but a mellow sympathetic humanity. Don Rodrigo, ransomed, is off for Spain; there let him take a leaf from the book of their captors: get a ship, raid the coast of Algiers, and rescue as many Spaniards as may be. Miguel's plan, of course; who will not be idle while his brother is away.

But it is a long time to wait, and Rodrigo's ship is somewhat problematical; better waste no chance for the sake of a chance so remote. And then, if it comes, Rodrigo can do his work without him. — Don Miguel has a tongue in his head, and lips surely that have kissed some Castilian Blarney stone; in the Spanish compound

of his blood, I think no strain runs so evident as the ancient Celtic one. — Oran, across the desert, argues he, is in Christian hands; one might make a push for that. Needed but a Moor that can speak the Christian (and there are plenty), on whose pity or avarice the gifted tongue might play; then — heigh-ho for escape, and success certain! Alone? Oh no; Don Miguel will enjoy no good thing alone; let all who are for Spain and freedom join us. The Moor is found, and several Spaniards; with the former for guide, and our man for leader and inspiration and fountain of hope, they make their way out of the city, and for one terrible day cross the sands. Then it becomes clear that the guide has been playing with them; he had their money and was off, leaving them to their fate. It is back to Algiers ignominiously, or death of thirst in the wilderness.

He brought them back, and somehow, with sublime genius and effrontery, contrived that none should be punished. Well, it had been a crazy venture, anyhow. But Rodrigo's ship — there one had Castilian honor to deal with; one could heap up mountains of confidence on that. News does drift in that something is going forward in that quarter; very well; we are as good as free already. Let whoso will join in Don Miguel's complot; and consider himself but little less than at home in Spain.

How he gets about to his plotting, heaven knows; Dali Mami (a renegado himself) must allow him a long tether. What is to be told now, remember, is the exploit of a slave who has only recently attempted to escape, and induced others to go with him. Along the shore, and outside the city, there are gardens, of which the gardeners in charge are often Spanish slaves. The plot is simplicity itself: one has but to get hold of one of the latter, put him under the spell of one's tongue, and get his co-operation. Said and done. And now hope high, you poor captives! — this time there can be no failure; can you not feel the snow-breath of the Sierras, the scent of the orange-bloom in the gardens of Andalusia? For we have found a likely garden, where a boat may land easily; and the gardener, good man, is fortified with the thought that to free Christians from the yoke of the infidel will be a work to commend itself not a little to the Church.

They fashion a hiding-place in the garden; one imagines Don Miguel setting forth its virtues as a masterpiece of art and strategy. Next, whenever the nights are dark and propitious, he smuggles

thither a captive from the city until he has fourteen men concealed there, fifteen counting himself; these he maintains in hope and courage out of his own boundless store. But there is maintaining them in food to be thought of also; a work that cannot be put through by slaves unaided. He must have help there from a free man.

Not so difficult to obtain, if you go about getting it in the right way. He finds a likely fellow among the renegados, called El Dorador: good-natured enough, to all seeming; open to persuasion; apparently a Spaniard and a Christian still at heart, and with secret preoccupations as to his imperiled soul which such an act as this shall allay considerably. Risk? — Nothing of it! Half these renegados would renegade back joyously, were there the millionth part of a chance for them, and strike good blows for Spain. You may trust the Dorador — and Don Miguel.

He keeps his fourteen men hidden in the garden for *several months*, before Don Rodrigo's ship appears in the offing: a fact stranger than Dumas' strangest. Then came the night when they were to get free. A boat lands; the captives are stealing out from their hiding-place; Santiago de Compostella, look to your own now, and your shrine shall be the richer! Suddenly, *Halt!* Santiago, perchance, is sleeping or busy in Flanders or the Indies; the garden is full of Turkish horse and foot. The Dorador has carried the whole story to Dey Hassan.

Don Miguel turns upon the soldiers. They need not trouble with these fourteen deceived ones; here is the fellow who composed the whole plot; who inveigled the others down to the shore on one pretext or another. He had had a mind to start pirating on his own account; and they, willy nilly, were to have been his crew. The beginnings of a protest from one and another of the fourteen he silences with lordly eloquence, and with a whispered command to leave it all to him. Before the Dey, a notorious torturer of Spaniards, he has the same proud tale to tell, and they can get nothing out of him. Impalement and torture threatened, and various ghastly implements made ready, shake him in no wise; there is an invincibility here that wins; he has had no accomplices; the others were his dupes. He saves them all, except the poor gardener, whose share in it is too obvious to be lied away: him they hang for not caring better for his garden. As for Don Miguel himself, the Dey will trust so dangerous a man in no hands but his own; and so buys him from Dali Mami for five hund-

red crowns, loads him with irons and endungeons him safely in the government prison; but does him no harm otherwise.

There are three more plots: the first was discovered accidentally; the second, which aimed at sailing off with some sixty Spaniards, was revealed to the Dey by one Blanco de Paz, an officer of the Holy Inquisition; the third, which was to effect a rising of the whole twenty-five thousand and seize the city — and he made them believe in the possibility of doing it — was betrayed also, it is not known by whom. After each, our man was on the point of torture and execution: he was to reveal the names of his accomplices, or certain experts should get to work on him. He never did reveal anything, but came by no torment for his stubbornness.

We have the sworn deposition of the chief men among the captives, as to the place he held among them; the legal language of the document can by no means hide their adoration. "In him this deponent found father and mother," says one: expressing thus briefly the feelings of all. He was father and mother of the whole miserable colony, with courage and comfort for everyone: an uncrowned king among those poor maimed slaves. Was there money in his meager purse, it was held for any who might be in need of it; when there was none, there was always better than money in his heart. So much has been lost that concerns him; it is good that these depositions, which reveal his greatness so naively, have been found.

Our story has to do now with the fourth plot: the one in which he chartered a ship, and was on the point of sailing away gaily with sixty Spaniards. He has seen to it that none of these sixty should know the name of more than one man involved: if there is to be betraying, only himself shall be betrayed; so he has no fear of the consequences going far. We may find a not too probable explanation of Priest Blanco's revelation of the plot, and of the only plotter's name he knew, in jealousy: while Don Miguel was at Algiers, the Grand Inquisitor himself would have had to play second fiddle to him among the captives. Priest Blanco the betrayer, it should be noted, was one of the sixty whom Don Miguel was to have carried away to freedom with him.

Now here is a sort of picture of the Dey, to whom the plot has been revealed: he is no honest savage, to whom a brave front in his victim may appeal; but an over-wrought debauchee: a degenerate, wont to soothe his quiet hours with the torture of a slave, as another

might use tobacco. Absolute master in Algiers, of course: accountable only to the Padshah far away in Stamboul; with whom, in this remote satrapy, communication is not so close as to clip the wings of our local autocracy much. There is no one in Algiers to dare say a *nay* to Dey Hassan, or to venture advice likely to run counter to his inclinations.

Now then, here's to our point: three times already has the "crippled Spaniard" (Dey Hassan's name for him) made such trouble as none else ever survived making once; three times, by Allah, we have omitted to punish him; he is a peril to us; while he lives, our captives, our city, and our very lives are hardly worth a week's purchase. Behold the Dey raging, in paroxysms; not yet will he strike, but will wait for the inspiration that comes with calmness. Then, back among his cushions; let them bring in the crippled Spaniard. Now: two thousand strokes of the bastinado as a preliminary; if he survives that (an impossibility), we shall see about some suitable lingering death for him.

Some one intervened and saved him.

Who? We don't know. But none could win a favor from Hassan for love, and still less could anyone command him. But some unknown stranger did appear, and did command him: someone

With a certain potency in the voice and eye
Which made that tigrish blackamoor, grown pale,
Drift from his blood-thirst faltering.

"Slave of God,
What dost thou?" said the Unknown.

The Dey rose up,
His overbearing fierceness overborne.
"I was about to punish this vile Spaniard
Whose machinations menace, day by day
The whole stability of my pashalik."

The Stranger turned to me. "Señor," he said
Openly in Castilian, though he seemed
A very Moor of the desert — and, good friends,
I say I never doubted, from that hour,
That there be Gods and Masters of the world
Who sometimes, for their lofty secret ends,
Make intervention in the fates of men
To save their own from peril — "you are to live;
Spain and the world will need your after-years;
Be of good courage."

— Perhaps it happened that way, perhaps another; the plain fact remains that someone intervened and saved him. Saved him, for what great work? Only, so far as we know, to write *Don Quixote*: a great book, that might have been a much greater, perhaps,

But that 'twas something clipped and scissored down
By the Inquisition

whose agent, Blanco de Paz, was in Spain before him, and making trouble for him by the time he arrived; a great and lovable book, but hardly enough in itself, one would say, considering it as a contribution to civilization, to merit such high protection. But the fact is that he stood in Algiers all selfless for the twenty-five thousand; and so the Gods stood for him. Whoever gives himself for the common welfare, forgetting self, as Miguel de Cervantes y Saavedra did, enters into the service of the Gods, and is in train to become their agent.

As to these agents, they are in action, probably, always; although their Masters may appear publicly only at the junctions of the great cycles. They will be minds and hearts that can be influenced; sometimes consciously disciples. Many endowed with strength or genius may be used as occasion serves: some power speaks through them, of which they know not the origin; they have their great moments, when a consciousness floods them, vaster than the normal; grand ideas emerge in their minds, and a light and fire other than their own. No doubt great things are often done with tools faulty enough: chisels that break the moment the supreme stroke has been given. Men have acted for the Gods, in whom you should find much evil; the important thing was, that there was just that in them, which enabled them to be used when they were needed; even if the instant after, it was necessary to throw them aside. The deed done is counted to them as righteousness; whoso lends to the Gods, lends on good usury.

Genius may be had by working for it; only the work must have been carried on through several incarnations. It is the power to let the soul's divinity shine through the stuff of brain and mind in some particular direction. One may have pursued poetry until he was born a poet at last; and that attainment, joined to a certain temperament, may provide the Gods with a human instrument they can use. Here is a case in point:

It is in the spacious times of great Elizabeth; a young fellow

journeys to London, having ambitions in connexion with that new and wonderful thing the stage; poaching exploits, perhaps, have also contributed to make his native Stratford undesirable. But poacher as he may be, and mad wag as he undoubtedly is, he is capable of infinite plodding; though with no great store of learning, he is of marvelous balanced mind; and lightning-witted, if no student of philosophy. Like many of his time, he has a magical faculty for language: a transcendent generalship over words, that can take a raw mob let loose from the dictionary, and drill you them in a trice into such an efficient force of poetic rhetoric, as has never gathered in this language before or since — but above all, he is a balanced man: sane, all-observing, orderly.

He joins a company of players in London, and is set presently to carpenter plays into fit condition for acting; that he may do this the better, he studies Kit Marlowe's methods, and finds that he can write the mighty line himself. Produces some few gory horrors — *Titus Andronicus* and the like: nothing very spiritual there. A thorough business man, look you: steady, careful, and well-balanced (there is no escaping that last adjective; one flies to it again and again whenever one thinks of him!).

Time passes, and he has become actor-manager, and is putting out so many plays a year, which are coming to be more and more his own work. He knows what the public wants, and gives it them; for he is an excellent business man; by no means grasping, but with what we should call common-sense ideas, and full knowledge of the value of money. Withal, it is an Elizabethan public; and there is no call for self-degradation. A nice combination of genius and business instinct makes him the man for his age; and he is making a fine success of his venture.

A wit all quicksilver and lightning, set in a rare balance of the faculties, keeps him from gross living or extravagance of any sort: he frequents the Mermaid, but works no damage to his brain there. A moderate and decent ambition leads him on: he will buy an estate in his native Warwickshire presently, and end up respectably as a country gentleman — hence the value, for him, of money and strict business methods. There is nothing vaulting, wild, or inordinate in that.

But mystic? Oh dear no! Nourishing transcendent ideals in ethics and philosophy? — Just what life and art shall teach him.

None of the Puritan or idealist in the man that made Sir John Falstaff, and followed him, roaring with laughter, into all his haunts. You shall look in vain in his plays for certain of the highest elements: he has created no sublime or heroic figure; no splendid example of self-sacrifice; grandeur of character or genius is beyond him to describe. Attempting to set Caesar on the stage, the greatness of his subject has balked him, and he has botched the picture sadly. When the star of purest ray in all European history presents herself to him for portrayal, he commits, alas, the most blackguardly action in literature; (send he may have prayed la Pucelle's forgiveness long since!). He can conceive no blood-bright splendor of Brutus; which may be to his credit; a wise, heroic patriot Glendower he can but imagine tainted with superstition and windbagery; he can get no nearer the mark of hero or patriot than Henry V: hard fighter, brave enough of course; but withal idealless young man and something of a prig, unforgivable for his treatment of poor old, great, lovable, damnable Falstaff. Cervantes dreamed a dream of which this man had not been capable; who could have done Pansa, but not the fantastic magnanimity of Quixote. But then Cervantes was himself of the stuff that heroes are made of. So was Milton; who also far transcended Shakespeare in a certain few and noble particulars.

No: it is just a sane, well-balanced man, with a whole Athens of wit in him; and one that eclipses his contemporaries, great and small, mainly in this: that he is the most *contemporary* of them all, the most average — granted his genius — of them all; the best-balanced of them all. Behold him then, *primus inter pares* among his Hemmynges and Condells; shining at the Mermaid; but bless you, by no means outshining Rare Ben!

And then — the miracle of the ages is to happen: the great wonderful event in all the history of the age: *Hamlet* is to be written — this man's pen is to do it. A mighty Bible is to be launched upon the world: *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Julius Caesar*: wherein all storms and battles and routs and ruins are shadowed and echoed; then there is to be a sweet restored serenity and apocalypse in *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*; and — the story of all stories has been told, as who knows when it had been told before? The mystic story (from this unmystic); the sublime story (from this man who cannot conceive of a hero); the great arcane and archetypal story, tragedy of tragedies and comedy of comedies,

Which God for countless ages sits
To watch his countless angels play;

— the story of the Human Soul.

How did it come about? In after ages there are to rise egregious fantastics in criticism (God save the mark!) who shall accuse this plain sane Elizabethan with his middle-class origin and modest education, of having been a mere big-brained Francis Bacon (whom if you should multiply to the power of n , he would still be incapable of creating a single one of them from Rosalind to Falstaff. Why? Not to go into it too deeply, because brain in him is too keen and lonely for creation; it overtowers and outshines conscience and moral sense; there is a lack of humor, the sign of inward health; balance is not there, however mighty the mind). Let Bacon be; it was not Bacon! Here is the explanation of the mystery —

The Gods said: We have planted and watered this England, and now she has come to the flower of her nationhood; now we will give, through her, the supreme gift, the greatest thing of which she is capable, to the world. And they looked for one through whose mind they might give the gift. Bacon? No: an intolerable amount of brain for one poor halfpennyworth of humanity. Kit Marlowe? No: the mighty line is there; the flaming soul is there; but it is a passionate, unbalanced life. Fletcher?— Webster?— Ben? — piety, power, learning? No: we will have this balanced fellow from Stratford on Avon: there is a peace in that sanity and illuminated equilibrium of his mind, through which we may speak the eternal word.



SIR WILLIAM TURNER, K. C. B., gave a summary of a paper at last week's meeting of the Scottish Royal Society, at Edinburgh. He said that the bulk of the people of this country at the present day had narrow faces and narrow noses, just as the people of the neolithic and bronze ages had. People nowadays rejoiced in having skulls with a large capacity, just as the people of those early times had. In his researches he had found nothing to show that these very remote ancestors were not people of great brain-power.—*English Mechanic*, July 16



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HON. ERNST BECKMAN, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SWEDISH
PEACE SOCIETY, MEMBER OF THE INTER-PARLIAMENTARY
UNION, AND FORMERLY FOR MANY YEARS MEMBER
OF THE SWEDISH PARLIAMENT

Mr. Beckman recently visited the International Theosophical
Headquarters at Point Loma as Mme. Tingley's guest for a
few days, and attended one of the sessions of the Parliament
of Peace and Universal Brotherhood.



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MISS ADELAIDE JOHNSON



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"GIVING THE MESSAGE"

Miss Adelaide Johnson and three of her most notable sculptures: busts of Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BRONZE MEDAL GIVEN TO THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AS ONE OF THE EXHIBITORS AT THE BALTIC EXPOSITION, MÄLMÖ, SWEDEN, 1914

On the obverse side is the portrait of Gustavus V of Sweden, on the reverse symbolical figures of the Baltic Nations: Germany, Sweden, Denmark and Russia.

THE POPLAR-TREE THAT SMELT WATER:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



F the five senses attributed to animals, plants certainly possess three — feeling, taste, and smell — lacking only sight and hearing, says a writer in the *Scotsman*, quoting an eminent naturalist; they smell water from a distance, and never rest till they have sent and fetched it. And the writer gives the following instance. A man living in a picturesque old mansion with a sunken story found the waste-pipe repeatedly choked. Lifting the slabs of the basement, he found that poplar roots had pierced through a cement joining and worked their way in a long tapering length inside the pipe for a considerable distance beyond the house. On excavating backwards he traced these roots to a poplar growing some thirty yards from the opposite side of the house. Thus they had moved steadily towards the house, penetrating below the foundation and across the basement until their goal the waste-pipe was reached some one hundred and fifty feet off.

“Such unerring instinct and skill in surmounting obstacles,” comments the writer, “are not essentially different from human effort and foresight in the affairs and enterprises of ordinary life.”

And so say we — having regard to the word “essentially.” A consistent philosophy of Nature must certainly be laid on an animate basis; *mind*, not *matter*, must be our starting-point. To attempt to start with matter, or try and derive mind from matter, is a nightmare of the reasoning faculties, especially in view of the fact that *all* theories, however materialistic, must start in a mind. Materialism postulates a universal and primitive matter as the origin and basis of the universe; and then (necessarily) endows this matter with properties that really make it equivalent to a God. How much simpler to give the prime substance its proper name and call it “cosmic mind.”

It is as great a mistake to imagine that any organism can be unconscious as it is to imagine that all consciousness is of the same kind: both views are extreme. Animals are conscious, but not as we are; and plants are conscious, though not in the same way as animals. Even to minerals, which likewise are organized and perform definite functions of growth and change, we must assign a grade of consciousness — widely different from anything *we* define as such. If some prefer to call this “unconsciousness” or “blind instinctive action,” little more than a question of names is involved. We have innumerable organs in our own body which are alive and functioning;

they are conscious, but their consciousness is not always in touch with the higher and inclusive consciousness which we know as our *ego* or self, so we call them automatic or sub-conscious.

The true way to knowledge of Nature lies not in only regarding its outer aspect or merely dissecting its gross material, but in bringing our mind into touch with the minds of Nature's creatures, and thus *knowing* the tree or animal *as it is*. This is the scientific aspect of the great moral virtue of "sympathy," which means a "feeling with" something. To cultivate such powers of knowing — such *in-wits* — entails that we should study our own nature, with the object of removing the obstacles in it. The path of duty and the path of knowledge are one. We stand to learn more by a sympathetic attitude to Nature than by one of indifferent curiosity; and how little can we learn by a *ruthless* attitude!

Man, with more presumption than pride, arrogates to himself powers and privileges, but neglects those which he really has. He is really Nature's elder brother, protector, and creator; but how he ignores his responsibilities and privileges! Nature is responsive, and yearns to reveal her precious secrets to him who has the key — sympathy. But, surely the archetype of all that is womanly, a jealous chastity protects her from the clumsy hand and the insolent eye. It has been said that when a man approaches, the animals run away; and if we are to rely on human testimony at all, we must admit that there are nature-spirits that are even more shy of the haunts of tree-felling, rock-blasting man, and the microscope and the scalpel.

The idea that the tree *smelt* the water is curious; but whether it smelt it or saw it or felt it, it knew the water was there; and if it did not know, it had a faculty which was equivalent to knowledge (!)

It would be possible to follow the various lines of thought suggested by these remarks, and we hope the student will do so. For instance there is the study of consciousness and its various kinds and degrees; and there is the Theosophical cosmic metaphysics or *Welt-Anschauung*, with its definitions of Mind, Matter, Life, Substance, etc. And again there is the ample subject of evolution, spiritual, mental, astral, physical, etc., and of the different kingdoms of Nature, visible and invisible. And while it may be as far from the Scotsman's garden to the mysteries of the universe as it was from the poplar to the water-pipe, we can emulate that poplar and start hopefully on our quest for the brooks, rivers, and oceans of eternal verities.

JOTTINGS FROM A STUDENT'S NOTEBOOK

KARMA AND MEMORY



HERE are useful analogies between Karma and memory, and Karma might perhaps be described as a kind of memory. In memory we recollect past experiences, and in Karma we experience the sequel of past acts. Bergson, in his theory of memory, regards recollection as an act of perception, similar to the perception of spatial objects; but in the case of recollection, it is not spatial objects, but another kind of objects, that we perceive. This other kind of objects he regards as belonging to the temporal, not the spatial, order of existence. So, for Bergson, recollection is the act of perceiving these temporal existences or "durations"; and these, he says, are verily part and parcel of ourselves. Thus we have this authority for regarding a man as a being who exists complete in time as well as in space, his past, as well as his present, being actually existent. When the man recollects anything, he merely reviews that part of himself which we call his past. But this past exists just the same, whether he reviews it or not; just as a dog's tail exists, whether he is looking back at it or not. What Bergson says about a man's future we are not prepared at the moment to say; but the question naturally occurs: Why should not this also be a part of the man's existence? In this case, instead of recollection, we should have prevision, whenever a man turned his eyes upon that part of his anatomy which we call his future. But, be this as it may, we have at least gained the idea that an action or an experience may extend over a long range of time, have its beginning in the far past, and its end in the distant future; and that the whole thing is one whole and forms a part of the man himself.

Applying this idea to the question of Karma, we conclude that an act and its sequel are one complete whole, although the sequel may be far removed in time from the original act. Hence, when a man "works out his Karma," or experiences the Karmic result of previous acts, he is really only finishing what he had begun. The illustration of a stone thrown against a wall may help; the throw and the rebound can be regarded as two phases of a single action. The difficulty of appreciating either the rationale or the equity of our experiences is thus seen to be merely the common error due to regarding in detail what ought to be regarded in its totality. This same error is common enough in other matters besides the one we are dealing with.

For instance, we criticise a man's actions, in ignorance of the fact that his actions largely depend on the actions of other people. Returning to the question of Karma, we find that some people are now engaged in eating the sugar, while others are occupied in enjoying the inevitable nausea; which seems inequitable so long as we do not connect these two kinds of experience causally with each. Doubtless, in the view of the Soul, which is beyond the temporal limitations of the lower ego, the entire experience, including enjoyment and remorse, is undergone knowing and willingly.

Reverting to the original topic of the connexion between Karma and memory, and defining memory as being a return to spheres occupied before, we see that the same definition applies to Karmic recompense. For instance, a person who has at some past epoch in his Soul's history sown the seed of wrong in matters of love, may escape the retributive experience as long as he keeps himself out of the region of love. But, no sooner does he fall in love, and thus re-enter that sphere, than he meets with the thistles which he has planted there, and the ball which he threw rebounds upon him. Pendulums swing longer in proportion to their size; and the larger pendulums that we set in motion may take a very long time to swing back. Again, if we bear in mind the law of cycles, it is clear that we cannot meet with the relics of our old experiences until such time as we may find ourselves traveling again along the same track; and it is as though we were traveling around a curved track and continually throwing off nails to puncture our own returning tires, or sowing flowers and fruits to rejoice our subsequent visit.

THE RATIO BETWEEN LEARNING AND EXPERIENCE

UNLESS practice keeps pace with theory, the theory will degenerate into futility, and this is one fertile reason for our failures to win as much knowledge as we hanker after. One may often hear people speculating about things on which they would like more information, and realize that the reason why they are thus in ignorance is that they are viewing the matter from too great a distance. The advice one would be inclined to give them, therefore, is to draw their footsteps closer to the object of contemplation; or, in other words, it is to action rather than to further speculation that one would urge them. We all of us have enough knowledge to go on with for the present; the distant prospect awaits our gaze after we have traveled

a little along the way indicated by the view which we already command. It is, then, reluctance to perform, rather than inability to understand, that fetters our limbs.

To illustrate by an instance: perhaps you would like to know what happens to a man after death. This knowledge is evidently of a kind that should not be communicated to the average living man of today. There are so many other things that it is necessary to know first. One knows very little about what becomes of a man between eleven p.m. and six in the morning, and perhaps it would be as well to tackle this problem first. What man, you may say, has ever returned from the abyss of profound slumbers, as a prophet of light to waking mortals, to inform them in unmistakable terms of the ineffable life between falling asleep and awaking? Can we communicate with the spirits of people who have passed the great divide between waking and sleeping?

In this view, it would seem to be comparatively little use giving out teachings much in advance of practice. And in truth the principle is well enough recognized in our common dealings; for of what use is a book on some branch of higher mathematics to one ignorant of algebra, or a text of Sophocles to one who does not know the Greek alphabet? Certain obscure passages, therefore, in H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, may be full of the most momentous information, and yet remain an insoluble puzzle to the general reader. At all events, we ought not to call such passages meaningless without a valid reason. Also, if we ask why more information is not given, we are paralysed by the above consideration; for the answer at once comes: Use first the information which you have, and then you will be able to acquire more.

The voice of Wisdom, speaking through the lips of many a Teacher, says now, as ever: If thou desirest to know, thou shalt first overcome the chief cause of delusion, which is personality; and to follow this program means that one must set about an intimate study and readjustment of one's own internal moral economy. The only way to achieve this is through Duty; and therefore the path of Duty and the Path of knowledge are one.

REST AND MOTION

A PHILOSOPHICAL paradox states that absolute rest and absolute motion are one and the same state; and we may be able to find in

nature certain analogies to this idea. For instance, there is the spinning top, an object which has a fascination for grown-up people of a contemplative turn. Apparently lapped in profound slumber, it is in reality thrilling with energy; and it is only when that energy dies away that the top begins to stagger about. Thus the condition of moving about may be indicative of lack of energy, while a plentitude of energy may manifest itself by an appearance of profound repose. The proverbial restlessness of people in this age may be due to weakness; perhaps they are not strong enough to repose; and it may be that, if a man cultivated all his energies in a high degree and in due proportion to each other, the result would be a profound but all-powerful calm. Such a man, when not called upon to act, would rest in sublime tranquillity like the eternal Sphinx; and when any duty called him, he would perform the function efficiently and without friction, lapsing again into his ineffable repose.

If a line be taken to represent motion, we may produce this line until its ends meet, when we obtain a circle, which has no ends and may be taken to represent a state of rest. But if the bent ends of the line do not quite touch, the line can be carried round in another circle, and thus we get a spiral. Similarly this spiral can be bent around, so that we get a vortex; and so on indefinitely. Swedenborg has said something of this kind. And it seems to symbolize geometrically the way in which motion may finally become so complex as to result in absolute stability. We may perhaps try to conceive the Absolute as something that is eternally wrapped in the profound slumbers of a titanic energy. There is a story in the writings of Chuang-Tzŭ, the Tao philosopher, about the training of fighting cocks. The birds are first trained until they are so pugnacious that they fly at every cock they see. But that does not satisfy the trainer; he trains them further, until, as he says: "They are oblivious of all their surroundings, and no other cocks dare come near them." This is to illustrate the so-called doctrine of overcoming by non-resistance.

The smallest push applied at the center may be more potent than the strongest push at the periphery. If we could stand at the center of things, we might be able to direct the vastest operations with a nod or a beck. A well-balanced man needs but the smallest muscular effort to keep him erect; but not so the drunkard, as he sways from side to side. And so in all our goings and comings; for do we not usually rush violently from one extreme to the other, when we might

keep our poise by minute adjustments like a man walking on a rope with a balancing pole? Some day we shall learn how to do everything without moving at all, just as the Almighty himself might be supposed to do; and in fact, just as the Supreme is represented as doing in the Eastern Scriptures. We are told in those books that the supreme Self in man accomplishes all things without disturbing himself in the least; and such a balance of character is held up to us as an ideal.

We waste a vast amount of energy in worrying beforehand; and this energy not only does no good but does actual harm to the results in view. When the time comes, we accomplish the result easily and without the least regard to anything we have worried about. We could have done better, had we not worried at all. A certain man, who was called in the night for watchman duty, used to spend the time in worrying over what he had to do the next day; until it occurred to him —“ If I had not been called, I should have slept through the night, and my next day's duties would not have suffered in the least; then why am I worrying now? ” And he is still trying to get all the meat out of that lesson. We are always afraid that when the time comes we will not be able to do the thing; this is fear, and it is a disease. All the above goes to show that it takes a strong and energetic character to keep still, and the man who makes the most dust may be the weakest.

UNREASONABLE PRAYERS

ONE reason why our prayers are not always answered may be suggested by the following nature-study. Two little birds are seen making a great noise; but closer inspection reveals the fact that all the noise is being made by one of them. This one, though the same size as the other, is a young bird, and the other is its father. The youngster keeps up a continual hullabaloo, dancing around the other and opening his beak over the beak of his parent. He is clamoring to be fed; but the older bird preserves a stony indifference, as the little comedy goes on for half-an-hour or more. How heartless is that parent, one might say; but he knows his business. The young bird is fully competent to find his own food, and in his own interests must be made to do so. Hence the parent is doing for his offspring the kindest thing he can possibly do, although, to accomplish it, he has to harden his little heart and deafen his little ear. How often do we find ourselves in the position of the fledgling, clamoring to high

heaven for something we think we ought to have; and how often does high heaven do its duty by refusing us! The lesson, too, should not be lost upon those responsible for the care of youth, for true kindness does not always mean yielding to entreaties. If the old bird had treated his child as some parents treat their children, that young bird would have starved to death when his father died.

ALTRUISM IN NATURE

HERBERT SPENCER says: "If we define altruism as being all action which, in the normal course of things, benefits others instead of benefiting self, then from the dawn of life altruism has been no less essential than egoism."

So much for the "Nature, red in tooth and claw" theory of the universe. And all who have watched animals must agree. Man's attempts to justify his own weaknesses by trying to find them in nature do not seem very successful. Then there is the old saying of Dr. Watts, the hymnologist of a bygone age, to the effect that what may be right and proper in a dog may be extremely wrong and improper in a human being, for the simple reason that a dog is a dog and a human being is not; or, as he phrased it:

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to.

And though the rest escapes our memory, it was to the effect that children's hands were not made "to tear each other's eyes." But Herbert Spencer goes further and says that not even dogs always bark and bite. Pure selfishness is really unthinkable; and the question is greatly complicated by the difficulty there is in defining the word "self." A man who acts in the interest of another, usually does so quite naturally and because he feels that his own self extends a little further than the limits of his own body and includes a portion of that other person. Altruism is acting in the interests of a larger self. Birds in an aviary may be seen to feed birds at liberty by pushing food through the wires. It is not to be supposed that these birds go through any sort of moral self-examination. They are probably rather hazy in their ideas of "mine and thine," and are mostly concerned with putting good food where it belongs — that is, into empty craws.

The lesson of the above would seem to be that we can be altruistic because it is natural, and that we are not obliged to be selfish!

HIGHER REALMS OF SCIENCE

FROM time to time books are written criticising the method of modern science from a philosophical point of view. As this method relies upon the evidence of the corporeal senses for its data, it is not qualified for discovering the nature of "things in themselves," but can only discern and investigate the attributes of things in themselves. Therefore, it should rest content with arranging the relationships among the various phenomena it studies, and leave the question of the nature of matter and energy in themselves to other lines of inquiry. Such is the familiar argument, and it is true enough; but it would seem that too great and sudden a leap is made from the physical phenomena of matter to matter in itself. In other words, there is a tacit assumption that, if we get behind the physical attributes of matter, we shall arrive at matter itself. But why may there not be intermediate stages — many of them? Nay, is it not probable that there are many such stages? The phenomena studied by modern science are related to the corporeal senses, and matter (whatever it may be) has certain qualities which are so co-ordinated with those senses that corporeal sensation and perception arise. If matter be divested of these attributes, it will no longer be perceptible by the corporeal senses, having been deprived of visibility, tangibility, and so forth. But may it not still have other qualities, of such a nature as to render it still perceptible, though to senses other than the corporeal ones? If an act of perception, or of cognition, involves an interaction between an object and a perceiving or cognizing faculty, such an act may surely take place without its being concerned with the corporeal senses. The process of thinking seems to consist in the cognition by a certain mental faculty of certain *objects* which certainly are not physical. In other words, we think thoughts, in much the same way as we see sights. For such an act of thinking, two things at least are necessary: the mental faculty which perceives the thought-object, and the thought-object itself which is thus cognized. Such thought-objects, according to some philosophers, exist in *time* but not in *space*; and certainly they are in no way related to *physical* space, though it may be possible to define time (or this kind of time) as space of another kind.

We are now brought up to a point where we can appreciate some remarks of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, where she affirms that there are higher regions of nature open to systematic investiga-

tion, but concerned with senses and perceptions higher than those of the physical body of man, and correspondingly dealing with subtler qualities of nature. And she declares that this science is not speculative but the outcome of actual experience. She insists, however, of course, upon the necessity of using these finer senses ere that new world of perception can be entered upon.

At this point, probably, readers will wonder whether we are going to speculate indefinitely upon this theme, with many interesting suggestions that lead nowhere, or whether we intend to say anything that will lead to practical results. Having heard about the existence of higher realms of nature, and finer faculties in man wherewith to investigate these realms, they will want to be put in the way of exploring these unknown and romantic regions. The idea of higher powers will tempt them. But H. P. Blavatsky wrote her books in such a way that the information to be gained from them is duly proportioned to the progress which the student makes in the ethical part of her teachings; and consequently the student who is not prepared to make the necessary sacrifices on the altar of knowledge remains more or less in the dark as regards what he would consider as practical information. Yet the field is always open for the student who desires to enter upon the path of self-discipline, which is the essential preliminary to a development of such finer senses as have been alluded to. We are duly warned also that it is possible to force on a premature development of some of the finer senses, but that this always results in disaster and delay to the student; as his development then becomes top-heavy, and he lacks the power to deal with his novel circumstances. Psychic powers are not wanted in a world such as this, where they would be used to push business advantages, to fascinate the object of one's desire, or perhaps in the attempt to invoke deities on behalf of national aspirations. Hence what is here said is not for the purpose of helping people along such a path, but for the purpose of commenting upon the scientific view of the universe and comparing it with the view taken by the author of *The Secret Doctrine*. Nevertheless, the prospect of so much knowledge and development of faculties, awaiting us in the future, may inspire our efforts to overcome those weaknesses which now bar our path; though for the present we may find enough to do in making sure of the ground on which we stand before advancing into unexplored regions and finding ourselves destitute of resources or with our communications cut.

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER XIII

FLEEING THE LAW



WHEN Herbert Milton stepped out into the early dusk he had no settled plan of action. He had been sitting at a card table in the rear of a saloon when one of his most disreputable companions came in and warned him of the impending arrest, and immediately vanished, as he had excellent reasons of his own for avoiding any of the police force.

Since that moment Bert's brain had been in a whirl. Only one thought stood out clearly: to escape. That he was innocent gave him no sense of security. Many innocent men had been hanged, and many more had dragged through long weary years of imprisonment. For the first time in his life he knew what fear meant. A horrible nightmare of terror seemed to be crushing and benumbing all his faculties. But soon he realized that he must throw off this feeling of stupor and act; act speedily and secretly.

He went home by the most unfrequented streets to possess himself of a few valuables and any money he had. Here Mrs. Weitman had come to his aid. When he emerged from the house he looked up and down to see if any officer of the law were in sight, the first time he had ever consciously given a thought to a policeman. Instinctively he turned toward the quieter streets and walked briskly along, devoutly hoping that no one would recognize him. After a while he found himself at a station, where a train stood ready for departure. But he dared not go to the lighted window to purchase a ticket. Walking around the train on the darker side he noticed the door of a baggage car open. "All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the wheels began to revolve. Suddenly it seemed to Bert that this was his last and only chance of safety. If he missed it he would immediately feel the cold hard clutch of the law. He made a desperate rush and leap for the door, caught, swinging almost under the wheels, and finally, as the train was gaining full speed, dragged himself up and into the car. Here, breathless and trembling, he crouched down among the boxes, trunks, and baskets.

Here Bert sat until midnight, dreading discovery at any moment. Then there was a stop at a small station, and he heard a passenger asking for his baggage. So he crept out as he had come in and stood shivering in the shadow of the station-house while the train rushed

on again into the darkness. Two men stood on the platform and one of them accosted the man who had just left the train.

"Hear any news in town?" he asked carelessly.

"No, nothing, only the bank robbery. They think they've got one of them."

"Yes, we've been waiting to see if the other was on this train. But he wasn't."

"Well, you're a smart couple, sure. Didn't you see that fellow with a grip that went off t'other side the station-house?"

"Blazes, no! We'll —"

Bert waited to hear no more, but dashed off through the darkness toward the utter blackness that marked the pine woods. He heard his pursuers close behind him and ran as he had never run before, even when he had won in the college races. But when he gained the edge of the forest he was obliged to slacken his speed, for in the inky darkness he stumbled over stumps and logs, ran against trees and fell on the slippery pine needles. It appeared that none of them were making much headway; and the two officers had lost each other, for he heard one calling to the other. The answering call made his heart stand still, it was so close at his side.

Scarcely daring to breathe, he leaped against a great tree, and heard the two men moving toward each other.

"This is no good," said one. "We'd better get our horses and wait till daylight. We can soon overhaul him then. I'll bet it's just some tramp anyhow. He must have been stealing a ride on the brakes for we know our man wasn't in any of the passenger cars; and he'd travel like a gentleman."

"I guess you're right. But we'll take a look in the morning. Let's get back to the station."

When the footsteps and voices had died away, Bert sat down at the foot of the tree. He was not unused to the forests and hills, as he had tramped and camped in the woods with his classmates several vacations. If he only knew where he was! But one thing was certain: he could not remain where he was. Rising to his feet he felt himself stiff and lame, and remembered that many hours had passed since he had tasted food. He also felt a strong craving for a glass of liquor; would not have cared what kind, for Bert had drunk far

more deeply than any of his friends had ever imagined. Taking up his valise he trudged on in an opposite direction to that taken by his pursuers.

In an hour the first faint streaks of dawn appeared and the weary traveler found himself on the bank of a small stream. He threw himself down to wait for more light to find a way of crossing; but overcome with weariness he fell into a sound sleep from which he did not awake until the sun was two hours high. He went to the edge of the stream and looked up and down. A short distance above he saw that a rude bridge spanned the water. While wondering if he might dare to cross on it he saw two horsemen approaching it from the other bank. He hastily drew back among the bushes, feeling certain they were the pursuers of the night before. Watching them cross the bridge, he saw them turn their horses' heads in his direction.

Bert ran down the stream looking for a place shallow enough to wade and also for cover on the other side. Plunging in, he found the water not more than two or three feet in depth, and only a few yards in width. Unfortunately, when in midstream, he stepped on a rolling stone and fell headlong, losing his hold on the suitcase, which was whirled away down the stream. Recovering himself, he reached a spot where overhanging bushes dipped into the water, and scrambling up the bank, sank down breathless and exhausted. A few minutes after the two riders passed on the other side, so near that he could hear their voices, though he could not distinguish the words.

The loss of his valise was serious; but he felt that he was now safe from immediate danger of pursuit, and decided to look for some house where he could procure food. The road from the bridge must lead to human habitations.

Thoroughly drenched and cold, he started on his way, keeping near the road, but still walking among the trees. When he had gone several miles he saw the smoke ascending from the chimney of a log cabin in a little hollow a quarter of a mile from the road. As he approached a young girl came to the door, looking wonderingly at him, and he proffered a request for food.

"There's nobody here but me," said the girl; "but dad an' mam never 'low to let anybody go way from here hungry: so jist come inside an' I reckon I can fix up a bite o' somethin' for you."

Bert entered the cabin and was glad to find a fire in a wide clean hearth.

"Take this cheer," said the young hostess. "You seem to be kind o' wet."

"Yes indeed," replied Bert. "I fell into the creek some distance back."

"Land sakes!" cried the girl; "be you goin' fur?"

"Well, we don't know just how far we are going," said Bert, glibly lying. "You see a few of us fellows have been camping and hunting, and yesterday I got off alone and stayed till dark and then lost my way. I slept in a thicket very comfortably, but this morning I got wet and had no breakfast; nor supper, last night."

"La me!" said the girl. "Well, you jist dry out here by the fire an' I'll git you up somethin' quick."

Soon from the lean-to, a shed built against the cabin, came the fragrant odor of coffee and the smell of frying ham; and presently the girl came in and placed upon the table corn-bread, ham and eggs, fried hominy, honey, and coffee. It seemed to the hungry fugitive that he had never partaken of a meal so delicious. He was almost ashamed to eat as ravenously as he did, but the girl, with true mountain hospitality, kept urging him to take more. How gladly would Bert have lingered if he had dared. But when fed and thoroughly dry he felt obliged to depart. The girl insisted on putting up some bread and slices of ham for him, laughing and saying:

"'Cause you might git lost agin an' git no supper."

He felt that to offer her money would be an insult; so with heartfelt thanks he turned away and took up his weary wanderings.

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A week later, on a cold rainy night, Mrs. Hewit and Anne sat in the clean bright kitchen before a glowing fire. Anne was knitting, and the former sat as she often did, with hands idly folded, gazing into the bright blaze.

"Anne," said Mrs. Hewit, "I hear somebody outen the porch."

"No, Aunt Polly," replied the girl, "it's only the wind or the cat."

Mrs. Hewit sat still with her eyes turned to the small window near the door.

"Anne!" she cried suddenly, "it's somebody — a face — like a dead man's — at the window!"

Anne sprang up, dropping her work on the floor. She went to the door, but hesitated to open it. She felt a sudden premonition of something tragic about to occur. Looking around, she saw Aunt

Polly's white eager face close beside her; then she laid a trembling hand on the latch and flung wide the door. There, crouching beside it was a dripping, ragged creature, his face fallen forward on his drawn-up knees, and his white, corpse-like hands pressed against the wet floor.

"Oh, good heavens!" cried the girl.

"Who is it?" said Mrs. Hewit in a tense whisper, peering out at the still figure. "Is he dead? Is it somebody they've hung?"

"No, Aunt Polly," replied Anne, rallying her courage and common sense, "it's some pore creature sorely in need of help. Oh, how I wish Dave was here. Do you think, Aunt Polly, we can get him in to the fire. He's perishin' of wet and cold. I'll spread a blanket on the floor and we'll try to git him in. Come and help, Aunt Polly."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hewit, taking hold of the man's arm, "come in an' git warm if you ain't dead. But if you are dead you can't git warm any more; an' we'll have to make a place for you like Jimmy's."

Anne took the other arm, and the man raised his head and with the help of the two women struggled to his feet, and they led him in and up to the fire. Anne picked up the blanket and in its stead drew up a big armchair, into which he sank with a deep sigh.

"I 'spose you're hungry as well as cold an' tired," said Mrs. Hewit, suddenly resuming her practical, capable manner. "He needs something warm, Anne; heat some soup for him first, and then we'll git him somthin' more."

Anne brought a basin of the soup left from dinner and set it over some hot coals to warm. Then she brought a bowl and spoon and placed them, with bread, upon the table. Then, seeing that Mrs. Hewit was quite herself for the time being, she took a lantern and hurried over the path that led to the cabin of Dave.

They soon returned to find the stranger devouring bread and cold meat and eagerly swallowing the steaming coffee which Mrs. Hewit had made for him. After he had finished his supper he gazed moodily into the fire for a few minutes and then, looking around at the faces about him, he spoke abruptly:

"I might as well tell you," he said, "that I am being hunted as a robber and a murderer. For more than a week I have been followed by two men determined to hand me over to the hangman for the reward offered, though I am not guilty of either offense. Half-a-dozen times I have escaped by a hair's-breadth! I have been frozen and fam-

ished, at night without fire or bed, and for days without food. I cannot longer endure such hardships. No doubt my pursuers are not far off. Now will you give me up to them or will you help to conceal me?"

Mrs. Hewit had risen from her seat and stood drawn up to her full height. A lurid light burned in her eyes as she turned them on Dave and Anne and then looked at the stranger.

"No, young man," she said: "you'll not be given up to the law that hangs the innocent and the guilty alike. Let the men come to me who are willing to sell men's lives for money and I will answer them. Dave an' Anne think as I do."

Bert looked at each face, then turned away to hide the tears that rushed to his eyes.

"Dave," said Mrs. Hewit, "you take him home with you tonight an' tomorrow we'll see to a hiding-place we all know of."

That night, for the first time since he left the city, Bert lay down to rest feeling safe and warm.

(To be continued)



PROBABLY the most profoundly impressive exhibit in the Panama-California Exposition is to be found in the large hall devoted to Central American antiquities. Here may be seen magnificent full-sized and exact reproductions of the principal monolithic Mayan stelae at Quiriguá, with other figures and tablets, as well as large models of the temples and pyramids at Palenque, Quiriguá, Uxmal, Chichen-Itza, Copán, etc. In addition there is an extensive model of the whole district from Chiapas and Guatemala to Yucatan. No less arresting is a series of large water-color paintings which show these pyramids and temples amid their natural surroundings at each of the sites. These are simply fascinating.

The method by which Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, Director of the School of American Archaeology, obtained these splendid copies of the stelae, is fully described in the *Scientific American Supplement* of July 24. The model of the temple at Chichen-Itza seems designed to destroy the beholder's sense of time, duties, or pleasures. One almost wonders whether, after all, the Egyptians really understood how to combine symbolism and sacred purpose with solidity and beauty. J.



VISIT OF DR. GEORGE W. CHADWICK, OF BOSTON, TO LOMALAND



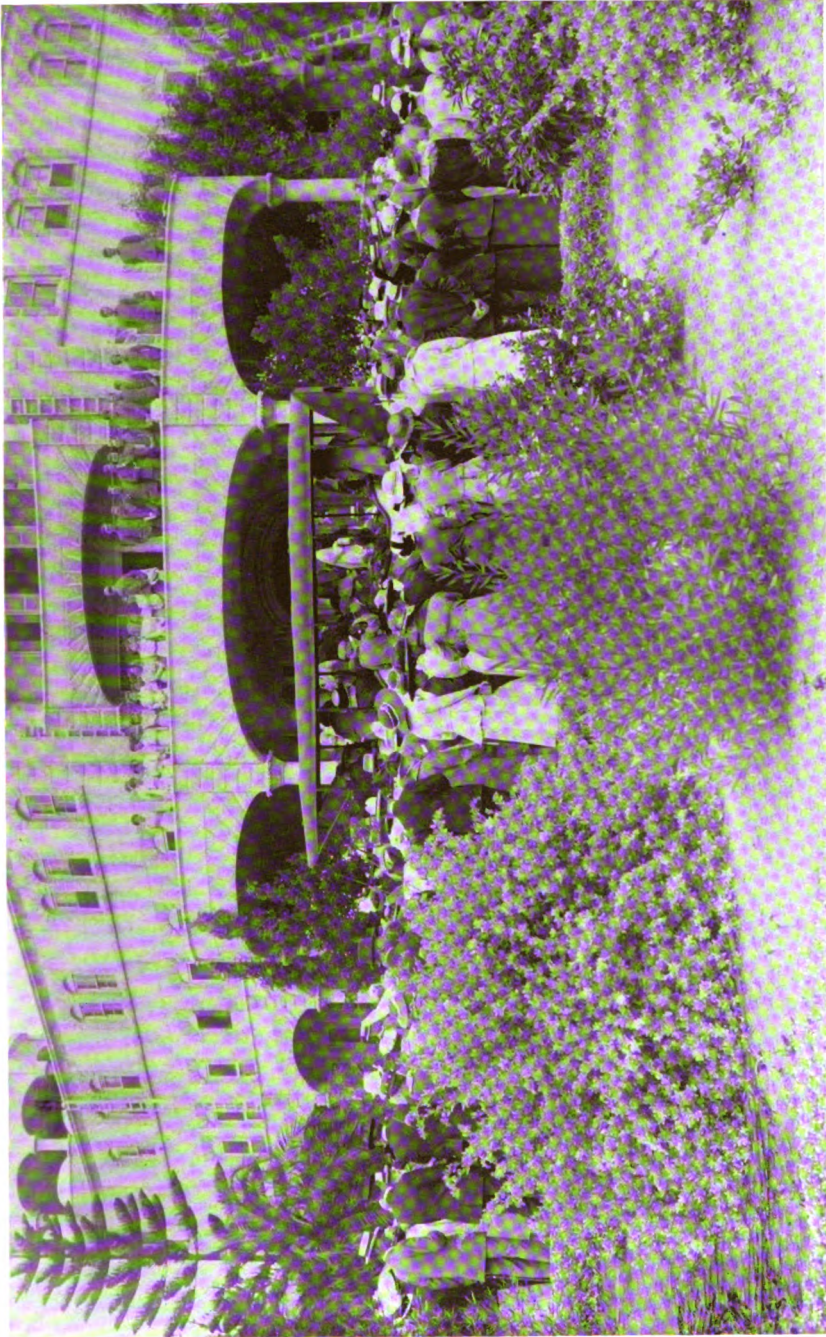
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VISIT OF HONORABLE WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN TO LOMALAND



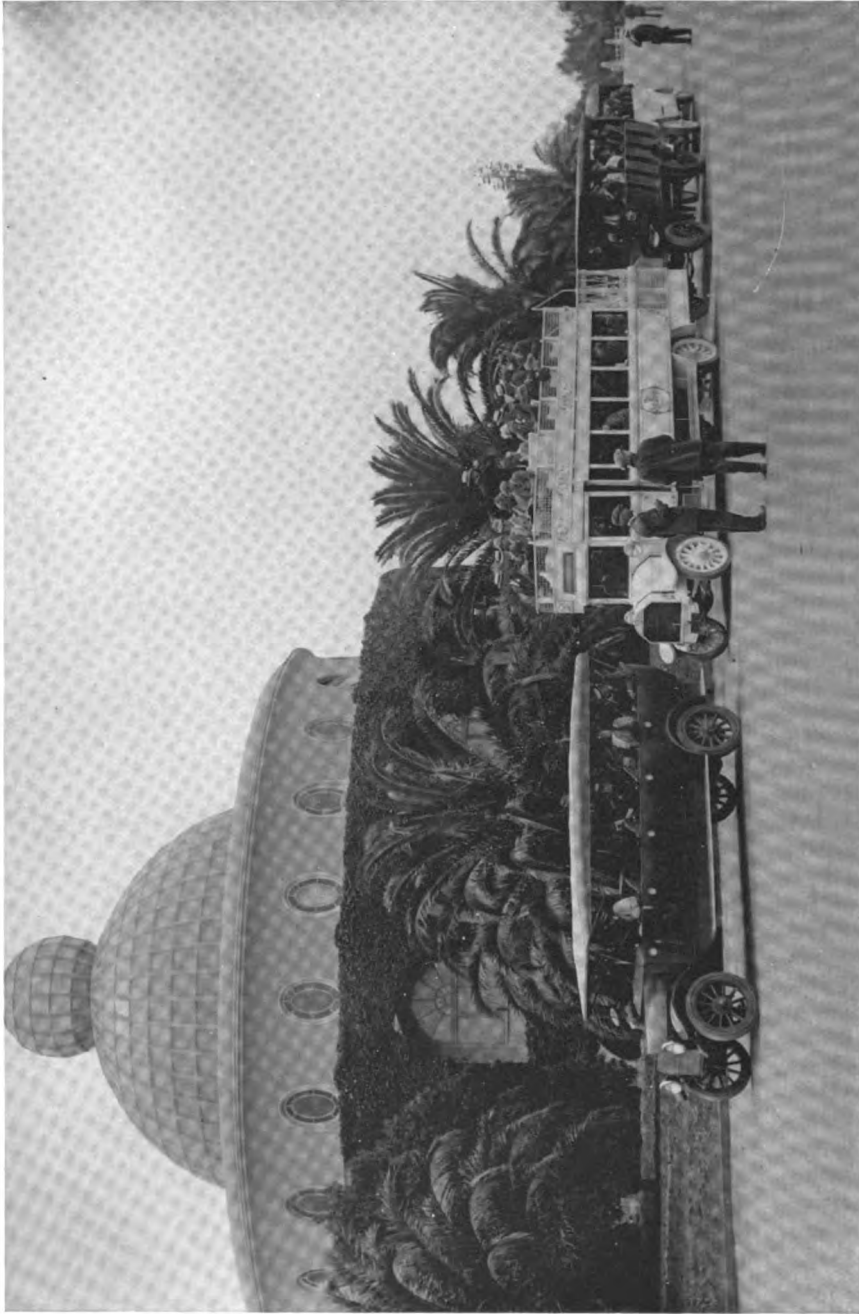
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VISIT OF MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION TO LOMALAND
Guests being entertained with songs by the Rāja-Yoga International Chorus in front of the Rāja-Yoga Academy



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ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PRECEDING SUBJECT



London Photo. & Engraving Dept.

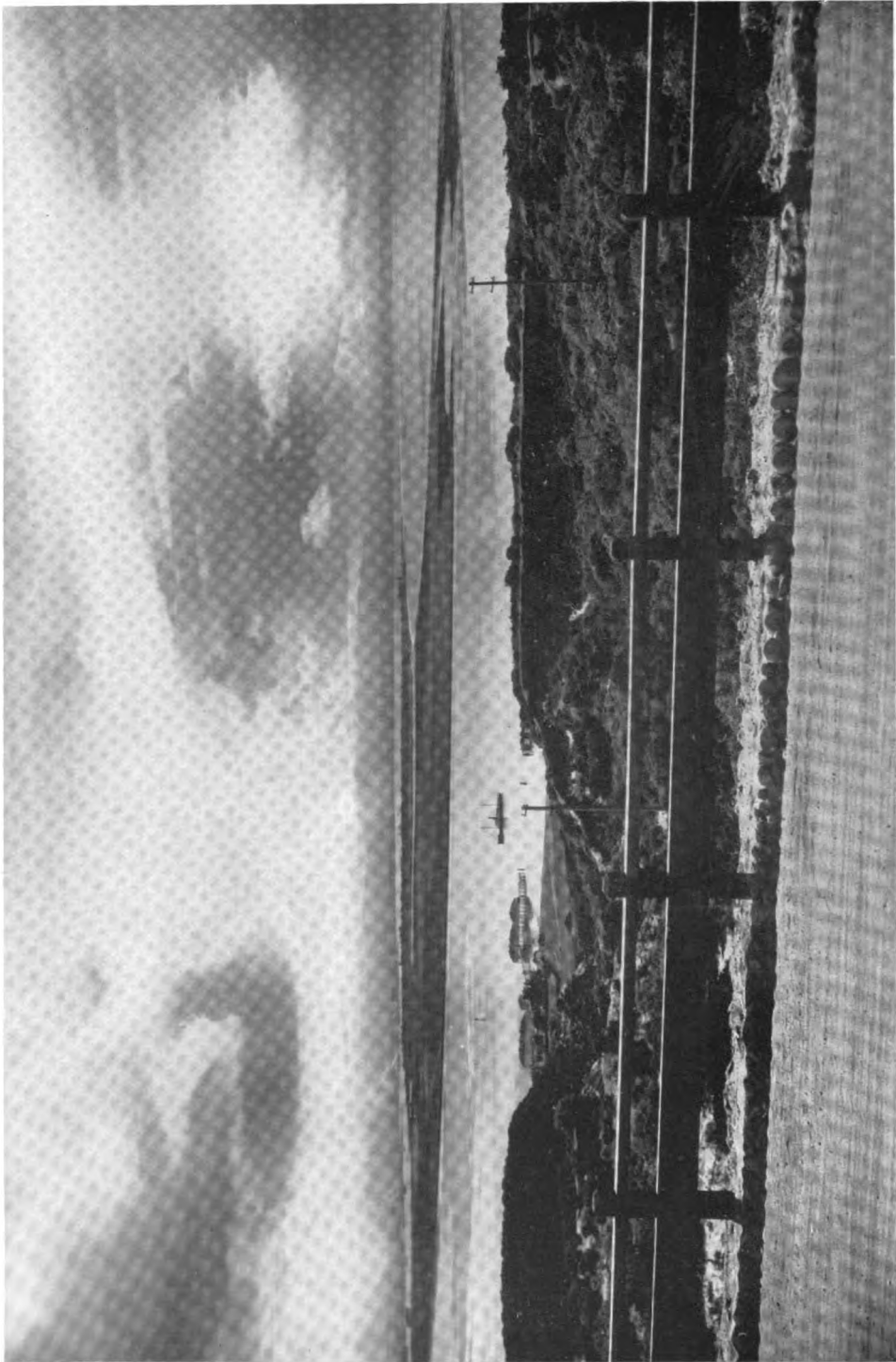
MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION ABOUT TO LEAVE THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



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AN AFTERNOON RECEPTION AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

Automobiles of guests parked on the grounds



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LOOKING OVER THE ENTRANCE TO SAN DIEGO BAY AT CORONADO ISLAND AND AT
SAN DIEGO BEYOND, FROM POINT LOMA

PARLIAMENT OF PEACE AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. PRELIMINARY REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS (*concluded from August issue*): **by Recorder**



AS was briefly stated in the last issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, an important public meeting of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood was held at Isis Theater on the evening of Sunday, July 18th. The assembly had an especial interest from the fact that on the platform were two distinguished representative women from the opposing and warring nations, namely: Frau Rega Hellmann of Berlin, and Mrs. Philip Snowden of London. Seated on the stage were also Mme. Olivia Petersen, representative for France, Professor and Mme. de Lange, delegates from Holland; Honorable and Mrs. Torsten Hedlund, and Mr. Carl Ramberg, of Gothenburg, Mrs. Walo von Greyerz of Stockholm, Dr. Erik Bogren of Helsingborg, Oswald Sirén, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Art in the University of Stockholm, delegates from Sweden; and Mr. Walo von Greyerz, representative for Switzerland. The Mayor of San Diego was officially represented by Judge William R. Andrews, and there were also present Mr. John B. Osborn, officially representing Hon. Perry W. Weidner 33°, Sovereign Grand Inspector-General for Southern California and Arizona of Scottish Rite Masonry, Mr. Eugene Daney, President of the Bar Association of San Diego, Mrs. Grace Duffie Boylan, author and journalist, of Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Josephine Page Wright, President of the Women's Press Club of San Diego, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Spalding, the latter being President of the Woman's International Theosophical League; and the following officers of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood: Mr. Clark Thurston, Vice-President, Mr. Frank Knoche, Treasurer, and Mrs. W. A. Dunn, Chairman of the Women's Reception Committee.

The meeting was presided over by Mme. Katherine Tingley, Foundress-President of the Peace Parliament, and after the introduction of the Delegates, she called upon Judge Andrews, who said:

Delegates to this Parliament of Peace from Europe and America: Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have the honor, on account of the absence of the Mayor from the City, of extending to you a few words of welcome, on the part of the people of the City of San Diego.

The City of San Diego is only a small city; but you must not measure the

degree of welcome by the size of the population. I am sure that when you come to understand them rightly, you will find that they welcome, as you do, the sentiment which has brought you here into this city and caused this assemblage here tonight. We not only welcome you to the streets of our city, but we welcome you to this field of endeavor.

I want to remind you that in latitudes such as this, some of the world's greatest battles and some of its greatest conquests have been won. It is a strange thing that about this line of latitude, from the Mediterranean to the shores of the Pacific, there should have been such a field of endeavor as we are witnessing here at this time; sometimes the clash of arms, but always behind it the inspiration of a desire for better things.

As an American, I am sorry that we are handicapped as we are in this country, with the effort on the part of our citizens to make profit out of the unfortunate situation in Europe. I allude to the trade in the contraband of war. It is a thing which is unholy in the extreme. The money which we get in this way is dripping with the blood of our fellows, not of our fellow-citizens, but of our brothers. It is unholy money; it is all vibrant with the voice of the new-made widow and the orphans that have been left in this way; and it brings to us a sense of degradation and shame, from which we will never recover until we succeed, as a people, in winning these unfortunate friends of ours across in those fields of Europe, to the peace that they ought to have.

Friends, you are very, very welcome; and I hope that this occasion will be a source of inspiration to you to bring things to such a crisis that we shall have peace indeed. (Applause)

Mrs. Anna von Greyerz spoke on "Woman and the Peace-Makers." She said in part:

If woman wishes to become a peace-maker, she surely would do best to begin with the very first step, that is, trying to realize what peace is. Do we have peace in our own hearts, in our own homes, in our own countries? If not, how can we expect peace with other nations? If there is strife and hatred within, the outward results naturally must be of the same kind.

Where is woman's responsibility for the present conditions in the world? Has she not always been the home-maker, the mother and educator? Has woman the right to blame others for results which she herself has helped to create? Surely, woman needs not to wait for new laws, more power; she needs not call herself helpless; she has the same power now as in past ages—it is deeply rooted in the home-life of every nation: the power to build the future of her people through the education of her children and the influence of her home.

Thus woman's way to help the peace-makers would be not only to desire peace and to talk about peace, but to create an atmosphere of peace in her daily life; so to inspire her family with the blessings of peace, that they would carry this influence out into the world and make war an impossibility. For every step which woman takes in this direction, she will gain more knowledge of her

own nature and her own possibilities, and through the light of constant love and compassion she will be able to understand more and more fully not only the real needs of her children, but of the whole human family.

The Chairman next called upon Mrs. Grace Duffie Boylan to recite again her peace poem, "Hosanna and Huzza," which she had written specially for the Peace Parliament. This poem was first recited by the authoress at the Parliament of Peace Assembly at Isis Theater, June 23d, and was published in the last issue of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*.

The next speaker was Hon. Torsten Hedlund, representative for Central Sweden of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood. He said, in part:

The question of permanent peace is a very difficult one. I think it cannot be that many people believe that it is in the plan of the Almighty that there shall be war among the people. I believe in higher forces, and I think that the Almighty Power is always on the side of the higher nature of man. Therefore it seems to me that the reason why the world has failed so many times, is because the higher nature in man has not always been awake and active in all that he has done. . . . We must look at the peace question as a matter of education, education of such a kind that will help man to attain to true light and liberation.

Mr. Carl Ramberg said that he brought peace greetings from the Scandinavian nations of Europe, who were proud of having hoisted the peace flag at the beginning of the war, and of standing by it, as I am sure they will, to the very end.

I think it is a most interesting fact that the women all over the world are beginning to take such a prominent part in peace work. Only today I received some newspapers from my far-away country, and in them I read that on the 27th day of June, all over Sweden, from the high north down to the southern part, the women assembled to cry out to the world that they do not want any more war, that they are longing for peace, and that they are working for a Permanent Peace. And here, under these sunny skies, in this beautiful country of flowers, it has been a woman, Mme. Katherine Tingley, who has started this peace work of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood.

There is one thing to be remembered about this war, which is bringing so much suffering to all the nations of the world, and to all the members of those nations, namely, that the war is a result of mistakes and misunderstandings; and the greatest mistake is to believe in treaties and written or spoken proclamations of peace. There will be no peace in the world so long as there is a fighting spirit within the mind of man.

Mme. Tingley then arose to introduce Frau Rega Hellmann of Germany and Mrs. Philip Snowden of England, and said:

Before introducing our next speaker, I wish to make a few remarks in connexion with an experience that I had when I attended the Conference of Women Workers for Promoting Permanent Peace, in San Francisco, within the last ten days. I have been present at many interesting conventions, and attended large conferences of people who were working for peace. I was at the World's Peace Congress at The Hague, just before the war, and met many of the earnest workers from different countries. On each of the occasions there was something most impressive, inspiring indeed, showing what a wonderful force there is in the united spirit of unselfish work; but I was quite carried off my feet in San Francisco at the public meeting there.

In Dr. Aked's Church (the First Congregational Church of San Francisco) on the platform there was a magnificent body of women representatives of different countries, women of great scholarship and experience, and with a tremendous amount of real love for humanity—brought together in the Conference at the call of that noble-hearted world-worker for Peace, Mrs. May Wright Sewall. They were all enthusiastically doing their part in a certain way; but there were two women that stood out prominently before me, Frau Rega Hellmann representing Germany, and Mrs. Philip Snowden representing England. I had met them, talked with them, but before they uttered a word they seemed to be the representatives of their countries in a most special way, and for a purpose possibly greater than they knew.

I considered this a good omen—I am not superstitious—but it was an omen of good. There was a great and real promise in it, and as I looked at these representatives, I felt tears in my heart, and my voice trembled with inexpressible joy when I addressed that interesting audience. And then when they spoke, it seemed to me as if all the people of those two countries had sent these two messengers to the United States, to call the American people to their duty, (applause) to call for a halt, a cessation of this awful warfare, (applause) and in their eloquence to urge America to take a stand more determinedly for peace, and to waste no time in doing it.

So I feel that after Frau Rega Hellmann and Mrs. Philip Snowden have spoken tonight, you will say that I was right all the way through; that there is a tremendous amount of good going to result simply from these two noble workers joining hands for Peace at this critical time in the world's history. And when you realize that we have other representatives of England and Germany here, and representatives of other countries—of France, Holland, Switzerland and Sweden, who have come this great distance across the water, when all is so dangerous, to work here in this Conference, you must know that we are going to do something that will tell for Peace in the future. (Applause)

I trust you will watch the proceedings of the Parliament of Peace. It will take time to evolve the means to help the warring countries. Possibly we shall do something before we talk about it; and if we do, you will realize that this convocation and the many convocations of the Peace Parliament, and the meetings and assemblies that we have held, are going to accomplish something good for the different warring countries in such a way that I believe that there will

be great rejoicings; for I am not ready to believe that the warring nations are fighting on that principle or on those principles which they have advocated all through their lives. They are supposed to be Christian countries, believing in the immortality of the soul and in Deity, and yet on the outer plane slaughtering each other. It is a terrible drama; it is a shocking one; it is almost too much to bear; but let me tell you, ere long the tide will turn and there will be a glorious revelation and an evidence of the beginning of a Permanent Peace. (Applause)

Mme. Tingley then called upon Frau Rega Hellmann, who read an address on "Germany's International Contributions," and then upon Mrs. Philip Snowden, who spoke on "Peace." Each of these speakers, at the conclusion of her address, was greeted with applause, and Madame Tingley placed upon the shoulders of each a garland of flowers. Frau Hellmann said in part:

I often hear it said, and perhaps many of you believe, that since this awful conflict, our Godlike conceptions of justice and humanity have been warped and lost. I wish the world might be convinced that this is not so. The German people are not Huns—they have not reverted to barbarism; it is the whole political world which is gone mad.

I assure you that the German women feel the deepest sorrow for the blood that is being shed in all the countries—even in the countries of their enemies. And that is the reason I am here; to speak to you, to ask you to help in removing this prejudice which is being spread. Help us to bring order out of this chaos, so that we shall never again have this wholesale misunderstanding.

The greatest help could be given—the most far-reaching—by the American women and your American newspapers. If you would preach Love and Humanitarianism with the energy which is being spent in the contrary thought—the feeling would change radically. Of course there are some fine exceptions, but the press as a whole has not used its influence to help harmonize and re-unite the peoples.

The American and German mothers have much to rejoice over in common, and in this dark hour, I say it with my heart, we must feel together and work together to find ourselves in relationships as mothers, with common interests and common ideals.

There is no better way than for us to study to understand each other and reach with sympathy to each other, that we may exchange our highest gifts for the blessing of our children and mankind. You must take of your best and do the same. Let us strive to bring this love of the highest in each country clearer to the view of each other's country. As the nations import the best foods, the best stuffs, the best artists, so let us also exchange our best hearts and minds, and refuse the chaff which the whirlwind of distrust and confusion is apt to throw into our national eyes. We mothers, if we will it, can do this, and we must grasp every means by which we may bridge over the gulf which

now seems to exist between nation and nation, and through which we all lose and suffer together. We mothers have imagination and we can comprehend the terrible agonies which the separate national masses of humanity suffer in the awful tragedy of Europe.

Mrs. Philip Snowden said in part:

I join with every speaker that has preceded me and regard as most important, as absolutely essential, a right attitude of mind and spirit to begin with. We must honestly and earnestly will peace as we have willed war and war conditions in the past. We must do that first, and from that work out to all these other things, to apply our wisdom, to apply our desire to all the great affairs and activities of human life. And I want to finish on a note of appeal, as my sister from Germany did. . . . I know you have the root of the matter within you and I appeal to those who may have been touched into activity to attend here tonight. What can you do in this neutral country? You can stop the word of hatred upon the lips of your friends; you can keep your country out of this war — no matter what the provocation. We shall want your assistance when the war is over — not the one nation, but all. You cannot be our just judge if you soil and stain your own hands. Listen not to the newspaper talk about the injury to your honor. No one can injure your honor. You can only dishonor yourself. (Applause)

Let us then take up the task eternal, the burden and the message. We know we are only weak and frail instruments for such a task, but confident of the righteousness of our cause, let us never turn our backs,

“Never doubting clouds will break, never dreaming wrong will triumph.” To fight better in the realms of the mind and of the spirit, to fight better, confident as we are and as we must be, in the righteousness and the nobility of our cause, let us go on, the consecrated men and the consecrated women, certain that by and by, that cause, the eternal cause of our common humanity, shall be carried to a crowning and triumphant victory. (Applause)

The closing remarks were made by Madame Tingley, who said:

The hour is late, and I would much rather leave the splendid impression of this evening's program as it is; but as I have been named to speak, I will present a few words.

You have all heard the splendid expressions of loyalty to the great cause of Peace; you have had in part in a most clear and logical manner presented to you some of the immediate causes of the great disaster across the water — that terrible war.

Although we call ours a great civilization, you must know absolutely in your minds and hearts that we are not, as a people, civilized; for if we were, it would be impossible for this war to be. (Applause)

So it is necessary for us to get at the real meaning of the word civilization, and to study it in its different aspects, and from the different points of experience in our individual, national and international life; and when we begin to do this,

we shall immediately find ourselves trying to reach out beyond the present into the past, to the basic causes, to the first seed that was sown, that brought about this painful separation of interests of the human family. When we have reached this point of discernment, we shall then find that man has not found his place in life, neither has woman. Thousands are reaching out for their true positions in life; but they have not yet attained them; and that is why our civilization, so-called, is but half-civilization.

We must awaken to the needs of the world's children, and then we shall find, if we are honest in our research, that the first step of disintegration among the early tribes and peoples was not desire for territory in the beginning, it was not desire for position or possessions; it was not commercialism; but it was the curse of difference in religion. (Applause) When the simple teachings of the Wisdom-Religion were no longer accepted by the people of the world in all their simplicity and beauty and spirituality, then the brain-mind of man set up forms and dogmas and creeds, that have crushed out the spirituality of humanity, and left it awry, wrecked on the ocean of life.

So the separation, that was begun ages and ages ago, and is the very seed of these differences, and of the love of conquest, is a part of our make-up and in our very blood. We are the progeny of the preceding generation, and that generation was the progeny of the generation preceding it, and on and on; and in spite of the touches of culture, the magnificent evidences we have of the power of man's intellect, we have lost sight of the immortal side of man, of the spiritual man, the godlike man, the man that has the power to stand before the world as a God, to think as a God, to live as a God, to work as a God, and to love as a God. (Applause)

IN connexion with the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, an International Parliament of Peace Day was celebrated at the Panama-California Exposition, on July 20th. This was arranged for by Mr. G. A. Davidson, the President, and the Board of Directors of the Exposition. At their request, Madame Tingley assisted in arranging the program. The *Evening Tribune* of July 19, in announcing the program, spoke of it as follows:

Perhaps the most spectacular and significant event, as well as the most timely, of the Exposition year, will be the celebration of the International Parliament of Peace Day at the Exposition tomorrow.

In the grand pageant were carried the flags of all nations and the banners which had been previously displayed in the grand procession of the Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, September 28, 1914, and also in the Parliament of Peace Pageant at the Lomaland Headquarters and adjoining boulevard, June 23d. The pageant was formed in Balboa Park, just outside the western entrance to the Exposition grounds. At 8 o'clock it entered the grounds over the Cabrillo Bridge,

to the Plaza de Panama, where it passed in review of the President and Officials of the Exposition, the representative of the Mayor of the city, and Mme. Katherine Tingley, Foundress-President of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, and the foreign delegates, who were assembled on the spacious platform in front of the great open-air organ. The following report was published in the *San Diego Union* of July 21st:

PEACE DAY AT PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION

INTERNATIONAL PARLIAMENT PROGRAM STIRS ENTHUSIASM;
MADAME TINGLEY'S APPEAL GREETED BY APPLAUSE;
ANCIENT LEGEND DEPICTED

STIRRED by a plea for Universal Peace by Madame Katherine Tingley, Foundress-President of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, and head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, at the Spreckels' Music Pavilion, Panama-California Exposition, last night, thirty-five hundred persons gave vent to enthusiastic applause, showing their resentment towards war and their hope for a peace which will encircle the earth.

Madame Tingley was the last speaker on a long program, but the audience had patiently waited her appearance. When she was announced by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, who acted as chairman of the meeting, she was greeted heartily and after her spontaneous talk, which seemed to spring straight from her heart, the audience evidenced its enthusiasm.

PEACE DAY SUCCESS

International Parliament of Peace Day, held under the auspices of the Panama-California Exposition and aided by the strong society for the furtherance of Peace, of which Madame Katherine Tingley is the head, which ended with the Peace Pageant and exercises at the Organ Pavilion last night, was a great success.

The official welcome was extended by President G. A. Davidson, of the Exposition. He said he deemed it a privilege to sit on the platform with the distinguished people present and Madame Katherine Tingley, Foundress of the International Peace Parliament. After the President's welcome came the Peace Pageant, one of the prettiest pageants held at the Fair since its opening.

PAGEANT GIVEN CHEERS

Bearing every token of Peace—the olive branch, the dove, flowers, birds,—children and young women of the Râja-Yoga School passed in review before the audience, which cheered them on their way. The flags of every nation were carried; there were peace banners bearing inscriptions which called for Peace, there were messengers of peace, torch-bearers of the nations. The pageant represented the Lomaland Division of the great procession held on the Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, originated by Madame Tingley, and celebrated in San Diego September 28, last year.

The colors, violet, purple and yellow, were conspicuous in the procession as well as in the audience. These colors — Peace colors — were adopted by Madame Tingley some years ago, when she began her work for world-peace.

The flag tribute to Peace, done on the organ platform by young pupils of the Râja-Yoga School, was one of the prettiest events of the evening. Flags of various nations were placed in an altar of flowers by the girls and remained there during the evening.

A group of Râja-Yoga girls, slightly older than those who appeared in the flag drill, gave a floral wreath exercise, which won applause.

One of the features of the evening was the ceremony of the Seven Kings, an old Swedish tradition. It represented a prophecy of permanent Peace. As seven beech trees will grow from one root, seven kings will come from seven kingdoms. Under a tree, transplanted to the Plaza de los Estados, the kings, dressed in the style of long ago, establish permanent Peace by signing their treaty and sticking their swords into the ground, leaving them there.

"ODE TO PEACE" SUNG

This ceremony was accompanied by Dudley Buck's *Ode to Peace*, sung by the Râja-Yoga International Chorus at the Spreckels' Organ. In the parade each king, dressed in a style to represent his own empire, was seated upon a horse. And it is worthy of mention that all costumes worn in the pageant last night were made at the Theosophical Headquarters.

Professor Daniel de Lange of Amsterdam, Holland, Corresponding Secretary for Holland of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, and Madame de Lange-Gouda, were called upon for responses. They spoke briefly for Peace.

Carl Ramberg of Gothenburg, Sweden, National Representative for Western and Central Sweden of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood; Mrs. Torsten Hedlund, also of Gothenburg, Sweden; Lieut. Walo von Greyerz, Stockholm, Sweden, National Representative for Switzerland of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood; Dr. Erik Bogren of Helsingborg, Sweden, representing the same organization in Southern Sweden; Prof. Oswald Sirén, Ph.D., Professor of the History of Art at the University of Stockholm; Mrs. Philip Snowden, a prominent peace advocate of England; Frau Rega Hellmann, a peace worker of Germany, were other speakers.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Chairman of the Organizing Committee of the International Conference of Women Workers to Promote Permanent Peace, who spoke at the Exposition some weeks ago, and who was to have delivered an address at the meeting last night, was unable to attend.

TRIBUTE PAID FAIR

Madame Katherine Tingley began her address with a tribute to the Panama-California Exposition and its buildings. She said that the style of architecture denoted in a measure happiness and peace. She then made an eloquent plea for peace which made itself felt to the most remote section of the audience. She was in splendid voice and could be heard plainly much further than the seats extended. She said she was sure that means of promoting peace must

come, in part at least, from America and the great peace-loving American people.

If terms of peace could be placed rightly before the governments of Germany, England, France, Russia, Italy, Austria, she was sure war would cease in a remarkably short time. She pictured war scenes in stirring language and said that if the American people could see only one half-hour of war, each one of them would feel that they must make some personal effort to stop it.

The meeting ended with a cantata, *The Peace Pipe*, from Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha," which was set to music by Rex Dunn, a student at the Râja-Yoga College.

At the conclusion of the exercises by the Râja-Yoga pupils and the symbolic enactment of the Legend of Vadstena, the Chairman, Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, Director of Archaeological Exhibits at the Panama-California Exposition, called upon Judge William R. Andrews, Official Representative of the Mayor of San Diego. Judge Andrews spoke as follows:

On behalf of the Mayor it is my privilege to express to the delegates who have come to this Parliament, some of them from great distances at great danger to themselves, for the purpose of participating in the expression of the hope for world's peace, which we are all praying for, that it is the wish of the Mayor that these people should feel themselves welcome here; and it is the wish of the Mayor in addition to that, that at this time, by these evidences of what men can do in times of peace, there might be a lesson of peace. There are things that are around us tonight, such as we have not thought about before. Behold all this beauty; it is what men can do when they are working for the cause of peace. (Applause)

I wish to express also to you, Mme. Tingley, the appreciation of the people of San Diego for the inauguration of this world-wide Peace Movement in this city. This is an occasion never to be forgotten. It is full of inspiration as well as beauty, full of the gladness and the happy work of man.

The Chairman next introduced Professor Daniel de Lange, Corresponding Secretary for Holland of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, who said:

As a representative of Holland, I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks for the wonderful reception offered to the European delegates on this memorable and eventful evening. The suggestions received here today, and in the last few weeks during the sessions of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, appear to our minds as a promise of a more radiant future, a future of Permanent Peace. This is our impression, because it is as if we were living in an atmosphere of Universal Love.

If perhaps, skeptically, the world should ask: "Can there come any good from San Diego?"—remember that similar words were uttered when in olden times the message of Love was brought to the world; and we will answer this

question by saying, that from San Diego, in the far west of America, a message of Universal and Eternal Love will reach humanity, and that only this message can bring Permanent Peace to the human race.

This is the message I shall take to my country from beautiful San Diego.

Mr. Carl Ramberg, of Gothenburg, was next called upon to speak on behalf of the delegates from Sweden. Speaking of the Panama-California Exposition, he said:

I congratulate you for the great results achieved through the strength of the human will and human intelligence guided by the strength of the soul, through the manifestation of the same noble spirit that you have extended to the International Parliament of Peace recently held at Point Loma.

On this special Peace Day, within the gates of the Exposition, on behalf of the Swedish delegates, I extend to you, Mr. President, and the other Directors of the Board of this Exposition, and to you, representative of the Mayor of San Diego, our warmest thanks. Our work and yours have a common object: to bring into action the good progressive forces of life. We know that the awakening of such forces will mean a great step towards bringing peace and good will towards all men. Verily, the good forces can be aroused and will be brought into activity, in spite of the world's present state of hatred and strife; for these things are real: perseverance, courage and love. (Applause)

Chairman: It would be a pleasure if you could hear from the other distinguished representatives from Sweden; but as time does not permit, we at least may have the opportunity of giving them our greetings. I wish to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Torsten Hedlund of Gothenburg, (they rose and bowed); likewise Lieut. and Mrs. Walo von Greyerz; likewise Dr. Erik Bogren of Helsingborg; also Prof. Osvald Sirén of Stockholm.

Always we have had to look to the women for the preservation of the race. It looks as though we must again look to the women of the world for the preservation of peace. We have the honor of introducing to you Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of Mr. Philip Snowden, member of the British Parliament.

Mrs. Snowden: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I want in a very few words, because this is not an occasion for long speeches, to join my thanks to those of my fellow delegates for the very kindly welcome we have had into your midst by the Exposition authorities and by the Mayor of the city.

I cannot pretend to rival the eloquence of Mr. Ramberg in recalling to you your just meed of praise; but you will understand all that I would say, when I tell you that to see your beautiful exposition and your wonderful institution, to see you is an inspiration and to know you is a liberal education. In my experience, to spend any time amidst surroundings so exquisitely beautiful has been a great pleasure; and the thought that has been present with me during the whole time of my visit has been one of oscillation between the peace, beauty and splendor of your own, and the sorrow and sadness and suffering of my country and of other countries engaged in this terrific conflict.

Our Chairman was good enough to say, to imply, that much must be expected

of the women of the world; and as a woman, I make everywhere my special appeal to women, not because I believe them to be any better than men, for I do not, but because I believe that they have not given one-tenth of their energy, their power, their great gifts, towards the solution of this and kindred problems.

Just before I left home, I heard a woman, a friend of mine, a distinguished English publicist, tell a true story, a story of a relative of her own recently come from the front. He said to her: 'The most terrible thing in my ears was not the sound of the great guns, not even the sight that was so terrible of the dead bodies upon the battle-field; but the thing that was the great piercing, appalling horror of my soul, was the cries after the ceasing of the gun-fire of the boys upon the battle-field, crying for their mothers, the wounded boys on the battle-field crying out for the being who loves them the best. And, said my friend, it matters not to this man—sometimes the cry was for "mother" and sometimes the cry was for "mutter"—it matters not; it went to my heart like a sword itself. It came to my consciousness as never before that perhaps the boys and the men were crying out as they never cried before to the consecrated, collective motherhood of the world, to save them from the awful system in which they themselves have become involved. (Applause)

I appeal to you, to you men and women of San Diego, to believe what is true, that nothing has anywhere, at any time, been achieved by warfare that could not have been achieved without warfare. (Applause)

I believe also that it is possible to achieve what the poet has aspired to, a condition of things when

"The war drums beat no longer
And the battle flag is furled,
In the Parliament of Man,
The Federation of the World." (Applause)

Chairman: We shall now have the pleasure of hearing from the famous peace advocate of Germany, Frau Rega Hellmann.

Frau Hellmann: To the President and Directors of the Panama-California Exposition, to the Mayor's representative and to the citizens of San Diego:

I beg to express my most sincere and heart-felt appreciation for the courtesies you have accorded me, and through me, to my beloved Fatherland, Germany. Would that I could command the English language, that I might tell you more clearly the interest that I have in your beautiful California, and also in America. This is a new country in comparison to the countries of the Old World, and America above all other countries at this time, should be able to present to the foreign countries, your most peaceful and brotherly disposition. America could, if it would, become the beacon-light of the nations, the fore-runner of true internationalism! The warring nations need our sympathy, and we should be slow to judge them, for we are not yet acquainted with the hidden causes that lie back of their present distress and suffering. I would ask the citizens of America to withhold their judgment of my country until they can know it as I do, until they can judge it from different standpoints.

Real, permanent peace is a glorious ideal to strive for; but not until humanity has peace in its heart will there be peace for all nations; but because humanity has for so long been without the strength of inner, divine peace, today man is bitterly and cruelly destroying his brother.

We people of the present age talk of our progressive civilization; but most surely we have lost the secret of right living. Could we bring forth that light of wisdom that has been promised us and that might have been ours, to guide our footsteps, we should not hesitate to act in calling all neutral nations to join together for a cessation of war.

I wonder what word I can say that will add a new link to the great chain of hope and love for a permanent peace. Whose hearts can I touch tonight with my pleading? How can I find the magic power within myself to arouse my listeners to a larger sympathy for poor Europe? How can the strength be found that will force the men and women of neutral nations to declare themselves, and to do it quickly, that this war shall cease?

Oh! the horror of it all—to see the youth of our age cut off in all their strength, energy, and promise, by this cruel monster, war—to see the homes of the suffering all over Europe, to see the sorrow and the despair that is there, are enough to move a heart of stone! But to picture the greater horrors that must come after the war, is almost too much to bear.

So I plead with you to throw yourselves into the arena of unselfish effort, that you may send forth, ere another day has passed, help to your suffering brothers and sisters across the waters, and thus begin to establish Permanent Peace.

The Chairman then called upon Mme. Tingley, whom he introduced as Foundress-President of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood—one who belonged not only to San Diego, not only to the United States, but to the world. Mme. Tingley spoke as follows:

Friends: It gives me very great pleasure to express my gratitude to Mr. Davidson, the President of the Panama-California Exposition, and to the Directors of the Exposition, and also to Mayor Capps, who so kindly and cordially has sent Judge Andrews to represent him here tonight, and to all who are participating in this occasion.

I feel that you have realized long before this, that it is the spirit in which we undertake any work that alone can accomplish the results that we hope for. It is not possible for these Peace delegates, who have come so far across the water from different countries to take part in this peace work, to tell you, even in their best moments, what lies in their hearts; but I can assure you that I have followed them in the different sessions of our Congress, and also have observed our distinguished German and English delegates in the Conference of Women Workers at San Francisco; and I have felt that California, through its welcome to the peoples of all countries at this time, was building for the future the Mecca of the world. (Applause)

I came here eighteen years ago, on my trip around the world, to establish the Headquarters of our International Theosophical work. This work is a peace work in the truest sense, for it is based upon universal brotherhood as a fact in nature, and is for the common interest of all races. With me there came quite a number of people of different nationalities, some of them old students under Mme. H. P. Blavatsky. We came with an earnest purpose and in the spirit of noble service, but at that time there was little in this part of Southern California to attract one to living here, except the glorious climate and the wonderful possibilities that were hidden, so to speak, behind the scenes. San Diego one could compare to a little mining town at that time; but when one realizes the wonderful work that has been done in that number of years to advance the general interests of this part of the country by those who have been attracted here, one can readily say, without any stretch of imagination, that it promises to be as I declared fifteen years ago, the modern Athens of the world. (Applause)

This Exposition is surely an inspiration in itself. I have visited many expositions in America and other parts of the world, but I have never seen anything that could approximate the beauty and dignity of this Panama-California Exposition. (Applause) In the beauty and harmony of the architecture alone we can find many sermons; for it is often in the silence that we find the best in life. In our silent moments, in our contemplation of and touch with nature, we can often reach the Heart Doctrine in ourselves and in the lives of humanity, when words give nothing — and so it is here in these beautiful and inspiring surroundings. The spirit that lies behind this work is an inspiration to human life; and long years after this Exposition is closed, the world shall know of the great educative efforts that have been made by those who initiated the plan of this Exposition and have sustained it.

It is international in spirit, it is international in all its character and presentation; and I am delighted to know that some of the Exposition buildings will remain permanently, to the honor of California. I hope that before many years, the tourists who are here now will return, and will find the hills, miles and miles out beyond here, covered with similar architecture.

This Exposition has started a new line of thought on the beauty and utility of public service; and it is in this spirit that we think of peace today; it is this spirit that lies deep in our hearts, it is this which can grow and evolve through our best efforts for peace, which can bring about glorious and superb results for the wide world — through unity of spirit, and determination that is bound to bring success.

The man who turned the first shovelful of earth for the building of the Exposition was a pioneer in the truest sense, and from that act the greater work has followed. So tonight here, with this great concourse of people, it is possible to arouse a spirit of enthusiasm, of dignity, and of inspiration, that will create a new atmosphere of peace for the world. You will not only take it to your homes and into your lives and into San Diego, but as you go out in thought to other countries, you can carry this new life with you. For thought is a mighty thing, and the heart doctrine and the inspiration of man's higher nature within can place

men and women in positions of noble service they little dream of. So, with the inspiration of the hour and the harmony that we now feel in this beautiful environment, can we not dream of great possibilities resulting from this Peace Convocation? May not our thoughts go out to those on the battle-field, and in the desolate homes in Europe, and reach those suffering people and tell them that we are not unmindful of their suffering, that we have not forgotten them, that we are going to do something and that we shall do it soon? (Applause)

It is the same urge that has been singing in my heart ever since the war began, that if the American people could realize their power as a nation, their superb possibilities as workers for peace, they would find a way to call a halt in the war, a cessation of strife, until calmness would follow, and such counsels could be presented at the Hague, that would impress those people who today seem to be the promoters of the war. I believe in humanity, in its divinity; I never judge a man or a woman entirely by the outer aspects of life; and I am telling you something that might trouble the few, it might trouble some of the people across the water, but I absolutely know in my heart that the Czar of Russia, the Kaiser of Germany, the King of England, and the President of France, would open their hearts and hands, and welcome a plan for peace that was properly presented, and put in such a way that their dignity and their sense of honor — their sense of national honor — would not be affected. (Applause)

Men are the sons of mothers, these warring men are the sons of mothers; and the fathers and the mothers, deep in their natures, I know are hungry, hungry for an open way, by which they may turn aside from blood and slaughter, and see once more peace reigning in the world. (Applause)

We must go slow in judging the nations, or the leaders of the nations, or the warring people; we must go slow lest by unfair criticism we impede the progress of humanity and the work of peace. Partisanship has no place in America in connexion with the war. We should be a united people, realizing the suffering that now exists in Europe, and further realizing that we are challenged to stand forth as humanitarians, as internationalists, and as merciful men and women in service to our brothers across the water.

If, by some magic process, we could give you a glimpse of even one hour of warfare do you believe that you could sit calmly here tonight? And I tell you that it is the separateness of the human race, that has been growing for so many years, that has brought us to the state of inertia in which America is at present. We as a people are in a negative state, we are not positive men and women; we are depending on somebody else to do our duty.

So my message is, and I shall keep on ringing it out until the war ceases: Oh ye men and women of the American nation, choose your way of rendering service to all that lives; call a halt and do it quickly; and when you reach that point of expression, the whole world shall know that America is aroused, not in opposition, not in antagonism, but in the spirit of splendid, soulful co-operation, that means success for the peace work of the world, and a glorious unity for the human race, for all time. (Continued applause)



F. J. Dick, Editor

ISIS THEATER MEETINGS

SUNDAY evening meetings in the Isis Theater, San Diego, have been drawing crowded houses for months. Madame Tingley was the principal speaker at most of them. Some extracts from press reports follow.

MADAME TINGLEY CALLS WAR BLOT ON HISTORY

As usual, Mme. Tingley devoted her remarks largely to the war in Europe. She told of the many letters she receives from her representatives abroad and said that just a few minutes before the opening of the meeting she had read one that was particularly shocking, from the representative of the Universal Brotherhood in Geneva, Switzerland. The letter told of one batch of fourteen men to whom the representative was ministering. The fourteen men had only fourteen legs!

"Somebody said," Mme. Tingley quoted from the letter, "that I should look into a clothes-basket among them. There I found a man with both legs gone, one arm and one eye, and he was being sent home in a clothes-basket. This man evidenced that he had been above the average in physique—he had a splendidly shaped head and a face that showed refinement and education. He said, pathetically: 'I am going home to my wife and children.'"

"There you have one of hundreds and thousands of examples of the awful conditions. What a blot on history!"

Mme. Tingley spoke strongly against shipments of munitions of war being made from this country to the warring nations of Europe and asked how this country could call itself neutral while it furnished the bullets and shells with which the combatants were killing each other.—*San Diego Union*, July 26, 1915.



REVENGEFUL GOD THEORY SCORED BY THEOSOPHIST

Mme. Katherine Tingley addressed a large audience at Isis Theater last night.

People were so timid with regard to spiritual things, she said, although so bold in financial ventures, and they allowed themselves to be psychologized through the influence of fear—fear of death, fear of public opinion. A psychological wave was going all over the country, and San Diego was having its part in it. The people were being told that God was a personal God, a revengeful God, that he would punish them and that as there was a heaven, so there was a hell; and all this still going on in the Twentieth Century, when we were supposed to have liberty of religious thought and opinion in this country. This psychological influence was being instilled into the people, old and young, and even the little children—the ideas of hell and eternal punishment and a personal, revengeful God.

Mme. Tingley expressed the belief that spreading such doctrines broadcast through-

out the country, when people were supposed to have reached a stage of enlightenment that placed them above such narrow and reactionary doctrines, would result in more crime and more vice, instead of improvement in the souls of men.

"We have been told," said Mme. Tingley, "that the Kingdom of Heaven is within. If that is so, then the Kingdom of Hell is also within our own natures. But there is no heaven or hell on our path to interfere with our evolution unless we ourselves so will it."—*San Diego Union*, August 9, 1915



TOTS SHOW VALUE OF RĀJA-YOGA EDUCATION

CHILDREN UNDER SEVEN YEARS DEMONSTRATE ADEPTNESS AT MATHEMATICS

MME. TINGLEY SPEAKS; CLEVER YOUNGSTERS RECITE AND

COUNT IN GERMAN, FRENCH AND SPANISH

Mme. Katherine Tingley's first talk in her series on "The Rāja-Yoga System Contrasted with the Fads and Fancies of Modern Education," at the Isis Theater last night, was heard by an audience that filled every seat in the house, while many were turned away.

Mme. Tingley gave many insights into the system of education originated by her. Practical class-work demonstrations by children of the Primary Department of the Rāja-Yoga School at Point Loma, some of them being less than three years old, and none, apparently, over eight or ten, was a feature of the meeting. So far from the children showing evidence of having been "drilled" for the demonstration, it was evident from the natural little blunders and from their spontaneity that they were being instructed on the Isis Theater stage just as in the school at Point Loma. Not one of the least remarkable features was the perfect composure of the tots before the large audience, this in itself being a substantial evidence of the self-control that is an integral part of the education of the children under this system.

"School" was opened by a moment's silence. Music was played, after which the children recited a verse and then sang.

There was a mixed class in physiology which answered questions, such as why some children stand erect while others stoop, why food should be well masticated, what are the chief organs of the body, etc.

Some of the tots analysed the various parts of a lotus blossom held before them, and told what they knew about how plants breathed.

There was an animated demonstration of geography. The children were called upon, one by one, to name a flag and point out on a map where was located the corresponding country. Then geography was merged with a language recitation in having the pupils recite and count in Spanish, German and French; followed by a lengthy quotation in those languages and then in English without hesitation. This was by tots between three and six years old and provoked applause, as did, in fact, almost everything the children did, from beginning to end.

In the spelling lesson a boy and a girl, each two years old, spelled the word "attention" and identified the letters on the blackboard, and also the sentence, "We are Rāja-Yoga Boys and Girls." Then they wrote figures on the board.

Another class composed of children about seven or eight years of age was able to name the New England states, with their capital cities, and principal rivers. They gave a truly amazing exhibition of dexterity of adding, subtracting, multiplying, dividing, and even giving the square root of a long succession of figures rattled off with great rapidity.

The object of the demonstration, it was explained, was not to show superiority, but to give evidence that under a system of education which harmoniously developed all the faculties—body, mind and soul—the intellect became quickened naturally and without strain. The children did only a limited amount of actual brain studying.

Mme. Tingley told some remarkable things about her girlhood, probably never before publicly mentioned, and how it was that through the narrow New England training regarding original heaven, hell, and lack of understanding of the child-nature on the part of all around her, she had been driven into a state of rebellion and filled with a longing for a system of education that would appeal to the heart and intuition. She was still very small when she actually conceived the idea of some day establishing a school where children like herself could be taught in a way that would appeal to the child-nature; and some years later, after she had married, and her husband was entertaining General Fremont at lunch in their home at Washington, she told the general of the dream of her childhood for the establishment of such a school, but that she could not find the land of sunshine and ideal surroundings for the school as pictured in her dreams. General Fremont said that he knew such a place as she had described, and he told her of Point Loma.

Mme. Tingley said that one object of establishing the Râja-Yoga system of education was to bridge the gap between the home-life and the school. It was not a system that could be laid down in writing. It was a system for evolving each child as an individual, teaching him from the start to realize the duality of his nature. They were taught the difference between instinct and intuition. Under the Râja-Yoga system children were not permitted to follow their own inclinations, since those inclinations might as easily lead them into animal paths as into better paths. It required teachers who believed in the divinity of man, who lived the Theosophical life, who understood the duality of nature, and who loved their work. Anyone but a specially trained teacher and one living the life would not be able to make a success of attempting to teach the Râja-Yoga system.—*San Diego Union*, August 16, 1915



VISIT OF MEMBERS OF U. S. RIVERS AND HARBORS COMMITTEE TO THE GREEK THEATER, AUGUST 8, 1915

FIFTEEN members of the U. S. Rivers and Harbors Committee, with their wives, visited the International Theosophical Headquarters on the afternoon of August 8, accompanied by Hon. Edwin M. Capps, Mayor of San Diego, Hon. William Kettner, Member of Congress, and other representative citizens of San Diego. After being escorted through the grounds, a welcome was extended to them in the Greek Theater, on behalf of Mme. Katherine Tingley and the officers and members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, by Mr. J. H. Fussell, Secretary. A short program was given by some of the younger pupils of the Râja-Yoga School, at the conclusion of which the Hon. S. M. Sparkman, Chairman of the Committee, responded as follows:

This visit has been a great pleasure, I can assure you, to the members of the party with which I have had the pleasure of coming to this place. We have been in many places in California, and have witnessed many beautiful scenes; but I am sure that we have found none more beautiful, none that has been more interesting to us, than this place and this scene and the exercises that we have witnessed here. On behalf of the members of the Congressional Rivers and Harbors Committee who are visiting this State, and some of whom are here this afternoon, and for others for whom I may speak, I wish to return our sincere thanks to you for your very kind words of welcome, and for the opportunity that Mme. Tingley has afforded us to witness these exercises and to visit this beautiful place.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA HOLDS SESSION IN GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA

ADJOURNED sessions of the annual meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America (which began in San Francisco) were held in San Diego beginning August 11, on which day the members attending were the guests of Mme. Tingley and the Faculty of the Râja-Yoga College. The opening meeting, which was held in the Greek Theater, School of Antiquity, Point Loma, proved of exceptional interest, as the following extract from a press report shows.

The meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America on Wednesday evening at the Greek Theater on Point Loma was a memorable one for those who attended. The hospitality of Mme. Tingley and her people and the musical numbers of the Râja-Yoga Orchestra and Chorus were praised by the scholars.

Professor Hempl, the speaker of the evening, made public for the first time certain startling conclusions which he has reached in regard to the linguistic and racial history of the primitive people of Italy and Crete. He it was who first was able to read the ancient Etruscan inscriptions and prove that they were really written in the Latin language. He has developed a wholly new reading of the inscriptions found in Crete, tending to show that they were really written in Greek. He also has shown that some of the mysterious Hittite inscriptions are nothing more or less than Greek.

At the close of the address Prof. H. R. Fairclough said to the audience that they had had the privilege of listening to a discourse which was likely to become famous, as the views which Professor Hempl had expressed and was about to embody in a book would produce a profound sensation in the whole world of scholarship.

At the session of the Archaeological Institute yesterday afternoon at the Exposition the speakers were John P. Harrington, who probably knows more than any other living man about the antiquities and customs of the Mohave Indians, and William E. Gates of Point Loma, who has the distinction of possessing the largest collection in the world of books and manuscripts relating to the ancient Maya civilization. The closing sessions was held in the evening, at which Prof. Shipley gave an illustrated address on "Roman Portrait Sculpture." The address was followed by a reception at the woman's headquarters.—*San Diego Union*, August 13, 1915



POINT LOMA ATTRACTS THOUSANDS OF TOURISTS

MUSICAL AND OTHER ATTRACTIONS AT THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

Between 7000 and 8000 tourists visited the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma last month.

Among the prominent people who have visited the grounds during the last ten days are: Mr. and Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, ex-President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Governor and Mrs. Capper and party of Kansas, W. Y. Morgan, lieutenant-governor of Kansas, Professor Meier, Central University of Kentucky, Miss Bunah of the department of economics, University of Illinois, Mrs. Laura Wilson, president of New Mexico Federated Woman's Clubs, Mrs. Eugenia Rutherford, president of same body in Missouri, Mrs. Stella Skinner, lecturer in the North-western University, Evanston, Ill., and 120 members of the Phi Delta Kappa.—*San Diego Union*, August 7, 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

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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CONTENTS

OCTOBER 1915

At the Foot of the Cliffs, Point Loma, California	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Facts and Fancies about Reincarnation	H. T. Edge, M. A. 229
Scenes from the Presentation of <i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> in the Open-air Greek Theater, Point Loma, California (<i>illustrations</i>)	236-237
Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History, VIII	Kenneth Morris 237
Algiers the Beautiful (<i>illustrated</i>)	Lillian Whiting 248
Speech	R. Machell 253
The Driving Power in Nature	Cranstone Woodhead 257
The Lost Poet (<i>illustrated</i>)	Thomson J. Wildredge 263
Adversity	F. A. Neresheimer 273
Views at the International Theosophical Headquarters (<i>illustrations</i>)	276-277
Cariad I, My Darling (<i>verse</i>)	Kenneth Morris 277
Archaeology: Egypt and the Stone Age	H. Travers, M. A. 283
Views at the International Theosophical Headquarters (<i>illustrations</i>)	288-289
On the Other Side (<i>continued</i>)	Stanley Fitzpatrick 289
Screen of Time	298



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AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFFS, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA,
CALIFORNIA. WHEN THE TIDE IS OUT

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. IX

OCTOBER, 1915

NO. 4

THEY leave at length the nether gloom, and stand
Before the portals of a better land ;
To happier plains they come and fairer groves,
The seats of those whom Heaven, benignant, loves ;
A brighter day, a bluer ether, spreads
Its lucid depths above their favored heads ;
And, purged from mists that veil our earthly skies,
Shine suns and stars unseen by mortal eyes.—*Vergil*

FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT REINCARNATION:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



IN the *Progressive Thinker*, Chicago, July 3d, is an article on "Reincarnation and Spiritual Evolution," which is part of a controversy between an advocate of a doctrine on this subject and an inquirer. This particular article is a reply of the latter to the former; and in the absence of the other parts of the controversy, we can make but little out of this part. The writer, however, ends by propounding a set of questions, and by declaring that he seeks answers to them, not in a spirit of contention but in the sincere desire for information; and he says he would like them answered by "any Theosophist." In attempting to answer these questions, we find ourselves in a difficulty, because we do not understand them. It is clear that they refer to some theory combining spiritism with some form of belief in reincarnation and with something that has been called Theosophy; but being quite unfamiliar with this theory, we find the terminology used in the questions has no meaning for us; and it will be admitted that no one can answer a question until he knows what the question means. For example, we are asked: "What is the difference between a spirit and a spirit body?" These two terms are obviously expressions used by the advocate of this theory to denote certain views which he advocates;

but to us, who have not heard those views, they convey no meaning, and we are unable to answer the question. Again, when the question concerns the alleged reunion of families in the spirit-world, we have to confess ourselves equally in the dark. The best we can do, therefore, is to give a brief outline of the only doctrine of Reincarnation with which we are familiar — that taught by H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, the Founder of the Theosophical Society and her immediate successor in the Leadership of that Society, and accepted by Theosophists as an essential part of the Theosophical teachings as originally given and as still promulgated. And, as far as possible, we may base our remarks on the questions which the inquirer propounds.

To the question: "Is there on record a scientific demonstrated case of reincarnation of a human spirit," we reply that such matters do not come within the scope of modern science, but that this circumstance is no reason for rejecting the doctrine of Reincarnation. One has to take the world as one finds it and to endeavor to understand the problems of life to the best of one's ability by the use of one's intuition, reason, and other faculties. There is no scientific proof for any doctrine concerning the destiny of the soul and the state of man after death. The proof of such mysteries must be sought in a cultivation of our inner faculties; and until our eyes are opened to the truth, we have to rest content with an intellectual acceptance of the most reasonable belief — which is undoubtedly that of Reincarnation as taught by H. P. Blavatsky. Theosophists cannot be held responsible for the state of ignorance in which present-day humanity finds itself with regard to the mysteries of life and death, nor for the inadequacy of science to furnish anything which it regards as proof relating to these mysteries. On the contrary, Theosophists should be commended for their endeavors to give a satisfactory explanation of the problems of life and to relieve that ignorance; and we owe a great debt of gratitude to H. P. Blavatsky for bringing us the teaching of Reincarnation and for striving so hard to set our feet on the path of knowledge.

As these questions contain continual references to "spirits" and their supposed status between and during incarnations, it will be well to define the Theosophical teaching as to the reincarnating entity. That which incarnates is not the (so-called) personal man; the personality is built up during one period of earth-life, from infancy onwards, being composed of the experiences and memories accumulated during that period. Similarly, the personality decomposes after the

decease of the body. That part of man which is permanent, and which eventually acquires a new body and develops a new personality in its next earth-life, is the Individuality, the true Self or Ego. In our present *usual* state of ignorance we find ourselves unable to form any adequate conception of the nature of the true Self or Ego when stripped of all its earthly and personal belongings.

The next thing to say is that the doctrine of Reincarnation, as taught by H. P. Blavatsky, has naturally been utilized by various people as a basis for speculations and teachings of their own. This was what any man of the world would expect; for in this world every new and valuable thing is always thus exploited. Hence we find of course several different forms of Reincarnation, mingled with several different kinds of spiritism, often labeled with the name of Theosophy; and in short there are but few of the many systems of "occultism," "spiritism," "psychism," and new cosmic religions in general, which do not contain as part of their make-up a few fragments borrowed from the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky. For such, of course, Theosophists cannot be held responsible; on the contrary, it will be understood that Theosophists and Theosophy suffer a wrong, just as American commerce and reputation suffers a wrong when worthless goods are sold in Europe under the label of "American." We find ourselves under the necessity of rejecting the fallacies put forward under the name of Theosophy, while at the same time defending Theosophy itself. Reverting now to the topic of Reincarnation, we must point out that some people have sought to introduce a doctrine more conformable to human weaknesses and longings — a more "comforting" doctrine — a modified form of Reincarnation, adapted to the views of some spiritists; and naturally the principal feature of such doctrines is that it is possible for living people to communicate with the disembodied spirits of their departed relatives and friends. This particular idea is specially and strenuously combatted by H. P. Blavatsky in her exposition of the doctrine of Reincarnation (see *The Key to Theosophy*, and many other writings). Such a belief is likely to lead to spiritistic practices of a very deleterious kind; and this remark leads directly on to our next point, as follows.

Man does not die all at once, but after the death of the body, there is a second death. For, although the fact of his death must result in the separation of his principles, and the return of the Ego to its state of Spiritual consciousness, that process is somewhat retarded by the

slow disintegrative forces of nature. In other words there is a brief survival of the personality in a disembodied form, the lower principles of the man being held in coherence by the astral body, which has not yet disintegrated. The ancients were aware of this fact of the temporary survival of the "shade" or "spook," and always performed purificatory rites for the purpose of protecting both the living and the dead from the dangers incident to this condition. Certain forms of black magic (necromancy) were concerned with the evocation of shades and spooks from the astral realms in order to communicate as oracles with the living; but such practices were condemned as dangerous and even unclean. Modern spiritism has innocently revived some of these practices, and hence the danger of mediumship and séances, to which H. P. Blavatsky so frequently called attention. Such entities, being devoid of the higher parts of human nature, are conscienceless and have only an automatic intelligence — sufficient, however, to produce, in conjunction with the subconscious memory of the sitters, certain phenomena which scientific investigators, and even ordinary people, mistake for communications from the deceased.

We repeat — that the *personality* of man does not live on in the *spirit*-world and cannot be summoned thence to communicate with the living; and that any attempted evocation can but result in an opening of the door to undesirable and vampirizing entities from those regions where the astral remnants of man's lower nature are undergoing their natural decay — a danger to which eminent physicians have recently directed our serious attention. This leads us to say something about the nature of *personality*, *individuality*, and *memory*.

It has often been asked why we do not remember our past incarnations. To answer this, we must first distinguish between *memory* and *recollection*. Memory is the stored-up record of experiences, and recollection is the bringing back of memories into our present consciousness. Hence the memory of our past lives may be all stored up in some part of our nature, and yet we may be incapable of bringing it back to recollection. This incapacity, however, is not to be wondered at. The experiences of our last life took place in an entirely different *body*, with a different *brain*. They were not carried over as *conscious* recollections into this life at all; and upon the page of our infantile brain-mind were speedily written the gathered experiences pertaining to our present life. From that time on, we spent every day in adding fresh force and intensity to those present experiences, and in obliterated

ing every impression that might have any chance of surviving from the past. It may truly be said that the reason we fail to recollect is that we have not tried; and how hard and long would it not be necessary to try *now*, should we now desire to recollect those distant experiences of the Soul! We cannot carry our recollection back to the beginnings of this life, and much of our experience in this incarnation is obliterated. The recollecting of past lives constitutes an advanced stage in the initiation of a candidate to Knowledge, and presumes a degree of self-mastery that can only be the culmination of long and arduous endeavor. Presumptuous, assuredly, is he who cavils because this supreme revelation does not reward his first impatient questionings; while, should he advance his incapacity to recollect — should he make it a ground for rejecting the doctrine of Reincarnation — he alone is the sufferer and merits our pity for allowing his impatience to stand in the way of his learning.

But what we have said about memory is introductory to a definition of the words “personality” and “individuality” as used by Theosophy in this connexion. The *personality* of a man is the sense of self which he *develops* during each period of earth-life, and it is made up of the experiences and impressions of that period. In it there is just a spark of the true Self-hood; and the state of affairs may be compared to a transparent picture illuminated by a hidden light. The picture is the personality, and the light is a ray from the true Self. When the man dies, the picture disappears, but the light remains. This illustration is intended to indicate that, though the identity of man is preserved beyond death, the form in which it persists is not that of the familiar personality. We have here to do with a distinction — between individuality and personality — which requires much study and thought for its elucidation; but it is sufficient at present merely to state it, with a view to stressing the point that the *personality* does not survive, and that the *individuality*, which does survive, cannot be brought back to communicate by spiritism.

It is evident that any statement of the doctrine of Reincarnation will at once arouse in the mind of the inquirer many questions which seem to him difficult and to require an immediate answer; and it is equally evident that no such answers can be given without further study on the part of the inquirer. It is quite pertinent for us to refer to the analogy of any other advanced study, such as musical composition, or the infinitesimal calculus; in which subjects, any hasty question by

an inquirer would be answered by the presentation of a text-book accompanied by a monition to careful study. And so of Reincarnation; Theosophists have studied the doctrine for decades, in connexion with their daily experiences, both in the outer life of men and in the inner life of the mind; and they know more about it now than they did at first, while there is still much to be learned in the future. The same path can be recommended to the earnest inquirer, who is hereby asked, when an answer is given him, to carry it in his mind and reflect on it, with a view to searching out its significance and verifying it by his own judgment; instead of petulantly refusing it because it does not square with his previous notions. The doctrine of Reincarnation was not invented by H. P. Blavatsky, nor designed to satisfy anyone's notions of how things should be; but it was proclaimed by her as a fragment of truth calculated to solve many of the actual problems of life. Those who do not desire to investigate it or to profit by it, are thereby left to their own resources; and they must seek their own way of reconciling any quarrel which they have with the facts of life.

It is evident that a single earth-life of man is a mere fragment of a career, not begun at birth, and unfinished at death. The fact that our human nature compels us to seek knowledge, and yet hides the knowledge from us, shows us that this human nature is a compound of two sets of faculties, the ordinary reason and something higher and better. Self-study gives us abundant evidence that we are compact of both mortal and immortal elements. We find in ourselves powerful tendencies and proclivities which we did not generate in this life, and which go back of anything our parents have transmitted to us; for, however much may be due to physical heredity and to environment, the fact of personal originality must also be allowed for, or the human race would go on repeating itself in a monotonous uniformity, like the animals or some decaying race of men. Whence this originality and these stored-up tendencies? They are in fact the memories of past lives, transmitted, not as pictured recollections, but as intuitions and instincts. Again, we are sowing seeds whose harvest we shall never see in this life, yet which can only be reaped on earth, since it is with earth that they are concerned. All this demands the doctrine of Reincarnation for its adequate explanation; and those who can explain it in any better way are welcome.

For a solution of the mystery of suffering we must seek in Reincarnation. The Soul evidently undergoes suffering of its own volition

and for its own purposes. The only alternative explanation one can see is that suffering is decreed by the Almighty or by the indiscriminate hand of Nature or Chance. It is surely much better to believe that the Soul within knows and understands the why and wherefore of our experiences, and that it is possible for us to attain a ripper knowledge, when the mind shall know and understand and the wayward will shall consent.

The doctrine of Reincarnation is for those who believe that man contains an indestructible essence, for it is hardly possible to argue with one who professes to believe that the entire human being is forever extinguished when the body dies, or that it had its origin when the body was born in the womb. Shall we then be content with pious vagaries and dogmas that were made by and for simple people in by-gone ages; or shall we seek to use the faculties we have in order to find out more of the truth? The doctrine of Reincarnation, as taught by H. P. Blavatsky, is by a very long way the best explanation yet afforded of the mysteries of our existence; and its inherent truth gives it a force that compels attention even from the reluctant. There are many details to be filled in, comprising profound points upon which we should all like information; but we should be grateful that we have the teaching at all. If we desire more, we had better show ourselves worthy of the little we have. Teachers cannot help the race by pouring our information into us without stint; they can only give a little at a time, in proportion to our ability to absorb and utilize it. Already the little given out about Reincarnation has been perverted, as we have just seen. As regards the wish to know where one's departed relatives and friends are, and how they are doing, a reverent mind will realize that Souls cannot be dragged from their place of rest in order to satisfy the minds of people here, but that we must endeavor to *refine our own natures to the point of knowledge*. In the writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge will be found many particulars as to the constitution of man, the after-death states, etc.—into which we have not time to go here; they should be studied.

When a child is born, the parents should understand that they are thereby constituted the guardians of a Soul at a critical stage of its career, and that this Soul has a character and a destiny of its own. They should protect it and aid it to unfold its powers and realize its destiny; not regard it as a pet and try to mold it into their own impossible notions of what they would like it to be. This is just one

instance of the use of the teaching of Reincarnation. The whole aspect of human life would be changed if all men realized that the present life they are leading is part of an *eternal* career, and that the fancies of the brain and the temporal ambitions are as dust in the balance compared with what the Soul is achieving. Fear of death, love of riches, selfishness, and many other evils, would at once begin to decline from lack of sustenance; and new vistas of knowledge would open out if men would only co-operate in studying these deeper problems of their life.

Perhaps we have now said as much as can be expected, though we could go on indefinitely. It is only the shallow-minded who will think that, because on a first slight acquaintance with Reincarnation they can ask a multitude of questions (who could not?), therefore these questions cannot be answered. Those who are engaged in the study and promulgation of Theosophy are intelligent people who have thought and studied for long years; and the difficulties which occur to the inquirer are but a tithe of the puzzles encountered by the student in the course of his studies. But all these things are provided for, and the teaching has been found to be deep enough and vast enough to meet all possible requirements. The seven principles of man; what it is that incarnates; the states of the various principles after death; the condition of the Ego between incarnations; the relation of physical heredity to Reincarnation; the possibility of recognition between former friends; the workings of the law of Karma; the interval between incarnations — there is not space even to enumerate the branches of our subject; and the inquirer who asks questions, whether for the sake of information or in order that he may quickly dispose of the doctrine, will find that he has challenged a very capable champion. So here we will leave the matter to the earnest and intelligent student.

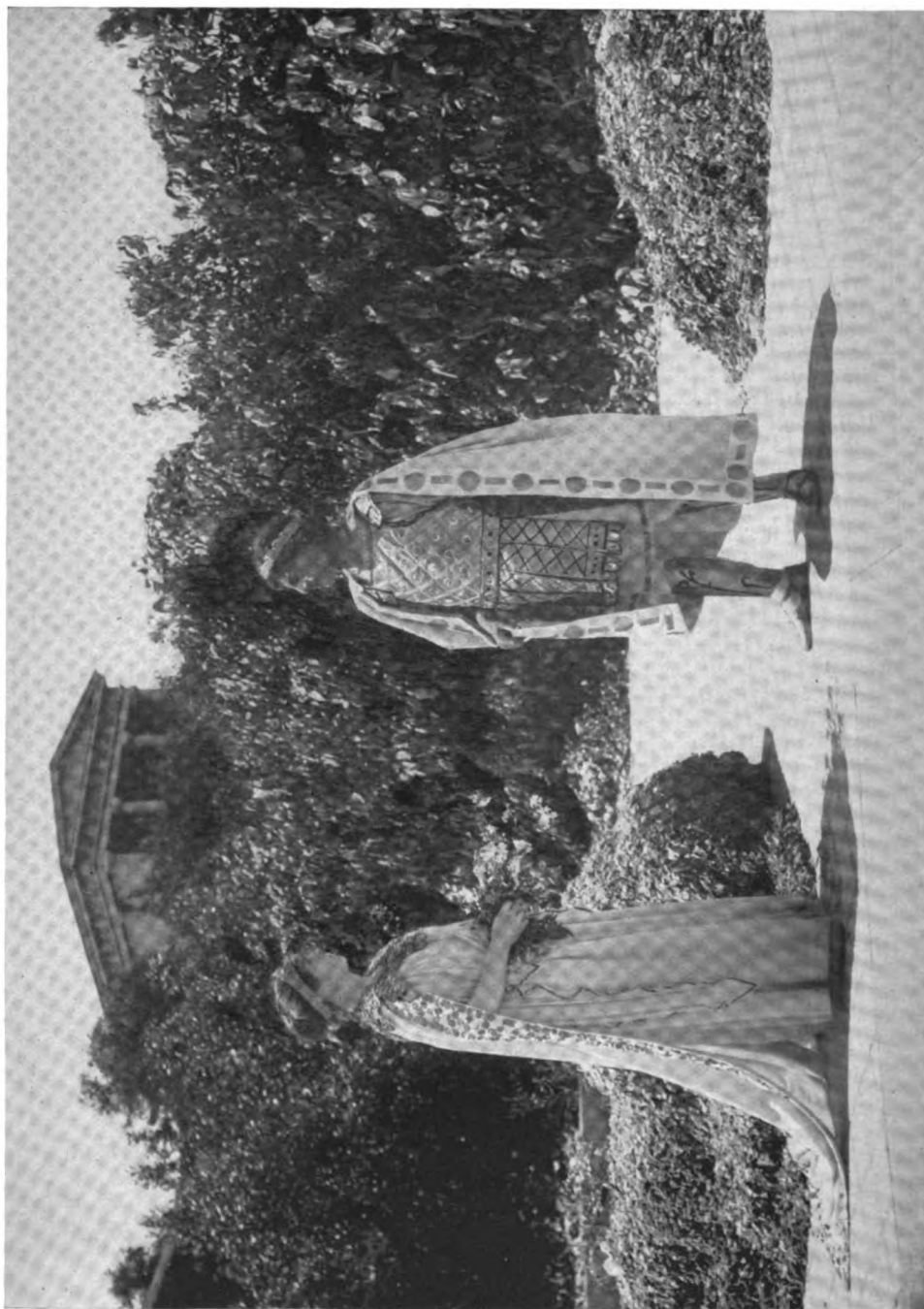


THOSE who are not lovers of wisdom in reality, but have merely taken the color of doctrines — like those whose bodies are tanned by the sun — when they perceive what a multitude of disciples, what mighty labor, and what temperate food are requisite to the acquisition of philosophy: such as these, thinking that philosophy is a thing difficult and impossible for them to obtain, cannot be brought to make it the object of their pursuit.— *Plato*



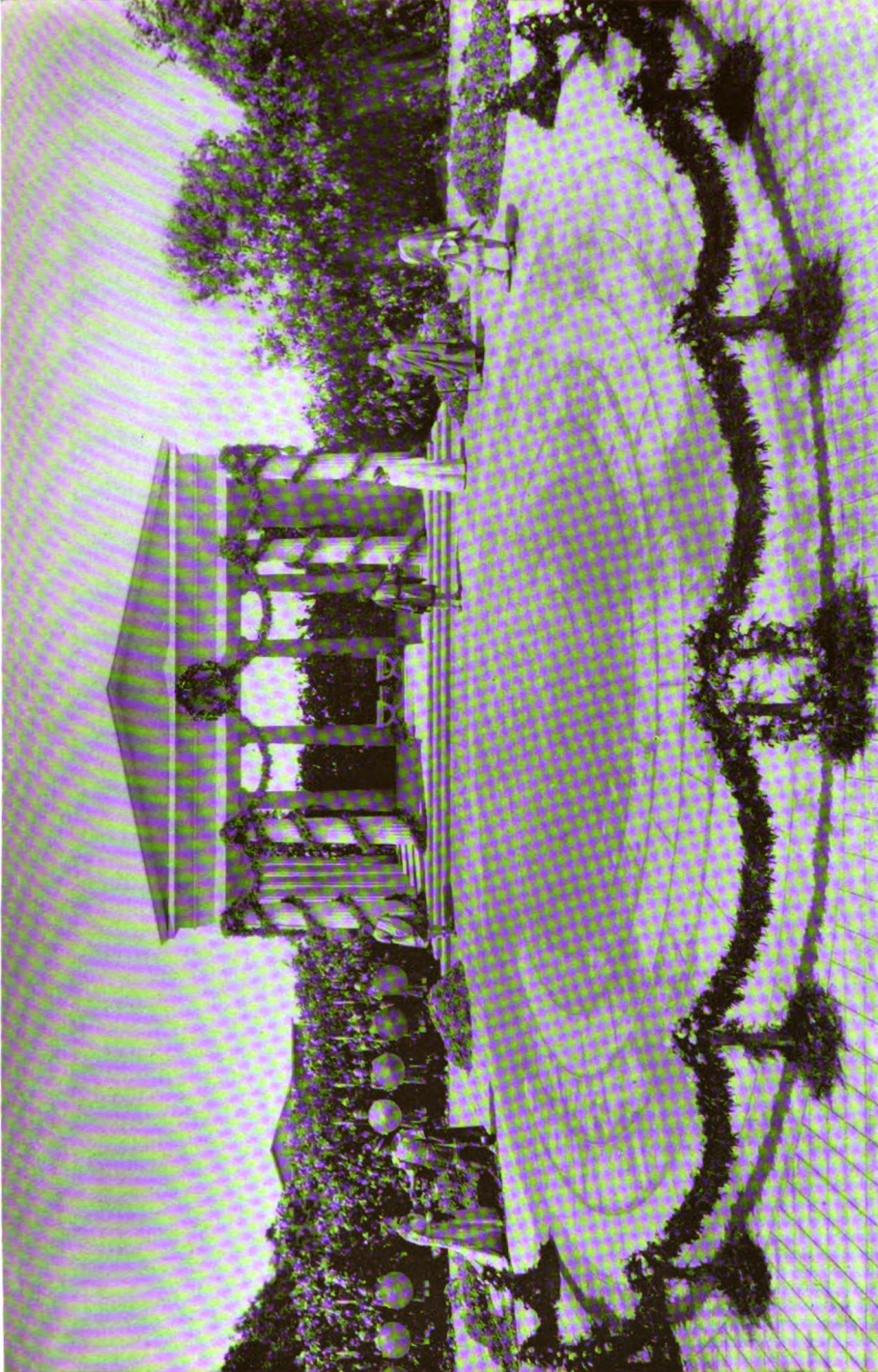
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A CORNER OF THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
Showing part of the forest in the presentation of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by students of the Raja-Yoga College, under the personal direction of Katherine Tingley. This favorite comedy has been given several times this year in the Greek Theater, to huge audiences, and the excellence of the dramatic work and the beauty of the setting have evoked high praise. It is expected that the play will be presented again this autumn.



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THESEUS, DUKE OF ATHENS, AND HIPPOLYTA, QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS



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A LARGER VIEW OF THE GREEK THEATER

At the left are Theseus and Hippolyta; at the right are Egeus, Hermia his daughter, Lysander, and Demetrius.



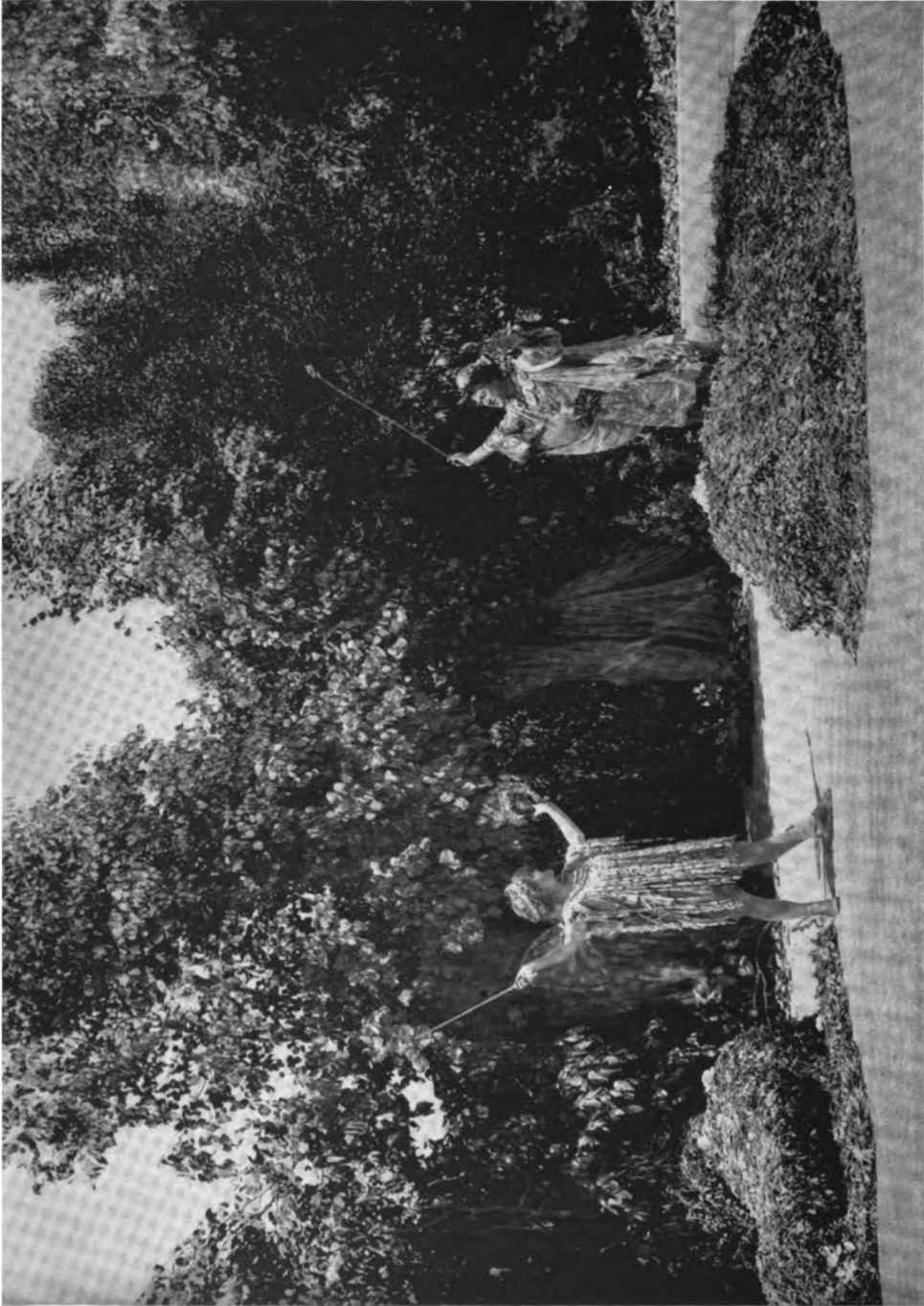
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LYSANDER, HERMIA, HELENA, AND DEMETRIUS



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OBERON, THE FAIRY KING, TITANIA, AND PUCK



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OBERON GIVING HIS INSTRUCTIONS TO PUCK



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TITANIA THE FAIRY QUEEN, AND FAIRIES ATTENDING HER



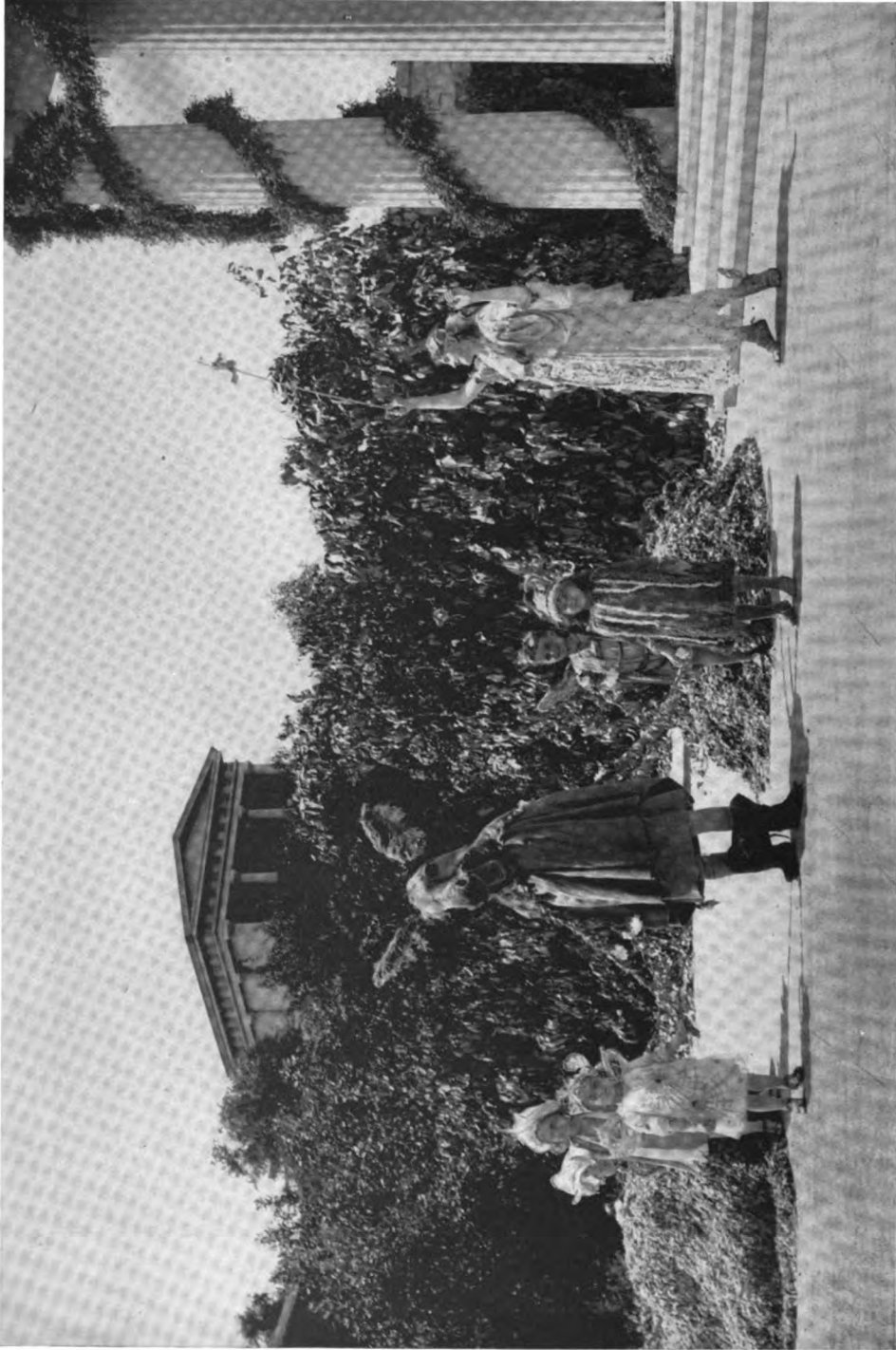
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TITANIA, THE FAIRY QUEEN



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BOTTOM, THE JOLLY WEAVER



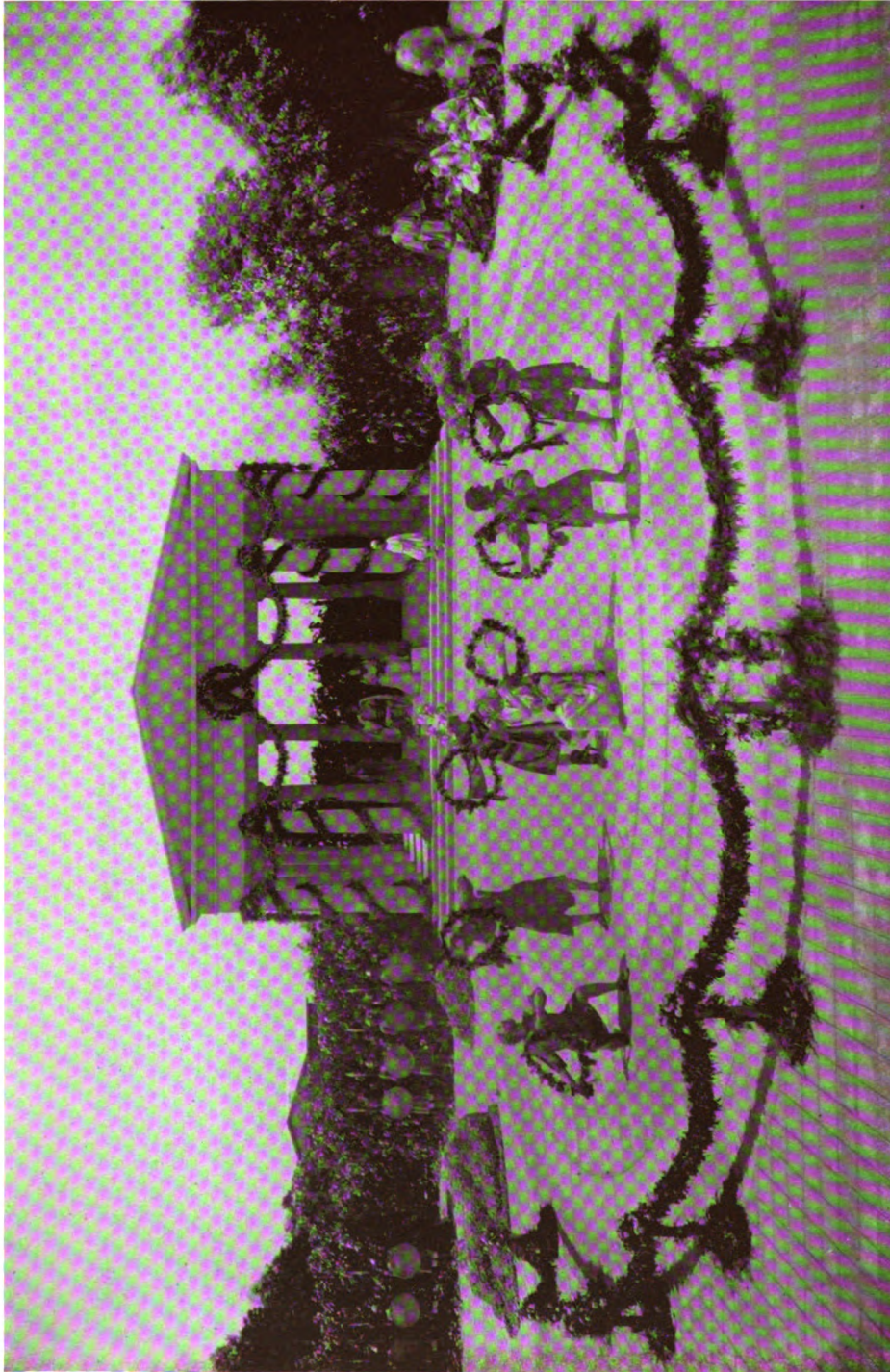
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TITANIA THE FAIRY QUEEN, ATTENDANT FAIRIES, AND BOTTOM UNDER THE SPELL, BOUND
WITH GARLANDS AND LED BY THE FAYS



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ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PRECEDING EPISODE



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QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, AND STARVELING

Giving a hoop dance before the Duke and Hippolyta during their presentation in interlude of "The Most Lamentable Comedy, and Most Cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby."

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER VIII — THE CREST WAVE OF EVOLUTION

Ym mhob gwlad y megir glew.— Welsh Proverb*



WOULD anything be more pernicious than History “as she is taught”? The aim is national self-glorification; brag is the informing spirit; the motto: We are **THE** people. Of old time, *our* fathers were ever eager to take on from three to ten foreigners singlehanded; and thrash the lot for the glory of —— (write in the name of your own country). Evolution, since time began, has been patiently plotting the production of Us; and working for that consummation with exemplary industry. We write large our Crécys and eliminate our Patays; fling what pitch comes handy at the ancients, and paint modernity in gorgeous colors. Yet when you and I, and all these nations

Behind the veil are past,
Oh, but a long, long while the world shall last,
Which of our coming and departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast.

This “so-called” twentieth century is not the culmination of time; nor our civilization the final fruition of the ages. Evolution has had vaster designs than the production of Birmingham, Essen, or Chicago. Athens in her day was more glorious than England; little Florence than all vast America. Sweetly we think ourselves a superior or supreme race; our neighbors but foils to our splendor, and past ages its preparation and tedious ushering in. Tut! we are no better than we should be: every dog has its day, and every nation.

Humanity is the Superior Race; humanity is the greatest of the nations; the history that counts is that of the human soul. Be patriotic of humanity in God's name; and you shall come at last to be rightly patriotic of your own land! The consummation of the ages is ages ahead; and all mankind is to take part in it. No people but has been in its turn, or shall be, the Chosen People: chosen by the Law to lead mankind for awhile, and to stand to its age as Messenger of the Gods. And each is at all times the vehicle of a National Soul: wherein participating, all individual souls may learn some lesson

* In every land heroes are nourished.

not to be learned elsewhere, and gather riches of experience proper to that age, race, and clime. Not Palestine is the Holy Land; but Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the Islands.

Consider how the young idea learns to shoot in these nations of ours; and acknowledge that the seed of warfare is sown in the school-room. Down with your superstitions anent "natural enemies," "superior races," and all such twaddle! — that splendid virtue, patriotism, was never meant to be the silliest of the vices. But until we have sane teaching of history, that is what it will tend to be. The English child imbibes from his schoolbooks belief in England's eternal pre-eminence. He sees Hengist or William laying the foundation-stone of real history; and all thereafter, England looming a mountain among molehills: "first in arms, in art, in song," as patriotic Mrs. Cook naïvely puts it. He dreams not that his pet idea would be contested elsewhere: all Frenchmen, Spaniards, Dutchmen, and the like must realize it, of course — all *sensible* Frenchmen, etc., at any rate. Yet but cross the Pas de Calais, and what shall you find? Exactly the same opinion, as indelible and as universal; but about France. — But without doubt, all the world recognizes the supremacy of the France! England has had a Byron, a Shakespeare, and a Bulwer; Italy a Dante, a Tasso; Spain a lone Cervantes; there have also been great names in Germany. But we — our names are uncountable! Others have won victories, yes; but consider the so glorious, so innumerable victories of the France! — Pass Alps, Vosges, or Pyrenees, and you are to hear the same tale three times more; but with differences of names and in the way of telling it. The Italian stares, if you compare another nation with Italy; for your thorough-going Teuton, all good things have been essentially Teutonic; all great men (from Jesus to Shakespeare, accidentally born abroad) have been eaters of the sauerkraut. Spain, too, has a lofty peninsularity (as someone calls it) of her own; and so on. Perhaps youthful Liberians and Guatemaltecs are taught that God created the Republic and the universe on one day, and was Himself the first President of both.

There is a sure way of exalting your own nation at the expense of others; it is delightfully ingenious, and popular too — almost universal. Pick out the midnight of your own history, and the midnight of your neighbor's, and forthwith crow lustily: how much brighter is the sunlight here than the darkness yonder! But the sun shines upon the just and unjust; none may claim a monopoly; or, properly, a

greater share than his fellow's. And you cannot set so high a hedge on your horizon, that it shall prevent him setting here and rising yonder. You that hate England shall be a very John Bull in your day, and learn better; you that hate Germany shall sing *Deutschland ueber alles* over your beer. Spain, America, France, or Italy; Turkey or Russia or Siam — it is great glory to be born a son of any of them; it is great glory to be born a son of this Earth: a matter for soul-swelling patriotism! For every land has nourished heroes: no nation has been, but was raised up to do mighty deeds; to win realms out of the unknown for humanity, and provide fields for the experience of the soul.

I doubt if, in the long run, and when all their story shall have been told, it will be found that the sun has shone more on one nation than on another. My morning may be dark midnight with you; but I will not puff myself up on that account. Or in my midwinter, you may be reveling in golden and blazing days; do not you exalt yourself because of that! Days and nights are in store for the one and the other of us, summers and winters. Nay, on those nations of whom no dawn nor noon is recorded, but only dark night or insignificant twilight always, who shall dogmatize? Who shall sit in judgment on them? Of the ages that have been, we know but a paltry few millennia; beyond which stretch vast, dimly glowing, indistinguishable vistas wherein all things are possible. There were Celtic centuries and splendors before the Latins rose, or the Teutons; wonders in Scandinavia before a Goth had set foot in Germany. There was mysterious Etruria before Rome; Mycenae before Athens; and before Mycenae, the Isle of Zeus and Minos. Again, we do not know how many hundred years a nation must be allowed to be in embryo, and not yet born. It was more than eight centuries after Hengist, before England really was England; and more than eleven before her mind, under Elizabeth, was fully incarnate. The Turk is too young to be judged, being but six centuries from Osman; and one should give Mexico a thousand years from Hidalgo, before condemning her. Nations are not born in a day. For the nine months of a man, perhaps we should allow nine centuries for a race; and something more than that, before judging what real message it may have for the world. That it has such a message, be sure; otherwise, why should Mother Nature have been at pains to evolve it? When patriotism and brotherhood are understood, we shall go about to help and foster, not to criticise or conquer.

Nations are fields and orchards in which we labor; we, the souls, go from one to another, sowing and reaping what is native to the clime. There it will be figs and pomegranates; here, apples and delicate berries. Or better, they are entities like ourselves: bodies and souls, as we have seen: greater selves of which we form a part, for the time being; and are made one with them for our own good, and, if we behave ourselves, for theirs. What an excellent economy it is, that provides these two lines of evolution, the racial and the individual! In the one, hereditary characteristics and types are evolved; into which the incarnating soul, that belongs to no race, dips, and acquires there a new flavor or color; then passes on to dip and acquire elsewhere. Everyone of us is a child of his nation, and something more: a Latin or Slav or Saxon, modified by the old experiences of his own soul. Therein lies our chance to serve our nations: the great man is he who brings into the consciousness of his race, noble qualities that were no part of it before. Consider what splendid un-English and un-German things, Shakespeare and Goethe brought into England and Germany: shining aspects of Greek, Latin, or Celtic genius of which their predecessors knew nothing: instinct for light and form and style; radiant and mystic imagination; by which things, not evolved within the racial heredity, all Englishmen and Germans have been potentially the richer since. We all have it in us to give such great gifts, would we but find and give them.

Where were the Shakespeares and the Goethes, when Europe was all forest primeval, and the sites of Weimar and Stratford unreclaimed waste? They were not, you reply; they had not begun to exist. Oh yes they had, we answer; *ex nihilo nihil*; the mind that made Hamlet was a long time in evolving. They were elsewhere, simply. Humanity is a school, with all grades and classes: there be sixth form scholars, and little fags and dunces of the first. Has it occurred to you to consider the rise of empires and the great periods of culture, in the light of reincarnation? Some desert tribe or slumberous city somewhere, is seized on by enthusiasm; a prophet has arisen among them, and set them busily thinking, perhaps aspiring. There is a new mental tension; the inward atmosphere vibrates a thousand times more quickly than of old. The children conceived and born under this influence are of a more awakened type than their parents; their children than themselves. An impulse has been given to the race, which, while it lasts, calls ever a more advanced class of souls into incarnation there.

In a few generations, great geniuses are coming in; and this is the Chosen People, at the head of the world. The sixth form scholars are incarnating there *en masse*: that is the interpretation of it. It is they who are the Chosen People, the advance guard of humanity; they may be Greeks or Romans, Arabs or Chinese or Englishmen; it all depends on the age. Sometimes they will need an eastern, and sometimes a western heredity; sometimes a northern and sometimes a southern. Civilization will flourish wherever that need may take them, and wilt elsewhere.

We talk glibly of the Stone Age; there never was one, and there never was not one. In the days of Cromagnon or Neanderthal, somewhere or other on the globe, court-balls were being danced, all elegance, courtesy, and fashion; somewhere or other grand pictures were being painted, grand poems sung. Now, while we see raging about us all the

Blessings unnumbered that follow
In civilization's train,

there are still unfortunates in the wilds — savages, barbarians and heathen — who must do their insignificant slaughtering with mere clubs and tomahawks and boomerangs. — Well, let us leave the sarcasm to them; we have left them little else. Let us beware: there are courses also that bring about the downfall of civilizations, and drive the Chosen People to incarnate elsewhere.

They are always coming and going, in fact; would you read their deeds in history, you must fix your gaze on no one land or race, but be prepared to follow their migrations. That land is great, where most they congregate; that empire declines, when they have had enough of it, and begin to depart. National hegemony cannot be won or lost in war; it does not mean, to have the largest army or navy. That nation possesses it naturally, whose aspirations lure to seek birth in it the aristocracy of souls. Not the aristocracy alone, either: but all those souls most thirsty for outward and vivid experience; before them, or with them, go the Light-bearers. But they will not stay longer than it shall profit them; who would be a London clerk, or a Wall Street broker, for more than half-a-dozen lives in succession? Asiatic ages follow the European; and European the Asiatic.

One continuous period of civilization did not endure through the several millennia of ancient Egypt. Culture had risen and fallen at least three times before Psamtik and Cambyses: there had been three

separate empires; three great ages of progress, and between whiles, many centuries of somnolence, disorder, and decay. Just as a wing of the Chosen People came into Roman Italy, and then departed; appeared in Medieval Italy, and disappeared; and now again is coming into modern Italy; so, on a vaster scale of time, were its goings and comings in ancient Egypt. What was ebb-tide of power and culture there, would have been flood-tide elsewhere: perhaps in Mesopotamia, China, or India; who knows? — perhaps in forgotten Europe itself. No one land at a time can hold the whole influx, or monopolize the Chosen People; whose coming vivifies rather a great section of humanity in each age: as Christendom, or the Altaic Race, or the Moslem Religion. But in every century, it seems, one land and language will be elected as the vessel of especial glory; the light-bearers most cluster there, and there rests the real hegemony for the time being. Thus in the days of Greece, Athens for eighty years was heart and crown of Hellas, and Hellas of the world; but Athens gave way to Sparta, Sparta to Thebes, and Thebes to Macedon. There were great Greeks out of Athens, even in the age of Pericles.

Now to follow the wanderings of the Chosen People, so far as we may, down through history. Greece lasted, after a fashion, until the death of Alexander; and we are not to look for her successor in Ptolemaic Egypt, though a wan light shone there awhile, but in the Magadhan Empire in India. Alexander died in 324; Chandragupta established his power in 316. Megasthenes, sent by Seleucus as his ambassador to Magadha, has left us an account of the Hindoos of that age. He is full of admiration for the excellence of their government, the prevalence of order and contentment; the absence of slavery, the valor of the men, and the high state of morality. "In bravery they exceeded all other Asiatics; they required no locks to their doors; above all, no Indian was ever known to tell a lie. Sober and industrious, good farmers and skilful artisans, they scarcely ever had recourse to a lawsuit." The culmination of the age came in the reign of Chandragupta's grandson Asoka, the Constantine of Buddhism — with a difference. He reigned from 264 to 223 B. C.— a grand benevolent monarch, spreading the truths of Buddhism far and wide by peaceful missionary effort; and with Buddhism, spreading his own schemes for the upliftment of the people. This is one of the brightest of the Golden Threads: forty ideal years over a vast empire, and all bright and inspired peace: a time during which souls, incarnating, had leave

to gather the best out of a heredity naturally mystical and philosophic, under the influence of marvelous revelations of truth.

When Asoka died, T'sin Che Hwangti was uniting the remains of old feudal China into a strong empire; and the Crest Wave of Evolution was rapidly rising there. In 206 B. C., the Han Dynasty began, and with it an age of unprecedented splendor, artistic, intellectual, and military. This reached its acme in the reign of Wuti, from 140 to 86 B. C.; then began to wane a little; but before the light passed to Augustan Rome, in B. C. 31, it had shone at Ujjain in India during the reign of Vikramāditya, the golden age of Sanskrit drama. At Rome it shone undiminished until the death of Augustus in A. D. 14; these dates, of course, are but landmarks and general indications; they are not to be taken as water-tight, so to speak. Between Augustus and the Flavians, Kanishka was reigning at Gândhâra, and holding the great Fourth Buddhist Council there; some of the greatest of the philosophers known to us were present. Contemporary with the Flavians, and before the light returned to Rome with the Five Good Emperors, Mingti was on the Dragon Throne, Buddhism was introduced into China, the Eastern Hans were at the top of their glory, and Panchow's armies were camping victorious on the shores of the Caspian. From about 100 A. D. we are to look for the Crest Wave in Italy again during the eighty rich and peaceful years of Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius; nor had it passed entirely from the Roman world until about the beginning of the fifth century; since the late second, the third, and the fourth saw the lives of such great ones as Ammonius Saccas, Plotinus, Porphyry, Julian called the Apostate, and Hypatia. In the Roman centuries, it will be noted, the light was always errant, never stationary: now Spain, now Italy, now Illyria, or the East and Egypt, would be producing the greatest minds. In general, it passed from west to east, ending in Alexandria; if one were asked for the event that marked its extinction, one would name the murder of Hypatia there at the end of the fourth century; Julian had died a little earlier, having failed in his grand attempt to save the empire from itself. One can hardly tell to what extent it may have risen and shone in Sassanian Persia, where there was at least imperial power and some splendor during the two following centuries; and we are to see a certain mystical star rising among the Celts of Britain when the legions had been withdrawn. A star only: "a luminary appropriate to night": night it was

to be, in Europe, for a matter of eight centuries at least. It is in the Far East now that we must look for the day-spring.

China, like Rome, had been suffering dire confusion at the hands of northern barbarians: the old Han empire had been broken in fragments some two hundred years since, and civilization was no more than a memory. Then, in 420 — ten years after Honorius had abandoned Britain: just, that is to say, when the Western Empire was in the midst of its fall — China, having come to the end of hers, caught hold, drew breath, steadied herself, and began to climb. The northern provinces were apparently lost forever; now she resigned herself to the loss of them, and fashioned her a throne anew on the banks of the Yangtse; there, in comparative peace, she began all over again to dig the foundations of civilization. For a hundred and thirty years the light waxed and was splendid in Southern China; long before it waned there, it had risen also in Corea; and before Corea had declined, it was shining in Japan. In 618, when the Japanese Age of Suikō had still some dozen years to run, the sun rose again in China with the incoming of the House of Tang; then began the most glorious period of Chinese history — perhaps of any history. It lasted, with minor fluctuations to Japan, again for about thirteen decades; ending at the time when, far westward, Mansur was entering upon the Caliphate, building Bagdad, and ushering in the Golden Age of the Abbassids there.

Thence on for about five centuries, the history of civilization is concerned only with the Moslems and the Altaic peoples. In 420 or thereabouts, the light, which for the previous eight centuries seems to have been wavering between Europe and Asia, definitely betook itself to the latter; leaving Europe all in the dark, or nearly so, until another cycle of eight centuries should have passed. This Age of Asia forms a cycle complete in itself; a chapter or volume of world-history, apart and separate, with “here beginneth” and “here endeth” duly set in their places; it is not like this modern volume, to which we have yet to see *Finis* written; nor the ancient, whose first leaves have been torn out and lost. We shall therefore deal with it at some length later, hoping such a study may be profitable. It is just the period of history least generally known in America and Europe; and, since the whole of it is accessible, it is just the period in which one can discern best the action of Cyclic Law. Here we shall see Karma operate, if anywhere; here we shall be forced to attribute the effects to their causes.

Meanwhile to note the flittings hither and thither of the light during the current Age of Europe. With the dawn of the thirteenth century, and while the Star of Asia was still some seventy years from its setting, the first day-gleams appeared above the horizon that separated Islamiyeh from Christendom: when Provence, kindled by Moslem Spain, was spreading the infection of learning and romance through France, and nourishing within herself the Albigensian heresy, the seed of the Reformation; and when Frederick II was waking Italy with Saracen learning from his Moslem kingdom of Sicily. That was the beginning of the second Italy: Dante, the first great poet of Christendom, was born some sixteen years after the death of Frederick; Petrarch and Rienzi early in the following century. Note these significant dates: Frederick, the great transmitter of civilization, died in 1249; Bagdad was taken by the Mongols, and the back of Islamic culture broken, in 1258; Dante, the first flush and glory of the European dawn, was born in 1265; Kublai took Hangchow, and smashed the civilization of the Orient, in 1268. A momentous decade, truly!

But the period of transition was to last for some two centuries longer, and there was another decade as momentous to come. Persia was still producing great poets; Egypt was still fertile of lovely architecture; Mongol China was producing a rich drama, and an art not inconsiderable in its way; Granada had still the most polished court in Europe; and the Ottomans were rising to the position of the strongest military power in the world — and with a culture of their own, by no means to be despised, that showed no signs of waning for perhaps four centuries. But there you have the anomaly of the Ottomans: an Asiatic power, whose glory was all in European days; a race mainly European in blood, with culture and religion entirely Asiatic; an empire astraddle over the boundary line of the two continents. Indirectly, they have conferred two inestimable boons on Christendom: when they took Constantinople, and drove Greek learning to the more fruitful soil of Italy, causing the Renaissance; and when Suleiman kept Charles V so busy, that he had to forgo his plans for stamping out Protestantism in Germany — thus saving the Reformation.

Constantinople fell in 1453; and the seeds of culture, that had lain barren there so long, sprung up in a single night in Italy, like Jack's beanstalk, and veritably did provide Italians with a ladder to the skies. A Lorenzo the Magnificent now, played the part of Fred-

erick II, but more peacefully and elegantly; there was no need to take up arms, or force the new light on the Cinquecento. Forty years of Florentine splendor bring us to that second momentous decade we foretold just now: the fourteen-nineties. Decade? — everything happened in two years — 1492-3. Then Jami died, the last great star of Persian poetry; then Granada fell, and the last gleam of Moslem civilization in the West. Then, too, died Lorenzo dei Medici; whose death marks the close of the Italian, the first and most brilliant of the national cycles of Christendom; as the fall of Granada marks the inception of the second, that of Spain. Then, most portentous happening of all, Columbus discovered America: heralding a cycle not merely national; a major racial cycle hardly yet past its dawn.

Almost all thought, progress, art, and material might, have been with Christendom since. It is not our province here, to follow the European national cycles: the story of them is easy of access. Now there has been a clear hegemony with one nation, coincident with the heroic age of another; now it would be rather hard to choose between two or three. Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and England, have all in their turn been in the van; each holding pre-eminence, in power or culture or both, for about a century, then giving place almost imperceptibly to some other. Holland, Sweden, Flanders, and Portugal, too, have had their great ages; Russia has loomed gigantic, protean, disquieting: perhaps to her, of all others in Europe, this twentieth century is to belong. Ah, there would be no jealousies, if we understood these elementary facts: the glory of one is the glory of all; you cannot win anything at the expense of another. Every nation is an organ of the Mighty Mother, through which she will function in her own time. War is more than criminal; it is damnable tomfoolery.

And now we have seen America arise, prophetic of great things millennia hence: of a New Race whose seed is hardly sown; of a new order of ages. And is not Asia stirring in her sleep toward awakening? Is not the rise of Japan significant; and the uneasy tossings and mutterings of China, Persia, and Turkey; the birth of men in India, such as Bose and Tagore, who can hold the attention of the world?

Significant, yes; and of this: that evolution is cyclic; that there is no superior race; that you must beware how you look down on any man; that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, more inescapable than gravity itself, or any other merely physical law. You must beware how you look down on Asia, or imagine that the scepter has passed from her for-

ever; or that it will never fall from our hands, who have grasped it none too nobly these last few hundred years. Europe was in Pralaya, lying fallow, for a thousand years while the higher human activities were centering in Asia; the most advanced egos of the race, the Chosen People, as we have called them, were mainly seeking experience in Asia during that time; as now they are in America and Europe. If there had been no traces of them in Europe of old, we might think the Gods had finished with Asia forever, and would dwell with Christendom henceforth. But that is not so: the light passed from Europe to Asia with the march of Alexander eastward; and perhaps again with the march of Julian; before the last great Asiatic Cycle it had been in Europe, in Greece and Rome. And we do not know what glories there may have been in prehellenic Europe: we have but dim, magnificent legends from Ireland, from Wales, from Scandinavia, to say that forgotten glories there were. And then again, we know that the light came into Greece from Asia and Egypt (which has always been parcel of Asia rather than of Africa); we know — a shadow of knowledge — of mighty Asian empires earlier than Greece: great Babylon; Chaldaea, wise in secret beautiful things. And there were Preconfucian periods of progress in China; and in India, Vedic ages of unguessable antiquity, when human thought approached divine thought, and philosophy attained heights it has never passed since. And then there were ancient ages in the Americas: splendors in Peru, Guatemala, Yucatan: which also belong to the main stream of history, since we, the souls of men, were present and busy in them; but which we cannot place now, or fit them into the general scheme. So, if there are gaps occasionally in our record, there are also these wide domains in the Hesperides whence the gaps might be filled. Enough has been set forth, I think, to show that there is always a high civilization somewhere; and to suggest that there always has been. It is less easy to believe in the apelike ancestor theories of the pseudo-scientists, when you know that humanity has not really grown much in the last two or three thousand years: that in all qualities of mind and heart there have always been people on earth to equal, and often to surpass, ourselves. Of course if you measure civilization by its mechanical appliances, I suppose we are supreme, at least in historical times. But this is a false standard; in so far as they obscure the real issues — and this is the important point — our inventions are not good, but positively harmful. We should measure by souls, not guns.

ALGIERS THE BEAUTIFUL: by Lilian Whiting



ALGIERS, the metropolis of Northern Africa, is of a beauty unsurpassed in its picturesque and somewhat Oriental architecture in white marble, the city terraced against a background of green hills, with a crescent waterfront whose curve is washed by a brilliant sapphire sea. Nowhere in the Mediterranean is the water so incomparably exquisite in color, and few ports have so magnificent a harbor. Algiers itself suggests a curious and fascinating blending of Cairo, Naples, and Paris. Mustapha Supérieur is practically a modern French town, where the buildings, the streets, and the shops are fairly Parisian. Mustapha Inférieur is a mixture, as complex as a witches' brew, of Arab, Moorish, Italian, Egyptian. Its possibilities for offering to the visitor abundant opportunities to "sup on horrors" are perhaps sometimes exaggerated, in the interests of the picturesque and the narrator's thirst for a "thriller," and while they undoubtedly exist, yet to the uninitiate, they may not reveal themselves. I recall listening with some amusement to the innocent fervor of delight that invested the story of a Boston lady, who, never having encountered anything more appalling than the Frogpond of Boston Common in all her long, if not eventful life, engaged the service of an Arab guide and went alone with him between six and nine o'clock at night into all the highways and byways of this Mustapha Inférieur. Our steamer, which had stopped at Algiers at two in the afternoon, was to leave at ten, and she barely returned in good time to sail. Apparently the Providence that traditionally provides for "the lame and the lazy," also watched over her, and she returned none the worse from the dangers of which she had not dreamed, and greatly delighted with the opportunity of thus enhancing that store of knowledge whose acquisition is considered by the Bostonian as the cause for whose pursuit he appeared on this planet. But though the tourist may, it is confidently believed, sup on horrors in this part of Algiers, there is no need of resorting to such questionable fare, and the abundant opportunities for enjoying repasts of quite different character are at hand. The sunshine and balmy air suggest June rather than January which the calendar indicates, and the few hours of sojourn offer attractions of varied orders.

One finds this dazzling Algiers all aglow with the most radiant sunshine; it is a city of some two hundred thousand people, English and French predominating, with some Spanish, Americans, Portuguese, and Italians. Algiers is a city of superb architectural art;

numerous splendid hotels with every comfort, not to say luxury, and every modern convenience; its streets and outlying roads are a paradise to the motorist; the coloring of sky and seas, and the masses of flowers, lend bloom and beauty to an almost enchanting degree; and the strange, impressive mosques, the cathedral, the summer and winter palaces of the Governor, the Archbishop's palace, the art museum, and the library, the theaters, and the palace of the consulate, all surprise the visitor who has never before seen this city. There is an *École de Médecine et Sciences* that attracts large numbers of students from all parts of Europe; the building, a massive structure of white marble, stands on a terraced hill, in the midst of palm and pepper trees, with shrubs in flower, and beds of blossoms of myriad hues and varieties. The *Palais de Justice*, the *Hôtel de Ville*, the magnificent French cathedral, and the lovely and picturesque Anglican church and rectory — all these as well as the summer and winter palaces of the Governor and of the Archbishop, may usually be visited within the hours that the steamer stops on the voyage to Naples, Genoa, or Alexandria. The local transit system is excellent, the electric trolley-cars rivaling those of any American city, and the fascination of the shops suggests to the unwary to beware of temptation. In one street of these one would imagine himself in the *Rue de la Paix*; another is equally suggestive of Cairo, while others bear striking similarity to the streets of Rome, Florence, and Naples.

Algiers, as a French possession, dates from 1837, and while it was under military rule up to 1870, it has since been under a Governor-General and his Council, the province being allowed representation in France by two deputies and by one senator from each department. This has signally tended toward the establishment of that unity which France so generously encourages as the very foundation of her government. Algiers may be geographically in Africa, nevertheless she is made to feel as a city of France. Between Algiers and Marseilles there is daily communication by steamer. The liners leave either city each day, crossing each other in the mid-Mediterranean, and the passage requires about twenty-four hours. Cable communication is constant. But there are also three daily papers with Associated Press news, published in Algiers, all the news of the world thus presented as promptly as in London or New York; beside several weekly papers and periodicals. Tributary to the city is an extensive region where fruit and vegetables are cultivated on a large scale for the markets of

France, Germany, and England. There are also vast areas of wheat-growing land; there are important exports of haifa and exposite grass; immense vineyards utilize lands fit for nothing else, and there are mineral resources, practically unmeasured, of iron and copper. The surrounding forests are rich in pine, oak, olive, with cedar and myrtle trees.

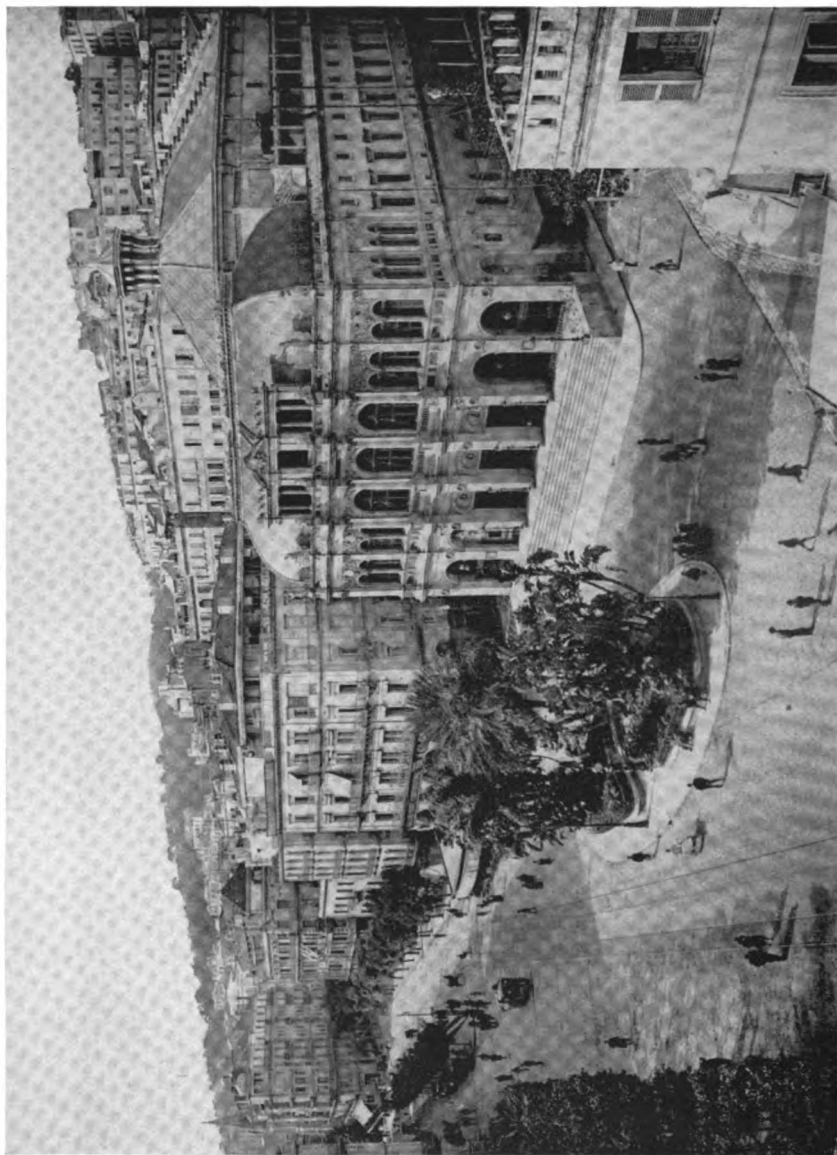
One beautiful feature of Algiers is the magnificent terrace constructed along the Boulevard de la République by Sir Morton Peto, at a cost of eight million francs. French is the language of the city, although much Italian, English, and Spanish is spoken, and of course the Arab tongue, and various mixtures and dialects, with occasionally the German from some group of students or sojourners. Prices at the hotels are about the same as in Italy; from twelve to sixteen francs a day, *en pension*, at the hotels, with somewhat lesser rates at the pensions. Rents are moderate, and houses or apartments can be obtained with little delay. The climate of Algiers is most delightful, the average temperature from November to May being about 58 to 60 degrees. Rains are sufficiently frequent to supply all needs.

Those who have thought of Algiers only as a Mohammedan town peopled by Arabs would be surprised at the social charm it holds. There is a large English colony; the French inhabitants are among the most cultivated and interesting, and American sojourners are beginning to be the rule rather than the exception. A more fascinating place for a winter sojourn could hardly be discovered. The Kasbah (ancient fortress), crowns the summit of the highest hill. The resplendence of the sunset over Algiers, when a thousand shimmering hues of the marble buildings reflect and mirror back the flood of rose and gold, offers a spectacle of almost unearthly splendor. To watch the sunset (as I was privileged to do one night from the Palais d'Hiver) from the terrace over the gardens, with the mosques and towers and domes of the city below, and the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean surrounding all, as far as the eye could reach to the horizon, was to behold a panorama hardly to be dreamed of. In this winter palace the corridors are encrusted with Moorish mosaics, and the grand *escalier* is also inlaid with them. There is a ball-room all white and silver, with impaneled mirrors in the walls. There is one suite of salons in white and gold, with mirrors again impaneled; the *salle-à-manger* is unique in its decoration, and the great library offers a wealth of interest. The ball-room was utilized one night for



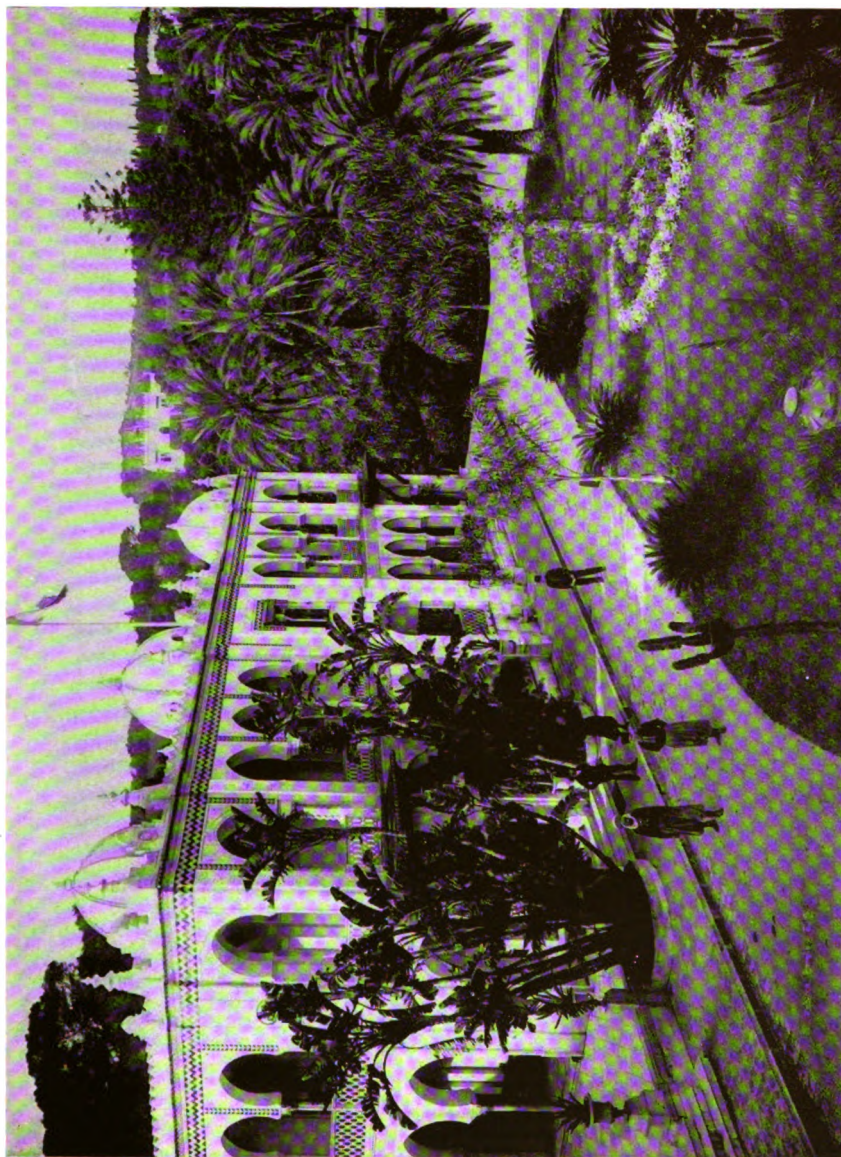
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE MOSQUE EL JEDID ("NEW MOSQUE"), THE PLACE DU GOUVERNEMENT, AND THE
CONSULAR PALACE, ALGIERS



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THE MUNICIPAL THEATER, AND THE PLACE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE



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THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL



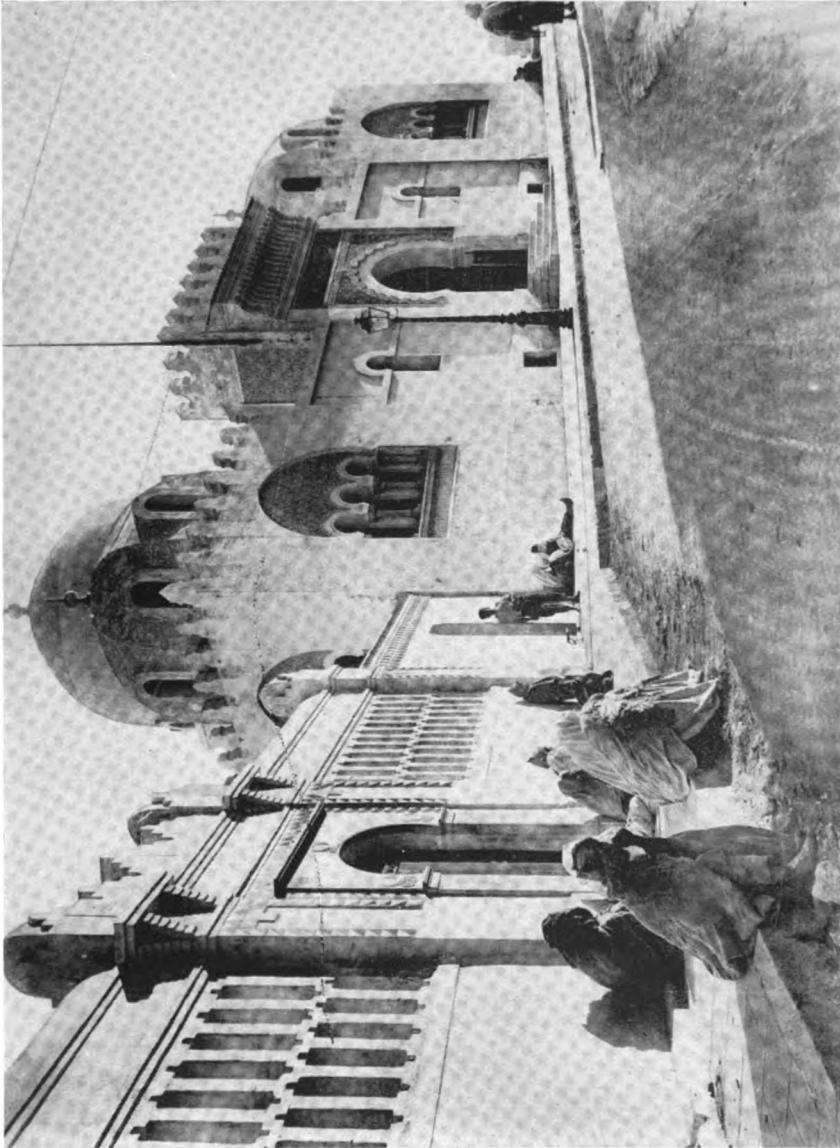
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THE CATHEDRAL AND THE WINTER PALACE



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THE MOSQUE OF SIDI-'ABD-ER-RAIHMÂNI



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THE MEDERSA AND VIEW OF THE MOSQUE OF SIDI-'ABD-ER-RAHMÂNÎ

its legitimate purpose, and to be a guest in the house during this festivity was to enjoy unique opportunities. Among those invited for this ball was Prince Ali Bey, (and other notable figures from the desert) some of whom came from long distances, arrayed in all their gorgeous trappings. Prince Ali Bey wore a flowing cloak of sapphire blue velvet, embroidered in gold, over a costume of white satin, with jewels flashing — quite a figure from the Arabian Nights. The dressing of the French women in Algiers simply repeats that of Paris, and the theaters, the occasional opera season, are thronged with women as *chic* as at any amusement resort in Paris.

But Algiers is also the gateway to the desert, and the local trip from the city to Biskra, thence to Tunisia, and then to Algiers again, all easily made within four days, is one of great variety and interest. Taking the train at Algiers, the tourist passes the first night out at Constantine, a town built on cliffs, with deep gorges between the streets, over which neighboring houses face each other. These gorges are bridged for crossing, and the aspect is one of the most romantic in all foreign regions. The traveler finds fairly comfortable accommodation for a night or so in Constantine, and a trifle of hardship is by no means so undesirable as to deter any one in average health. It is not good to allow oneself to become too dependent on all the luxuries of this twentieth century civilization. Many tourists make this trip in motor cars, instead of the slow trains.

The sojourner in Algiers, for the brief stop made by a trans-Atlantic liner, or as the guest of a season, is always interested in visits to the mosques. Nowhere are Mohammedan customs of devotion more ceremoniously revealed. The mosque of Sidi Abderrahman is perhaps the most impressive of any in Algiers. It is built around a beautiful court with a lofty tower, and the interior seems a perfect forest of marble pillars. All visitors are required to slip on the sandals provided, in order that no profane foot may touch the sanctuary. At whatever hour of the day one enters this interior, a throng of men and women will be found kneeling; bowing, and kissing the floor, meanwhile chanting a peculiar cadence, with the most weird effect. A very curious custom prevails among the Moors in Algiers: the visit of Moorish women on Thursday afternoons to the Moorish cemetery. They appear in large numbers and with the air of making it a particular festa. Each grave in this cemetery is arranged with a center of green, two small white stones, at head and foot, and the earth

heaped in oblong shape. These Thursday afternoons in the Campo Santo are the high holidays of the women, representing their only social relaxation.

One of the interesting excursions for foreigners is that made to the tomb of Lella Kredidja, a Marabouti, who was held in worship and reverence. The tomb is on the highest point of the Atlas Mountains, seven thousand feet above the sea.

But there are picturesque resorts making a less heroic demand upon the tourist. The Jardin d'Essai is in the city, easily accessible to every saunterer, and in the stately and somber avenue of palms, and in the fairy-like bamboo avenue, white-robed, silent figures are encountered, the women veiled — spectral figures these Arabs seem against the dark foliage, vanishing before one's eyes at some turn of the promenade, thus assisting the spectral illusion. The Eucalyptus Grove is another alluring resort, and it is there that the Arab fruit merchants often meet.

One of the favorite excursions, easily made within a day, is to the ancient Roman city of Zimgad — now all ruins, and almost as majestic and impressive as are the ruins of the Forum, a place for dreams and conjectures.

But the sunsets of Algiers — who can even faintly suggest the wonder of the scene when the day “perishes silently, of its own glory”? In the west open the Gleaming Gates of Paradise; to the east the sky is all a soft rose, pink, and amber, and against this background of ethereal rose floats the silver moon rising as the sun slowly sinks behind the purple hills. Against the pale rose of the sky, seen through an absolutely transparent atmosphere, the scene offers a dream of color that would inspire painter and poet.

Lord Leighton (for twenty-seven years president of the Royal Academy in London), first visited Algiers in 1857. He was then a young man in his twenty-eighth year, and its impressions remained vividly with him throughout his entire life, and gave color and tone to his artistic creations. Anything more magnificent than the ocean view from Algiers cannot be imagined, especially, one may say, from the piazzas of the Hotel St. George, where the view over the dazzling blue sea under brilliant sunshine, stretches away to the Fortunate Isles, or some other port of poetic imagination, in all its glory of emerald and sapphire, over the dazzling light of the high-thrown spray,

Now that Italy is practically closed to visitors on account of the war, many of the devotees of Sicily, Southern Italy, and the Riviera, are planning to pass the coming winter in Algiers, with its alluring excursions to Biskra, Constantine, Tunisia, and other points. With the single exception of Corfù, the waters about Southern Europe hardly offer any place of sojourn comparable in beauty and in luxurious conveniences to the African metropolis, Algiers the Beautiful.

SPEECH: by R. Macell



SPEECH is so natural to man that there is a certain difficulty in realizing the fact that it is a power acquired by virtue of self-mastery, a power that is capable of indefinite perfection and extension, one that is as yet hardly more than foreshadowed in the evolution of the great mass of humanity, and one that itself marks the stage at which that evolution has arrived.

Speech is not merely the utterance of words, but rather the communication of thought: for a man whose language is only intelligible to himself can hardly be said to have attained to speech. Yet how very limited is the range of such expression at the command of the average man: even within the bounds of his own nation, and in communication with others of his own class, the ordinary man has difficulty in making himself understood with any degree of certainty and precision.

Education and culture extend the range of this power, not only increasing the command of language by the enlargement of the vocabulary, but also developing skill and discretion in the adaptation of language to thought and to the intelligence of those addressed: for the function of education is to aid man's evolution, and culture is but the perfection of his powers of expression.

It is often asserted that power entails responsibility, though perhaps more generally it is believed that power relieves the holder from all obligations that he may find it convenient to repudiate. But no sophistry can separate power from responsibility, for results follow causes as the furrow follows the plow.

The power of speech is obvious, and responsibility for its use or abuse cannot be avoided; the delusion of freedom from responsibility

in the exercise of power is due to ignorance of the nature of man, of the continuity of life (by reincarnation), of the inevitable sequence of cause and effect (the law of Karma), and of the intimate relation of man to man and to the rest of creation, (due to the spiritual nature of the universe). Man is responsible for the way in which he uses the powers he inherits from his ancestors as well as for the way he employs such accomplishments as his own efforts may have added to his hereditary equipment: but to whom is he responsible? And who shall judge and ordain the penalties or rewards due?

To the last we answer, Nature is the judge and natural law the administrator of justice; but by Nature is meant the Spirit of the Universe, and by natural law the inherent nature of things animate and inanimate (?), human and divine: for we regard the essential Universe as divine and its nature as spiritual. Man, as part of this universe, is of its nature and bound by its laws, of which he is an expression. All men being thus of one origin are responsible to each other and to the universal Spirit, which is the Supreme Self: nor can a man separate himself from others, nor can he renounce his responsibility to them in any other way than as an act of self-deception.

The world we live in is but a small part of the universe we inhabit, and our present sphere of action but one field of experience for our race, among many that will open to us as we pass around the great "wheel of life" through countless births and deaths, rising or falling in the passage of the ages, ever evolving higher powers and attaining to a clearer knowledge of our own divinity.

So to the first question we must answer man is responsible to the Self of all, for his own self is no way different from the universal, save in his ignorance of himself.

But this ignorance is a mighty influence, it is the very atmosphere we breathe, it is the veil of Isis, the magic power of illusion, that makes of self-deception almost a destiny for life on earth: almost, but yet not altogether, for the soul of man floats in the middle region between earthly life and spiritual reality, and so may act as guide and teacher to the brain and nerves of the man-animal we know as ordinary humanity. This is the guardian angel that inspires him in his noblest deeds and in his hours of aspiration, and this is the self he recognizes as his Master, whose decrees for him are of a higher and more austere authority than that of custom or of creed. The self-reliance taught by the great Masters of spiritual philosophy is the

antithesis of the independence and self-worship of the mere materialist, who takes the Great Delusion for the Truth, and shuts the doorways of his mind against the entrance of the light his own soul seeks to shed upon his path.

The self-respect that makes the true Theosophist is based on his assurance that his inmost Self is no way separate from the source of Law that rules the universe; so that to him the Law is but the revelation of his own unspoken Will, the spiritual energy of his Soul, to which his mind and body give the best obedience that their state of evolution may make possible.

But to the man who lives in the hypnotic state of ignorance, that wraps humanity in a mist of dreams and fantasies, self-reverence means willing obedience to the delusion of the senses; for to him desire is the divine impulse, whatever be its character, whether for pleasure or power, for wealth, authority, or fame, or indeed for skill and mastery in science or in art. His self is personal, not universal; and so his interests are not identical with those of other men; he is at war even in peace, for such is the delusion of life at this stage of human evolution on this globe.

Yet though we know the power of this great deluder we do not hesitate to repudiate its claim to our allegiance, because we know how gloriously powerful is the Soul of man when recognized as guide and teacher in the art of life.

Nor do we hesitate to say that man is responsible for the right use of all his powers, because we know that every man born into this world, though blind and ignorant, is yet in fact a soul incarnate. We know that truth has power to wake an echo in the hearts of men, whose minds may yet repudiate the doctrine of their own divinity. We know that men, who most strenuously deny the fact of brotherhood, will constantly by their acts give the lie straight to their own theories of the divine right of self-aggrandizement. And men, who use their power of speech without regard to what their words may bring about by influencing the thoughts and lives of other men, may yet be made to feel the deep significance of all the warnings voiced by philosophy as to the terrible power of speech and the responsibility of those who use it.

Much of the evil caused by careless speech is due to ignorance of the right use of words, as well as to indifference to the results of the misunderstanding natural to people variously educated or uneducated

in the right use of language. For speech is an art, it is not natural, in the popular sense; it must be acquired by constant study. The difficulty of communicating even a simple fact correctly in speech is startlingly revealed in every court of law, where honest witnesses will relate events in such a way as to convince an honest listener of the unfitness of such persons to testify by speech, owing to their ignorance of the art.

This art of speech goes so much further than the ordinary man imagines, that it may seem far fetched to him to hear it spoken of as a dangerous power, even when used with good intent. Yet such it is, for speech may stir the depths of human nature that lie below as well as above the range of reason: the soul of the beast that is in man may be stimulated, and may be roused by song or speech inspired by passion; and what follows may appear to have no right relation to the song or to the spoken word; but it was speech that woke the elemental passion, and the speaker has his share in all that is to follow on his speech.

So too the soul that is man's better self may be set free in those that dream not of the existence of such a guardian; and this influence may light them on to thoughts their ordinary life alone would never have enabled them to formulate, and this light may clarify their reason so that they will recognize a duty to humanity that their philosophy hitherto repudiated.

Speech is a mighty power that has yet hardly come into its right of recognition as a sacred art, to be most carefully cultivated and most wisely guarded. True, the wise ones of the world have taught the power of silence, and their disciples all have learned how to refrain from speech. True also that the speech of such men has a power far beyond the conception of the generality. But even the ignorant are entrusted by heredity with more power than they dream of, and incur unknown responsibility in the misuse of that art, which in their ignorance they honestly believe to be a personal right, which they may use at their own pleasure or caprice without restraint, and with no responsibility for all the evil their unguarded words evoke, and all the suffering that follows. To them the warning may seem but an impertinence, an interference with their natural rights, yet it is more like a notice on a sign-board warning the unwary of a danger they may easily avoid, the danger of speech. And this danger is real.

THE DRIVING POWER IN NATURE:

by Cranstone Woodhead



N bringing our minds to dwell upon this important subject, we shall soon perceive that we are at a point where our intuitive faculties reach beyond the ordinary creeds and dogmatisms of modern times.

If the bibles of all races and religions are to have any effect in lifting the human race to a higher standpoint of realized truth, they must surely be studied by the light of the higher qualities of the human consciousness, wherein truth is cognized at first-hand. The literal interpretation of a creed, formulated obscurity, or the desire for power or authority of any special class of human beings, is one of our greatest delusions.

Truth is for all. It is universal. It cannot be measured by brain capacity. It has a quality of eternal life which all thinking beings can intuitively perceive, in the measure of their development towards the common goal.

When we look abroad into the field of Nature we cannot fail to recognize that the worlds which make up the universe are moved by some mysterious force. We may call the force by what name we please, but it is the life-force of the eternal in some form or other. The sun is the center of a system of worlds which move around it in rhythmic measure so accurate, that we can calculate their position years ahead to the fraction of a minute. Upon the world which we inhabit we see a marvelous display of infinite varieties of life, which together form a complete whole of various grades of intelligence, yet all acting under never-changing laws. A mighty yet silent force urges onwards through the birth, growth, decay and rebirth of minerals, plants, animals, and men. Seas and continents have interchanged their position many times, whilst successive races have risen to empire and have passed away.

Let us then look around us with discerning eyes and consider the signs of this great driving life-force which rules the world.

We shall soon perceive that the outward appearance which we call matter and which is to be observed by our mortal eyes, is but a mask and an illusion. There is that within it which rules and guides according to law. We cannot observe this inner life by the aid of either telescope or microscope, but we are able to perceive and judge of it by the aforesaid unseen qualities which we have within ourselves. They become evident through our own conscious mind, which is the

divine heritage of mankind. For the microcosm which is man is but a copy of the macrocosm of Nature. He is god incarnate, and, if he will, he can arouse within himself the knowledge of this noble Truth, by turning his attention in the right direction, i. e., within himself.

The scientists who look out into the heavens, tell us that the solid globe on which we live was once a nebulous firemist, more tenuous than any form of matter of which we can now conceive, and that in the course of untold ages it has slowly condensed into the solid body of the earth which is visible to our eyes, holding within itself many inherent qualities which are invisible, but may be perceived by man's awakened inner senses.

In this they agree with the teaching of the ancient sages, who in their turn received their knowledge from the divine beings — the gods who dwelt on earth with men during the golden age. Yet even these declared, that not only the whole of the earth and of Nature, but also they themselves, were but manifestations of the unseen power, the great eternal essence of being, the unknown dark god, the primeval breath, the origin, the harmonious cause, which is the center of the light and life of the universe. Thus the wise ancients knew well that there is a boundless source of life and power upon which all things depend and from which all life flows, and that this is represented in space and time by the visible sun, the heart of the life of the earth; whilst in the spaceless soul of the universe, it is the one eternal being which makes all things from a portion of itself.

Upon such knowledge was founded the ancient Wisdom-Religion of humanity, the original source of all other religions of whatever age.

If in thought we look back upon the far distant ages when the earth began to take form, and to bring forth the various kingdoms of Nature, we shall see a wondrous drama of cycle after cycle, in which mineral, plant, and animal were successively produced in the progress toward the formation of a concrete world. The final effort at this period was the body of man, devoid of a *fully* conscious mind, but otherwise perfected.

Then, the sages tell us that about eighteen million years ago the human race was lifted above the animals by the lighting up of the godlike flame of divine mind within the animal body of primitive man.

From that time the tide was turned. The now divinely inspired man became potentially lord of the earth and king of nature. From thence the long journey was begun back to the source from which all

things originally emanated. Thus by the power of self-conscious mind, man is enabled, if he so will, not only to recognize the power of divinity within his own being, and his essential unity with the eternal, but also to rule the kingdoms of nature which are below him, and of which he is also a part.

What then does he see when he looks abroad on his surroundings?

Any child can perceive the progress of all life in matter through the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms to the body which man occupies as a temple wherein to dwell for a time that he may gain experience of divinity and of nature.

As he grows older he sees that the solid body of the earth is crystalized and mineralized light and life. Within it are born many wonders, such as radiant matter, and gold, which grows and purifies itself in its matrix of quartz. From the earth we extract the sunlight which impacted itself into coal millions of years ago, and we employ it to give us light and power.

Then there is the vegetable kingdom. On the broad bosom of Mother Earth the forests grow in luxuriant beauty. The life-sap ebbs and flows through the plants in autumn and spring. But "grapes do not grow on thorns or figs on thistles," so countless species produce themselves after their kind, through the mysteries of Nature's workshop. What marvelous powers of discriminative growth are shown in these wonders! We see them every day with unseeing eyes. We do not discern the power which produces these marvels, nor the beauty of harmonious law which guides every flower which blooms. There is ever the silent and mysterious motive force which directs the course of every individual in the different situations of climate, moisture, soil, and exposure.

As we pass on to the animal kingdom we find the power of choice and motion, and also a discernment which we call instinct. Animal forms reach a remarkable perfection of strength, grace, and beauty. They are our brothers truly on a lower grade of evolution through which our bodies have once passed. They are our friends if we will have it so, for we are to them as gods. The songs of the birds, the affection of the household animals for their masters, appeal to us in a strange way. It would be wellnigh impossible for the human mind to conceive of an animal body more perfect than that of a majestic lion or a golden eagle. Yet often the qualities which may be admirable enough in them, are precisely those which we must mas-

ter, and turn to higher use if we would preserve an ideal manhood.

We have said nothing of the numerous species on the dividing lines between these kingdoms of life, yet truly there are no marked dividing lines. All growth is by infinite gradations.

But it may be asked: How does this driving power in Nature affect mankind? and, How is it manifest in our daily life?

If it be remembered that man is essentially a soul — a spiritual being, incarnate in an animal body, that he may gain experience thereby and work out his own divinity, the answer is not far to seek.

By observing what is the driving power in our own lives, and in the lives of those around us, we shall understand in part at least what that power is in nature as a whole, for man is the key to the universe.

We have not far to look to find out what is the impelling power in human nature generally. It takes various forms: ambition, greed, appetite, or passion. It is almost always some form of personal desire which urges man on his course, a desire to attain some object or to attain some goal near or far away. An ancient saying is "Behind the will stands desire." Desire sets the will in operation.

Using this as a key to our understanding of nature as a whole, do we not find that all creatures act according to the law of their own natures in the orderly course of their lives? In the animal kingdom we find desire and appetite analogous to the same desire and appetite in man. We find the plants sending out their roots in search of water and lifting their heads to the air and sunlight. And in the mineral kingdom, elements combine with other elements in proportions according to fixed laws. Everywhere in Nature there is attraction and repulsion.

Whatever we find in the lower kingdoms we find reproduced in man, with this difference, that there is something added in man, *which makes him man*. He has the power to choose whether he will follow this something which is the distinguishing mark of his humanity, or work against it. He is no longer subject, as it were, against his will, to the driving power of Nature. He must either co-operate with it, control and use it, or sink below the level of the beast. Recognizing his own divine nature, he may if he so choose live in harmony with it. Failing to do this, he becomes a slave of the passions and appetites. Thus the passional desire-nature is, as it were, a great source of energy and motive power, which he must transmute and direct if he would fulfil the higher law of his being, and take his place as one of the

sons of God. He should exchange the personal for the spiritual will.

The highest aims and true end of man can only be attained by the exercise of his spiritual will, and the first evidence that this is in operation is the effort for mastery of the animal or lower self, and the conquest of every form of personal selfishness. By doing this he conforms to the divine desire of the Supreme to bring forth a universe inhabited by successive gradations of created beings. In recognizing this and accepting his divine estate, man will lay aside his lower passional nature and self-will, and be ready to exclaim at any moment: "Not my will but thine be done."

Then he is no longer subject to the driving power in nature, but on the contrary *identifies himself with that power*, and becomes a co-worker with Nature and in his own life the driver himself, the arbiter of his own destiny, working with the higher law of his being understandingly. Then he will have realized his divinity, and will have returned to his primeval godhood. For there is that in man which will, if he so choose, make him independent of the genii which rule the material world. In *The Secret Doctrine* of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, we are told that one of the fundamental propositions of the ancient Wisdom-Religion was as follows:

The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Oversoul, the latter being itself an aspect of the unknown Root; and the obligatory pilgrimage of every Soul . . . through the cycle of Incarnation (or "Necessity") in accordance with Cyclic and Karmic law during the whole term. In other words no purely . . . divine Soul can have an independent existence before the spark which issued from . . . the Oversoul has (a) passed through every elemental form of the phenomenal world . . . and (b) acquired individuality, *first by natural impulse*, and *then by self-induced and self-devised efforts* (checked by its Karma) thus ascending through all the degrees of intelligence from the lowest to the highest . . . from mineral to plant up to the holiest Archangel.

In thinking over this, we see at once that the development of man by natural impulse began to give place to a higher development by the divine self-conscious mind incarnate within him.

From that time he began to make those "self-induced and self-devised efforts" to which reference is made. From that time, the purely animal instincts in man have been at war with the divinity within him manifested in his own intuitive conscience.

A modern writer has put it in this way:

Greatness in man is popularly supposed to be a thing inborn. The belief must be a result of want of thought, of blindness to facts in nature. Greatness

can only be attained by growth; that is continually demonstrated to us. Even the mountains, even the firm globe itself, these are great by dint of the mode of growth peculiar to that state of materiality — accumulation of atoms. As the consciousness inherent in all existing forms passes into more advanced forms of life, it becomes more active, and in proportion it acquires the power to growth by *assimilation* instead of *accumulation*. Looking at existence from this special point of view we immediately perceive it to be reasonable to suppose, that as we advance beyond our present standpoint, the power of growth by assimilation will become greater and probably changed into a method yet more rapid, easy, and unconscious. The universe is in fact full of magnificent promise for us if we will but lift our eyes and see.

In man taken individually or as a whole there clearly exists a double constitution. Two great tides of emotion sweep through his nature; two great forces guide his life, the one makes him an animal, and the other makes him a god.

It is upon the union, the right relation of these two forces in himself, that man stands as a strong king. That is the whole secret. That is what makes man strong, powerful, able to grasp heaven and earth in his hands. Do not fancy it is easily done. This power can only be attained by giving the god the sovereignty. Secreted and hidden in the heart of the world and in the heart of man is the light which can illumine all life. Shall we not search for it?

In this extremely brief sketch it is impossible to point out how the precepts of all the great teachers of humanity embody the ideas herein contained. The virtues of self-denial and universal compassion for all creatures, are the forsaking of the desires of the personal man which are natural to the body in which he dwells — the ceasing to exercise the will which makes them live — the destruction of the personal desire to accumulate for oneself anything whatever; and the reaching out toward an assimilation with the god within in order that he may rule.

The power to be sought for is not exterior. There within the silence of man's own heart lies the fountain of sweet waters — the peace which passeth all understanding. Katherine Tingley has said:

Oh that every atom of my being were a thousand-pointed star to help men to see the divine everywhere, to know their limitless power, to feel while in the body, the exhaustless joy of Real Life, to wake and live instead of dreaming the heavy dreams of this living death, to know themselves as at once part of and directors of Universal Law. This is your birthright of Wisdom and the hour of attainment is now if you will. Tarry no longer in the delusion of the Hall of Learning. Feel, Know and Do. You are face to face with the defeats of the past, but in your hands is a new weapon forged in all past struggles.— Wherefore, arise, claim your own, move on to the Sublime Peace that shall follow the final Victory.

THE LOST POET: by Thomson J. Wildredge

Pen and Ink Drawings by R. Machell



He whose name is the Compassionate, looking down of old time out of heaven, contemplated the lot of the Children of Abraham the Orthodox.

"I have raised up mine Apostle, Suleiman ibn Daoud, the Wise," said He, to be king of the Seed of Isaac, and given unto him sovereignty in the east and in the west, over men and genii; and therefore Isaac is a mighty people, and the Seed of the Elder Brother is made subject unto him. Now will I go about to redeem Ishmael also."

Iblis, lurking in the courts of Paradise, answered Him and said:

"Thou canst not do this, O God. The Arabs delight to make war among themselves incessantly; and as much evil as I can devise for their doing, they do it eagerly, and clamor after more. If thou sendest them a king to unite them, behold, they will rebel and slay him; for they desire no yoke but mine. If thou sendest them a Prophet to call them from their sins, he shall fare

worse than any of thy Prophets who were slain of old. Leave thou Ishmael to me, and keep Isaac for thine own."

And God said: "Although they love war and abominations, yet love they Poetry also, O Iblis. Therefore I will raise up a poet to save them, who shall be greater than any poet that hath been born among men."

Iblis laughed. "I will tempt him with women and with power,"

said he. "Thou shalt hear his songs, that they shall be a blasphemy against thee."

"Though thou mayest tempt him, he shall not fall," said the Most Merciful. "I will make his heart altogether pure and holy, and without any desire save after the divine secrets of Poetry. All thy wiles shall not prevail against his soul to stain it, O Iblis; and thus shall Ishmael my people be redeemed."

Then said Iblis: "Since Thou hast decreed it so, suffer me but to be Thy minister in this; that the gifts Thou givest, I may multiply upon him."

And God said: "What thou wouldst have me suffer thee, unto that do I command thee."

Then Iblis went upon his way, to consider and to devise plans; for he was exceeding loathe to lose Ishmael. "It may be that I shall cheat thee in this matter also, O Lord," thought he.

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Khalid the Poet was journeying through the desert out of the Hedjaz northward; his goal was the court of Suleiman ibn Daoud at Jerusalem. Thither also was bound every verse-maker in Araby: though all but he, heaven knew, upon a fool's errand. For Suleiman the Wise had sent out word that he would hold a great contest of the poets of the Arabs; and that the prize to the most inspired should be the hand of his daughter and kingship of the Seed of Ishmael.

Amina herself had urged her father to this. She, the gazelle without peer among the lovely, was weary of the great kings that came wooing her, the princes of Egypt and of Greece, of the Himariyites and of the Persians. No warrior pleased her; she took no delight in fierceness, swiftness, fire, and generosity. No sword was so unconquerably sharp, that it might cut its way through hosts as far as to her favor; no war-mare so fleet and fearless that it might bear its rider to her heart. But she had dreamed a dream in the night; and waking, found that captured by a figure in a vision, which princes and proud horsemen had besieged in vain.

She dreamed that a star arose in the south, and came down upon the earth; and that she beheld it shining upon the brow of a youth of the Hedjaz, who was a poet like to none that had sung in Araby since Hagar went forth with Ishmael her son. She dreamed that she heard him singing, and that his song — ah, it was gone from her memory when she awoke: the words and the music, and even the

substance of it, were gone. But she knew that, having heard it, the world would never again be the same for her: that all things would be entangled in a glamor beyond the light of dreaming, and that the glory of God would shine for her out of every moment of the common day. It was like no other song that had been or would be: the words of it were luminous pearls for sweetness; they were flashing diamonds and burning rubies for power—no, they were as the flaming stars of heaven, endowed with voice and rhythmic visible motion. They revealed the realms of the djinn and peris, and scorned to stop at such barren revelation; they leaped up and soared among the angels. The poet seemed to her to stand upon the horizon singing, girt all about in a robe woven as it were of night flame with quintillions of stars; and to proclaim what the Spirit Gabriel alone knows, and as the lute-voiced Israfil alone might proclaim it. . . . On two matters she had made up her mind by morning: first, that the hero of her dream was a living man, a poet of her mother's people, the Arabs; and second, that him she would marry, and none other.

Who shall say that dreams are altogether vain, or that truth may never be revealed in them? It chanced that at that time Abu Walid ibn Abdullah, prince of the House of al-Wakkeed, lost the pearl of his herd, Zorayd, the white milch camel. Suleiman the Wise himself had given her to him, and the fame of her beauty extended from Damascus to Birku'l Jumad; wherefore, and because he loved her as his own daughter, the soul of Abu Walid was exceedingly troubled; and he sent forth all the young men of the tribe to track her and bring her back. On the third day young Khalid, who had gone out among the rest, led Zorayd into the tents of al-Wakkeed; but it was a Khalid whom his tribesmen had never seen before. Assuredly he had been visited by an angel in the desert; belike it was Israfil that came to him, and took the heart out of his breast, and wrung it clean of human blood, to fill it instead with some ichor out of Paradise, the sound of whose coursing should be immortal song. He came in transfigured, and when the tribe was assembled, sang to them; he, the modest one, whose lips theretofore had always been sealed in the presence of his elders, sang to them marvelously of his marvelous journey after Zorayd. And of other things beside: things glorious, unearthly, unspoken until then; so that they were silent, and wept silently for joy while he sang. When he had made an end, Abu Walid ibn Abdullah fell upon his neck and kissed him; and all the Beni Wakkeed clam-

ored their praises to Allah ta'ala, for that He had fired the heart of one of them with wild supernatural inspiration, and raised up a poet of poets in their midst.

And they prepared a feast, did the Beni Wakkeed, slaughtering seventy camels of the herd, and bidding to it all the tribes of the Hedjaz. Even they made truce with the Beni Hatim and the Beni Darda for the occasion; that, feasting together, they might enjoy signal triumph over these their ancient enemies through the supremacy of Khalid's singing. But when Khalid sang, lo, a marvel: the Beni Wakkeed forgot to triumph, and the Beni Hatim and the Beni Darda to gnash the teeth of rage and envy. Instead, they all wept together for exceeding great joy. You are to picture a poet of the Children of Hatim who, having heard a poet of the Sons of Wakkeed sing, would not sing in his turn the Battle-days of his own tribe; but instead must come forward and own himself but a barking jackal, a harsh hyena in the desert, as compared to this one whose voice was better than the lute-strings of angels;—and you are to imagine him applauded by his own tribe for such an utterance. You are to see al-Ta'eef abu Hatim and Abu Darda come to Abu Walid ibn Abdullah, and kiss him and each other, upon the shoulder, saying: "Henceforth we three shall be as brethren born at one birth;"—and you are to be assured that it was so.

For Khalid, singing, exalted not himself nor his tribe, not his horse nor his sword nor his camel nor his love; but the great beauty of the world, the great glory of mankind, the divinity immanent everywhere. It was a new thing in poetry; it defied all immemorial forms, yet by its triumphant beauty and grandeur overwhelmed criticism. Said al-Ta'eef abu Hatim, very wisely: "It mounteth, verily, without effort unto the throne of God; and yet assuredly it redeemeth even Iblis in the seventh hell, and sheddeth beneficent glory upon him." . . . Here was the vastness of the desert, the loneliness of infinite burning sands, the sweep of the terrible sandstorm, the lovely shade of the oasis; here were the lilac-hued horizons of the evening, the carmine flame of the dawn, the fathomless blue of the noonday, the beacon constellations of the night: and all of them soaked through and through and scintillant with a splendor that might be found also within the inmost heart of man. Whoso heard him felt the presence and workings of God in his own soul: grew brother-hearted with the vast, with the silence, with that eternal peace that gloweth brighter

than any war, with the Spirit of the Spirit of man. . . . It was a new thing in poetry; poets, hearing him, knew that there would be no more *Muallakat*, no more chanting the Days of Battle; that poetry would minister no more to pride, dissension and hatred; but would be ecstasy, worship, revelation. . . .

So when word drifted across the desert into the Hedjaz, that Suleiman ibn Daoud, the great king, had proclaimed his daughter and kingship of the Arabs as the prizes in a contest of poets, no one in those parts doubted as to the result. Abu Walid ibn Abdullah caused Zorayd herself to be saddled and caparisoned sumptuously, and led Khalid to her. "Thou art worthy of her, my son, as she is worthy of thee," he said. "Thou art to bring glory untold upon thy lineage; thou art to exalt thy tribe above all the nations of the earth. Go," he said, kissing him once on the shoulder, "and when thou art king, forget not the tents of thy fathers." But Zorayd he kissed upon her nose many times, and spoke her praises long and fittingly, and wept out loud to part with her.

So now Khalid the poet was riding northward, three days out from the camp of the Beni Wakkeed. In the hour before dawn, we will say; when the horizons are ash-gray and violet and mysterious, and that goes sighing over the desert, which might be a wind, but assuredly is the passing of djinn. A world full of wonder and terror it is; look that out of yonder dimness along the sky's edge westward, some towering afreet rise not, with smoke and dim flame for the clouds of his hair, and a roaring of terrible flame for his bodily form! — Beautifully white Zorayd took the whisper-laden leagues of sand; and Khalid, proud in his saddle, looked forth, swelled his lungs with the cool intoxicating air, and feared neither djinn nor afreet. That which dwelt within his heart was master of the invisible haunters of the desert: the fire in his soul was native to the empyrean, kindred to the sun and the constellations, immortal, born for spiritual sovereignty, proud. Had not Allah spoken through him — set a fire upon his tongue and a burning beacon in his mind? — did he not ride out to declare the secrets of the unknown worlds? Oh, worship, worship for the Light of Lights, of whom the sun's glory was a pale reflection or but the shadow; of whose vastness the vast firmament was no more than a tiny fragment; the jewels of whose robe were the stars of the night! . . . Life was poetry, and poetry an intense and ardent worship: it was love flaming up and out from the heart,

and sweeping the world with its healing fire, and bearing away the lights of heaven in its current. . . .

The sun rose hot over the vast desolation, but still for an hour or two one might ride forward. Khalid thought of the poetry of the Arabs, the immemorial convention he was to destroy. A hot eloquence over tribal battles, with exaltation of this warrior or that; the deserted camping-ground; the ride over the sands; the beauty and swiftness of the camel; the glory of the war-mare; bright keenness of the sword or lance: what were these things, transient forms falling away into nothingness always, that they should usurp dominion in the realms of poetry, that concerns only the soul and that which neither passeth nor perisheth? He rode to abolish their sway; to set up new standards, and make the race great with spiritual greatness. Wonder of wonders, that unto none before him had it been granted to hear the stars singing by night; the moonlight fluting delicate mysteries; the chanting of the marvelous midday-riding sun! Yet truly, the deaf should hear all before long; mankind should hear the eternal voices, and be healed of evil. . . . Sands of the desert of life, you should be watered soon with life-giving song; soon you should put forth groves of date-palms lovely with shade; you should bloom with roses and lilies! Soon, barren mountains of the Hedjaz, you should exceed in green fertility the vales of Lebanon, the meadows by the waters of Damascus. . . . On, white Zorayd; you stride through the desert with God! In the blue above you, blithely the wings of angels hover; the heat palpitant in the sands beneath, consider that it is the ineffable glory of God! . . .

For now the sun had risen, and was well up in the heavens, and the sand glowed and panted; it was time to rest, if a little shade might be found, until evening brought back coolness. . . . Beyond this next ridge there would be at least a yard or two of shadow; ascend here, then, white Zorayd, and thou shalt rest! — From the ridge, the sweetest sight the desert holds was revealed to Zorayd and her rider: the waving of feathery palms, the glint of cool waters in their shadow. On then, white pearl of the herds of al-Wakkeed! — soon thy rest shall be rest indeed. . . .

They came into the green place, and Zorayd knelt, and Khalid dismounted and lay down beside the water, to muse awhile and sleep. But sleep came not to him, on account of the soaring of his mind. He was riding, a bridegroom to his bride, and she the loveliest daughter

of Suleiman; an Ishmaelite to kingship over all the tribes of Ishmael; — many would have taken thought exultantly upon those things: some dreaming dreams of pleasures to be enjoyed or power to be attained; some even, of the upliftment of the people. But to Khalid, it all remained remote and unreal, like a palace of djinn known to exist in untraveled regions, but which, being afar from the bone-marked tracks of the caravans, rises never above the horizon for desert wanderers to behold. “Out yonder it is,” one says; and passes without more thought of it. — The eyes and the desire of Khalid were upon poetry, upon the supreme revelation of it, up to which his whole being quivered in an ecstasy of adoration. . . . Let him behold, let him



adore . . . and let love and fame and power and the whole gleaming show of things pass and perish. . . .

A bird flew glimmering out of the desert, and lighted among the palm leaves above his head. Her breast and her wings were scintillant, and better in color than the noon-day sky; the blue beauty of the heaven of heavens shone for her sake among the dark palm leaves about her. Out of her bill came song; and his mind forsook its workings to listen to her. A bird? — assuredly and assuredly she was an angel! She sang, and the spirit in him soared up with the soaring of her song; was carried into the radiant firmament, beyond companionship with the golden glory of the sun. . . . Ah, beautiful in that loneliness, exultant, floated the soul of the poet; extended and borne up upon song; surveying creation; looking down upon earth from afar; beholding earth as an emerald and a turquoise swinging in sapphire immensities of light. This surely was the supreme revela-

tion of poetry; give thanks now, O Khalid; praise thou God the Compassionate, who hath revealed this infinity of joy to thee, and made thee one with it! . . . — The song waned and sank, and the spirit of Khalid floated down with it into the shadow of the palms, into his body lying upon the ground. This surely had been the ultimate of all vision, he thought, as the bird took her flight from among the trees. Now let sleep come, for at last God had created and confirmed him a poet. . . .

A tinkling and rustle of music broke out above, and came dropping down on him; and he opened his eyes and looked up. There was a bird among the palm leaves overhead, whose feathers were as glimmering soft pearls, lovely beyond loveliness. His soul rose to listen to her singing, and it exceeded by far that of her predecessor. Oh, a moment of such sound, unto what should he compare it? It was better, truly, than ten thousand years of intense delight; surely it was Angel Israfel that formed her bill and her throat, and informed them with immortal melody. . . . Ravished, his spirit soared up with the singing, and left the blueness of the empyrean behind, and forgot the little emerald and turquoise that floated below, and came into gardens lovelier than dreaming, beyond the station of the sun, beyond the summer stars. . . . Up and up with thee, O wonderful revealer! Up into the intensity of bliss, O wings of Poetry, supreme wings! O Bird native to the Heaven of heavens! . . . All things on earth were forgotten — even the glory of poethood, the high exultations and dreamings; revealed now, and for the only reality, were the inward kingdoms of Poetry: beauty beyond the beauty of beauty; bliss beyond bliss — timeless, nameless, worldless, unknown. . . .

And he heard the waning of that song also, and saw at last the pearly wings of the bird glimmer afar, vanishing over the yellow sands. Now he would sleep — now he would sleep. . . .

A third time song awoke him: there was a light as of the sunset above; and a bird there, the color of the rainbow, exquisite in unsurpassable loveliness. As she sang and he listened, he was borne up again on a torrent of holy singing, and left the firmament below, and left heaven after heaven below, and heard Israfel chanting amidst the stars, and saw the stars reel with delight at the chanting of Israfel. And he passed on, and left the chanting of Israfel below, forgotten; and came where even Gabriel comes not; and quivered up, a yearning and a trembling flame, towards That which the eyes of angels see not,

and the minds of archangels may not dream: all infinity was present with him, and all eternity was enfolded in the moment that was he. . .

And the song faded away, and behold, he was in his body again. The sun was setting over violet horizons, and the sky overhead was a blue-green beryl with the beauty of the evening. . . . Where were the date-palms, and where the cool waters beside which he had lain down? . . . Where was white Zorayd? . . .



A sound of chanting came drifting to him from beyond a ridge of sand, and he listened:

Bismillahi 'rrahmani 'rraheem!
Al-hamdu lillahi rabi 'llalameen!
Arrahmani 'rraheem,
*Maliki yowmi ed deen. . . **

* The opening of the first chapter of the Koran: "Praise be to God, the Merciful, the Compassionate," etc.

"It is a poet that praises the One God in his song," thought Khalid; "this is a marvel truly, since I alone of the poets have praised Him." Then he thought: "I will go and inquire of him, if perchance he hath seen Zorayd."

He rose up, and tottered across the sand, mounting the ridge painfully. He came upon an Arab praying, his face turned southward towards Mecca. "God is great!" cried the Arab, three times; and then:

I affirm that there is no god but God!

I affirm that there is no god but God!

I affirm that there is no god but God!

I affirm that Mohammed is the Prophet of God!

At that last affirmation Khalid stood bewildered. "Sir," he said, "wherefore affirmest thou this? Knowest thou not that our lord, Suleiman ibn Daoud, who is called the Wise, the King of the Jews in Jerusalem, is the Apostle of God unto this age?"

The Arab gazed at him in amazement. "O thou whose beard is whiter than the pomegranate flower," said he, "Suleiman ibn Daoud hath been dead these thousand years! Assuredly Mohammed ibn Abdullah, of the tribe of the Koreish at Mecca, he is the Apostle!"



HIM who is less than thee consider as an equal, and an equal as a superior, and a greater than he as a chieftain, and a chieftain as a ruler. And among rulers one is to be acquiescent, obedient, and true-speaking; and among accusers be submissive, mild, and kindly regardful.

Commit no slander; so that infamy and wickedness may not happen unto thee.

Form no covetous desire; so that the demon of greed may not deceive thee, and the treasure of the world may not be tasteless to thee.

Indulge in no wrathfulness, for a man indulging in wrath becomes then forgetful of his duty and good works . . . and sin and crime of every kind occur unto his mind; and until the subsiding of the wrath he is said to be just like Ahriman.

Suffer no anxiety; for he who is a sufferer of anxiety becomes regardless of enjoyment of the world and the spirit, and contraction happens to his body and soul.

Practise no sloth; so that the duty and good work, which it is necessary for thee to do, may not remain undone.—*Dinâ-i Mainôgi-i Khirad: Zend Avesta*

ADVERSITY: by E. A. Neresheimer



MAN is free to choose between many ways of action in all circumstances; yet there is a plan of nature, conformable to which he is obliged to move. Whichever course he adopts from personal motive, whether good or bad, there will subsequently be corresponding reaction upon him, a reaction known as Karma, the law of cause and effect. Through want of compassion and lack of knowledge he oft chooses wrongly, inconsiderately, selfishly; in consequence, the rebound which follows as effect, though the thought or deed has long been forgotten, is sometimes considered to be personal adversity and hardship.

The theosophic premiss is that the law embodies the highest justice and intelligence, devoid of emotion and unerring in its compensation. Among the many pleasing incidents experienced in life, divers other things befall mankind: sickness, poverty, disappointments, loss of loved ones, miscarriage of plans, thwarted ambition, worry, discouragement, pain, misfortune, and various tribulations. All these are in a sense states of mind, largely susceptible of gratifying amelioration by a proper mental attitude when one is inclined to think seriously about the possible connexion involved between the occurrence of events and the orderly progression of sequences obtaining throughout the great economy of sentient life and nature.

Adverse conditions may remain quite what they are, but our mental relation to them can be altered in a moment or by degrees; if we succeed in so doing the aspect of an affliction will modify itself in its effect upon us and often completely change. Physical injury, loss of organ or limb, calamities and misfortunes, strange to say, are seen to be borne contentedly after a time, and are looked at from a viewpoint much different from the first dreaded anticipation of them. Who has not seen a maimed person more resigned to his fate than we imagine we would be? In numerous cases wonderful resourcefulness has been shown under stern trials. It is all an experience of life, generally wholesome and disciplinary, pulling up a person, so to speak, to a new view of himself; forcing introspection and a seeking for causes, broadening sympathy for others, and generally culminating in a state which is none the less happy than the former.

Severe visitations come only to those already strong. No greater burden is put on one than he can carry, and he could carry more if he were to summon his natural powers. And behold! what a stroke of fortune it sometimes is in the unfoldment of unexpected mentality

and moral incentive — a veritable forthcoming of latent, godly powers, besides the strengthening of Will, and the finding of firmness, patience, and fortitude.

Do we not sometimes witness absurdly morbid states of mind on the part of average persons, when they meet merely slight reverses, such as are not worse than those borne by thousands who are happy despite them? Taken by surprise they act as though dumbfounded and stunned. Being so unprepared for small mutabilities, how can they evoke resistances out of which great deeds are born? Do not these *need* just such gentle impacts from the benign illusion-destroyer — Mother Nature? Others again who firmly pull themselves together in manly fashion, striving for a more reasonable accommodation to the new circumstances — nine out of ten of them rise out of the trial stronger, and perchance discover within themselves some unexpected reservoir of consciousness and strength.

The soul is the doer of things, also the enjoyer and sufferer. In the course of its descent from spiritual estate it has fallen under the seductions of matter, forsaking the while the domain of its pristine divinity. Time was, before the middle period of the Great Life-Cycle was reached, when the evolutionary pilgrim was serenely carried on the wave of nature's sole responsibility. The acme of consolidation and perfection of physical form is reached; henceforth man, the creature of the Path, must become the Path itself. Matter and the vestures of the soul becoming more refined on the return arc, the human entity has entered upon the cycle of individual responsibility. Nature will no longer be in our debt for the mere act of living. She may no longer compensate with molding the fairest possible forms out of a promiscuous mixture of good and evil; the true relation of earthly beauty and eternal truth depending from this time forward upon man's conscious efforts in one direction only, that is to say, a life in harmony with the cosmic plan.

The Law is Compassion Absolute! Karma is its method. Reincarnation its Instrument.

It has been a long journey of the spirit downward in order to obtain contact with matter in its many phases. Many have been the experiences in this vast labyrinth of sentiency, waking and sleeping, activity and rest, joy and sorrow, enlightenment and darkness, heaven and hell, over and over again, for ages upon ages. In the cycles to come when man shall have spontaneously ranged himself on the

side of the Higher Law in his appointed co-operative work with nature, the tyranny of personal desire shall cease, the thralldom of illusion end, and man regain his spiritual estate.

To guide mankind aright in its spiritual destiny, the teachings of the eternal Esoteric Doctrine and Wisdom-Religion have once more been and are being benignly enunciated by the messengers of the gods — the Leaders of Theosophy.

The forcible reactions provided by kindly nature, which bring home to every individual his due share of retribution, are not alone in rousing mankind from the lethargy of sensuous dreamland. Without sign, guide, and example, men are reluctant to move, and though the world has never been entirely without the Esoteric Doctrine and Divine Teachers, yet humanity at large heeded not, but chose to tarry in bondage of matter. But the advancing cycle demands imperative change, and the Theosophic Movement, founded forty years ago, is now spreading its beneficent activities over the wide earth. Its Founders and Leaders have built wisely, effectively, permanently. The Teachers treading the consecrated Path of Compassion have been and are at hand, for love of their fellow-men, sacrificing all else in leading the way.

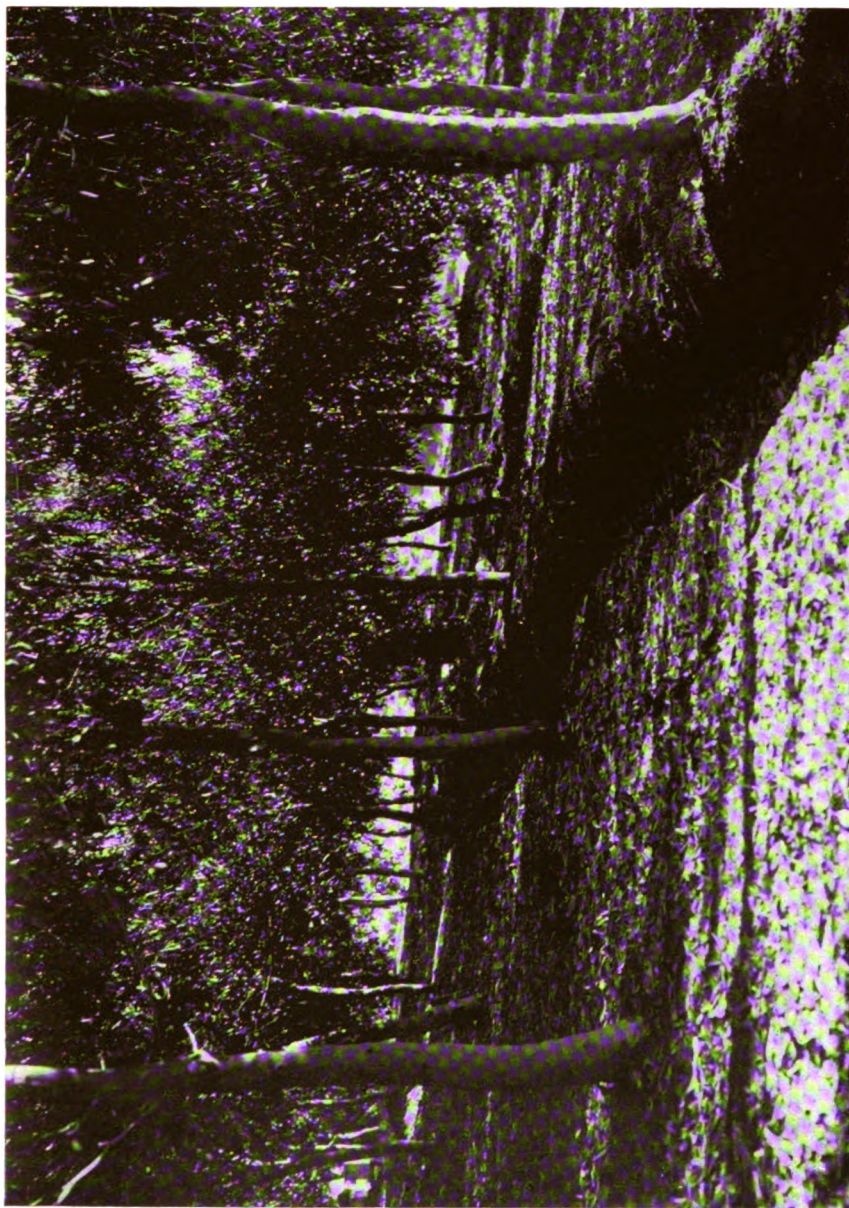
The human unit is an integral and absolutely indispensable part of the scheme of the Universe. Strange to say, even this tenet is quite a new one to most men and women of today. In consequence they flounder from emotion into despair over troubles actual or imagined, are in fear of death, of god and man, and afraid of adversity, as if any of these things were of the "least" or "utmost" importance. It is quite another thing to have anchorage on at least a fragment of truth and reality; one then knows that to our *essential* nature most of the objects of dread are but temporary, disciplinary, often wholesome, from which one is expected to learn priceless lessons necessary in development. The certainty that nothing whatever can happen that could in the least affect or destroy one's individual integrity as a permanent unit and inseparable part of the universal economy, should inspire us with great confidence in our spiritual stability. Be it said that the whole Universe would sooner fall to pieces than that destruction should overtake one single unit. No! We are of much more importance than that. And our troubles? On another plane of consciousness, the plane of the soul, they are non-existent, except in the sense of a mere incident, just as one single letter might stand

for an incident in a volume which contained many, many subjects.

No great philosophy is needed to train our minds to dwell on the inward life, whence, after no long time, a serene state is born to us, and a widening of our outlook and consciousness, and in consequence there arises a natural inner stimulus, even an urge toward contemplation of the deeper resources of our being.

Hold to some lofty impersonal subject which appeals to us as an unquestioned truth: Brotherhood is a fact in nature; the latent Divinity of man; the unity of Cosmos; and similar verities of great number and profound import suggested in Theosophic teachings; rise with them in the morning, letting them penetrate into us during the day, and retire with them, holding them as the last thing before sleep. Never fail in the performance of the least duty to the fullest extent of ability, resigning all *personal* interest in it, being content in the mere correct discharge of any act as *Duty*. Cease day-dreaming or letting the mind wander aimlessly into the past, or into anticipation of the future, instead, live consciously alert to the smallest thing connected with every thought and act, at the same time being discriminately positive as to what is proper and what not. Doing this with pronounced intent, firmly fixed will and good cheer, will soon crowd out "gloomy streaks," and having made a disciplined instrument of one's mind, adversities will soon be found to have assumed an entirely different aspect.

There is no universal prescription for meeting or brushing aside things that happen; whatever occurs has to be met somehow, and therefore our mental relations to the circumstances determine the quality of the effect the happenings shall have upon us. If a broad enough view is taken we may extract from adversities a salutary and valuable lesson. It is unwise to complain, or to mope or pray for better fortune instead of making effort to fathom their meaning. Nothing ever occurs for which adequate causes are not in existence in man's atmosphere, whether generated in the remote past or in the present life. Through many links uniting a long chain of events these causes come to fruition as effects — the conditions which bring them to a focus having not arrived. The source of trouble must be looked for within ourselves and consolation sought in the fact that the experience is a *means to progress*. Calmly and courageously looking on new conditions as opportunities for growth, will promote individual self-reliance and heighten our trust in Divine Justice.



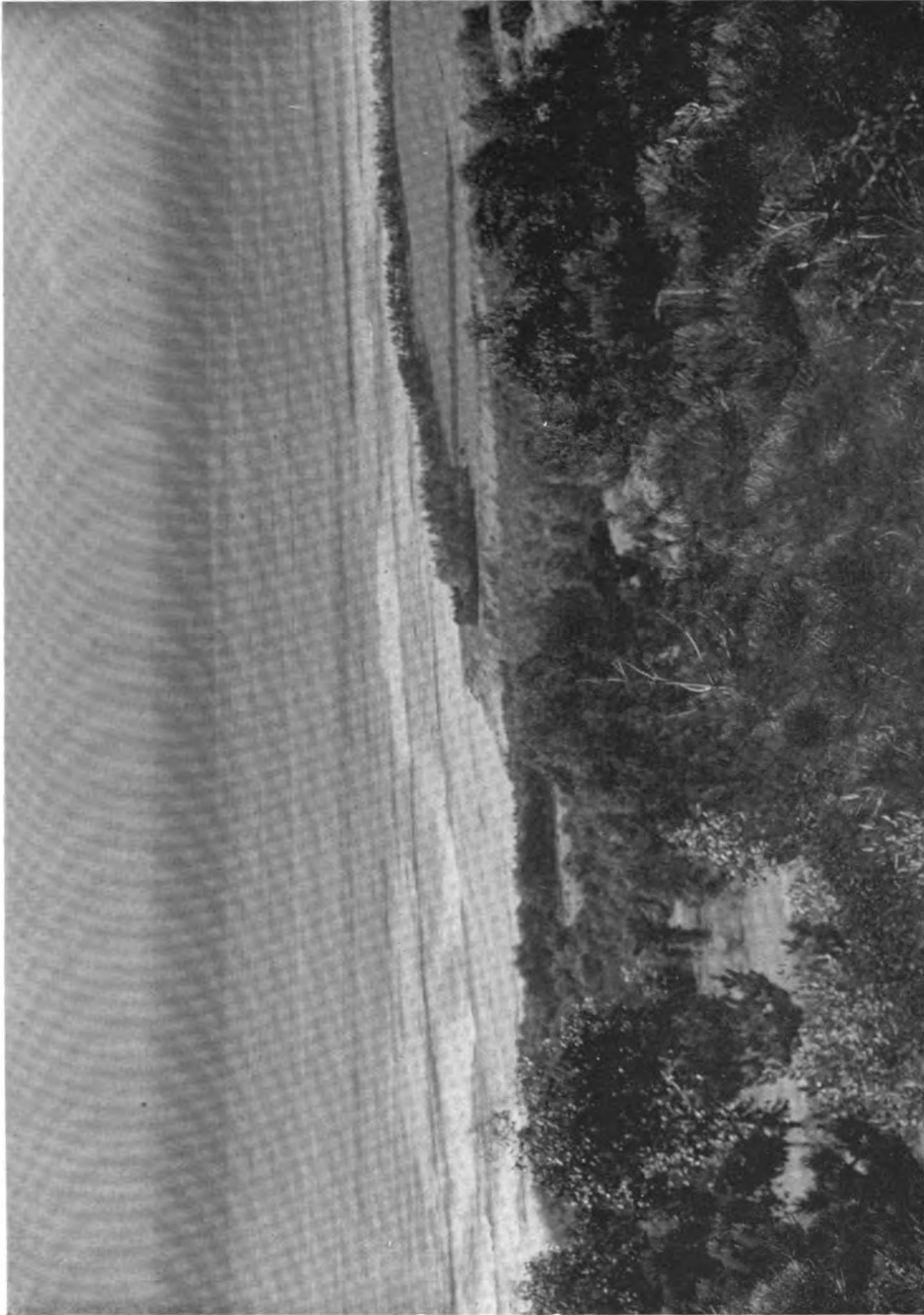
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IN THE EUCALYPTUS GROVE, FORESTRY DEPARTMENT, RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE,
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



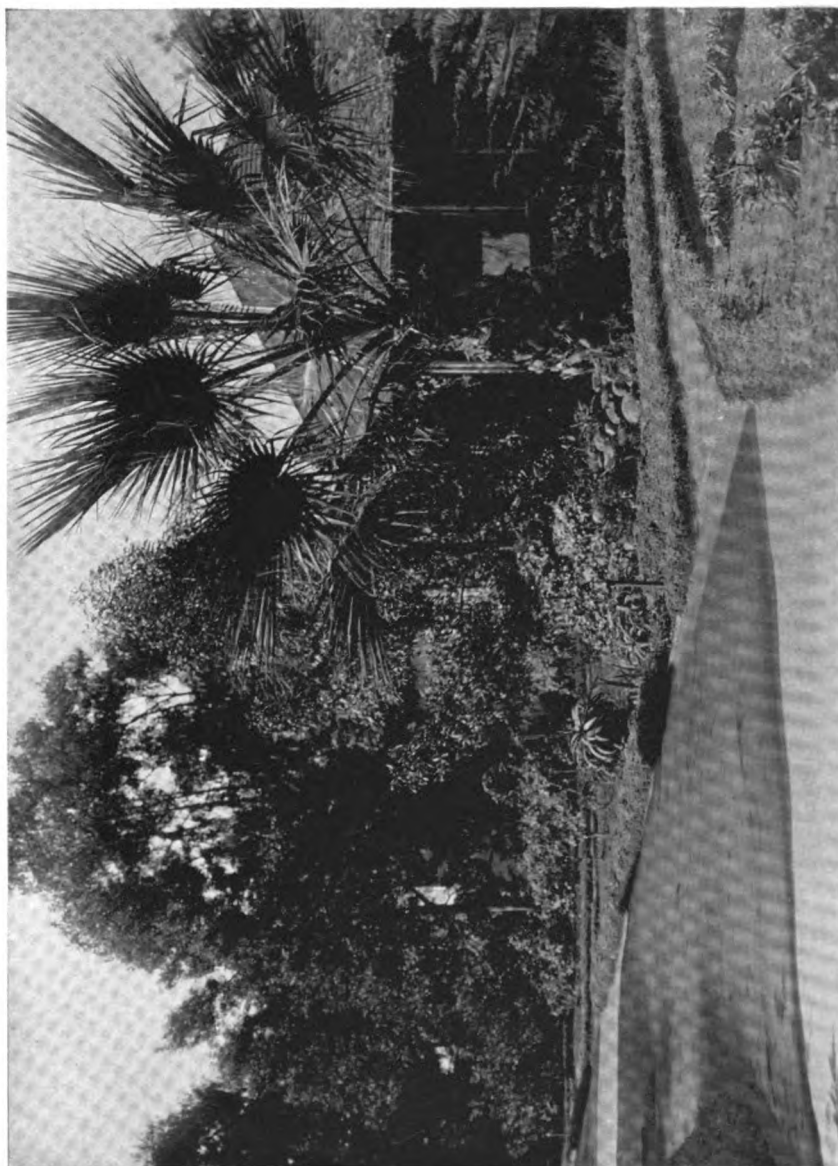
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PART OF THE EUCALYPTUS GROVE, FORESTRY DEPARTMENT, RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE
THE ROLLING PACIFIC BEYOND



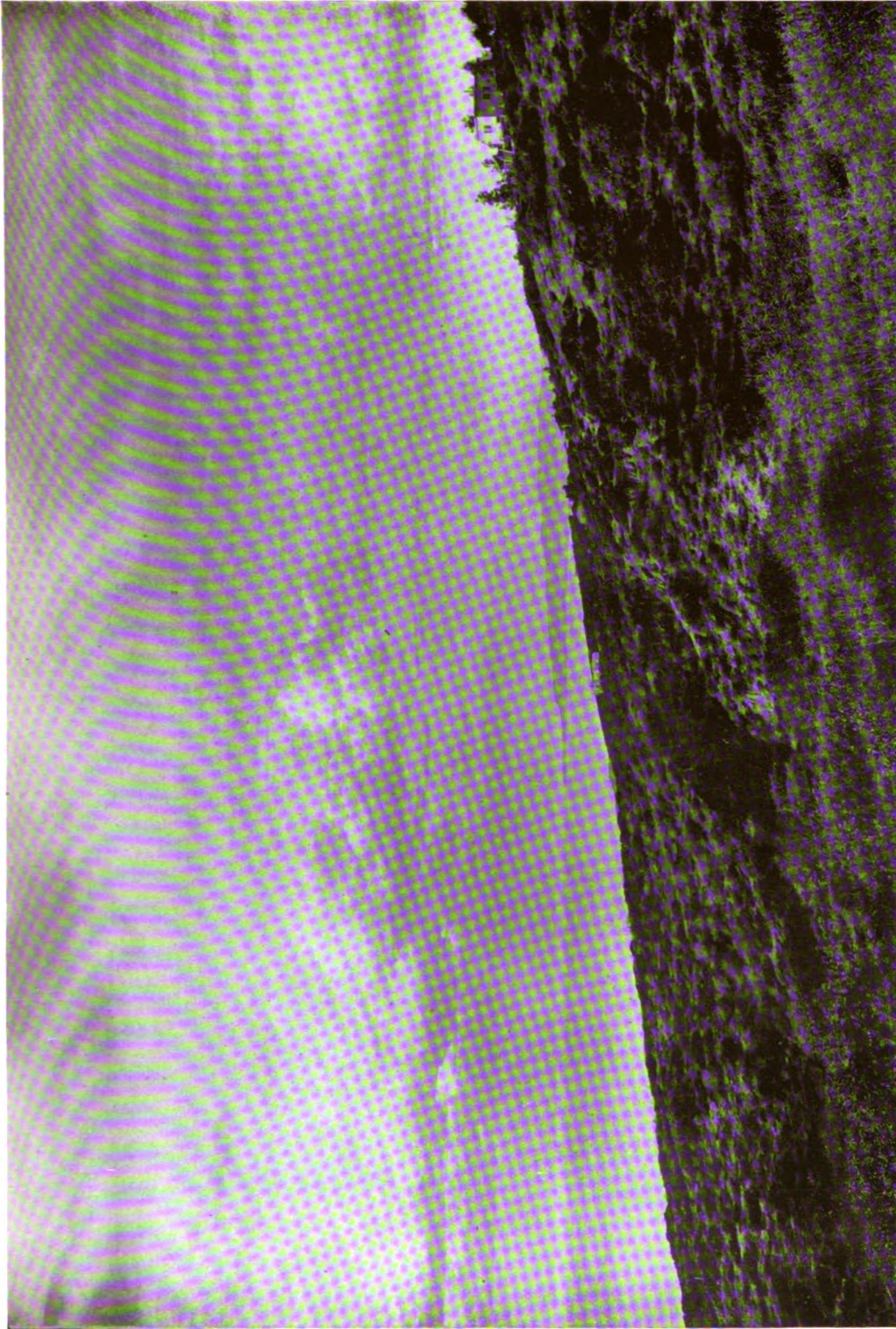
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A THIRD VIEW OF THE GROUNDS OF THE FORESTRY DEPARTMENT



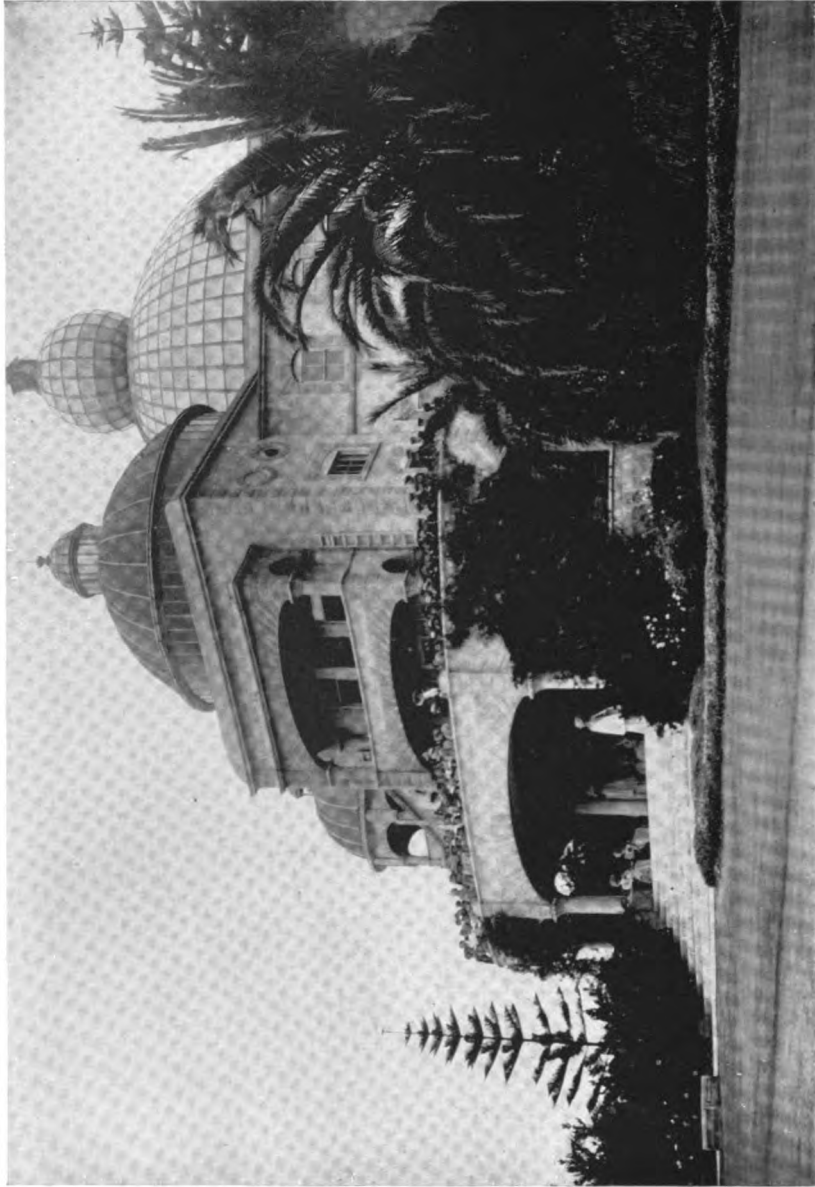
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ONE OF THE GROUP BUNGALOWS ON THE GROUNDS OF THE RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE, IN ITS
GARDEN OF PLANTS, FLOWERS, AND TREES



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A VIEW OF A PART OF THE THEOSOPHICAL GROUNDS, POINT LOMA, WITH THE PACIFIC BEYOND



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

EAST ENTRANCE OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY BUILDING, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA. STUDENTS WELCOMING GUESTS

CARIAD I, MY DARLING
by Kenneth Morris

*Cariad i, my Sweetheart,
I know very well
I'd find the way to you again
From the heart of Heaven or Hell.*

I

SURE you now, in Paradise, were I God's honored guest,
With hankering after Welsh things, I'd get little rest.
Wonderful the mountains there, and the vales are sure to be,
But there's something Welsh I'd miss in them, and 'twould ruin them for me —
Some far, fairy music that makes Welsh names dear;
Some lovely, wandering consonance the ear can hardly hear.
(Parc-yr-elyn, Parc-yr-un, Pontamman, Pant-y-cefn —
They'd leave no music in the sound of the Hebrew names in Heaven.
Pant-y-ffynon, Gelli-onen, Tir-y-dail, Llanmaes —
They'd put to shame the best names in the Vale of Paradise.
Llanwrtyd, Llanwrda, Llan On, Llandeilo Fawr —
For lack of Llans the Vale of Heaven would weary me in an hour.)
And though the Hills of the Trinity have waters fair and clear,
Cheap they'd seem to me, I think, by the Llwchwr at Glynhir.
Moreover, I doubt the saints of God will make their harpstrings sound
With tunes so sweet as the *Ash Grove*, or so grand as the *Welsh Ground*.
And I'd rather hear the dim waves on the rocks of Cemaes boom,
From the foxglove fields of Glan-y-mor, in the evening glow and gloom,
Than walk in the streets of Glory paved with pearl and jacinth stone,
And heed the singing Seraphim that carol round the Throne.
And I'd rather Carreg Cennen crag, and the lonely, ruined keep,
Than the gardens of Caersalem town, where the wings of angels sweep.
And I don't believe that God's House has anything to show
So dear as lone Cilgerran, where the little coracles go,
Or the broad Teifi reaches from Llandudoch to the sea,
Where the sun sets o'er the sand hills, and the songs of faerie be.

II

But if indeed the Vale of Heaven is fairer than I guess,
And as fair as thou art, Cariad i, still I should love it less;
And from the grand delight thereof, my heart would wandering go,
Grown fierce with pity, to the gray towns I know:
I would remember the Rhondda, and the slums in Caerdydd,
And mean streets in Swansea town, and around Pontypridd.

And every ill that might be done in the North and in the South
 Would be bringing the hot thoughts to my heart, and the hot words to my
 mouth;

Raging I'd be, and mourning, for the Light of you that waned,
 And the Druid truth forgotten, and the old fame stained;

And here I would see the chapels, and the mean and trumpery things;
 And there, the deeds of Llewelyn and Glyndwr, and the ancient kings;—

And Mihangel Sant and his armies, and the Lord enthroned above—
 I swear it would bother the wits of them all, to lock the gates on love.

III

Down along the Milky Way
 And past the Pleiades,
 I'd be homing back to you
 To have my heart at ease.

Bringing wealth I'd be for you,
 Raided from the stars:
 Opals out of Aldebaran,
 Ruby stones from Mars.

Through the dark blue bloom of night,
 And through the dawn-lit sky—
 I'd make dawn a song for you,
 Yes indeed would I!

Through the chambers of the sun,
 Sapphire-builed, blue—
 All their beauty, Cariad i,
 I would win for you.

Sunset should deliver me
 Mournful fire and gold,
 To weave thereof a robe for you
 Like the Gods wore of old.

Down along the Milky Way,
 A billion miles and more,
 The little waves would call me
 From the Aberteifi shore.

I would hear, in Arthur's Harp,
 To speed the wings of love,
 Cennen water calling
 'Neath the woods of Golden Grove.

There's dogrose and sweetbriar
 About Llandeilo town,
 From Caer Arianrhod in the stars
 Would call and lure me down.

Amidst the sunset's roses,
 Ah, my heart would burn
 For the groves of rhododendron
 And the foxglove midst the fern.
 And the peewit on the mountains,
 And the corncrake in the vales,
 Amidst the nebulae I'd hear them
 Calling me back to you, Wales.

IV

And were I in the flames of Hell, the flames would be naught to me,
 With my heart so inflamed with the beauty that is 'twixt Hafren and the sea.
 The fire of my heart that is love for you, and the hope of my soul aflame,
 Dear, they would put the fiercest fires in the brimstone lake to shame.
 Satan and all his mighty men, and the fourfold gates of brass —
 Much count Love would take of *them*, to forbid his wings to pass!
 I shouldn't wonder indeed, not I, if he quelled them all erelong
 With a subtle enchantment of story-telling and old Druidic song;
 If he gathered them all about him there, and told them marvelous tales
 Till he'd quenched the pride of the demon host with the haughtier pride of Wales,
 And they fed on heroic stories till they felt their hearts aglow
 With the high, magnanimous glories that were Welsh — a long time ago; —
 Arthur, and Bran the Blessed, and the Sons of Llywarch Hen,
 And the Birds that sang in Harlech Caer, ere the Wonderful Head was slain —
 And Satan and all his mighty men would bow their heads and mourn,
 Remembering how it was in heaven, ere the thought of sin was born.
 — The tale of the Bridge of Orewyn, and how Llewelyn died,
 And Gwenllian the Queen, ferch Gruffydd — and where'd be the hellions' pride?
 They should heed how the Gwynfydolion heard the grand Hai Atton ring,
 And straightway robed themselves in flame, and launched them forth a-wing
 Through the bleak, black howling chaos waste, grown tired of heaven's delight,
 To batter down the gates of God, and storm the Infinite —
 And Satan and his angels in heroic ranks would rise,
 And the beautiful storm of their battle song would ring through the ultimate
 skies —
 They would break down the brazen walls of hell, angry that wrong should be,
 Angry that the Gods of old time fell from their first proud purity;
 Forth they would sweep in glorious hosts, warlike with sword and song,
 Every fiend of them sworn a knight to end the reign of wrong;
 And Mihangel Sant and his armies, listening, would sheathe their swords,
 And "Peace on Earth at last!" they would shout; "this day is hell the Lord's."

V

Plain it is that far or near,
 Living man or dead,
 'Twill be no ground but Welsh ground
 Where my foot may tread.

For the East Wind and the West Wind,
 They will not let me be,
 For haunting all my quiet hours
 With whispered Druidry.

Let but the daily voices cease
 And the winds find me alone,
 They'll be whispering half the things that be
 'Twixt Mynwy Fawr and Mon:

Stories of grand and Druid days,
 And the mighty kings of old,
 And the friendliness of Gods and men
 In the Celtic Age of Gold.

And the opalescent hosts that fade
 When the light of the wan dawn pales,
 And the music wandering over the hills,
 And the fairy lights in the vales

Of a land where the speech of wind and wave
 And the human folk and all,
 Has the same lilt and sequence sweet,
 And the same rise and fall.

A little wind comes whispering,
 Ere the flames of sunrise cease;
 Over Europe and Asia it comes,
 And the sapphire Sea of Peace;

And a little wind comes whispering,
 When no soul is by,
 O'er the Werydd and the Western World,
 And along the evening sky;

Many a grand sight they'll have seen —
 In China, belike, and Spain,
 And Russia, and Rome, and Africa,
 And along the Spanish Main;

And I often wonder why it is
 They should only think to tell
 Such news as is going by Teifi side
 Or the Field of Tybie's Well.

And many an antique language
 They'll have heard by land and sea,
 In Palestine and Corsica,
 And France and Tartary;
 Not much for them to have learned, you'd think,
 Hebrew, or French, or Greek;
 But there, it does seem 'tis the Druid tongue
 Is the only tongue they speak.
 So, plain it is that far or near,
 Or indeed, alive or dead,
 'Twill be Welsh air that I shall breathe,
 And Welsh ground I'll tread.

VI

What do you think I desire of you, that I may not let you be?
 — Dear, 'tis to have you crowned and throned in your olden majesty.
 'Tis to have you quit your petty aims — no more dream sordid dreams;
 'Tis to have you grand as the mountains are, and pure as the mountain streams.
 'Tis to have a crown of stars for you, to shine forth afar —
 And your own eyes brighter, dear, than any lovely star.
 What shall make them bright again, that have been dim so long?
 — Sight of the wonderful Soul of Things, and the far stars at song.
 I seek not the wealth of the world for you: pomp of the world and power
 Shall pass if they last an hundred years, or fade in a single hour.
 The royal robe of the Spirit I would have for you, shall not shine
 With cloth of gold from the marts of the world, nor gems from the mountain
 mine.
 But I swear you shall have no peace at all for the bothering of my love
 Till the God in your heart is made known to your eyes, and you have great joy
 thereof;
 Till you're hearing rumors of wonders on all the winds that blow,
 And you have companionship of the Gods, and your wise heart come to know
 That your fate and its sorrow or splendor lies in your own right hand:
 To go down into oblivion, or stand where the Deathless stand.
 Then shall you scorn ignoble aims; shall you lift your heart to the morn
 Wholly pure and beautiful; shall you turn from lies with scorn.
 And you shall not fear nor falter, nor forsake the Light again,
 Nor seek no treasure of Heaven from God, nor treasure of wealth from men;
 But your hands shall be given to the service of Man, and the road for your
 feet shall be
 The small, old Path of the Gods that leads to Immortality.

VII

For thou shalt not come by any grace through singing of hymns and prayer;
Thou hast sought thy God in a charnel-place; thou shalt not find him there.

Whoso craveth his soul to save, already hath lost his soul:
Forgo thou heavens beyond the grave, and thy faith shall make thee whole!

Him that thou sought'st for midst the dead is a dead god; let him lie!
All his olden splendor is shed, and Time hath passed him by.

But that is hidden in the heart of Man, Time hath not touched at all:
Though he lay on the worlds and the stars his ban, That shall not fade nor fall.

Thou shalt find that in thine own breast, shall change not, nor decay
When the solar systems seek their rest, and the bright heavens wane away.

Wherefore weep not thou, nor mourn thy dead God; let him lie!
A God in thine own heart is borne which is God, and cannot die.

Die?—Nay, let Him rise in his might, and change this world of men
To a Temple of God and a House of the Light, that is now a robbers' den.

But thou hast forgotten thy Spirit's goal, which the Sons of God must win;
And hidden with a creed thy star, thy soul, and sinned through musing on sin;

Abased thyself to a God apart; blasphemed 'gainst thine own soul—
Turn thou now to the God thou art, and thy faith shall make thee whole!

Turn, and heed thou alone the Truth, and the Truth shall set thee free:
Thou to be dust of the earth, forsooth; and an hour to strike for *thee*!

Hast thou not drunk the hyssop gall? Art thou not scourged and slain?
How long ere thou wilt heed our call, who bid thee rise again?

Nay! Not of old on Calvary-side the Crucifixion was;
But the God in man is the Crucified, and the brute in man is the Cross.

How long, O thou with the thorns for crown, wilt hang and agonize?
Come thou down, as thou canst come down, that the sun may take the skies!

Come thou down, as thou canst! Ah, dare to live, that our life may be!
Thou canst not save us, hanging there; dying, we die with thee!

.
*Cariad i, my darling,
Whether you will or no,
You shall come to your own, and be throned again
As you were, long ago!*

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

ARCHAEOLOGY: EGYPT AND THE STONE AGE:

by H. Travers, M. A.



THE state of affairs in Europe has contributed notably to the encouragement of archaeological research in ancient America, by putting obstacles in the way of expeditions from America to the Old World; but it has also had a contrary effect — in the following case at least. The discoveries dealt with below were facilitated by the fact that the government in Egypt has withdrawn its concessions to the archaeologists of certain nations, thus leaving a large number of expert excavators available for the American expedition.

Thus American archaeologists have made another epoch-making discovery in the history of those mighty civilizations that flourished in Egypt.

The Museum of the University of Pennsylvania last fall sent the Eckley B. Coxe, Jr. expedition, under Mr. Clarence S. Fisher, to Egypt, where he obtained a concession to work at Memphis. After some work in the burial grounds of the old kings near the Pyramids of Gizeh, he decided to search for the palace of the kings of Memphis. Working on the trenches left by Professor Flinders Petrie, he came across a wall so large that he considered it might be part of the palace he was seeking; and also two projecting columns which looked as if they might be parts of a colossal building. Setting a large body of workmen to excavating here (he eventually employed 180), he found, not the palace, but a temple, which has been attributed to either Seti I, or Menepthah the son of Rameses II.

It may be wondered why a find so remarkable on such a familiar site was not discovered before, but the engineering difficulties readily explain the matter. Nile inundations and drifted sand had buried the remains deep in a very impracticable material; and the explorer was obliged to build a railroad to carry away the excavated soil, while this again had to be supplemented by a pumping station to carry off the seepage. The work has had to be discontinued during the summer heat, to be resumed this fall, but so far it has resulted in the discovery of four thousand articles — scarabs, amulets, stone jars, etc., and a number of sandstone statues. There was also a manufacturing plant for the making of amulets and the like; but still more interesting was the discovery of one hundred heads, mostly in terra-cotta. These indicated that Memphis was inhabited by people of numerous races, ranging in type from Ethiopian to Egyptian. The pillars and walls

are carved as usual with inscriptions which have yet to be deciphered; and when, after patient labor, this has been done, we may expect a notable chapter to be added to our knowledge of ancient Egyptian history, as well as to that of other prominent nations contemporary with these times.

The walls of the temple are twelve feet thick, and several rooms and some pavements have been uncovered, but further details must be awaited until the work is resumed.

With regard to the dates assigned, it is noteworthy that archaeologists are more generous in the matter of time than they used to be, and are continually pushing the dates further and further back; though they have still much to do in this way ere they reach figures commensurate with probability. The desire to dwarf ancient history still lingers, as an instinct, but it has had to give way considerably under the pressure of facts. The usual historical narrative gives the date of Rameses II as in the 14th century B. C.; and Memphis was founded, according to the latest estimates of Petrie, about 5600 B. C. But when Menes, "the first king of Egypt," made it his capital, it was already a large and flourishing city; and, as the account of Fisher's discoveries which is before us says, "possibly it had been in existence thousands of years before the dawn of recorded history, because the subjects of Menes were far from barbarians. Races of which no traces remain may have founded it." From which remark we infer the curious idea that the city must have been founded by barbarians (!); for the argument runs — the subjects of Menes were not barbarians (major premiss), but cities are founded by barbarians (suppressed minor premiss), therefore the city was not founded by the subjects of Menes (conclusion); therefore it must have been founded by other people of an earlier date who were barbarians (corollary). Thus we see that the evolutionary hypothesis, which requires that civilized man shall have progressed by gradual stages from barbarism, necessitates the lengthening out of history to figures more accordant with those demanded by Theosophy.

Many other notable admissions are found in the account from which we are quoting; which, whether they represent the orthodox views or not, at least represent the kind of views which the public is likely to indorse, and so mark a great advance on what was given the public in former years. The Egyptians are credited with having been historians; and this surely is a more respectful attitude towards

them than was formerly the wont. Their priests were also doctors, astronomers, lawgivers, and men of science; and they were the historians, whose records are known to have been in the libraries of Memphis. But here we come upon another piece of mere conjecture on the part of the writer. It is important to discriminate between what is matter of fact and what is mere conjecture. It would be better if writers could always be content with stating what the ancients did, and would refrain from imputing motives until better qualified to do so. These historical records, we are told, were known as "the mysteries." And on what authority? one may well ask. Undoubtedly the Mysteries included historical records, especially those pertaining to cyclic evolution and the chronology of the Races and sub-races; but it is a mistake to make out that the Mysteries were nothing but history in the sense in which *we* understand the word "history." The Mysteries were the knowledge, not only of history, but of life's mysteries in general, imparted only to duly qualified candidates for initiation. They were common to the ancient world, but gradually departed from view as the world plunged deeper into its cycle of materialism. As to the imputing of motives, why not rest content with stating the fact that later kings engraved their own names over the names of their predecessors on the monuments inscribed with pictures of great deeds, without adding the insinuation that the motive of these later kings in so doing was to steal for themselves the glory of those deeds? Let us at least think, until we have good reason for thinking otherwise, that the people of those days — kings and commoners alike — were as far from pettiness in spirit as they were in their buildings.

It is consoling to hear, from large-type caption and from text, that Herodotus, the "father of history," has been graciously proved truthful; though doubtless his shade, could it be conceived of as haunting these regions, would be sublimely indifferent to this tardy vindication. Herodotus has often been accused of lying, or, when his innocent lineaments cry shame to the accusation, of having been imposed upon by the Egyptian priests — whereby the sneer has been transferred from the shoulders of poor Herodotus to those of the priests, as though we were compelled to belittle somebody or other. Perhaps the word "priest" itself is somewhat to blame, and its use (in place of a better word from our modern vocabulary) may have transferred to the ancient teachers a smack of that insincerity which (as we must

infer) has somehow managed to attach itself to the word in its modern applications. But now it seems that Herodotus was neither lying nor lied to, so that both he and the teachers are exculpated; which, though it makes no imaginable difference to them, is a credit to us who have acknowledged it. One fears, however, that the customary procedure will require that, as regards other of his statements, he shall continue to be held mendacious until he is proven true.

The chronology of Egypt will have to be greatly extended if it is to come into accordance with probabilities and fit into the general scheme of history; multiplication, rather than addition, is the rule to compute the ages of men, as it is with the ages of fossils and strata. The Egyptians should rather be called a whole humanity than a nation; and there may be in a remote future some archaeologists who will speak of the European nation as we now speak of the Egyptian nations, disregarding the fact that the nations were many and the successive ebbs and flows of civilization many. It has often been pointed out that Egyptian history shows no trace of youth, but is mature when first we catch sight of it. It was derived; but from whence, archaeologists can only conjecture. It must be remembered, too, that a hypothesis which disposes conveniently of the Egyptian problem does not necessarily explain the problem of ancient America; and it would be well if archaeologists, pooling their results, should seek the common source of both these ancient cultures.

FROM another newspaper article we gather that the hypothesis as to the primitiveness of the Stone Age has been exploded, and, by what must surely be a verbal association on the part of the reporter, the Rosetta Stone of archaeology has been found. To some people there will not seem much connexion between the Stone Age and the Rosetta Stone. However, all this turmoil has been brought about by certain discoveries made by Dr. Hector Aliot, curator of the Southwest Museum, on San Nicolas Island off the California coast; and by some remarks with which he is credited in his address before the Archaeological Institute of America in San Francisco. As far as we can gather, the trouble seems to be that the discoveries do not agree with certain theories which had been discovered first; for there is nothing wonderful in the discoveries themselves, however much there may be in the said theories. Graves with steatite beads, carved ornaments representing animals, exquisitely wrought, and other such things, are

not wonderful; but what is wonderful is that they should have been made by a people who, by all theories, were incompetent to make them. These people lived in the Stone Age, says the account, and the lecturer is quoted as saying:

We have thought of the man of the Stone Age as always a savage. We have thought that cultural advancement was accompanied by the use of instruments other than stone. In other words we have thought of a gradual and arbitrary gradient down through the age of copper and bronze to the age of steel — that in which we now live. Now this idea has been exploded.

And he argues that this race must have had culture, even though they lived in the "Stone Age." We infer from what is said that the Stone Age is not a particular chronological era, but a phase which different races are supposed to go through at different times. Thus the Stone Age in Egypt ended about the 6th century B. C., whereas the Tasmanians were living in the Stone Age at the time when they were "discovered." The Bushmen of Africa and the Australians are living in the Neolithic Age, which means a higher grade of the Stone Age. One wonders how long it will take the Tasmanians to get through the other ages up to the steel, and why it was that the people of San Nicolas came to an end without going through the other ages at all. Still it is just possible that there may not be any such ages after all, and that the archaeologists are mistaken. Who built the Pyramids and carved the diorite hieroglyphics in Egypt? Was it people with only stone implements, or was there another race in Egypt whose Stone Age ended before the 6th century B. C.? H. P. Blavatsky in her *Secret Doctrine* says that these Stone and other Ages are quite fanciful; for races rise and fall, and there are always civilized and uncivilized peoples living together on the earth. At one time in England, for instance, certain primitive people were living in parts of the island and have left their stone instruments behind. But this does not mean that there were not, before these primitive people came, other people who were much more advanced and who used metals. It is more than likely that England will at some future date be again inhabited by stone-using people. And finally, since stone is the one thing that lasts, when all metals and wood have crumbled, it is likely that stone implements will be discovered where metal and wooden ones are not. If an archaeologist were to dig up our American soil next year, he would find plenty to show that we are in the steel age; a century later, if he dug, he might have his doubts; while the archaeologist of a thou-

sand years hence, if he roots up our kitchen middens, will surely conclude that we were a Stone-Age people.

Of course one recognizes the utility of provisional hypotheses; but provisional hypotheses were made with a view to their being knocked down — they are scaffoldings. Now when a scaffolding obstructs the building, or keeps itself up by leaning against the building, it is time to remove it and build us more stately scaffolds. And this scaffolding of the “Ages” is of that character. It obstructs us in the interpretation of plain facts. Here is evidence that there lived on San Nicolas a people who worked in stone and had great artistic taste and skill. Whether they used metals are not, we do not know. Why not accept the simple fact, instead of trying to force these people into an artificial category which we have invented? Why, again, make too much out of our idea that steel and culture go together? Here one sympathizes with the lecturer’s remarks that these people had taste and sentiment; but still he represents them (according to the report) as being not much above the brute. “The man that carved that figure had given patient study to the habits of the dolphin. . . . And study means that he had begun to think; he was now considerably higher than the brute.” Now where on earth have we any example of a race gradually emerging from a brutish state in this way? The races which do this kind of work at present are races that have a long past behind them, and they seem on the down grade rather than the up. Why may not these San Nicolas people have been the remnants of a race as great as the Egyptians, whose original arts had been mostly lost? This idea at least is more in accordance with observed facts. Yet even so we do not have to consider a race as degraded just because it does not use steel. Looking abroad on the earth today, we may well ask ourselves over again what culture really is, what the life of man is, and whether people actually are in a higher phase when they are blowing each other to pieces with steel than when they are carving dolphins on steatite.



LET us consciously and deliberately put aside self at the turns of thought, and in no long time the clouds that hide all heights will be swept away. All we need is courage in facing ourselves.—*Katherine Tingley*



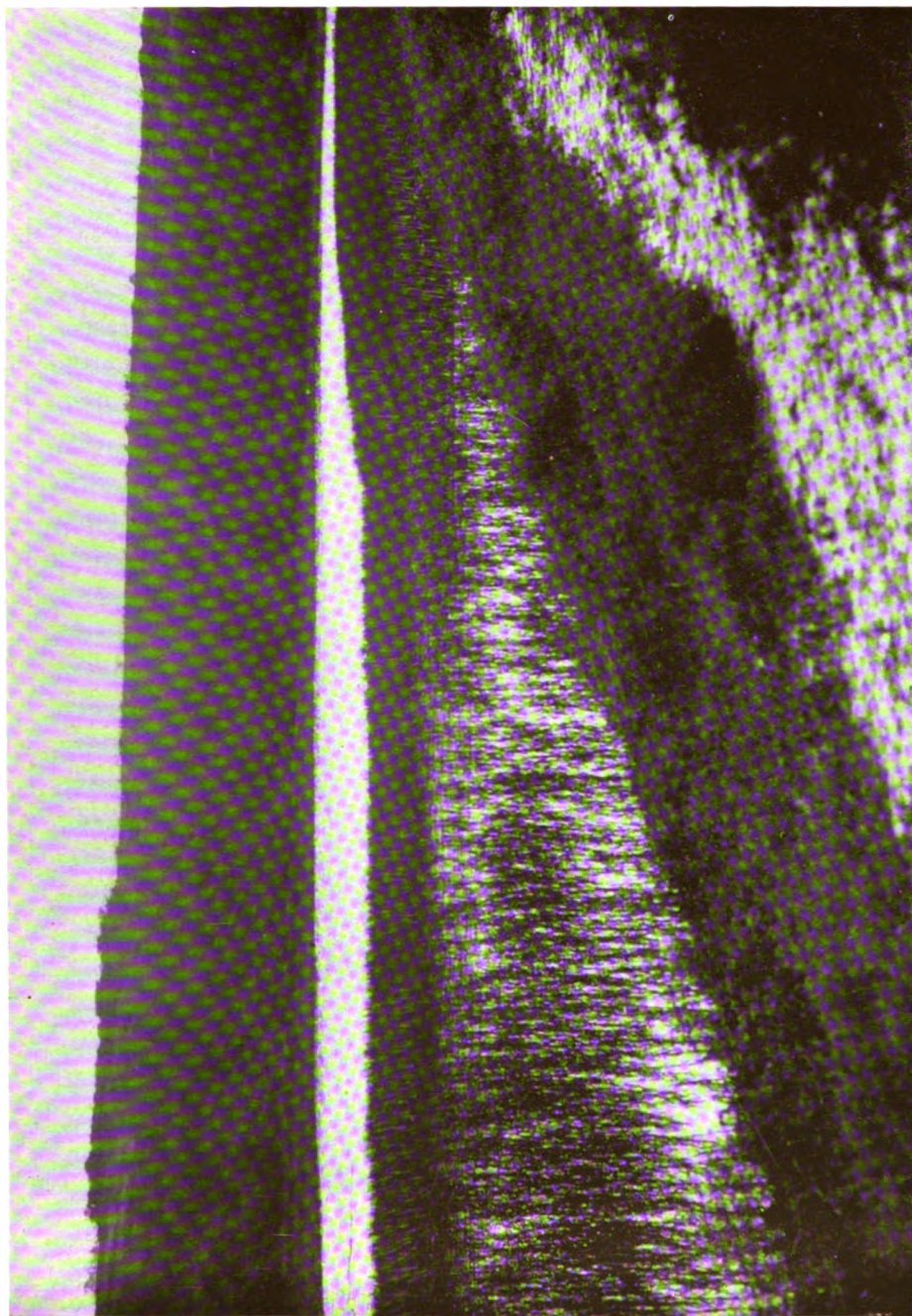
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IN ONE OF THE GARDENS, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS,
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



Lomland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SURF ROLLING IN, AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFFS, THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS GROUNDS,
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ON THE SHORES OF FALSE BAY, NORTH OF POINT LOMA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A BRANCH LADEN WITH ORANGES, GROWN IN THE GARDEN OF THE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER XIV

ANOTHER DISAPPEARANCE



MORE than a year had elapsed since Bert Milton's sudden departure from his native city. No news of the wanderer had been received by anyone, nor had any knowledge of Millicent's fate been obtained.

Robert Milton, after the flight of his children, had ceased to make further efforts to retrieve his losses. He had sunk deeper and deeper into a state of gloom and despondency, occasionally varied by fits of uncontrolled irritation and anger.

Mrs. Weitman feared that he would sometime harm his wife or take his own life. She had procured a small house for them near her own, and here they lived on the small income remaining to Mrs. Milton, who insisted upon herself caring for and nursing her husband. She also managed the simple housekeeping with the assistance of a woman who came in for a couple of days each week.

The interests and activities of Mrs. Weitman had increased to such a degree that she had been able to make but a few brief visits to her mountain cabin. Both she and Florence devoted much of their time to assisting Miss Edison in her work; and the situation of the Miltons was a source of constant anxiety. She felt it unsafe for Agnes to be alone with her husband during those frenzied moments when she considered him insane and irresponsible for his actions. However, in this matter the hitherto timid, shrinking woman suddenly developed a firmness of character and a courage which she could not combat. To all she could say Agnes had one reply:

"You know, Clara, he could not endure a stranger about him. Besides, if others knew of his illness they would report him insane, and perhaps dangerous; and if he were removed from my care he would become a raving madman or die in a short time."

But a change was at hand. Mrs. Weitman was aroused in the early morning by the sharp ringing of the telephone, and springing up heard the excited voice of her friend calling for her immediate presence. On arriving she found Agnes walking distractedly about, weeping and wringing her hands. It was some moments before she could speak.

Then it appeared that after an unusually long period of gloomy unrest, Mr. Milton had eluded her watchfulness and disappeared while she slept on a sofa near his chamber door.

"It was only a half hour, Clara, and I was so tired and he seemed to be quietly sleeping. Oh, I ought to have been more watchful; whatever happens it is my fault."

"No, my dear Agnes, you are not to blame. Try to calm yourself and consider what is to be done."

"Oh, I know he has gone straight to the river; he often said he would end it all in that way. I've always been in such dread of it, and now it has happened."

"We cannot be sure of that at all. He probably had no such thought in his mind when he dressed and went out. He is most likely wandering about unconscious of his surroundings, and will be found and brought home. We must ring up the police and have men sent out to trace him."

"Oh, the horrible publicity which he so loathed and dreaded," cried Agnes.

"We must not think of that now, or of anything else except finding him. Perhaps we may keep it out of the papers; I shall try to do so. Private detectives do not talk."

The detective came, and Mrs. Weitman gave him all the necessary information. She also met a reporter at the door and laughed at the idea of his gathering any news there or of there being any mystery concealed in the pretty cottage occupied by her own most intimate friend.

"Now, Agnes," she said, "you must come home with me. The reports of the search will be made there and we must consult Dr. Desmond, Jasper, and Dr. Jordan, and have them all at work."

Mrs. Milton, now utterly broken down, made no objection, and in half-an-hour she was in the blue room, which Florence gladly vacated for her use. Dr. Desmond was already on hand with Hylma ready to take charge of the patient.

"You see," said the doctor, "during all these months the constant strain of watching and caring for her husband has been very great. It would have been trying for a strong woman, and she has always been frail. I cannot tell what the result may be. Her feeling that it was through her neglect of duty that the misfortune has occurred is the worst feature we have to contend with."

"I know," replied Mrs. Weitman, "and she is so keenly sensitive. I never believed she could possess so much energy and courage as she has shown. Indeed she seems to have become a changed woman."

"It is on account of her moral and spiritual nature being aroused and brought uppermost. This demonstrates clearly how superior these forces are to those of the lower or personal self; and also how the will can overcome the weaknesses of physical nature when there is a sufficiently strong incentive to action."

"Then this is what is meant by calling out reserved strength," said Mrs. Weitman.

"Yes; everyone has a surplus of reserved force which is seldom used, but can be called out when some sudden and imperative demand for it arises. Everybody has heard or known of cases where someone, unable to walk or move for months, or perhaps years, has, under the stimulus of escaping from some danger, or of saving others, suddenly found the strength and power of locomotion."

"Then they could have found it before."

"They probably did not know before that they possessed it, or the will was too weak to call it out."

"Then at the spur of danger the limbs and muscles must have acted automatically, without the use of the will."

"I should rather say without the conscious use of the will; or perhaps from a sub-conscious impulse. But the important thing is that this action shows that there is this reserve force, and if one wishes and wills he can call it out at any time. Many persons think that as soon as they feel gently tired they must stop work and rest, when all that is necessary is just to call out a fresh supply of the force which is in themselves, and go on with their duties. If they do this they find after a time that they are not nearly so tired as they were, or even feel refreshed. I have known many such cases."

"But, Doctor, you know there is danger of using too much force continually and at length breaking down completely. We all know cases of that kind, too."

"Of course; but these are cases of a forced strain being kept up too long; or where a lack of discretion and common sense are conspicuous. Nature has provided in this case as she has in all others: This hidden reserve is like a reservoir so contrived that as fast as it is emptied it is also being refilled. It is the working of the law that to those who give, more shall be added. Everyone must have periods of rest; that is also a law, but many people desire to rest all the time!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Weitman laughing, "I've known such people. I call them more lazy than ill. Yet laziness is a disease."

"If half the self-styled invalids could be induced to stop thinking of themselves and their ailments, fancied or otherwise, and unselfishly go to work for the good of others, they would soon be astonished to find how many of their ailments had disappeared. Now here is Mrs. Milton, always frail and a sufferer; yet when devotion to her husband and her duty aroused her to action she was able to call out the reserved force which has sustained her in her arduous task. Physically it has not injured her, though she needs a rest. It has also been a distinct help to her in bearing the worries and anxieties concerning Milton's condition and the danger or welfare of the children."

"Father," said Hylma, coming softly from the blue room, "Mrs. Milton is sleeping and is better, I think."

"Sleep is the best medicine for her," replied the doctor. "Are you going home with me, Hylma?"

"Oh, I thought you were going to stay," said Mrs. Weitman.

"I'd like to, but you do not need me. Helen is alone and I know she will miss me."

"And you can really trust the child alone now?"

"Yes, for an hour or two — but not too long."

"What are you going to do with the child, Doctor?" inquired Mrs. Weitman.

"Keep her, I suppose. There really seems nothing else to do. Since her father's death it seems that she hasn't a relative or friend in the world; and Lane left her nothing."

"What would have become of the helpless little creature if you had not found her!"

"And she is quite strong now," said Hylma, "and is unusually bright mentally. It is really a pleasure to teach her."

"Yes," added the doctor, "we have to hold her back in her studies instead of urging her on. She has unusual ability in many ways — musical and artistic."

"You would be surprised, Mrs. Weitman," said Hylma, "to hear her remarks and criticisms on things I read to her. Often she finds out the meanings almost before I do."

"You see," said the doctor, laughing, "the child has completely captivated Hylma. I think she is very glad that we are obliged to keep her."

"Well, I do want to keep her; I'm deeply attached to her. She is such a dear little thing and so interesting. I should miss her."

"Doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Weitman, "you ought to start a home for incurables — you and Hylma."

"Well, perhaps we shall sometime; but it will be in your paradise up in the hills."

"Oh, that would be ideal! You would find one patient there — poor Aunt Polly — and we could take some of Miss Edison's children up there for treatment. I've been thinking of something of that sort for a long time."

"Well, keep on thinking, and we'll get it," laughed Hylma.

CHAPTER XV

AT JIMMY'S GRAVE

THE sun was setting over the hills and the pine woods already lay wrapped in softly enveloping shadows. Mrs. Hewit had for some time been in one of her more gloomy and melancholy moods. During the year past she had greatly felt the absence of Mrs. Weitman, of whom she had grown fond. To Dave and Anne also her loss was a great deprivation.

On this afternoon Mrs. Hewit had wandered out into the forest immediately after the noonday meal and now at almost nightfall had not returned. Supper was ready and waiting and Anne's anxiety was increasing. Leaving the door open for Dave when he came, she ran out among the pines, calling softly: "Aunt Polly! O Aunt Polly!"

But no answer came, and she went swiftly up the path toward Mrs. Weitman's empty cabin, knowing that Mrs. Hewit often lingered about the place for hours. But she was not there now nor at the spring nor among the rocks on the hillside. Then the girl turned her steps in the direction of the fir-tree, hoping and believing that she would find her there. As she drew near the spot she involuntarily paused and held her breath in wonder. The last beams from the fading sunset glow poured a narrow, level shaft of light upon the silver fir and the gleaming white headstone. The light also fell as clearly upon two figures standing there. Just outside the open gate a man, tall and gaunt and gray, shrank back against the fence, staring with wild eyes at Mrs. Hewit, his white haggard face drawn into lines of terror and despair. Mrs. Hewit gazed fixedly at him with a look of unutterable horror and aversion, her hands upraised before her as if to ward off some monstrous or evil thing. Both were motionless.

Suddenly, as if he could endure her look and attitude no longer, he turned. Blindly groping, he found the open gateway and stumbled against the footstone of the grave. Lifting his eyes he read in the clear light, on the headstone facing him, the name of Jimmy Hewit. With a hoarse, choking cry he fell prostrate along the grave.

At that cry Mrs. Hewit wrung her hands and started, like one distraught and blind, toward the densest part of the forest. Then Anne breathed and moved again; and running after Mrs. Hewit she put an arm about her, turning her in the direction of home.

There they found Dave listening to a man who still sat on his horse, a neighbor living a few miles down the mountain. He was telling Dave of a stranger, sick and crazy, they thought, who had appeared at his house one night and the next day had wandered into the woods and never returned.

"Hush, and wait," whispered Anne. "Dave, Aunt Polly is not well. Let us get her in and then I will tell you about the man we just saw."

After placing Mrs. Hewit in her accustomed chair the two came out and Anne told the men of the man now lying dead, as she supposed, on Jimmy's grave.

"That's the one," cried Pete Bunson, dismounting and hitching his horse to a sapling. "I'll go with you, Dave, and we'll look after him. Wouldn't wonder if the ol' feller's gone in. He didn't eat much and seemed mighty porely."

"Here's the key," said Anne, "and you must take him to the cabin, Dave; we can't have him here."

Dave and Pete found that the man was not dead, though entirely helpless and speechless. They carried him to Mrs. Weitman's cabin, undressed and placed him in bed. Then they looked helplessly at each other.

"Blamed if I know what to do," said Pete.

"Same here," replied Dave. "Say, Pete," he added after some thought, "you better go an' git Granny Ferris. You know her old man was struck with dumb palsy; and she'll know just what to do."

"That's the thing," said Pete, much relieved. "I'll cut acrost the hill and they can be here in an hour or two. Reckon I'd better have Sally an' Bush come on for company."

"All right — many as you please," was the response.

Dave kindled a fire, brought water from the spring, and piled the

woodbox with fuel for the night. Then he tip-toed up to the bed and took a long look at the wan face upon the pillow. Where had he seen something like it before? Whom did it resemble? There was something unpleasantly familiar, but he could not tell what it was. Then he thought of the fugitive, the worn, weary boy who had come to them a year ago. Was there a likeness? or was it that both were ill and starved?

While Dave pondered, a small object which had fallen from the stranger's pocket, attracted his attention. Stooping mechanically, he took it in his hand; it was a leather pocketbook; holding it a moment he thought: "It may tell his name and where he comes from. We ought to know and he'll most likely never be able to tell. I'll open it and then put it away to keep for him or his friends."

Going to the light Dave opened the pocketbook. It contained a little change, a couple of small bills, and a few other papers. But Dave scarcely saw these, for across the top of the inner cover, stamped in gilt letters, he read the name of Robert Milton. Tightly clutching the book, he dropped heavily into a chair and stared into the blazing fire. After some minutes he rose slowly and locked the pocketbook away in one of Mrs. Weitman's cupboard drawers.

"Well," Dave whispered. "Well, it's first the boy and next his father. And Aunt Polly knew him; no wonder it upset her. I wonder what's to come of all this jumble anyhow."

Hearing steps on the porch, Dave opened the door and met Mrs. Hewit followed by Anne.

"I couldn't help it," whispered the girl. "She would come."

Without appearing conscious of the presence of the others the old woman went up to the bedside and stood gazing upon the man stretched corpse-like before her. After a time that seemed long to those watching her, she stretched out her arms like one in physical pain, and wringing her hands she cried:

"The curse has come true. It is my work — I cursed him and his. I prayed for evil to come and it has. I've waited for it and hoped for it — and now — now —" Suddenly her hands fell limply at her sides and with bowed head she moved toward the door, murmuring: "I'm not glad! I'm not glad!"

Soon after Mrs. Hewit's departure Pete returned with Granny Ferris seated on the horse behind him, while on another animal rode Bush and his wife, the grand-daughter of Mrs. Ferris. After one

look at the patient Granny said: "It's dumb palsy, shore. He ain't goin' to die right off; but he won't never git will, nuther."

About midnight Dave brought up hot coffee and food for the party. Then Pete went home, Bush and Sally lay down to rest in the back room, while Granny, after attending to all possible needs of the sick man, and making him swallow some warm milk, settled her somewhat bulky figure comfortably in a large rustic armchair to watch until morning. She was happy in the exercise of her special vocation; for Granny was a born nurse, and as the mountain people phrased it, she was a "powerful good yarb doctor," and often traveled many miles on her errands of healing.

Nearly two weeks had elapsed since the disappearance of Mr. Milton from his home. As no clue had been discovered, his friends, as well as his wife, had accepted his death as an established fact. A drowsy watchman had been half aroused by his passing, and had seen him approach the bridge, but had then begun to doze again; so he had not seen him leave the river and walk away in an opposite direction. Mr. Milton was not observed by any person, for the reason that the hour was too late for any of the night population still to be out, and too early for any others to be astir. Hence no one could give any information.

Mr. Milton had no plans, no object in view. His restlessness impelled him to action of some kind; so he walked quietly out of the city and kept along the pleasant country road, and by the time the sun arose he had put some distance between himself and his home. Stopping at a little wayside place to rest, he was served with a hot breakfast, and then walked on again. Presently a bus passed and hailing it he rode to the end of its route. Then he walked again till he came to a small station where a train had halted. Entering a car he had handed the conductor a bill, as he had not procured a ticket, and then wearied with his unusual exertion he had fallen asleep. He was only roused when the conductor shook him, telling him this was as far as his fare was paid.

On leaving the train he found himself among the pines in the foothills. From thence began his aimless wandering up the mountain road, sometimes straying far from it, stopping at houses for food and rest, and always meeting with kindness and hospitality from the simple "hill people," as they called themselves. But they all concluded his mind was affected. Sometimes he offered money, which was al-

ways refused. At some cabins he remained but a few hours, at others a whole day or even two, speaking little and often departing suddenly without a word of thanks or farewell.

But his restlessness was increasing; so was his gloom and unhappiness. Memories were stirring, all the more painful for being often vague and distorted. By the time he reached the cabin of Pete Bunson he was weary and ill, and they could draw nothing from him concerning his business, friends, or home. When he suddenly disappeared in the heavy pine woods late in the afternoon, Pete's kind heart impelled him to go in search of the unfortunate stranger, whom he found at the Hewit home.

(To be continued)



FREEDOM

I WOULD be free from dogma, cant and creed,
Lest they should veil some vision all divine;
Deluge with human love this heart of mine,
And thus be free from malice, hate and greed.
I would be free, in scorn or praise, to plead
A right and worthy cause with courage fine;
To work, unfettered, in the bright sunshine
Of God's great scheme, and be with it agreed;
In my pursuit of truth be free to find
Some spark of it aglow in every mind;
To fill my treasury of happiness
With fragrant wild-flower deeds of tenderness;
To cherish friends who walk on life's free road,
And dare to seek, alone, the living God! (*Selected*)

— *Vera Heathman Cole*
(*Selected*)



F. J. Dick, Editor

PEACE NOTES

KATHERINE TINGLEY struck a new note when, on the evening of June 22, 1915, she stepped forward in the Greek Theater, at Point Loma, and declared the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood open.

It was an impressive scene, of rare character and significant meaning. Representative San Diegans and Exposition visitors from everywhere filled the seats, tier after tier, up to the last row, where the flags of all nations, in the hands of men and women, made a guardian semicircle of international colors. The setting of the flags was a confining background of green trees and shrubs, punctuated by the globes of mellowed lights. Beyond the seats at the sides, massed foliage gave glimpses of dull rose-colored walls and fantastic lines of sculptured canyon. Against the dusky purple curtain of the night, the Temple's gleaming pillars and illumined interior stood out in chaste, lily-white perfection—an architectural flower in full accord with its surroundings. The tessellated floor in front of the Temple was bathed in a soft glow of diffused light that dispersed all shadows. Seated here, a long line of distinguished American and foreign delegates added their vital presence to the picture that seemed to incarnate the classical spirit in modern time and place.

Then before human voice had broken the expectant silence, from the small music temple crowning the cliff, there came the white-clad herald. His thrilling trumpet-call sounded and resounded among the waiting people; above the Temple roof; adown the dim canyon to the sea; through the folds of many flags and the encircling fringe of softly lighted trees, far out into the listening spaces of an outer world of darkness. It was a royal reveille calling upon the conquering forces of light and harmony to arise and unite for action.

As the far-flung echoes melted away in the distance, Katherine Tingley arose and declared the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood opened. Then she sounded a new and superbly confident note, challenging the regenerative forces asleep in the human heart, and invoking the brooding spirit of wholeness and Peace which was like an imminent presence in the very air. To the spell-bound audience she spoke as one whose eyes were filled with the glowing prophecy of some "vision splendid" which all the contending forces of darkness could not despoil. Even to those who know her well, she was as one new-born, coming full-fledged for the needs of this "pivotal point in history."

The Leader's inspiring words came with a liberating tone and gesture that spoke in the very folds of her garments. Her whole being was a vibrant message

of triumphant hope for the humanity she lives to serve. It was a revelation of the inherent possibilities in the heart which, when aroused, can merge the personality into the message; as Mr. Judge said:

The living doctrine becomes an entity through the mystic power of the human soul.

Thus, in the Home of the Peacemakers, the Parliament began with such a confident note of hope and power and purpose as has not been struck elsewhere since the terrible war began. Moreover, throughout the sessions, in addition to the usual parliamentary proceedings, there was the demonstrated basis of belief in human power to restore the lost key of harmony. Between the varied numbers of a unique program, there was continued evidence of an international work already having evoked that higher quality of patriotism which is the clue to permanent Peace! And the animating spirit of it all proved to be more truly loyal to the best in every people, as it was more wholly human than any single national feeling. By some strangely familiar magic, the pure love of home and kin and country was writ large in human letters of light.

The text of debates and discussions was illustrated by a graphic series of dramatic and spectacular scenes, whose peculiar quality has been evolved in Lomaland by continued practice in the "art of living." The wonderful pageants that marked June 24 a red-letter day on Point Loma, and made the evening of July 20 a memorable date in Exposition history, were formed of an organic body of men, women and children, arranged in symbolic groups that portrayed their sentiments of idealized fraternity. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Aroma of Athens*, the plays themselves were but costumes for the character of the student-life that is steadily evolving on the hill. The work of these non-professional actors displayed an ease, a finish and a spontaneity which, dramatic critics agree, is beyond the power of mere technique to give. Expert musicians declare that while the technique in Lomaland music is not faultless, there is something in it which hitherto they have vainly searched the world to find. One close observer added: "I believe I could get some of the results you have here, if I could get musicians to lead *a certain kind of a life*." Those who attended the Parliament of Peace could easily discern the quality of Point Loma life in the dignified meetings of delegates; in the harmonies of music, the lighter vein of Shakespearean play, the beauty and balanced action of Greek drama; and in the silent march of traditional and symbolic figures of impressive pageantry.

As day by day and hour by hour Katherine Tingley's students have endeavored to "make Theosophy a living power" in their lives, something new has been awakened in their natures. In so far as they have been willing to exchange mere personal preferences and ambitions for a part in the wider sweep of the Leader's wise plans, their co-operation has resulted in a liberating detachment from particular action; and the energy thus liberated has radiated out into wider fields and along novel lines. Little by little the earnest student realizes a growing sense of the dignity of even the smallest duty; of the importance of little things; of the strength and liberation that comes with united impersonal effort; of the rapid recuperation from special outputs of unselfish activity; of the ease and

power and insight which follow one-pointed devotion to the work in hand and the skilful performance of it. The magic of clean, dignified, purposeful activities diffuses a high quality of creative power into various original channels.

Under Katherine Tingley's teaching, a unique power has been evolved to translate philosophy into practical action, as Mr. Judge advised. The Parliament was a symposium of harmonized international character. The program focused and pictured in concrete form some of the hopes and aims and aspirations which the true theosophic life has materialized into everyday facts, which all the world may copy. The distracted, doubting world at war was given such a timely exhibit of *living faith in works*, as to give optimism the conclusive argument for the naturalness of Peace.

The social functions on the program were in charge of the Woman's International Theosophical League. Who shall say that belief in Brotherhood as a fact in nature does not give added interest and color even to the conventional relations? The initial reception to the Delegates and guests in the exquisitely decorated International Temple of Peace, was marked by an indefinable air of welcome and fraternity not usually found on like occasions. The banquet, which followed in the Lomaland gardens, was not only complete in its appointments, but was animated by the hospitable spirit of comradeship which seeks expression in delicate attentions and intimate, artistic touches. The fact that every detail had been given the personal attention of some member of the Men's or Women's League, or Râja-Yoga pupil, under Mme. Tingley's supervision, diffused over everything a gracious atmosphere of dignified homecoming. To receive the sincere greetings of an earnest body of people, and to break their bread which has been leavened literally by unselfish service, is to get something which satisfies the hunger for the reality at the heart of things. It is the failure to nourish the better side of human nature and to control the lower appetites — which lead to dissatisfaction, discord, and a passion of ambitious and self-indulgent seeking — that readily finds outlet in strife and war.

Those actively engaged in large events cannot easily view them in due perspective. Even the oldest students at Lomaland cannot realize the far-reaching benefit to follow the sessions of the Parliament of Peace, which will become historic. The work for Peace, which was begun by H. P. Blavatsky in founding the Theosophical Society, is an essential part of the daily schedule at Point Loma. Successful promoters, among the visitors, amazed at the material improvements made at the Homestead in a few years, do not realize how nearly every detail of upbuilding has been the handicraft of the students. The creative quality has found expression in every building and tent upon the hill; in the beautiful grounds and in flower and vegetable gardens; in the forestry and roadway departments; in the whole field of domestic economy; in administration and clerical offices; in the electric light and water systems; in the telephone and transportation services; in the literary staff; in the photo-engraving, printing, book-binding, and publishing departments; in the medical and sanitary fields; in the dramatics, including every item of costuming and stage accessories; in the uniforms worn by several hundred men, women and children; in the beautiful

peace banners which bespeak alike the skill of artist and craftsman; in the care and education of the children; in the prison work; in social functions and concerts; in congresses and special public efforts; and in various other ways. With the success of all this depending upon genuine co-operation and harmony, it is an open secret that the mainsprings of the theosophic life lie deep within the heart. The co-ordinating center which unites the varied lines of work and the many workers is the great heart of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society — Katherine Tingley.

WOMAN'S LEAGUE RECORDS



THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST

Shining Venus trembles afar, the earth's Higher Self, and with but one finger touches us.—*Inscription in Rock-cut Temple, India*

Though a gem may tumble at the feet and a piece of glass be worn upon the head, yet at the season of buying and selling glass is glass, and gems are gems—*Hitopadeśa*

SINCE its erection in 1901, the Lomaland Greek Theater has extended hospitality to learned bodies not a few. The unrivaled scenic setting, the sparkling, tonic *plein air*, the perfect acoustics, the classic charm that clothes the entire structure from the glorious Doric Stoa in the arena to the topmost tier of seats — the *ensemble*, in short, has long been recognized by many of the world's busy scientists and literati as having a power of its own to invite the Muses that no indoor auditorium may even hope to possess.

But no scientific body ever more fittingly preferred request for the use of this Theater than the participants — some of them world-famous by right of original research — in the special California meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America, the opening sessions of which were held in San Francisco, and the closing ones in the Greek Theater at Point Loma, and the Panama-California Exposition.*

Did ever entertained and entertainer find more in common than these delvers into the mighty past and the environment just described — sweet as it was with the sweetness of remote antiquity, fragrant with suggestions of ancient spiritual life? Not only does the Theater itself, in its every architectonic curve, touch the borderland of the Forever Unforgotten, but its Builder erected it primarily to express and re-declare the Soul of Antiquity. Its very stones echo and re-echo the keynotes of spiritual living.

Fitting, then, the counsel of our archaeologists met within its encircling bounds, for as the teachings of Theosophy go to show, archaeology is perhaps the most spiritual of our modern sciences. And with reason: the further into the past its discoveries are pushed, the more divine, the more deathlessly spiritual,

* For report of the closing sessions, see THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for September, 1915.

humanity is proven to be in essence. Instead of leading us to the vestibules of apedom, the science of archaeology carries us to realms of Godhood, to the very *pronaos* of Divinity's Temple, as cities beneath cities are uncovered — while ciphers are boldly added to shifting dates. For — strange phenomenon, as yet unexplained by materialistic science — the farther back we go, the more godlike and the less apelike humanity becomes. ("Less apelike" — are we cynical? The records of our asylums, penal institutions, hospitals, poor-houses, divorce courts *et alia*, afford us pictures of the beast in man that never so baldly characterized those periods of remote antiquity which today claim the best efforts of our archaeologists. H. P. Blavatsky remarks somewhere that "to this day the world is more full of apelike men than the woods are full of manlike apes!" But we are digressing.)

Egypt, America, India — with each new unfolding the past of them looms larger, diviner, statelier, more essentially spiritual. Katherine Tingley declared many years ago that the pick and spade of the archaeologist would yet unearth even "scientifically" acceptable proofs of man's divinity, and would establish that divinity as so transcendent in its expression that the rarest epochs known to written history would be revealed as but the dying-down gleams of some ancient and more spiritual Light, a Light that, immeasurable and deathless, even in the darkest ages never spent its fires. It is this infinite, genuine, immortal Spirit of the Past that Theosophy would revive, unveil, declare.

It is this that the mind of the present needs to invoke — this divine primordial spirit of unfoldment and of love that in our age of blood and iron can only "peep through the curtain of the dark," now here, now there. And yet it is closer to the human heart today than ever before in ages. It is almost looking over our shoulder. It strives to clasp our hand that we may see the torch of inspiration within its own — that past which is the "ancient of days," which dates from the birth-hour of the human race, from the very fire-mist time of sentient life. It is this royal spirit of the past that every sincere archaeologist invokes, it is this toward which he pushes, whether consciously or not.

H. P. Blavatsky stated that she came to restore to the world the long-lost Wisdom of Antiquity; to resurrect the spirit of an utterly forgotten past; in her own words, "to revive and popularize the knowledge of the ancients upon these major human problems."

Katherine Tingley, in her foundation of the School of Antiquity; in her revival of Greek classic drama; in the Egyptian and Indian revivals among her students, of which the study of the *Upanishads* is but one of many lines; in the attention paid to the science of archaeology in her publications; in all her public addresses; in her presentation of *The Aroma of Athens*, and primarily in her building of the Greek Theater, has been actuated, surely, by something besides a desire to give the world more novelties. Query: What must be her motive in bringing back into modern life these pictures of *what has been*, breathing as they do the ancient beauty and vigor, the old sublime loveliness and noble virtue — these glorious golden pictures that the Lomaland Greek Theater has framed so many times, of man's vast archaic past? To say that the past can teach us

nothing, that we owe it nothing, that it has no message for today, is to repudiate the very fountain of our finer being, the very mother who gave us birth.

Time was, say the Teachers of Theosophy, when the whole earth was a place of Peace, a hall of Unity, a temple of Brotherhood. Hesiod wrote history, not fiction, says H. P. Blavatsky, and he pictured Eros — Divine Love or Compassion in its antique, unperturbed meaning — as the “first-born of Chaos,” the tender creative Genius who sounded the keynote of aspiration and universal peace for the nascent human race. Face to face with present conditions, there are few today who will not admit that it is this royal keynote, sounded out in the dawn-mist of all time, which our race must find again before ever the jangled chords and faulty progressions that make life today a discord instead of the harmony that was designed, can ever be resolved into the great mass-chord of Soul. In their pleading with men to turn to the light of their higher natures and restore love to its old place in the general human heart — what is it the Teachers of Theosophy invoke in their compelling appeal but the spirit of the past, the golden, primordial call-note of the Soul?

In the teachings of Theosophy are gathered up once more the all but perished, gleaming threads of the world's ancestral Theosophy, the once Universal Religion of mankind, with its royal principles — Brotherhood as a fact in Nature; the Immortality of the Soul, Duality, Karma, Reincarnation, and the Higher Law of Compassion. Revealing as they do the underlying unity in all religions, proving as they do that true religion and true science are one, showing us, as they do, that men are brothers because divinity is One and Indivisible, unveiling the mysteries of a great spiritual past before our eyes, they have laid an impregnable foundation for the Temple of Universal Peace that is the last pathetic hope in human hearts today.

Because of the doors these Teachers have opened before us, the spirit of the past is brooding over the upward-striving mind of the age as never before since the gray veil dropped down to divide what we call “history” from those remoter periods which are regarded as “tradition.” Mystically, it is our tender mother, old yet ever young, known yet forever unknown, the preserver of all that is best in racial experience, the prophetic guardian of the future, the very heart and altar-fire of the divine, transcendent Now. It touches the groping mind of the age with holy flame, burning away the veils that hide from our spiritual sight the mystery of divine adjustment. The desires of the body are not the law unto the soul, but the desires of the Soul are the law unto the body — that is the burden of its rescript. To perceive this is to perceive a challenge; to turn about and mend our ways is to answer that challenge. To search and study the dim past that its living spirit may become our own once again, is to claim more wholly than ever before the birthright of our Soul-life.

Because of the recent meeting in the Greek Theater, with its handclasp of brotherhood between modern archaeology and the ancestral Wisdom-Religion of the world, a new advance was marked. In a very real sense the hour of that session became a spiritual fusion-point. The inner history of the race can never be quite the same as though this meeting had not been.

STUDENT

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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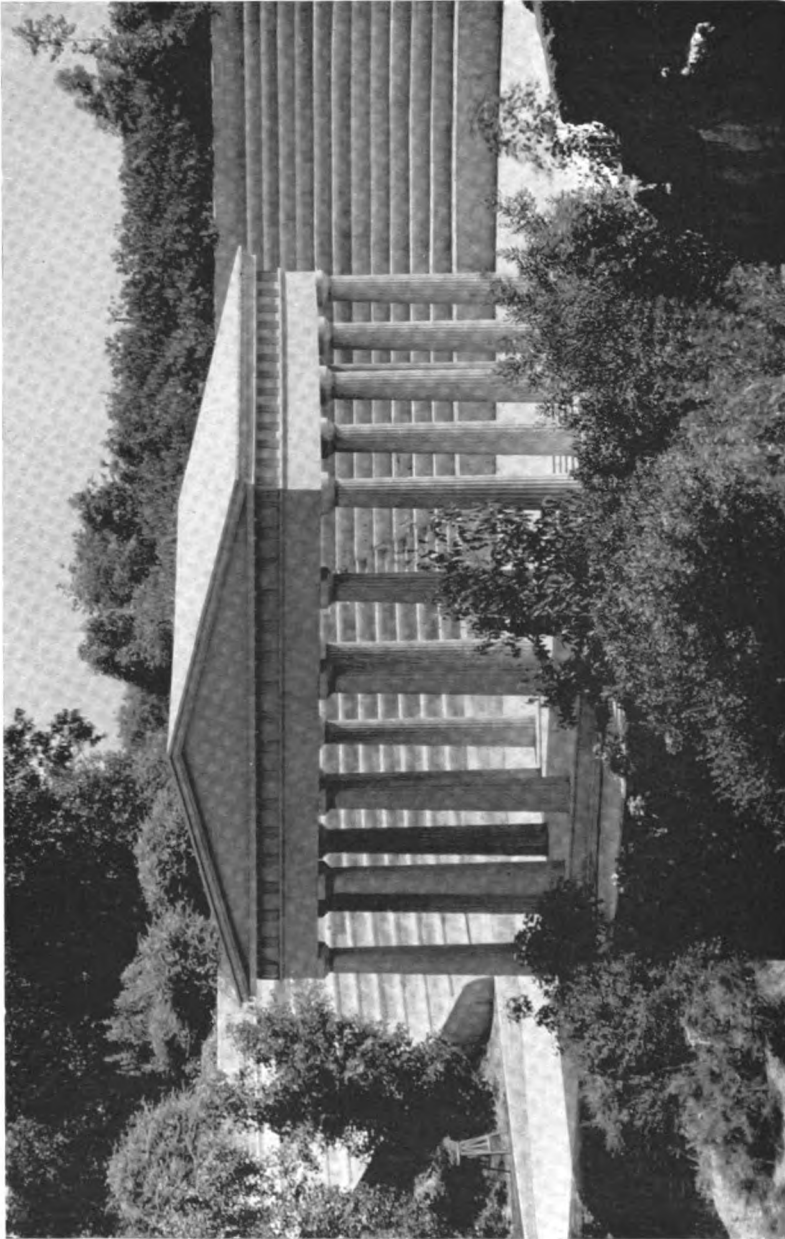
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VOL. IX No. 5 CONTENTS NOVEMBER 1915

The Greek Theater, International Theosophical Headquarters	<i>Frontispiece</i>
God	H. T. Edge, M. A. 305
Etruria (<i>illustrated</i>)	C. J. Ryan 310
Views at the International Theosophical Headquarters (<i>illustrations</i>)	320-321
Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History, Part II (<i>illustrated</i>)	Kenneth Morris 321
Views in New Zealand (<i>illustrations</i>)	334-335
The Third Eye: Ancient and Modern Races and Continents	H. Travers, M. A. 335
The Great Career	Percy Leonard 341
"Japan Day" at the Panama-California Exposition (<i>illustrations</i>)	344-345
The Grand Old Simple Truths	T. Henry, M. A. 345
The Temple of the Baby Apollo (<i>illustrated</i>)	Sergius Mompesson 349
Scientific Jottings	The Busy Bee 359
Views at the Panama-California Exposition (<i>illustrations</i>)	364-365
On the Other Side (<i>concluded</i>)	Stanley Fitzpatrick 365
Screen of Time	374



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. IX

NOVEMBER, 1915

NO. 5

To Him no high, no low, no great, no small.
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.— *Pope*

GOD: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



A GOD of some sort being considered necessary, and the traditional and sectarian Gods being at a discount, attempts are made to reconstruct God in a scientific or rational manner. As a starting-point there is the dual nature of man, as manifested by the opposition of two wills in him — a personal and an impersonal one. To explain the latter, some people have postulated a sort of collective will — the will of humanity as a whole — and to this they have perhaps added a collective intelligence, which is that of humanity in general. Thus we obtain a simple philosophy, giving an explanation of morality and of the combat between selfishness and self-sacrifice. But the philosophy is far from complete. For one thing, it is very evident that the collective will of large masses of people may be a very evil thing; and it is notorious that the collective intelligence of crowds is a long way behind the intelligence of individuals. It would be tantamount to making God a kind of mob-spirit, or national ideal, or spirit of the times. And there are such Gods; but the trouble is that there are too many of them. Just now we see bitter emulation between such tribal deities, each of which is appealed to by its own votaries, just as the people in the Old Testament, with far more frankness, invoked their God to destroy the Gods of the other tribes. The collective will of humanity is a very vague phrase.

Perhaps in these philosophies there is a trace of the modern scientific idea of synthesis, whereby wholes are supposed to be merely the arithmetical sum of their parts. But before parts can make up anything better than a junk-heap, they must be organized; and we cannot make a man out of blood and bones alone. A number of separate hu-

man wills may unite so as to have a collective value, but speculation still remains open as to the precise nature of the mixture or compound that will be generated; and if we take analogies from chemistry, we may infer that the product might easily be either a balsam or a poison. However interestingly such philosophers may write, it is clear that a far deeper study of human nature and nature in general is necessary before the contents of their note-books will be of much value in book-form.

We have spoken of the idea of *synthesis*, by which great things are regarded as being made up of small. The *analytical* view represents small things as being parts of great things. There is a considerable practical difference between the two; for, though we cannot make a man out of blood and bones, we can easily make blood and bones out of a man. Man is a great deal more than the arithmetical sum of his component parts. Before a house can be built, the idea of the house must have pre-existed in the mind of the builder; otherwise nothing but a heap of bricks and mortar will mock the eye of the intending home-seeker. It is more reasonable to say that man made his own bones and blood than that the bones and blood made him. And it is more illuminating to say that the personal human will is a torn fragment of the real human will, than to regard the latter as being merely the sum of a great number of separate wills. Thus at least we shall find a means of distinguishing between wisdom and folly, and avoid identifying God with a popular hallucination or a national character. It is much more likely that a mere addition of selfish human wills would generate a Devil than generate the Deity.

Scientific analogies may always help if intelligently applied. We are told that decomposition is attended with a dispersion or running-down of energy, and that recombination can be effected only by supplying some more energy from an external source. Iron and oxygen reduce each other to a state of mutual inertness, wherein they will slumber throughout the geological ages in the bosom of the earth, until somebody brings the all-potent spirit of fire — whether in the furnace or in the ardent acid — and reproduces both elements in their pristine vivacity. The mere putting of things together will not suffice to produce anything of a higher order; an access of energy must come from somewhere — from a source of latent energy within or from an outside source. *Oxygen and hydrogen could never make water unless water itself were a pre-existent reality*; the invisible

element of water (unknown to science) must enter to bless the union.

A single man contains within himself a vast number of separate lives, presiding over the various organs, cells, and even atoms, whereof he is compact. But it is a serious error to say that man's self-consciousness is nothing more than the sum-total of all these minor consciousnesses. Man is a being that is independent of the body, and he enters the body and controls it. When the man himself withdraws, the various lesser lives in him begin at once to fall apart. It is the same with humanity. A number of people merely makes a crowd or a nation or a race; if there is such a thing as a higher order of being, to which the name of "collective man" might be applied, that being must exist independently, and must be regarded as entering into and ensouling the race. Moreover it is evident that an evil influence might be regarded as entering into a race, as well as a good one.

Conscience is something more than a pooling of self-wills or a mutual adjustment of personal desires. How many wrong notions must be added together before the combination will result in the production of divine wisdom, we are not prepared to say. When a Master says: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," he does not mean that he has not existence until that is done. In the same way, God does not owe his existence to the fact that a number of men have put their heads together.

Morality is often supposed to have "evolved" out of immoral or unmoral elements by a process akin to that which is believed to have evolved man out of the amoeba; and conscience is often defined as being merely a recognition of other people's interests. This idea of the gradual building-up of the mind, conscience, sentiments, aspirations, etc., of human nature, out of lesser elements, is really absurd. The source of all human faculties must lie in something far vaster than any of them and comprehending them all and much more besides. A code of mutual agreement, such as might be supposed to exist among villains, is a poor substitute for morality.

The real source of morality is the essential Divine nature of man himself. The personal ego, which looms so largely in his life, is not really an important part of him. It is a blend of animal propensity with self-conscious mind. Animal propensity is that which drives the animals, and for them it is the natural law of their lives; it acts within the narrow limits prescribed for it by the simple mind of the

animal. But man brings his *self*-consciousness to bear on his propensities, thus turning them into potent and far-reaching forces; and out of this alliance is developed the thing known as the personal ego. But whence comes man's self-consciousness? This mysterious faculty was never evolved from the animal mind, nor is it possible to imagine any intermediate steps between the unself-conscious mind of the animal and the self-consciousness of man. The faculty of self-consciousness is something original, and to trace its source we must look up, not down. If, starting in the middle of man's nature, we can trace his lower faculties downwards towards the animal kingdom, so we must trace his higher faculties upwards towards the divine.

Man may be analysed into three souls, as follows:

- (1) The Animal Principle or Soul, called in Theosophical terminology *Kâma*. This is the impelling force in animals, containing the instincts and propensities.
- (2) The Human Soul, or *Kâma-Manas*.
- (3) The Spiritual Soul, or *Buddhi-Manas*.

In man two lines of evolution converge: an evolution from above downwards, and an evolution from below upwards. Hence the Human Soul is the arena of conflicts between a higher and a lower law. Man oscillates between the laws of his lower and higher natures. Just as propensities spring from our animal nature, so higher aspirations spring from our Spiritual nature. The truth is generally found to be simpler than the theories which are offered as substitutes. God, then, is not merely the aggregate of a number of personal human wills, but is that boundless ocean of wisdom and power which animates all creation; and the highest manifestation (on this earth) of this universal deity is the Perfected Man. It is from this source that come the spiritual influences that make men's lives better; it is this that is the true source of morality. Cut off from this source of life, man would begin to wither like a plant cut off from its root; but it might take him several incarnations to die out altogether. We see around us people who seem to be thus withering, but under the merciful law of reincarnation they have other chances in store.

Possibly some people do not think there is a God in man or anywhere else, so these remarks must be considered as applying to those who do think there is a God and who would like to know more on the

subject. We have aspirations, and we fail to realize them because we make them too personal. We try to bring down the higher to the plane of the lower. This is the principal explanation of the frustration of geniuses. Geniuses, like Shakespeare, do not seem to have any personality; Shakespeare went back to his beloved Warwickshire, when he had finished his work; he did not stay in London and try to outdo himself. (We love music, perhaps, and strive to fathom its meaning and to realize the message that it has for us; but to do that, we must soar out of our personal limitations. Thus perhaps a person with no technical knowledge of music may have more music in his life than a talented but discontented artist.

It is of course impossible to devise a consistent philosophy of life without taking into account Reincarnation. Wordsworth, realizing that his Soul came "from afar" and had lived before, was unable to complete his thought because he was limited by current dogmas; and so with many others. Reincarnation is a subject that needs to be pondered long, earnestly, and reverently, until the idea becomes so familiar that we unconsciously refer everything to it. In this way knowledge and conviction may come. Once admit that one has a higher nature, and the path is opened for that higher nature to manifest itself. But we must not expect to see too far ahead of where we are standing; much of the path we have to tread is concealed by turnings in the way, at which we have not yet arrived. When we reason as to the nature of God, or other such problems, we do so from the standpoint of our present normal waking consciousness, which is very limited. We are not conscious of the link that unites us with fellow human beings, nor do we recollect the experiences of deep sleep; and death is an even greater mystery. So people discuss whether God is a personality or not, without knowing what a personality is; and they reflect on the relation of the deity to themselves, without understanding what the self is. Thus many people are impatient because they know so little, and are inclined to abandon the search because they cannot arrive at the goal in one bound. But when we study Theosophy we find how many things there are to be learned first, and how much there is for us to do in the way of immediate practical work in remodeling our way of life in the light of Theosophy. By pursuing this path we shall certainly arrive at a point of clearer vision and advance into a larger life wherein lies that peace which nothing can disturb.

ETRURIA: by C. J. Ryan

What about the Etruscans — the race mysterious and wonderful if any, for the historian, and whose origin is the most insoluble of problems? That which is known of them only shows that could something more be known, a whole series of prehistoric civilizations might be discovered.— *H. P. Blavatsky*



EVERY schoolboy knows Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* in which he sings of the bold Horatius who kept the bridge against Lars Porsenna and his host in the brave days of old, but few persons know anything about the great Etruscan civilization which, though overwhelmed by the more warlike Roman power, impressed its ideals and methods upon its conquerors so forcibly that they have lasted, with modifications, until the present day.

Professor George Hempl, of Stanford University, California, who recently addressed the session of the Archaeological Institute of America in the Greek Theater at the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Point Loma, profoundly interested his auditors by giving an outline of the process through which he claims to have made the brilliant and startling discovery of the keys to the Etruscan and some other early Mediterranean languages. If his discoveries can be fully worked out, we shall be in possession of information of priceless value, derived from the eight thousand or more hitherto incomprehensible Etruscan inscriptions, and may find records of historical events now as vaguely known as were those of Ancient Egypt before the discoveries of Champollion. The Etruscan language having been, till now, a sealed book, we have had to depend for our limited historical information on the scanty references of a few more or less prejudiced classical historians.

Just before the war distracted the attention of Europe from peaceful studies, great interest was aroused by some remarkable discoveries made by Professor Gabrici on the site of the great Etruscan city of Veii, near Rome. After completing the exploration of a necropolis in which numerous bronze vases and weapons, bronze and gold brooches, amber and glass necklaces, were found, he excavated the foundation of a temple which bears traces of restoration. The temple was dedicated to a female divinity represented as a mother seated on a throne nursing a divine Child, a practically universal type worshipped ages before the introduction of the Christian form of religion. From the débris of the temple, Professor Gabrici collected many fragments of friezes, pieces of ornament, and well-preserved examples of

polychrome decoration. As our first-hand knowledge of Etruscan temples is extremely limited, being chiefly derived from descriptions by Vitruvius and representations found in tombs, the new discovery is of great importance. Covent Garden Church, London, is a modern building constructed according to the design of an Etruscan temple, and there is another more elaborate reconstruction, in Florence, Italy.

Etruria proper, practically the modern Tuscany, stretches from the Tiber on the south almost to Spezzia on the north, a distance of about two hundred miles, and extends eastward from the Mediterranean about one hundred miles at the widest part. It was formerly densely populated, even in the parts now desolated by malaria, and contained numerous powerful cities, among which the famous Twelve Cities of Etruria, the capitals of the federated states, were prominent. The modern cities of Florence, Pisa, Siena, Lucca, Perugia, Orvieto, and Leghorn are included within the boundaries of Etruria proper, and stand upon or close to the sites of their Etruscan predecessors. When the cycle of barbarism was spent in the Dark Ages, the ancient greatness re-incarnated on the same soil in new forms, and Etruria produced a galaxy of brilliant intellects, such as few, if any, other countries can boast. Among them stand prominently the names of Dante, Petrarch, Giotto, Brunelleschi, Michelangelo, Galileo, and many others. Etruria offers a good example of the law of cyclic return, according to which the arts and sciences as well as men die, like the Phoenix, but to revive.

Veii, the powerful bulwark of Etruria against its mighty rival, Rome, from which it is only eleven miles away, is an exception to the general rule of Etruscan cities, for its destruction seems to have been final. It was subdued in 396 B. C., after ten years' siege, and even then it was so strong that it had to be overcome, like Troy, by stratagem. Some followers of Camillus, the Roman Dictator, tunneled under the Acropolis and broke through the floor of the temple of Juno, thus gaining an advantage which soon terminated in the entry of the whole army. According to Livy and other writers, the temple was violated at the critical moment when the *aruspex* or priest was telling the king of Veii that victory would rest with him who completed the sacrifice. Camillus was just in time to do this, and Veii was utterly crushed. What information has come down to us about Veii consists entirely of the records of fourteen wars with Rome. The story of the Fabii, that great Roman family or clan whose entire

membership marched out alone and successfully defied the power of Veii for years, is one of the most cherished traditions of Rome.

Roman splendor, Roman patriotic pride, have driven the greatness of Etruria into the background, and but for the evidences of the tombs and their riches, we should have only known the Etruscans through the prejudiced accounts of classical writers. Now, however, there seems little doubt that the moral and intellectual endowments of the race were at least equal, if not superior to those of the Romans of the earlier days. It is fully proved that the Romans, before their close contact with Greece, owed the larger part of their political, religious, and social institutions, their appliances and principles of warfare, the main characteristics of their art, and all that really humanized their rugged natures, to the mysterious people who colonized Etruria before Romulus plowed the first furrow which marked the foundations of the future mistress of the western world. Historians say that after the defeat of the Etruscans in the fifth war with Rome, Tarquinius Priscus (who, though king of Rome, was of Etruscan origin) seized and adopted their insignia of authority, i. e., the twelve lictors with their fasces, the golden crown, the ivory chair, the double flute, the purple robe, and the eagled scepter; the triumphal procession was also of Etruscan origin.

The sacred books of the Etruscans are mentioned by many classical writers, and their authorship is attributed to Tages (supposed by some authorities to be the same as Tarchon, the founder of the metropolitan city of the Etruscan Federation, Tarquinii, now called Corneto). Tages, like so many of the national heroes of antiquity, was reputed to have had a marvelous birth; he sprang up from a furrow newly plowed, and, though a boy in appearance, was a patriarch in wisdom. His Code of Discipline, which included everything pertaining to peace, war, and divination, was transmitted by the Etruscans to the Romans, who were accustomed to send their sons into Etruria to study its literature and language. From some curious statements of Pliny and others it is plain that Tarchon, who, if not the same as Tages, was his colleague or successor in authority and wisdom, had a considerable practical knowledge of electricity. Desiring to preserve his house from lightning, he surrounded it by a hedge of white bryony. In parts of France today the peasants still plant white bryony for the same purpose. Porsena, as well as the Etruscan priests, were believed to have the power of "bringing down lightning from



VOLTERRA, THE SITE OF AN ANCIENT ETRUSCAN CITY



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THE FAMOUS "CHIMAERA," NOW IN THE ETRUSCAN MUSEUM, FLORENCE
Superb example of the finest Etruscan bronze sculpture.

heaven " by invocation. " Guided by Numa's book," says Pliny, quoting from an ancient writer, " Tullus (Hostilius) undertook to invoke the aid of Jupiter. . . . But, having performed the rite imperfectly, he perished, struck by thunder." Numa probably derived his knowledge from the Etruscans.*

Though the Etruscans never, as far as we know, reached the supreme heights of glory in art and literature attained by the Greeks, and perhaps never produced a Phidias, a Plato, or an Aristotle, in many respects their culture was more advanced than the Greek. They were a united people, largely free from the internecine warfare that fatally weakened the Hellenic states, and in matters of practical science, agriculture, medicine, navigation, military tactics, and civil engineering, for instance, they were probably ahead of the Greeks. Their extraordinary skill in dentistry is proved by exquisite gold plates for holding artificial teeth which can be seen in the Etruscan Museum at Florence. In astronomy they evidently had considerable learning and careful observers, for they had fixed the length of the tropical year almost exactly. In their treatment of woman they were far ahead of the Greeks. She was honored and respected and took her place beside her husband. She was given a good education and even instructed in the mysteries of divination. Tanaquil, wife of Tarquinius Priscus, is reported to have been deeply versed in mathematics and medicine, though this did not prevent her from being an excellent housewife and accomplished wool-spinner. The Etruscan wife was not, as in Greece, subordinated in public and intellectual affairs to the anomalous *hetaira* class, nor was her freedom accompanied by the laxity of manners that disgraced later Rome. In their reasonable treatment of woman the Etruscans resemble the ancient Egyptians.

The origin of the Etruscans has long been one of the great historical puzzles, but the Roman and Greek writers, with the exception of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, declare that they came from Lydia in Asia Minor, probably about 1000 B. C. The large oriental element in the character of their civil and religious polity and many of their customs and arts, strongly support the theory of an Asiatic connexion. A marked Egyptian influence is also traceable. If Professor Hempl succeeds in deciphering all the hitherto incomprehensible Etruscan inscriptions in our possession we may soon have positive evidence. In

* See *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, p. 527; also Dennis' *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, Introduction.

any case the testimony of Theosophy is in favor of the common origin of most of the littoral races of the Mediterranean. About 9000 B. C. a considerable migration moved away from the last sinking islands of the lost continent of Atlantis and took refuge in the firm lands which were reached after passing through the Pillars of Hercules. To follow the subsequent minor movements of the refugees in their entirety will probably be an impossible task, but the researches of Professor Hempl on linguistic lines will undoubtedly carry us a long way.

The government of Etruria was apparently confided to the hands of the princes of the federated states, who were also the priests and military chiefs. With triple authority they ruled the masses of the people "as the soul governs the body," but very little is actually known about the political principles prevailing in ancient Etruria. It is supposed that the lower classes were mainly derived from the Pelasgic tribes who inhabited the land before the arrival of the Rasena, as the Etruscans called themselves. Slavery was not unknown, but the plebeians seem to have been more like what we understand as serfs.

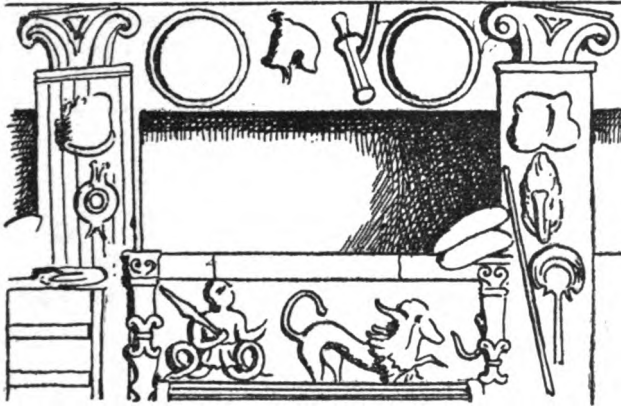
The Etruscan mythology somewhat resembled that of Greece; it was partly adopted, even to some of the names, by the Romans. In accordance with the universal teachings of antiquity there was a dominant Trinity of great gods; their names were Tinia, Cupra, and Menerva, and they corresponded to Jupiter, Juno and Minerva in Rome. Then came twelve great gods, six male and six female, awful beings, but not eternal. There were many other gods and genii, and perhaps the most striking of all from the standpoint of the student of Theosophy were the "Shrouded Gods," the *Dii Involuti*, whose nature was profoundly mysterious. They held sway over gods and men, and to their decisions even great Tinia had to bow. The Shrouded Gods were, in one sense, the personification of the eternal Law of Karma, of cause and effect; "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Galatians, 6, 7)

It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as naught, tomorrow it will judge,
Or after many days.— *Light of Asia*

The Shrouded Gods are the Lipika of Oriental philosophy, the Fates, from whose decrees even Zeus —

E'en he the fore-ordained cannot escape. . . — *Aeschylus*

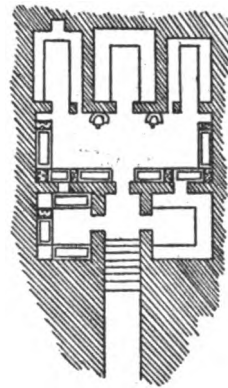
It is fortunate for us that the Etruscans, in common with many other nations of antiquity, had such a reverence for the dead and such a definite belief in the immortality of the soul that they took immense



Couch-tomb with Stone Cushions

pains in the construction and decoration of spacious underground tombs for their great families. Though little has been preserved in writing concerning the domestic history or customs of the race, the pictures and carvings in the tombs present us with a mass of authentic information. Two

kinds of tombs are found: immense rock-cut sepulchers, and tumuli consisting of chambers of masonry covered with mounds of earth. The interiors of many of these cave-tombs closely resemble houses, and the cemeteries themselves are not unlike cities. Ranges of tombs hollowed out of low cliffs face one another in streets, which branch off into smaller lanes and courts. While the outside of the tomb is generally very simple, the interior is ornate. A large central room represents the *atrium* of a house, and the surrounding chambers the *triclinia* or banqueting halls. Each of the latter has benches round three sides on which the effigies of the dead were placed, reclining as if at a feast. The roofs were carved in imitation of beams and rafters. The only thing wanting to complete the likeness to the main portion of a Roman or Pompeian house is the opening in the roof of the *atrium* which lets in the daylight; as all the Etruscan tombs were covered, this was out of the question. A striking description of the impression produced by the life-like figures on the lids of the sarcophagi at Toscanella is given by Dennis, the eminent authority on Etruscan remains:



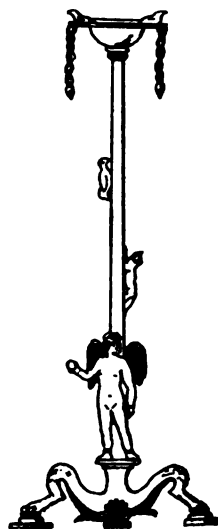
Plan of Etruscan Tomb

You seem transported to some scene of Arabian romance, where the people are all turned into stone or lie spell-bound, awaiting the touch of a magician's

wand to restore them to life and activity. All around they lie — Leucomones (senators) of aristocratic dignity — portly matrons, bedecked with jewels — stout youths, and graceful maidens — reclining on the lids of their coffins, or rather on their festive couches — meeting with fixed stony stare the astonishment of the stranger, yet with a distinct individuality of feature and expression, and so life-like withal, that “like Pygmalion’s statue waking,” each seems to be on the point of warming into existence. Lions, sphinxes, and chimaeras dire, in stone, stand among them as guardians of the place. . . . These figures all rest on their left elbow, supported by cushions, and the sarcophagi beneath them are often hewn to represent couches.

They are never represented as dead, nor even in sleep, as in the Middle Ages, but simply as having passed on to another state of existence. Some of the finest specimens of such sarcophagi with reclining figures are now exhibited in the wonderful Etruscan Museum at Florence, and elsewhere.

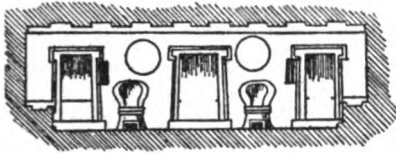
Many of the tombs were rifled in late Roman or medieval times, but a good many were left for modern archaeologists. At Cervetri, the ancient Caere, a marvelous tomb was opened in 1836, filled with wonders. In the chambers stood a bier, a car, shields, tripods, and numerous exquisite vessels of bronze, silver, and even gold. This tomb lay beneath a tumulus of earth, and had an arched entrance. In general design this and several others resembled the well-known “Treasury of Atreus” at Mycenae, certain tombs in Asia Minor and Scandinavia, “New Grange” and “Knowth,” near Dublin, “Maes Howe” in the Orkneys, Gav’r Innis in Brittany, and many others of the prehistoric ages. Though most of these were certainly tombs, it is probable that some of them at least were used for the celebration of the Mysteries, an important part of which centered round the simulated or metaphorical death of the candidate for initiation. On the basis that they are simply tombs it is impossible reasonably to explain the design of many of them, with their winding passages, obstructions, etc. The well-known Egyptian symbolic picture of the Solar Bark with Ra, the sun’s disk, hovering over it, is found crudely but unmistakably reproduced in New Grange and Scandinavia. In the Etruscan tombs we find much that reminds us of Egypt, and the Solar Bark which carries the souls of the departed to another world is suggested in Etruria by the constant



Bronze Candelabrum

presence of Charon, the ferryman of the Greeks, who steers the departed over the dark waters. The Etruscan Charon sometimes carries an oar, but often he leads a horse equipped for the long journey to the Underworld.

In one of the rock-cut tombs at Cervetri two armchairs with footstools cut out of the living rock were found; above them hang carved shields.



Tomb at Cervetri

From the decorations on the vases and bronze objects preserved in the tombs and from the elaborate wall-paintings, we can trace the life and customs of this highly civilized people from the cradle to the grave and even after. We see them "in their habit as they lived," we can study their faces, learn their names, understand the arrangement of their houses, acquaint ourselves with their trades, arts, games, military exercises, and hunts. We can watch them debate in the council chamber or attend the solemn rites of their religion; and finally, after seeing their bodies deposited in the tomb, we follow their souls to the unseen world whither each is accompanied by the good or bad angels appropriate to his nature. They are tried before the judgment seat and rewarded according to their deserts. In the judgment scenes there are some which strongly remind us of those in the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*. The medieval Christian artist, looking for inspiration for his religious subjects, had little to do but adapt the ideas and even many of the details of the Etruscan paintings.

One wall-painting, now unfortunately destroyed, showed that the Etruscans had a very definite appreciation of the duality of man's nature. It represented Cupid and Psyche as two children embracing. An evil genius is drawing Cupid towards the things of this world, while Psyche, pulls the other way. Standing by Psyche is a good genius, presumably the higher overshadowing immortal reincarnating Ego, watching the contest of wills, and while not actually touching Cupid, trying to gain his attention with outstretched arms and appealing looks. Many other paintings indicate a knowledge of the once universal Wisdom-Religion or Theosophy. The serpent, whose good aspect is symbolic of regeneration and rebirth, and is an emblem of spiritual power, eternity, and sacredness, is found everywhere associated with the mysteries of the afterlife. In the ancient world the initiates were called "serpents of wisdom," and, if we may judge by

the paintings, the Etruscan priests used the serpent in the service of the temple to establish and maintain their authority as possessors of superior knowledge and power. "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves" (Matthew, x, 16). The cross, one of the most widely distributed symbols of the ancient world, long antedating Christianity, is found in Etruria. Upon a sepulchral urn from Volterra there is a curious painting of an altar or shrine, with a cross in the middle, before which some bound captives are *apparently* being offered in sacrifice. The Italian writer Maffei indignantly repudiates the charge that the Etruscans offered human sacrifices, and Dennis admits that there is no historical authority to support it. It may or may not be a "fortuitous coincidence" that a similar design is found at Palenque, in Mexico, where the famous Tablet of the Cross contains a priestlike figure offering a child before a cross. There is good reason to believe that these sacrificial scenes are not literal representations of human sacrifice, but are symbolic of the highest possible act of devotion, i. e., the offering or surrendering of the desires and lower propensities in the presence of the divine.



"Marine Deity," or Dragon of Wisdom

The Etruscans pictured many deities whose names and functions are quite unknown. One of these, an apparently dual-sexed Dragon of Wisdom, reminding us of certain pictures of Krishna, etc., is here shown; it is from a vase found at Volterra and is worth careful study by the student of symbolism. The Chimaera, also illustrated here, is another mysterious symbolic figure. It was found at Arezzo in 1534, and is now in Florence. It has the body of a lion, the tail of a serpent, and a goat's head springing from its back. It is one of the finest existing specimens of the bronze work in which the Etruscans were highly skilled; it is less archaic in style than the Wolf of the Capitol. The Etruscan word *Tinscvil* is inscribed on the foreleg. Not only were the Etruscans supreme masters in the art of bronze casting and chiseling, but their gold filagree work and jewelry in various metals, precious stones and variegated glass is of the most exquisite beauty and elegance. A small microscope is needed to appreciate the beauty of a hundred-and-twenty gold figures of animals

which are contained within a few square inches of one famous ephod.

The appreciation of the best art by the Etruscans is proved by the large number of beautiful Greek vases found in their tombs as well as by the splendid painting of the thousands of vases of their own workmanship.

The influence of Etruria upon Roman architecture is strongly marked. The main feature which distinguished the Roman from the Grecian style is the round arch, which was in constant use in Etruria from the most ancient times. The Romans, who saw its constructive possibilities, quickly adopted it and developed it to its culmination in the gigantic vaults and arches of the palaces and *Thermae* of the imperial age, and, as a consequence, the whole subsequent history of European architecture was profoundly affected. The Roman Order of architecture called "Tuscan," a simple form of Roman Doric, was derived from Etruria. In the Pantheon at Rome and in other temples, we can see the Etruscan circular temple magnified and glorified. The temple of Jupiter on the Capitol, Rome, was originally an Etruscan building, but no vestige remains. The Romans derived the design of their theaters from Etruria; the one at Fiesole is probably Etruscan.

The great Cyclopean walls of many Etruscan cities are very striking. An interesting problem in connexion with these confronts those who believe that there has been an unbroken march upward from barbarism in the Mediterranean countries. Twenty miles from the coast lies the prehistoric city of Saturnia. Its Cyclopean walls are practically intact and around it stand a large number of dolmens, some surrounded by circles of large upright stones. These dolmens, like so many of their kind found in nearly every other part of the world, are built of three massive stones surmounted by a gigantic capstone sixteen feet or so in length. Some are approached by narrow passages, and many, if not all, may have been covered by mounds of earth. They are not decorated nor inscribed, and their history is unknown, but the peasants speak of bones of giants having been found in them in former days. What was this race of builders that delighted in handling quantities of stones of such magnitude that they would tax our engineering skill today? Certainly not the Etruscans of the historical period, for great monuments of colossal stones similar to those in Etruria are widely distributed throughout the world, pointing to a common origin. But to return to our problem: at Saturnia

we can distinctly see the weakness of the popular belief that the early Cyclopean age — “Pelasgic,” if we may use that vague and elastic term — was but little removed from primitive savagery. The walls of Saturnia and part of those of the neighboring city of Cosa — shown in the sketch below — are composed of great polygonal stones so beautifully dressed and fitted that a penknife will not pass between the joints, and so evenly tooled that the outer surface looks like one great smooth rock lined with surface scratches. Only the *lower* part of the wall at Cosa is built of polygonal stones, exquisitely carved and fitted into each other; the upper part consists of courses of plain flat blocks, not fitted, but simply laid. The usual explanation of polygonal masonry is that the “primitive” builders used naturally irregular pieces of rock and fitted them together as best they could, but the walls of Saturnia and



The Walls of Cosa

Cosa are made of travertine, a rock which splits longitudinally into fairly rectangular blocks, as shown in the upper part of the wall of Cosa. The builders of the lower part, in order to get the polygonal stones they desired, had to hew them carefully into shape, regardless of the natural cleavage of the travertine. How was it that the earlier inhabitants of Cosa — the Pelasgi? — *supposedly* more savage and uncultured, had the skill and the desire to build their time-defying walls of beautifully carved and smoothed polygonal stones, while the later builders, who raised the walls higher, were content with the easier and clumsier method of splitting the travertine? This is only one of many problems in Etruscan archaeology, and is nearly as puzzling as that of the Cyclopean walls of gigantic polygonal stones built by the prehistoric dwellers in Peru.

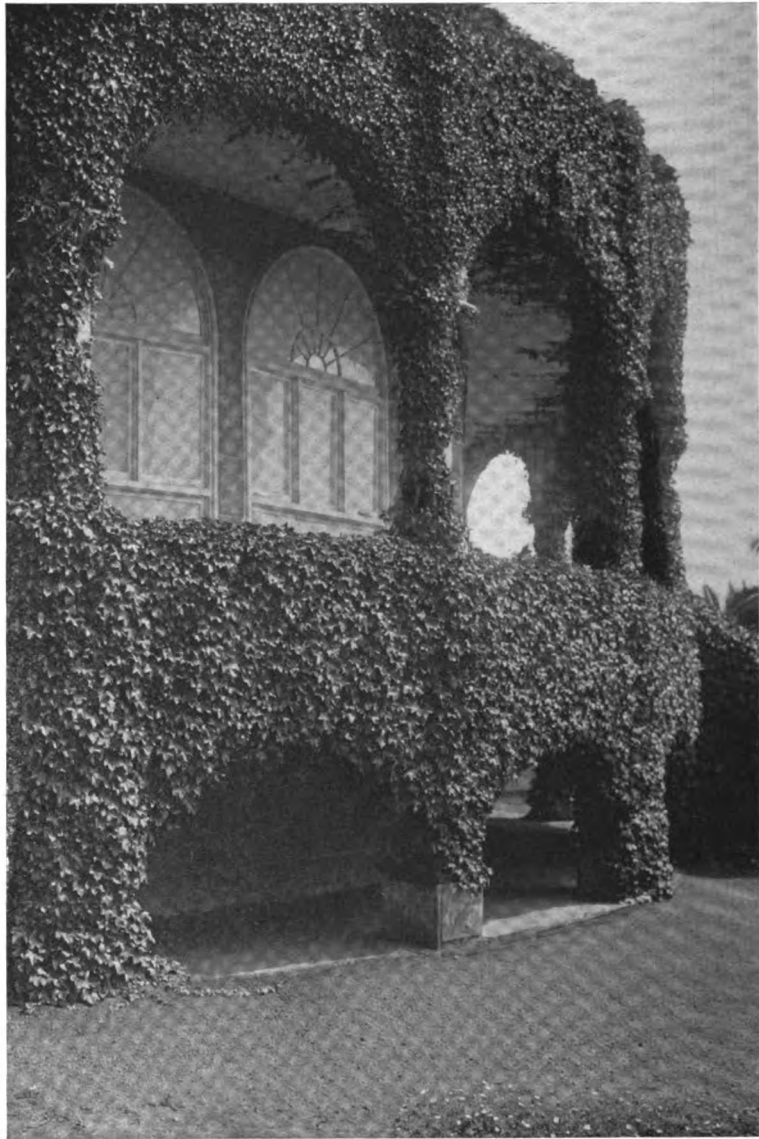


The Greek word *Hydranos* means literally the “baptist.” It was a name of the ancient hierophant of the Mysteries who made the candidate pass through the “trial by water,” wherein he was plunged thrice. This symbolized his baptism by the Holy Spirit which moves on the waters of Space. Paul refers to John as *Hydranos*, the baptist. The Christian Church took this rite from the ritualism of the Eleusinian and other Mysteries.— *H. P. Blavatsky*



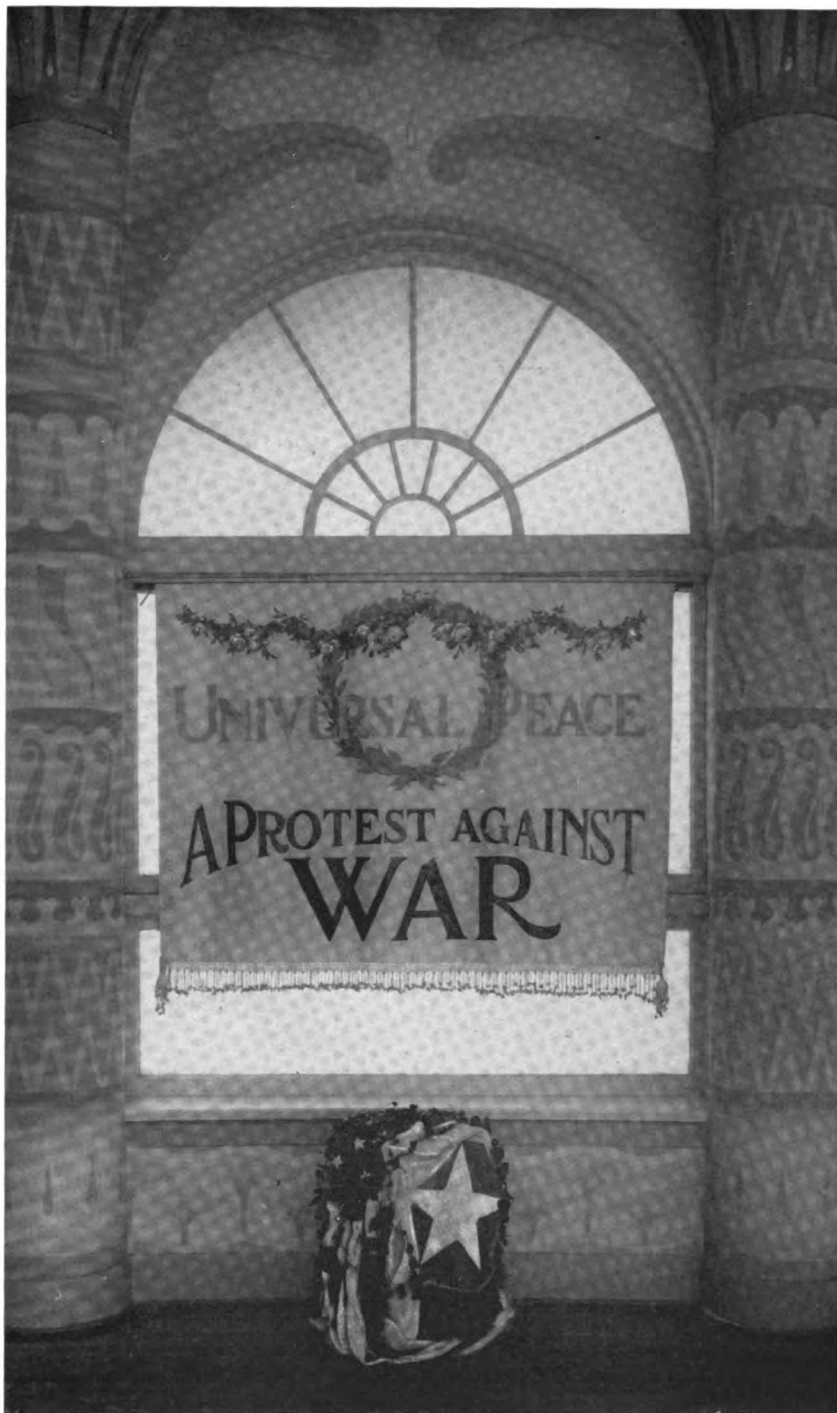
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ENTRANCE TO THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE (NOW OFTEN CALLED THE TEMPLE OF PEACE)
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



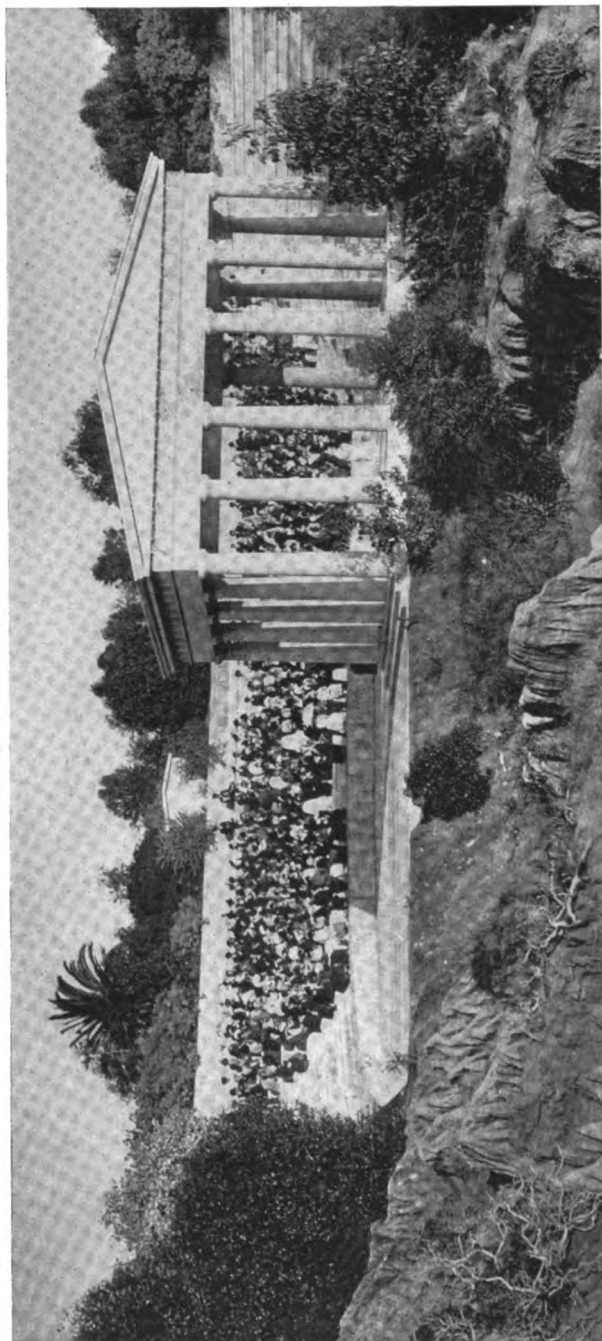
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A SIDE VIEW OF THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE



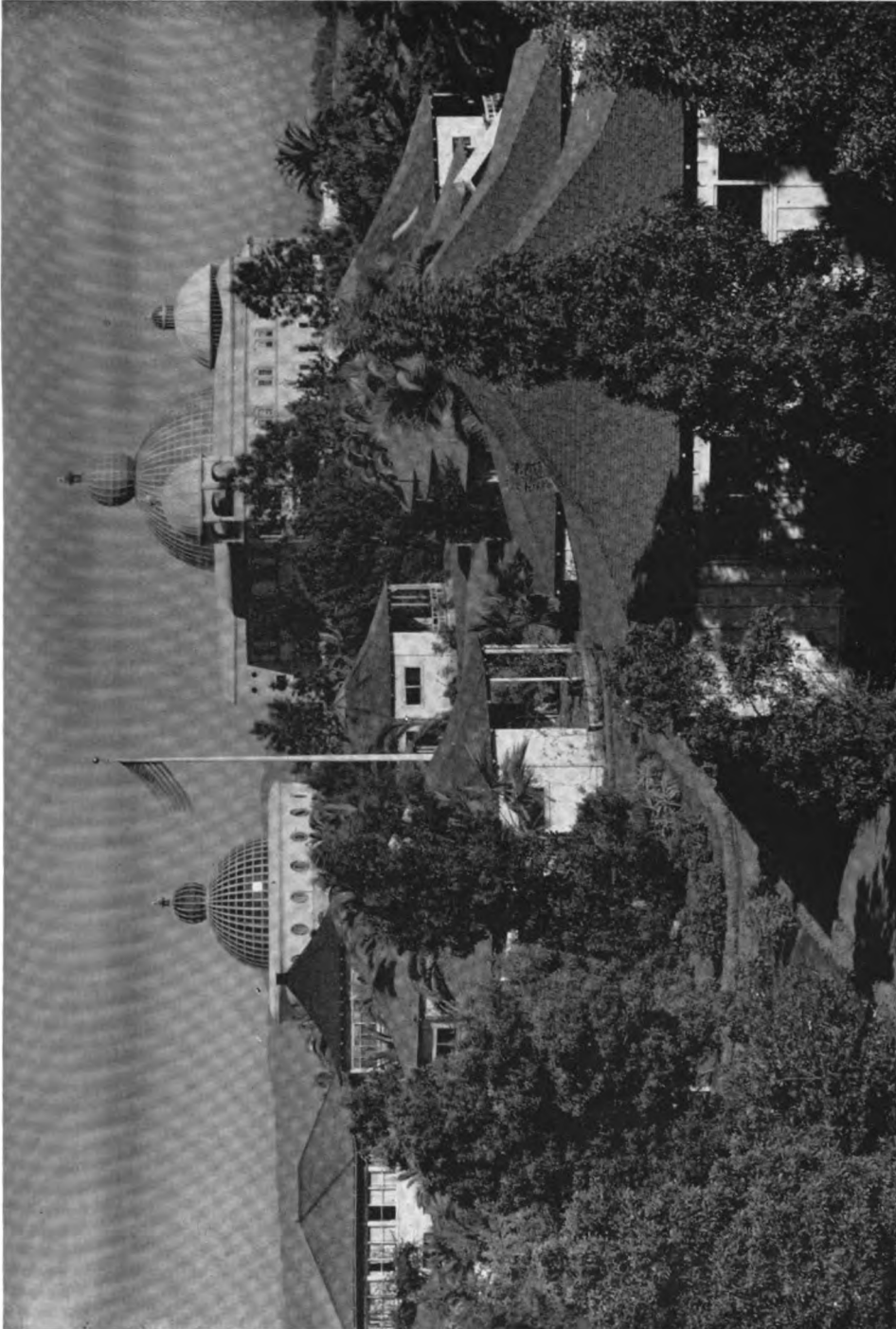
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A CORNER OF THE INTERIOR OF THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE, AND
ONE OF THE MANY BANNERS PRESENTED TO KATHERINE TINGLEY
IN HER WORK FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE AND GOOD WILL



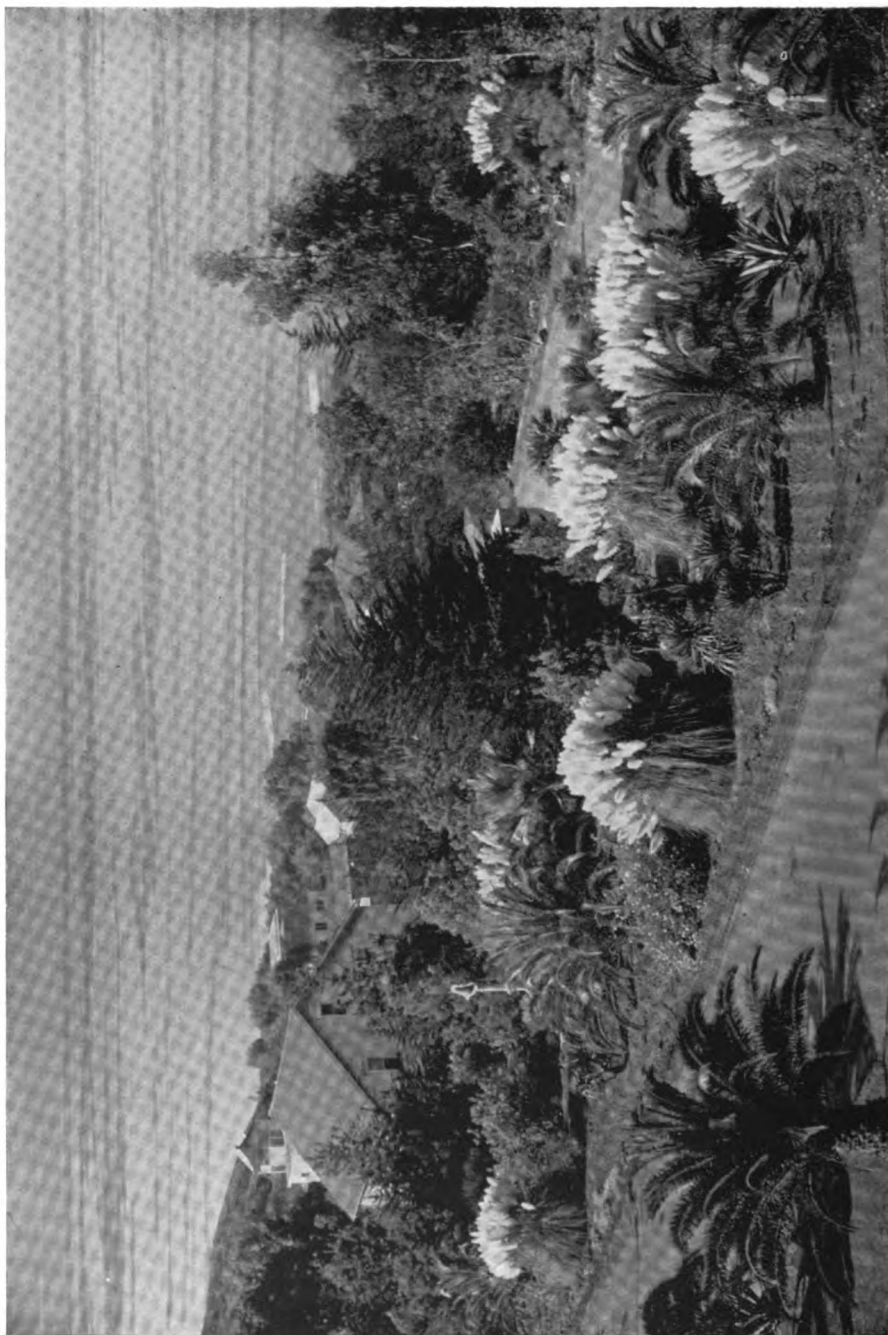
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INVITED GUESTS AT A RECEPTION IN THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



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GROUP B'UNGALOWS OF SOME OF THE STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE; SOME OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS
IN THE BACKGROUND. INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE PACIFIC, FROM THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE RĀJA-YOGA ACADEMY
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE VILLA-HOMES, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
IN A BOWER OF CHEROKEE ROSES, IN ONE OF THE GARDENS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A CANYON IN THE GROUNDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



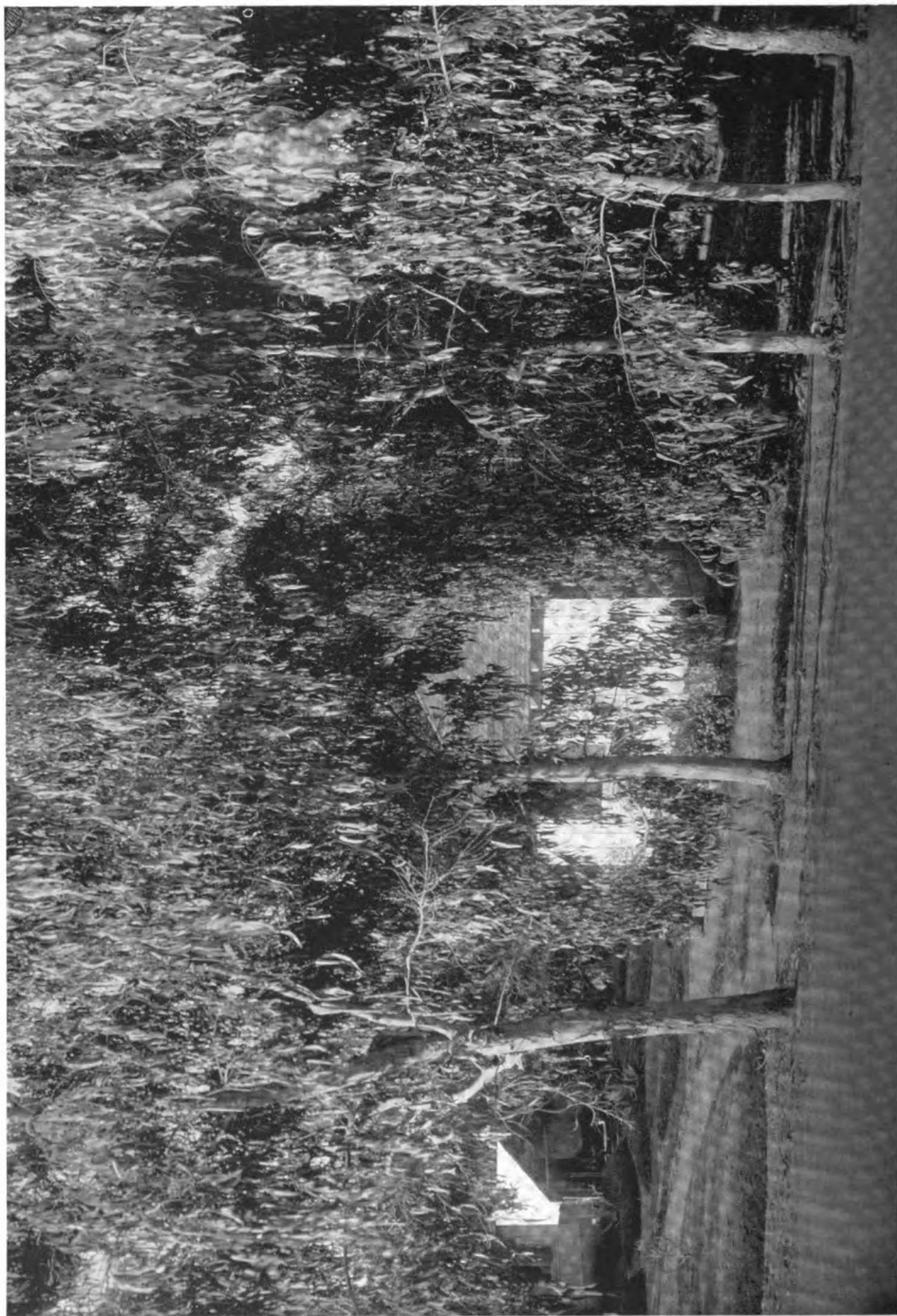
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER OF THE CANYONS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

IN A THIRD CANYON



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

EUCALYPTS GROWING NEAR BUNGALOWS, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY:

by Kenneth Morris


PART TWO

THE GOLDEN THREADS IN FAR EASTERN HISTORY

By using a mirror of brass, one can see to adjust one's cap; by using antiquity as a mirror, one can learn to foretell the rise and fall of empires.

— *The Emperor Taitsong*

FOREWORD

 **WE** gage by ourselves the importance of things: unless they have affected us, they are negligible. Of old, China never contacted Europe; why then bother with Chinese history? Because we are human, is the answer; and because this is one of the main currents of human story. Without knowledge of it, we get no *perspective* for a philosophy of history.

We have a few skeleton records of it, here in the West; mostly profoundly unsatisfactory. They gallop through the dynasties; we are told who fought or poisoned whom; there are countless queer names, without meaning or personality attached; so and so was vicious, we read; or bought off the Turks or Huns; sent armies across Asia, or had so many thousand volumes in his imperial library. There were so many centuries of confusion, and then this or that dynasty came in, and there were more centuries of worse confusion. Wan light dawns with Kublai, on account of Marco Polo and the stately pleasure dome; with the Mings we are all in dim dusk again, and the great Manchus appear but in a kind of twilight; then come painful and lengthy records of the nineteenth century and disastrous intercourse with Europe. Those who have troubled to wade through, get an impression of endless discord; those who have not, remain with the impression of endless stagnation. Both are wrong. There have been glorious ages in China during the last two thousand years: times when the Chinese were the most progressive, as well as the most civilized people on earth. They have stood quite at the center; have led the vanguard; have been the Chosen People.

One wonders, sometimes, whether the true story of the past will ever be recovered. We clamor for the seas and deserts to give up their secrets; but what prizes do we really deserve? We base our whole philosophy of history on mere fragments of that which is ac-

cessible, neglecting vast and important sources. Hence our warped, sidelong, twisted ideas of human evolution. Scholars dig deeper, of course; but too rarely is their knowledge correlated; and more rarely still does the result find its way into the text-books.



Outline Map of China

Chinese ages packed with culture, tragedy, epic glory, spiritual aspiration, artistic triumph — with full, rich, and palpitant life — weigh less in our consciousness than the squabbles of kings and barons for whom culture was as the South Pole or the dark side of the moon. Yet as human beings, we might enjoy these great heirlooms of human-

ity. If we have had nothing yet from China, it is because we have not arrived at capacity to receive it. We must grow a little more civilized: even to the point of understanding the brotherhood of man.

I toss out a date: 800 A. D.: what does it bring to mind? — The reign of Charlemain, you say; and may add perhaps, that of Haroun al-Raschid. How many will think also of Kwammu Tenno of Japan? And yet in those days it was Kwammu that was leading the van of civilization; Haroun marched some way behind him; and Charlemain and all Europe were far in the rear.

We boast our Athens, Weimar, Florence, Paris, Rome: what a tale of cities in the Orient might challenge the glory of these! Kioto, that in her day was rich, gorgeous, and learned as Bagdad, beauty-loving as Athens; that was a Calvin's Geneva freed of bigotry; a Lorenzo's Florence with spirituality for sensuousness; an Athens divested of levity. Singanfu of the grand Hans and of Tang Taitsong the Mighty; Loyang on the Hoangho, where Hsuantsung's court held poetic revels, and the great Buonarottis and Da Vincis of the Orient gathered; Kaifongfu of the Northern, and Hangchow of the Southern Sung — Hangchow, that city of cities, all a dream of beauty and genius! If one were asked where and when in historic times, civilization had reached its peak, produced its loveliest flower, one would almost have to answer, hesitatingly perhaps: In twelfth century Hangchow.

— All of which, of course, is outrageous. Kioto we can tolerate; like *Athenai* or *Firenze*, or even *Cordova* or *Cairo*, it has music in it. But tell us not of these Singanfus, Loyangs, and Hangchows! It is too queer and punchinello a language altogether; not for serious consideration. — Not to be imagined from its vocables set down in western characters, certainly; but to be heard aristocratically spoken, tinkling up and down a scale of tones, rippling silvery like little bells: and giving a new standard of beauty, all unlike our own — which is the Italian — but not less exquisite, melodious, or refined.

We are all the time confronted with this difficulty of names. They sound so meaningless to us, these many monosyllables; yet there are a few that must be fixed in the memory, or there will be no following intelligently what is to come. Chow, Tang, Han, Shang, Sung, and Hia — one must attach a definite idea to each; so here, in this introduction, it will be well to give a list of the more important dynasties, with dates ascribed to them and a few other particulars.

THE THREE GREAT EMPERORS:

Yao, Shun, and Yu

The Patriarchs of China; patterns to all succeeding ages of goodness and wisdom.

THE FEUDAL PERIOD:

The HIA Dynasty 2205 B. C. to 1766 B. C.

The SHANG Dynasty 1766 B. C. to 1122 B. C.

The CHOW Dynasty 1122 B. C. to 250 B. C.

In later Chow times came the Teachers Laotse and Confucius, and still later, Mencius and Chwangtse.

THE FIRST EMPIRE:

The T'SIN Dynasty 250 B. C. to 206 B. C.

Mainly consisted of the reign of T'sin Che Hwangti, a semi-barbarian prince, Founder of the Empire, Builder of the Great Wall, and Destroyer of the Ancient Literature.

The HAN Dynasties

Western and Eastern: 206 B. C. to 220 A. D.

The first great national dynasty: the first period of Chinese glory (historical).

Period of Anarchy, like that which two centuries later followed the fall of Rome; closing with the establishment of order in the South in 420 A. D.

THE FIVE SOUTHERN DYNASTIES: 420 A. D. to 580 A. D.

THE SECOND EMPIRE:

The SUY Dynasty, the prelude to

The TANG Dynasty 618 A. D. to 907 A. D.

Anarchy 907 A. D. to 969 A. D.

The SUNG Dynasty, Northern 969 A. D. to 1126 A. D.

Southern 1126 A. D. to 1268 A. D.

It was under the Tangs and the Sung that China attained her greatest heights in civilization.

THE PERIOD OF DECLINE:

The YUEN or Mongol Dynasty 1268 A. D. to 1368 A. D.

The MING Dynasty 1368 A. D. to 1644 A. D.

The Manchu Dynasty 1644 A. D. to 1911 A. D.

In what follows, the endeavor has been to trace, as you might say, a kind of human sequence down the ages of China: to pick out the epochal characters, and clothe them with a little semblance of life:

to articulate the great confusion, as far as possible. It would take far more scholarship than the present writer's, to do this with a sure hand and mastery; nevertheless something can be done, when you know that there is a plan. We have leaned mainly on two books, not of the bare-bones and dry-as-dust kind: Professor Harper Parker's *Ancient China Simplified*, for Chow and earlier times; and Professor Ernest Fenollosa's masterly *Epochs in Chinese and Japanese Art*,* for Han China and since, and for Japan. These both are notable exceptions to the rule: they are valuable works on Chinese history.

I — IN THE DAYS OF LAOTSE AND CONFUCIUS

The figure of Confucius stands out from all the millions and ages of China; we have had to put his name into Latin, that it might come pat and trippingly to every tongue; because of all Chinese names, it is the one that everybody knows. You glance at China, and it is Confucius that catches your eye: the rest is a background for him.

We might divide Chinese Chronology into B. C. and A. C.: before and after Confucius: even more rationally than we divide our own by the Christian era. He appeared in the midst of an age of change, before which all was ancient, and since which, all has been (so to say) modern. If he had not lived, his time would still have been central in the centuries of transition. As it is, his personality has served to preserve it intact, as if we still saw the movements of the men, and heard their voices; a sudden clearness of vision and audience, arising out of vagueness and shadow and confused sounds. The eyes of eighty generations have been turned on him with exact and rationalistic scrutiny; he stands in a blaze of noonlight, he and his time, not much more remote or misty than the Stuarts or Bourbons. We know his personal and daily habits; his contemporaries remain living personalities because they were his contemporaries; and not only they, but all who figured largely in the neighboring centuries. We are ad-

* Had Fenollosa lived to see his book through the press, it is doubtful whether the present writer would have felt any necessity to write this. But he died when it was still no more than a rough draft written in pencil; and, as I imagine is inevitable in such cases when the author is something greater than a plodding hack-writer or uninspired garnerer of facts, the book, splendidly illuminating as it is, contains many historical inaccuracies. These it has been the endeavor to correct here; also to carry further certain philosophic conclusions, and to show the significance of currents and events in the light of universal history and the laws of cyclic evolution. For all descriptions of life, art, and civilization, however, I am almost entirely indebted to this great critic, who had the eye to see into the *meaning* of history.

mitted to conversations between this statesman and that, and excellent historical novels might be written upon their wars and intrigues. So that although the great change that made the First Empire of China, and sent her careering, for the first time in recorded history, on the path of progress, did not materialize until three centuries later, it is convenient to begin our study of China at the Age of Confucius; then to glance back at the Preconfucian ages.

He came in the declining days of the Chow Dynasty, which had held the throne some six centuries, since 1122 B. C. China was a very small country then: an Egypt with the Hoangho for Nile. Northern Honan and southern Shensi constituted the imperial domain of the Chow sovereigns. Eastward along the southern bank of the Hoangho lay numerous feudal principalities, owing more or less nominal allegiance to the Chow; they extended over the southern half of Shangtung, not as far as to the sea. These, with the imperial domain, were known as Chu Hia, "All the Chinas"; their inhabitants were the Blackhaired People, the pure Chinese race. Beyond lay the Great Powers of the day: warlike and vigorous states, mainly barbarian in blood, but owing such culture as they had, and their existence as nations, to Chinese influences. These were T'sin (Shensi) in the northwest; Tsin (Shansi) in the north, and T'si (Chili) northeastward; T'su (Hupeh) to the south, and Wu and Yueh (Nganhwui, Chehkiang and Kiangsu) to the southeast. They had been founded long since among the Turks, Tartars, Annamese, and other barbarians, by Chinese adventurers, Lords Marchers as we might call them, generally members of the royal family; and their ruling dynasties remained of mixed Chinese and native descent. They bore the same relation to the Blackhaired People of the right bank of the Hoangho, as the Macedonians to the Greeks; politically, they stood to the Chow sovereign, as the Turkish and Persian princes of the eleventh century to the Caliphs at Bagdad. For the Chow was still head of the national religion or ritual; he had been temporal monarch also, but that was centuries since. One after another these great feudal vassal states rose into power, and their princes were installed "Protector" by the feeble Chow; the Marquises of T'si and Tsin; the Kings of T'su and Wu; the Earl of T'sin: these were the great Buwayhids, Seljuks, and Ghaznewids of Chow China.

As to what lay beyond the realms of these vigorous fighting vassals, the Blackhaired People themselves knew nothing of it. They

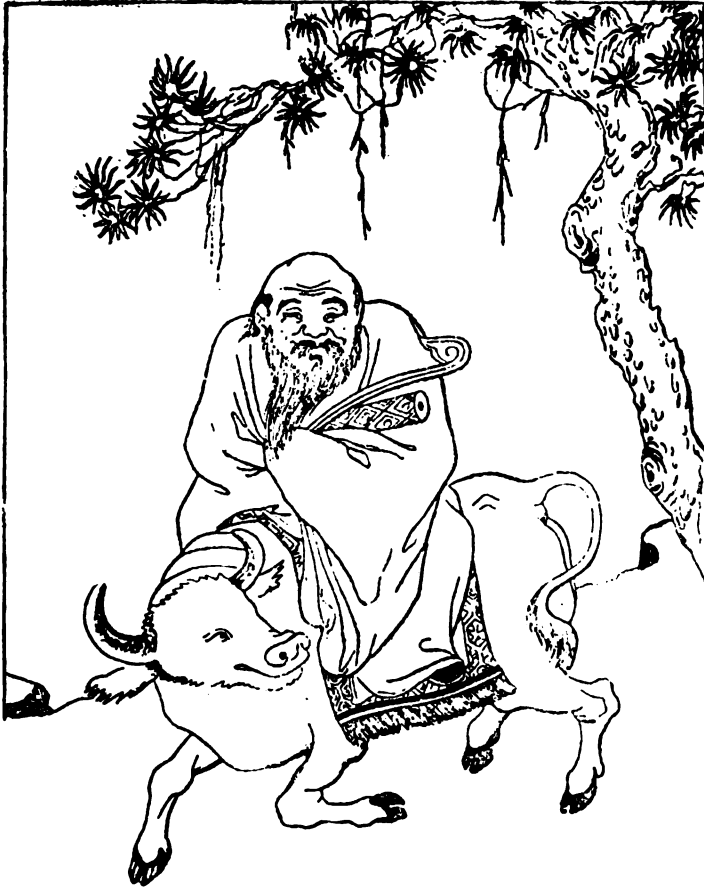
were no gadabouts, at that time, and had not even discovered the Pacific; a peace-loving, industrious, home-abiding people, trusting to their wits mainly to steer them clear of the wars of their restless neighbors: who fought things out, as often as not, on their territory, with or without leave given. Confucius himself, a great traveler, had seen little beyond the limits of Shantung and Honan; it was T'sin, T'su and the others, that knew the outside world. T'si (Chili) might have discovered Liaotung, and even Corea; T'su knew the middle Yangtse Valley, and had vague relations with Szechuen in the west; T'sin and Tsin (in pronunciation no more indistinguishable than *Russia* and *Prussia*) had great experience of the Turks and Tartars to the north of them; Wu and Yueh knew the mouths of the Yangtse; but all those regions and the races that dwelt in them were half mythical, or wholly unknown, to the Chinese.

It was a state of things, of course, that could not continue. The old order was going to pieces, and no definite new one had taken its place. Meanwhile all was tradition, fuss, and bustle. Our present epoch is not phenomenal: there have been times of "progress" before, with the census proclaiming the eagerness of souls of all sorts to tempt the perils and flock into incarnation. At such times old things crumble; and your rare conservative is tossed up, landed high and dry, very lonely, and left mainly to grumble. Such a time was the sixth century B. C. in China. All manner of new forces were coming into action; all old landmarks and anchorages were being torn up. The Caliph at Honanfu, absolute spiritually and temporally at one time, had now come to count for nothing at all. Let him attend to the rites, and appoint Protector whomsoever of the great fеоffees — their lordships of T'sin, Tsin, T'si and T'su — may hold the office already *de facto*; and who shall hereafter deal with him, the Chow, with velvet glove it may be hoped, but with the iron hand certainly. A time of prodigious wars, too, the like of which had never been fought of old time: then a thousand men or so were a great army; whereas now there were battles being fought, in which anything from eighty to two hundred and forty thousand of the defeated might be slain. "The allies," says Ssuma Ts'ien, the Father of Chinese History, ". . . dashed a million men against T'sin. . . ." (No question about the civilization of later Chow China, you see.) And we are even to look to those days for the first "Hague" Conference: it was held at one of the minor courts in Honan, and achieved putting a

stop to the seventy-two years' war that had been raging between bellicose T'sin and Tsin, now Shensi and Shansi. They had all the paraphernalia, as you might say, of the Chancellories of Europe: statesmen, and acute, smooth diplomatists: Yengtse and Shu Hiang, and above all that unnamed and greatest of them, who diddled all the Powers into meeting in the Peace Conference, and diddled Peace out of their deliberations; although not one of them had wanted to meet, and having met, not one but was averse to peace on its merits. And one statesman there was, not so modern in his seeming: Confucius himself, who had put an end to crime in Lu during the short period he held office there: not by severity, but by genius of character and the triumphant force of example. . . It was but a short time; he was too good a man for his age, and served a prince unworthy of him.

He was the second messenger whom the Gods sent to Chu Hia in the seventh century of Chow. No two men could have stood in greater contrast to their age or to each other, than did he and his predecessor Laotse. Laotse was Keeper of the Archives at the imperial court at Honanfu; and thus dwelt at the source and center of the national religion. He was all for forsaking rites, and mending the age through silence and simplicity. That he had attained fame as a man of learning, a philosopher, and even as a teacher of disciples, is proved by the fact that young Confucius journeyed up to court from his native Lu, in Shantung, expressly to receive instruction from him. What he had to give was deep, spiritual, mystical; he did not agitate reforms or preach to the crowd; he had no public or organized body of followers. For those that had ears to hear, and for them only, he had the lofty and basic ideas. In the royal library, where he moved among his archives, there was peace: an atmosphere in which the old man could care for the development of his handful of disciples. It was the utmost he could do for his age, in which there was no peace elsewhere in Chu Hia. His serene oppositeness to its loud activity was not of a kind that could strike home as it were, and make its visible mark; it hit obliquely, glancing. His was the still, small voice: not to be heard for the noise of overmuch "progress." But it had in it to go on sounding down through time, awakening wonder forever, and pervading the great ages with an atmosphere of mystery. Five thousand words we get from him: the texts, probably, of sermons preached to his disciples. Whether these last were many or few we do not know; nor whether they dwindled

away, and left the royal library empty of scholars, the Old Teacher with no one to teach, or whether he had formed them into a pledged body, and finished his work before he departed. Of his life we know next to nothing: it is always this quiet figure of an old man we see:



an old man teaching in the library; an old man at last going forth, riding his ox, into the West.

With Confucius, all was different. His oppositeness to the age was apposite, as it were. He figured there with the greatest figures; made a stir and would not be silenced. He opposed the tumult of chaotic action with action nearly as loud and even more forceful, but ordered — minutely ordered. He filled every moment of his life with what was absolutely ritual, and stalked abroad so practising in high daylight, where none should escape seeing him. One can divine the reason. The old ritual of religion had broken down, and was left for

the Chow Caliph to practise lonely in his palace; with it, the old moral sanctions — chiefly in the way of international law — had disappeared. Very well then: Confucius would have that ritual forth from the lumber-room, make it a blaring, flaunting, rigid thing. There were two means of enforcing it: by precept and example; and but one season: always. He would dun the ears of his age with the common moralities; he would never rest; he would make the still, small voice, if he could, a good deal louder than the noise of the million-manned armies at battle. He never did rest — or succeed. International law was still no more respected; the laws and courtesies of war still went no less gaily by the board, when the strong came to interpret them, than under our modern dispensation. As if the old Chinese had enjoyed all the manifold blessings which Providence and the cannon-founders have so lavishly bestowed on Christian Europe; or as if Confucius had never lived. Yet he did make an impression on his age, too; he certainly did stamp himself on the memory of his race.

He had far less to teach than Laotse had; seer or mystic, apparently, he was none; great or profound thinker you can hardly call him; but he had the genius of character to a degree that was sublime, and we do not scruple to rank him among the Great Messengers. Both he and Laotse did their appointed work, and it was the work of the Gods.

They met once, did those two Teachers — perhaps often, but once certainly; and here is how Confucius gave his opinion on Laotse after the interview. "I know," he said, "how birds can fly, how fishes can swim, and how beasts can run. The runner, however, may be snared, the swimmer may be hooked, and the flyer may be shot with an arrow. But there is the Dragon: I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds and rises into heaven. Today I have seen Laotse, and can only compare him with the Dragon."

"He mounts on the winds through the clouds and rises into heaven" — that is the characteristic, the proper motion of the Dragon, as flying is of birds, running of beasts, or swimming of fishes. It is of course, simply a matter of symbolism. The clouds are all the doubts, fears, passions, and common thoughts of our minds; but the Dragon rises on the wind, soars through them and attains the celestial consciousness. In all prechristian ages and all lands there was one meaning attached to this sublime Dragon Symbol: it was the

Dragon of Wisdom, the Master, the divine Seer, the Man made God.

So that, mystic or none, you see Confucius knew a mystic when he saw him; a fact which argues that he knew a deal more than ever he chose to preach in public. He recognized in the old librarian one of those kingly Masters who have access to regions supernal beyond the clouds of thought. . . . But your man in the street may hobnob with such an one for a lifetime, and die unaware that it was an angel he had been entertaining; he might not even guess his companion anything unusual at all; unless, as is likely, too, he should consider him an unusual humbug.

Taoists and Confucians, in after times, were forever at outs; rivalry had come into being as early as the days of Mencius and Chwangtse (350-290 B. C.). To the credit of this we may put down all stories of rebukes administered by Laotse to Confucius; in real life two such men, each with his work to do for humanity, would understand each other very well. K'ung Jung desired to gain admission to the house of Li Ying, and told the doorkeeper that he was a connexion of the family. Admitted as such, he was questioned by his host as to the relationship. "Sir," replied K'ung; "my ancestor Confucius and your ancestor Laotse were friends and fellow seekers after truth; so that you and I may be said to be related." Twenty generations separated these two from their great forebears; yet the tradition remained in the families, it would seem; even though all the world thought otherwise.

We are to see in the story of these two Teachers, and in the unlikeness of their methods, an illustration of the methods of the Gods; who will sometimes send a Messenger tentatively with big draughts of truth for the people; and then, if he and his message prove ineffectual; if the ears of the world are too gross altogether to hear the finer harmonies; they will change their tactics: call back their first envoy, and send another man, mighty of character, but with little more than platitudes to preach. If the world needs platitudes, why, it shall have them; and have them with the whole force of the World-Soul behind. Chu Hia would have none of the bright light and simplicity of Tao, the Path of Self-emptiness; could not apprehend the doctrine of the Supreme Self; could not so much as hear when that doctrine was being spoken — for the time being. This teaching, too, was to bring forth fruit an hundredfold in the aftertime: was to fire art and poetry with wizardry incomparable;

was to inspire and spur up to wonder the Chinese imagination for a matter of nineteen centuries. But now there was a need that it would not meet, being too lofty, simple, spiritual. So the Gods raised up a formalist: precise Confucius, with hands nicely clasped and bodily attitude always just so; who will see what can be done by taking things on the outside, rectifying names, as he said; urging respect for observances and ritual; who will conjure and hypnotize the people, if he can, into walking the straight, decent path of their ancestors. A century or two of this, and they shall have swung with the cycle into the road of real advancement: Han glory will be here: things will have settled; the people will have grown calm, and ready for something a little deeper. — But the truth is, they did not propose to accept even so much as this. Laotse had ridden away, years since, into the West; and now Confucius died, an utterly weary and disappointed man.

Whatever may have been Laotse's attitude towards Confucius, there can be no doubt as to the great Taoist Chwangtse's attitude, some two hundred years later, towards the Confucians of his day and their leader Mencius. Perhaps the virtue of Confucianism would have lain precisely in the carrying of it out at the time Confucius preached it. Then, it would have given form and symmetry to the growth of Chinese life: imposed quietude on the gestation time of a great nation; or, if you like, discipline on its rampant youth. The state should be ordered in accordance with the principles of music, said the Teacher; in his own day, and during two or three centuries before and after him, it was nothing but a series of jangling discords, into which ever and ever a greater volume of sound was pouring. Between the teachings of Confucius and those of Laotse there is nothing incompatible, as the great Sung philosophers of the twelfth century were to show; the bane and historical disease of China is due to an incompatibility which developed between a Confucianism that became hard and fast, dogmatic (but dogmatic in another sense than we give the term in Christendom) on the one hand, and on the other, a Taoism that became with the mob, imaginative, fantastic, and superstitious (the adjectives mark the grades of its descent), and later a Buddhism with its danger of over great other-worldliness.

Laotse preached the purification of the individual, until all personality, all mortality, in him should be merged in the Tao, which we may explain at once, and have done with it, by calling it the Supreme

Self and the Path thereto. Of his two chief followers or exponents, Lehtse debased, and Chwangtse expounded and maintained, the purity of his doctrine; and in these two we find a symbol of the after-course of Taoist history. To launch a religion is to start a movement, an organization; and let the teachings be as sanative, as dazzling as they may, it is not they, ultimately, that are the safeguard. There is such a thing as apostolic succession: let the control of your movement pass from the Illuminated, from a true, appointed succession within the Brotherhood that first ingeminated it from above; let it fall into the hands of wordly-ambitious Tom, of Dick with the genius for organizing, or of Harry of the urbane manners and infallible handshake; and though they be excellent fellows, all three of them, the tree shall wither that is cut off from its root. So here in the Taoist Church that came to be, though we may suspect, and though the history of many centuries tends to prove, the permanence of an esoteric body in touch with the Heart of things, we are to behold, with the masses and outward organization, a quick falling off. The purification that Laotse had taught came to mean a sloughing off of all those physical and mental elements that bring about old age, sickness, and decay; men looked for personal immortality and everlasting life in the body: at first, perhaps, through a genuine purification, then through the Elixir of Life.

Confucius preached the utter subordination of the individual to the state, which was to be governed according to the principles of harmony, the principles of Heaven. Thus both he and Laotse arrive at this: that there is a Path by which the lower becomes servant of, and at last one with, the Higher Self: the conquest of personality, the refining away of the grosser elements. Laotse arrived there *via* the individual, dealing with man as soul and personality; Confucius *via* the state, dealing with man as social aggregate. And as the roads they took were divergent, so were the perils through which those two roads would lead. The effect of the higher Taoism was to quicken genius, imagination, all the divine, immortal qualities in the impersonal part of man; that of the lower Taoism was to pander to personal cravings after phenomena, and all things weird and strange. The effect of the higher Confucianism has been racial stability: the invincibility of the race that conquers all its conquerors; sees its thrones and dynasties fall, and remains sublimely unshaken; is Atlantean, and outnumbers any Aryan people; goes from pinnacles of

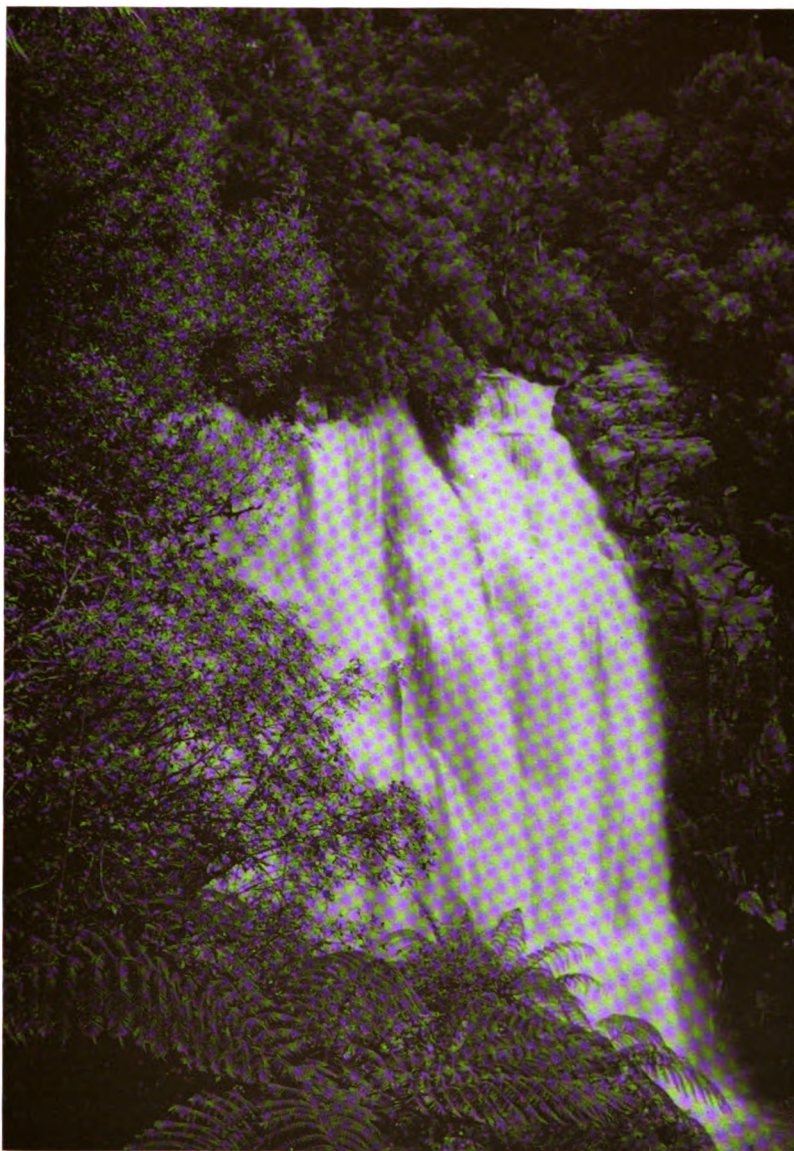
power to depths of humiliation, and returns again; and always is China, always endures. Could you imagine a British sovereign seated on the throne of the Pharaohs, speaking their language, carrying on the grand Ramessean tradition, sacrificing to Osiris and Ra? Power to bring about marvels such as that, this higher Confucianism conferred upon China; while on the other hand its lower aspects inflicted on her a formalism barren and dry, robbing her of the ability to meet events and master them, always tending to paralyse her genius.

These two forces, each dual, have run through the whole of Chinese history, contributing to its splendor and decay. The tendency of western writers, following the native (Confucian) authorities, has been to damn Taoism altogether, as a mere hotbed of dark superstitions. In China, it should be noted, the historians have been as generally Confucian, as the artists have been generally Taoist, or Taoist-Buddhist. Fenollosa, coming to the controversy from the standpoint of art, and armed with records that have perhaps been more fairly preserved in Japan, makes out a case all against Confucianism, and in favor of its rival and of Buddhism. This much must be said, at any rate: whenever China has been greatest, in an active and positive sense, then Taoism has been strong; stimulating genius and imagination, acting as a gateway to the sublimities of Buddhism, producing wonderful results. On the other hand, whenever she has been weakest, Confucianism has been her stay and passive strength. In times of dynastic disunion, it has been a racial bond of oneness; when the great conquerors have conquered her, it has approached, submerged, and assimilated them, imposed on them Chinese culture, and converted them to Confucius.



ULŪPĪ was the Sanskrit name of a daughter of Kauravya, King of the *Nāgas* in Pâtāla (the nether world, or more correctly, the Antipodes — America). Exoterically, she was the daughter of a king or chief of an aboriginal tribe of the *Nāgas*, or *Nagals* (ancient adepts) in prehistoric America — Mexico, most likely, or Uruguay. She was married to Arjuna, the disciple of Krishna, whom every tradition, oral and written, shows traveling five thousand years ago to Pâtāla (the Antipodes). The Paurānic tale is based on a historical fact. Moreover, UlŪpĪ, as a name, has a Mexican ring to it, like "Atlan," "Aclo," etc.

— H. P. Blavatsky



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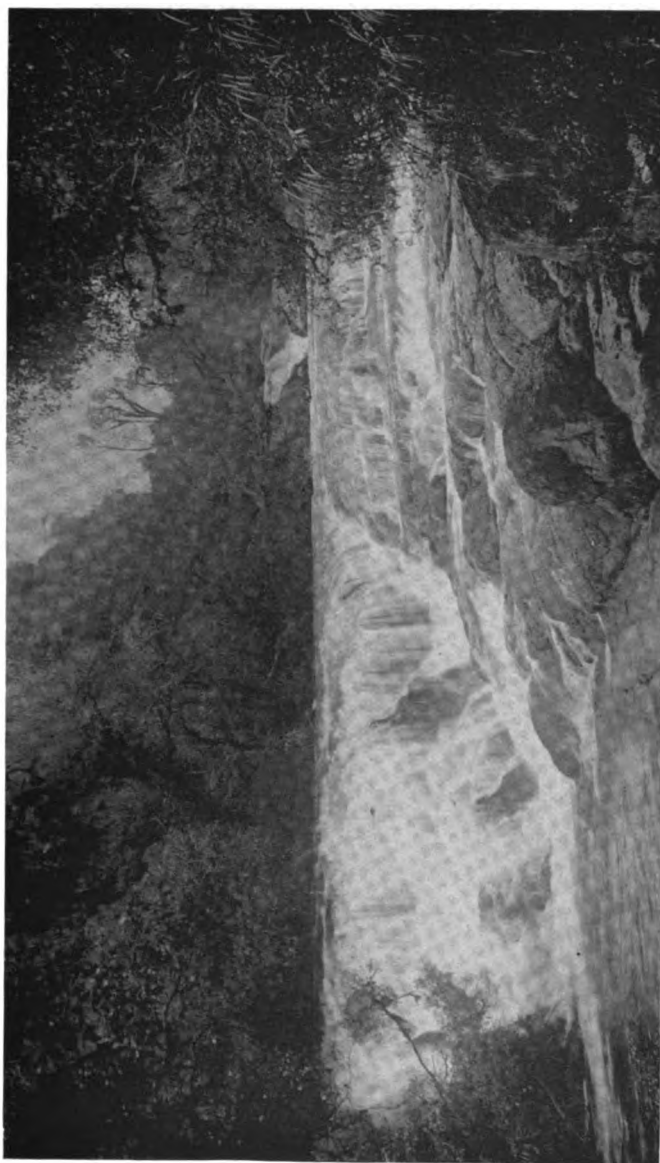
FALLS ON THE MAROKOPA RIVER, KING COUNTY, NEW ZEALAND





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FALLS ON MAROKOPA RIVER, NEW ZEALAND



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TERRACE FALLS, MAROKOPA RIVER, NEW ZEALAND



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PARANUI WATERFALLS, WHANGAREI, NEW ZEALAND



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WHANGAREI FALLS, NEW ZEALAND



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WAIRUA FALLS, WHANGAREI, NEW ZEALAND

THE THIRD EYE: ANCIENT RACES AND CONTINENTS: by H. Travers, M.A.



THE cyclic evolution of human races, submerged continents that were once dry land on which humanity flourished, the interpretation of the geological record, the possession by some of the ancient races of faculties which are not manifested in present-day humanity, and the relation of the animal kingdom to man — these are some of the topics which have to be studied in connexion with each other by the student who would understand the teachings about the earth and man, about past ages and universal evolution, which are outlined by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*.

Geologists divide the past history of the earth into periods in accordance with the thicknesses and the character of the sedimentary deposits which they study. These periods are necessarily very great in duration compared with any figures which our meager knowledge of history has accustomed us to assign to the duration of human races; but the finding of fossil animals and plants in the rocks has compelled us to admit that the lower kingdoms of nature flourished in those remote times. Among the plant and animal remains, too, we observe a progressive scale of forms, from the simple organisms that flourished in Palaeozoic times to the complex types of the later strata; and this fact has been regarded as supporting the broad conception of evolution, in accordance with which the more complex types are held to have been derived from the more simple. Finally, since this theory of evolution has sought to regard man as merely the highest point in the scale of zoological evolution, the idea that man appeared on earth for the first time in geological eras that were comparatively recent seems reasonable.

The evolution of man is a fact, but it is not accomplished in the way imagined by the theorists, nor has it followed the same course. The facts prove conclusively that the aboriginal races at present on the earth are not evolving in the way in which the evolutionary theories would seem to require that they should be, but that they are retrogressing. The patent fact is that these peoples are the remnants of races that were once civilized, and that their greatness lies in their memories and not in their prospects. As races, they are passing away, their life-cycles nearly over; and the evolution of the human Egos tenanting the individual bodies must be achieved by reincarnation

in more advanced races. Observation (when unencumbered by speculation) also teaches us that the progress of humanity is brought about by influence, instruction, and example communicated by more accomplished people; and to this must be added the potent effect of the incarnating souls of great men from the past — whereby is explained the emergence of great geniuses and leaders.

Conformably to these ideas, then, we should expect to find, in the records of the past, evidence that great civilizations have flourished and have handed down their culture from race to race, just as we ourselves have built up our own civilization upon what we have recovered from the ancient Orient, from the ancient Levant, and from every available source. We should not expect to find any evidence that our culture has proceeded from savagery by a mere process of spontaneous evolution, though we might look for the signs that cultured races have come over and taught our rude forebears, mingling their blood and instilling their culture and living force. And truly this is just what the records do prove, once we can rid our minds of preconceived theories and avoid regarding human history from a point of view exclusively biological or exclusively anything else.

As to fossil evidence of the existence of man in remote geological ages, there can be no doubt that it will be forthcoming as soon as we find our minds disposed to receive it favorably and to interpret it without prejudice. So far the tendency among anthropologists has been to minimize the value of the evidence as much as possible and to use every endeavor to make it support preformed ideas as to what ought to be found. It is essential also to bear in mind that fossil remains in general constitute but a very small proportion of the number of organisms of their kind that actually lived and died — a fact which is seen even more clearly when we contrast the remains of the higher animals with those of such types as the Mollusks. Human bones are of perishable material, nor does man secrete a hard shell. Further, man has probably not at any time been wont to lie down and die in the mud, and have other men come and attach themselves to his skeleton, thus building a human coral reef; and in fact his favorite mode of disposing of his remains has been to burn them. These considerations alone are surely enough to account for the infrequency of human fossils, as also for the circumstance that such as are most often found are those of low type, being the luckless remains of poor wights that have somehow missed their funerary dues. Finally we

may point out that the remains of many of the people considered in the present writing lie where they cannot easily be gotten at, unless by some submarine *Challenger* expedition of the future.

An appreciation of the Theosophical view of human history relieves us of the supposed necessity for regarding man as a *recent* product of evolution; hence no theories will be upset by any proofs that may be forthcoming of his immense antiquity — even as a *civilized* being. At this point it becomes necessary to state that the Theosophical view of evolution, being greatly more comprehensive than those of contemporary scientific opinion, is under no obligation to regard organic life as having pursued a course as simple and uniform as that imagined by the theorists. Like all Nature's works, the course of evolution is complex, varied, and involved to a marvelous degree; and what has so far been discovered is evidently but a few fragments that it is difficult to piece together in their proper places in the puzzle, for want of so many missing pieces. Moreover, an important exception has to be made in favor of man, who is far more than a product of zoological evolution, being separated from the animals by a gap wider and far more significant on account of his intellectual and spiritual nature, than those which sunder animal from plant and plant from stone. Theosophy, finding itself quite incompetent to shut up its mind in compartments, and to study man from an exclusively biological point of view, or in any other exclusive way whatever, is bound to take into its calculations the *fact* that man is a being endowed with the marvelous and unique faculty of *self-consciousness* and all which this implies. And, since self-consciousness is not evolved or produced in any way by gradual stages from animal consciousness, we must seek the source of this faculty elsewhere. It has been, in short, *communicated*, and has to be regarded as primal, underived, an essential part of the primordial Cosmic Soul.

Thus, if we take this view, we shall find no difficulty in the way of regarding man as a Soul whose antiquity is illimitable; and the question of his earliest appearance on this earth assumes an entirely different aspect. For, instead of trying to trace his evolution zoologically from the animal kingdom, we may expect to regard man as descending rather than ascending, and as having assumed the physical condition, in which we now find him, at some epoch, prior to which he was not physical. This is in fact the teaching in *The Secret Doctrine*. Certain early races of men were not physical, and man has,

as it were, solidified or condensed, or put on "coats of skin," as the Jewish allegory has it.

According to these teachings we have a history of humanity on a scale commensurate with that of the geological ages. Now it is recognized by geologists that certain areas now beneath the ocean were once dry land, and likewise that most of the present dry land has been at one time or another below the sea. The Secret Doctrine teaches that the sunken continents were the home of past great Races of humanity. The two most recent of these continents are those of Atlantis and Lemuria, the former name being taken from Plato and the latter having been adopted by A. R. Wallace. On these continents flourished respectively the Fourth and Third Root-Races of humanity — our own Root-Race being the Fifth. The Atlantis spoken of by Plato in his account of the disclosures made to Solon by Egyptian priests, was merely the last surviving island of the great continent which itself had sunk long before. To the great Atlantean humanity is due much of the mysterious culture whose remains were inherited by races that belonged to the Fifth Root-Race, and which has been preserved in part in the ruins of Central and South America, as well as in many other places. Lemuria had its vast extent in the southern ocean; and when it sank, it contributed fauna and flora both to Australasia and to the southerly peninsulas of the great continents, as naturalists can testify by the remarkable analogies between these faunas. Also, certain types became shut up in the islands of the southern ocean and are now found in these parts only. New Zealand and Australia are relics and memorials of Lemuria, both in fauna and flora and in their aboriginal humanity.

In connexion with this, we read lately that a lecturer described the most ancient living reptile — that called by the Maoris the *tuatara*, to which science, perpetuating some modern patronymic, has given the name *Hatteria punctata*, or *Sphenodon Punctata*. It is a sort of lizard, of which the male is two feet or more in length and the female about half that size. It is the sole surviving member of the whole group of Rhynchocephalia, and is described as an almost ideally generalized type of reptile. The nearest ally is a fossil form in the Jurassic rocks of Germany. Thus it may be described as a surviving fossil, and in order to find anything structurally like it we must go back to quite early geological times. It combines in many respects the peculiarities of both the crocodiles and the turtles. But the most

interesting thing about this Sphenodon or Hatteria is that it presents in a remarkable degree a peculiarity noticeable in some animals, particularly the lower orders of the vertebrata, of having a *third eye*, now atrophied, but necessarily active in its origin. To quote from *The Secret Doctrine*:

It was thought, at first, that it was no more than the prolongation of the brain ending with a small protuberance, called epiphysis, a little bone separated from the main bone by a cartilage, and found in every animal. But it was soon found to be more than this. It offered — as its development and anatomical structure showed — such an analogy with that of the eye, that it was found impossible to see in it anything else. There were and are palaeontologists who feel convinced to this day that this “third eye” has functioned in its origin, and they are certainly right. (II, 296)

It is necessary here to state another teaching of *The Secret Doctrine*, which has a most important bearing on evolution and on the relation of the animals to man. Reasoning from the fact of the many analogies found between the structure of man and of the animals, and taking into account the fact that the human foetus goes through a set of transformations like the succession of types in the animal kingdom, we can infer nothing definite unless we establish other premisses. Such analogy does not of itself imply derivation of one form from another. If such derivation is a fact, it may or may not have been accomplished by the ordinary physical processes of reproduction. And the derivation may have proceeded from the animal to the man or from the man to the animal. *The Secret Doctrine* definitely states that, in this Round, (that is, in the present great cycle of evolution) man preceded the mammals. (Vol. II, p. 180) The Bible, by the way, represents Adam as being created before the animals. The animals, further, are created on models furnished by man himself, and use up some of his cast-off physical and psychic materials. It is easy to understand, in the light of this teaching, why the animals present such resemblances to man, both physically and in character. Also, one would like to know what becomes of certain passions and tendencies which man generates, and which become at last so gross and intense that they could no longer be satisfied in a human form. Is it not reasonable to suppose that such tendencies are worked out harmlessly in the animal kingdom, where they are free from that association with intellect and self-consciousness which makes all the difference between a horrible vice and a mere instinct? Thus we see around us

the incarnations of our own thoughts and passions, good, bad, and indifferent.

But the immediate bearing of this teaching is that it enables us to make an important inference with regard to the lizard and his *third eye*. If such a structure is found in animals, may we not look for its analog in man? The eyes in the human embryo grow from within outwards, originating in the brain, and not, as in insects and cuttle-fish, being a part of the epidermis. Our mammalian ancestors, suggests an eminent zoologist quoted by H. P. Blavatsky, *may have been transparent* — which would, of course, enabled them to use their eye while yet it was a wholly internal organ. And indeed, according to the teachings, there was a time when man and all the animals were transparent. This need not surprise anyone who believes in evolution, for it would be a strange thing if matter itself were not subject to evolution, and consequently different in its properties in those remote ages from what it is today. It was subsequent to this transparent stage that man “fell,” the event known as the separation of the sexes took place, and man (and with him the animals) became grosser and acquired “coats of skin.” *

The early Race of mankind here spoken of was endowed with a power of inner sight, having a corresponding sense-organ, which we refer to under the name of “Third Eye.” The various myths of Cyclopes will be recalled in this connexion, as also the frequency of the mark in the center of the forehead in representations of Buddhas and other divine personages. The putting out of the eye of the Cyclops by Ulysses may have symbolized the supersession of this spiritual vision by cunning, or the loss of the third eye through the abuse of human faculties. It should be carefully noted that the inner sight spoken of as pertaining to the third eye is not what is ordinarily understood as clairvoyance or astral vision, but true *discernment*, whose use cannot be dissociated from absolute purity of mind, heart, and body.

But the animal of those days did not have a third eye in the same sense as the man. In the animal the structure, but not the function, was copied, and found its analog in an internal eye that was the

* *Hatteria punctata* is mentioned in the books on reptiles as having no copulatory organs, and as being unique among its class in this respect. What bearing this may have on the subject we are not prepared to say; but it is suggestive in view of the fact that man lost his inner sight through a certain physical degeneration which animalized him.

organ of physical sight. With the densifying of the body the eyes have become external, and two instead of one — another fact pregnant with meaning; our eye is no longer “single,” we see double; and duality pervades our entire mental life, giving rise to irresolvable dilemmas and to irreconcilable differences of opinion.

This ancient lizard, then, unique and lonely survivor of a multitudinous race now represented solely by its ancestral portraits hung in the galleries which the geologist excavates, stands as our reminder of our own most glorious past. And even the familiar lizard of many parts of America has in the center of its forehead the same calloused lump.

It is indeed inspiring to reflect thus upon our past and upon the latent faculties within us, which once were active but now are usually dormant. For let it be remembered that *Paradise Lost* has its sequel, and that the “curse” on man was accompanied by a promise. Man was endowed with Free-will, and abused the privilege, as he still does; but the gift carries with it its own redemptive power, and man shall win through to greater heights.

THE GREAT CAREER: by Percy Leonard



STUDENT of Theosophy soon meets with numerous references to a career so far transcending all the ordinary methods of exploiting one's abilities for private gain, that on the first encounter it is apt to be passed by as something foreign and remote. To one who looks upon his private interests as his chief concern in life, and on his death as the last, closing scene of his career, the prospect of devotion to the welfare of mankind in general through a long series of earth-lives, affects him like a casual glimpse of mountain summits caught in the intervals of work, by one who tills his little plot of garden ground. Yet on acquaintance, unfamiliar thoughts become less strange, and though the great career is sketched in lines of such tremendous sweep and is portrayed upon the background of unlimited futurity, it slowly gathers form and substance in the mind, so that the life impersonal becomes his most absorbing interest, and his ambition so expands its limits as to include the welfare of all living men within its scope.

"To live to benefit mankind" becomes a mental habit with the aspirant, so that asleep he dreams great dreams for human betterment which in his waking hours he tries to put into effect. Yet even if he works without design, his mind is so in tune with universal life that, as he does the obvious duty of the moments as they come, he finds that all his acts conform to some unknown, but comprehensive scheme. A genial current of good will is felt by all around so that their stunted, undernourished characters expand their blooms, and seeds of latent virtues suddenly take root and rear unlooked-for leafage to the sky. His mind, which formerly was agitated by his changing fortunes, finds a deep refuge of untroubled calm in which to dwell, and the continuous flow of thoughts, sensations, and emotions, often supposed to constitute our very life itself, are recognized by him as merely Nature's tides within the body which he uses as his temporary home.

Paul, though no pessimist, has rendered us familiar with the idea of the whole Creation groaning and travailing in the throes of birth up to the present hour, and the impelling motive of the man who enters on this path is to assuage the universal pain so that the masses of humanity, now borne upon the currents of their vehement desires, and with no other guidance than their brain-made plans, shall realize their sonship with the Parent Flame and prosecute their future voyaging illumined by the kindly radiance of the Soul.

The first, faint beams of such enlightenment may be discerned even today, and intermittent though they be, they give a promise of the coming dawn. The simplest person sometimes gives advice so pertinent and sound, that it admits of no improvement even by the greatest sage, and everyone who stoops to pick a piece of orange peel from a sidewalk down which he never thinks to pass again; or helps a perfect stranger with his burden is really prompted by a wave of that impersonal compassion that seeks no private ends; but lives for all that breathes.

In every life brief moments come in which we get a far-off view of regions of such measureless extent that for an instant we forget ourselves and thrill with the exhilaration of the larger life. Although a strenuous calling, yet the Great Career is free at least from all that stress of competition which prevails among the strugglers of the world. The volunteers who work "unthanked and unperceived by men" in those calm spaces where the laborers are so few, have always

ample room, and fields of usefulness so vast and varied in their scope that one may freely enter on an undertaking where there is room for all, and which will never end till the last pilgrim has arrived at home. The great career is staged in such an ample theater and deals with forces of such subtlety and power, that he who enters it becomes almost a being of another kind from those whose orbit is confined to the small limits of the self. Although he mingles with the city's busy life, yet calm and peace forever brood within his soul. As he surveys the present moment and his near surroundings on the background of unending time and boundless space, the vice of egotism and the grip of personality slacken their strangling hold. He breathes an atmosphere so rarified and pure that the fierce brood of passions and desires are starved for lack of food.

He cultivates and finally enjoys a strong continuous flow of memory, bridging the gulf called death, and linking his successive lives on earth in one unbroken chain. His glance pierces the corridors of future time and values all the paltry, fading laurels others struggle for exactly at their proper worth. The plaudits or the execrations of the crowd have no more power to turn him from his course than the shrill chatter of small birds, or the dull roaring of the surf upon some distant beach.

Although emancipated from the narrow bounds of home and country as he passes in successive lives from race to race, yet is he far from feeling like a homeless wanderer on the earth. Conscious of aiding Nature, he can fearlessly rely upon her grateful help, and, knowing every man to be his brother, he is everywhere at home.

Those who have chosen this sublime but unpretentious calling form integral parts of one united whole, though for a lifetime they may never meet a comrade in the flesh. Stationed at isolated points like sentries at their lonely posts, their days are passed in outer solitude, and yet they never feel unfriended or alone. The lives of absent comrades are perceived like distant but harmonious song, and heartbeats of the loyal, far away, are felt as strongly as the handclasp of a neighboring friend.

By his devoted study of the laws of Nature his penetration deepens day by day, for the great Mother lifts her veil to those who aid her purposes, and by the selfless exercise of power, he grows in strength and versatility. He recognizes and salutes Divinity in every creature and in every place however lowly and despised, and though

he never meets the God he worships in a concrete shape, nor hears the accents of his voice; yet as a child enveloped by the dark is comforted because he hears his father breathing near, so in the ordered rhythm of the cycles as they ebb and flow, he gains assurance that the unseen, but all-persuasive Presence labors with tireless patience everywhere, and will maintain that sleepless oversight till planets cease to roll and suns shall shine no more.



THE NAZARENES were the same as the St. John Christians — called the Mendaean, or Sabaeans. Those Nazarenes who left Galilee several hundred years ago and settled in Syria, east of Mount Lebanon, call themselves also Galileans; though they designate Christ a “false Messiah” and recognize only St. John the Baptist, whom they call the “Great Nazar.” The Nabatheans with very little difference adhered to the same belief as the Nazarenes or the Sabaeans. More than this — the Ebionites, whom Renan shows as numbering among their sect all the surviving relatives of Jesus, seem to have been followers of the same sect if we have to believe St. Jerome, who writes:

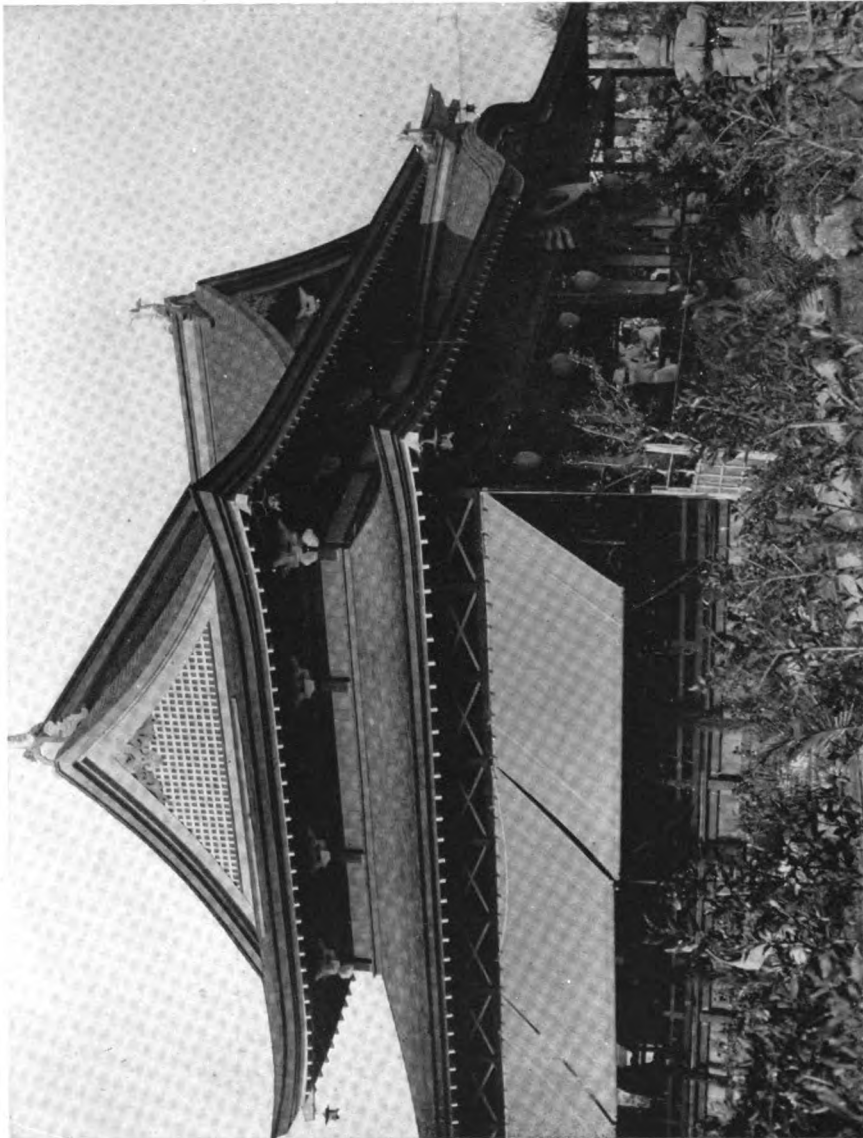
I received permission from the Nazaraeans who at Beraea of Syria used this (Gospel of Matthew written in Hebrew) to translate it. . . . The *Evangel* which the *Nazarenes and Ebionites* use which recently I translated from Hebrew into Greek.
— Hieronymus' *Comment. to Matthew*, Book II, chapter xii;
and Hieronymus' *De Viris Illust.*, cap. 3

Now this supposed *Evangel* of Matthew, by whomsoever written, “exhibited matter,” as Jerome complains (*loc. cit.*), “not for edification but for destruction” (of Christianity). But the fact that the Ebionites, the *genuine primitive Christians*, “rejecting the rest of the apostolic writings, made use only of this (Matthew's Hebrew) Gospel” (*Adv. Haer.*, i, 26) is very suggestive. For, as Epiphanius declares, the Ebionites firmly believed, with the Nazarenes, that Jesus was but a man “of the seed of a man” (*Epiph. Contra Ebionitas*). Moreover we know from the *Codex* of the Nazarenes, of which the “*Evangel* according to Matthew” formed a portion, that these Gnostics, whether Galilean, Nazarene, or Gentile, call Jesus, in their hatred of astrolatry, in their *Codex Naboo-Meschiha* or “Mercury.” This does not show much orthodox Christianity either in the Nazarenes or the Ebionites; but seems to prove on the contrary that the Christianity of the early centuries and modern Christian theology are two entirely opposite things.—H. P. Blavatsky



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"JAPAN DAY," JULY 31, 1915, AT THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO
Japanese playing Gen-pei in the Plaza de Panamá with the Foreign and Domestic Arts
Building in the background.
(Photo by T. Matsuda)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE JAPAN AND FORMOSA TEA PAVILION AT SAN DIEGO'S EXPOSITION
This Japanese pavilion is surrounded by a typical Nipponese garden with its characteristic floral life, its
rockeries, stone lanterns, and its bronze storks.

(Photo by T. Matsuda)

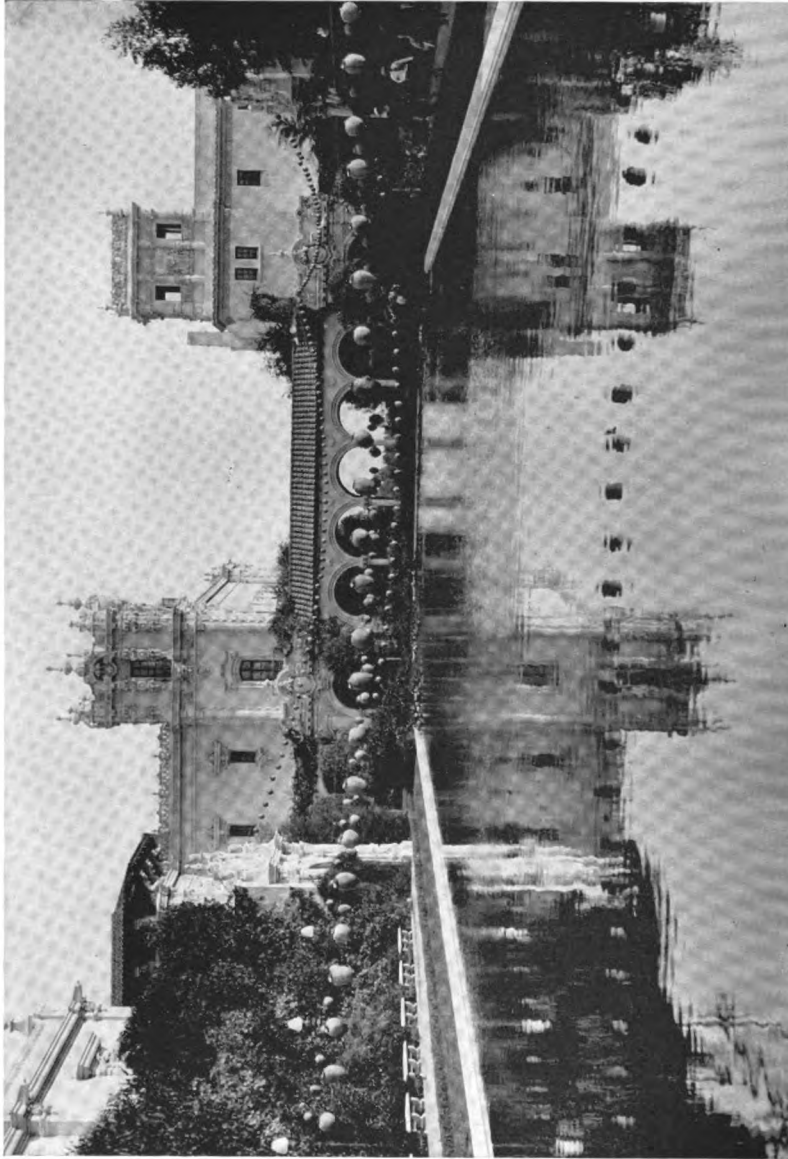


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THE "FOLO" BRIDGE (BRIDGE OF LONG LIFE) IN THE JAPANESE TEA GARDEN

The Japanese idea is that he who is able to cross the folo bridge without slipping on its shapely-curved surface is assured of long life.

(Photo by T. Matsuda)



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LA LAGUNA DE LAS FLORES DECORATED WITH JAPANESE LANTERNS FOR "JAPAN DAY"

The effect of the lighted lanterns in this mirror-like pool was indescribably beautiful on the evening of July 31.
(*Photo by T. Matsuda*)

THE GRAND OLD SIMPLE TRUTHS: by T. Henry, M.A.



IN European papers commenting on the war, people are saying that now "we are up against the realities of life"; and that, instead of learning anything new and abstruse, we are only having enforced on us the grand old simple truths.

One of these truths is that selfishness is the cause of woe. Self-seeking has been practised on a large scale, and even given the sanction of science and economic philosophy. The result has been as predicted. Theosophists would say that present sufferings are an illustration of the law of Karma, which brings to all their just meed of weal or woe. And here we see the operation of Karma on a large scale, national and even racial. Humanity has to be considered collectively as well as individually; it was as a body that we erred, and it is as a body that we suffer. Our individual lots are thrown in with the common lot, for profit or loss, for the sowing as for the harvesting.

But our reward lies in the immense opportunity now offered; for it will be our part to do our share in the common work of sowing better seed for the future. Everyone feels this, but the ordinary beliefs and theories of life do not give much encouragement. The law of Karma, and its twin-doctrine of Reincarnation, are not understood; and the facts of life make short work of our poor theories and dogmas. A man who has been bereft does not see why he should thus suffer, for he can but attribute it to the inscrutable will of a deity, or evade the question by talking about chance and fate. But in his Soul he knows and understands. And perhaps his bitter experience may be the means of awakening within him a deeper, truer life, the Heart-life, and ridding him of much of his selfishness, so that he may become a real power in bringing consolation to others and sowing good seed for the future.

Anything that makes a man come closer to the realities of life and be more sincere and earnest in his living, is to that extent a blessing to him; and though the war is a great and lamentable catastrophe, we are not forbidden to learn from it as much as may be learnt. For long years we have been privy to an order of society that visits with grave injustice the lives of multitudes of our fellow-beings; and many noble and well-meaning people have been forced, by the existence of this complicated system of society, to take an indirect part in its manifold injustices. And consequently they are equally involved in the consequences, now that the system has produced its fruit. For

the future we shall know that it is not safe for anyone to live in disregard of the welfare of his fellow-man.

In talking about Karma, students of Theosophy have often unwittingly allowed a selfish attitude of mind to creep into their philosophizing, and have reflected only on the personal aspect of the question. But crises like the present show that the merits and demerits of one particular personality look small beside the question of the destinies of millions. Yet it is equally true that Karma acts unerringly on the smallest scale as on the largest, and that the fate of each individual is equitably adjusted to his deserts. But it is neither very wise nor very conducive to self-respect to regard oneself as *castigated* by one's destiny, a far better attitude being that of the man who realizes that he is merely working out the results of his own acts. Just as adventurers willingly encounter privations that they may make discoveries, so strong Souls, incur sufferings in the pursuance of great and far-reaching purposes. We must try to understand life better and to view things on a larger and grander scale.

The still small voice of the Soul never ceases to whisper to man in the silence, bidding him shake off the fetters of the narrow life he is living, and perhaps a shock may be necessary to induce him to do this.

It may well be that the reason why we suffer is that the Soul within us has deliberately encountered this suffering for the purpose of gaining some great prize worth fighting for. For if the heart really loves an ideal, it will willingly suffer for that ideal, even counting that suffering as an essential part of the tribute that must be paid to that great ideal — as a means of expression, as it were, whereby the Soul strives to strengthen itself so as to be worthy of the ideal which it loves.

Another simple old truth that is being brought home to us is that human life must be based on the Divinity of man, whose law is the law of conscience and justice and mercy; and that materialistic doctrines which deny this Divinity and the reality of conscience, are the worst foes of the human race. But here again the popular theories and dogmas do not help along, and we need to return to the grand old truths which Theosophy has proclaimed.

Men have not been taught to rely on their inner essential Divinity, though it would seem as though religion teaches them to do so. But religion is a thing that can be tinkered at, and there are always in-

fluences at work trying to take away man's reliance on his Divinity and make him rely on something else. If we had been taught this simple truth from the cradle up, how different would be our attitude toward life today! But we have been taught quite otherwise, and so now we do not know on what to rely. We are not accustomed to invoke that central source of strength and guidance. Men are supposed to have self-confidence, but this is usually mere physical well-being, or pride, or vanity, and it does not stand the strain. When the strain comes, they find themselves despondent and diffident; but that is the very time when their real strength should show to best advantage. It is so easy to be bold when the foe is not present; and it is so easy to talk about the great virtues of heroes. But those heroes did not view their difficulties from a safe and romantic distance, as we view those difficulties; it was all present-day work for them. And so with us: the time to be heroic is when we are under stress. Hence such occasions are opportunities.

This advice may not be so easy to take as it is to give; but the point is that it will grow easier and easier the more we accustom ourselves to rely on our interior strength. And if we have the right understanding about man's Divinity, then, though we may bow before the blast while it is blowing, yet when it is over we can stand erect again and say that we are glad to have had the experience. This we could not do if we had a false philosophy of life.

This has been an age of worship of the gross material forces, and we have ceased to have faith in the efficacy of Spiritual forces, such as those which proceed from a pure and lofty resolve and a good conscience. We do not think that the mere fact of one man living honestly and truly to himself can make any difference to the world around him. But it is a fact nevertheless, for Spiritual forces are realities. However materialistic a man may be in his beliefs, he has to recognize the power of personal influence, for it is one of the greatest factors in life. Spiritual powers act on unseen planes of nature, affecting men through their thoughts, giving them inspiration; and who can tell whence these inspirations come? Our thoughts are more and less powerful according to the level on which they act; and the Spiritual ones are the most potent.

Undoubtedly we are in the midst of a struggle between Spiritual forces and materialistic forces; but what nation can presume to claim for itself that *it* represents the *higher forces*, and *its enemies* the

lower forces? None. Both forces are evident throughout the nations, and the fight is one that is always going on in some form or other. When the war is over, the two forces will still be opposed to each other, and the battle between harmony and selfishness will still be waging. Selfishness is a disease that encroaches on human nature, an excrescence that does not belong to the sound tissue of human life. We have to fight this disease in ourselves. It is said that in business there is far more of the spirit of unselfishness, of sharing between employer and employees, and of regard for the rights of both, than there used to be a few years ago. This is a move in the right direction provided it does not degenerate into an "enlightened selfishness."

Some of the grand old simple truths have been lost sight of, and we need reminding of them. That man has an Individuality and a personality, and that the former is immortal, living on throughout many successive lives on earth, a new personality being developed in each life while the Individuality remains the same — this, the law of Re-birth, is one of the grand old truths that has been neglected. But without it we can never make sense of the problem of life. Because of his lack of knowledge of his immortal Self, man lives in a state of continual fear, and clutches the perishable things of this life. Because he has no foothold outside the swirling eddies of circumstance, he is involved and drifted about by the currents; whereas, if he realized his immortality and his divine strength, he would have the poise and the power necessary to enable him to master his circumstances.

The law of Karma is another grand old truth, without which life seems a cruel farce, but in the light of which we regain our confidence in the reign of universal law and realize that we ourselves are the makers of our destiny. How can people regulate their lives, whether individually or socially, if they believe that life is a chaos without law and order? Are we living for the purpose of making ourselves as comfortable as possible, and pushing unpleasant reflections out of our heads as much as possible, until death delivers us? Or are we living to fulfil the grand and far-reaching purposes of the Soul which extend far and away beyond the limits of birth and death?

THE TEMPLE OF THE BABY APOLLO:

by Sergius Mompesson

Pen and Ink Drawings by R. Machell



INES overshadowed its age-gray pillars and lichened roof; its outlook was across a narrow valley, unseen, on to mountains; it stood high on the mountainside itself, and was always murmurous with the cooing of doves and the tinkle and dropping of waters. It was a very old temple indeed: I doubt an older was in Hellas.

There was a sacred spring there, anciently very renowned for its healing properties: time was when the track from the valley below was much traversed: you might say thronged. Apollo as a child had wandered there, said the legend; as a child that knew nothing of his parentage and divine status, but accepted as the right of all children the homage he heard sung to him at noon, or in the magical hours of morning and eve, by the elemental races.

Shepherd of the wandering constellations, hail!

Evoë, hail!

they sang: sweet, far voices passing with the wind through the pine-tops, or with a rumor of lyre-music blown and swooning along the ground.

One day, it seemed, he gave the slip to his nurse and strayed, a dark-eyed, round-limbed, fun-loving rogue, away through the woods that so loved him, and up the mountainside that glowed to him like a mother's breast. They say the ground put forth deep red and purple anemones, sun-dusky like his own baby face and hair, wherever his fat little hands and feet touched it as he crawled and toddled, crowing with delight, or chuckling deliciously, to hear his nurse calling to him from the valley. — In mid-morning she missed him; by high noon the little naked joy had grown somewhat hot and tired;

and what would he do, imperious and babylike, but smack the earth where he was rolling with a soft pud, and cry out: *Baby thirsty!* — demanding comfort of the mountain or the Mighty Mother as if they had been the nurse that was fretting for him so far below. And with his baby faith and his godhood, the mountain and the Mighty Mother responded, and the clear, ice-cold waters bubbled up from the ground. By that spring they found him sleeping; and there, in after ages, the temple was built. But that was long ago: ever so long ago.

The Dorian had conquered Arcady since then; the phalanx and the legion had passed through the valleys, but without disturbing the worship on the hill. Priests had been appointed by Argive and Spartan and Macedonian kings, and then by consuls and Caesars. The devotion of the villagers had ebbed with the dissolution of the ancient world and its standards; had flowed in again, somewhat feebly, under Diocletian, and had gone right out under Constantine. Julian, that marvel of activity, had found time to make a pilgrimage thither; and while he lived, the path from the valley, the path the baby Apollo had first trodden, felt daily the pressure of feet. Now, even Julian's time was long past: among the earliest memories of the very old man who still nominally held the priesthood there. No worshipers came now from the villages; it was three years since the old priest had made his way, for the last time, down to the temple from the little house in the pinewoods where he and his daughter lived; and twenty since love of Apollo had drawn anyone to listen to the invocations, or to make vows or give offerings at the shrine. But still the sundusky anemones bloomed beside the rill that went tumbling and singing valleyward from the fountain where his sacred baby hand had smacked the soil; and still Daphne, the priest's daughter — Daphne the beautiful, the white, tall, willowy maiden nourished upon wholesome poetic dreams from the Golden Age — wreathed the altar about with purple and dark red blossoms daily, and burned the incense, and chanted the hymns at dawn and noon and sunset. To her, the laughing baby had grown up to chariot the sun and shepherd the planets; but he was not dead; he was near, and had not passed from the earth; she lived always in his sight, worshipping the glory and beauty of him; never felt sure that he might not come strolling and singing up the path, or down from the holy peak above, while she was making the sacrifice. She did not know that the Golden Age had passed.

Formerly she had been used to go down into Thymaleia, the nearest village, to buy the necessities of her housekeeping; but it had long since become much wiser to leave the villagers unreminded of pagan temples and priestesses. She had been received coldly, then rudely; on her last visit a threatening little crowd, mainly of women, had gathered, and she owed her safety simply to her fearlessness. But their hostility hurt and puzzled her, and was not to be ignored: she saw no way out of the difficulty. Then the marvelous happened: next day, Leonidas the shepherd presented himself at the temple at noon; he came bearing a garland of wild flowers as an offering, and somewhat sheepishly knelt before the altar, as one unaccustomed to the work, while she made sacrifice. Alas, his worship was not in truth, for the bright-rayed Deity — as you have guessed. But to this serene, dispassionate priestess, who would dare speak of passion? There was too lofty a simplicity about her; drawn from no personal pride, but from companionship with the night-skies and the untroubled mountains, and a close inner friendship with her lord the Sun.

"May Apollo shed his light upon you," said she, greeting him. "Whoso worships him, is rewarded even in the worship". . .

"Aye, priestess," he answered; and was at a loss for words. But she saw he had more to say, and waited. "I — I live below in the valley," he said. "Every week I go down into Thymaleia. It would be nothing for me to do your errands when I go, and to bring you back what you may need when I come here — to worship the God. Will you permit this?"

He had seen her in the village the day before; and the fire that the sight of her had kindled in him, burned only, so far, towards adoration and desire to serve. He would be her votary, as one might worship a star. . . . He felt deity throb in the sunlight, and mingle mysteriously with the silver of the moon; he breathed not air, but intoxication, and went through his days exalted; his passion was not yet wholly personalized, and his weekly worship before the altar still not altogether sacrilegious — though Daphne would have deemed it so, perhaps, had she known. For her part she could not but feel kindly towards him; and the more so when she noted that, as the months passed, his piety grew; and that now he must bring flowers daily where he had brought them weekly at first. — In sooth, after a year of it he was undergoing great torment: his passion having passed from ecstasy into fierce desire.

He was held back from declaration partly by the shyness of his lonely life, partly by a feeling of her remoteness from him, and fear to hazard all upon a word; partly too, let us say, from an unextinguished instinct of the sacredness of the temple where he met her. Not that religion played a great part in his being. Down below, at Thymaleia, were the Christians; above, at Phassae, was the pagan shrine; he had been brought up to believe in the Gods, so far as he had been brought up to believe in anything; but they made a poor showing against the Galilean, in those days. Nothing had come of Julian's efforts; and now Theodosius, in an opposite direction, was carrying the world before him. So it looked, when one reasoned, as if the Christian deities were the more powerful; and yet — it might be dangerous to take liberties with Apollo. Could one but be sure that there was no God in the sun! . . . He took to frequenting the church in the village, that by absorbing Christian doctrine, he might purge himself of fear and hesitation. But the presence of the white priestess behind the altar, and the tones of her invocations, struck Christian confidence out of his soul. Sometimes even, when she called upon that Light within us and without us which is Apollo, his passion and bitter longing passed up into a region of inward snows: breathed an atmosphere too rare for them, and vanished trembling. Then he would go back to his sheep, repentant and with a mind for self-conquest; the words of her ritual had fallen sweet upon his soul; the sight of her had rebuked and given the lie to his longings; she was as the snow-peaks, as the mountain wind, as the immaculate blue of heaven. For an hour or two he would have mental glimmerings of the reality of Apollo. For an hour or two —.

Meanwhile the spirit of the age was not to be shut out even from remote valleys in the Peloponnese. Things were moving, in a religious sense. Wandering saints lit the fires of bigotry, and left them to smolder; anon came other wandering saints and fanned them, where the need was, into a blaze. Temples, not so far away, had been wrecked: whose priests sometimes were moved by the devil to defend themselves, and then the church would be enriched by a martyr or two before the idolators were extirpated. Generally, however, the idolators were glad to escape, and conform quietly where their antecedents were unknown. Such expeditions had not yet gone forth from Thymaleia; yet even there paganism had been forbidden rigorously, and one or two of the old-fashioned, loath to put away utterly rites

from which benefit *might* be derived, had been clubbed or stoned into orthodoxy or their graves. Leonidas, attending the church of a Sunday, found this new spirit infusing itself into his mind, and grew more and more at one with it. The old fear to offend Apollo, and capacity to feel the sacred influences of the temple, weakened to vanishing point; and they were the only curbs he had upon his passion. — Still he knelt daily before the altar, and watched the priestess as she chanted; but now with a sneer at her credulity mixed with longing for herself, where before that longing had mingled, sometimes, with a purifying veneration of the God. The day came when he would hold himself no longer. After the invocation, she would remain for a while silent behind the altar; then, seeing him linger, sometimes would come forward and talk with him; sometimes would retire without speaking. But always those few moments of silence were observed, and he had understood them to be sacred. Now, the moment her chant had ceased, he was on his feet before her and pouring out his passion. Her amazement gave place to pity. “Poor youth,” she said; “poor youth, thou hast been driven to this sacrilege —” — “Sacrilege!” he blazed; “priestess, thy religion is a lie. The Christian God is the Lord of things; he has conquered the demons of Olympus, and they are burning in hell; thy Apollo is in hell. But the God that is God is the God of the Christians, and He is Love; and love is the only reality —”

And so on, and so on. He implored, stormed, raved, entreated, besought and insulted her; and she stood unmoved and immovable, dispassionate in her compassion. “Poor youth,” she said, “poor youth! Go! I will even pray to Apollo for thee! . . .” One queenly gesture cowed the fiend in him, and drove him back; “Go!” she said, “lest Apollo hide his face from the world because of thee.” . . . He broke down, fell a-sobbing, and went.

She had been quite dependent on him for her supplies from Thymaleia; and knew that, even might she venture there herself, and pass unmolested, no one would deal with her. So here was a predicament . . . which, however, never entered her mind. Had it done so, no doubt she would have banished it with thoughts upon her God. As for making petitions to Him for help in her need, she had no mind for it; yet did offer up a prayer not in her ritual. “O Apollo,” she said, standing by the altar in attitude of invocation; “send a shaft of thy light into the heart of that sorrowful youth, that

the world may be pleasant and wholesome to him once more." . . .

Meanwhile Leonidas had rushed down into the valley, and flung himself on the ground in his cabin, face to earth, to writhe and groan over his fate: over his tormenting passion, and his powerlessness to appease it: over the fear that struck in on him and came between him and his purpose. What should he do against all this hell let loose in him: slay himself, or wait for death where he lay — and forgo his hope forever? No; he would go pray. Christ and the saints were all-powerful, and perchance would help him; he would wear out their patience on his knees in the church. . . . Utterly a madman, he hurried down into the village; noticing vaguely, when he came there, that the street was emptied of folk. On to the church, which he found crowded: the whole populace rapt while a blazing-eyed harsh fanatic poured out upon them the fiery good tidings of great joy. . . . Death to the pagans; ruin to the temples, lest the vengeance of a jealous God should fall upon them: lest their harvests should fail; lest they should be visited with plague, pestilence, and famine; lest they should spend eternity wracked and twisted in the flame. . . .

Here was bitter stuff: a heat of passion from without that soothed the burning of his own passion within; Leonidas listened and enjoyed and was carried away with it. — Were there no idolators in the countryside? yelled the preacher; were there no temples to be given to the fire, after their wealth had been glutted for the service of Christ and his flock? — "Zeus hath a shrine at Andrissa!" shouted one; and another: "The shrine of Aesculapius is at the crossroads!" — "Forth to Andrissa!" cried the monk; and was down from the pulpit, and half way to the door, the crowd surging round and after him. "And there is the temple on the mountain at Phassae — the temple of the Baby Apollo," cried Leonidas; "stop! there is the temple at Phassae." . . . It was so remote, on the way to nowhere, and had been so long without worshipers, that none there had remembered or thought of it; and now he must plant himself in the monk's path, and shout again and again, before the cry *Phassae!* was taken up. A halt then, some urging Phassae, some Andrissa; but Andrissa won it, being known to all, and by tradition wealthy. "To-day for Zeus, tomorrow for Apollo," cried the holy man. "Come, ye faithful, ye beloved of the Lord!" So they surged out into the sunlight and the dust, and went forth to their work of destruction. It seemed to the shepherd that the Christian God had answered his

prayers. Tomorrow he would guide them to Phassae, and claim the priestess as his reward. For the time his misery left him; no fear or hesitation would balk him in such company. He went forward with them shouting and singing, the maddest of them all.



But by the time they had broken and sacked the temple at Andrissa and certain horrors had been done there, reaction set in, and he came to his senses a little. Not, however, until he was alone. They returned in the evening drunk with fanaticism and singing barbarous hymns; whatever had been done, Leonidas had had his full share in it. The priest of Zeus, a cunning, meager-minded fellow, had attempted argument; and died very ingloriously trying to proclaim himself a Christian. The shepherd left the mob at Thymaleia, where he was to meet them again in the morning; it was under the stars, on his way home, that reaction began to afflict him. He remembered the scene at Andrissa, and shuddered at its beastliness. There would be no influencing, no winning anything from the Christians. By the time he reached his cabin, he was ill at ease and sick. Ancestry in his blood pleaded for its natural gods, and he fell much in doubt of his new faith. He remembered the only bright moments he had known latterly: the moments in the temple above, when Apollo's influence

wrought him peace. He spent a sleepless night despairing and repenting; and climbed the path to the temple while it was still dark, to wait there suppliant before the altar, haggard and feverish, for Daphne and the dawn.

She came at last, impersonal as a cloud or a star, and if she saw him, made no sign. Her voice chanting the hymns, seemed to him like a bell rung out of the infinite azure; the words she uttered, to have a magical sweet potency of their own. He remembered the cries of the mob yesterday, harsh with all the cruel vileness hidden in the beast in man; Apollo had answered her prayer, and sent a

shaft into his heart. Yesterday he had hobnobbed with dementia and destruction; it seemed to him that he had forfeited forever all the sweetness and beauty in the world. Now this ray shone out of heaven; here was the truth, golden and free and beautiful . . . the reflection of Apollo from afar, beheld within. . . .

She had finished the service and her silence before he stirred, and had turned to go, still apparently without having seen him. Then he rose, and called to her: "Priestess," he cried, "forgiveness, forgiveness!" She stopped and faced him, still impersonal; conceding no forgiveness, as having received no offense to forgive. "They will be here this morning," he cried, "—the Christians; they will destroy the temple and—ah, be not thou here when they come! It was I—I betrayed thee to them; I was mad."

She was stirred by nothing but wonder and pity. The man before her was simply an incident in the scheme of things, unlike the mountains and the trees only in that, somehow, he stood in need of her compassion in his dire plight. "As for what is past, let it be," she said, "since neither thou nor I can change it. Tell me rather what is this that will happen; let me understand." So she got the whole story from him; before midday the temple would be a ruin, and she herself, and her father, doubtless slain. Why? That was another question; the meaning of bigotry she had it not in her to fathom. Whatever God might be, one would naturally love and worship and honor; and the infinite beauty of things proclaimed that there were infinite hosts of Gods: causes innumerable why the world should rejoice. . . . Yet from her mythology she knew of an evil principle opposed to Apollo; and supposed that here was some resurrection of Python at work. How to meet its attack?

Leonidas broke in on her meditations, imploring her to let him guide her to safe places far away. He would be her slave; for him she was utterly holy and apart: Apollo shone through her, and only living in her service could he enjoy the light of the sun. —All this talk of adoration fell away and left her consciousness untouched; she heard only the suggestion that she should leave the house of her God to its enemies. That she did not propose to do. If the temple was to perish, let her perish with it: as a sacrifice to Apollo for the sins of the people, and to show him that in a degenerate Hellas there was yet one left who loved the light. She did not tell herself he would protect her: would have been ashamed of such a thought had it come to her.

She was for the Gods; let Them not trouble to be for her! It was for the good of the country and the people that temples existed and worship was paid in them; not by any means for the good of the Gods. She knew well that her Deity would chariot the heavens as brightly and proudly as of old, and as beneficently, though not one single mortal gave him tribute of praise and sacrifice; but what would then befall mankind, who could say? — since that tribute was the channel through which the Gods poured down their light into hearts. “No,” she said; “I will not go. I fear nothing from these folk. I will protect the temple from them; they will hear reason from me; Apollo, I doubt not, will give me wise words, and will shine upon them inwardly; and if their God is a God indeed, he will cause them to reverence his elder brother the Sun. Fear thou nothing for me, good Leonidas.”

He groaned. “I saw them,” said he. “I was with them at the temple of Zeus, and beheld what they did; and the Thunderer sent no bolt ——”

“Hush!” she said, lifting a hand. It was he, not she, who turned pale then. The noise that came up from the valley was unmistakable; less pleasant to hear than the howling of the wolf pack or the brool of hungry lions drawing near. It was the roaring of the beast that is in man; its hideousness lies in this: that it is not merely bestial, but half bestial, half fiendish. It was but an hour after dawn, and yet the mob was already in the valley; would be at work soon, very soon.

In his panic he would have caught her up and carried her away; but some divinity seemed to enter into her, and she quite overawed him. “Go!” she said, pointing to the path that led to her father’s house; “carry him away; quickly; there is no time to lose.” He was filled with the idea that she had knowledge that was concealed from him; and that no course was open to him but to obey. He went: inspired to seeming desertion as to an act of supreme faith.

Then she went into the temple again, and stood in her place behind the altar and chanted her hymns; and the noise of the mob drew nearer and nearer, till she could distinguish the voices clearly, and the words shouted or spoken.

Suddenly it stopped — just below the bend where the path rounded under the steep bank and the pine-clump; stopped, and gave place to — a crowing of baby laughter. Then she heard the voices again, but growing human now: women’s voices and men’s. *Ah, little*

sweetheart! . . . Come then, my pretty! . . . I tell thee, my little Basil was like that — as beautiful! . . . Oh, wonderful . . . most sacred! — see the halo about his head! . . . But it is the Holy Babe! It is the Child Jesus! . . . Ah, sacred little rogue! see, he pelts us with the flowers!

She waited listening, and never saw or knew what happened below. Only she heard strange words cried, *Hosannas* and *Halleluias*; but the sound of them was full of delight and reverence: the beast and the devil in man had no part nor note in it. And then, by noon, they were withdrawing; still singing hymns of praise with voices sweet with humanity. . . .



When they had all gone she went down by the path to see. As she passed under the bank and the pine-clump, and turned, she heard a little chuckle of delight. . . . And there, rolling on the slope amid the anemones, half buried in the deep red and purple blooms that wanted out into their glory at his touch, was a little brown-limbed, beautiful, sun-dusky rogue, black-haired, and with the eyes of a baby god. . . . As she came, he held out his fat little arms to her, and she picked him up, and he nestled to her breast and kissed her as she carried him up to the temple. And as it was noonday and hot, and he had been basking and rolling all the morning in the sun, what wonder if he cried out as she brought him past the spring where the clear, cold water dripped from its marble basin in front of the temple, *Baby thirsty. . . ?*


And what wonder if from the mountain tops and the pinetrees, from the rocks and the grassy valleys, from the fountains of the nymphs and from the forests, the voices of the elemental hosts rose swooning up to her and to Him:

*Shepherd of the wandering constellations, hail!
Evoë, hail!*

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS: by The Busy Bee

HOW OLD IS THE EARTH?

A SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC OPINION

HE eye of the spectator of current events has recently lit upon an address entitled "An Excursus in Geological Time," delivered by Alfred Harker, F. R. S., before the Yorkshire Geological Society. In this address he considers the question of the age of the earth, but comes to no definite conclusion, though he compares a number of estimates and shows us what is the nature of the problem before us. People ask, he says, when told about mammoths or coral-reefs, "How long ago was that?"—and are sometimes met by the answer: "Oh! geology does not deal with ordinary measures of time, but has a system of chronology of its own, which cannot be translated into years and centuries." The lecturer confessed to a sense of inadequacy in this reply, and to a sympathy with the inquirer, in which we agree with him; for it amounts to an evasion—an attempted escape into the region of transcendentalism, where science is not wont to dwell. Instead of saying, "We don't know," the answer is in effect, "We know, but we can't tell you, because it is too mysterious." The Uniformitarians, who believed that all geological changes were the result of slow and uniform processes, allowed limitless time for the deposition of the sedimentary strata; and Hutton is quoted as saying that there was "no vestige of a beginning, no prospect of an end." He regarded geological time as infinite. The Darwinists supported the Uniformitarians, for their views demanded plenty of time for the development of species. Unfortunately, so we are informed, Sir William Thomson hurled a bombshell into this peaceful camp by publishing his contributions to the mathematical side of the question. His calculations were based on the loss of energy in the form of heat, as proved by the observed temperature-gradient; in other words, on the rate of cooling of the globe. He arrived ultimately at the conclusion that the earth was a molten mass twenty-four million years ago. But, as Mr. Harker points out, what you get out of the mathematical mill depends on what you put into it, and Sir William Thomson, supposing his reasoning to be correct, had only proved that, if certain assumptions are granted, certain consequences will follow. One assumption was that a body which is radiating heat is also cooling; but he himself admitted that the loss of heat *might* mean a loss of potential energy in some other form—chemical affinity. This idea, however, he

dismissed as "extremely improbable." And now, since the discovery of radium, we know that the earth contains vast stores of potential energy of a kind quite undreamed of by Thomson. Strutt has calculated that the temperature gradient can be wholly accounted for by radio-activity if the rocks to the depth of forty-five miles contain as much radium as those at the surface; that is, the observed loss of heat can be compensated by this amount of radio-activity. From this it follows that the loss of heat is reduced to nothing at all for as long as there is any radium left, and the age of the earth is increased enormously. This conclusion is, however, not accepted by all geologists, and there is a tendency to limit the age to eighty or a hundred million years; the estimates being arrived at by computing the rate at which some observed process is now going on, and from this calculating the time which this process would have taken throughout all past geological history. The chief uncertainty of this method lies, of course, in the assumption that the rate at which the process went on was constant; or, assuming that the rate was not constant, in attempting to assign figures for its variation. The lowering of land surface by erosion or by solution, the deposition of sediment, and the accumulation of salt in the sea, are some of these processes.

But while there is much doubt concerning the *secular* changes in the conformation of the strata, there is no doubt that great *cyclical* changes have been repeated several times during the earth's history, the cycle beginning with an epoch of important crust-movements; and the lecturer says that such a cycle was initiated at an epoch not far remote from us by geological reckoning, and that we are now consequently in a period of more than ordinary geological activity, with continental masses rising higher than their average level, and with large tracts of newly deposited strata exposed to denudation. This would mean that the present rate of erosion is higher than the average, and that we must consequently increase our estimate of the total time required. But these records constitute a clock that now accelerates and now retards itself, and is a most unreliable time-keeper; so that, even in estimating the most recent events, we find ourselves greatly at fault. In attempting to gage the epoch of the final retreat of the ice from North America by the rate of recession of the Niagara Falls, we find that that rate has varied widely even during the last half-century.

So the lecturer thinks we must search outside the strictly geo-

logical domain, and suggests radio-activity and astronomy. As to the former, he quotes an estimate of the age of the haematite overlying the Carboniferous Limestone in Cumberland at 140 million years, and 30 millions for the Eocene iron-ores of Antrim; 370 million for the igneous rocks of Devonian age in the Christiania district; and from 1000 to 1600 million for the Archaean in different countries.

The other method involves a consideration of some known secular change in the earth's movements, and of the effects which such change may be supposed to produce in the geological processes. On these lines Croll tried to explain the recurrent glacial epochs, and Blytt studied the alternations observed in successions of sedimentary strata. Precession, compounded with the apsidal movement, gives a period of about 21,000 years, producing changes in the duration of winter and summer; but the attempts to arrive at reliable figures by seeking the results of these climatic changes among the strata have led to vague and diverse results.

The lecturer concludes his paper with an expression of gratification with the way in which is emphasized the *fundamental unity of the sciences* — a point of which we should like to register our approval, since much error is due to the narrow and arbitrary divisions which researchers are prone to impose upon their researches.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NEW DISCOVERIES IN PHYSICS

Taking this remark as a starting-point for our considerations, we may add that, even when all the branches of science do co-operate, there is much left out and they are badly handicapped. The view of most modern research is limited to a certain small area of the domain of knowledge and experience; and while such a limitation may not matter for limited purposes, it counts seriously when we aspire to such ambitious aims as a determination of the age of the earth. One has only to consider what radical changes are introduced into this, as into other problems, by the recent discoveries concerning electrons. The electronic theory of matter, while not necessarily disturbing the usefulness of the older atomic theory, does most certainly deprive the latter of its monopoly. Are we still to go on reckoning the age of the earth from considerations derived from that system of molecular mechanics that formed the basis of computation for last century? The introduction of the new conception of electricity (ionization, etc.) into questions of meteorology and astronomy, has given us new ideas about such things as wind-movements, distribution of temperature,

and storms, as well as of the conditions in interplanetary space. We know now that solid matter itself is in a more or less transient state, subject to evolution. The radio-active series of elements, which pass into one another, gives us an idea that at long past ages the chemical elements present in the earth's crust may not have been entirely the same as those now present. It has been urged that certain flying reptiles could not have flown in an atmosphere of the density we are familiar with, and that therefore the atmosphere of their times was very dense. Other differences corresponding, the general conditions must have been widely different. We should mark well the fact that a system which, at one time in the last century, seemed so all-sufficient, has since had to be much modified by the discoveries of this century; and from this we should infer that our knowledge of nature is still very imperfect, and that consequently our calculations are always liable to error through the omission of certain factors pertaining to undiscovered realms.

It will occur to many people who ponder over this problem that, however old we make the earth, its age counts for practically nothing in the immensity of time; and that the question, What happened before? still remains open.

FIGURES QUOTED IN "THE SECRET DOCTRINE"

In *The Secret Doctrine* (published in 1888) is a summary of various computations, which sufficiently illustrate the uncertainty, though that can hardly be said to be any less at the present date than in 1888. Sir William Thomson, says H. P. Blavatsky, on the basis of the observed principles of cooling, gives ten million years, and elsewhere 100 million, since the temperature was cool enough for vegetable life. Helmholtz calculated that 20 million would suffice for the original nebula to condense to the present dimensions of the Sun. Newcomb required only ten million to attain to a temperature of 212° F. Croll estimated 70 million for the diffusion of the heat, etc. Bischof calculated that 350 million would be required for the earth to cool from 2000° to 200° C. Read, on the basis of observed rates of denudation, demanded 500 million years since sedimentation began in Europe. Lyell ventured a rough guess of 240 million. Darwin thought 300 million demanded by the organic transformations which his theory contemplates, and Huxley was disposed to demand 1000 million. The time elapsed since the Glacial Epoch was given as 20,000 years by Belt, 240,000 by Croll, and 80,000 by R. Hunt.

THE BEARING OF EVOLUTION THEORIES

As regards the theory of the development of man, either from an anthropoid ape or from some animal that was the forebear of both man and of the ape, it may be pointed out that, even granting this theory, in either of its forms, for the sake of the argument, still the amount of time required by it is enormous. But we do not grant the theory; for to us it seems a mere speculation, founded only on structural analogies between man and animal. Given the fact of such analogies, we cannot infer anything unless we have first established some other premiss; this analogy may or may not imply derivation; if it does imply derivation, that derivation may be either from man to animal or from animal to man. If there is derivation, and if the derivation is from animal to man, it may have taken place in the supposed way or in some other way. To settle the question in favor of the Darwinists we must either have facts that prove it, or else we must be able to show that (1) all more complex forms have proceeded from analogous simpler forms, (2) that they have done so through the processes of generation and variation, (3) that this rule is invariable and therefore applies to man. These things have not been established. As to the facts, they do not provide us with any evidence that man has passed through such a peculiar succession of changes as the theory contemplates; the facts are so much the other way that the utmost efforts made to distort their meaning do not suffice. This theory as to the origin of man, therefore, cannot inform us regarding the age of the Earth.

Our knowledge of the evolution of organisms in general is equally unreliable. Some forms that were dominant and gigantic in former ages have degenerated or died out, so the process of evolution runs down as well as up. The fixity of type observable among organisms requires explanation, as does also the fact that domesticated types revert, instead of evolving forward. Such facts show that evolution is not accomplished altogether in the way imagined. Yet the forms *have* changed. Hence, in order to use the chain of organic life as a basis for inference about the age of the earth, we need to know more about it.

NON-PHYSICAL MATTER

We can never solve the problem of organic evolution, nor that of the past history of the earth, unless we recognize that there are other kinds of matter besides the physical matter with which our physic-

al senses acquaint us. Physical matter itself passes through many changes, and we have to assume that there is a fundamental matter underlying all these different modifications; and this we call *ether*, etc. But to pass from physical matter to ether is to take but a single step, and it is not likely that things are so simple as that. Why only one ether, and why not many? Solid, liquid, and gaseous — to which may perhaps be added the condition of incandescent gas — are all physical states of matter; they are perceptible to the physical senses. But surely matter can exist in states wherein it is not perceptible to the physical senses. In considering the age of the earth, then, this ought to be taken into account. The globe may not always have been in the physical condition; but yet it could have been quite objective to the creatures and men upon it, for their structure and organs would correspond to the conditions in which they lived. It will be found by students of *The Secret Doctrine* that the existence of these other states of matter is everywhere taken into account. Organic beings were not always material in the present sense of the word material; and man himself was ethereal before he was physical. This last circumstance puts the question of his evolution in an entirely different light.

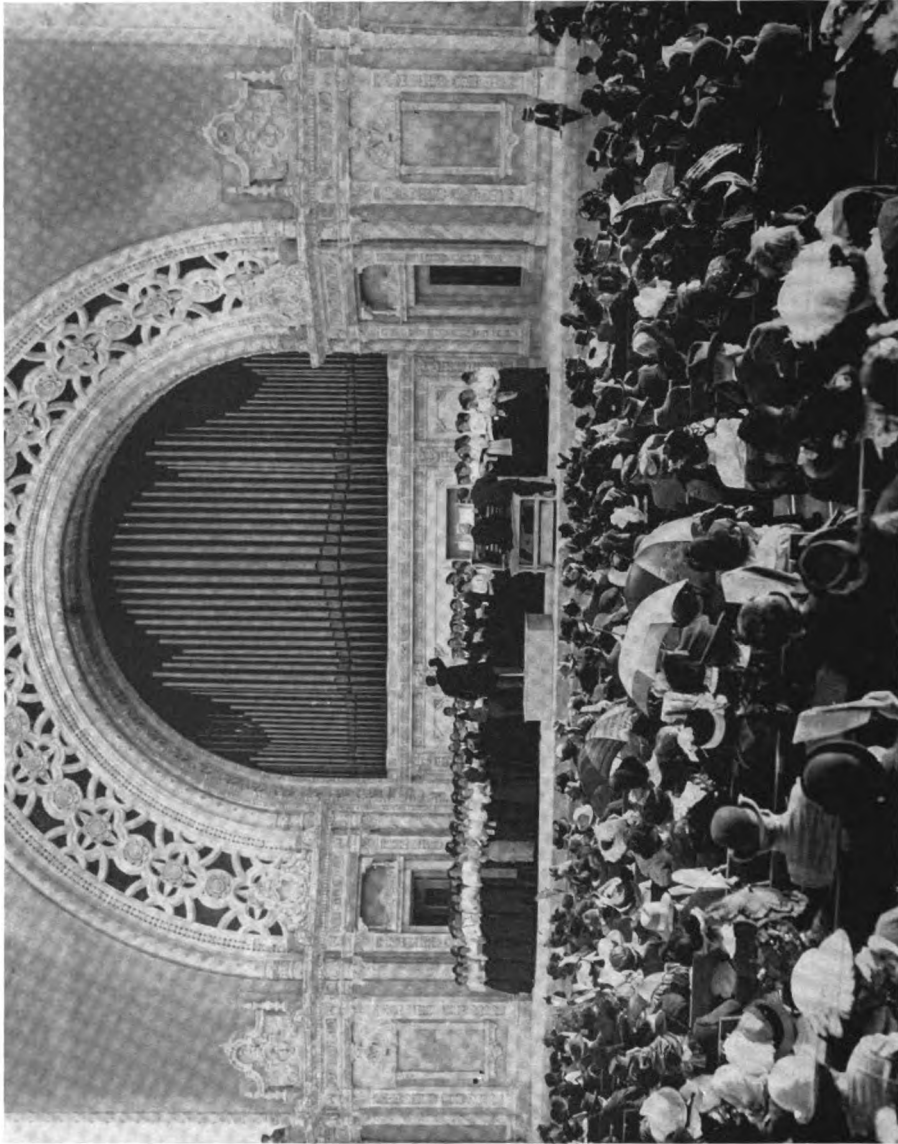
MIND PRIOR TO MATTER

But really it is impossible for a contemplative person to be satisfied with considering the history of the earth and its creatures as a merely mechanical and chemical process. To such a person, *mind* must ever be the most important fact; and since he has in any case to begin by assuming the existence of his own mind, he will find it more logical to regard matter as a manifestation of mind than mind as a manifestation of matter. The history of the universe thus becomes the history of the purposes and activities of hierarchies of intelligent Beings of innumerable orders, ranging from those that animate the atoms to those that inform man with his higher principles. An examination of the rocks and their records, of the movements of the visible celestial orbs, and of the physical forms of the organized creatures, may form an essential portion of our general studies; but considered alone it will be found misleading. How, with our inner senses blinded by the glamor of physical life, can we form an adequate idea of what the earth *really is*? True, one is not bound to speculate; but if he does, his ideas must be expanded, or he will suffer.



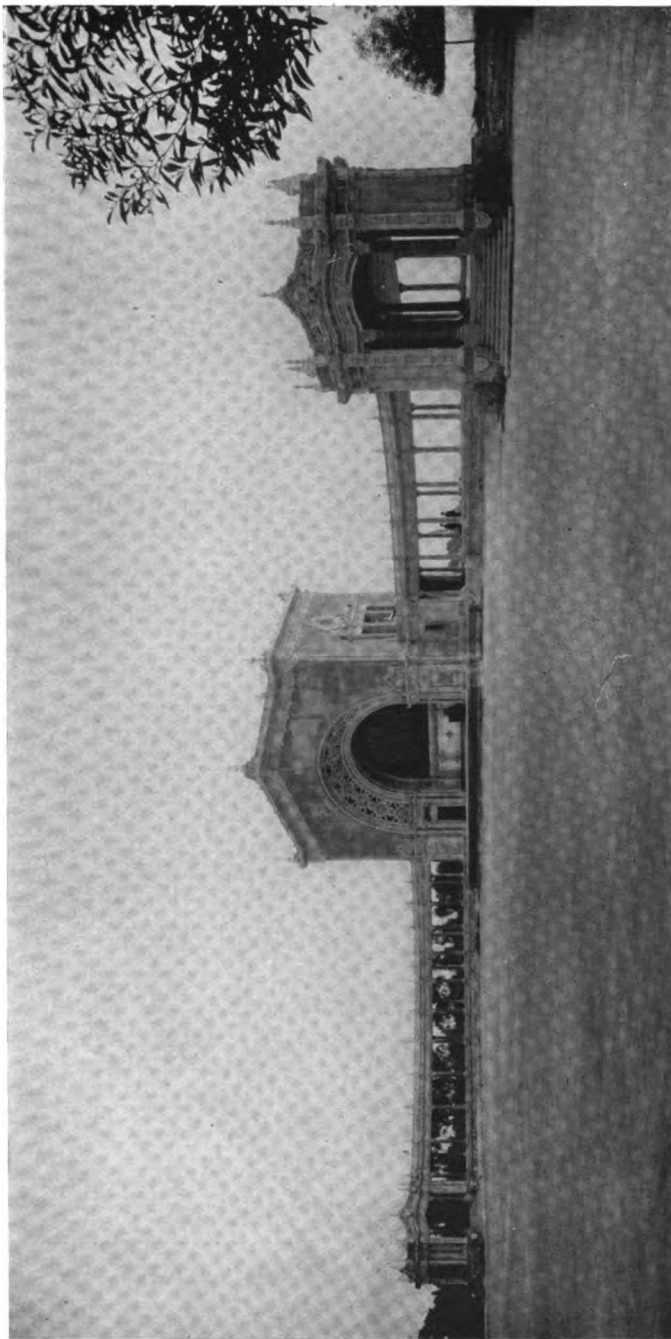
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AT THE SAN DIEGO ALL-YEAR EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
Visitors listening to the largest outdoor organ in the world.
(Copyright 1915 by Panama-California Exposition)



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AT THE FIRST ALL-YEAR EXPOSITION IN HISTORY, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, 1915
An outdoor organ concert in February. Part of a crowd of several thousand listening to the largest outdoor organ in the world and a chorus of one hundred voices.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA. THE LARGEST OUTDOOR ORGAN IN THE WORLD



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE HOME ECONOMY BUILDING
PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER XVI

MRS. HEWIT GOES TO THE CITY



WHEN Dave returned he found Mrs. Hewit still sitting before the fire gazing steadily into the glowing embers, although it was then past one o'clock. Anne sat by the table, as ever, patiently waiting on her movements.

"She won't move nor speak," whispered the girl. "You better lie down, Dave, and git some sleep."

"But you, Anne; you're tired, too, I reckon."

"Yes, but I'm used to watchin' Aunt Polly an' bein' up a good deal with her. I'm not mindin' it, Dave."

Hour after hour went by. Dave had lain down and the weary girl rested her head on the table and dozed. Still the grim, gray-haired woman sat silent, immovable, with unseeing eyes fixed upon the dying fire. Daylight was stealing dimly in when Dave entered the kitchen and Anne raised her weary head.

Then Mrs. Hewit rose, and looking quietly at them, said in a low steady voice:

"I've thought it all out an' made up my mind what to do. I cursed that poor wicked critter up there an' it all come as I prayed it would. But that can't bring Jimmy back nor it don't make any of us any happier. I know now I ought to done as Mrs. Weitman says, leave it all to the Good Law. I never thought how many innocent folks would have to suffer — his children an' his wife — an' she was good to me, too. Now, Dave, I want you to go to the city with me. I'm going to find that poor woman an' have her come up here to her man."

After Mrs. Hewit had begun the preparations for her journey the others still stood looking blankly at each other. Then the girl spoke:

"Would you ever have thought, Dave, that she listened and understood the things that Mrs. Weitman was telling us?"

"No, I never thought so; an' do you notice the change in her?"

"There's sure a change," replied Anne. "Why, Dave, this is the first time she has been her real self since — since —"

"Yes, I know — but do you think she ought to go to the city? Won't it upset her again?"

"I don't know," said Anne dubiously. "Anyhow she'll do as she pleases; we can't help it. You mustn't leave her for one minute."

"Don't you worry, Anne," replied Dave as he went out to prepare for his trip, while the girl attended to the breakfast.

It was dark when the train drew into the station, and Dave led his companion through the hurrying throng to the quieter street. To his relief she appeared in no way excited or troubled by the noise or the jostling crowd.

"Hadn't we better git rooms, Aunt Polly, and then have supper?" asked Dave.

"Not yet," replied Mrs. Hewit resolutely. "I can't eat or rest till I find Mrs. Milton. I reckon the pore thing is nigh about crazy with trouble an' worry. We'll go right out to the house."

Some time was consumed in finding the right car and when at last they reached the place Mrs. Hewit stopped on the corner, faltering a little. As the memory of that former visit swept over her it left her faint and trembling.

"I guess we better wait till morning an' then come again," suggested Dave.

"No," said Mrs. Hewit, rallying her shrinking courage. "No, it wouldn't be any easier then"; and moving on they were soon in front of the stately mansion. But what a change! closed doors and windows, darkness and desertion. It was a shock to both, for they had always thought of the house as it appeared that night, full of life and blazing with light.

"O Dave, what can we do now?" cried Mrs. Hewit in the utmost distress. But without waiting for an answer she accosted a policeman who happened to be passing.

"Can you tell me," she asked, "where Mrs. Milton is?"

"Milton!" replied the man; "why they lost this house and it's tied up in a law-suit, I believe. I don't know where they went."

"Then where does Mrs. Weitman live?"

"I don't know that either," he replied; "but I'll tell you what you do: just go into that drug-store on the corner and look in the directory. That's the way to find people."

They obtained Mrs. Weitman's address and after several mistakes and many inquiries at length found her abode. The door was opened by Florence Vining, who was in the hall talking to Hylma.

"Why yes," said Florence, "Mrs. Weitman is at home. I will

go and tell her you wish to see her. Hylma, please take them into the parlor and give them seats."

In a few moments Mrs. Weitman appeared and both girls were surprised to see her go up to the quaintly attired old woman and take both her hands.

"Dear Mrs. Hewit," she said, "how glad I am to see you. And you, too, Mr. Warnock. When did you come down?"

"We just come from the train," replied Dave.

"And you brought her straight to me. That was right."

"But I must find Mrs. Milton," said Mrs. Hewit.

"Why must you find her?" inquired Mrs. Weitman.

Then to the eager, wondering group the story of finding Mr. Milton and of his condition was told. Just as it was concluded Dr. Desmond came in. Mrs. Hewit and Dave were introduced to him and their story repeated.

"How shall we tell Agnes?" asked her friend. "Is she able to bear it?"

"I think so. Good news is not apt to harm anyone."

"But I must see her — I must tell her," said Mrs. Hewit.

"Very well, after I have seen her," said the Doctor.

"You know," said Mrs. Weitman, "that Mrs. Milton has been ill and has suffered a great deal. We must not excite or agitate her."

"Yes, I know," murmured Mrs. Hewit. "I made her suffer. I didn't think."

"Oh no, dear," said Mrs. Weitman soothingly, "it was not you who caused her trouble."

"Yes," insisted the old woman, looking solemnly at her, "I cursed him, and hoped and prayed for evil to fall on him, and it did. You told us about what our thoughts could do; an' now see what mine has done."

"But it was not you alone; there were many other causes. He had many enemies."

"But I hated him, an' I must see her an' tell her."

"Don't you think it would be better to see her tomorrow?"

"We must go home tomorrow; we won't have time to come out here in the morning." And with renewed effort, Mrs. Hewit rose.

"O my dear, you are not going to leave me tonight. You are to stay here, you and Dave, too; I shall not let you go away. And all

this time you are both famishing. Florence dear, go and see what you can find for supper."

Mrs. Hewit yielded to the wishes of her friend; and Dave, with the good manners belonging to simple and upright manhood, neither felt nor appeared embarrassed by the strange and luxurious surroundings. He conversed with the girls as easily as he did with Anne; and Mrs. Hewit, comforted and refreshed, felt a sense of peace and calm restfulness stealing over her which she had not known since the cruel loss of her boy; and her sleep that night was peaceful and unbroken.

The next morning Mrs. Hewit had a long interview with Mrs. Milton. What passed between them was never divulged by either of them.

At early dawn Dr. Desmond in his auto, accompanied by Hylma and Dave, had already departed on their way to the bedside of the sick man. It had been arranged for Jasper Raymond, with the three women, Mrs. Weitman, Mrs. Milton, and Mrs. Hewit, to start that afternoon, to give Mrs. Milton the benefit of a night's rest on the journey.

There had been no change in Mr. Milton's condition when Dr. Desmond arrived. The paralytic stroke had left him helpless and speechless. It was difficult to estimate how much consciousness he retained; but the doctor agreed with Granny Ferris that there were no indications of a speedy death.

When the ladies arrived, Mrs. Milton at once desired to take her husband back to the city; but Dr. Desmond opposed the plan, believing the quiet of the hills with the pure air would greatly benefit both of them. Little could be done for Mr. Milton, and the doctor promised that either Dr. Jordan or himself would come up as often as necessary. Mrs. Weitman also promised to spend as much time with her friend as possible.

Granny was easily persuaded to retain the post of chief nurse, and Sally was willing to come as often as needed to assist with the labors of housekeeping.

Before Dr. Desmond's departure he walked about with Mrs. Weitman and Jasper, considering the question of a Home for their afflicted.

"Your friend Anne is undoubtedly a fine girl," said the doctor. "I admire her very much."

"So does our friend Jasper, I believe," said Mrs. Weitman, smiling at him. "But I give him fair warning; it's of no use."

"There she is now," said Jasper, "over by that big rock with Hylma and Dave."

"Let us join them," said the doctor, "and find out what they think of our plans."

"And how much they will help us," added Mrs. Weitman.

Dave and Anne were both ready to aid in furthering Mrs. Weitman's plans, and able to offer some useful suggestions. They sat on the rocks and talked until both had to return to their home duties. After they had gone Hylma asked Mrs. Weitman if Mrs. Hewit might not object to having the Home so near her own.

"No," she replied; "I have talked to her about it and she is willing — in fact eager to help in some way. She believes that her cursing Mr. Milton has had much to do with bringing on their troubles and misfortunes, and she wishes to atone as far as possible."

"What name is the Home to bear?" asked Jasper.

"We shall have to consider that," said the doctor.

"We should give it a name that will commemorate poor Jimmy and his mother," said Mrs. Weitman.

"But how could we do that?" asked Hylma.

"This was Jimmy's spring and his big rock."

"And they are fine," said Jasper, "but difficult to make into a beautiful name."

"I wanted something sweet and romantic," said Hylma.

"Well," replied Jasper, "look at this beautiful moss. How would 'Moss Bank' sound?"

"Too soft," said Mrs. Weitman, smiling.

"Then see these splendid ferns — 'Ferndale'," said Hylma.

"But Mrs. Weitman shook her head.

"Jimmy must have loved them," added the girl, "and how could you use spring or rock?"

"Simply enough," answered her father. "This is Jimmy's spring and this is his rock. He and Anne were to live in the cabin they built for Mrs. Weitman. Even the logs were Jimmy's. Shall it be the 'Rock Spring Home,' Mrs. Weitman?"

"Yes," she said, and there were tears in her eyes. "Nothing could be better. And I know Jimmy's mother will like that."

CHAPTER XVII

JIMMY HEWIT'S MONUMENT

Two years passed swiftly by, bringing changes to some, leaving others apparently untouched.

A party of friends were grouped on the veranda of the mountain cabin which Mrs. Weitman had enlarged and changed in many ways. It was now the headquarters of the Rock Spring Home, which had developed into a thriving enterprise. Here Dr. Desmond had brought a number of his patients and Miss Edison had sent there many ailing mothers and suffering children. A score of roomy, airy cabins dotted the hillsides, still clothed in Nature's covering of ferns and moss, wild shrubs and vines.

The forest stretched away in its primeval grandeur, unmarred, untouched by man; and "Jimmy's Place" lay apart under the shining silver fir, always carefully tended and fragrant with honeysuckle and brier-rose.

The well-worn pathway between it and Mrs. Hewit's cabin was held inviolate as belonging to her alone, and no other feet ever intruded there.

The clear, cool spring welling out from under the mass of gray, old rock had been left as Jimmy had known and loved it; still flowing over the white sand and fringed with dainty mosses and drooping ferns. Water was brought in pipes from other springs higher up on the hillsides for daily use.

There had been a double wedding in the city, Florence and Jasper Raymond; Hylma and Dr. Jordan.

They had planned a short wedding trip, intending to spend a couple of weeks on their return at the delightful mountain Home, in which all were warmly interested, and which had become very dear to all those concerned in carrying on its work. Florence and Jasper, Hylma and Dr. Jordan, were to arrive that afternoon, and Miss Edison and Dr. Desmond were there to meet them with the Rogers and Mrs. Hadly. Helen Lane had been left with Mrs. Weitman. She was a slender, delicate child, whose clear gray eyes were still darkened by solemn shadows.

Mrs. Milton, placid and content, sat a little apart with Milly on one side and Bert on the other, while Clara the baby laughed and babbled at their feet. Mr. Milton had passed away a year before; and though his wife, son, and daughter stood at his bedside, he gave no

sign of being conscious of their presence. Bert was now studying with Dr. Desmond, and Milly was a widow, Rex Gordon having been drowned when on a boating excursion with a party of riotous companions.

Dr. Desmond had persuaded his wife to accompany him in this trip to meet and welcome Hylma and her husband; but she saw no beauty in Nature's face and felt uncomfortable and out of place.

"Dear me, Miss Edison," she was saying, "I really cannot see how you people can be so taken up with these things."

"But just think of the number of people who are being benefited by our work here. Isn't it pleasant to see those tired mothers resting in cheerful groups around the cottage doors? And listen to the voices of the sickly, puny children, who never before had a chance of breathing pure, fresh air. Hear them singing and laughing: Oh, it makes me glad all through."

"What is making you so glad?" asked Mrs. Weitman, joining them and drawing up a chair.

"Why, the children," answered Miss Edison. "What a lot of good this place is doing them!"

"Yes; and we will go on enlarging the work as fast as possible. I almost grudge the time I am forced to spend in the city. And how much we have missed our young people."

"Well, you know, Mrs. Weitman, that I never approved of Hylma giving so much time to these things," said Mrs. Desmond. "It is well enough for people like you and Miss Edison who have no social duties nor domestic ties to give up; but Hylma was bound by these and went against my wishes. I will not attempt to deny that in the matter of marriage, Hylma has disappointed me terribly."

"But Hylma has married well, Mrs. Desmond. Dr. Jordan is a fine character, an upright, honorable man, and Hylma will surely be safe and happy with him."

"He may do well enough, I suppose; but he will never be popular or wealthy. Like my husband, he has too many fads. I shall always regret that she broke her engagement with Edgar Swann. Why, see where he is now! What a place he has already won. And Hylma threw all this away."

"There is the Doctor walking with Mrs. Hewit. Why, I do believe she is taking him to Jimmy's place!"

"Yes, she takes a few privileged ones there. I think she is going

to consult him; the young people wish to put up a monument, but she prefers the little headstone. I think Dave and Anne agree with her."

"I think they are right," said Miss Edison. "Yes, Mrs. Hewit is sane enough about that."

"She is sane in all other matters now," replied Mrs. Weitman. "The sudden shock of meeting Mr. Milton at Jimmy's grave seemed to swing her mind back again to its proper balance. She is really a remarkable woman, and has proven a real help to us. Dr. Desmond says he has known several such cases."

"How cheerful and contented Mrs. Milton seems; and I never knew her to appear so strong and well," said Miss Edison.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Weitman. "They are a happy and united family now; Bert is really a fine manly fellow. He is doing so well; Dr. Desmond thinks he has a great future before him. Milly was always devoted to her mother — I never can think of Agnes as a step-mother — and that baby is the joy of them all."

"And how much more healthful and cheerful Mrs. Hadley has become. What a blessing it was for her to find this work. Why, here is Granny — about the dinner, no doubt."

"Yes, Granny," said Mrs. Weitman, "yes, they ought to be here very soon. Just keep things hot, and ready to dish up. Anne is going to help you. Now, Miss Edison, if you will have Hazel get the children ready; and ask Mrs. Forest, please, to look over the tables."

Miss Edison hurried away and Mrs. Weitman proceeded to gather her scattered forces.

"Mrs. Hadley, if you will help Mrs. Rogers look after the women; and Mr. Rogers, please, assist Dave with the boys. Oh, here are the girls with their flowers and wreaths. Now Hazel dear, make the girls sing their best. But of course they will. There — hark! yes, they are coming! now, all ready — come, children."

As the auto came to a halt the band of children emerged from the corner of the veranda which had concealed them and burst into a song of joyous greeting. Before the young people could leave their seats they were almost buried under the wreaths and bunches of fragrant wild flowers. The boys were ranged back of the girls, and behind them the women, many of them with babes in their arms. All faces were lit up with smiles of welcome. On the wide veranda stood the eager group of waiting friends.

The eyes of both girls were moist when they finally reached the ground and were surrounded by the children.

"Oh, you dear people!" cried Hylma, "I shall never forget this welcome, which I know is from the heart."

"I never had such a beautiful home-coming as this," said Florence. "This makes Rock Springs feel more like a real home than ever before, though it has always been one to me — the best and dearest."

Then followed warm hand-clasps and affectionate greetings, questions and replies, until the patience of Granny was exhausted.

"Now looky here, Mis' Weitman, ma'am; I hain't agoin' to stand for that there supper bein' fitten to eat if it's let to wait much longer."

"Good for you, Granny," laughed Jasper. "We're all famishing. But we know nothing can spoil your cooking."

At sunset they were all gathered again on the veranda. They watched the long level shafts of golden light that streamed along the forest aisles as Jimmy Hewit had so often watched them, sitting with Anne on the moss-covered rocks by the spring. A silence had fallen on the little party.

As the last ray faded from the silver fir, Hylma turned to her father and spoke:

"What about Jimmy's monument, father?" she asked.

"Why," responded the doctor slowly, "it is kind and generous of you young people to propose this; but his mother really does not wish it. She believes that if the boy knew it he would still choose the plain little headstone. Dave put it up and I think Anne would rather have it remain there. What do you think about it, Mrs. Weitman?"

Mrs. Weitman's eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the distant fir, and without removing them she spoke:

"If it had not been for the boy's short life and tragic death," she said, "we should never have had this place. The land was his; his hands cut down and shaped the logs that built the first cabin, which is now a part of this bungalow. It was to have been his own and Anne's future home. His spring and rock have not been, nor, I think, should they ever be, touched; and his silver fir, in the most beautiful spot in the forest, keeps watch over his grave."

She ceased. The sun shone like gold on the tops of the trees, and a few moments later sank beneath the rim of the world.

THE END



THE SCREEN OF TIME

F. J. Dick, Editor

THE LOMALAND "TOTS"

PARADISE regained is the child-heart retained. All the sense and sophistry of a travel-stained world cannot take hold on the reality at the heart of things like the fragrant presence of the newly-born. The babe brings with it a benediction of awakened calm; an assured and restful air enwraps it, as of the pure soul's native home. At its soft, refreshing touch, old things pass away, and we forget to doubt and question life. Holding its tiny, helpless body, we touch the hem of a sleeping peace and unity — the true sense of inner being that never was not. The parents are in the presence of something holy. No wonder their hearts go out in silent welcome to this old tie that has lived and loved and suffered with them for — how many lives! Surely the "men of earth have here the stuff of Paradise," if they had the wisdom to handle the creative force in the living temples.

The little ones at Point Loma are real teachers of mysteries. Though but average children, they show that the magic of a balanced physical, mental, and moral nature is so simple and entirely natural, it is the convincing argument against all other ways. Katherine Tingley's Râja-Yoga system of training, far from producing a uniform type, emphasizes the individuality — makes the character more clear-cut. There is less blurring of the features of the higher and the lower nature. Faults and weaknesses are not condoned or catered to because they interblend with better impulses. The appealing phases of a clever selfishness are not allowed to trade upon the love of parents and others, or to confuse the child's sense of right and wrong. Surprisingly young children come to understand the parts played by the dual nature, in themselves and in their associates — a basic point not usually clear to adults. To speak of the naughty and the good child in each, is simply naming what is apparent and very real to them.

A belief that children are souls vitalizes the method that appeals to their divine nature. A daily life thus keyed to the higher levels of thought and feeling is marked by harmonious relations, reserve strength, self-reliance, and balance in character. The mind and body share in the favorable reaction. The children are brighter, healthier, happier, and more spontaneous than the average child elsewhere. They literally "grow as the flower grows, unconsciously," just as a delicate plant has innate power to grow upward. The moral stimulation of a protected, favorable environment which aids their growth, also prepares them to discern and to be repelled by less wholesome influences.

The children are equally at home with their books, toys, and music, or in nature's school of gardening, open-air games, pets, birds, wild flowers, and sea-treasure on the beach. The daily lives of the "Tots" are unconscious evidence of the harmonizing and uplifting treasure of Theosophy. They are too young to take up metaphysics, and too spontaneous and merry-hearted to pose as models. But they have a light in their faces, a clear, steady look out of their eyes, and an earnestness that is a challenge to every one. When they give their little symposiums or plays, or sing their action songs before invited guests or tourists, the spirit of the performance is so real and natural, it comes home to the audience like a forgotten touch of primeval dawn, when time stood still and the world was young. Blasé men and women who have been everywhere and seen everything forget themselves, listening in rapt silence, and seeing but dimly through a strange mist of tears. The heart is ever calling for the reality; and to suddenly find it answered by the little ones—is almost too much. Even the prejudiced surrender, on sight, to the "Tots."

A RESIDENT



ISIS THEATER MEETINGS

RÂJA-YOGA SYSTEM LECTURE DRAWS BIG AUDIENCE

TOTS WIN ADMIRATION BY ABSENCE OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS
BEFORE THRONG

A BIG audience thronged Isis Theater last night to hear Mme. Katherine Tingley give further hints regarding the Râja-Yoga system of education, originated by her, and to see the children give another demonstration of their class work.

Two children, aged two and one-half years, won admiration by their charming simplicity and absence of self-consciousness before the great audience. After this demonstration came Mme. Tingley's address, one of the most forceful she has ever given.

The primary school class-room demonstrations were given by about two dozen children under ten years of age, as at the meeting a week ago.

Classes as a whole were able almost immediately to give the correct answer to impromptu mental problems, rattled off with lightning rapidity.

There were demonstrations in languages, physiology, geography, reading, spelling, arithmetic, history and music. In music three small girls played a splendid and lengthy trio on the piano with excellent expression, while another number was a solo played creditably from memory.

Two of the senior students read papers descriptive of their studies and life. The Râja-Yoga Girls' Orchestra and Special Chorus furnished the musical program, and in the course of the evening it was explained that practically all students at Point Loma were taught to play at least one musical instrument, and that all of them received instruction in singing.

In an introductory, Mrs. Dunn, head teacher of the Râja-Yoga School, said that Mme. Tingley desired to call attention to the poise, cheerfulness and enthusiasm of the children, which she said was partly due to the fact that under this system the time passed in study was reduced to one-half compared with the time at other schools; while on the other hand the intellect was remarkably quickened. The demonstration was also intended as a contradiction to the theory that a child could not comprehend what it learned before it was seven years of age. She also told of how they were taught to become useful and of their games and recreations. The child, she said, is taught to discriminate between the higher and lower nature from the very start.

Referring to the Theosophical doctrine of Reincarnation, Mme. Tingley said:

"We have been doing a great injustice to our children, because they have had only half truths taught to them. They have had a past and will have a future. If we lose sight of the eternal in the transient we fail to find the meaning of life.

"A human being is dual in nature. The children are souls from the past, not just created. They have lived before. Does not this broaden your view of human life?"

She said parents should try to fill children's lives with the consciousness of the soul-nature, and that they had the power to control the animal nature.

"This effort here tonight," continued Mme. Tingley, "is to attract the attention of serious-minded people of the age, the thinkers and educators, the fathers and mothers, to the possibilities of the future, not only for our children, our homes and ourselves, but for our civilization."

—*San Diego Union*, August 23, 1915



MME. TINGLEY CONTRASTS RÂJA-YOGA PLAN WITH "MODERN FALLACIES"

Popular interest in the Râja-Yoga system of education, originated by Mme. Katherine Tingley and taught in the Râja-Yoga College and School at Point Loma, was again evidenced last night at Isis Theater when a large audience continuously applauded the demonstrations by the children and the remarks of Mme. Tingley.

This was the third in Mme. Tingley's series of talks on "The Râja-Yoga System of Education Contrasted with the Fads and Fallacies of Modern Education." At both of the previous two lectures children in primary classes of the Râja-Yoga School had given demonstrations of class-work, each time progressively more difficult, and last night the progressiveness reached a point pronounced marvelous.

Further insight into the methods that produced these surprising results were

revealed. Mme. Tingley's originality was strikingly shown in the method of imparting musical instruction to children between the ages of two and one-half to seven years. Each child carried a miniature piano keyboard, which showed the scale and the colors of the rainbow. The children, one by one, wrote on the blackboard on the stage each one of the seven notes of the scale in its proper place on the staff. Each note was written in a different color of chalk, and the class altogether did the following: Called the note by its name, corresponded it with a color, named and spelled and wrote the color, pointed out the note on the miniature keyboard, and while one played it on a real piano the rest sang it at a pitch to correspond.

In this way the children were not being taught music in a separate water-tight compartment, but were having their eyes, ears, voices, fingers and minds trained and attuned at one and the same time. It was explained that this was one of the essential characteristics of the Râja-Yoga system, as distinguished from other systems, where one branch of instruction was independent and unrelated to the remainder of the pupil's life and studies, while under the Râja-Yoga system not only were all branches of instruction related to one another, but also to the physical, mental and moral life.

Mme. Tingley, while casting no reproach on public school educators, asked how it was possible to expect them to accomplish more than they did, considering the gap between the school-life and the home-life. The teachers in the public schools had many difficulties to contend against. Children often came in ill health, or were pampered and overfed, and the teachers were completely without knowledge of the heredity of their charges. Under the Râja-Yoga system, health, Mme. Tingley said, was the first thing considered, and after that was accomplished, then by the common-sense methods followed the awakening of the mind and the evoking of the child's higher nature. The loving care and devotion of the teachers, evoking conscious co-operation on the child's part, and constant supervision, wrought the wonderful changes that could be so clearly observed in the dignity, poise, self-confidence, seriousness, and happy contentment of the Râja-Yoga children.

Mme. Tingley took particular occasion to make clear that the Râja-Yoga system was the very antithesis of any system under which the child was allowed to follow its own inclinations.

"Why, where would be the law and order of the world if the child is to be allowed to follow its own inclinations?" Mme. Tingley said. "How could one be surprised if, after it became a man, it struck another man and killed him? The animal nature," she said, "loves to follow its inclinations — it loves to have its way."

Mme. Tingley asked whether these Râja-Yoga children did not evince the possession of some quality which many of the audience wished they had. In concluding she said that her efforts in seeking to give to parents an understanding of some of the basic principles underlying the Râja-Yoga system were to the end that a new type of men and women might be evolved from the children of the present generation.—*San Diego Union*, August 30, 1915

FORMS, CREEDS AND DOGMAS OBSCURE HUMAN MIND, THEOSOPHIST SAYS:
EVERY SOUL SHOULD AID IN EVOLUTION OF LIFE

The fifth in the series of exhibitions of Râja-Yoga class-work was witnessed last night at Isis Theater by an audience that filled the house. The work of the evening was taken mainly from the studies of the younger children, who range in age from three to ten years. These studies included French, Spanish and German, natural history, music, grammar and arithmetic. The children made but few mistakes.

Following the work by the children Mme. Tingley gave an address.

"Forms, creeds and dogmas obscure the human mind so that men lose half the meaning of life," said Mme. Tingley. "But Mme. Blavatsky sought and found in the world the teachings of the science of life and reminded man once more that he is more than he thought himself to be; that he is in himself divine, and that there are these universal and immutable laws which, once they are understood, will lead him on and aid him until he comes himself to aid consciously in the evolution of life.

"These are the teachings that are the basis of Râja-Yoga training. Look at the children you have seen here, and as you see them evening after evening you will see there at work a self-directed evolution, for the inner and higher nature has been appealed to and reached. Men at large are conscious of being human beings, but it is just as possible that they might be equally conscious of being souls, and these children are so conscious.

"Infancy and early childhood are the plastic ages, and then it is that education should begin, while the child can still be protected, as they cannot be afterward, in an environment that gives the soul a chance. When the child comes to seven years of age the soul is pushing on, and it then asks for the conditions that permit it to control the life and make it what it should be.

"Who is to blame for the wrecks along the way? We alone are, and we are so because we are not conscious of our responsibility, and still more of our ability to mold and adjust these things. We cannot blame the imperfection of the laws, for we ourselves are part of all those laws we do not correct, and for all the mistakes we now make in this negative way we must somewhere in the path meet the issues. It is part of evolution."

Mme. Tingley protested against any system that seeks to educate children by allowing them to follow inclination. The results, she declared, are seen everywhere, and last of all in the prisons and the streets. She appealed to her audience to have faith in human nature because it is divine in its real nature, and if only that faith could begin to grow, conditions in the world would so change that the counterfeits that are tolerated would have to disappear, for they could not stay in that atmosphere. She said that when one began to realize the possibilities and greatness of human life and evolution, one would soon know, too, that one life experience for a human soul is not enough.

"Strength would be added to strength," she said, "victories added to victories in an endless series for the soul, self-evolved under the immutable laws along the way."—*San Diego Union*, September 13, 1915

ARCHAEOLOGY TOPIC OF LECTURE AT ISIS

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION SERIES BEGINS; PROMINENT SPEAKERS
WILL BE HEARD

First of a new series of university lectures was given last evening at Isis Theater by Prof. William E. Gates, on the subject of "The Spirit of the Hour in Archaeology." The course is to be continued every Wednesday evening during this season, and is under the auspices of the School of Antiquity. The lecturers will be professors of the School of Antiquity, and various prominent speakers of San Diego. In last evening's address the speaker sketched the course of changes in scientific thought in the West during the past fifty years.

The next lecture in the course will be by Prof. Osvald Sirén of the University of Stockholm, upon "The Relation of Religion to Art in Antiquity and the Middle Ages," and after this will come an illustrated lecture by Prof. F. J. Dick on "Peruvian Antiquities." All the lectures of the course are to be free admission, and pupils of the High and Normal schools, and teachers, are especially invited. Musical numbers were rendered at the beginning and end by the Râja-Yoga Quintet.—*San Diego Union*, Oct. 7, 1915



LACK of space having for some months prevented any allusion to various monthly and other Theosophical publications, we now refer briefly to some features of them. The German magazine, *Der Theosophische Pfad* for June-July, contains some notable contributions, "The Tendency of Science toward Theosophy," "Solstice of Soul," "Newton and Gravitation," etc. *The New Way* (for prisoners and others) has had many helpful and also humorous features since last referred to, with bright scenes always on the front page, every month. The numbers of the *Râja-Yoga Messenger* for April, July, and October are profusely illustrated and include serial contributions on "Education," "The Panama-California Exposition," "Architectural Styles," "The Story of the Pacific," Peace Symposiums, etc. *El Sendero Teosófico* for October, among other things, treats of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood of 1915, and continues the life-history of Lamartine. There are many views taken in India and other countries.



OBITUARY

WE regret to announce the passing away on September 9th last of our respected Comrade,

MR. A. G. SPALDING

husband of Mrs. A. G. Spalding, President of the Woman's International Theosophical League, and Superintendent of the Children's Lotus Groups throughout the World. Mr. Spalding was a resident at the International Theosophical Headquarters for many years. His absence will be felt by all who knew him. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his aged mother, Mme. Spalding, to his widow, and to all those who knew him and loved him.

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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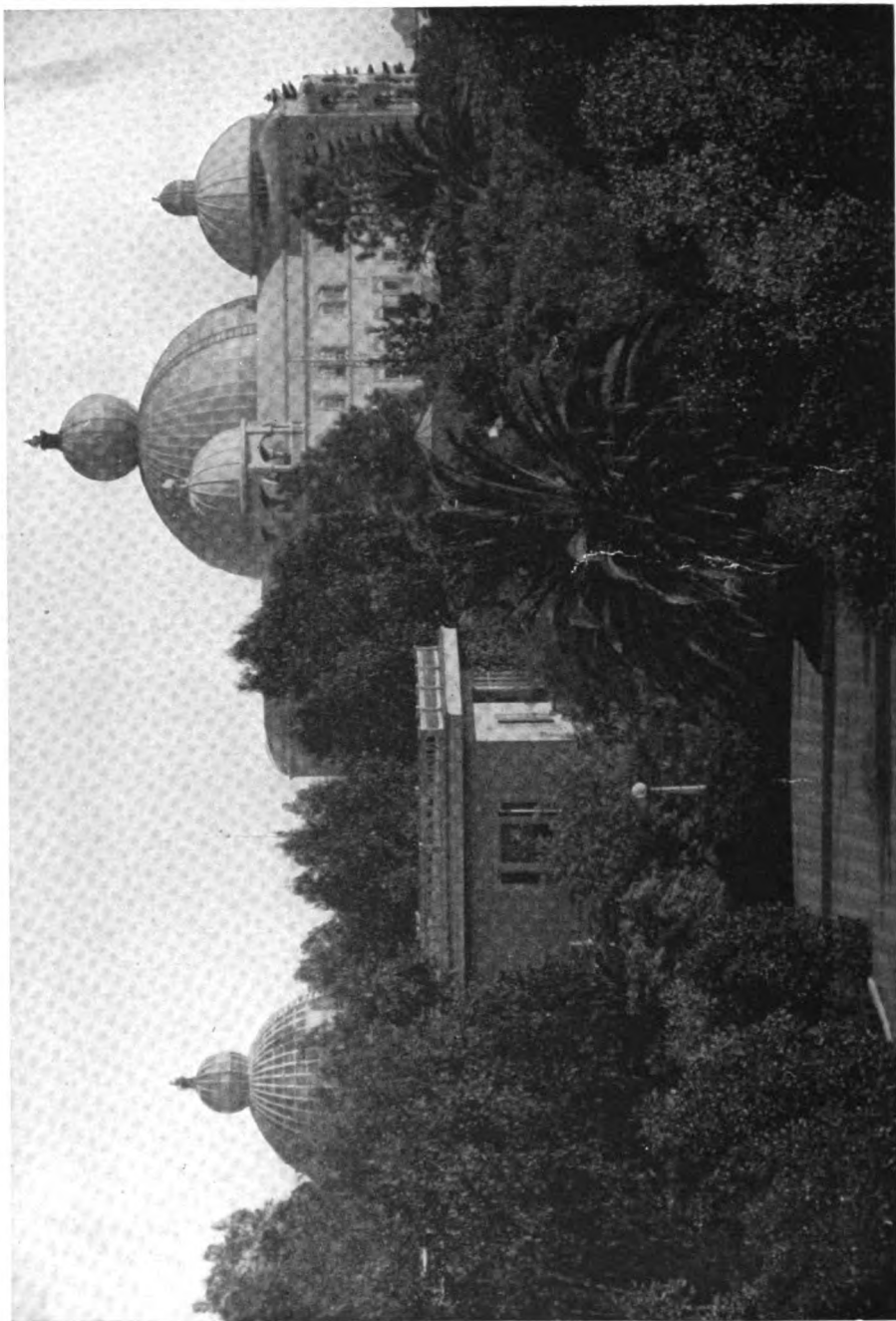
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VOL. IX No. 6

CONTENTS

DECEMBER 1915

The Râja-Yoga Academy, International Theosophical Headquarters	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The Secret Doctrine	H. T. Edge, M. A. 381
The Lost Keynote	C. Woodhead 387
San Diego's Dream-City: the Exposition (<i>illustrated</i>)	M. G. Gowsell 391
Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History, Part II, Chapter 2 (<i>illustrated</i>)	Kenneth Morris 395
A Graceful Climb-Down: Curative Properties of the Toad	406
The Supreme Science	T. Henry 407
Views in Japan (<i>illustrations</i>)	412-413
The Tower of the Gandharvas (<i>illustrated</i>)	E. S. Paton 413
Julius Kronberg (<i>illustrated</i>)	P. F. 420
Governor Geo. W. P. Hunt, of Arizona (<i>with portrait</i>)	421
PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY.	
The Spirit of the Hour in Archaeology	Prof. William E. Gates 425
Notes on Peruvian Antiquities (<i>illustrated</i>)	Prof. Fred. J. Dick 441
The Screen of Time	452



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY (THE YOUNG LADIES' DEPARTMENT OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE) AT THE RIGHT;
 THE DOME OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE (FORMERLY THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE) AT THE LEFT; IN THE
 FOREGROUND A CORNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS BUILDING
 International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. IX

DECEMBER, 1915

NO. 6

THEY of great-self (*mahâtmânah*), who have attained unto me, do not undergo rebirth, which is temporary and the womb of sorrow. They have attained perfection.

All worlds (*lokâh*) up to the abode of Brahman, O Arjuna, are subject to successive births (*punarâvartino*). But having attained unto me, O son of Kuntî, rebirth is not known.—*Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, Adhyâya 8, ślokas 15, 16

THE SECRET DOCTRINE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



IF there is any one subject which, more than others, can be regarded as the main thesis of Theosophy, we would say that it is that which is summed up in the words, "The Secret Doctrine."

It was the purpose of H. P. Blavatsky, in re-introducing Theosophy to the modern world, to declare and to demonstrate that there exists, and has existed throughout human history, a body of knowledge, which is designated by this title and also by the names of the Arcane Wisdom, the Esoteric Philosophy, etc.

The Secret Doctrine embraces all that can be included under the name of knowledge, and is therefore equivalent to science, religion, and philosophy. It is often described as the synthesis of these three; or, better, since the use of the word "synthesis" might seem to imply an adding together of things that are essentially separate—an erroneous implication—it may be defined as the common and original root from which have sprung those artificial divisions of knowledge known as science, religion, and philosophy. It is the clue to all problems; it deals with general principles that are applicable to numerous and diverse special cases; it is concerned with fundamental facts and laws in Nature—not only in those organic processes and terrestrial phenomena which are generally connoted by the word "Nature," but also in those higher domains of Nature whose laws are more commonly designated as Divine. Hence the range of topics susceptible of treatment under the heading of the Secret Doctrine is all-inclusive.

But we cannot mention knowledge without immediately thinking

of its possessors; for knowledge, without wise men, would be a meaningless abstraction. And in fact Theosophy points to the existence, both now and in past ages, of men in possession of this knowledge. The proof, as regards past ages, is to be sought in the historical evidence and in the various accessible records of ancient wisdom; and this work has been ably performed by H. P. Blavatsky in her works, *Isis Unveiled*, and *The Secret Doctrine*, as also in a humbler degree by many of her students. The subject of the present existence of sages is one that has to be handled with discretion for reasons that are sufficiently obvious. Still, it is pertinent to ask what can have been the source of the profound and comprehensive knowledge *shown* by the author of *The Secret Doctrine*.* We may *infer* that she had access to unusual sources — sources adequate to the observed results — or we may accept her own explanation, as given in the preface to Volume I:

These truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation*; nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore now made public for the first time in the world's history. For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil. What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole. The sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation.

The Secret Doctrine, as its name implies, is not known to the many; a circumstance which is evident enough as regards the present age. In past ages it has been at times much more widely diffused in the general knowledge, and at other times it has been more restricted and veiled, as is the case in our age. These differences depend on the fluctuations in the condition of humanity; for the long process of human evolution is marked by many ebbs and flows between materialism and ignorance on the one hand and spirituality and enlightenment on the other. There is much evidence that what we call historical times were preceded by ages in which a knowledge of the Secret Doctrine was more widely diffused, and that the greatness of Egypt, India, and other old civilizations dates back to times when this was the case. In fact, the student will find that the book of history, as read

* It will be understood that when the book of this name is meant, the words of its title are italicized; and that when the words are not italicized, the Secret Doctrine itself is meant, and not the book called by that name.

by Theosophists, shows the times that we call historical to have been a period of decline in knowledge and virtue, marked by a gradual increase of materialism and a gradual withdrawal of the Secret Doctrine from general knowledge into seclusion.

The introduction of Theosophy to the world marks the beginning of a new cycle in the history of the human mind. The fact that there is a Secret Doctrine was declared to a world that had well-nigh forgotten it; and that is the first step towards a revival of the knowledge of that Doctrine. The mere enunciation of the truths of Theosophy is enough to arouse the dormant intuitions of people, as though one were breathing to them a message of far-off times in which they had lived; and often the intuition will assent when the reasoning mind rebels. But for the reasoning mind also there is abundant proof in such evidences as convince the reason and appeal to the judgment.

The human race being of an antiquity which ordinary methods of observation and research have failed to fathom, it follows that the greater part of history is at present a sealed book. So far as the physical features of the earth's crust are concerned, we have evidence which geologists can to a certain extent interpret; and something can be deciphered as to the animals and plants which lived in long past ages. But man is a being who has always prevailed in far less abundance than either the sands and clays or the mollusks and crustaceans; and what remains he did leave were mostly buried, burned, or otherwise destroyed. Documents are either destroyed, lost, or concealed, and we have little more than certain stone monuments and inscriptions, whose meaning is still for the most part unknown. Such evidence as we have discovered, however, proves beyond any doubt that man, as a species, has undergone no radical change whatever in his physical structure since the earliest *known* times; but, on the contrary, has always fluctuated between refined and coarse varieties of the same type. From this fact we may reasonably infer that man has always been capable of high civilization, and that he has at many times in the past attained to great heights of knowledge and achievement; while correspondingly he has many times come to grief through disunion and strife, great civilizations breaking up and dispersals ensuing.

There have been epochs in the world's history when great racial cataclysms have taken place, involving the overthrow of empires and the dispersal of peoples; and such an epoch seems to linger in the memory of peoples now upon the earth. The scientist finds its traces

in an event which he alludes to as the Aryan dispersal from a land which he seems to imagine was the "primitive home" of humanity. How many of these primitive homes has humanity had at different times in its history! Myth and sacred allegory give us a symbolic record of the same event; and the folk-lore of both hemispheres abounds with its stories of a deluge and a confusion of tongues and an exile from a golden land.

This Golden Age of legend was the youth of our present Root-Race. Our historical period is included within the fifth sub-race of this Root-Race, so that there have been four other sub-races before it. Now the law of evolution provides that every Root-Race goes through a complete circle of progress, consisting of an ascent, a decline, followed by a re-ascent. Hence the earlier sub-races of our Root-Race were at a higher level of spirituality than the fourth and fifth sub-races have been. And this explains the existence of knowledge that has been attained and forgotten, but will be attained again with the addition of much wisdom from experience.

With the aid of the explanations given in *The Secret Doctrine*, the student can do a good deal in the way of interpreting the symbolism on such ancient monuments as those from Central America (replicas of some of which are now on exhibition at the Panama-California Exposition in San Diego, California). It is noticeable that this symbolism bears analogies to that of Hindûstân, as, for example, in the "Yoga posture" assumed by some of the human figures; or a figure riding on an animal, like the Vedic deity Varuna; or the winged circle, of which there is an example at Ocosingo, Guatemala, suggesting the winged circles of Assyria and of Egypt. These facts, of which there are so many, cannot be overlooked by anyone who desires the truth. The usual explanations attempted for them are very unsatisfactory. One is that Asiatics migrated to America at some epoch not very long ago comparatively; and even if such an explanation could be established for this particular case, we should still require to invent many other theories of migration to account for other similarities in the ideas of widely sundered peoples elsewhere. The other explanation — that these different races invented the same symbolism independently of each other — is too absurd to detain us a moment. The real explanation is reasonable enough for all who have an open mind and no pet theory to take care of. The ancient builders of America, and those of southern Asia and northern Africa, had inherited

their knowledge from a common source — the parent race from which both were descended. In their symbolism they represented the truths of the Secret Doctrine, using for that purpose a certain ancient language, the language of symbolism, which at once conceals and reveals the meaning. Thus has been preserved in indestructible stone, through the lapse of ages, a knowledge which can be interpreted by those who understand the symbols; and also there has been preserved a proof of the unity and universality of ancient culture.

The evidence for the reality of this Secret Doctrine and its world-wide diffusion in ancient times is overwhelming, as students of H. P. Blavatsky's works can see for themselves, and of course details cannot be entered into here; but some remarks on the significance of the fact will be appropriate.

At the present troublous time people are deploring the materialism of the age and searching for something on which to base a hope of improvement in the immediate future. Yet some men of science are propagating purely animalistic theories of evolution, which dwell exclusively on the lower side of human nature. Little or nothing is said about the origin and evolution of the human mind; although it is often implied, in the teeth of all facts, that this mind was "evolved" from the minds of the animals.

It is absurd for us to continue oscillating between materialistic theology and materialism proper, as though that were the only choice. Knowledge is properly one and single, not subdivided into religion, science, philosophy, etc. But we have been accustomed to keep our ethics in one box and our science in another, so that we lack a rational basis for our ethics and an ethical purpose in our science.

Indissolubly linked with the question of the origin of man is the question of his nature. Man is dual, being compact of the divine and the animal, the flame and the clay, the angel and the demon. The religions all teach this, but it is not a mere religious dogma but a scientific truth as well. There was a time in the remote past when the divine intelligences descended and informed the "mindless" man, who had been evolved from the lower kingdoms, thus converting him into a self-conscious and responsible being. Even though the present theories of the evolutionists as to the evolution of man's physical organism were true — which, however, are very incomplete — still the problem of his spiritual and mental evolution would remain open. The effect of trying to ignore this question is that it centers our at-

tention too much on our lower nature and provides a plausible excuse for such as are not able to master their weaknesses and appetites.

The true doctrine of evolution teaches that animals follow in the footsteps of man, who is in a certain sense their creator, for the models created by man's thoughts and habits enter into the composition of the animals. This is the true explanation of the resemblances; and it means that, so far from copying the animals, we should aim to elevate them, which we can do indirectly by using our own divinity for the purpose of overcoming our propensities.

It cannot be denied that the world is just now searching earnestly for a guide and a light — for something on which to base its future hopes and conduct; and the Secret Doctrine is the only thing that can possibly fulfil the world's quest. Timely indeed then was H. P. Blavatsky's work, coming as it did just at the crucial moment. The movement which she inaugurated has been safely established and is ready to serve the coming needs. We have the central work at Point Loma, and especially the Râja-Yoga College and School, to prove that Theosophy is not a mere study with no bearing on practical questions and on the needs of humanity.

In trying to forecast the future of humanity we sometimes fail because we try to look too far ahead; whereas progress is made by successive steps. As time goes on, the ideas of Theosophy will spread and influence the minds of men more and more, and thus there will gradually grow up quite a new view of life. One has but to consider the effect which would be produced (for instance) by a general acceptance of the fact of Reincarnation, in order to see what a difference this would make to our attitude towards life. The belief in continuity of existence for the Soul, and the habit of regarding death as but a temporary rest, would so alter the aspect of most of our problems that it seems hardly worth while discussing them from the present viewpoint. Again, if people were accustomed from their earliest childhood to recognize the duality of human nature, and the fact that man has a spiritual center in him as well as an animal one, all problems of conduct and education would be greatly simplified; and we should not have to invent complicated theories of psychology for the handling of children and of criminals and lunatics. The truth is simple, but not always welcome; hence we may often prefer a roundabout way. Moreover, knowledge is always associated with obligation, and with the performance of all duties, so the shirker cannot expect to win it.

THE LOST KEYNOTE: by C. Woodhead

"... Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of thy presence, and of the consummation of the age?" asked the Disciples of the MASTER, on the Mount of Olives.

The reply given by the "Man of Sorrows"... is prophetic, and very suggestive. It is a warning indeed. The answer must be quoted in full. Jesus... said unto them:

"Take heed that *no man* lead you astray. For many shall come in my name saying, I am the Christ; and shall lead many astray. And ye shall hear of wars... but the end is not yet. *For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines and earthquakes in divers places.* But all these things are the beginning of travail... Many false prophets shall arise, and shall lead many astray... then shall the end come... when ye see the abomination of desolation which was spoken through Daniel... Then if any man shall say unto you, *Lo, here is the Christ*, or there; believe him not... If they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the wilderness, go not forth; behold, he is in the inner chambers, believe them not. For as the lightning cometh forth from the East, and is seen even in the West, so shall be the presence of the Son of Man," etc.

Two things become evident *to all* in the above passages, now that their false rendering is corrected in the revision text: (a) "the coming of Christ," means *the presence of CHRISTOS* in a regenerated world, and not at all the actual coming in body of "Christ" Jesus; (b) this Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor "in the inner chambers," nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man; for Christ — the true esoteric SAVIOR — *is no man*, but the DIVINE PRINCIPLE in every human being.

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, in *Studies in Occultism*; Vol. V, p. 1



THE world has been taken by surprise. It is a trite remark, but nevertheless significantly true, that had we been told eighteen months ago of the condition of affairs which now prevails in war-stricken Europe, not one of us would have believed, even for one moment, that it could possibly be.

We are faced with an unexpected calamity which taxes our utmost resources of thought and effort. Old ideas have been swept away in a maelstrom of pent-up forces. They seem to threaten a destruction, of which the end cannot be foreseen.

Let us look, firstly, at the causes which have led to this state of affairs. Let us try to realize that the monster which threatens us, is not one which has grown up suddenly in the twentieth century without any ancestry or parentage. It would take too long and might open wide the gates of invidious criticism to go into details — but the careful and intuitive reader of history knows well that this horrible and senseless war is but the culmination of centuries of wrong ideals of thought and action. "Unbrotherliness," says Katherine Tingley, "is the insanity of the age." But the insanity has been a *growth* which

has, at this "consummation of the age," found the opportunity for its greatest concentration of frenzy.

Many, if not most of us, have been taught in our childhood to believe that some religion was the saving factor in the world's distress and wrong-doing. And now the religions of Europe are challenged by this great catastrophe to prove their efficacy, and to lead men to meet together in peace and righteousness. Yet what do we find? Appeals are made in each one of the churches of every land to an extra-human God to interfere in favor of its own contestant in this inhuman strife. The immutable majesty and justice of the Divine Law of the Universe is (forsooth) to be modified, or directed in favor of this or that person or nation!

Divine Justice is set at naught. The great central fact that *all* men are brothers, and of the family of God, is forgotten. The teaching of the dogmatic creeds with their lip-service and their ritualistic intricacies has become a *reductio ad absurdum*.

While this is so, the heart of man in all the warring nations is torn with doubt and uncertainty. Whilst yearning for peace and good will (as was shown by the events of last Christmas day in the trenches) he engages in a conflict, brought about by forces which he does not understand and cannot control. It is safe to say that ninety-nine per cent of the peoples of the nations at war could give no rational explanation of what it was all about. Each one, however, is convinced that it is not his fault, and so, *for some reason*, the conflict must continue.

And so the religions (so called) of Europe, as described in the encyclopaedias and other works of reference and learning, have apparently proved to be a failure, since, at this great crisis, they have not availed to save from a destruction more awful than any recorded in known history.

Surely then there is something wanting in our methods of thought, and in the conduct of our daily life, something that shall lead us to deal rationally, justly, and lovingly as between man and man, of whatever race or creed or nation they may be.

For the world is too beautiful, and in his essence, man is too noble a being, for us to believe that there is no way out of this darkness of the lower pit, however great it may appear to be for the moment.

Let us ask ourselves whether, after all, the saving factor may not be found in *Religion*. Not in the religion of the man-made creeds,

and the dogmatic teachings of the scholiasts, but in that true religion of the heart of man which is naturally his own, and which is *the same for all men*. This we believe to be the Lost Keynote.

A few years ago a party of officers from the American Pacific Fleet were visiting the International Theosophical Headquarters, at Point Loma. After having been entertained by the students of the College, and just as they were preparing to depart, they gathered round the guide who was showing them the points of interest, and then the Admiral put this question: "Tell us in a few words, *what is the main idea behind your philosophy*" ? The guide laughingly endeavored to evade the question, saying that he felt that anything he might say might possibly lead to further inquiry, and that there was really no time for discussion. The question however was pressed several times, and at last the guide said: "Well, I think the central idea is *The Essential Divinity of Man*." There was silence for a moment, and then the conversation was resumed about the points of interest of Point Loma.

The Divinity of Man! How few realize the sublimity of this ideal of man on the path to Godhood.

The teaching of the ancient Wisdom-Religion (once universal and the parent of all modern faiths of whatever degree of decadence) is, that man is dual in nature. Essentially and in his higher aspect, he is divine. In his lower formal aspect he is of the animal world. The contest between the two is the cause of the crucifixion which man endures in this world of mingled joy and sorrow. But the reward of him who triumphs in this contest is beyond all telling.

Once that man has recognized and fully faced this duality, he has set his feet upon the upward path towards the realization of his true nature. Then he is in a position to see wherein lies the religion of the human heart. The Divine Universal Law which has hitherto been as a scourge to evildoers, becomes a teacher of the Truth. His animal nature becomes purified in the fire of Divine Knowledge.

This philosophy of the essential Divinity of Man explains the religious nature which we recognize in many historical characters, who were not generally regarded as orthodox in their own day and generation. They have however been honored by succeeding generations as reformers and workers for humanity. We read of their having lived among all races and in all climes. Their words and their unselfish labors have borne the fruit which make men love their memories,

With them there was no question of a separate creed, or of a lower caste. Their teaching has ever appealed to the most potent forces of the heart. Their judgment has always been: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

Thus the Divinity of Man, known as the *Christos Principle*, is the Lost Keynote, and, as has been said, it is the basic fact of true religion. It is the Savior of humanity, and by the recognition of it in some form or other, shall the world be saved from the present calamity.

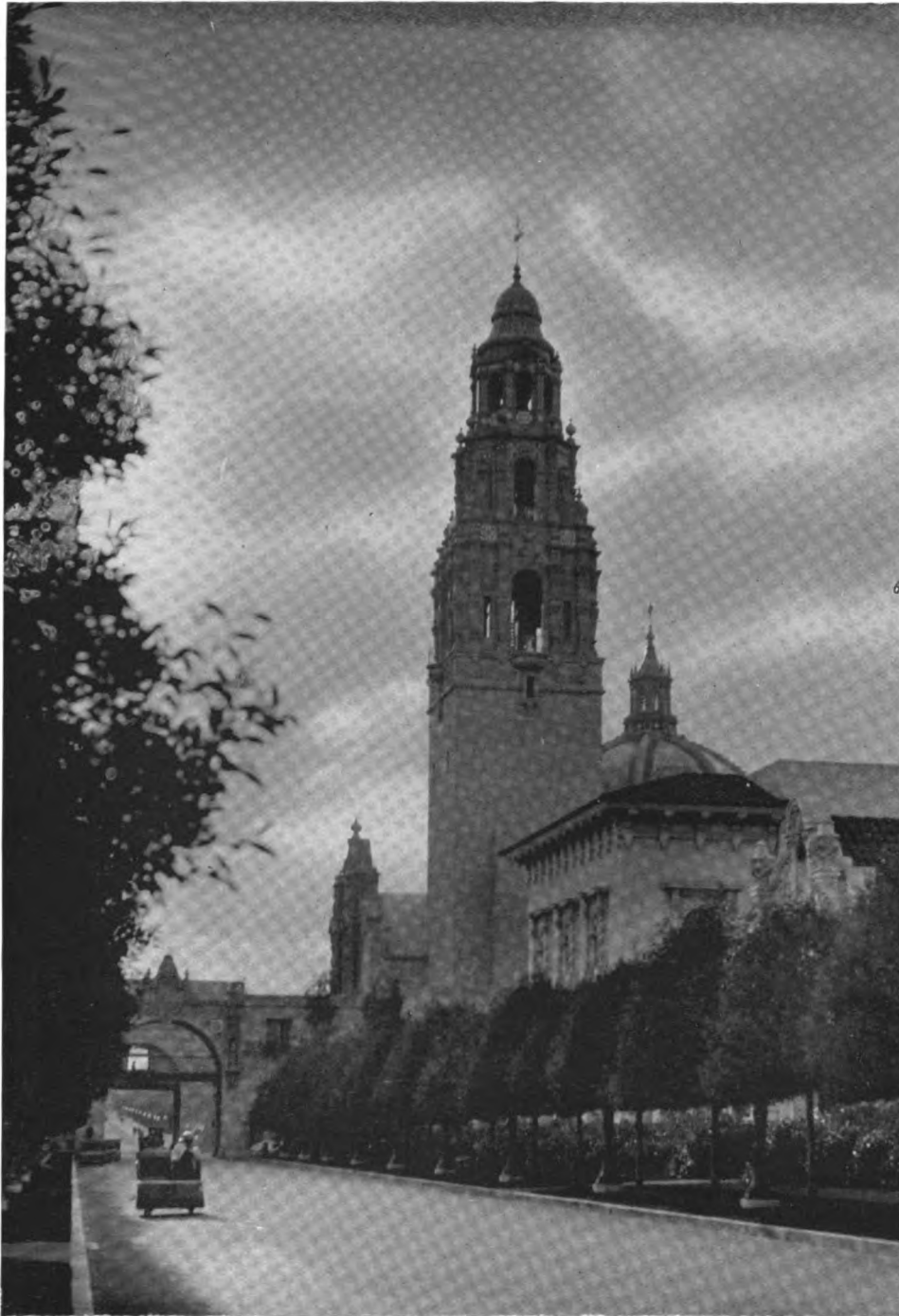
For it should be recognized by all professing Christians, that the saving power is not a dead Christ, but a *living Christos common to all men*. We must banish from our minds the idea of an extra-human God, who is supposed to meddle with the details of immutable Divine Law. Let us replace it with the feeling in the heart of an *intra-human* Divinity which urges us to deeds of compassion and duty to our fellows. The first is a fiction of the brain, invented centuries ago, which has psychologized men too long. The latter is the Divine Truth which every man can realize for himself.

The march of civilization will doubtless be delayed a few decades by the present cataclysm of animalism. But if the lesson is learned, and men realize their true selves, and step forward into brighter paths of brotherly feeling, recognizing the divine not only within themselves but *also in others*, the dealings of Nemesis now so apparent will not have been in vain. For ages the laws of human solidarity have been broken. Men are now facing the results of the past, and reaping what they have sown.

H. P. Blavatsky has said of ancient truth: "It is essentially the philosophy of those who suffer, and have lost all hope of being helped out of the mire of life by any other means."

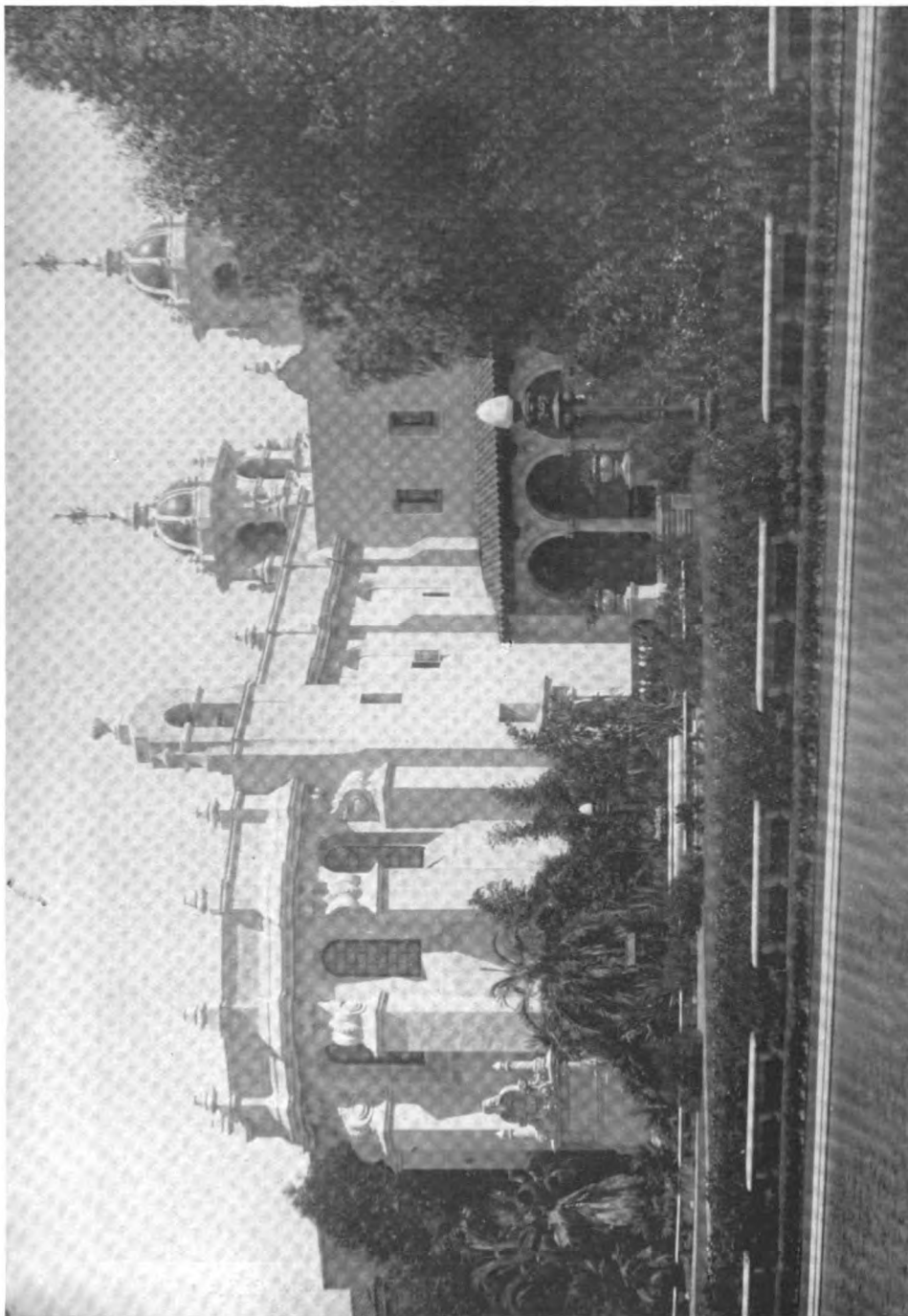
For humanity is so constituted that only calamity and the failure of old ideals will serve to bring them to a right conception of the truth.

Meanwhile at this tremendous epoch so truthfully prophesied by the Nazarene Master two thousand years ago—"the consummation of the age"—let us arise and do what in us lies to make known the Truth, the heritage of all humanity, which shall make *all* men free.



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A LATE AFTERNOON EFFECT IN SAN DIEGO'S DREAM-CITY
Looking down the Prado towards the West Gate shortly before sunset, with
the tower of the California Building silhouetted against the sky.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE SPANISH-COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION IN AN IDEAL SETTING
Rear view of the Varied Industries Building seen across the Lagoon.



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MAN'S AND NATURE'S CO-OPERATION WROUGHT THIS MARVEL IN THREE SHORT YEARS
A flower-bordered path leading from Montezuma's Garden along the edge of the Palm Jungle.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WITHIN THE PORTAL OF MONTEZUMA'S GARDEN, AT SAN DIEGO'S
EXPOSITION BEAUTIFUL

SAN DIEGO'S DREAM-CITY: THE EXPOSITION:

by M. G. Gowsell



MOTHERED of dreams: Moorish, Castilian, Mexican, and American. The Saracen had done his work, with dreams of art and beauty; of conquest, too, battering down the castle barriers to the table-lands of old Castile. Such glimpses of futurity as were his were not in vain, for his imaginings were there in the service of Truth and Man. And here, as heretofore, the fruits were seen but after many days. Four centuries and more and old Spain dreamed her dreams, until Isabella and Ferdinand of Aragon. The quest renewed and new Spain searched the seas. That huge shadow of futurity stood then, as now, too vast a thing in its entirety for the minds of men to grasp. Then, as now, inspired imagination stood at bay. The hounds of prejudice, superstition, and what not, under the thin disguise of circumstance, had all but blocked the way. Then, as now, Goodness, Truth, and Beauty found their course up-hill and laborious, when not altogether grievous. . . . But those visitations of the divinity in Man! They must out. They must needs have new soil and congenial skies, as it were, for hundredfold returns.

In the progressive march of events leading up to the discovery of the Isthmus of Panama; the founding of New Spain's colonial empires — Eldorados seemingly without number; with the subsequent conception of an inter-ocean waterway and the vast benefit to be derived from such; and now, with the realization, the completion of it, it was for San Diego to commemorate this event in an Exposition worthy of it. With the cutting of the canal itself, we have little concern now; 'tis already a matter of history, another dream come true. And if we, as a people, fail to appreciate our own part in thus having actually brought men closer together, it must be for lack of a perspective that lapse of time alone may give us. 'Tis all too near and yet too new.

That the casual observer, as well as the student, should come so completely under the spell of the intrinsic beauty here spread before him, as to despair of expressing an adequate appreciation of it, is, in itself, the highest tribute. This could hardly have been were it not that San Diego is possessed of a vast park in the very heart of the city, a site particularly suitable for such an enterprise. Sufficiently removed, yet readily accessible to all parts, this park is rightly regarded as the greatest asset of its kind that ever city fell heir to. And in

this foresight of those city forebears, no one will gainsay that Wisdom was once more justified of her children. Here, then, is one of the corner-stones in the structure of your magic.

The face of these acres before the transformation differed in no whit from that of the surrounding country. Clothed in the chaparral of the region, it was always picturesque, yet unassuming. Ever responding to the season's rains, mesa and canyons were alike wreathed in smiles of loveliness. Native patches of purple and gold carpeted the soil, while the sumacs and the wild lilacs stood grouped about the golden poppy, much as they did in 1542, when Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, in the service of Spain, entered what is now San Diego harbor and landed on Point Loma. So it was, that when the time came, there arose little question as to where this historic Dream City was to be.

To open a way for the throngs passing to and fro, from the real to the unreal, a long, seven-arched and very real bridge, Puente Cabrillo, spans the deeper parts of a scenic canyon on the west, from which, in crossing, one views a wondrous landscape. Overlooking the city of the real, there lies the harbor glistening in the sun. From the aviation camp on North Island we see the biplanes rise from the level ground, hear perchance their abundant hum, now fainter and fainter, as they grow smaller and smaller flashing like heliographs, as in their evolutions the sun strikes their armored bodies. Out across the harbor amidst the shimmering sheen of the Pacific the Coronado Islands raise their rugged heads, and beyond

A far-off marge where sea-skies meet the sea,

And sunbeams gambol with the sea's wild glee.

As the eye wanders back, up the winding canyon with its green-clad flanks, we see what may have hitherto escaped us — a *laguna* (little lake), whose exquisite nestling is enhanced by an exuberant growth of water-loving, semi-tropical plants. This is viewed from a height beyond that of the tallest tree-tops. At this point we have already passed the turnstile and are wending our way to the old stone gate by *La Puerta del Oeste* — the Gate of the West (Wind). We have passed — but what haven't we passed! There were graceful Dwarf Date Palms, said to be at home in South Africa, but which seemed more at home here. Ornamental Date Palms there were from the Canary Islands; now a clump of bright green-leaved Camphor Trees from far-away Formosa; a little further and a gorgeous clump of Scar-

let-flowering Gums, eucalyptus trees from Australia. These were a perfect riot of color for several weeks of their blooming season, the blossoms varying through all the shades of pink to the deepest scarlet. Among the bewildering variety of shrubbery that we passed, were specimens of what many had never until now seen outside of their conservatories at home, and these, to such, seemed glorified beyond belief.

But we have reached the end of the bridge, where, within the old stone gate, we come upon the fruit of many dreams. Now, as we tread the Prado, it dawns upon us that we are actually in a city of enchantment. Never were crowds so silent. One must almost be pinching himself in order to be sure he's not dreaming, so varied are the beauties and so ideal is the scene. However, one must accept this dream-mothered thing as one accepts the bright sun, a thing not to be explained but to be enjoyed. So one goes his way by the Prado to the Plaza, with little choice as to whether he shall turn to the right or to the left. Three sheets in the wind, as it were, with the serene beauty, as like as not he'll just wander, altogether unconscious of time or space, until, hard by some one of the rare beauty spots, the strains of one of Beethoven's symphonies come floating across the green-lawned Plaza from out the great pipe organ. Then it may be that by *La Laguna de las Flores*, (The Lake of the Flowers) or it may be within *Los Jardines de Montezuma*, (The Gardens of Montezuma) he then finds himself face to face with some old Moorish poet's lost ideal. If he be a lover of plants, then is this his Mecca of Meccas, and it may be long before he ventures into any of the beautiful buildings, out of sheer reluctance to lose sight of them. But wait! there is a botanical building, and a very beautiful one withal, where anyone might be excused for wishing to spend a whole day.

Photographs may give one a fair conception of the exquisite architecture of the different buildings, but where is the painter or the picture that will attempt to describe even a part of the surrounding plant life? The buildings are not to be thought of as separate from the trees, shrubs, and flowers, nor are these to be fully appreciated apart from the structures. They are inseparables, and have the appearance of having been so from the first. That this artistic blending has been a labor of love, there is every evidence, right down to the smallest detail. Here the color gradations will range all the way from the dainty and the delicate to the gorgeous and the flamboyant.

To particularize were only to fail utterly, as these units in the ensemble are out of varieties that are only to be named by the hundreds. Even at the model farm, the buildings and the ground show the same artistic discrimination — the right thing in the right place.

In Southern California, where so many thousands of exotics have found themselves as much at home as in their native habitat, it is not to be wondered at that few, even among Californians, realize what a wealth of *native* flora they have. So, for this reason, if for no other, the Exposition wild-flower field is a joy, an inspiration, and an education.

To come upon this special feature of the "Exposition Beautiful," one takes one of the many by-paths that lead away to as many quiet, restful spots, where one may rest, indeed. And if one be in anything of a receptive mood while among the stretches of wild flowers that seem to bid you welcome, as they nod and sway about in the gentle sea breezes coming up the canyon, then are you among Fortune's favored. Nor does it make so very much difference as to what particular month one should choose for this, there being a prolonged succession of bloom. In this there is even an advantage, perhaps, over those wonderful floral displays to be met with in some of our mountain parks,

Where purple lupines, shooting stars,
The mountain lily's plume,
And golden asters, amber-rayed,
Grace the waving seas of bloom.

But in visiting this dream-mothered Exposition one is all too apt to become lost in the details. 'Tis in the ensemble only that one actually drinks in the beauty, the romance, and the magic of it. Of Exhibitions, there have been many, and their connexion with the improvement or corruption of the manners of men, has been universally recognized, as Shelley observed.

San Diego possesses many scenic attractions, among which is the driveway and the view from Point Loma. This has long been conceded, by the greatest of authorities, to be among the seven most wonderful landscapes in the world. With the "Exposition Beautiful," she has become twice-famed. And were one to have traveled far for no other sight than this, there would be stored in the memory, for the hours of calm reflection, something beyond price and beyond wealth.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

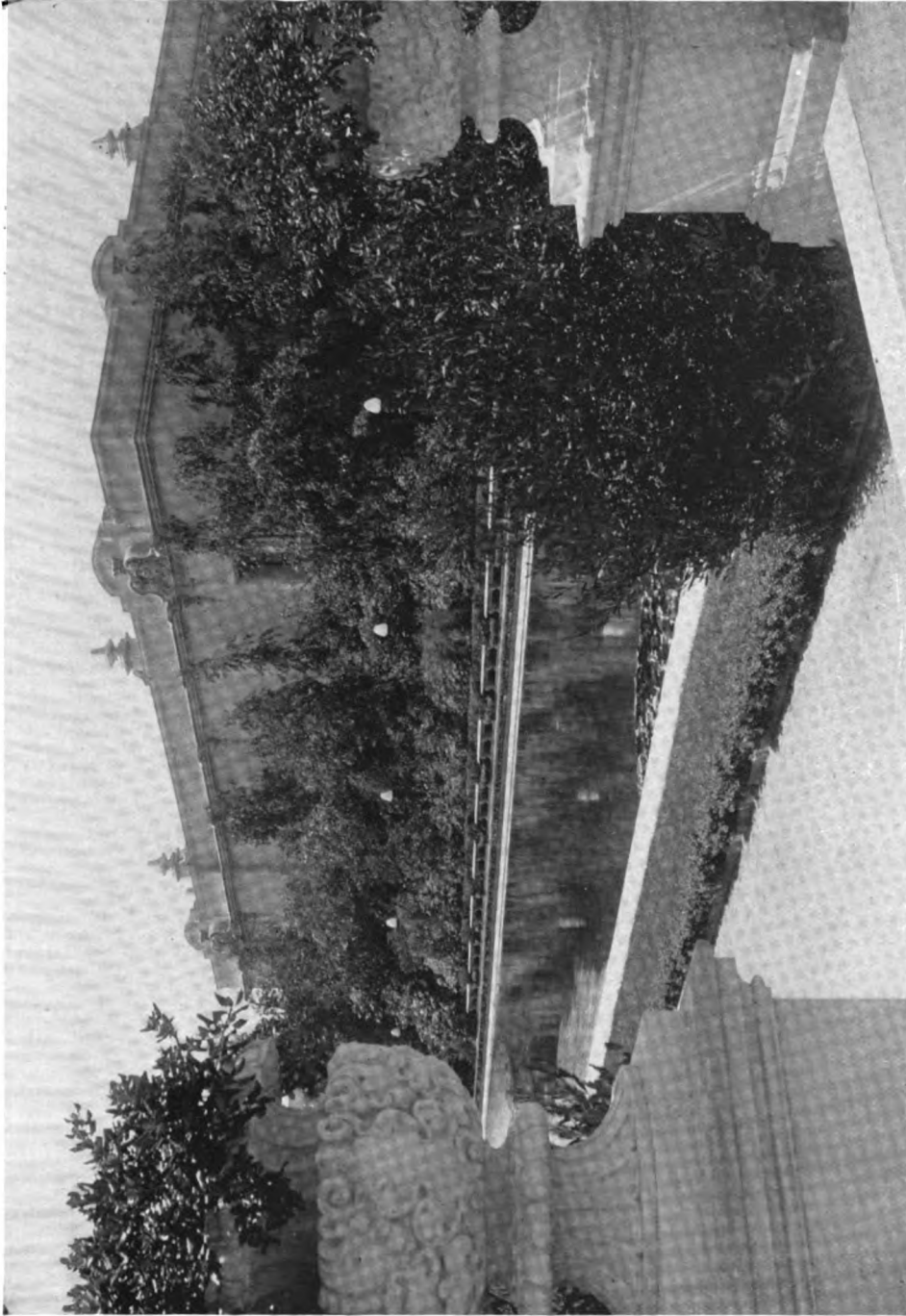
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME TOWER FROM THE SOUTH
This beautiful campanile is the dominating feature of the Exposition.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

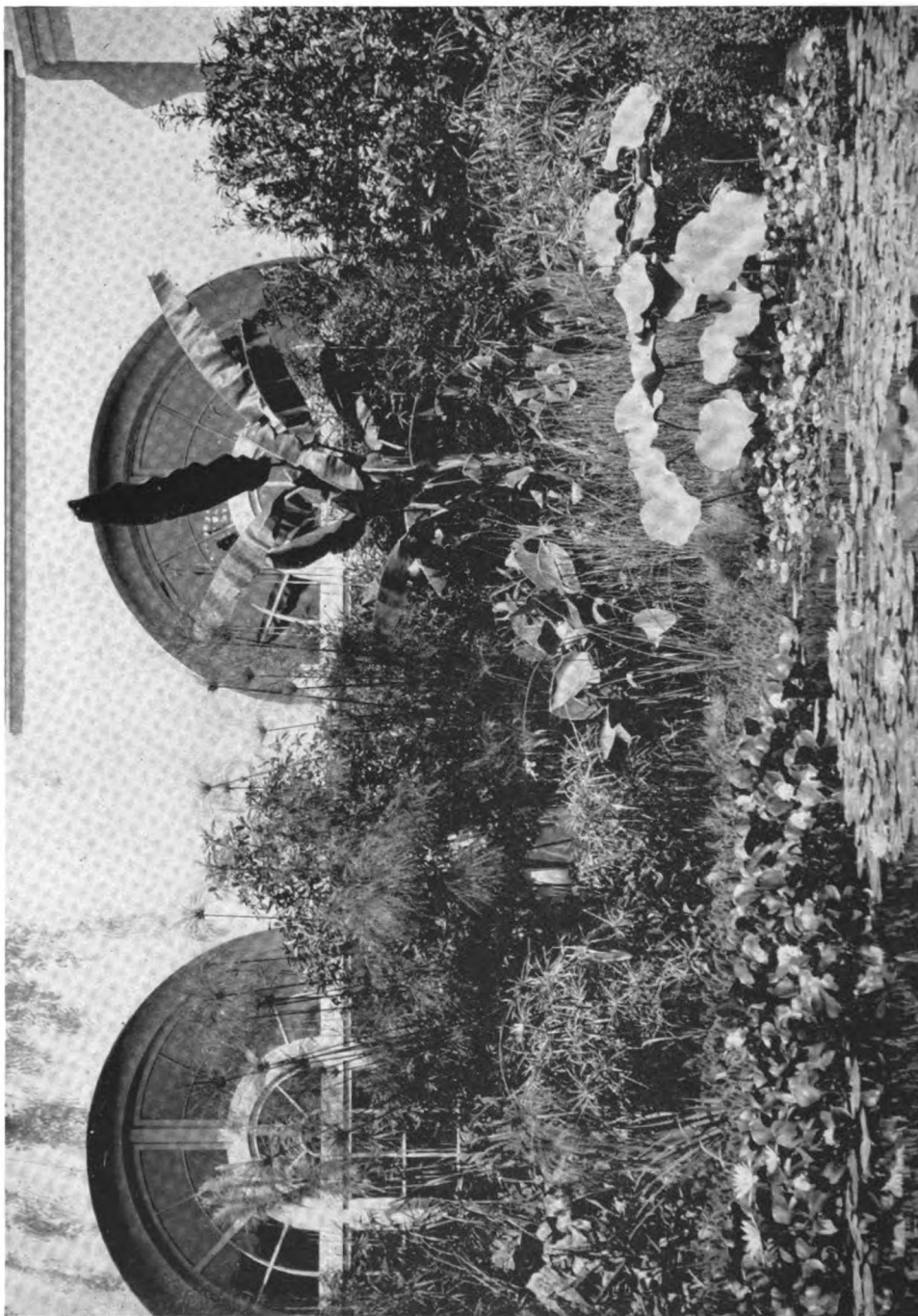
FAÇADE OF THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING, PANAMA-CALIFORNIA
EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO

An artistic and historical composition wrought in the Churrigueresque style



Longland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"LA LAGUNA DE LAS FLORES" AND THE APPROACH LEADING TO THE BOTANICAL BUILDING, AT THE
PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A HARINGER OF THAT WITHIN : THE LOTUS POND IN FRONT OF THE BOTANICAL BUILDING
At San Diego's Exposition there is little need of a Botanical Building inasmuch as all out-of-doors is
one extensive botanical display.

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART TWO

CHAPTER II — CHINA BEFORE CONFUCIUS



WE have seen that Chu Hia, All the Chinas, in the days of Confucius, covered but little territory: the province of Honan, and parts of Shensi, Shansi and Shantung: that was all. Beyond these limits lay several great and warlike nations, embracing within their dominions another seven or eight of the modern provinces; and beyond these lay a world entirely unknown to the Chinese. We may mark this period with the date of 500 B. C.; Confucius was then in his prime. The dynasty of Chow, reigning at Honanfu, had held the throne since 1122 B. C.; for the last three centuries, more, or less, they had been mere palace nonentities, the titular heads of religion, without temporal power. In the spiritual, or rather ecclesiastical sense, they held a loose overlordship over the neighboring great powers, as well as over their own Chinese vassals. China Proper (as it then was) had been declining for the best part of six hundred years, or since the first glorious days of Chow power.

But before the Chows there had been two other historic dynasties: that of Shang, which ended in 1122 and began in 1766 B. C., and that of Hia, which carries us back from that to 2205 B. C. Before the Hia Dynasty, reigned the Three Great Emperors, Yao, Shun, and Yu. With these began the historic, as distinct from the mythical period. Yao, Shun, and Yu were the patriarchs, we might almost say the patron saints, of China: the models of virtue for all succeeding rulers. So we see that China had almost two thousand years of fairly reliable history before Confucius came; and that he stands not so far from midway between Yuan's Republic and the legendary beginning of the empire.

Now the question is: Had Chu Hia been growing in extent and culture from the time of that beginning until the days of Confucius?

Common supposition would answer: *Yes*. We expect a continual ascent in history, despite all historical evidence to the contrary. In the veins of your Coptic fellah, ignorant enough, and submerged beneath heaven knows how many layers of conquest, may yet be flowing the blood of Seti and Rameses who swayed vast regions; empire has a way of expanding and contracting, and there is a systole and diastole in national life. It is true that from this nadir of Chow to the zenith

of Tang in the eighth century there was a kind of spiral ascent—ebbings and flowings of the tide, but each high tide higher, or at any rate, the last the highest of all. Han was greater than Chow, Tang than Han. Chu Hia, under the great Hans, included the eighteen



China, showing the correspondence between the ancient kingdoms and modern provinces.
Note sites of graves of Shun and Yu.

provinces, and dominated middle Asia to the Caspian. By 420 A. D. it had lost all this: lost even its original Hoangho Valley: and was bounded northward by the Yangtse. Tang flung its aegis over Asia; Sung, that followed it, and was but little, if at all, less in respect to keenness of life and culture, held only the eighteen provinces, and lat-

terly, in its most brilliant days, only the south. Kublai's Mongol Empire, that succeeded to Sung, was barbarian, and not comparable, for all its vastness, with that southern splendor; nor was purely Chinese Ming, that ousted the Mongols, and held the eighteen provinces again; and though the great Manchus, Kanghi and Kienlung, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries won back all the territories that had ever been Chinese, in all essentials of genius and originality, their China was of less account even than that of the Mings. So we see a spiral ascent from 500 B. C. to 700 A. D.; and a spiral descent from the fall of the Sung in 1278 to our own time; for each successive dynasty had its own period of power and splendor.

Did similar vast tides ebb and flow in the Preconfucian ages? Orthodox views would apprehend only the smaller motions: the periods of good government inaugurated by the incoming dynasties, and waning with their decay; but not the possibility that before Chow, before Shang and Hia, before the Three Great Emperors, Yao, Shun, and Yu themselves, there may have been ages of splendor to exceed even those of Han and Tang and Sung. And yet there is nothing to indicate that China did anything but decline during the six Preconfucian centuries of Chow, or during the thousand years of Shang and Hia. It is hard to tell, since the histories are not expansive, and only record kings and events baldly, leaving the general condition of life unnoted. But what evidence there is, I think, tends to prove a decline.

Confucius knew nothing of the Yangtse: it was far away, beyond the brim of the south; beyond the great Jungle and the barbarians of T'su. But Confucius based himself upon the ancients, particularly on Yao, Shun, and Yu; Yu was a native of Sz'chuen, undiscovered or forgotten in Chow times; the grave of Shun is south of the Yangtse, at Ch'ang-sha near Lake Tungting in Hunan; and the grave of Yu is at Shao-hing in Chehkiang, also south of the Yangtse, in those days in barbarian Yueh — almost unknown territory so far as the Blackhaired People were concerned. *The genuineness of these graves has never been questioned, we believe, by Chinese critics: who above all things are *critical*; and we of the West have absolutely no grounds nor right to question it. The Chinese critics had facts on which to base their decisions; we have none. T'sin Che Hwangti, the founder of the First Empire, visited these tombs in the latter part of the

* We borrow this argument from Prof. Harper Parker, who however, does not seem to realize where it leads.

third century B. C. He was the greatest revolutionary that ever held the Dragon Throne. He had done away with the Chows: put an end to a sacrosanct dynasty of nine centuries' standing, and with it, had overturned the ancient and immemorial religion of China. He had also ordered the destruction of the literature; his aim was to shut down altogether the era of Yao, Shun, and Yu, and to begin things entirely afresh with T'sin Che Hwangti. Such a man, of course, would be intensely critical of all things old and traditional; and he was; but he found no opportunity to question the genuine nature of the tombs of Shun and Yu. Now Yao, Shun, and Yu have for the last four thousand years held an extraordinary eminence in Chinese estimation: an eminence no less religious than national. They are to the Blackhaired People as a combination of Washington, Lincoln, and the Twelve Apostles might be to the Christian American: the embodiment of national ideals, the very quintessence of the higher Chinesity. Yet one of them was born in Sz'chuen, and the graves of two of them are outside the limits of Confucius' China: far away; beyond the Yangtse, beyond the barbarian; in unknown and undiscovered regions.

Now supposing civilization were to suffer a general overthrow, such as it has often suffered before; supposing Great Britain were depopulated, and recolonized by some people of another language; and that we forgot the art of navigation, and were cut off from Europe for a couple of thousand years, and meanwhile, had lost our literature, forgotten printing, and retained only a traditional account of the beginnings of the United States. And that then civilization were slowly to rise again; and we were to discover Europe, and find Sulgrave Manor in England, with complete evidence that it was the ancestral home of the Washingtons, and the birthplace of Roger Williams, equally attested, in Wales? I think we should conclude that there had been a time when the race held possession of Great Britain.

There is nothing so absurd in these suppositions. From the time of Agricola to that of Honorius, or from about 84 to 410 A. D., South Britain was a province of the Roman Empire; in the main, settled, well-governed, homogeneous with the rest. No doubt in Antioch, Athens, and Alexandria, the geography of Britain, with that of the other provinces, was taught in the schools. One might journey from those cities to London, or to York or Bath, without leaving the beaten track of civilization, or finding oneself among people in dress and language greatly different from other Romans. There would have been

far less of foreign or novel to be met with on such a journey then than now. All the towns were Latin-speaking; all classes, except, perhaps the peasants and the native nobility in remote parts, would have been betogaed orthodoxly in the Roman manner. Britain was a far province, no doubt; but one could hardly have entertained superstitions about it — in the days of Constantine, say, to whom the British towns and landscapes were familiar enough. But how was it with Constantine's successors at Byzantium after a couple of centuries or so — no more than that? Britain had become a fabulous island in the west of the world, to which the souls of the dead were ferried by ghostly ferrymen in the night. The world had contracted; the memory of its old-time greatness had gone. No doubt there were those who were better instructed; but better instruction was decidedly esoteric.

Had a like obscuration of memories taken place in Preconfucian China? Perhaps such happenings are far more the rule than the exception in history; perhaps, in spite of books and documents, there is a natural limit to racial memories: a *Thus-far-thou-shalt-go* signpost set up always at some few thousand years ago. Books perish, and the keys to the interpretation of scripts are lost. On the horizon of that natural memory-scope we are apt at all times to place the creation, or else the end of mythological (and therefore, so we are pleased to think, barbarous) ages, and the beginning of civilization and the period of history.

Here is a matter so extraordinary, that we shall quote the passage containing it direct, from Professor Harper Parker's illuminating *Ancient China Simplified*. Discussing the question of Chinese origins, he says:

There is one gorge, well known to travelers, above Ich'ang, on the River Yangtse, one the way to Chung-k'ing, where the precipitous rocks on each side have the appearance and hardness of iron, and for a mile or more — perhaps several miles — stand perpendicularly like walls on both sides of the rapid Yangtse River: the most curious feature about them is that from below the water-level, right up to the top, or as far as the eye can reach, the stone looks as though it had been chipped away with powerful cheese-scoops; it seems almost impossible that any operation of nature can have fashioned rocks in this way; on the other hand, what tools of sufficient hardness, driven by what great force —

Do you remember Chwangtse's story of the Grand Augur and the Pigs? "Why should you object to die?" said the Grand Augur to his prospective victims, and expatiated on the honors that would be done them at the sacrifice. "For so many days beforehand I shall fast,"

said he; "and for so many more I shall purify myself. You will be brought before the whole concourse of the people, and offered with all ceremony to the spirits of the ancestors." And then: "Perhaps after all," he said, *speaking from the pigs' point of view*, "it would be better ——"

One brings that in mainly, it must be confessed, to indicate the kind of treasure that awaits the reader of delicious Chwangtse; yet one is reminded of it, too, by the passage above quoted. It is those unguarded and expansive moments, when our savants permit themselves to speak *from the pigs' point of view*, that are so interesting; even though orthodox memories flash back in an instant, and they are themselves again before the thought they were half betrayed into uttering has found vestment of words. The Grand Augur, look you, could get no farther than *it would be better*; then turned to his own view-point again, and went on adjuring the pigs to contentment. So the bias of this age is to belittle the ancients; whose glories, in the name of our vanity, we obscure and will not admit. We are the Grand Augur; the ancients are the pigs: "Why should you object to being traduced?" say we. But was there, after all, a great civilization before Chow, before Shang and Hia, before Yao, Shun, and Yu themselves; a civilization of the Blackhaired People extending south from Honan to the Yangtse and beyond, and capable of such mighty works as the cutting of the Yangtse Gorge?

The cities of Chow were but overgrown miserable villages; art and architecture were at a discount; but there was a great Art in the days of Shang. Of this Fenollosa says:

The shapes of the bronze vessels have now become specially plastic and beautiful: severe and strong in design, with simple, firm outline, and of a dignity and variety which make even Greek vases look somewhat thin. . . . Not only are the forms among the grandest that human art has left us, but the execution is worthy of the design.

Their artists were masters of style, and could create in the Grand Manner: a thing to be remembered. We cannot say through what other forms Shang genius may have manifested; the bronze vessels are but a little relic, perdurable, of what may have been an art as widespread and manifold as it was lofty. Now the following argument is not conclusive, perhaps; yet there is in it, I think, a whole world of suggestion. Style is only attained through long discipline; it comes not in youth or childhood, but when great experience has been gained;

you may be born a poet, but not a stylist: you must discipline yourself, or be disciplined, into that. But Homer? You will say. But Pindar? — who came in the childhood of Hellas. Not so; Greece was old before either of them: *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*, as we used to read in our Syntax; and it was a far cry back from the Trojan to the Atlantean War. One might write a volume on this, and not exhaust it; I think you would find, if you went into it deeply, that style is not an acquirement attainable in the youth of any race.

But in the days of Shang the Blackhaired People had attained it. They had long passed the crude energy of pioneer ages; they were settled, peaceable, unwarlike, and had achieved great triumphs in art. We do not, as we go backward, dwindle towards savagery, but rather emerge into a legendary light: a time uncertainly remembered, but golden — but peopled with Sages, Men, and Dragons.

Not that Shang was such a time, nor Hia; we are still in the light of common day, and among annals prosaic enough. But Western, and so far as we know, Chinese historians themselves, have not suspected Shang of having been greater than Chow; and it is a point that should be emphasized. Besides the evidence of its art, there is this other: Chow, middle and later Chow, as we have seen, knew nothing of Liaotung, much less of Corea. Yet in the latter country there remained legends, records even, perhaps, of embassies sent therefrom to the Shang court; and of a dynasty founded there by a Shang statesman, exiled from his own country. Such traditions are easily dismissed, of course; and yet there always remains the possibility that there is something in them.

It is a popular view to trace the line of Chinese migration from somewhere in the Caspian region, by the headwaters of the Oxus, along the southern slopes of Tien Shan, through the Tarim Valley, and so on into the Valley of the Hoangho. As Prof. Harper Parker shows, there is not the slightest evidence for it, or for any migration at all. In Honan they were when they began to write their history: a civilized people, long unwarlike, and with nothing in them of the nomad or the pioneer. For a certain time we see them expanding: growing in culture, and driving back or absorbing Annamese, Tartars, Lolos, Miaotse, and all kinds of barbarians. There is no reason why, long before, they themselves should not have been hemmed in and driven back by Lolos, Miaotse, Annamese; and lost their ancient records, and the splendor of their culture, in such a critical and troublous

time. Twice in recent ages the empire has shrunk till nothing was China north of the Yangtse. In prehistoric times it may have shrunk in the opposite direction, till nothing south of the Yangtse was left. On the fall of the Hans, at the beginning of the third century A. D., Chinese civilization was swept away; not to be re-established until the rise of the southern dynasties in 420. T'sin Che Hwangti, for dynastic and political ends, ordered the destruction of all literature; had his dynasty continued, and carried on his policy, not only the memory of Yao, Shun, and Yu, Hia and Shang, but that of Chow, even that of Confucius himself, would have been entirely lost, or surviving only as the vaguest legend. The creation of the world and the establishment of the Chinese Empire, we should have been informed, took place about 220 B. C., under T'sin Che Hwangti's auspices, who also built the Great Wall. So that when we read of the semi-mythical records of some two and a quarter million years supposed to have elapsed between the Creation and Confucius; and when H. P. Blavatsky tells us that the Chinese possess the esoteric records of five million years, there is nothing in either statement that need cause surprise.

Nor is there anything conclusive, as to the era of Japanese origins, in the fact that the Kojiki and the Nihongi, the first records of Japan, were compiled no earlier than twelve centuries ago; and assign to universe and empire alike, an antiquity of about two millennia and a half, reckoning from the present time. . . . That is the vanishing-point of Japanese vision; but time is shaped like an hourglass, so to say; and could we see past the narrow neck, we should always see landscapes expanding. Indeed, this is the most widespread of all popular intuitions: that beyond the dark there was a bright antiquity. When we first catch a glimpse of the Japanese, towards the end of the sixth century A. D., they were busily expanding at the expense of the Ainos. A thousand years earlier, or indeed much less, by far the greater part of the island empire was in the hands of the Ainos. What happened in the millennia preceding: the millennia before the traditional foundation of the dynasty and creation of man? Aino expansion at the expense of the Japanese? Quite possibly, we should say. The slow wane of a Japanese empire and civilization before the onslaughts of a then more vigorous race of northern barbarians, who have now become the fast vanishing Ainos? Again, it is exceedingly possible. For these Altaic peoples were colonies from a highly civilized Atlantis, or from highly civilized colonies from Atlantis, originally; and their

foundations are remote, remote; we see not their beginnings at all.

For the neck of the hourglass in China, whose records are so much older than those of Japan, it is not clear where we must look. As far back as the reign of Yao, whose date of accession is given as 2356 B. C., we are perhaps on firm historical ground; although one may doubt whether that date is early enough. Beyond that point we emerge altogether into the golden haze of the legendary: the clearest kind of light there is, for those who can suit their vision to its waves and rays. First we have the Period of the Five Rulers. Fu-hsi, the earliest of these, is said to have ascended the throne in 2852; his body "terminated in the scaly folds of a serpent, and he had six Dragons for his counsellors." Statements not merely intelligible, but illuminating, to the student of Theosophy; who knows that the Dragon was of old the symbol of the esoteric Wisdom-Religion and of its Initiated Adepts; so with Fu-hsi we are in the period of the Adept Kings, the Divine Instructors of the human race. Twenty-eight centuries B. C. will hardly do for it; we must look for this time ages earlier. These primitive records, I suspect, are summaries of history, given in symbolic form; as if we were to write English History thus: King Heptarchy begat King Wessex; he, King Feudal; he, King Absolute, and he, King Parliament; each reigned for a hundred years. It is enough to know, for exoteric purposes; when the vista is across myriads of ages. And probably in China the summarization was far more drastic still: Fu-hsi and his dragon counsellors may represent the cyclic coming of seven great Teachers, with ages between each; the Five Rulers, of whom Fu-hsi was the first, may represent five epochal phases of the life of the race. You look back at the lamp-posts in a street, and can make no mistake as to the wide distance that separates the nearest from the nearest but one; you can see that distance exists between the first four or five of them, but not between those afar.

Before the Five Rulers there were ten Periods of Ascent; before these, the three August Periods: the Reigns of Man, Earth and Heaven. In the Reign of Man there were nine Jin Wang or Man Kings, with the faces of men and the bodies of Dragons; they divided the earth into nine empires. In the Reign of Earth, which preceded that of Man, eleven brothers, the Ti Wang or Earth Kings, held sovereignty; they were a "monstrous progeny made up of the membra disjecta of dragons, serpents, horses, and human beings." Before

them came the Reign of Heaven, during which twelve brothers, the Tien Wang or Heaven Kings, Dragons all of them, reigned each for eighteen thousand years. Before the Tien Wang was P'an-ku; he "came into being in the great Waste; his beginning is unknown. He understood the ways of Heaven and Earth, and comprehended the permutations of the two principles of Nature. He became the Chief and Prince of the Three Powers, and thereupon development began from Chaos." — So one of the evolutionist philosophers of Sung.

P'an-ku labored in the dark abyss, shaping the constellations with his chisel and mallet, rending the blackness of universal night with his vast hands. With him were the dragon, the phoenix, the tortoise, and the unicorn, his companions, unknown of origin as himself. Eighteen thousand years he labored; growing at the rate of six feet a day; then died, and all visible things and the creatures were fashioned of his parts.

How hope to explain the profundities concealed beneath all this symbolism? Symbolism, remember, is the shorthand of philosophy: you can write, in one little symbol, picture or story, what it should take you years and fat volumes to expound in language, and in intellectual and philosophical terms. One must study Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* and compare these Chinese teachings with the Cosmogony given there — Cosmogony according to the Esoteric School of all ages — to get the first glimmer of their meaning. Here, one can do no more than suggest that the labor will be found exceedingly worth while. If Madame Blavatsky's work illuminates this Chinese mythology — from which, if we recollect aright, she drew no illustrations, it in turn affords one more piece of evidence of the universality of the ancient Wisdom-Religion and of the existence of its Custodians.

We may note this much *en passant*: after the Creative Logos, P'an-ku, comes the Reign of the Twelve Heaven Kings, pure Dragons all of them, the Twelve Great Gods. Then comes the Reign of the Earth Kings, a "monstrous progeny" fashioned of the stuff of the inhabitants of past worlds and prior periods of evolution; the *Secret Doctrine* speaks of the attempts of Earth to create men, and how she brought forth monsters that were destroyed—"watermen, terrible and bad"—before the Gods, the Lords of Mind, incarnated. These last are the Jin Wang, or Man Kings, half men and half Dragons: the Divine Hosts when they had incarnated and mixed their dragonhood with human clay. And then there were "ten Periods of Ascent"

between the time of that incarnation and the reign of Fu-hsi, Man-Dragon still, but now definitely sovereign of China: which may refer to the three and a half Lemurian and six and a half Atlantean sub-races that waxed and waned before the Chinese emerged as the last sub-race of Atlantis.

These Preconfucian times remain, at least to our vision, too vague for any very definite picking out of the golden threads. There were Fu-hsi himself, and Yao, Shun, and Yu: these would have been members of the Great Brotherhood, if symbolism counts for aught. There was some stir of renewal in 1766 B. C., when the Shangs came in; another in 1122: the figures of the Founder of Chow, and of his brother, called the Duke of Chow, the founder of Confucius' native state of Lu in Shantung, are not too shadowy, and would appear to have had some power and spiritual reality behind them. The Duke was always on the lips of Confucius, cited as an example of the Sage or Adept. But with Muh Wang of Chow (1001-947 B. C.), we come upon a thread that glitters strangely gold-like, and which was thereafter to run through all the fabric of Chinese history, appearing and reappearing. In 984 and the two following years, Muh Wang made an expedition westward into the unknown: into the Gobi Desert — no desert then — and fairyland. "With his charioteer Tsao-fu and his eight marvelous horses, he went wherever wheel-ruts ran and the hoofs of steeds had trodden." He came to the Lake of Gems, on whose bank grew the Peachtree of Immortality; from its branches birds of azure plumage ever and ever fly upon their errands of love. Near by was the abode of wonder, the mountain palace of Siwang-Mu, the "Royal Lady of the West," whom he visited; she lived there surrounded by her hosts of genii. According to the *Secret Doctrine*, there is to this day an unvisited lake in that region, in a far oasis whereto no caravan comes; and in an island there the secret and sacred records of the world are kept. . . . Certain writers have suggested that the mysticism which, some few centuries later, blossomed in the teachings of Laotse, drifted east from Siwang-Mu with Muh Wang's returning expedition. The suggestion appeals, we must confess. The whole story smacks of Taoism — a Taoism before Laotse. Taoism is steeped all through with this spirit of wonder in the sunset and wonders beyond. Laotse himself when it had become apparent that he could do no more in the Chow capital, rode away on his ox into that same West. Out of the unknown he came, and into the West and the unknown he returned.

A GRACEFUL CLIMB-DOWN

CURATIVE PROPERTIES OF THE TOAD

A CERTAIN writer says: "That some species of toads secrete a substance that is highly poisonous when taken into the circulation is now recognized by all authorities to be more than a superstition."

Reading further, we find that it has been found that the poison consists of two compounds, one of which is a useful medical agent known as adrenalin. A professor of science, speaking of it, recounts the history of the toad as a medical agent. From the earliest times various races have thus made use of its skin. The Chinese use it as a cure for dropsy; the New England colonists made an ointment for sprains and rheumatism by using water in which toads had been boiled. This professor succeeded in obtaining adrenalin from toads, and also another substance, which has curative properties in dropsy and has been named bufagin. And he remarks: "We have here another instance of the every-day observation of mankind justified by science. That powdered toad-skin could cure dropsy had been ridiculed by the learned for a century, and now we possess . . . the actual proof of the correctness of the old belief."

This comment seems to bring out the fact that there are some people who will deny anything which they cannot explain in accordance with their own formulas, or within the prescribed limits of their own knowledge — no matter how well the thing may be attested. This shows an inability to estimate the relative value of different kinds of evidence; and, as so often proved, that inability turns out disastrously. The writer we quote credits "science" with having justified the ancient belief, and thereby he incidentally saddles "science" with the blame for having first rejected the ancient belief. As for ourselves, we prefer to blame particular people rather than whole bodies; and if there are any such people in science, they discredit that holy name. What about the influence of the moon on vegetation and what about the divining rod? What about the curative waters that were called superstition because chemists could not find any curative salts in them, and then reinstated them when radium was discovered? E.

THE SUPREME SCIENCE: by T. Henry, M.A.



JUST as there is a supreme Religion, underlying all religions, so there must be a supreme Science, underlying all sciences. But the supreme Religion and the supreme Science are one and the same thing — or, at any rate, two aspects of the same thing. The supreme Science is the Science of Being, the Science which reveals to man the mysteries of his own nature, shows him the meaning of life, and sets his feet on the Way.

The desire to do right needs to be accompanied by wisdom, or it may waste itself in fruitless emotion. We desire to overcome selfishness, which we recognize to be the source of misery in ourselves and the world; but we should have a much better chance of succeeding if we understood our own nature better. Selfishness is the result of ignorance, say the scriptures; and rightly, for it is evidently a consequence of our confusion with regard to the nature of our own faculties. There is in us a function that looks after the personal interests; or, rather, it is a group of many functions, each of which is interested in some bodily concern. In the animal kingdom these functions work normally and harmlessly, and their due fulfilment constitutes the law of animal life. But man has the intellect as well. Hence what in the animals are harmless instincts, become in man powerful calculated motives. This combination of the personal desires and the intellect is not a stable combination, and it results in continued misfortunes and occasional great catastrophes. It is, in fact, a transition stage through which man is passing, and from which he is destined to emerge.

Here we have a key that will unlock a great deal of the mystery of human life. The pivotal point in a man's nature is this mysterious principle which has just been called the "intellect," and which is designated in Theosophical nomenclature *manas*. The animal has a certain degree of *manas*; but in man the *manas* is of quite a different nature, owing to the *fact* that man is half divine in his origin. For, as taught in Theosophy and all the old systems, man has, in addition to his natural heredity, his divine progenitors. Hence the mind in man is not merely conscious, but *self-conscious* — a condition never found in the animal kingdom.

But man prostitutes the light which he has acquired to the satisfaction of his desires; and he acquires a limited intelligence that suffices to lead him astray. Man is engaged in a far higher task than are his younger brothers the animals; for he is endowed with a portion of self-will and independence of judgment. This endowment

brings with it both privileges and penalties. Ancient allegories agree in telling us that man, at one stage of his history, was offered the choice of this gift and accepted it. In so doing, he incurred the liability of guilt, but also entered upon a long and mighty destiny. It is important for us to observe that this allegory has been sadly confused by the mistaken interpretations put upon it; so that man now finds himself, in his hour of need, hampered by many dogmas and illusions that hide the light of truth instead of revealing it. We need therefore to take our religions and see if we cannot interpret them better, and understand aright the message which the great Masters of Compassion really wished to convey to us.

The science of the question reduces itself to this: that man has to study and learn how he may disentangle his intellect from its bondage to the personal desires, and unite it more closely with the Divine image in man. For the reality of this Divine image in man we have abundant warrant in the different World-scriptures.

Now the point to be made at present is that the above is largely a *scientific* question; and that right living is not purely a question of sentiment and emotion but a question of common sense and science as well. And it may also be pointed out, in passing, that this is a very much worthier application of science than all the mystification and "hot-air" about higher powers and culture of the will and magnetism and astralism and what-not, that some people are running after. That cannot help the world; it is not Theosophy but vanity and vexation of spirit.

And now for a practical point. It is surely not too much to say that the whole face of the world would soon be altered if the rising generation could be brought up from childhood in the knowledge of their Divine nature, and in the knowledge of the ways of making that Divine nature manifest as a power in their lives. As it is, children are brought up in a state of doubt and confusion matching the state of confusion and doubt in which their parents and teachers find themselves. This being so, can we wonder that writers of every sort and kind — clerical and lay, literary and scientific — are flooding the papers with a perfect maelstrom of speculations and theories and moralizings and prophesyings, the total effect of which is to leave readers stranded as hopelessly as before. How can people expect to throw off at once the effect of so much wrong training administered in their youth? But the other side of the picture is full of hope; for, if peo-

ple can be educated in the right way instead of the wrong, the confusion will never arise.

Now the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is an organization of immense strength and resources, bent upon putting to practical use the keys given by H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society. One of these keys has just been stated; it is that of the dual nature of man — Divine and animal, with the mysterious human nature between the two poles. This would seem simple enough, yet the world seems to have forgotten it and to need reminding of it. Above all, the teaching has to be made practical and not allowed to remain a mere philosophic curiosity. It has been demonstrated that even Theosophy can be twisted into a mere academic study, barren of fruits, by people lacking in purpose and enthusiasm.

It is of little use merely to place teachings before the world on printed paper or in words from the lecture platform. Energetic and devoted work is required; and the only way to move the world is by example. Hence the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is a body of earnest workers, all endeavoring to realize the Theosophical principles in their own lives. Visitors from all parts of the world are now able to come to Lomaland and witness some of the results of this practical application of Theosophical principle; especially in the Râja-Yoga system of education.

This system of education is based upon Theosophical teachings, not least among which stands the above teaching of the essential Divinity of man. Not that the young people are troubled with any abstruse doctrinal questions, nor given any teachings that would stir their self-consciousness and make them morbidly introspective. Such a course is not necessary and would be harmful. It has often been said — and this is especially applicable to the case in hand — that right teaching consists largely in refraining from wrong teaching. So much can be done by merely refraining from teaching the children wrong things that children are generally taught. But in addition to this they *are* taught, from earliest years, to rely upon that inner source of strength which every human being has; and by its means to master their passions and weaknesses. Hence the results achieved by them and witnessed by the visitors.

In Theosophical Manuals will be found a table of the “Seven Principles of Man,” which should certainly be studied by those who wish to understand the question on its practical side. We should get the

idea that such teachings as this are intended to be of practical service.

From that table and its accompanying explanations we learn that the real Self or "I" in man is located in his higher nature, and that a temporary and fictitious self or personality is produced by the union of the mind with the lower nature. This shows us at once that our personality is not the immortal part of us, but is more like a mask that we have put on, or a part which the real Self is playing in a drama. Hence we have before us the prospect of an attainment to a fuller knowledge of the mysteries of life. This is a great consolation to weary souls who may have relapsed into a kind of pessimism, thinking the riddle of life can never be solved. For know, reader, that, like you, Theosophists may have had times when they have said to themselves that life is all a stupid cruel farce, and that the only thing to do is to wait for the great release — death. All deep-thinking people pass through such crises, and the strong natures emerge strengthened and purified; for it is our own earnest desire for knowledge that brings these trials down upon us. And it is possible to have other times — times when a ray of light strikes upon the mind from some interior source and we get a momentary sense that life is after all a sublime and beautiful thing. But naturally the weak untrained mind, ill-supported by its bodily instrument, is unable to grasp the reality of such a vision; and all but the dim remembrance fades, leaving however enough to strengthen resolve anew.

But it is possible to train our nature gradually so that the mind can reflect more and more of the light from within and we may be gradually lifted out of a narrow into a larger and better life.

It is mainly a question of getting ourselves oriented in the right direction at the start. One use, therefore, of the Theosophical teachings is to keep people from following false lights. The Theosophical teachings, with their appeal to reason and to the individual approval of each man, exact no arbitrary allegiance. They consist of an ancient and universal Science, the supreme Science, the Science of Being. This has been specially interpreted for modern requirements; and the proof that Theosophy is what it claims to be is given by H. P. Blavatsky in her writings, which she submits (as stated in her prefaces) to the judgment of the reader. Students of Theosophy, some of them old students under H. P. Blavatsky, and who have therefore studied the teachings for more than a quarter of a century, have found that the teachings are indeed a guide in life; and that their

knowledge grows in proportion as they strive to render those principles practical in their lives. The teaching of the Seven Principles of Man is no exception; it is the key that unlocks the mysteries of human nature. Theosophists are only anxious to pass on the help they have received from their teachers; for, though they make no claim to be more than students themselves, that does not prevent them from wishing to help.

In bygone days people used to demand "proofs" for anything which Theosophists might advance; and they were answered that the supreme and only satisfactory proof of the truth of a doctrine is its theoretical and practical efficacy. The time would soon come, we have often written in these pages, when the world would find itself in dire straits and would be asking for something that could help; and we are now able to say that that time is at hand. The world would be only too glad of a philosophy that could really help it just now to establish peace and lay the foundation of a permanent peace. And if Theosophy proves able to satisfy this demand, Theosophy will thereby have vindicated itself.

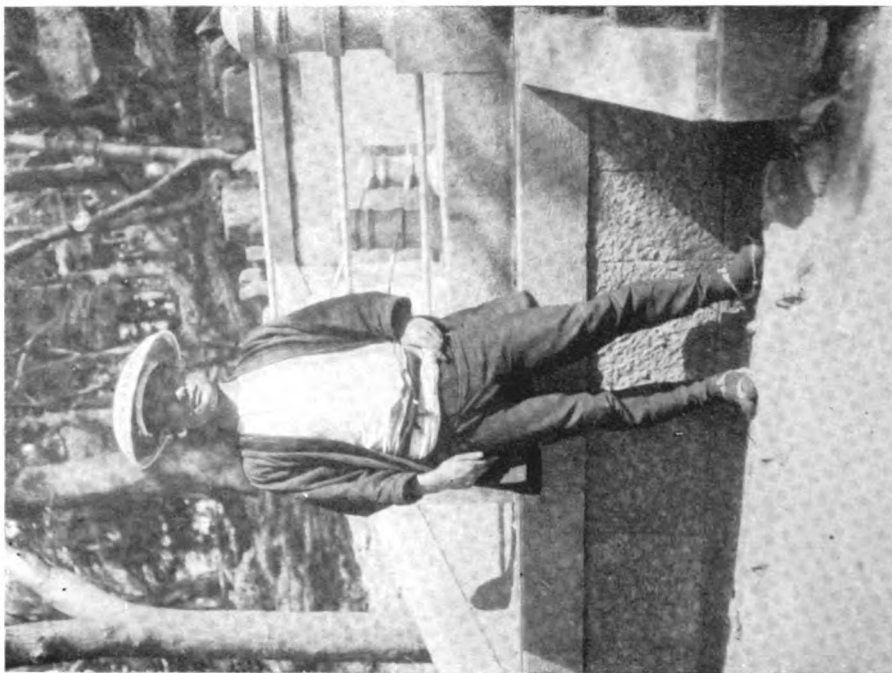
The Science of Being is no new invention, but has always existed; and there have been races and nations that knew a great deal more of it than our civilization yet does. Archaeology shows us that many peoples of the far distant past were consummate artists and builders; and it is only reasonable to infer that their intelligence was likewise of a consummate order. The Wisdom-Religion or Supreme Science was diffused over many lands, and this fact is attested by the wonderful similarity of culture and symbology which these ancient races show in their remains in widely distant lands. It is this Wisdom-Religion that is the source of all religions; but at present the world of scholarship is over-ridden with the fad of applying certain doctrines to everything, religion included; and so the scholars try to establish an evolution of religion from the supposed elementary sentiments and fancies of savage races. But knowledge is handed down; and it is also resuscitated and recovered by means of reincarnation. For the Souls of people who lived long ago must revisit the earth at the time appointed by cyclic law, bringing with them the knowledge they had before, which thus reappears as what we vaguely call genius and inspiration.

The truth is always grandly simple; yet we know that the simplest things escape observation and defy imitation. We can recognize the

beauty of a Greek temple, and we can say how simple it is; yet what better can we do than copy it? To discover or invent a new style demands a genius, an inspiration. And the same is true of folk-melodies. The teachings of Theosophy too are grandly simple when once known, and so are the rules which secure harmony in human life.

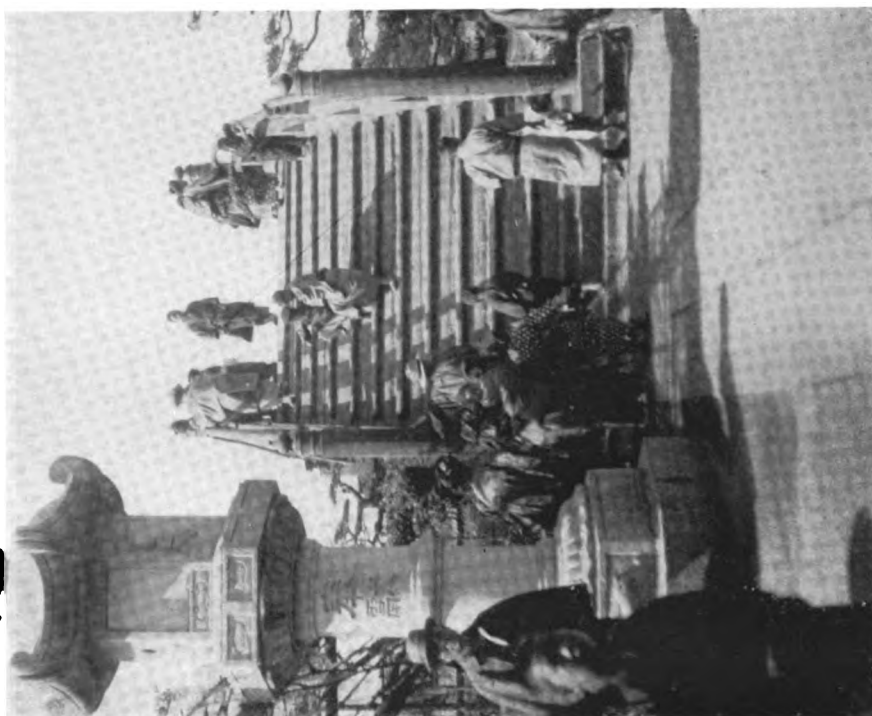
The field covered by Theosophy is boundless, for its keys can be applied to the elucidation of any problem in science, religion, or what not. But the first step is to learn the mysteries of our complex human nature, so that we may be able to stand firm amid the thousand distractions.

Modern physics and chemistry deal with a universe, and its contents, which are perceived and conceived under the form of spatial extension; and therefore the scope of these sciences are restricted. But spatially extended existences are by no means the only kind of existences. Thoughts, for instance, are actual existences; and when we think, we deal with substantial realities, just as much as we do when we handle physical implements. Modern physics is obliged to postulate elementary forms of matter in order to account for phenomena; but it always tries to conceive of these underlying forms of matter as being spatially extended, just as ordinary matter is. Yet there must be bounds to the physical universe, and beyond these bounds we step off into realms where matter is not subject to ordinary spatial conditions. The mysterious bridge between mind and matter is evidently the clue to an unraveling of many mysteries. There are higher branches of science, unknown to modern culture, which deal with objective realities just as much as our modern science does; but these realities are not objective to the physical senses but to other senses, not yet developed in the ordinary man. Hence science is really a question of self-development, and all branches of science are inseparable parts of the great science of life. Knowledge implies obligation; and the results of attempting to pursue knowledge in detachment from the sense of obligation to duty are disastrous; for the discoveries and inventions that are made become contributory to evil and in themselves prove powerless to prevent it. In studying such a work as H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine*, we can see that the author keeps back far more than she reveals. Yet she points the path on which the seeker for knowledge should set his feet. He must be able to show that the service of humanity is his prime motive. The student of the higher science must qualify before he can practise, just as in other studies.

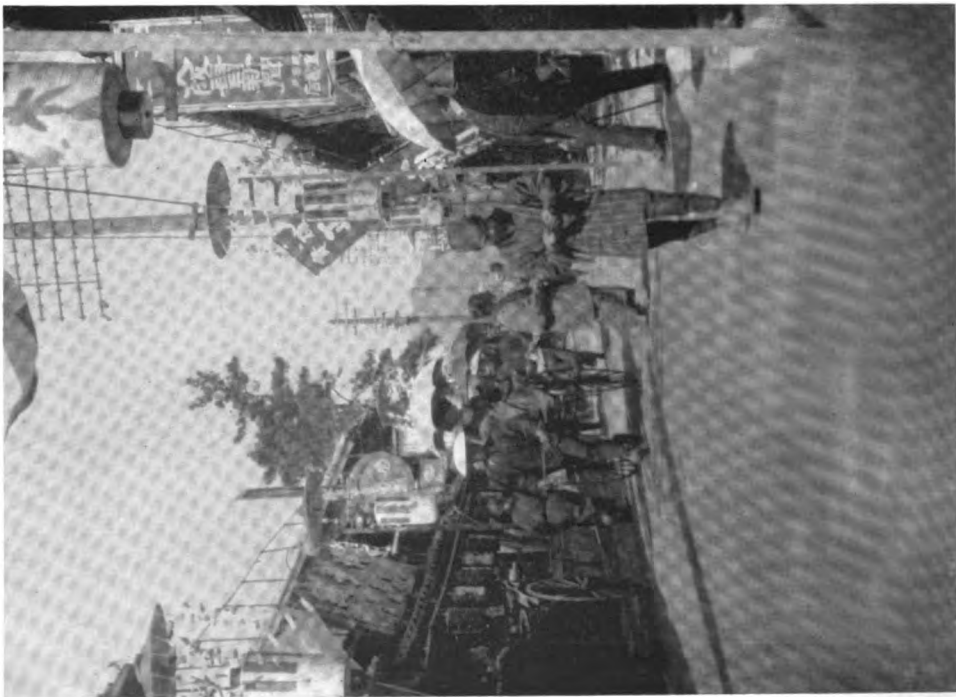


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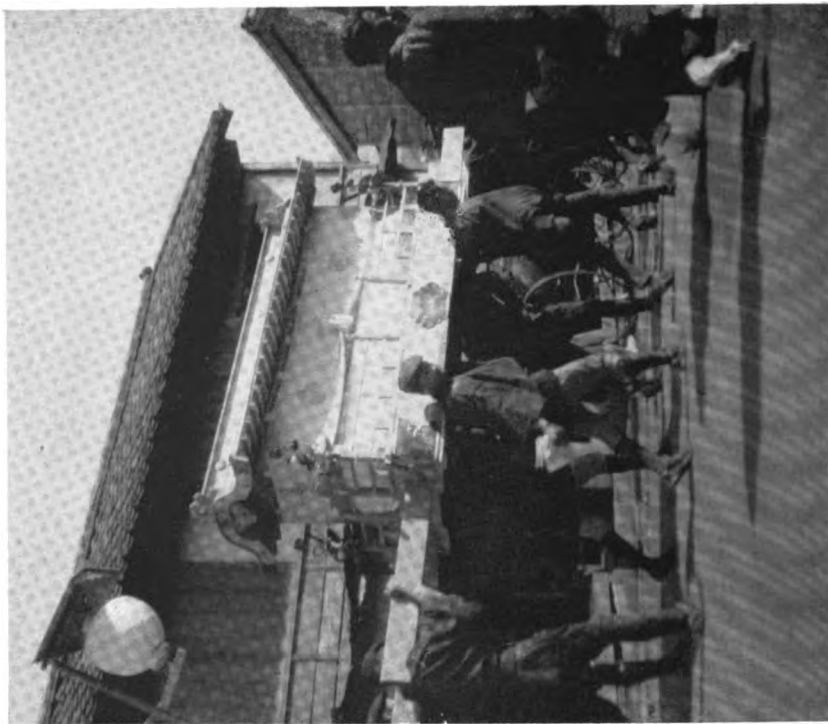
RICKSHAW MAN, NAGASAKI, JAPAN



IN THE GARDEN OF THE KAMEIDO TEMPLE, KYŌTO



STREET IN NAGASAKI



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A SHINTO FUNERAL PROCESSION



JAPANESE CHILDREN

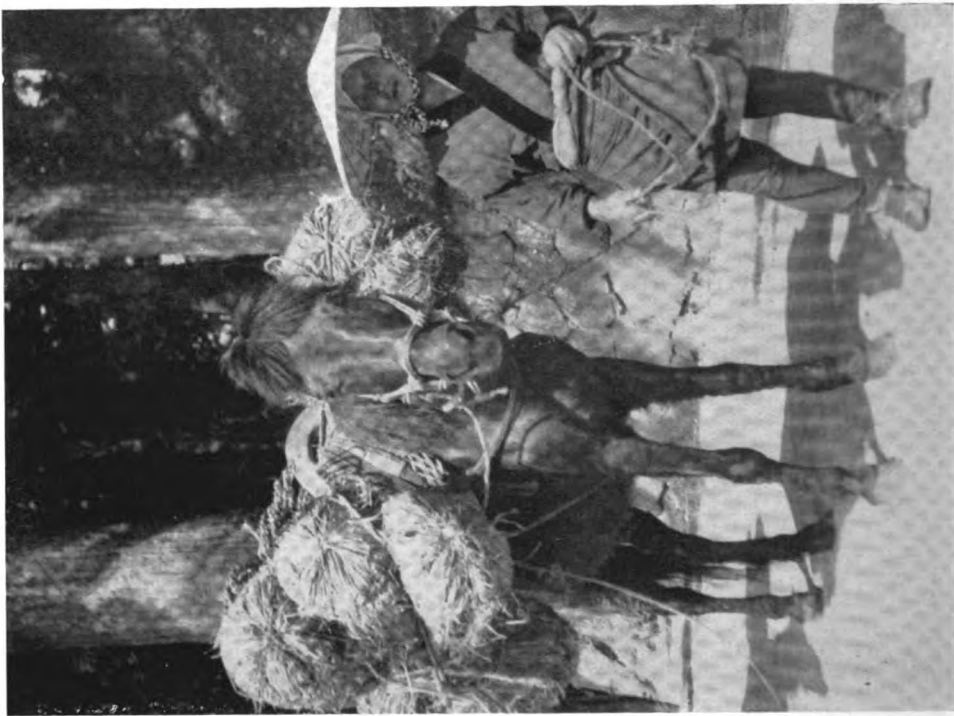


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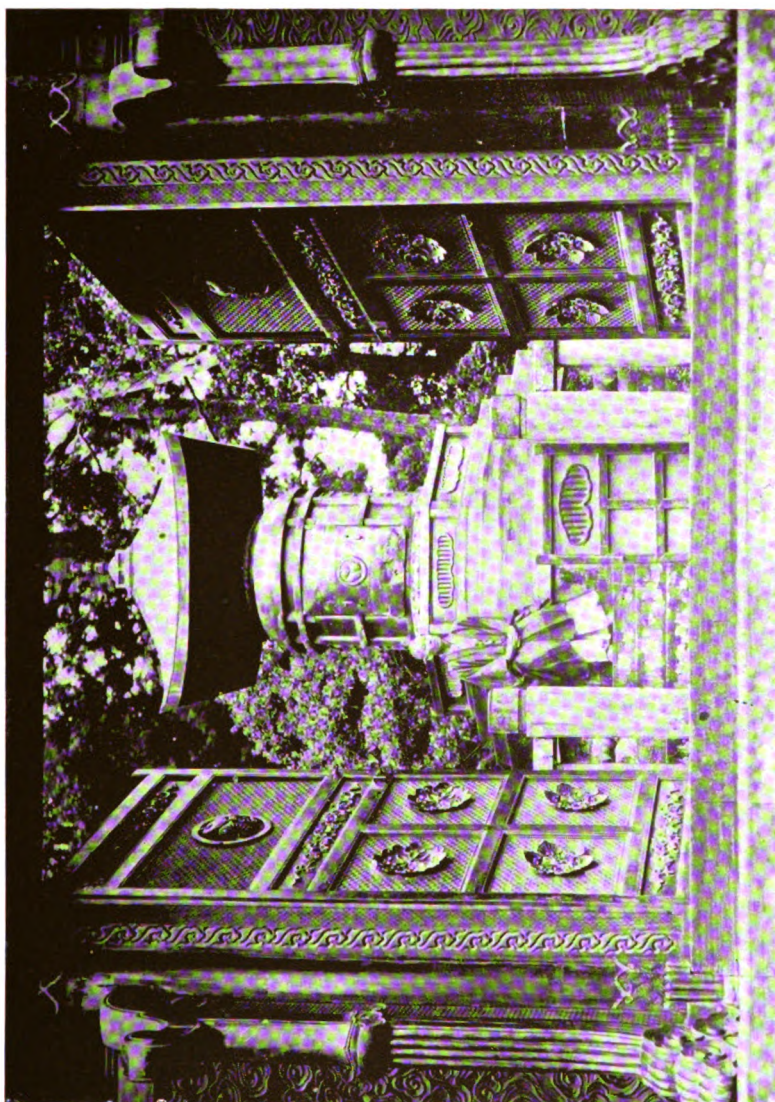
A YOUNG MOTHER: JAPAN



FISHMONGER: MIYANOSHITA

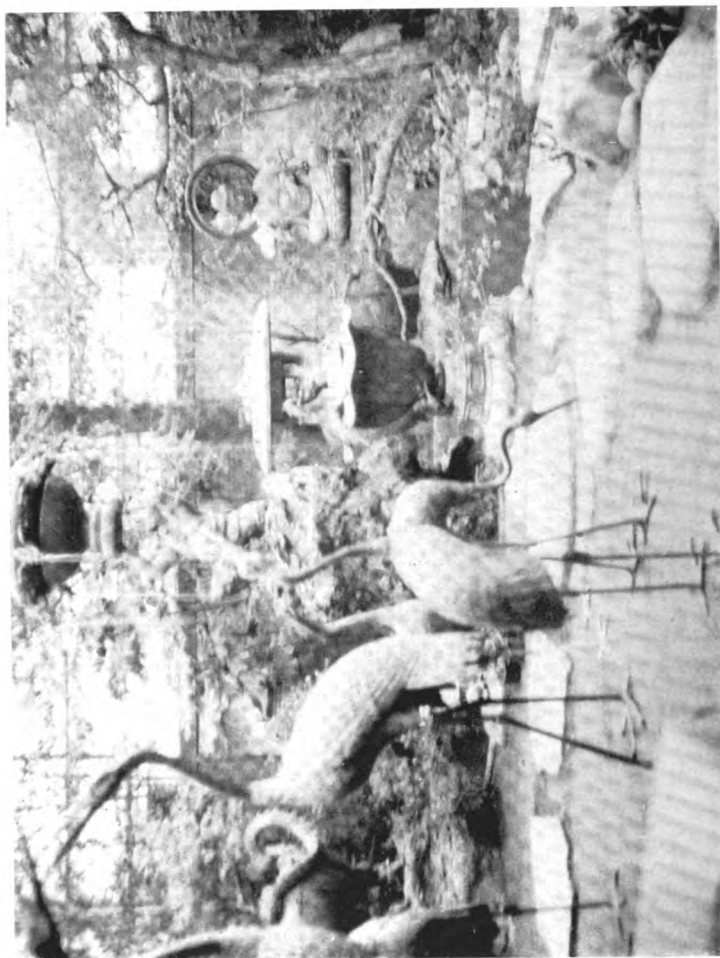


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A WOMAN "MULETEER," NIKKO MOUNTAINS



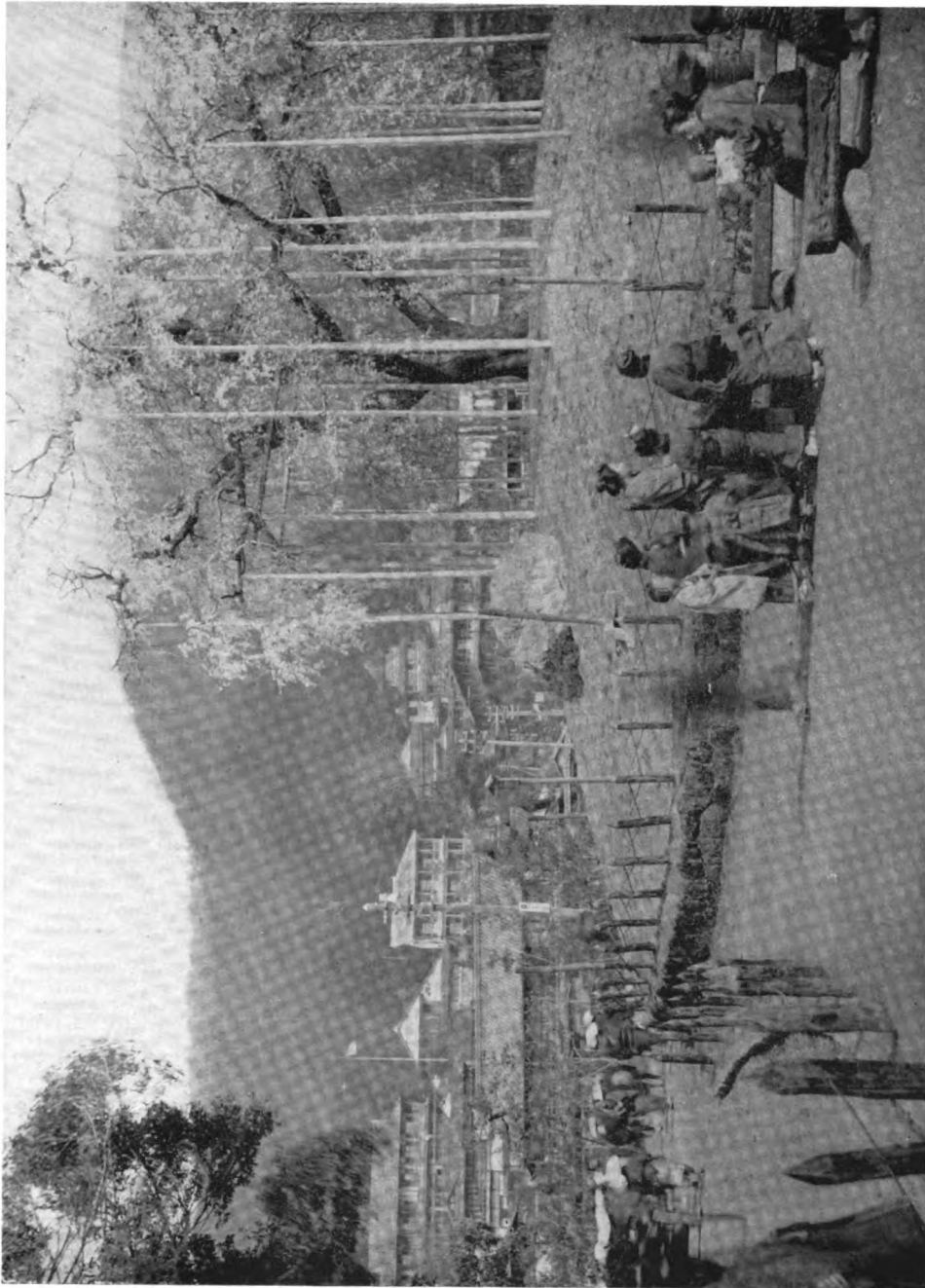
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A SHŌGUN'S TOMB AT SHIBA, TŌKYŌ



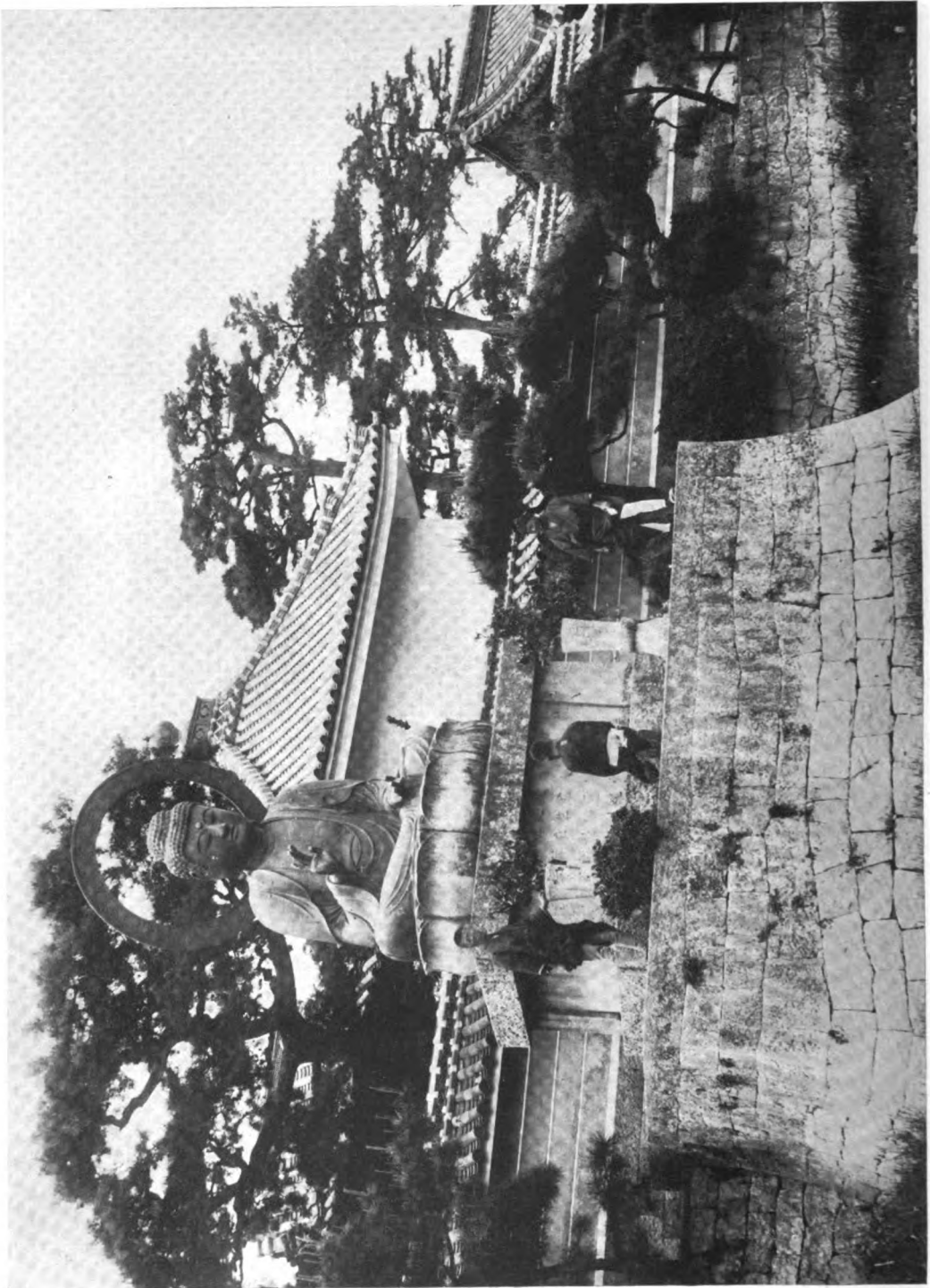
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A TYPICAL JAPANESE GARDEN



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A JAPANESE SCENE



THE TEMPLE AT KOBE, JAPAN

THE TOWER OF THE GANDHARVAS:

by Ephraim Soulsby Paton

(With Pen and Ink Drawings by R. Machell)



RIGHTNESS, honor, power, splendor of countenance and Vedic glory, these things, verily, were possessed in former times by Atidhanvan-Sanaka, king of the Videhas, in such measure that there was none like him to be found in the world, and even the gods were astonished. On his body, it is said, were the two and thirty marks of perfect birth; and the birthmarks of the Chakravartin: the wheel, the orb, the discus of unbounded sovereignty. To speak of the tributary monarchs that bowed down to him, would be, as it were, to limit the infinity of his power; from the seven continents they came, bearing wealth to his treasure house. His armies went forth even to Pâtâla; and such was the fame of his beneficence, that they achieved victory without the shedding of blood. He conquered the resplendent worlds. "Whatever tribute we may pay to him," said the kings of the earth, "it is upon us that the balance of benefit falls." Among the countless crores of his slaves and subjects there was none to hanker after the lightening of his yoke; none to complain, or desire any other lord than he.

All of which pertained to his rank as Chakravartin; but heaven knows he was more and greater than a Chakravartin possessing world-sovereignty. Shvetaketu-Dalbhya overheard seven flamingos discoursing as they flew over the palace in the night. "Short-sighted brothers," said the leader of them, "fly not too near, lest the splendor of the good deeds of Atidhanvan-Sanaka scorch your wings." Ushasti-Shâlâvatya listened while the bull of the herd was conversing with the cows. "As for Atidhanvan-Sanaka," said the bull, "he, verily, is to be named with Raikva with the Car." —"How was it with that Raikva?" asked the cows; "and how is it with Atidhanvan-Sanaka?" —"As in a game of dice," said the bull, "all the lower casts belong to him who conquers with the Krita cast, so all good deeds performed by other men belonged of old to Raikva, and belong now to the King of the Videhas." Prasnâyana-Jaivali heard the altar-flame soliloquizing. "Atidhanvan-Sanaka," said the flame, "knows

that Golden Person who is seen within the sun, with golden beard and golden hair, whose eyes are like blue lotuses, and who is golden altogether to the tips of his nails. Atidhanvan-Sanaka, verily, knows the Golden Person, the Lonely Bird. . . .”

And he who knows this, says the Upanishad, knows Brahman.

Certainly, then, the king knew Brahman. Though he was a warrior of the Kshattriya tribe, many that were Brahmins came to him to learn wisdom. They put questions to him, and he answered their questions: revealing to them the Self, making known to them the wanderings of the Lonely Bird. That which is the Breath of the breath, the Eye of the eye, the Ear of the ear, the Dwarf in the heart, he revealed it to them. Then he put questions to them, and they were dumb. “Master,” said those proud ones, “teach us!”

Kingly indeed was Atidhanvan-Sanaka: a majestic man, black-bearded, with dark and flashing eyes, severe and noble of aspect. He was constantly in action; constantly shining forth surrounded with the pomp and magnificence of his sovereignty; no one ever beheld him at rest. As with chanting of Vedic hymns and with ceremonial rites, the priests conduct the sacrifice; as the sun passes through heaven, adoring that Brahman; so Atidhanvan-Sanaka conducted the affairs of the world. “Whatsoever the sun or the moon sees, or the light or the darkness hears; whatsoever the heart conceives, or the hand performs, or the tongue whispers, he knoweth it, he knoweth it,” said the people. And yet where one feared him, millions loved him; and so great was the influence of his will and benevolence, that righteousness was maintained everywhere, and evil put down firmly in every quarter of the world.

Now in those days there dwelt three ascetics in the Forest of Grantha-Nagari: Vaka-Kâkshaseni, Satyakâma-Kâpeya, and Gautama-Kaushîtakeya, or as he was called, Pautraya-Glâva. They were assiduous in the quest of wisdom, and had spent three hundred years in meditation; performing many penances, and silently repeating the udgîtha. They had attained to many powers; yet there was that, verily, to which they had not attained.

At the end of a hundred years, Vaka-Kâkshaseni said: “Sir, Satyakâma-Kâpeya, knowest thou that Brahman?”

“I know it not,” said he.

At the end of the second hundred years Satyakâma-Kâpeya said:

"Sir, Gautama-Kaushîtakeya, or as thou art called, Pautraya-Glâva, knowest thou that Brahman?"

"I know it not," said he.

At the end of the third hundred years Gautama-Kaushîtakeya rose up and said: "Sirs, we have dwelt here these three hundred years in meditation, performing many penances, governing the inbreathing and the outbreathing, and silently repeating the udgîtha. We, verily, have attained to many powers; yet there is that to which we have not attained. And there is that Atidhanvan-Sanaka, king of the Videhas: a Kshattriya, housed about in worldly pomp, and performing day by day the mere duties of a world-sovereign: practising neither meditation nor study of the Veda; governing none of the breaths; performing no penance nor austerities, nor repeating silently sacred texts; and yet it is said that he knows the Brahman. Is it your opinion that we should go to him, and request him to teach us?"

"We are Brahmins, and he is a Kshattriya," said they. "Were we to seek as our Teacher one unworthy to teach us, our heads might fall off."

"Our heads might fall off, truly," said he.

Then said Satyakâma-Kâpeya: "Sir, Vaka-Kâkshaseni, what is thy opinion?"

"That one of us should go into the palace in disguise, and make inquiry as to the king's knowledge, and by what means he has gained it," said he.

And they said: "Sir, Gautama-Kaushîtakeya, do thou go."

Gautama-Kaushîtakeya took the guise of a sweeper, and went into the city, and mingled with the crowd that gathered in the morning when Atidhanvan-Sanaka came into the Hall of Justice. He saw the king ascend the throne, like the splendor of the sun at dawn into a sky of gold and scarlet, of clear saffron and bright vermilion. He listened while the judgments were being given, and understood that no lie might be maintained against the king's perspicacity of vision. He saw that whatsoever deed was done, or thought thought, or word spoken, it was known to Atidhanvan-Sanaka, and could not be concealed from him. He abided there from dawn until noon, marveling more and more. The motions of the king's hands, it seemed to him, were as the motions of Karma to administer rewards and punishments; the glances of the king's eyes seemed to him to penetrate com-

passionately into all the corners of the earth. At the end of the morning the people prostrated themselves, and said: "Justice hath been done, even to the ultimate particular"; and Gautama-Kaushitakeya answered: "Yea, justice hath been done." And he was not a man to be impressed with outward shows.

Then he went back to the forest. "Hast thou any news, sir?" said his companions.

"Sirs," he answered, "the glory of Atidhanvan-Sanaka, as he ascendeth the throne of Justice in the morning, is like the glory of the sun at dawn ascending into a heaven robed in gold and scarlet, in diaphanous saffron and vermilion lovely to behold. His person, verily, is like the Golden Person that is seen in the sun, whose eyes are like blue lotuses, and who is golden altogether to the tips of his nails. I listened in the Hall of Justice during the morning, and ceased not to marvel even at noon, when he went forth. The motions of his hands were as the motions of Karma, rewarding hidden merit, and punishing concealed wrong. No lie in the world might be maintained against the clear perspicacity of his vision."

Satyakâma-Kâpeya said: "There is nothing in this concerning knowledge of the Brahman."

Gautama-Kaushitakeya, or as he was called, Pautraya-Glâva, said: "Sir, what is thy opinion?"

"That another of us should go in disguise to the palace," said he. "Sir, Vaka-Kâkshaseni, do thou go."

Vaka-Kâkshaseni went forth in the guise of a Kshattriya, and rode into the city at noon, and came into the Hall of Audience where the tributary kings and the ambassadors of foreign lands were waiting. There were seven score great princes present in the hall, all of them wise and mighty leaders: handsome to the eye of the beholder, and their apparel exceedingly rich and adorned with gold and rubies, with costly emeralds and pearls. Then came in Atidhanvan-Sanaka and took his place upon the throne, with sovereign magnificence like the heaven-riding sun at noon; and with glory of countenance and Vedic splendor so multiplied upon him, that whoever else was present seemed but as a little candle lighted at midday in the face of the golden sun. The motions of his hands were the upholding and giving peace to distant empires; the glances of his eyes were enlightenment

for far and barbarous peoples; the words of his mouth, even the least of them, brought peace where there had been contention, and brotherly kindness where there had been ambition, envy, and strife. Vaka-Kâkshaseni marveled until nightfall, and did not cease to marvel when the king went forth; although, as was well known, he was not a man to be impressed by outward shows and pomp.

Then he returned to the forest of Grantha-Nagarî, and sought his companions.

"Sir," said they, "hast thou learned the secret?"

"The glory of Atidhanvan-Sanaka," said he, "is like the glory of the heaven-riding sun at noon: aloof, magnificent, sovereign, not to be contemplated with naked vision. All the other princes of the world, appearing in his presence, are as little candles lighted in the face of the noonday sun. I listened, marveling, while he received the kings of distant countries. The movements of his hands uphold their empires. The glances of his eyes bring enlightenment to barbarous peoples, and spread joy and delight over the world. Even the least of his words cause peace to be where formerly were strife, envy, and ambitious contention."

Gautama-Kaushitakeya said: "There is nothing in this concerning the knowledge of Brahman."

Vaka-Kâkshaseni said: "Sir, what is thy opinion?"

"That the third of us should go to the palace in disguise, and make inquiries. Sir, Satyakâma-Kâpeya," said he, "do thou go."

"I will go tomorrow," said he.

On the morrow he went forth in the guise of a sweeper, and came into the Hall of Justice at noon, when Atidhanvan-Sanaka had made an end of judging the people. In the doorway, as the crowd went out, he met a man of the sweeper caste, and questioned him. "Sir," said he, "by what means is it reputed that the King attains his knowledge? All that hath been spoken or thought or done, it appears, is known to him. How is this?"

"Come into the garden and I will show thee," said the sweeper.

They went out and came beside a lake wherein lotuses bloomed, some in color like the snows of Himala, some like the clouds of sunset, some like the middle blue deepness of the sky at noon. In the midst of the lake was a tower, very lofty, and built of coral and ivory; it rose from no island; about its base the floating leaves and the blos-

soms of the lotuses lolled, and the blue waters reflected the clouds.

"It is called the Tower of the Gandharvas," said the sweeper. "The King goes up into it nightly, and feasts there upon celestial food, and Indra and Prajapati, they say, are his companions. And the Gandharvas, the celestial singers, come to them in the tower, winging their way hither out of the region between the earth and the moon. Many that pass through the garden in the night hear their singing; it is sweeter than any sound that may be imagined by man. They sing for Atidhanvan-Sanaka until dawn; making known to him, as to their Teacher, all that is spoken or thought or done."

"That may be," thought Satyakâma-Kâpeya; "but there is nothing in it concerning the knowledge of the Brahman."

He went forth, and meditated upon that until dusk. Then he assumed the guise of a hotri priest, and rose up, and went into the Hall of Audience when Atidhanvan-Sanaka was making an end of receiving the tributary kings and ambassadors, and saw that all were filled with awe and astonishment on account of the Vedic splendor of the King. Going up to another priest, he said to him:

"Sir, tell me to what Atidhanvan-Sanaka owes his astonishing glory. There is none like him, truly, in the world; even, it is said, he knows the Brahman. Where gaineth he this perennial knowledge?"

"Sir," said the Brahmin, "come with me into the garden, and I will show thee."

He led him to the shore of the lake, and pointed to the tower. "Therein he receives illumination by night," said the Brahmin. I think that one of the Rishis dwells there, and imparts instruction to him between nightfall and dawn. From his going in until his coming out, celestial music issues from the tower; wherefore the ignorant call it the Tower of the Gandharvas, and consider that it is those celestial singers who instruct him. It may be, indeed, that the Gandharvas sing during the instruction; or it may be that the music is caused by the mere words of the Sage his Teacher."

"That is very probable," thought Satyakâma-Kâpeya; "but there is nothing in it concerning the knowledge of Brahman."

He went forth, and meditated upon that until midnight; then rose up, and took upon him the guise of a moth, and flew into the garden. Verily, the whole place was filled with celestial music that issued from the tower: a sweet flood of sound intense with holiness and peace, making the scented night wonderful with holiness and

peace. He lighted down on the closed petals of a lotus on the lake, and listened; and it appeared to him that he was very near to the knowledge of the Brahman. Then he flew up, and hovered round the tower, seeking a cranny by which he might enter; and found one at last, and went in. As he entered, he heard the music no longer.

Nor saw anything that he expected to see: neither the chamber of a king, nor the cell of an ascetic engaged in samâdhi. "He is not here," he said, and prepared to fly forth again; but stayed. "I will watch this conflict," said he. This is what he saw:

A lantern hung from the ceiling, shedding vague light over a room barren of adornments, with floor and walls covered with filth and slime, and filled with an abominable stench that rose out of a vast pit in the midst of the floor. And there was a man in the room, struggling with a demon. Stripped to the waist he was; blood and sweat poured from his body scarred with old wounds and new. The muscles of his limbs stood out in his agony; the clutch of the demon was upon him; in dreadful silence they writhed and swayed and struggled. All night long Satyakâma-Kâpeya, strangely interested, watched



them fighting. Fouler and more hideous was the demon than man's imagining can paint. Now one, now the other seemed uppermost. All night long in dreadful silence they writhed and strove and made conflict: in dumb agony the one, in foul malignity the other striving. "But where is Atidhanvan-Sanaka?" thought the ascetic; "where are Indra and Prajapati?"

Dawn-light shone in at last, and then the man gathered up the demon in his arms, and lifted it in the air, and crushed the vile life out of it, and flung it into the pit that was in the midst of the floor. Then he stood up, and the sunlight fell upon him. And Satyakâma-Kâpeya saw the marks of the wounds upon his body glow in the sunlight; and behold, they were the two and thirty marks of perfect

birth; and amongst them, shining like the sun, the signs of the Chakravartin: the wheel, the orb, the discus of world-sovereignty. . . .

He flew forth meditating, and came in his own guise to the forest. "Sirs," he said, "I have found the secret. He, verily, is fitted to be our Teacher. Come!"

That day the three of them came to Atidhanvan-Sanaka, bearing fuel in their hands. "Sir," said they, "teach us the Brahman."

"Be it so," said he. "Abide ye in the palace as fuel carriers for seven years; then come to me again."

JULIUS KRONBERG: by P. F.

JULIUS KRONBERG, the eminent Swedish painter and one of the leaders of European art-life for the last forty years, early took his position as an exponent of the classic art of Antiquity, and of its renaissance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. With extensive use of allegory in expressing his conceptions, a profound knowledge that commanded respect, and the assiduous industry which marks the true artist, he has given the world paintings so joyous and rich, and on so grand a scale, that they seem to breathe the life of the golden age of our race.

One of the leaders in the movement tending towards co-operation between architecture and painting, he has given some of his best efforts to the beautifying of public and private buildings. The late King Oscar possessed a rich artistic vein, and he was an ardent lover of classic art and literature. One result of the close understanding between the artist and his royal friend we have in the grand and exquisite plafond paintings in the royal Palace of Stockholm.

Among Julius Kronberg's earlier allegorical paintings are the series: *Spring*, *Summer* and *Autumn*, of which one is here reproduced. Other well-known paintings are *Cleopatra's Death*, *David and Saul*, *The Queen of Saba*, *Hypatia*, and many delightful portraits.

Sappho is one of his latest works; also *Eros*, a colossal painting which aroused interest all over Europe when first exhibited in Munich, and which in 1913 was presented by the artist to the Art Collection of the future Râja-Yoga College on Visingsö, when the corner-stone of that great educational institution was laid by Katherine Tingley,



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SAPPHO
From the painting by Julius Kronberg



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

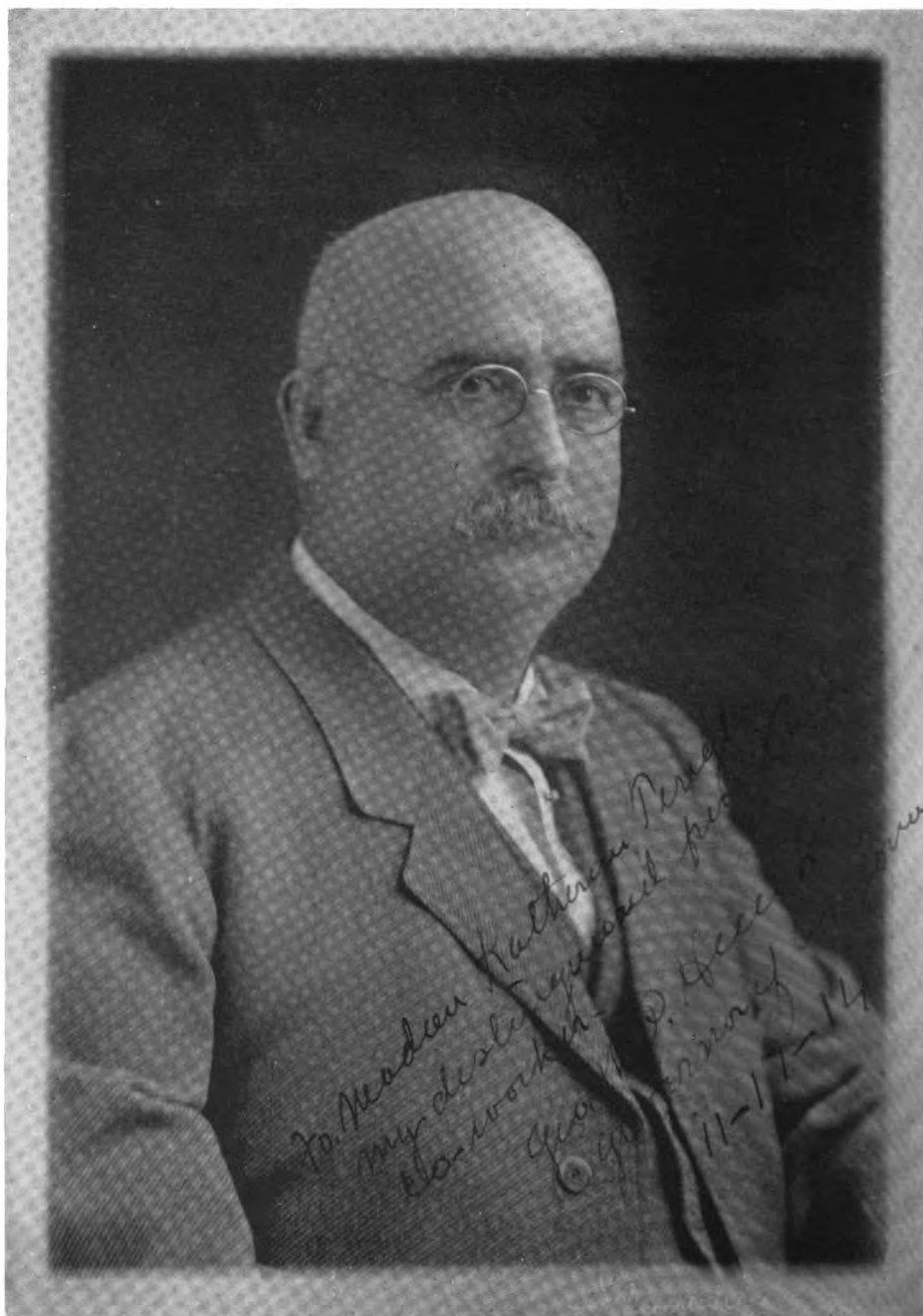
SUMMER

From the painting by Julius Kronberg



Londond Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BUST OF JULIUS KRONBERG, 1902, IN BRONZE, BY CARL MILLÈS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR OF ARIZONA

GEORGE W. P. HUNT, Governor of Arizona

(From the *Arizona Gazette*)



GEORGE W. P. HUNT was born in Huntsville, Mo. On the first of November, 1859, the future governor of Arizona first saw the light of day. His grandfather, Daniel Hunt, was one of the early pioneers of Missouri who had emigrated from North Carolina, where he was born in 1786, when Missouri was a territory, settling near Huntsville and donating land on which the county seat of Randolph County was built. This city is named in his honor. George W. Hunt was the youngest son of Daniel Hunt and, in conjunction with many others, in early life he crossed the plains when gold was discovered in California in 1849. After being in California several years, he returned to Missouri and married Miss Sarah Elizabeth Yates, the daughter of Judge John Marshall Yates, also one of the pioneers of Randolph County, and a man of considerable learning who lived an honored and upright life. Judge Yates was a descendent of one of the old colonial families of Virginia. He was a cousin of Richard M. Johnson, vice-President under Andrew Jackson; a cousin of Chief Justice John Marshall of Virginia and an uncle of the war governor of Illinois, Richard Yates.

Out in the country on a farm about ten miles from Huntsville, George Hunt passed his childhood years. His lot in early life included much of the drudgery that was common to rural districts in Missouri during the "sixties," for the estates of the Hunts, like those of many another southern family, were swept away during the years of war and depredation that found place in that epoch. But from the monotonous routine of farm work, George Hunt, the boy, found surcease sufficiently to attend the public school in winter. And for three months each summer over a period of several years, he went to a private or "subscription" school. But schooling by rule and rote within four walls of a rural "temple of learning" was ended when George Hunt was slightly more than eighteen years of age, for it was then that he entered the "university of hard knocks," in which he has been a student ever since.

The year 1878 found him on his way to Colorado, where he spent two years prospecting in the hills or working on ranches. But destiny had not yet led him to the appointed place where he should achieve full measure of success. It was in the fall of 1880 that he, with two companions, drove a burro to Santa Fé, N. M. From that frontier city the party made its way to San Marcial. There a fourth man

joined the travelers, and together, they built a boat and journeyed down the Rio Grande to Rincon. It was there that a business enterprise delayed the party's progress for a while. The capricious Rio Grande had risen so high that fording was an impossibility. Consequently, George Hunt and his companions installed a ferry, and for about two months they conveyed the ranchers and prospectors of that region to and fro over the river. When the river subsided the party continued its way to El Paso, which, at that time, was called Franklin. After a stay of from four to six weeks in that place, the young men, in quest of fortune, went to Shakespeare, N. M., near the city of Lordsburg, where they found employment in the mines.

It was in July of that year, 1881, that the lure of the hills, coupled with reports of rich gold deposits, led George Hunt and three other men to secure a pack train and set out for the White Mountains of Arizona in search of placer claims. Those were the days when the Apaches were giving Uncle Sam no end of trouble, but while the prospecting party of which George Hunt was a member encountered no actual warfare, neither did it succeed in locating the elusive gold mine. Eventually, the prospectors took the trail to Safford, in Graham County, from where two of them, one of whom was George Hunt, went to Globe, driving before them two burros laden with a camp outfit representing the sum total of their earthly possessions.

On October 12, 1881, in the city of Globe, George Hunt, who was then not quite twenty-two years old, began that long period of sustained endeavor and application to daily duties that has resulted in his success, both in business and in statecraft.

His first work after reaching Globe was in a restaurant owned by James Pascoe, where he remained employed for two years. His next employment was at the Old Dominion mine, and following this was a period of about six years during which, in the company of W. H. Fisher, he rode the sparsely settled range along Rye Creek, in northern Gila County, as owner of a herd of cattle and an "outfit," which he had acquired with his savings of the previous three years.

In 1890, George Hunt forsook the range to begin his business career in Globe, a place which had gradually evolved from a small mining camp to the status of a busy little city with a bright commercial future before it. With the fixed determination to learn the mercantile business by beginning with the rudiments and going upward, he obtained work as a delivery man in the store operated at that time by

A. Bailey & Co. This firm subsequently became merged with the Old Dominion Commercial Company, and after ten years of service in various capacities, each of which was superior to the preceding one, the erstwhile delivery man became president, not only of the store, which was the largest one in Globe, but also of the bank, which he had been instrumental in establishing.

Meanwhile, however, public honors had come to the subject of this writing. Two years after he had come in from the range to engage in mercantile life, his fellow-citizens began to write his name with "Hon." as a prefix, for he had been elected to the seventeenth legislature. Further political honors followed in quick succession. An appointment as treasurer of Gila County came in 1894, and in the same year, he was elected to the eighteenth legislature. His election to the upper house marked the year 1896. Membership in the twentieth legislature was forthcoming in 1898, and in 1900 George Hunt was the chosen delegate from Arizona to the National Democratic Convention at Kansas City, Mo. Surely, a triumphant return to the state of his birth, whence he had set out some twenty-two years before, to make a place and fame for himself in the world of men and affairs.

From 1900 to 1904, Mr. Hunt devoted his time, for the most part, to his extensive business interests and to working as a citizen to strengthen the organization of his political party throughout the state, as well as in Gila County. But in 1904 he received an election to the twenty-third legislature, and this honor was followed by his selection as president of the legislative council of that year.

In 1906, an unusual circumstance was added to George Hunt's political career, for while he was away on a trip through Europe, ardent friends of his at home obtained his nomination for the twenty-fourth legislature, and in his subsequent race for this office he was without opposition, since he received the indorsement of the Republicans. A similar incident occurred in 1908, for in that year also, while absent from home and from Arizona on a business trip, he was again nominated for representative in the legislature and received an election. Still a third occurrence of this kind made evident his unwaning popularity among the people of his home county when his name was placed in the nomination as a delegate to the constitutional convention during the summer of 1910, while he was away on an outing. His remarkable consistent record of service as president of that convention

is still fresh in the memories of Arizonans, and does not need to be reviewed in this article. After the convention adjourned, the man who had been most active in the embodiment of progressive principles in the constitution of the new state-to-be, became president of the Statehood League, and directed the fight for ratification by the people of Arizona, by Congress and by the President of the United States. His election as first Governor of the State of Arizona by a phenomenal majority followed in the fall of 1911 as a matter of course, as a fitting reward for unimpeachable integrity and long service in behalf of the public weal. In fact, on looking back over the foregoing narrative, one finds that George Hunt's life has been nearly all service, and service of the most effective kind. Furthermore, George Hunt's friends and neighbors, the people that know him best, will tell you that he will be just as kind and thoughtful, humane, and approachable in the governor's chair as he always has been in his business office at Globe. There is a persistent rumor afloat, which says that the doors of the executive chambers in the capitol at Phoenix are about to be opened wide to admit whosoever cares to enter and "pass the time of day." And that rumor is likely to be verified to the extent of becoming a fact.



THE Tao-teh-king, meaning literally "The Book of the Perfectibility of Nature," was written by the great philosopher Lao-tze. It is a kind of cosmogony which contains all the fundamental tenets of Esoteric Cosmogogenesis. Thus he says that in the beginning there was naught but limitless and boundless Space. All that lives and is, was born in it, from the "Principle which exists by Itself, developing Itself from Itself," i. e., *Swabhâvat*. As its name is unknown and its essence is unfathomable, philosophers have called it *Tao* (*Anima Mundi*), the uncreate, unborn and eternal energy of nature, manifesting periodically. Nature as well as man when it reaches purity will reach *rest*, and then all become one with Tao, which is the source of all bliss and felicity. As in the Hindû and Buddhistic philosophies, such purity and bliss and immortality can only be reached through the exercise of virtue and the perfect quietude of our wordly spirit; the human mind has to control and finally subdue and even crush the turbulent action of man's physical nature; and the sooner he reaches the required degree of moral purification, the happier he will feel. (See *Annales du Musée Guimet*, Vols. xi and xii; *Études sur la Religion des Chinois*, by Dr. Groot.) As the famous Sinologist, Pauthier, remarked: "Human Wisdom can never use language more holy and profound."—H. P. Blavatsky

PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

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

THE SPIRIT OF THE HOUR IN ARCHAEOLOGY: * by Prof. William E. Gates (School of Antiquity)



WE are facing in the world of thought a division which is destined to have profound consequences not only in the scientific world, but in man's understanding of himself as well. Neither the situation itself nor the way in which it is developing are at all new to the student of events. It is quite easy to study history in either of two ways: we may hunt out and commit to memory the mere outward events themselves as they are thrown on the screen of time, the rise and fall of persons and nations, the never-ending battles, the continual changing of political and social conditions, the shifting of dynasties. Or else we may look behind all this and study history as the accentuation and interplay of forces whose inner meaning we can only realize (and even then but partly) after their work has been done, and human life and progress definitely modified by their presence. It is doubtful if we can ever estimate and appraise properly any of these epochal introductions at the time of their first appearance on the scene; that occasion is perhaps always like the planting of seed in the fall-time, to grow into grain and bread in a succeeding season, and after intervening rains.

The student of events, working along these lines, often comes to find much similarity in the histories of these fundamental changes. They very often start in a field outside the dominant one of the day; they seem most unlikely to start within the lines of the established order. Then too they usually start by some concrete discovery, made

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

either by what looks like pure chance, or else arrived at by the earnest search of one or a few people working earnestly in a temporarily neglected field. By field, we may here understand either some territorial political division, a country; or else a field of thought or action, social, scientific, or whatever.

It is quite as if a nation, a state, a system of thought, a department of science, a social movement, were born *energized* to play its future part, and then to yield on the torch to the next. And from this point it is most natural that we should not find these changes starting within the established order. The established order of the day (whether that "day" be a generation or a cycle of two thousand years) is made up either of the former pioneers grown old, or else of their simple followers. Their work has been done, their creative ideas put into application, used, systematized, crystalized, recorded. And whether political, social or scientific, when we reach this stage, the original type, however revolutionary at first, has settled to well-fitting, comfortable clothes, clothes mental or clothes bodily. And at that stage the wearers, the exponents, usually spend their time trimming and ornamenting the edges of these garments, perfecting the fit.

Nature is often charged with wastefulness; it is probable that she knows what she is about, and while she gives us all our chance, it is doubtful if she really wastes anything worth while using. But in her methods here she is certainly far from it. For instead of going to all the trouble of a frontal attack on the nicely systematic lines and thought-habits of the current styles, or trying to reform some nation which already has all the good things of the day and has well entrenched itself in their enjoyment; or some branch of science whose reputation is made and followers plenty, and little effort to keep up needed; instead of that she seeds and energizes with new life some other quiet corner of her great earth garden, plants the new urge or opens the new discovery there. And soon that field, protected by its very apparent unimportance to the established order, begins to be so interesting that more and more workers come, and before long all the defenses of the older city are let to go to ruin, because no one cares to live there any more. Read this metaphor in terms of nations, continents, political and social affairs, or fields of science and thought as you will.

This process has been so often repeated that the instances we could select in illustration are numberless. As a good one the course

of geological science for the past fifty years will serve us excellently. For the geological history of the globe it could well be said in Hutton's time that there was "no vestige of a beginning, no prospect of an end." Then some time after this Darwin's work and theories began to influence thought, and they were held to push back to an immeasurably remote epoch the beginning of life on the globe. There are always two schools — those who foreshorten everything, and always tend to pinch evolution and especially the period of human greatness and civilization on the globe, into the smallest and shortest time-compass possible; and those who see both of these in greater terms. Darwin himself belonged to the latter, and believed that almost unlimited time must have been required for the working out of "Natural Selection." So that then, to quote a recent writer: "geologists and biologists alike saw no reason for limiting their prodigal drafts on the bank of time."

Then came researches in an allied field of science, that of mathematico-physics. And Sir William Thomson, later Lord Kelvin, working from one particular set of calculated phenomena at hand, drew from the *observed* temperature-gradient of the earth's mass a *mathematical deduction* that the planet must be undergoing an irrevocable loss of energy in the form of heat. The outcome of this was the mental picture which soon filled all the public prints, of a time of a running down of the solar clock, the last man dying of cold in what was after him to be a dead globe forever revolving in a universe which also was in time to run down, and stop. In forming this conclusion Kelvin laid down a holding point in physics, a proposition which was accepted as fundamental, but which has since then been completely overturned and shown to have been a pure assumption on his part, namely (he said): "Since the store of energy *cannot* be inexhaustible." And the result of this was that, only fifteen years ago, Science settled down to the belief that the

globe was a molten mass some 24,000,000 years ago. It is rather remarkable that so many geologists were found willing to submit to this narrow limitation, says Prof. Alfred Harker, one of the world's leading geologists today. And he then goes on:

Doubtless they were impressed by the prestige of Lord Kelvin's authority, and perhaps some of them were influenced by a vague feeling that a result arrived at by strict mathematical reasoning is thereby entitled to credence.

On which a recent reviewer comments:

But what you get out of the mathematical mill depends upon what you put into it. The reasoning may be unimpeachable, but it merely proves that, if certain assumptions be granted, certain consequences will follow.

Kelvin, it will be remembered, had dismissed chemical affinities within the earth's mass as an extremely improbable part of the problem, and had proceeded on the theory that simple heat was the only element to be considered. And so the case then stood, a pure amplification of a small set of admitted facts within the physico-mathematical branches of general science.

Of course this led to the foreshortening of everything. Within that 24,000,000 years the earth had to cool, geological periods come and pass, vegetable, animal and human life develop. The very biological evolutionary processes for which Darwin had demanded practically unlimited time, simply had to pack themselves into a restricted period; to get into a bed quite as Procrustean as human history previously had to do in order to account for all the population of the earth and the great migrations, the rises and falls of empires, during the 4264 years that have passed since Noah's deluge. (See the marginal information in any copy of the Authorized Version of the English translation of the Bible.)

We might note here also that this Noachian deluge scheme was also founded exactly like Lord Kelvin's, on pure mathematical calculations. Archbishop Ussher, an unimpeachable dignitary and authority in his day, quite as Kelvin was in his, started with the theory that the Patriarchs were plain ordinary men — even if they did live unheard-of years, and did impossible or questionable things — and not symbols of world-ages; and so there was naught to do but add their life-years together to find out just when God created the earth. And when in time modern science showed such conclusions impossible, we at once had the cry that the foundations of knowledge were attacked and that God and the Bible were being denied. They got over that.

And then once more, just as the neglected physical science took away the field from the previous religio-dogmatic science so-called, at a time when the latter had finally shut itself within impregnable walls which it thought were built to keep out attacks, but really only served to keep its followers themselves shut in — so again.

The physico-mathematicians spun their unattackable theory, out of two or three acknowledged data. By their previous victories they had occupied the citadels of science, and taken the limelight, and the

cathedra. Then came two quiet earnest chemists, working in another branch of science which Kelvin had dismissed as a negligible contributor to the problem — M. and Mme. Curie — and without even a blow, the walls fell.

Since the discovery of radium we have learned that the earth possesses a vast store of energy in a highly concentrated form then unsuspected. Strutt has calculated from data of a very simple kind that the observed temperatures can be wholly accounted for by radio-activity if the rocks to the depth of forty-five miles contain as much radium as those at the surface.

And so, passing all of Kelvin's single facts, and all his computations based thereon, and the logic of his conclusions in consequence, as quite accurate and correct, still the position he took thereupon, and that of those who followed him, both was wholly incorrect, and now is universally known to be so. And it took less than fifteen years to do it.

And of course, as we may well note in passing, the qualities of radium were simply denied even after they had been proven; it could not be, because "it would destroy Science." Just as geology had been rejected because it would destroy "Religion."

There was another quite parallel case about a hundred years ago, now conveniently forgotten, where Dugald Stewart, another great scientific authority, also starting from and logically following out other dogmatic preconceptions, denied the reality of Sanskrit altogether, *because of the conclusions* which inevitably followed. And he wrote an essay to prove that it had been artificially put together by those "arch-forgers" the Brâhmans, after the known model of the Greek and Latin; that there was no such thing as a Sanskrit language and so the whole Sanskrit literature was a pure imposition, and the Bible saved again. That is, his understanding of the Bible.

At this point in our discussion I wish to quote from *The Secret Doctrine*, at Vol. II, page 663, the definition which H. P. Blavatsky there gives of the true province and business of the man of science. She says:

The business of the man of exact Science is to observe, each in his chosen department, the phenomena of nature; to record, tabulate, compare and classify the facts, down to the smallest minutiae which *are presented to the observation of the senses with the help of all the exquisite mechanism that modern invention supplies, not by the aid of metaphysical flights of fancy.* All he has a legitimate right to do, is to correct by the assistance of physical instruments the defects or illusions of his own coarser vision, auditory powers, and other senses. He has

no right to trespass on the grounds of metaphysics and psychology. His duty is to verify all the facts that *fall under his direct* observation; to profit by the experience and mistakes of the Past in endeavoring to trace the working of a certain concatenation of cause and effects, which, but only by its constant and unvarying repetition, may be called A LAW. This it is which a man of science is expected to do, if he would become a teacher of men and remain true to his original program of natural or physical sciences. Any sideway path from this royal road becomes *speculation*.

Instead of keeping to this, what does many a so-called man of science do in these days? He rushes into the domains of pure metaphysics, while deriding it. He delights in rash conclusions and calls it "a *deductive* law from the *inductive* law" of a theory based upon and drawn out of the depths of his own consciousness: that consciousness being perverted by, and honeycombed with, one-sided materialism. He attempts to explain the "origin" of things, which are yet embosomed only in his own conceptions. He attacks spiritual beliefs and religious traditions millenniums old, and denounces everything, save his own hobbies, as superstition. He suggests theories of the Universe, a Cosmogony developed by blind mechanical forces . . . and tries to astonish the world by such a wild theory; which, being known to emanate from a scientific brain, is taken on *blind faith* as very scientific and the outcome of SCIENCE.

The final crux of all Science is, at last analysis, evolution, and the history and "Science of Man." This is our special subject here this evening. And so now to go back for a moment to the early days of Darwinism, shall we forget that Huxley himself characterized the *mental barrier* between man and ape as "an *enormous gap*, a distance practically *immeasurable*"? Or shall we not say with one other most careful and experienced naturalist: "Nowhere is caution more to be advocated, nowhere is premature judgment more to be deprecated than in the attempt to *bridge over the MYSTERIOUS CHASM* which separates man and beast"?

There is a something in the essence of things which seems to force even the most hide-bound of men to use exactly descriptive words that at times destroy the very fundamental beliefs the users profess. Of all modern materialists it is probable that one could hardly pick one more typical, self-convinced, and sternly logical than Sir Ray Lankester; and certainly he is a man of great ability and achievements. But note a few of the phrases which forced themselves into a recent paper of his, on the very interesting "scientific" subject of why the courtship of man is different from that of the lower animals:

Man is the only truly "educable" animal. Monkeys and dogs have only small educability as compared with man, though more than fishes and reptiles

have. Man's mind, therefore, is *in this essential feature of it*, very different from that of other animals.

The third step in the development of mind is the ARRIVAL (for one can call it by no other term) of that condition which we call "consciousness"—the power of saying to oneself "I am I" and of looking on as a detached existence not only at other existences but at one's own mental processes, feelings, and movements. With it COMES thought, knowledge, reason and will. We may speak of CONSCIOUSNESS as *invading or spreading gradually over the territory of mind*. (*Italics added*)

About fifty years ago there began a phase of science and literature in the West, in which to gain certain things of value, other things also of great value were sacrificed, at least temporarily. Prior to that our horizons both mental and physical were smaller; it was possible to study and treat the different branches of knowledge comparatively and synthetically. Scholarship of those days was broader in its methods; it was able to and did include the study of principles and philosophy.

Then began the era of specialization, forced on by means of universal communication, the invention of instruments, the discovery of archaeological, geological, and similar facts, which at once both widened the horizons of study, and nailed investigation down to mere details. The fields of research became too many and too vast for single minds, and Science split up into separate sciences, just as Religion can split up into separate religions, mutually ignorant. Study of principles yielded to gathering of material; synthetic thought to analytic; the mere handling of scientific tools usurped the field; research became mechanicalized, and science classificatory. And then each separate field of work became more and more a cage in which its workers lived, and thought, rejecting all done before them, and naturally seeking to explain as much as possible, even the whole of the universe and Life, in terms of the phenomena they were familiar with. The very words Philosophy, Speculation, Metaphysics, became changed in meaning and naturally lost caste.

The whole attention being focused on fact-gathering and phenomena, the external and not the inner became the "real." The greatest science of all, the Science of Man, and of Life, ceased to be the science of that which constitutes man as Man, or of the universal life by which he lives while he lives; it became the *mere* study of the processes and changes of the physical organism which the Thinker is, and must ever have been, working to develop for his own use. And as the final and

greatest degradation of all, Psychology is made naught but a branch of Biology. No, there is one step more: the psychologist becomes chiefly the alienist, his study the aberrations of mind, his search not for the real Man, the guiding and overshadowing Self, but the *subliminal*. And the end of all is that all the inner and higher faculties of man, even his intellect and Himself, are proclaimed to be but the functioning of an organism, as if music were created by the instrument which plays it.

Our scientists are very fond of tracing problems of heredity and descent, and before passing to the relation sustained by Archaeology to the Science of Man, I would like the privilege of also tracing down some of the human results of this arrogation to itself by Biology of being the "Science of Man." Following on this incorporation of "Psychology" as a sub-phase of the development of man's body, we have had in these latter years an overgrown literature seeking to explain human customs, beliefs, culture, mythology and religion by a set of word-descriptions which have been held to constitute a theory of all these things and their causes, generically denominated "animism." By a very general device of making ourselves believe a thing is so and so by calling it that, this term taken from "anima" is accepted as being the knowledge of Soul, but accurately defined it is a set of hypothetical and purely formal and dogmatic assertions of "animal survivalism" in all departments of human life and thought. About everything we can put our finger on is a "survival" of some sort; but always a survival of something animal, or sub-mental. Divine survivals have no place in the scheme whatever. Man (including his "anima") is "an animal," and all these things his inheritance; though for convenience and other reasons they are painted up or wear now a mask to hide the fact that they are after all not good to look at.

The actual present influence not only on science and education, but on society and the very foundations of thought of all these "animal-survival" theories honeycombing Biology, Psychology, and all the related branches of university teachings and writings is evil beyond belief. And the worst phase of the whole is the rampant *mis-denomination*. Of course that is the direct outcome of Biology overstepping its natural province, and trying to explain everything in the universe in terms of its own phenomena, as we saw before.

Forgetting altogether Huxley's immeasurable gap made by the mental barrier, the mysterious chasm between man and beast, even

the self-revealing and half-conscious recent words of Sir Ray Lankester, the whole "science of Man" is held wrapped up in Biology. Taking up any standard work of the day on Psychology, supposed to be a study of those higher faculties which *distinguish* man from the animal, and include at least the efforts of his better nature to gain the mastery over the animal impulses, we find it filled from cover to cover with naught but a rayless wandering in the fields of the *sub*-liminal, the aberrational processes of mind, the diseases of the organism; not one word of knowledge or inspiration to right living from the beginning to the end.

And, still tracing our heredity of ideas, let us see what this bastard science does at last with our concepts of the two greatest things we know — Law, and Religion. Take up a volume of reports of a Congress of today which will meet to study the History of Religious Growth and "Evolution." There was one published a few years ago of a great international gathering — two thick volumes, with not a word about actual *Religion* from the first to the last. It was all speculation and gathering of details about rites, showing how peoples had done so and so because they were afraid to do otherwise. Not one word could be found in recognition of the divine reason for religion; there were gods innumerable, but no God. There were discussions on fetichism and all such old things that are no longer understood, and that at their best were but the worn-out formalism of previous wisdom or else are only part of the lower phases of man, in whatever age. For there are plenty of fetiches today; only we do not call them so, since they are just a little different. Fetichism, more truly and inwardly defined, is only the worship of something for the procurement of selfish or physical ends. Thus then we have the "religious instinct" *explained*: Animal fear becomes modified to what we call Awe; that leads men to *imagine* that not only the forces but the objects of Nature are alive, and have a purposeful inimical consciousness requiring his propitiation of them; this ensouling of Nature by timid (and of course ignorant) "primitive man" is Animism; the spirits of Animism become gods, among whom one finally graduated to supremacy; "original fear" finally begets reverence and love, the crudest selfishness begets the loftiest altruism, the struggle for life and the gratification of appetites and desires begets self-sacrifice and renunciation; and so comes at last Religion. That used to be thought of as compound of all that was noble and inspiring and divine; but Animism

of course knows better than that, for it has traced the heredity of the religious instinct and knows its ancestors. Of course Animism understands the mind of "primitive man," for Biology has measured his skulls — half a dozen or a dozen of them.

But in the mind of the day, all these words whose very presence in our language used to help men to be men and to aspire, have lost their hearts; there is no divinity left in them, or aught but earth.

Shall we see also what has been the effect upon our institutions by the like degradation of Law? Well, here this same "science" starts with the social instincts of animals, which of course seek nothing but the gratification of bodily appetites and impulses. As (the animal) man develops, these instincts grow less crude, and he learns to develop better means and systems for their gratification. There is a current writer who carries all this out so logically and fully that the temptation to couch a lance with her is always irresistible. That is Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons, and she has lately been publishing a book and a number of articles, the title of the book being *Fear and Convention*. Starting with the animalistic theories she carries them to a wholly delicious extent. She begins of course as usual with "primitive man" and with the principle that everything is based somewhere on fear; and shows how *all* modern habits are examples of that — derived from the past. You will doubtless recall how another scientist showed us some time ago that the sensations we at times have of falling from a height, in dreams, were "survivals" propagated through cell-transmission as memories of times when in leaping from tree to tree our ancestors lost their balance and fell. Or how another explained the alleged fear of open spaces that some people have, as like "memories" of times when we had to lurk hidden in forests, and feared to cross open spaces lest something catch us. Dr. Parsons explains all our modern social conventions that way.

As Society developed, protective "barriers" became necessary, both for the individual and for the larger units. The usefulness of these was soon recognized not only for Society, but by the strongest individuals who "naturally" soon rose to the top, and found how much more enjoyment they could get out of existence by making others live for them. These protective regulations became "things that must not be done," and as animistic conceptions of personified unseen forces evolved, tabus, sanctions and conventions came naturally, and just as naturally were quickly seen by the "ones on top"

to be far simpler and more effective than crude force, in keeping people in their place. In this way Dr. Parsons shows us that it "is now an axiom that the relation between religion and morality is a *late* cultural fact." Think of that! Religion is scientifically shown to have arisen out of fear through propitiation of animistically imagined "intelligences"; barriers, first necessary and then most convenient, to keep everybody in the places his stronger neighbors wanted to keep him, became conventions, and they became customs, and customs "morals" by the addition of tabus and sanctions superadded either by the craft of those who sought to profit by them and used them to delude the ignorant, or the hypocrisy of men in general who (being altogether animal and selfish) wished to pretend that their selfishness was something else — something indeed holy.

The limits to which this thing can be carried is shown by one illustration which I take from a late review of *Fear and Convention*, not having the book by me. But setting out with her idea that all our conventions are easily explainable as *barriers*, of course the author cannot avoid unlocking every door she sees with her fine new key. And among all the rest she also explains for us how all the fine and gracious things too in our life are only disguised "survivals" (again that ever-useful word) of the barriers which people had to put up to keep others away (I think she includes the sanctity of marriage and the home, and reverence for old age in the list). Finally she reaches that delightful custom we have when, at those social functions of such serious and graceful dignity we make our dinner parties, the gentleman offers his arm to escort the lady to the table. I confess I had always supposed the arm was accepted as symbolizing friendliness or confidence, or at least in courtesy. But it is not so; the habit is just a convention, and is done to raise an impalpable *barrier* between the two — an unconscious memory-survival of a period when the "primitive woman" was used to building some more substantial and physical barrier in order to make the male of the species keep his distance.

Do you tell me that these are only the dry speculations in scientific periodicals read only by a few specialists, who are supposed to be able to stand them, and do not affect our daily life and society, and our children? Not at all, for these ideas started in this "fetich and tabu-guarded" circle of people who because they have joined the learned societies and written books are supposed to have studied and thought and to *know*, permeate the whole of our current press, they

reach our text-books to the very primary classes, and they give the tone to the very structure and supposed essence of our social organization. And their natural and inevitable outcome is at last reached in a dictum I heard some years ago included as the fundamental basis of a decision by a Federal Judge, namely, that "Behind Law stands the power to enforce it"; not divine harmony nor justice nor the inherent sanction within *those* potencies, but "the power to enforce," the parent of all unbrotherliness and wars, and the very denial of society and civilization.

That dictum is *not true*; behind Law stands Right. And Right is not the outgrowth of selfishness, fear or convention.

Thus we have another geneological heredity series: From the social instincts (of animals) arise conventions (for selfish convenience); those becoming customs result in (so-called) morals; and the upholding of morals is the function of Law. No one can question the correctness of that series, *without the parentheses*. But look at the destructive effect they import, arguing out of existence every bit of reason and goodness in Life. And they are the immediate and sole result of these animal-survivalism and animistic "theories" which spring directly from this arrogation to itself by Biology of the title, the "Science of *Man*," and the incorporation therein of Psychology, as we have seen.

I doubt not that every one in the audience has been to the Exposition and has been through a department referred to as the "Science of Man." You will find nearly all the exhibits in the room are careful, accurate and instructive exhibits of the world of physical man as we know it today, selected and well selected out of a great store that has been gathered. But in one corner are a few very old things representative of a time as to which we pretend even to know but little, and have but a handful of material. You will find reproductions of skulls that have been found in various strata, built up in an artistic manner, decorated of course with skin, the faces filled over with flesh and hair, and an expression put into the eyes. All this latter part is theoretical. You can put into the eyes of these reproductions — for they claim to be nothing else — any expression you please, thoughtful and conscious, or bestial.

Among the skulls is a reconstruction of the lately found Galley Hill skull. Scientists of equal authority and repute of the day have reconstructed the pieces of that skull in two different ways, one show-

ing a man of high, even "modern" intelligence, the other making the original "man" little more than an animal ape in capacity. Perhaps you can guess which of the two reconstructions is exhibited: the animal type, the lowest one, only. And not a word nor a card to tell that the authorities disagree totally on a point acknowledged by them all to be at the very crux of the whole issue.

But that is not all. On the wall at the side are a number of pictures of "early man" of those periods; one of these shows a man in the "occupation of the period" with skin garments and a club, and in all nothing is portrayed except accentuated brutality. There is a picture of a supposed *Pithecanthropus* no longer accepted by any biologist, yet added to the collection, one is told, out of *justice* to the memory or the views of his "creator," the biologist of a generation ago who "reconstructed" him. School children go there with their teachers or alone, they see and gather from the exhibit that such is what Science tells was the early stage of man. There is no explanation that all is speculative; yet the controlling environment to the pictures came all from the mind of the person who put them there.

And yet, in another room in the Exposition are perhaps a dozen engravings, portraits of the leading scientists of the age, Virchow, and others. And perhaps half of those scientists totally disagree with the general view of what man was at that period, as shown by the "reconstructions" in the main exhibit building. Some of them hold even that in those far-off geological days man was just as civilized as he is today, and that such degraded animal-men, if there were such, were no more types than are the degenerates and criminals of our cities, or the black-fellows of Australia today.

So let us now return to our thesis, of the Spirit of the Hour in Archaeology; for in spite of the biological arrogation of the field, there are two other great branches of science by which the Science of Man can be approached, Archaeology and Linguistics. There is no Linguistics in the world of science today; true linguistics is the study of the constant effort of the Self to express its thought in speech and to communicate with other Selves in their joint work in life. It is a true creative molding and unifying social function of the real Self, the Man; but instead we have today naught but Philology: the mere study and classification of the external forms of words. Yet true Linguistics, united to true Archaeology, are the two sciences which

have preserved, and hold for us when we can read them, the real past history of Man; how his thought has found forms for expression, and what he has done. Archaeology and Linguistics are the sciences of man's past *social history*; what he has done, and therefore, what he must be.

But what have we done with Archaeology? Well, first we have separated it from the other subjects with which above all it should be studied: Mythology and Symbolism, and Astronomy. Practically at least we have, for we proceed with the fixed assumption that the ancients had no great and long civilizations, their astronomy rudimentary, their symbolism factitious and of no real use or meaning, their mythology silly fancies. Then each set of workers stays in his own geographical field and hunts small discoveries for museum shelves and monographs. And finally we plump the whole science into the biological "thought-cage," which as yet knows naught, and *will* know naught of past cycles of great civilizations.

Nevertheless, if I were to take up even a few of the discoveries that within the last two decades have been gradually forcing themselves to the front in Archaeology, I think we would see once more the beginning of the same process we referred to at first, whereby Nature easily gets rid of the "barren fig-trees." Archaeology can indeed be a very dry subject, with the best of them; it can have its magazines with pretty pictures, and mostly catalogs of a few small things added to this or that museum; comments on a new inscription in an already full and well-worked subject; and so on, and so on; all amounting to nothing, and yet rather interesting. But that older school of archaeology has served as an outpost in a neglected field, and now a new energy is coming in. I will quote just one writer, to whom no one can deny the value of the work he has so loyally done throughout his long life. One could hardly ask for anything more to the point than what Gaston Maspero has to say as regards his work in Egyptian excavations.

For more than twenty years the study of the Memphian tombs has led me to teach that the Egypt of the Pyramids was the end, and even the decadence of an earlier Egypt. The language was perishing of old age, art was revealing itself as nearer perfection the farther back it went into the past, political organization and social life tended to grow slack. The discoveries of Negadeh and Abydos enable us to put our finger on the civilization I only guessed at. Ideas and customs prevail there of which later generations only preserved a vague memory. And yet it must be confessed that we are still far from the very beginning.

The writing exists, and its system is already complete. As we already felt the Egypt of Menes, always powerful, always civilized, behind the Egypt of the Pyramids, so now we catch a glimpse of a still more primitive Egypt behind the Egypt of Menes. And even that prior Egypt was past its early youth, and well equipped for existence. And somewhere beneath the sand lie its monuments waiting for us to call them forth.—*New Light on Ancient Egypt*, p. 126

These words may prove to be even more significant as time goes on; for there are at least suggestions in *The Secret Doctrine* that the Denderah Zodiac by a very evident symbology shows a clear knowledge of three precessional cycles, and that the Great Pyramid may be rather 70,000 years old than five or ten.

But I believe that Central America is going to bring us still more and greater surprises. I believe that the Mayas of Central America possessed the tradition and history of the existence of Atlantis, and that when we need and can use that sort of inspiration, the proofs are there to be discovered to give independent and irrefutable confirmation to the story told by the Egyptians to Solon — and more.

Behind man at the point where he is today lies an immense past of rising and falling civilizations; when we shall have begun to throw away this animal-survival obsession, to look for greater things in life, then I think the time will come when these things will be given us, but not until we can make worthy use of them. All over the world of society as well as of science there are a great many other beliefs, and they are all going the same way.

Let us separate the Science of Man from the mere science of his body; let us study Man in his works, and let them speak for themselves, free from egotistic pre-conceptions. While biologists are quarreling, as they are, over the brain possibilities of each new skull, Archaeology is uncovering layer after layer of past cycles of civilization; and note this fact, for it is crucial. In spite of the fact that we see Nature working everywhere in cycles and spirals, in seasonal periods, times of work and rest and renewed effort, modern biology, a science in its very infancy, with the very fewest of working facts, generalizes a single ascending line. But the plotted line of Archaeology is one of constant rise and fall, civilization and oblivion, and with constantly growing evidence that the major curve has been for ages a *descending* one. None but a great race could have conceived or created the Maya monuments we have left, and yet that was at only the very end of that race. Nature herself works ever along lines of cycles, and now Archaeology is showing us history recorded in those

same terms. And it is easily to be suggested that it is being energized to take over the field of the Science of Man for greater and worthier results.

We are in crucial times in 1915. The race must find its greater self, or go out. In this present address, I have endeavored to present what I believed was the spirit of the relation in which Archaeology stands to human life, the Science of Man, in the books and in the mind of H. P. Blavatsky. The views and position are my own, but they were first hers. And in writing her books her standpoint was always that of drawing towards a recognition of the greater possibilities. If there is no divine background to Life, it is nothing.

We have seen what is happening to our civilization, what is coming of our continued attention to fear, and the animal side of man. The biologist, the religionist, he who studies religion, all study man as an animal. Suppose now I try to draw, weakly — I cannot begin to draw it as it should be — but try to draw for yourselves the picture of what civilization and man might have been today had the higher side of man's nature been accentuated, instead of considering man only as an animal. Suppose for the last fifty years men had been thinking of themselves as of divine descent, and had come somehow into their present state. Suppose they had been doing that all along the way, would not our science and our life, and our social ideals and our laws, be very different?

We are passing out of the stage of many separate, mutually ignoring branches, a true age of superficial sciolism, however great its mechanical achievements. We are to enter a broader age, of correlation, co-ordination, true scholarship, instead of mere data-hunting. Archaeology with its sister science Linguistics, will give us true respect for our selves of the past. Taking help from all other sciences in their proper balance — biology, geology and geodesy, mythology, astronomy, we shall see evolution as not mere machinery, but as the working of the Knower, the proof that there must be something greater than the external forms, and that we are true participants in it. And when we come to reach that knowledge, we shall find that the ancients were there with us. That not only is living a serious business, but it has always been a serious business — not in the mere getting a living, which is our association of the idea, but the knowing and helping the problems of the Science of Man and Life. That there were culture and morals, poetry and music and every art and science. And

when we get to a point where we are ourselves patriotic enough to realize the possibility of such a thing, I think we will find symbolism to be a real thing, and that there were in the past some of view so broad as to have left monuments or records for later ages to find, after descending cycles of darkness; actual keys to history or truths of nature, perhaps even to serve a double purpose of arousing men in some great time of need to an understanding of their own possibilities, and of preserving knowledge to a time when men could be trusted not to prostitute it to selfish aggrandizement and war, as they certainly would today. So that man, really knowing Himself, as something quite distinct from his biological reactions, might do his work, helping the work of evolution; playing his part and coming back again to play it; playing it like a man because he is one; and so passing through learning to knowledge and Wisdom.

I feel honored at the privilege of having part in a series of university extension lectures under the auspices of the School of Antiquity, because I believe it will be the purpose of that School of Antiquity always to hold to true science, enlightened by a recognition of the higher, of the greater and divine part of man's nature.

NOTES ON PERUVIAN ANTIQUITIES: *

by Prof. Fred. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E. (School of Antiquity)



THE purpose of the present notes on Peruvian antiquities is to outline the general nature of some of the problems — suggested by the ruins, known history, and traditions of Peru — that still await solution. These problems may be found to bear an important relation, not only to American history, but also to still broader questions connected with the past history of humanity.

The center of ancient Inca civilization appears to have lain in the neighborhood of Cuzco, between the middle and eastern chains of the Cordilleras, amid scenery of unsurpassed grandeur; while the extent of the empire latterly under Inca rule was in length nearly three times that of California. In the valleys of the Cuzco region the

*A lecture, illustrated with lantern slides, given in Isis Theater, October 20, 1915; being the third of the University Extension Lectures recently inaugurated under the auspices of the School of Antiquity. As only a few of the illustrations are now reproduced, references regarding others will be found in foot-notes.

climate and products are like those of Italy and Spain, while crops like those of northern Europe are found in the more elevated plains and ravines. Above that level are Alpine pasture lands, and then bleak regions, rocky peaks and everlasting snow. At Quito, once under the Incas, there is a mountain just on the equator, whose summit is snow-capped throughout the year; Cuzco is about 11,500 feet above the sea.

Lake Titicaca, 250 miles south of Cuzco, is 12,500 feet above sea level. Corn will not ripen in the basin of this lake, which is about 300 miles by 100 in extent. The lake itself is now 120 miles by 40. Around its watershed the Cordilleras attain their greatest heights.

According to Sir Clements Markham the most ancient human remains discovered in Peru is the mummy exhumed at Tarapac in 1874. It lay beneath a volcanic formation called *chuco* of vast antiquity. With the body were cotton twine, a woven bag, and some cobs of maize. The perfection to which the cultivation of maize and potatoes had been brought by the Peruvians, and their domestication of the llama and alpaca are, Markham says, convincing proofs of the remote antiquity of this civilization. The maize at Cuzco has stalks fifteen feet high, and grain four or five times the size of ordinary maize grain.

The extent of ancient ruins throughout the Andean regions and Central America was very fully treated of by Dr. Heath in 1878, and an account thereof, with comments by H. P. Blavatsky, will be found in our Spanish magazine, *El Sendero Teosófico*, from September to December, 1912. It would take too long to describe a tithe of these wonders. There are three main types of pre-Inca construction: the polygonal Cyclopean, the Tiahuanaco styles, and the pre-Inca roads and aqueducts. One of these roads wound along the Andean heights all the way from Cuzco to Quito, a distance of fifteen hundred miles. It was macadamized, had many huge retaining walls, was often cut for leagues through rock, sometimes to a depth of sixty feet, and was evenly graded, necessitating the use in ravines of great masses of solid masonry, or occasionally, suspension bridges. Another proceeded from Cuzco to the Pacific coast and then on to Quito. The wild route of the former made the work a more difficult one than can be found in our transcontinental railroads. A suggestion may be hazarded that the Cyclopean builders were not wholly unfamiliar with the art of tunneling. As to this, time will doubtless show. One aqueduct alone was four hundred and fifty miles in length. The main roads

referred to were of unknown antiquity in the time of the Incas. When Huayna Capac went to Quito with his army, he found it necessary to repair them at some points. As to the extent of walled terraces, often Cyclopean, in the Andean ravines, Dr. Heath estimated their length sufficient to encircle the globe ten times, and he considered his estimate below the mark. That there are also innumerable buried cities is something admitting of little doubt. Professor Bingham, while pursuing his investigations in connexion with his discovery of the remarkable Inca city of Machu Picchu, perched on top of a mountain in one of the most inaccessible regions of the Andes, traveled over about ten thousand miles of country, and reported that they had but scratched the surface of Peruvian antiquities.

First let us glance at the nature of the problem presented by Peruvian polygonal Cyclopean construction. The fort of Sacsahuaman, near Cuzco, may serve for an object lesson. It will be seen that the Incas imitated in the upper walls the megalithic work beneath of their unknown predecessors. But what are we to think of the immense stones, many of them weighing from two hundred to three hundred tons, to be seen today in these lower ancient walls? The human figures standing beside some of them afford a better idea of their prodigious size than any merely arithmetical statement.¹ But it is not only their size, but the extraordinary manner in which, despite their polygonal and varied shapes, they were accurately cut and closely fitted, that excites astonishment. Some of them are known to possess as many as twelve faces. Surely it is self-evident that the people who handled and cut such blocks in the way they did, must have been of considerable stature, and have owned excellent tools. Were it but a case of handling one or two such blocks, the quarrying, cutting, and transportation would tax the resources of our day. But when we find thousands of examples of this extraordinary style, in America, Etruria, and other parts, there can surely be but one conclusion.

One writer says that the platforms on which the great stone images are, on Easter Island, are "very much like the walls of the Temple of Pachacamac or the ruins at Tiahuanaco in Peru," and that they are in this identical Cyclopean style.

"Callao was submerged in 1746, and entirely destroyed. Lima was ruined in 1678; in 1746 only 20 houses out of 3000 were left

1. Other illustrations of Sacsahuaman and Ollantaytambo will be found in the numbers of *El Sendero Teosófico* above mentioned.

standing, while the ancient cities in the Huatica and Lurin valleys still remain in a comparatively good state of preservation. San Miguel de Puiro, founded by Pizarro in 1531, was entirely destroyed in 1855, while the old ruins near by suffered little. Arequipa was thrown down in August, 1868, but the ruins near show no change. In engineering, at least, the present may learn from the past, as we hope to show it may in most things else," wrote H. P. Blavatsky in 1880.

Here we shall be obliged to take a short excursion into anthropology. According to the law of atavism, if in our own day we occasionally find men and women from seven feet to even nine feet and eleven feet high, it only proves that there was a time when nine feet and ten feet was the average height of humanity, even in our latest Indo-European race. But as science is in the habit nowadays of thinking in millions of years, we may as well follow the fashion, and take a glance into Miocene times.

The Commentary to one of the Stanzas of an archaic record, to which H. P. Blavatsky had access, and which is in safe keeping, says that after the Great Flood of the Third Root-Race (the Lemurians):

Men decreased considerably in stature, and the duration of their lives was diminished. Having fallen down in godliness they mixed with animal races, and intermarried among giants and pigmies (the dwarfed races of the Poles). . . Many acquired divine, more — unlawful knowledge.

Thus were the Atlanteans approaching destruction in their turn. Who can tell how many geological periods it took to accomplish this fourth destruction? But the Stanza goes on to say, and this brings us to Miocene times, about four million years ago:

They (the Atlanteans) built great images, nine yatis high (27 feet) — the size of their bodies. Lunar fires had destroyed the land of their fathers (the Lemurians). Water threatened the fourth (race).

The statues found by Cook on Easter Island measured, almost all, twenty-seven feet in height, and eight feet across the shoulders. As to how the records just referred to have been preserved, there is no time tonight to go into that question. The two volumes of *The Secret Doctrine* have been published for nearly thirty years, and they are packed from cover to cover with clues for devotees of Archaeology, Astronomy, Chemistry, Biology, Electricity, Magnetism, Anthropology, Ethnology, Philology, and other sciences, and it is one of the miracles

of the times we live in, that its teachings are not better known, or at least more openly acknowledged.

In *Numbers*, c. xviii, 11, we read of the giants Anakim. In *Deuteronomy*, c. iii, 11, we read of Og, a king who was nine cubits high (15 feet 4 inches), and four wide. Goliath was six cubits and a span in height (10 feet 7 inches). India had her Danavas and Daityas; Ceylon her Rakshasas; Greece her Titans. The only difference between the Jewish Scriptures and the evidence furnished to us by Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Homer, Pliny, Plutarch, Philostratus, etc., is this: While the pagans mention only the *skeletons of giants*, dead untold ages before, relics that some of them had *personally seen*, the Bible interpreters unblushingly demand that Geology and Archaeology should believe, that several countries were inhabited by such giants in the days of Moses!

The two sculptured torsos now shown, which stand in front of the church at Tiahuanaco village, and which are evidently portraits, like those on Easter Island, belong to human forms about 12 feet in height.

Inasmuch as the height of the megalithic gateway to Sacsahuaman fort is 12 feet, and width 6 feet, the conclusion is natural that these two torsos at Tiahuanaco are nothing but *veritable life-size portraits of two of the megalithic builders of Peru, of date nearly coeval with the cataclysm of 850,000 years ago*, which submerged the island continents of Ruta and Daitya, and which survives in the Race-memory as "The Flood." These torsos probably lay buried for long ages, and were thus fairly well preserved.

The figure next shown, also near Tiahuanaco, is, exclusive of the base, about 7½ feet high. I shall refer to the details of this symbolic statue later on. Meantime it may be suggested that three widely different epochs are indicated by the ruins at Tiahuanaco. This, of course, is one of the problems requiring further investigation.

In Markham's latest book, *The Incas of Peru*, published in 1910 — and Markham is one who has devoted the study of a long lifetime to Peru and its antiquities — he says of Tiahuanaco:

Such a region is only capable of sustaining a scanty population of hardy mountaineers and laborers. The mystery consists in the existence of ruins of a great city on the southern side of the lake, the builders being entirely unknown.

The city covered a large area, built by highly skilled masons, and with the use of enormous stones. One 36 ft. by 7 ft. weighs 170 tons, another is 26 ft. by 16 by 6. [Another elaborately and accurately dressed stone, seen in the il-

lustration, weighs 108 tons.] Apart from the monoliths of ancient Egypt, there is nothing to equal this in any other part of the world. The moving and placing of such monoliths point to a dense population, to an organized government, and consequently to a large area under cultivation, with arrangements for the conveyance of supplies from various directions. There must have been an organization combining skill and intelligence with power and administrative ability.

The point next in interest to the enormous size of the stones is the excellence of the workmanship. The lines are accurately straight, the angles correctly drawn, the surfaces true planes. The upright monoliths have mortices and projecting ledges to retain the horizontal slabs in their places, which completed the walls. The carvings are complicated, and at the same time well arranged, and the ornamentation [symbolism, he means] is accurately designed and executed. Not less striking are the statues with heads adorned with curiously shaped head-dresses. Flights of stone steps have recently been discovered, for the ancient city, now several miles from the lake, was once upon its borders. Remarkable skill on the part of the masons is shown by every fragment lying about. Such are the angle-joints of a stone conduit; a window-frame of careful workmanship with nine apertures, all in one piece; and numerous niches and moldings. There is ample proof of the very advanced stage reached by the builders in architectural art.²

It appears that at the end of the sixteenth century Bartolomé Cervantes, a canon of Chuquisaca, gave to Oliva, who wrote a history of the Jesuits in Peru, a manuscript dictated by Catari, a *quipumayoc*, or keeper of the records, in which manuscript the statement is made that no judgment can be formed of the size of the ruined city, because nearly all was built underground. And Markham adds that Professor Nestler of Prague has proceeded to Tiahuanaco with the object of making researches by the light of the account of Catari.

In THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH of July last will be found a reference to some of Professor Nestler's work there, but he appears to have been unable to prosecute his investigations, for some reason. The remarkable statement of Catari only serves to heighten our interest in what Tiahuanaco may conceal.

Geologically, the Andes are comparatively modern. The bones of a mastodon have been discovered at Ulloma, in Bolivia, which is now 13,000 feet above the sea. In the deserts of Tarapaca are numerous skeletons of gigantic ant-eaters, whose habitat is a dense forest. When the Andes were lower, the trade wind could carry its moisture over them to the strip of coast land which is now an arid desert. When

2. Besides the fourth plate now given, illustrations were Plates 26, 37, 38, 39 in *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco*, by Stübel and Uhle, Leipsic.

mastodons lived at Ulloma, and ant-eaters in Tarapaca, the Andes, slowly rising, were some two or three thousands of feet lower than they are now. "If the megalithic builders were living under these conditions," says Markham, "the problem is solved, for maize would then ripen in the basin of Lake Titicaca, and the site of the ruins of Tiahuanaco could support the necessary population."

But if the *megalithic* Cyclopean belongs to an epoch hundreds of thousands of years back, it is certain that the monolithic doorways at Tiahuanaco belong to a far later period. The height of the doorways is sufficient evidence, it appears to me, that these belong to some time anywhere between say 10,000 and 80,000 years ago; and if it could be shown that the Andes were say 3000 feet lower within about these time limits, we should have the approximate date, at least, of these doorways. The people in the elevated province of Huarochiri had an actual tradition that in remote times it possessed a climate similar to that of the coast valleys.

Tradition throws another peculiar light, which one cannot ignore, on conditions once prevailing in that region. Markham suggests that the Pirua and Amauta dynasties may possibly represent the sovereigns of the megalithic empire, whose decline and fall was followed by long centuries of barbarism, so that the people had almost forgotten its existence, while the tribes of the Collao were probably of another race.

This at least suggests a continuous link through which ancient traditions might descend. The tradition now to be referred to was, so to say, *dramatized* by the lady Siuyaco, when she caused her son to appear, clad in shining gold, before the Incas on Sacsahuaman hill, who hailed him, Inca Rocco, as ruler thenceforth.

Now this is the tradition. In Cieza's *Crónica del Perú*, c. 103, we read:

Certain Indians relate that it was of a surety affirmed by their ancestors that there was no light for many days, and that all being in darkness and obscurity, the Sun appeared resplendent on the island of Titicaca.

Again, in vol. ii, c. 5, the Indians are reported as saying that, far preceding the time of the Incas, there was once a long period without seeing the Sun, and enduring great labor by reason of this deprivation, the people made great offerings and supplications to those they held as gods, begging the light they needed; and that being in this condition, there appeared on the island of Titicaca, in the midst of the great lake of Collao, the Sun most resplendent, at which all rejoiced.

This points to a time when the Earth's axis more or less coincided with the plane of the ecliptic, more than 400,000 years ago, when there must have been darkness for a good while each year at the place.

Here we have Inca tradition corroborating what was taught in the temples of ancient Egypt. Thus Tiahuanaco suggests another problem: *Do* we moderns understand the forces which control, or do we know all about, the movements of the Earth?

The next problem is in regard to the symbolism at Tiahuanaco. Was it related in any way to the religious belief, as it is called, of the Incas, or can any connexion be traced? If fundamental belief is best shown by *character* and *deeds*, what was it that mainly characterized their civilization? Says Markham:

Their name for the Supreme meant—"The Splendor, the Foundation, the Creator, the Infinite God," which shows the sublimity of thought attained by the ancient Peruvians in their conception of a Supreme Being—the infinite cause, the fundamental principle, the light of the world, the great teacher.

Under the Inca system all who could work were obliged to work, all lived in comfort, and there was ample provision for the aged, for young children, and for the sick. No money was necessary, for every family had a right to everything needed for the nourishment and well-being of its members, from the market, without payment. In case of disaster to any community, caused by weather, accident, or an enemy, the neighboring villagers repaired all damages, and gave all needful help. So perfect was the Inca organization that it continued to work efficiently, and almost mechanically, for some time after the guiding heads had been struck down, by the Spaniards. Under such a system there could be no want, for thought was taken for the nourishment and comfort of every creature. There was hard work, while provision was made not only for rest, but also for recreation.

Not only did they greatly prefer the arts of peace to those of war, but among them the injunction of all the Great Teachers of Antiquity, to love and serve one another, was raised to the rank of an everyday practical precept.

The Incas had many things we associate with the idea of culture. They used no money, but some of their buildings were surrounded by gardens of flowers with numbers of llamas and shepherds, life-size, all made out of pure, solid gold. The walls and floors of some of their palaces and temples were lined with solid gold. Their art work in gold and silver was something amazing. One would have to go back to the cities Plato tells of, that belonged to later Atlantean times, to find a parallel to conditions actually existing in Peru within what we call the historic period. The Incas had their sacrificers, speakers,



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SACSAHUAMAN FORT, NEAR CUZCO, PERU



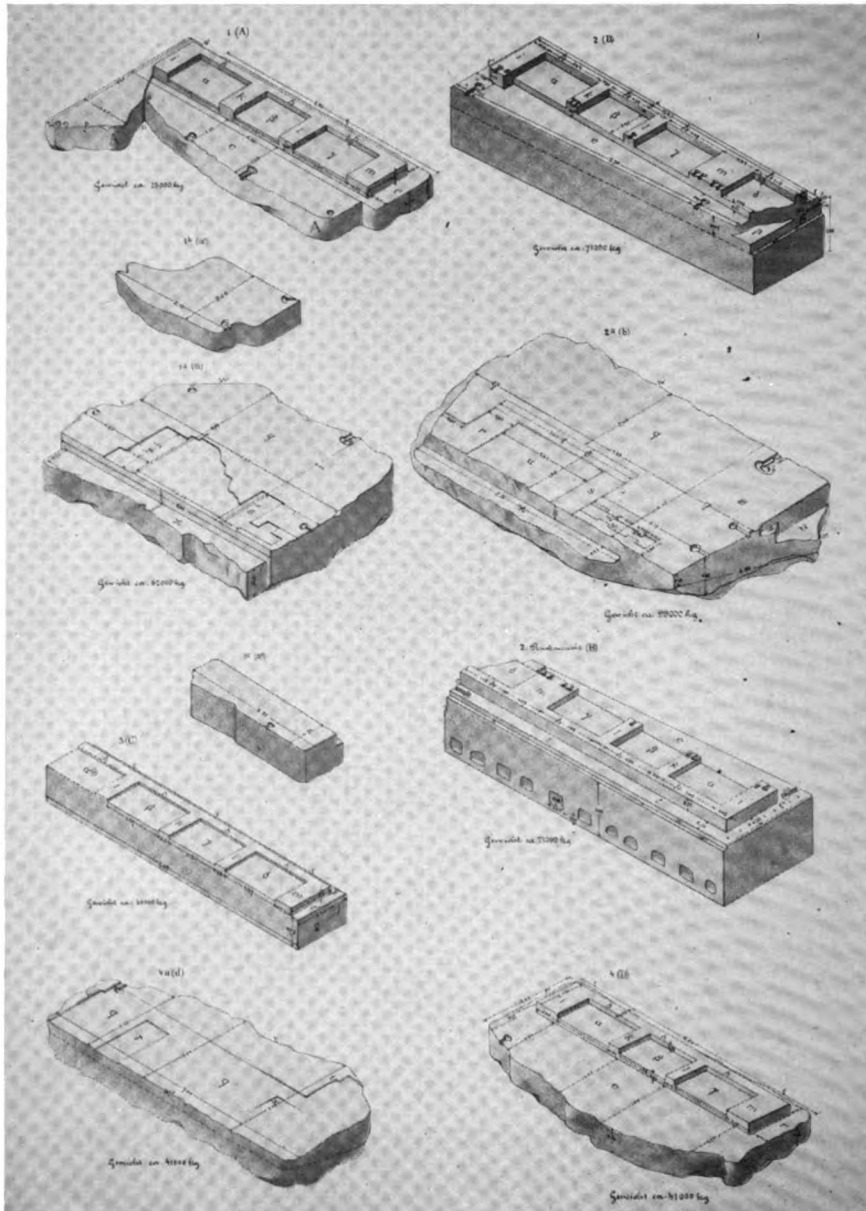
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE WALLS OF SACSAMUAMAN FORT



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

TORSOS AT TIAHUANACO



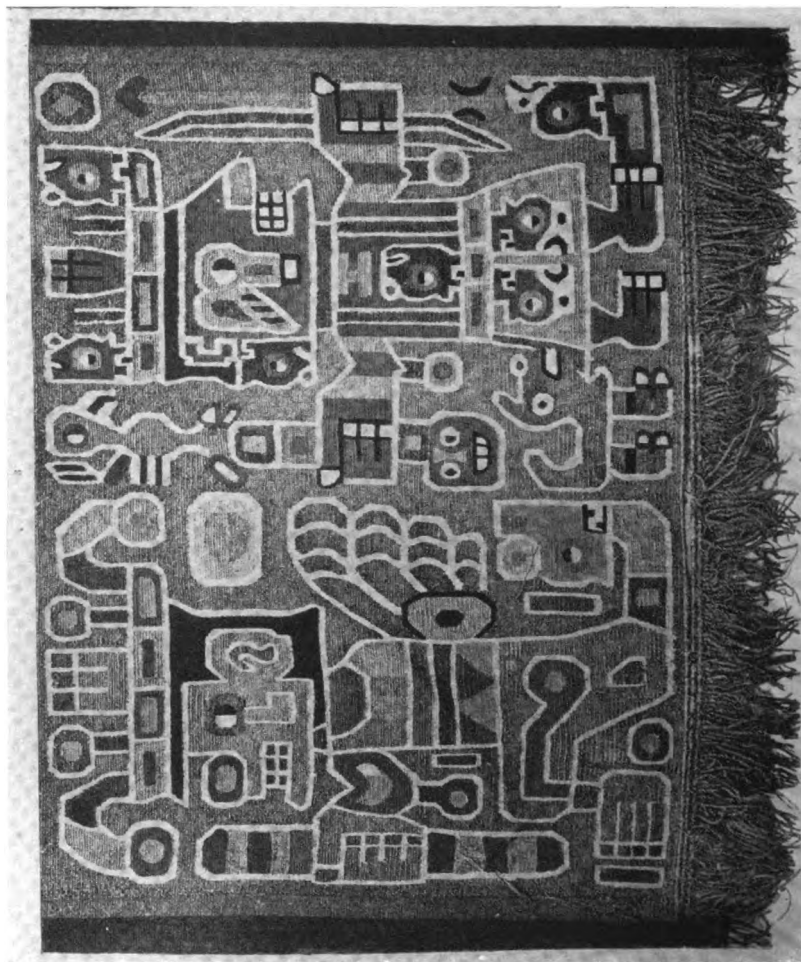
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LARGE DRESSED BLOCKS OF STONE AT PUMAPUNGU, A RUINED CITY
NEAR TIAHUANACO



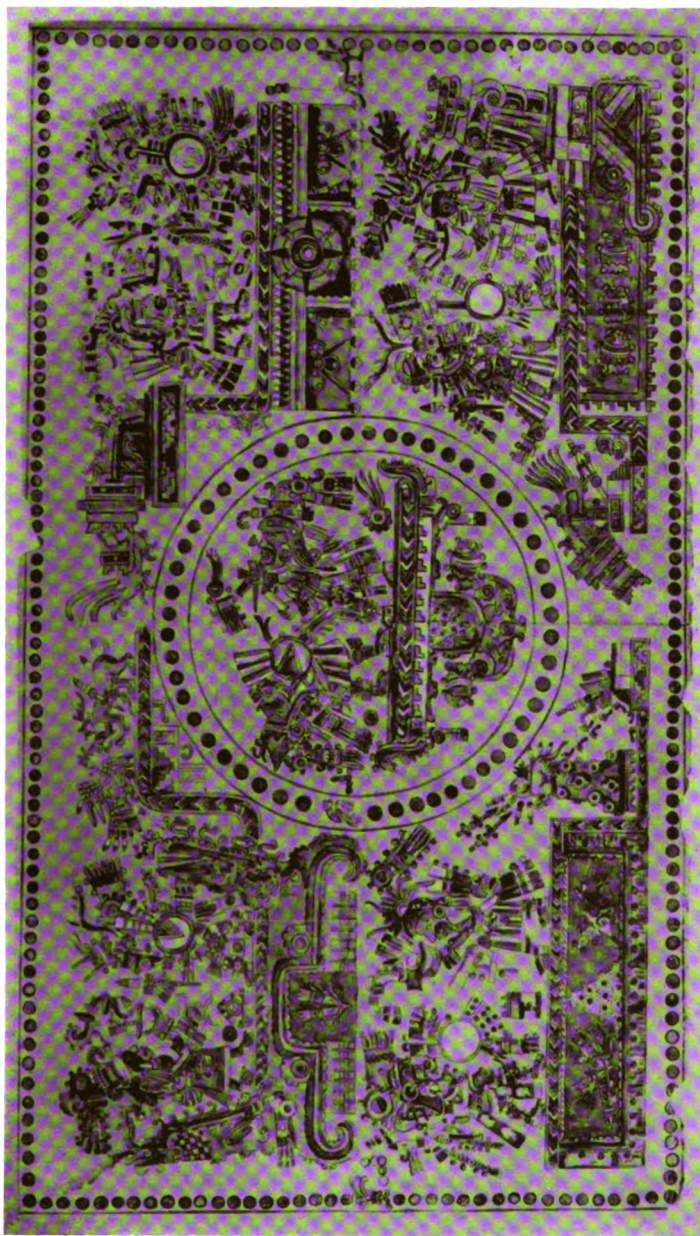
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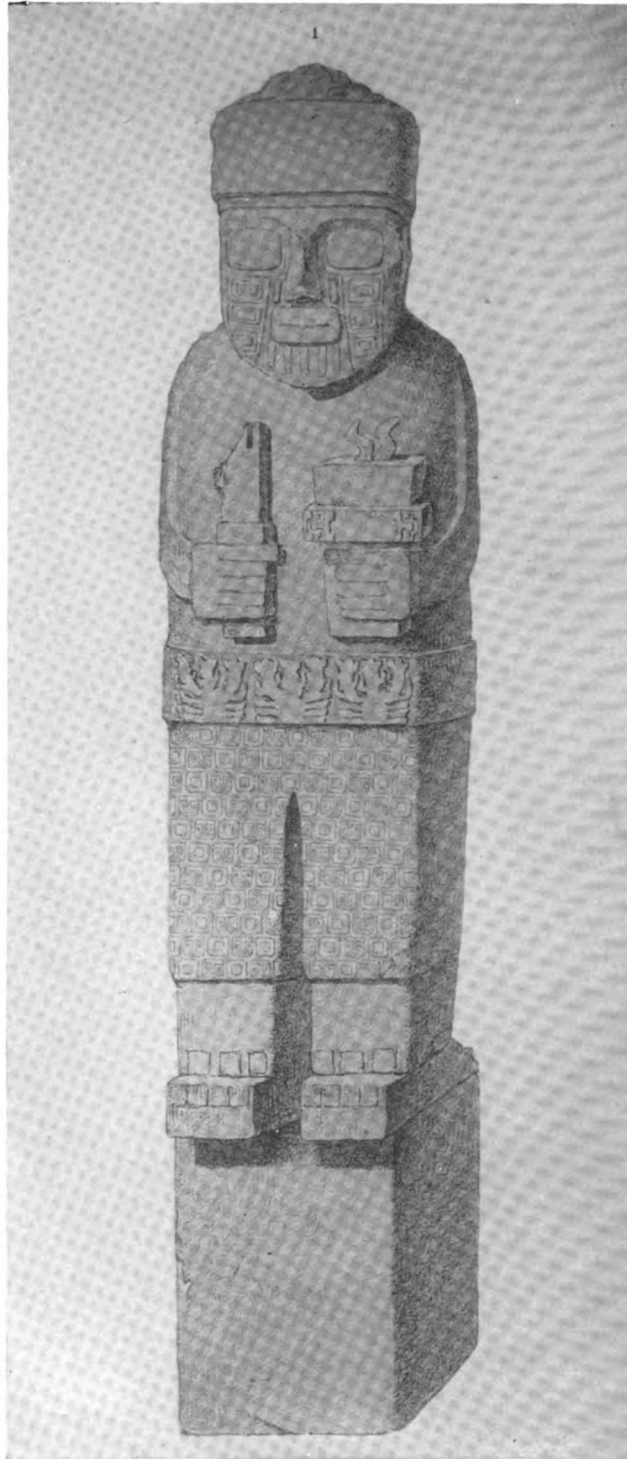
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TAPESTRY WITH SYMBOLIC FIGURES, FROM THE NECROPOLIS OF ANCON



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AZTEC DESIGN ON DEERSKIN, IN THE NATIONAL LIBRARY, PARIS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

STATUE AT AK-KAPANA, TIAHUANACO

hermits, performers of family ceremonies, soothsayers, diviners, bards, reciters of history, musical composers for string and wind instruments, dramatic authors, dancers, recorders, accountants, designers of art work, architects, workers in metal, and so on. In fact their activities were endless. They had their festivals at the same time as the peoples of the Far East, that is, at the equinoxes and solstices, and for excellent reasons, too.

Possibly this picture of an Inca, surviving at the present day, may help us to realize what must have been the character of this noble race before it was finally stupefied into apathy through the horrors perpetrated by the gold-worshipping Europeans.

Some of the Inca pottery is now shown.³ The next picture shows two of the many specimens of pottery made by their neighbors, or possibly predecessors, in Chimú.⁴ The discoverer of the Chimú pottery in the Chimcana Valley, Mr. T. H. Meyring, placed its date as at least 7000 years ago, while some think 12,000 would be nearer the truth. There are many heads, statuettes, and vessels ornamented with heads; and the most remarkable thing is revealed by the portraiture, which is undoubtedly what we call Aryan. These artifacts exhibit not only great refinement of type and of coloring, but very considerable variety, imagination, originality, and humor.

This piece of an ancient tapestry from the great Inca necropolis of Ancon, proves an unmistakable link to have existed between the supra-physical teachings known to the Incas at one time, and those of the earlier builders of the Temple of Ak-kapana at Tiahuanaco. I use the word supra-physical, because "metaphysical" suggests little more nowadays than a kind of intellectual gymnastics, instead of actual knowledge of inner nature. That we have an inner subtile body, in which are the real organs of perception and action, constituting a link between the soul (through thought and will) and the objective world, was known to many Incas and Aztecs. This symbolic tapestry is one proof. In the original, the meaning was accentuated by the use of various colors.

This reproduction of an Aztec design on deerskin, possesses also some points of correspondence with Tiahuanaco symbolism. While largely astronomical, we find twice depicted, accurately and unmis-

3. Plate 41 in *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco*.

4. See numbers of *El Sendero Teosófico* before mentioned.

takably, the sacred Tetrad, or Tetraktys, an ancient and universal symbol, as to which much is written in *The Secret Doctrine*.

The monolithic door at Tiahuanaco is famous among all archaeologists.⁵ On the interior side is the remarkable and most carefully executed symbolic design, which has long been one of the interesting puzzles of archaeology. The monolith, which weighed nine tons in its finished state, was broken across, probably during a severe earthquake. It was in fact completely overturned, and to this, fortunately, is due the very perfect preservation of detail, during what must have been an immense period of time. The eastern face, seen in the first picture, lay uppermost, and has plain traces of its lengthy exposure to the elements.

The next picture shows the detail of the central figure, and with some of the others is taken from Stübel and Uhle's splendid work, *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco*.⁶

H. P. Blavatsky pointed out in *The Secret Doctrine* that there is not an old fragment but shows belief in a multiform and even multi-genetic evolution, and unless I am greatly mistaken we have here a fragment which proves this fairly conclusively, provided we admit that it represents neither a human king, nor an idol, nor an anthropomorphic deity, but that it stands simply — *a symbol of the divine-human race*.

The principles in Man, potential and actual, are typified radiating around the head, and in other ways, in conformity with the teachings of the ancient Wisdom-Religion. The dual ascending and descending evolution and involution appears to be indicated by the puma- and condor-headed scepters in either hand. There are astronomical meanings, by the laws of correspondence. The Aeon reached is suggested by the shape of the head and of the three inner planes from which it protrudes. The Root-Race of *this* Aeon passed and completed, is shown by the left hand covering the fourth division of the scepter; while the right hand and scepter shows that the Fifth has commenced, with two more still to come.

The surrounding figures indicate the distinction drawn between the higher principles and the lower. Notice the central position of the eye. An article on this topic will be found in the November number

5. See illustrations in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for July, 1915, accompanying "Studies in Symbolism," III.

6. Plates 5, 8, 11, 13, 15, 17, 18, 19.

of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. A winged figure surrounds the eye.

Notice the distinct manner in which the idea of ascending evolution is indicated, in the middle group of figures.

The next illustration shows detail of frieze below, which among other things appears to typify the solar powers, and the fourfold powers ruling manifested nature. A definite cycle, or rather succession of cycles, seems also to be implied, beginning and re-entering at the divisions indicated.

The Chavin stone of diorite, now at Lima, is seen in the next picture.⁷ It is twenty-five feet long, and weighs forty-five tons. It was found in the Marañon Valley. Belonging to megalithic times, its date is of course at present unknown. The symbolism is totally different in treatment, and clearly betokens a different race. But the subject matter is identical, and in some respects grander, than at Tiahuanaco, if that be possible. There appears to be a reference, too to the forces controlling rotation and axial changes, as was also found by Cambyzes in an Egyptian temple.

The statue now shown is at Tiahuanaco. It is especially noteworthy in portraying, almost humorously, in a simple but most effective manner, the main teaching of Antiquity, namely, that humanity is the subject of both evolution and involution — Involution of the higher spiritual and mental powers descending at a certain epoch from above — or rather, from within: and Evolution of the physical and astral vehicles which constitute the lower nature, ascending from beneath — or from without, that is, the regions of objectivity.

This duality is emphasized by the belt of flame, beneath which is depicted the garment of the objective, composed of minute lives — only imperfectly conceived by us moderns as atoms or electrons — which underlie and build up all living and material forms. Their true supra-physical nature is typified by the detail shown in the next picture⁸ — threefold on the spiritual side, and fourfold on the objective.

The objects found at Tiahuanaco — models of various kinds — shown in the next picture,⁹ may be conjectured to have been used in the temple teachings, regarding stages in Man's evolution and involution. Their symbolical character is evident.

7. See *The Incas of Peru*, by Sir Clements Markham.

8. Plate 31a, *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco*.

9. Plate 32, *ibid*.



F. J. Dick, Editor

ISIS THEATER MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY NEEDED BY WORLD, SAYS MME. TINGLEY
CALL FOR MERCY IN CIVILIZATION SOUNDED AT ISIS THEATER LAST NIGHT

In an address at Isis Theater last night Mme. Katherine Tingley proclaimed her conviction that Theosophy will prove itself to be a necessity for the world. She began by speaking of it as brought by Mme. Blavatsky to a world fast losing all belief both in itself and in all the higher things of life and man's own nature — and brought to be an antidote to pessimism, to ignorance, to dogmatism, to the fear of death, and to vice. The western world was then and is still in shadow, and is hungry for truth, truth about itself. And in spite of every effort made, the message of Theosophy is and will prove to be needed.

"And so we Theosophists will continue to do our work, that we may prevent yet further pessimism, and intolerance, and the fear of death; for all these things yield to the simple knowledge that man himself, in his higher nature, is divine. So long as one believes in only one short life to be lived, that life will be hugged; and how can one blame those who do so, feeling it to be all they have, all they can be sure of — this little life; and after it —? By such beliefs all the view of life is limited, is held down to but half knowledge; so that men cannot fall back upon that divine and living consciousness within, the source and support of all optimism and strength and joy.

"We Theosophists do not and cannot blame those who are but the product of the age, the progeny of past ages of intolerance; but we do protest against all the narrow views that restrain and blind men away from their greater and diviner possibilities. The belief in a personal God, even weaker than the men whose thoughts have built his picture; a God of human tendencies, of favoritism, and of punishment."

The speaker made a call for mercy to come into social life and civilization, mercy for those who have stumbled. "How can we, how dare we, with our limited knowledge of what man is, and of what lies behind and works out through his mistakes and even his crimes, condemn the weak?" she asked. "It is the mission of Theosophy to teach and emphasize man's divine responsibilities and duties, to urge him on to recognize and rely on those very possibilities within himself which the Nazarene himself proclaimed to be in man, as had all great Teachers before him down the ages. It is the divine Knower of Life, within the Temple of Man, who holds the cure for ignorance, and fear and pessimism."

Mme. Tingley asked whether there is not something vitally wrong with our systems when thousands of men are murdered to gain one mile of territory;

and then rejoice as at a victory. She asked whether there had not been something wrong in the way religious facts have been presented in the past centuries, to make such conditions now possible.

"Study history and you find that diplomacy has been used down the ages in presenting religion to men. And so I say, in spite of all slanders and attacks, that Theosophy is a necessity for the world; for it is in truth the antidote to ignorance and pessimism."—*San Diego Union*, October 25, 1915

"REFASHION OWN LIFE BEFORE NEIGHBOR'S; FILL CHILDREN
WITH LOVE OF TRUTH," MME. TINGLEY SAYS

MME. KATHERINE TINGLEY, at the Isis Theater last night, spoke on "Crime and its Prevention, and the Reformation of the Prisoner." Following the address, a number of interesting slides, directly bearing on the subject, were thrown on the screen, emphasizing much that Mme. Tingley had said in relation to conditions in prisons.

Mme. Tingley spoke earnestly of the careful attention that should be given the rearing of children and the development of their minds along proper lines, even in cases where there seemed no chance for the child to turn from right ways, such as had been followed by a good father and a good mother.

She warned her hearers against trying to refashion the lives of their neighbors before refashioning their own. The Sermon on the Mount, she said, "spoke of the kingdom of God within us."

"Why do we not see in the faces of our people the evidences of that kingdom within? It is because they do not understand the higher truth. Fill the youth with a love of the truth in his childhood."

Passing to the subject of prisons and prison reform, she told of a recent visit to San Quentin, where she had exceptional opportunities to study prison types and their environment. She told how she would build a great institution, if she had the means, where there would be no bars in evidence, and where the prisoners would be given nourishing food and opportunities to work under pleasant surroundings, and where the stockade enclosing the institution would be far removed from sight.

The slides showed scenes from San Quentin and other prisons, illustrating Mme. Tingley's contention of the unscientific methods employed in attempting to reform evil-doers.

Statistics of the increasing number of prisoners and of suicides were given, the figures being taken from the United States census.

Illustrations also were shown of the way girls are tempted, their falling under the sentence of the law, and their life in prison. Others were thrown on the screen pointing to the moral that the boy should be as carefully shielded as the girl.—*San Diego Union*, November 1, 1915

BETTER HOME-LIFE A WORLD NEED, SAYS THEOSOPHIST
PROBLEMS OF CRIME, WAR, AND SOLUTION, DISCUSSED AT ISIS

"THE general trend of special effort now being made encourages one to think that it may dawn at last on the mind of the age that the home is the crux

of the situation," said Mrs. Frank Knoche during an address on "Theosophy in the Home," at Isis Theater last night. "The problems of crime and child crime, of child labor in factories, of the neglected childhood in our great cities, of divorce, of the white slave traffic, of the social evil, of nameless vice and unmentionable disease—ask any live reformer why these are so strenuously attacked, and quite likely you will be answered, 'Because they assail the home!'

"What is the forever unanswerable argument against war? The fact that it destroys the home-life of the world. What is the admitted explanation of the fact that innumerable children, unconsidered flotsam on the tides of vice and crime, find their way into our juvenile courts. The lack of suitable homes. The agreement is general that a right understanding of the divine power of a true home-life is the key to the situation. And the thinking world today is searching and inquiring for that key.

"It is just at this point that Theosophy is supremely needed in our modern life. . . . Great governments see no way to handle their little differences except by slaughtering each other. Probe these conditions to the bottom and we arrive at what? Failure at some point in the home. A true home is a lamp filled with the oil of a great wisdom and lighted by love. But how many of these lamps of ours are filled at all?

"As has been stated again and again from this platform, Theosophy is not a sect and it has no creed. It is no dogma or belief invented by man. Somewhere in her teachings H. P. Blavatsky speaks of certain rivers in the Orient which have a way of disappearing at intervals beneath the soil, to run along for many miles with no hint on the surface that they exist at all, but always reappearing later at some far-distant point. This is just what Theosophy has done. Theosophy points to the homes that have been lighted by it, in proof of the genuineness of its messages. That a thing has been done is the best evidence that it can be done."

The speaker then gave a story of motherly intuition in old home-life in China, and then in conclusion said:

"Note the present world-appeal for a new home-life for the children, and reflect on its significance in relation to the founding of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood in 1875 by Madame Blavatsky. The ideals of home, it declares, are forever the same, and because of this it touches every one of the dark enigmas of the present day with holy fire. For the home is but a smaller world, an image of the greater. . . . Woman is the guiding star of that ship of destiny called 'home,' and she ought to be a star, and not a will-o'-the-wisp. She must be the physician to the hurt body and as well to the ailing soul; she must be architect and artist rolled into one; must know the chemistry of the kitchen as few chemists do; must be teacher and educator in the deepest sense. The woman who has a true philosophy of life has the power to be all this and more. And to re-establish the home-life of the world on this ideal basis would be to change the miseries of the present into memories of the past."

—*San Diego Union*, November 8, 1915

SCHOOL FAILURE, AND FAULTY SYSTEM

KATHERINE TINGLEY usually knocks the nail on the head when she criticises social and educational conditions which hold sway in this sublimely civilized age. A couple of weeks ago she spoke on the education of the child, and deplored the fact that, while "splendid men and women are in charge of our schools, they have no control over the children, except in school hours. There may be influences counteracting the good work they are doing. That is why there should be schools for parents. I should like to see the churches of the country given over, six days a week, to systematic training of parents in the care of their children. And the parents would attend. There are thousands of them who want such instruction." Madame Tingley is correct. We have mentioned this matter time and time again. This lady emphasizes it boldly and pronouncedly.—Editorial from *B'nai B'rith Messenger*, Los Angeles, Cal.

❦

THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

LESSONS of international good will and achievement may be gleaned from the following brief extracts taken from a circular issued by an Exposition committee.

Among the 6079 separate articles of the Chinese educational exhibit are 100 tons of carved woodwork, objects of art and utility made by the pupils of schools and vocational institutions in the different provinces of China. Among the Japanese silk articles are exquisite handkerchiefs elaborately embroidered in colors showing flowers, butterflies, foliage, or scenes, all so realistically worked as almost to transcend the domain of such work. The height is reached in the exhibit of paneled screens, piano-covers, and framed pictures which are wonderful works—the light and shade effects being marvelous. The Netherlands has a wonderful outdoor garden, laid out by one of the most famous florists and landscape gardeners in Holland. A specimen of synthetic camphor in the German exhibit suggests that the gradual disappearance of the camphor tree will not result in lessening the supply of this commodity. Italy and France sent canvases, marbles, and bronzes from the masters of modern art. Sweden, Norway, Finland, Hungary, the Netherlands, Argentina, Uruguay, Portugal, Japan, China, are all represented by galleries of paintings and statuary. All the light upon the exhibit palaces is reflected against them—the effect is marvelous.

❦

GOVERNOR TO PARDON FRIENDLESS CONVICTS

DALLAS, Texas, October 17.—Governor James E. Ferguson, in Dallas to open the Texas State Fair, said today that he would pardon every one of the one hundred friendless convicts now in state prisons as recommended by the Board of Pardons yesterday.

"That is my idea of life-saving," the governor said.

The governor added that he would hear the story of every one of the 3800 convicts in Texas prisons and that if more pardon recommendations were made he would give them clemency also.

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

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**International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California**



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Edited by Katherine Tingley
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KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress

The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

The Building of Character

One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

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For many years Mme. Katherine Tingley has realized the difficulty in constructive work encountered by modern science owing to its being split up into so many separate fields—mutually ignorant or contradictory, and the almost exclusive attention of its workers to mere data-gathering, tabulation and mechanical instruments for weighing or measuring of each material object; all which methods, however necessary in their place, nevertheless draw the attention away from the broader and deeper lessons of research, and its relation to the true meaning of life, and of evolution and man's place on the earth he inhabits.

And realizing these things, and the imperative necessity in this transition time of arousing men to an understanding of the diviner nature within and behind them and their own true position in life, she has cherished plans for developing such higher understanding. In the year 1897, in New York, she established the *School of Antiquity*, as an incorporated body; in 1899 the central office was removed to Point Loma. Many of the professors and students in the School of Antiquity were students under Mme. H. P. Blavatsky in her lifetime; others have taken up these studies later.

Further carrying out the foregoing plans, this University Extension Lecture Course has now lately been instituted. The lectures will be by different professors of the School of Antiquity and, in part, by prominent speakers of San Diego, upon Archaeology, Art, Peruvian and Central American Antiquities, History, Psychology, Sociology, Law, Higher Education, Literature, Biology, Music and Drama. Many of the lectures will be illustrated by lantern slides, specially prepared from original and other material in the collections of the School of Antiquity and elsewhere. The lectures are expected to be published, and two of them appear in the present issue of the *Theosophical Path*.

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regarding the teachings of Theosophy or the work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, are invited to call at the Theosophical Information Bureau, 330 Broadway, San Diego, next to the main entrance to U. S. Grant Hotel, where also literature may be purchased; or to write to Mrs. W. A. Dunn, Hostess, or to Mr. J. H. Fussell, Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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Contents

Theosophical Publishing Company	II-III
Santa Fe Route	IV
Theosophical Publishing Company	V
De Wescotte Company	VI
Theosophical Publishing Company	VI
The New Way	VII
Hotel Sandford	VIII
Theosophical Publishing Company	VIII-IX
Hotel Belmont, New York	X
Wolf & Davidson	X
Marine National Bank	X
Theosophical Publishing Company	XI
San Diego Union	XII
Theosophical Publishing Company	XII
A. G. Spalding & Bros., Athletic Supplies	XIII
Weather Report	XIII
San Diego Academy of Art	XIII
P. & O. Round the World Tours	XIV
Râja-Yoga Messenger	XV
Theosophical Publishing Company	XVI

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H. Coryn, M. D., Editor

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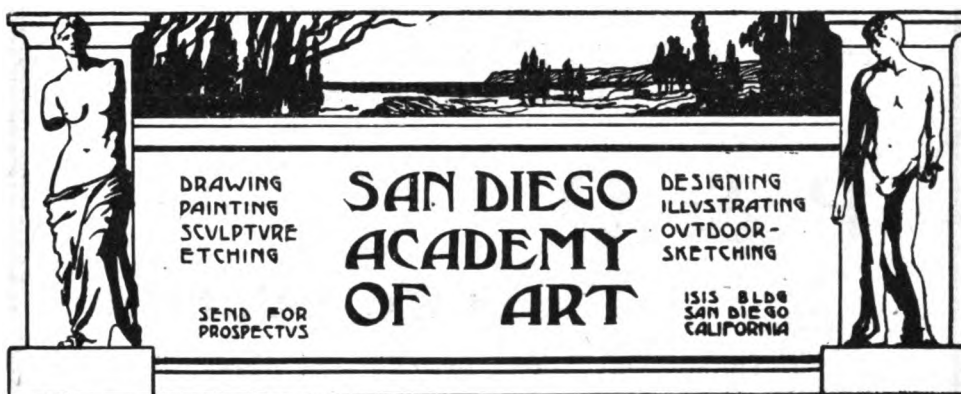
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Mean lowest	56.42	Number hours possible	351.00
Mean	61.18	Percentage of possible	59.00
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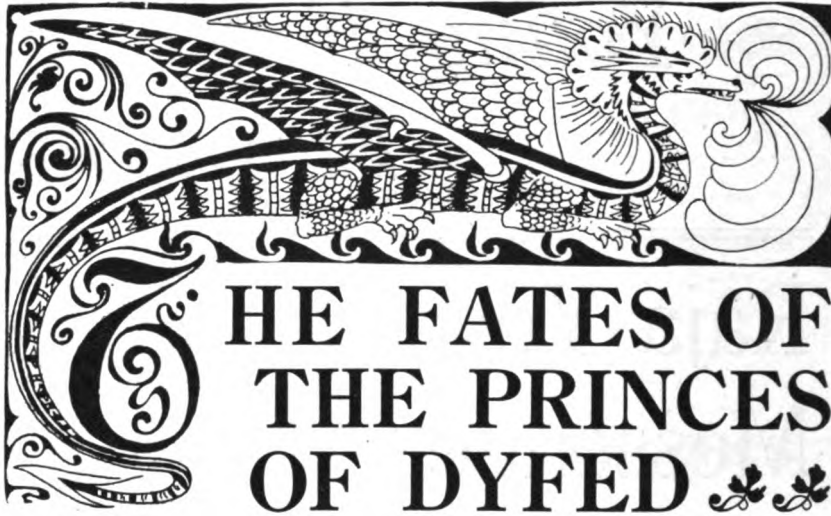


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